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Campus Crier

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THREE ONE-ACT PLAYS WILL BE PRESENTED FRI.

Highness, Rehearsal, and Two Gentlemen of Soho

Three one-act plays will be presented tomorrow night (Friday) at 8:15 in the Normal School Auditorium. In the order of their production the plays and their casts are as follows:

HIGHNESS, by Ruth Giorloff.

Miss Gladys Code, assistant director.

Gregory Stroganov.....Gilman Ronald
Anna Borodin.....Ida Thayer
Paul Orlov.....Charles Trainor
Masha Petrovna.....Margaret Deiringer

Scene: An office in the Kremlin at Moscow. A winter evening some years after the Russian Revolution.

REHEARSAL by Christopher Morley.

Miss Long and Miss Gustafson, assistant directors.

Freda.....Marion Bradshaw
Christine.....Marie Long
Barbara.....Laverne Bohnen
Gertrude.....Ellen Gustafson
Sonia.....Juan Pitt
Marjorie.....Mae Yenter

TWO GENTLEMEN OF SOHO, by A. P. Herbert.

The Duchess of Canterbury.....Alice Emerson

Lady Laetitia, her daughter.....Margaret Deiringer

Hubert, her dancing partner.....George Randall

Lord Withers, a writer.....James Gilmore

Topsy.....Madeline Reynolds

Sneak, a private detective.....William Richert

Plum, a public detective.....Roy Manifold

Scene: A modern night club in Soho, London, England.

Marcia Best has been in charge of crews working on the plays chosen from the Dramatic Production Class. George Randall is Scene Technician.

There will be no admission charged for the program of plays.

MUNSON HALL NEWS

Wednesday, August 5, the Men's Club held a meeting for the primary purpose of deciding what to do with the receipts for the summer quarter. After much discussion and many requests for order in the house the motion was moved and seconded that a picnic be held Tuesday, August 11. This motion met with wide approval and it was immediately followed by the proposal that all funds be turned over to the social commissioner in order that he might make full preparations for the picnic.

There were several other problems discussed. There being no further business President Gilman Ronald called for a motion to adjourn, and adjourn the men did sine die.

Lady Nicotine's Clutch May Loosen If Treated Properly, Scribe Finds

ON GIVING UP SMOKING

Of course it is perfectly easy to give up smoking. One would not like to think that one has become such a slave to tobacco that one cannot do without it—a drug which weakens the heart, damages the nerves, gives you cancer and catarrh and so on. Personally I have given up smoking repeatedly. I have just gone out without cigarettes and when people have offered them to me I have just said quietly and firmly, "No, thank you," and that was that.

The difficulty to my mind is not so much giving up smoking and going on giving it up. The prospect of a negative policy like that for the rest of one's life is appalling. In consequence I have tried from time to time the various remedies which people say are helpful.

1. CHEWING GUM. The snag about this one is simply the chewing gum. After all, the only thing that matters about smoking is that it shortens one's life. And if the alternative is eternally masticating a sort of sticky brown rubber the sooner one's life is shortened the better.

2. EATING SWEETS. This is a pleasant method, but not very effective. Unfortunately sweets leave a sweet taste in the mouth, and directly I finish one I find myself lighting a cigarette to take the taste away.

3. GRADUALLY CUTTING DOWN ONE'S RATION. This seems to be an admirable method as far as it goes. You simply put ten cigarettes in your case and resolve to make them last the day. Nothing could be easier than that. In my own case it worked admirably. I found that my expenditure on cigarettes had dropped 50 per cent almost at once. But my friends complained so bitterly that I was forced to abandon the scheme.

A. S. NEWS

JOE E. BROWN SHOW ENJOYED

Two hundred forty students of W. S. T. S. attended the theater party held in the Ellensburg theater last Friday, August 7.

They were entertained by the hilarious comedy, *Sons O' Guns*, starring Joe E. Brown. Mr. Brown was, as usual, in many embarrassing positions, but true to form he escaped each one in an extraordinary manner.

There was only one moral to the story: The futility of the buck private fighting in a war when he isn't angry at anyone. This point was well taken. The story also emphasized the many mediums used to inveigle a man to enlist in the army even though he does not wish to go to war.

Again we were treated to a luscious ice cream bar as we made our exit from the theater.

Congratulations, Mr. Carr, for such splendid entertainment!!

FEDERAL PLAYS SHOW RED TREND

Tendency Toward Communism Seen by Fiske, Veteran Producer

By W. W. H.

Perhaps the most sweeping indictment of the federal theater project yet launched is that of the veteran Broadway producer, Harrison Grey Fiske, in a recent magazine article. The husband of the late Minnie Madern Fiske, first lady of the American theater for many years, and himself a successful producer, Fiske can not be accused of speaking from ignorance and inexperience. He knows plays, acting and producing. Nobody knows better when an entertainment falls below par in any or all of these particulars.

Speaking broadly, Mr. Fiske declares the federal project shows, by and large, are not worth their salt, based on professional standards. They are almost wholly red or communistic in their general tenor. He is speaking, of course, of the new productions, not of the revivals of time-tried commercial successes of other days. Without accepting the Fiske criticism in toto, it is interesting as revealing what a veteran showman thinks of the whole idea.

Out of curiosity, Mr. Fiske has been attending the new productions of the federal theater project in New York. Only in New York are new plays by new authors being given any consideration. Granted he was somewhat prejudiced before he went to any of the shows for the simple reason that

(Continued on page 2)

MISS JOHNSON SPEAKS AT ART ASSEMBLY HERE

Gives Vivid Picture and General Pattern of N. Y. C Life

Tuesday morning, Miss Pauline Johnson, who returned this summer from a year at Teachers' College, Columbia University, spoke to the Associated Students at the regular assembly hour. Miss Johnson became well acquainted with the city and gave the students a vivid picture of the general pattern of the city life.

From a large blackboard map she had drawn showing the five boroughs, Manhattan, Queens, Staten, Bronx, and Brooklyn, she showed various points of interest. New York could not possibly be too bewildering after hearing her interesting lecture.

Although it costs but a nickel or a dime to travel from one side of New York to the other, Miss Johnson found that many native New Yorkers were entirely unfamiliar with many parts of the city. Visitors are much more likely to know where the most interesting places are and to find the entrancing history of many of the old well known spots. She found that she could enjoy seeing them in informal trips more than in regular guide-led parties.

Miss Johnson visited the Statue of Liberty, which she included in the points quite uninteresting to many of the city dwellers there. Coney Island, nationally known amusement grounds, she said had added a new attraction showing the execution of Bruno Richard Hauptmann. Greenwich Village has become such a popular place in which to live that many of the artists are being forced to move because of the high rent. In this section many of the streets are narrow and run in every conceivable direction, quite contrary to the orderliness of most of the city.

Many sections of the city are known for some particular thing. Wall Street, of course, is very familiar, as the great financial district, while Union Square is the home of many radical and communistic elements. Times Square, the real center of New York is known best by the famous Times building. Nearby is the Grand Central railroad station where visitors come and leave the city by train.

The police night court though not so much publicized as other places in New York proved to be very interesting when listening to the cases of the offenders brought in at night. Columbus circle at the head of Central Park is a gathering place for groups of all kinds, religious, atheist, communistic, and anti-communistic. Demonstrations like the fascist one last spring are not uncommon. A most mysterious personage may be found there almost any evening—Apple Mary. Sometimes with a cough drop in her mouth, she will sing in a high key for the amusement of the crowds if sufficiently persuaded and she usually is. The Metropolitan museum is also in Central Park.

There are three very famous streets in New York. Park Avenue is not entirely filled with homes of the very wealthy since slum districts are to be found at each end. Fifth Avenue is the home of many of the best shops and also of wealthy people. Broadway said to be the longest street in the world has along it the most famous theater section in the United States.

Columbia University occupies a section toward the northern part of Manhattan Island. North of it is the Harlem section, probably one of the most exciting and fascinating places in New York. Father Devine who broadcasts on Sunday evenings, preaches to his colored followers and many white visitors there. He is establishing a negro community 100 miles north of New York. Many are moving from the Harlem section to his grants. Other places mentioned by Miss Johnson were the Bowery, the Ghetto, the Battery, and Bowling Green.

New York has a wonderful transportation system including many big bridges connecting Manhattan Island, Long Island, the New York shore, and the Jersey shore. Subways, tunnels, ferries, elevated trains all aid to get people from one part to another very cheaply.

New Yorkers do not understand why such events as the landing of the Queen Mary and the Hindenburg which create such a furore in New York do not attract so much attention on the West Coast.

Miss Johnson says, "New York is a perpetual world's fair. It has everything to be found there and more, too."

Nine Eastern college hammer throwers have topped 170 feet. Because he leaned too far over a balcony to pour water on a classmate below, a Lafayette College student went to the hospital with a fractured skull.

PLACEMENT NEWS

During the past week, nine students have been assured teaching positions for next year:

Frances Whittendale, Primary, Walnut Grove
Ester Homstead Kindergarten, Chelan.

Mrs. Lindberg, Primary, Ronald.
Harold Akam, Upper grades and athletics, Washougal.

Mrs. Olive Walters, Primary, Easton.

Nora Waite, Fifth grade, Buena.
Helene Allmendinger, Primary, Marlin.

Mrs. Folger, First grade, Wapato.
Ida Hayes, Primary, Roslyn.

PROGRAM OF FORTY-FIFTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

WASHINGTON STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
Ellensburg, Washington

THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1936, 10 A. M.
Normal School Auditorium

Processional, March.....Bach

Invocation.....The Reverend John T. Ledger

A Bird Flew.....Joseph W. Clokey

At Eve I Heard a Flute.....Lily Strickland

Through the Silent Night.....Serge Rachmaninoff

Women's Ensemble

Address, In Loco Parentis.....The Most Reverend Gerald Shaughnessy, S. M.

Bishop of Seattle

Presentation of Classes.....President Robert E. McConnell

Presentation of Degrees and Diplomas.....V. J. Bouillon

President of Board of Trustees

Alma Mater.....Audience

Recessional, March from Masque.....Handel

Normal School Orchestra

Steilacoom Trip and Talks to Nuts Keep Psychology Studes Hopping

"I own all the world,
I am Lord Ramore,
Forests and forests roam,
Ships and ships roam,
Money is the most important thing
in the world,
And I have all the money in the
world.
Money is power
Money and power roam
I am the king sovereign of all
countries,
King Ramore—roam—roam—mm."

Your guess is wrong. It's not Gertrude Stein. It's "Jimmy." And this little poem is the speech he gave to welcome us into the State Hospital at Steilacoom.

Ten students, mostly from Mr. Trainor's Psychology class, were fortunate enough to make this trip last Thursday, August 6. Included in the party were Mrs. Hahn, (driver) Lois Mulder, Florence Massouras, May Ota Vernon Smith (driver), Alden Vanderpool, Ralph Johnson, Fred Gillis, Dale Yerrington, and Ray Treichel.

Arriving at the hospital about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, we girls found the boys already there waiting for us. According to Fred Gillis "the trip was O. K. but oh, the spaghetti we had for lunch—!" We gathered from the expressions on the faces of all the boys that it wasn't so "hot."

Dr. Judd met us at the door with a big smile and a warm handshake. Expressed in Lois Mulder's terminology, "He was a darling."

Statistics in the filing room showed that at present there are 2339 inmates. One-half of them are from Seattle and the rest from districts south of Seattle and east as far as Cle Elum. There is one patient who has been in the hospital for 51 years or since April, 1885. Hospital fee is \$4.50 per week for those who are able to pay.

Many patients voluntarily drift in and others are sent by the court. There is no attempt made to keep harmless patients against their will. Every freedom is given them but Dr. Judd says that there are surprisingly few who attempt to run away.

"There are no padded cells," said Dr. Judd emphatically. "Although we have a few patients we must keep in restraint, there are none that require padded cells. Violent cases are sent to the criminal ward at Medical Lake and the addicts go to northern states." We looked in looked but there was nary a padded cell to be found.

The spacious and beautiful grounds and the numerous buildings were what first impressed all of us. The grounds are in sole charge of the inmates. "Geel look at those beautiful flower beds and would you feel of this grass," was Dale Yerrington's first remark. Old buildings are being torn down by the inmates and new ones are rapidly taking their places. An apartment house, recreation building,

186 Students To Be Granted Degrees and Diplomas August 20 SHAUGHNESSY TO SPEAK

One hundred and eighty-six students will be granted degrees and diplomas from the Ellensburg Normal School at the close of the summer session, according to an announcement today from President Robert E. McConnell. Forty-three of these will receive the bachelor of arts degree.

The Most Reverend Gerald Shaughnessy, Bishop of Seattle, will deliver the address at the commencement exercises on Thursday, August 20, which are to be held in the college auditorium at 10 o'clock. The women's ensemble will present three numbers under the direction of Mr. Karl Ernst. The classes will be introduced by President Robert E. McConnell and the diplomas and degrees will be presented by Mr. V. J. Bouillon, President of the Board of Trustees.

The names of those people receiving Advanced Special and Special Normal School Diplomas have appeared in previous issues. Following are those receiving the Normal School Life Diplomas:

Issued on the Graduate Diploma
Margaret Ellen (Ness) Haugen.
Issued on the Advanced Special Normal School Diploma

Charles Dondero, Arvida B. Hafner, Maybert Brain Kilborn, Barbara Elise Kohler, Laura S. S. Lehtinen, Waneta Dickson (Lentz) McClung, Ethel Mae McConnell, Neal Miles, Adolph A. Sandin, Helen Siegel, Donald J. Swart, Fred Rudolf Tomet.
Issued on the Special Normal School Diploma

Margaret Lois Alexander, Elizabeth Baker, Althea Jane Benner, Alma Bloch, Amanda Bloomquist, Elizabeth Bratton, Muriel Carlson, Sherman C. Case, Eugene F. Chase, Marjorie Chaudoin, Anne Chiotti, Rhea Clark, (Mrs.) Marjorie DeSoer, Naria M. Elliott, Hilmer Erickson, Marjorie M. Frazier, Jane Fuller, Lawrence D. Harnden, Gladys Richards Hull, Edward Hull, Anita Easterly Imlay, Artie Leona James, Irene James, R. C. Jensen, Elsie Karvonen, Geraldine I. Kutting, Harold V. Lee, Ray Treichel, Louise Jeanette Turner, Verna Cartledge Vinson.

Bertha Lester, Barbara Johnstone Macdonald, Lena Mains, Gladys Mary Marsh, Frances Connahan Merryman, Helen Miley, Hazel Minton, Frida Turnberg Mix, Warren Morgan, Winnifred L. Morton, Emma Neuman, Alma Schmidt Nolf, Ebba Margott Olesen, Laura O'Neill, Beulah Pauline Pless, Beatrice Ann Preble, Frank Panches, Arne William Randall, Vera Regan, Agnes Gertrude Riffe, Evelyn Robins, Alice Johnstead Saling, Florence Schlien, Sister M. Ama (Helen Marie Nagel), Olive Snook, Helen Sullivan, Helen Barbara Thomas, Mildred Woodring, Mae Yenter.

Issued on the Elementary Normal School Diploma

Lucille M. Dieterich, Lucia M. Sowinski, Lowell D. Young.

NEW INSTRUCTORS NEW BUILDING; NEW CLASS TOO

AUTUMN QUARTER, 1936

The Washington State Teachers' college will open its fall term, September 28. First year and beginning students will register on Monday, September 28. On Tuesday, September 29, will be registration for advanced students. Classes will begin on Wednesday.

Freshman week, September 28 to October 4 will give the old students the opportunity to welcome the new class.

The new arts and science building will be ready to accommodate classes in chemistry, physics, geography, and applied arts. New instructors on the campus will include Miss Jessie L. Fickett, instructor in physical education. Miss Puckett received her B. S. from the University of Oregon and has been a graduate student at the University of Oregon and the University of California. The associate professor of physical science will be Dr. Edmund L. Lind, who received his B. A. degree at Wabash College and his Ph. D. from the University of Chicago. Miss Alice Stolz will be the kindergarten teacher in the training school. She has a B. A. degree from the National College of Education at Evanston, Illinois. Miss Tennie Johnson is returning from Columbia University.

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SWAN SONG

I wish to thank wholeheartedly the students who have willingly cooperated and contributed their time and work to the paper this quarter. You have made it possible for this paper to go to press every Wednesday night. We have had quite a struggle to get enough copy to fill up the space, but I realize that news is rather scarce and that sometimes those we ask for stories are lax and unwilling to give. I am only sorry that the small number of students willing to write has thrown extra work on each of you.

To those of you who continue your work on the staff next fall I wish more success and better cooperation; to those who are leaving—I hope you have derived as much benefit from your work here as I have—a peaceful year to you.

Malcolm Ericson.

THE TEACHER AND THE STICKS

Most of us can recall without too much effort the aged story of the man who in his old age called his sons together before a small pile of twigs and demonstrated a point that has held down through the ages. First he picked up one of the twigs and broke it easily with his hands and then he took another, and another, snapping them in twain with little effort until finally he took five of them, representing the number of sons around him. He attempted to break them all at once, but in vain; their concerted strength was too much for him.

Now you ask the question, "What has an old man and his offspring, with a pile of kindling, got to do with me as a teacher?"

Simply this: In this world of organized labor we as individuals do not have a fair chance to advance either ourselves or our profession. The successful businesses of today are banded together in an effort to promote their own welfare and prosperity, but unfortunately for us we are not included in the fruits of their labors. Therefore, it behooves us as educators to form an organization of our own to combat the other forces of the nation that are looking out for themselves in this world of "everybody for himself and the devil take the hindmost."

A union of teachers could be an example of united progress to the whole world for in our joined strength we could shed the mantle of fear that has so long shadowed our work; fear of school boards, fear of malicious gossipers—common to every community, fear of local prejudices, and above all—fear of the petty and conniving politician.

—D. Y.

EDUCATION BY FREEDOM

As I sit facing my traffic-laden window I wonder what it is all about. If I take the Aristotelian method of thinking I am either right or wrong; more wrong than right. On the other hand the Non-Aristotelian mode of thinking, of considering as many aspects as my limited mind will allow, I find that the answer is zero, a capital one too. In plain language "What's the score?" I have an idea, you have an idea and 129,000,000 other Americans have one too. Again our American system triumphs—the man with the whip is always right. But observe the tide change when the whipped becomes the whipper. "Education Moves Forward." This must be the result of changing something—um-m-m-m-m-m—don't you think? Ah yes, these educators are quite slippery if one were only to analyze them.

Nevertheless the trend today is "Education Through Freedom." (Notice I am using the word trend, a technical word referring to words used cautiously, for fear I may become Aristotelian). Since I am a product of youth and must advance the educational racket I am therefore required to write a paper for a certain education class on this subject. However, I am human and a product of past education so I write on something and let it go at that, hoping I will get a grade and credit for five hours of indoctrination and propaganda.

This class is quite different from all others. The student is given a right to his own conception, thereby immortalizing the great liberator of thought—Voltaire. That something on which I am to write is a subject in which I have the required number of hours credit for a degree, but which I know nothing about. I have been taught, as you have, various technological methods of how to pound sand (education) into this rat hole (youngster) only to find that the child knows less when we have finished than before. He is bewildered at the flowery words, grandeur and systematized technique. The aim is lost.

In the course of the last twenty years that I have attended school I can recall some twenty odd methods, plans, and what have you, to make me learn better when my low I. Q. has not physically or theoretically advanced any further (pre-18 years). I have found that I remember better when I see for myself. I learned in school all about the bank, the Capital, the calculations to build a house, etc.; then had to unlearn and learn all over again when I witnessed the actuality. Was I perverted or was the teacher a liar? Oh! I'm not the only one who found this to be true. Many a youth is moping, hoping, and groping today because something in his education is lacking. Can we cure the evil

through some bureaucratic principle, or can it be done by following some emotional woman on a fantastical idea that suited her fancy and we pay to accept, or can we evolve by asking this degenerated youth what he is lacking and then formulate an intelligent plan free from technicalities and as the mind is willing wholeheartedly to accept. Perhaps a little study on primitive pedagogy would help; you know we are still "young."

The Idea:

Educate practically by giving youth the actuality as China has done for some 6,000 years and as Germany is doing by the taking of children on hiking tours. The eastern states are already doing it. I have seen two such cases; one in Wenatchee, and one in Seattle. The name of the school I do not remember. Only the laughter, happy faces, and optimistic outlook on life became fixed in my mind as I talked to one or two of the children. Last week I tuned in on a program from Seattle where the youngsters of one such group were telling of what they were learning, how they achieved what they did, financially, and otherwise. If one were to become interested it would be quite easy to discover the secret. I can only relate what I heard and that would take too long, and anyway I have been and am being branded as "NUTS." The procedure that touched me deeply was the way these children earned their money by doing anything they could get to do. The child earned a certain percent, his parents gave him a certain percent, and youth incorporated (some organization made up of youngster's investments) paid the rest. When he could he paid the loans back to help some other youngster to acquire knowledge the same way he had got his. This is one aspect. The number of studies integrated into one is left for you to figure out.

The other method I have in mind, and a substitute for the former, is by moving pictures. America has the largest picture industry in the world, and one of the largest industries at home. Would it not be possible to teach anthropology, astronomy, ichthyology, paleontology, orthography, history, geography, current affairs, public speaking, arithmetic, reading, art, culture, etc., etc., by this method? Whoever lays the foundation will surely be a philanthropist in a major sense, not mentioning the immortal contributions of martyrdom and the prompting of efficiency. However, the moving picture industry is rapidly making the practice of education look diminutive. That is one industry, I firmly believe, where the schools would justify the confiscation of property (some of them).

And here, my colleagues, is my idea of Education by Freedom. I have met the requirements of the class and gone one step further by letting the whole school criticize me if they wish. I'll wager that not one of you has guts enough even to mimeograph or ditto your ideas that we might weigh them. But, oh well! Why sign your own death warrant when life is so sweet. Incidentally, mine was signed some time ago. I am just now waiting for the Notary Public—

Leonard Fonda.

CAMPUS CHIC

If this were any weather in which to work up a lather, I'd be in a swivet in two shakes. The next time I see some college brat combing her hair at the luncheon, dinner, or supper table, I'm going to walk right up and snatch her bald. This common practice—and I mean common—is an offense to public morals and private manners, and is a loathsome exhibition of toilet.

Undoubtedly it's the dewey-eyed idealist in me that makes me cling to the old fashioned idea that students ought to have manners at least on the par with the bourgeoisie and the proletariat. So every time the fine flowers of this school redo their coiffure at table I'm plunged into one of my blackest wither-are-we-drifting moods for days and days (and I'm not one who readily views with alarm).

Probably this monstrous habit is no more reprehensible than painting on a new face every 30 minutes. Maybe it just seems so to those of us who were taught that a comb in the dining room is even more reprehensible than a skunk at a garden party. Let's hope this bit of boring-from-within hasn't crept beyond the confines of some students, because if it has, it is high time the vigilantes were riding.

But enough of crotchets. In reality my cup is running over.

Well, seasons come and go, and soon approaches the time when all of us young things with fathers to pay our way will be ambling to school again this fall. This, then, should treat of beauty methods that the busy college woman can follow without deviating too far from the paths of learning. Not that a good skin and an intelligent make-up won't often get one further than a B. A., but some people like to have both.

Your hair, to start from the top; Let me beg you, little future mortar board wearer, not to neglect your mop. Give it a hot oil treatment every few weeks, wash it weekly and brush it with a clean brush every day, and massage the scalp as often as you have a chance. A good enough time is when you're studying, when one hand supports the book from which you are drawing learning, while the other makes casual rotary motions all over the head. All very simple.

Points of interest: Don't ignore your elbows. You may be a knock-out in long sleeves and a total loss in an evening dress if your elbows are two rough red knobs. Do a little massage work with cream or oil once in so often.

War paint: You need little enough of this during the week, just a dab of powder and the outline of your mouth with lipstick. But these hints are not so much for the campus as for the times when you're away from it, with a male audience instead of a flock of sweated females. So lay in the works for festivities, and use an unoccupied evening once in a

while practicing for different effects. And please, try to do your improving on nature without letting it become too apparent. Avoid the bizarre, and stick to covering up your bad points and heightening the good.

MORE ABOUT FEDERAL PLAYS

(Continued from page 1)

nobody prominently connected with the professional theater was considered in the slightest by the administration in setting up its executive personnel. * * *

In keeping with other new deal activities, experience and knowledge of the business seemed to be the two things nobody wanted. There was the underlying insinuation, of course, that nothing good could come out of the existing order in the theater or elsewhere. Inexperience, ignorance of the particular subject, except in an academic way, and general incompetence appear to have been the magic negatives that opened the doors of the federal theater project. * * *

Some of us innocently supposed the chief end of the project was to give work to needy actors and other professional people of the theater out of work by having Uncle Sam "angel" the productions and foot all losses. It now appears that the chief end of the project was to reform the professional theater—another case of reform before recovery, if you please. Hence, everybody connected with the commercial theater was to be shunned, as though they had smallpox. * * *

Dance

with

Walt Schumann

and his

U. S. C. Campus Orchestra

featuring

Miss Betty Thom

The Singer Supreme

Wednesday, Aug. 19

Elks Temple

Admission 42c

(Including tax)

9:00 P. M.

WALT SCHUMANN AND HIS BAND



REVIEW FORUM

ARE WE CIVILIZED?

By Robert H. Lowie—1929

Reviewed by Leonard Fonda

A short thesis upon unpainted history. Might not it be better to teach all history with a balance of the cultured (contemporary use of the word) history and Anthropological history, that we as intelligent (broadly) people might draw our own conclusions on the rise of man. Ah well, I suppose a government could not run without propaganda! But woe to the teacher who lays the foundation in her school to teach factual history. The year was 1931, the Bicentennial of George Washington's birthday. When my pupils began to delve into the real life of the first President and found that he did tell lies, wear false teeth made of wood and whittled by himself, that Mrs. Washington was an obnoxious hostess and cook, etc., the community and administration objected strenuously. This has no bearing upon the book only to the extent that it partially substantiates Lowie.

Lowie constantly makes a comparison of the present day man with the primitive man. He claims contemporary man has not got over his primitive stages. His evidence is quite convincing, factual, and at times almost stimulates one to snatch the banner from his hand and enlist in the cause. Then too, one need only to analyze himself and his associates to be convinced of the truth. "Just how many peoples of today are of pure-bred strain? Then too, who wants to trace his ancestry back to the Cro-Magnon?"

"Contemporary man has not added one single item to the modern menu. All have come from the Eastern or Western primitive man. Civilized people seem to be so stupid when it comes to inventing and even accepting what is before them. Rather to invent man twists, distorts, and displaces."

"It might be well if the modern pedagog adopted some of the primitive methods of teaching and discipline. The savage too fell into the pitfalls and made the same blunders that civilized educators do today. So long as the primitive man relied upon his inborn senses he was abreast of advanced pedagogy."

"When civilization becomes complex man, fumbles, muddles, and bungles."

In each of the 23 subjects Lowie takes up for thought stimulators he brings to light human stupidity in its most elementary and simple stages. It is interesting to learn of the methods of housing, eating, etiquette, kinds of eating utensils, medicine, sex, marriage customs, and sewage disposal, etc., of the courtly Victorian and Elizabethan age. Little wonder the Louis' of France were so degenerated mentally and physically.

However, I find the scope of the Anthropologist is quite limited as well. Lowie, Kroeber, Pitkin, Frazer, Briffault, Whissler, etc., are also cursed with the stupidity and the same elements that they write about. Maybe they too are human and surely must be a product of this culture.

ned, as though they had smallpox. * * *

The impractical people—the dreamers, the visionaries, yes, even the communists—were invited to come in and parade their various brands of red and pink economics and sociology. Mr. Fiske declares that virtually every federal theater show he saw was written by left-wingers and was supercharged with propaganda—and all under federal government auspices and with federal funds footing the bills!

Most of these shows can be seen for nothing or for a nominal admission price. In spite of that, they are not attracting any enthusiastic patronage by the more intelligent playgoers. According to Mr. Fiske, they are playing mainly to the left-wing crowds—friends of the radical authors and the bolshevik fringe that trails in their wake. But it isn't so much on that score that Mr. Fiske condemns the project.

It is because he finds so little real intrinsic merit in the plays themselves. Most of the authors, obviously, could never get to first base with their plays with commercial managers. They seem to be mainly Russian imitations, possibly full of social

POETS' CORNER

MAXIMS

Live so that you
Can stick out your tongue
At the insurance doctor.

If you will drink
Hair restorer follow
Every dram with some
Good standard depilatory
As a chaser.

If you get gloomy just
Take an hour off and sit and think
How much better this world is
than hell
Of course it won't cheer you up
much if
You expect to go there.

If monkey glands
Did restore your youth
What would you do with it
Question mark?
Just what you did before
Interrogation point?

Yes I thought so
Exclamation point!

Old Doc Einstein has
Abolished time but they
Haven't got the news at
Sing Sing yet.

Every cloud
Has its silver lining
But it is
Sometimes a little difficult
To get it to the mint.

Don't cuss the climate
It probably doesn't like you
Any better
Than you like it.
—Don Marquis.

Five hundred undergraduates will
take part in the Emergency Peace
Campaign this summer.

significance but decidedly minus in
entertainment value. The commercial
theater, sinful system that it is,
put entertainment value first. * * *

It is not necessary to name the
shows, but Mr. Fiske declares frankly
that some he saw were on a par
with the productions of the average
high school sophomore group. * * *

If these left-wing radicals want to
make over the American stage, that
is, of course, their privilege. But
they ought to stand on their own
feet, as the private producers must,
and not be financed by taxpayers'
money. There is probably not an
other country on the globe where
such a condition could exist. It is
another manifestation of the topsy-
turvy status of American thought today. * * *

Let us turn to the other side of the
picture, as Mr. Fiske does. It so
happens that while the federal theater
project in its puny but widely
publicized way has been reforming
the theater, the commercial theater
has been producing some of the finest
plays in a decade or more—not
many, it is true, but enough and of a
caliber that make the subsidized plays
look like back-lot "kid" shows by
comparison.—Spokesman-Review.



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LIVING RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD

MOHAMMADANISM, ISLAM

Mohammadanism, commonly known as Islam, was founded about 570 A. D. by Mohammad. The Deity is Allah, the scriptures the Koran. It is found in all the Moslem countries including India, China and parts of Russia. There are 230,000,000 adherents, the third largest religion of the world; only Christianity and Confucianism, respectively, surpassing it.

FOUNDER

Mohammad was a merchant carrying on trade in and out of Mecca, the capital of Arabia. On his journeys he would come in contact with many religions. He studied all he could about these various cults, the most prominent being Zoroastrian, Judaism, and Hinduism.

One day in the temple he settled an argument between two sheiks. Then and there he was supposedly visited by the super-human and was told to carry on a world service.

Like all previous religious founders he too went into seclusion. Upon his emergence he began preaching his method of submission to Allah. Many followers joined him. In one place in the Koran he speaks of seeing whole armies join his cult.

Mohammad was a great thinker as well as a leader of men. His commanding of an army and strategy used in war was a great influence in swaying the emotions of his people.

RELIGION

After Mohammad had founded his religion from borrowing from the older cults he turned his vengeance against them. The Jews have been the most persecuted by him. Even today the French and English must maintain armies in the Moslem countries to keep peace between the Mohammadans and other peoples.

The main principles of the religion are closely related to Christianity. Mohammad goes one step farther though by making definite statements and descriptions of such things as God, Resurrection, Judgment, Paradise, and Hell.

There are five duties of the Mohammadan:

1. Repetition of Creed.
2. Prayer—five times a day.
3. Almsgiving.
4. Fasting during the days of the month of Ramadan (30 days absolute fast).
5. Pilgrimage to Mecca—once during a man's life he is required to go to Mecca, to circumambulate the Sacred Mosque and to kiss the Kaaba Black stone seven times.

Like Christianity Islam has its Commandments, but only six are found:

- I. We will not worship any but one God.
- II. We will not steal.
- III. Neither will we commit adultery.
- IV. Nor kill children.
- V. We will not slander in any wise.
- VI. Nor disobey the Prophet in anything that is right (Muir, "Life" 118).

In reality Mohammad was very much Mussolini in luck, psychology, propaganda, and ability.

SIKHISM

Sikhism stands the very latest among the 11 living religions, being founded about 1469 A. D. by Nanak. Its Deity is True Name, True Creator and various other attempts to name the reason for all these cultures about us. Its scriptures are the Granth.

POLITICAL

"Politically, Sikhism is the only religion in the history of the world which has given birth to a nation,

with the exception of Judaism. Its chief place in history has been political more than religious. In its case, as also in the case of Judaism, political independence has been destroyed, while religiously and every other wise the people have continued strikingly able and distinctive."

FOUNDER

Nanak was born in Nanakra, a small town situated about 30 miles southwest of Lahore, the capital of Punjab.

His parents were common villagers, the father a Hindu of the second caste, the mother very pious and devoted. When but a boy at the age of seven he challenged his Hindu teacher to tell him the True Name of God. Not finding the question answered he set out to find it himself. Like all other founders he was persecuted and humiliated unbearably, only to strengthen his cause. At one time he was reported to have been visited and tempted by Satan. Not until his death was his philosophy accepted. Owing to a reported miracle at his death many people were convinced that he was surely blessed with the power to perform miracles.

RELIGION

Religiously Sikhism is comparative most to Christianity. "Nanak had personal religious experiences, and the continued personal influence of a great ironic reformer of Luther, another... religious reformer in Europe. The main difference that Sikhism has from Christianity is that all unexplainable existences, being, or phenomena are considered as mystics" (page 107, Elements of Weakness.)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The one and only one book that my limited capacity was able to locate, read, and comprehend is the concise, proof-giving book by Hume: "The Worlds Living Religions."—209-H29-U2.

A RELIGIOUS WORLD CULTURE

If I have caused you to wonder or to even think that there are other cultures in reference to religion, I am satisfied. But remember your religious aspects may not be right. Others may look barbarous to you, but the Buddhist's conceptions of Christianity is barbarous—we practice religion "all day" Sunday and forget it Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, etc., in our efforts to cut the other fellow's throat. If that is Christianity they say they do not want it.

Here my friends is an evidence of a world culture in religion much larger than even Christianity is with its technique.

Do you know that "most" of our permanent goodness in life came from the East, and is still coming. We, as highly civilized people, as we call ourselves, are really so stupid and non-progressive. We have lost track of the basic purpose of life—make a better place in the world for us and our posterity to live in. As it is we are rapidly building what Jesus predicted—an Eternal Hell!

Primarily, all religions were founded as an ease to the mind and a fuser of the classes, to eliminate the wide distinction of those that have and those that don't have. "When gold and lust glitters love is blinded"; by love I don't mean this biological urge that Malthus so ably expounded upon, but that bond that holds men together and desires them to live together that they may enjoy each other's company and thoughts.

Cannot we help to assist in building a world culture in religion that knows nothing but helping others kindly no matter who, what, or where THEY MAY be.

I thank you,
Leonard E. Fonda.

MORE ABOUT
STEILACOOM TRIP

(Continued from page 1)

of them had been taken out for a walk and just a few of the worst ones were left. Of these, there was only one that I could see that was "acting up." She was a young girl, strapped down in a chair, who gave us a hideous smile and a blood-curdling gurgle as we passed her room. Dr. Judd pointed out a woman in this ward who he said was a millionaire's wife.

The men's violent ward was no different—just as quiet and peaceful. Although we saw two men strapped down to their beds, they seemed quite meek and quiet when we visited them. Straps were put across the arms and chest, leather mits on the hands, and a pad under the chin to prevent the patient from using his teeth to break his straps. One of the patients was quite friendly and tried to convince us that he was perfectly all right but he was put in there just because he was trying to grease his gun down by the railroad tracks, was out for target practice, and the gun went off.

Although we were quite curious to browse around more in this ward, we were hustled out into the hospital ward where patients were lying in bed after malaria treatment.

This State Hospital at Steilacoom has been selected by the government to do experimental work. Dr. Maine of South Carolina is devoting his time to the malaria treatment. Blood from the veins of a person with malaria is injected into an insane person and the fever caused by malaria is said to rid the patient of germs causing insanity.

Although Ralph Johnson was quite curious and wanting more time to marvel at the new project, time was getting short; so about 5 o'clock we filed into the kitchen.

"Enough to feed an army" certainly holds true at the State Hospital. In the kitchen there was food, food everywhere. Believe it or not, they use on an average of one carload of potatoes a month, 50 hogs a month, 12,000 chickens and turkeys a month, 4,000 pounds of beef a week, 7½ cases of eggs for breakfast, and 1,400 pounds of flour a day. Most of the livestock, eggs, and vegetables are from the farm. They also make their bread and pastries.

Inmates were seen setting the tables in the large dining room. I noticed that the milk was not distributed very equally but all in all, the tables were pretty well set. According to Dr. Judd, a cafeteria will soon replace this dining room.

"I wouldn't mind being here myself," I heard Vernon Smith mumble as we left the kitchen.

In visiting place from place, we bumped into many dignitaries. We met Will Rogers, the richest man in the world, and a man born a million years before Christ, besides President Roosevelt and Lord Ramore mentioned before. There was also a man who could recite all the counties of any state in the United States.

Will Rogers was the real name of an hypophrenic inmate suffering from paresis. He giggled and laughed while doing a tap dance for us. We were told that he is quite proud because he is the only Will Rogers in the world.

The richest man in the world gave us do's and don'ts on politics. He was a maniacal paranoia patient. He wore advertising buttons, ten-cent store pins, and cracker-jack prizes on his cap and coat. To him, they were his medals. A large glass pin which was to him a pin of diamonds was his pride and fortune.

There were many, many other things of interest that we saw but to tell you of them all, I would go on forever and ever. I shall leave the rest for the other members of the party to tell.

Quite exhausted after over four hours of walking, a dip in the lake was the very thing. We went down to the Oakes, a bathing resort near the hospital, and enjoyed a refreshing swim. Mrs. Hahn made the rest of us girls look like sick fish with her excellent swimming.

Florence Massouras's only regret was that she couldn't pull any of her new handies on the inmates.

A hearty dinner with its usual accompaniment of sugar cube rolling, new handies, and "knock-knocks" climaxed a most interesting and enjoyable day.

Frank Roi spent the week end in Olympia with relatives. If you wish to hear some picturesque language, ask about Mr. Smyser's term papers.

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ALUMNI NEWS

JOHNNY McMINDS seen at the Olympic Bowl... MARION GANTY (now Jarvis), ex-off-campus prexy, wheeling daughter around... back from California... ELSIE BOWMAN also married and seen walking beside her handsome blond-haired son... SAMMY McLAUGHLIN walking up Third... BERNICE COLWELL, attending the U. seen in a good-looking navy blue silk... HELEN CUREL, ('32), seen at the Trianon... WILLARD RUBIN on a late bus, with his bathing suit as only luggage—seems it was just one of those one-day trips... GERRY STULL writing that the old home town is awfully dead—wonder why?... ORKY GANTY THOMAS, your ex-alumni editor, with a new reddish coiffure... "BLACKIE" BUTLER going from teaching aspirations to barbering (the real thing)... Couldn't quite catch BERTHA KLUG as she hurried down University Way in Seattle... Could it have been BOB JOSE?... ANNE MAS-SOURAS working on a newspaper in Seattle this summer... VERA ARCHER (Mrs. Carl Jensen), visiting home this month... EMMA JEAN RYAN and JACK MARKS seen on a downtown street car... BILL EL-LIS, former Crier business manager, strolling with a good looking brunette on the U campus... HELEN BRONDT seen shopping on the coast.

POSSIBILITIES
IN RADIO SEEN
BY MANY PEOPLE

New Step in Education Being Developed in This State Now

When educational institutions in Ohio started casting about for a name by which to designate their radio activities, it was natural, perhaps, that they should take their cue from Harvard, where the Drama Workshop first demonstrated that techniques of the theater could be studied, taught, and developed.

Streamlined to meet the needs of a new educational medium, geared to an age which no longer defines a college as "a log with a student on one end and Mark Hopkins on the other," the Radio Workshop resembles the original workshop experiment as little as the "Old 97" resembles the Flying Zephyr. The educator today, alive to the possibilities of radio, is inclined to rate the efficiency of a teacher speaking to a class of thirty when he might be speaking into a microphone, as, say, one preceded by several zeros and a decimal point. The radio-minded educator sees the state as his classroom and the nation as a campus.

He does this notwithstanding the fact that radio has never done so

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Tabulation of Epidermal Collisions
Shows Sharp Decline in Osculation

Kissing is becoming a lost art in the movies. Nowadays, even the longest and most lyrical cinema story has an irreducible minimum of kisses in the total footage, seldom more than four, usually less. This contrasts sharply with the adolescent age of Hollywood when a picture that came along with fewer than 15 epidermal collisions was considered virtually travogue.

But there are only two kisses in 14 reels of "The Lost Horizon," four in 12 reels of "Anthony Adverse," two in 10 reels of "Rhythm on the Range" and four in "Romeo and Juliet," to name just a few of the newer epics, an Associated Press check shows.

Directors have two answers for the decline and fall of osculation.

"In the old days, the only way they had of showing that a man and a woman were sizzling with attraction was to throw them into a clinch," a director said. "But with the passage of years, a whole list of different ways to get over the same thought has accumulated. That's one thing. The other is the censor."

The censor's shears are sharp and he has the power to delete kissing scenes that are (a) too fervent, (b) too long, and (c) too frequent.

While there is no exact time-limit set on a movie kiss, one that stays on the screen longer than a second and one-half, by the stop watch, is pretty apt to be abbreviated in the final print. A Paramount studio censorship expert said the censors "judge those things by standards of good taste." He meant, figurative good taste, of course.

For example, a comedian can kiss a girl almost as many times as the script demands because it's all in fun. The theory, said the expert, is that the morals of a movie fan can't be corrupted while he's laughing.

Thus, whereas the osculatory actions of a handsome leading man must be confined to one or two "crushers," with a few hit-and-run pecks sprinkled in between, there is no limit placed on a comedian.

Directors also claim that effective kissing is not a part of the natural equipment of an actor or actress. Newcomers have to learn how it's done. Partly for that reason, Director Howard Hawks had three young men embrace Andrea Leeds no fewer than 467 times for "tests" the other day. He hasn't made up his mind yet, either.

STEPHIOMATIC
PREMISES

Education is learning to take criticism and absorb the medicine.

Facts are things to start with and then make your life out of them.

A man cannot be a decent conservative until he has drunk the cup of radicalism dry.

All assumptions are based upon facts that can't be proven: Spirits?

Life is a problem of a united, evolving, Social Conscious Purpose as did the Greeks (but that was before the copyright).

Democracy is leveling the top man down to the bottom.

Everybody is after the other fellow's job. Those who have the jobs must wet themselves to keep them.

Everybody is a crook; but we should be missionaries in life.

The difference between "two sides of a railroad track" are: The dirt on the other side is ignorance, and the dirt on this side is cunningness.

Use science as gentlemen and achieve a sympathetic understanding of the other fellow.

Because a thing is scientifically untrue is no reason it is untrue in society.

Thank you.

Campus Cupids will be singing "Farewell to Arms" Wednesday night.

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Case, Linquist, and Hadley were functioning too smoothly for the local players last Friday afternoon. The Men's Club picnic, though sparsely attended, was well fed.

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Sports - And - Recreations

★ SPORT TIPS ★

Assisted by Beans Kimball

What ho! Has time for once turned back its flight? Did you notice a tall portly gentleman trodding the walks of the campus? Yes, fellow students and grads, it is none other than Abe Lincoln come back to life—his name isn't really "Abe" but is Bob—who can miss a chance to dub him "Abe" . . . hails from down Montezano way—the home of former luminaries, Pitch Phillips, Zeke Larson, "Tonk" Edwards, and Guggenbickler—by the way don't mistake him for our old friend Goochie—they look alike . . . "Abe" is here early to get in shape for the football team—Watch out guys! He's tough—been working up amongst the tall timbers for the past few years . . . You'll hear more about him later—probably at Homecoming when the Wildcats take on Bellingham.

The local boys were a little bit baked out by the sun when they played the U. of W. basketball team the other day. Pretty close though—pretty close. Lost by a score of 35-21. Hank Boersma led the boys in the tangle. Holl, Chiotti, Lentz, Carr, and Winn Rogers also dribbled a mean ball.

Speaking of Winn Rogers—reminds me of the guy over at Steilacoom who put on a good imitation of the late "WILL" Rogers for us the other day.

Yerrington fell asleep and when he awakened from his slumbers the keeper of the Bees had him in tow—can't blame the fellow much—did you ever see Dale when aroused from a deep slumber? . . . Some of those girls could pitch a mean fast ball—I can think of one in particular that Nick should have had signed up to throw during the championships . . . Smith picked up a few pointers on how to act—says he'll probably be right back there after he has taught a couple years more—it reacted so strongly on one lad that he changed his name to Walpole and then without the slightest provocation to Fishpole—we would have had another Napoleon had we stayed much longer.

The U. of W. basketball team took on the Wildcats in a game of softball. "Iron arm" Case did the chucking for the invaders. Other former students taking part were Swede Lindquist, Axel Bruhn and Murray Hadley. Case's mighty arm did the trick and the men from Seattle won furious victory by a score of 4-3.

Swede Jensen is nursing his arm along for the return engagement which will be played Friday in Seattle . . . Nobbs will catch.

What happened to Enbody at the

Munson Hall picnic? Rumor has it that he either swallowed a Weiner crossway or else gulped down a flat rock by mistake—something gave him indigestion—perhaps it was only the proximity of the end of the quarter. Whatever it was Baffaro was afflicted with the same—They made a couple of swell nurses for each other.

Ralph Johnson and Fred Gillis showed some of the webfooters from the coast some real form in bathing over at Steilacoom Lake—get up to the local pool Sunday, girls—they'll be there—it will be enough to make anyone's heart make a flop.

Ellensburg played host to the Eastern Washington soft ball championship playoffs on Saturday and Sunday. Wenatchee seemed to have things its way—winning the tournament. The Normal boys playing under the banner of the K. E. Laundry were eliminated in the third game—Parker playing roving fielder covered more ground than anyone on the field—Ames was short (some say of cash)—Art Lind center—Nick left—Nobbs catch—Sesby pitch . . . It was a good playoff—some real fine ball was shown by the winner, Wenatchee, who had Elmer Legg, University of Washington quarterback for their chucker . . . Yakima was runner up.

Is Jim Lentz nuts? Wrong again, he was only sleeping—How do you ever expect to get across the river to Portland, Jimmie? Maybe he was saving logs for a raft.

A real "Beetle-browed" man hasn't been in school for a good long time—the last one I remember was Goochie—the one to most closely answer that description would be either Joe Chiotti or Dante Cappa . . . "Beetle-Brow"—think it over—doesn't that conjure visions in your mind?

Did you attend Munson Hall picnic? A good time was had by all—it was by the Upper River gravel pit—kitty ball and eating seemed to be the main diversions.

This is the last of journalistic endeavor for one person that I know of—things don't come easy like they used to—perhaps it is just senility setting in—or just that it is difficult getting used to the pouring over books and digestion of studies after a long layoff—anyhow—so long—be seeing you at the Institute or what have you—One last thing to remember—did you forget your damage deposit? I didn't think you would . . . As former Dean Leonard would say—"Next time boys, try to do better. The eyes of the undergrads are upon you."

THROUGH THE CAMPUS WINDOW

The last issue of the Crier—always a sad affair at best except for you lucky people who will be back again and hope to read herein all the news that is filth to print. A good policy with results more or less uncertain.

"I won't write any more, dear, my roommate is reading over my shoulder."

"You're a liar!"

This Miss Walsh has been standing the gaff as it were, all summer (or were it)—anyway the gal finally got tired. Too bad, and right at the end of the quarter too. The Thrasher gathering might have been the last straw—we dunno.

"Well boys," said the old gent to the lads over at the swimming pool, "and why do you gaze so intently at you seething waters?"

"We're seeing who can stay under the longest," pipes up Elbert, "and Johnny's been down 47 minutes already."

Among other casualties—Lois MacDonald in a nice new sling—this must have been a hectic summer—and some of us not even aware of it.

There was a Scotchman who put away all kinds of liquor. In fact every time someone came to his house he put it away.

Isn't it too bad the way some of our huskiest he-men turn out? Baffaro searching Yakima and points east for a dressmaker—says he wanted a skirt.

"Give me a match, Kimball."

"Here it is."

"Well, can you beat that? I've forgotten my cigarettes."

"Stoo bad. Give me back my match."

To conclude our ramblings for the year we hope no one has been bothered in our search for good clean fun—and to make a short story long, we are through for the nonce.

DOWN CAMPUS LANES

Shhhhh—don't look now, but there goes EPPERSON and HOLL! Where is T. PLOUSE? That's what we want to know. By the way, WEAVER is back, isn't he? Tsk, tsk.

ELBERT HONEYCUTT seems to be going in for freshmen in a big way this summer.

BERT McDONELL has been seen around town with a young, dark and handsome fellow. So far, your inquisitive prowler has been unable to learn his identity.

All's fair in love and war, and things seem to be pretty BONNEY for RANETTA.

We notice WOODY EPP taking a great interest in the play rehearsals. Did we say play rehearsals?

We understand EVELYN HEROLD had quite a watermelon feed. MADELINE REYNOLDS won the contest. Her ears were not quite so wet as the rest.

Ahhh—at the theater party—Did you see DOROTHY MOBERG with PETE BAFFARO? We did!

Where is Mr. KERBY? Has he been asleep all summer or has he lost the art of stirring the hearts of the sweet young things. But I do know that he likes tall and slender girls.

Mr. DUNNING and PEGGL DAVISON were seen enjoying the show very much last Friday evening.

ENBODY believes in safety in numbers, so he always has two or three girls with him. "And why not?" says he. "Isn't every lad on the campus entitled to 3?" My, my, my!

Did you see ADA BRODIE and BILL RICHERT? If you didn't, you should have. Bill insists the show was vera, vera good.

LAURA LEHTINEN may be Finnish but she has gone Swedish in a big way. How about it, Oscar? Wasn't BILL ELLIS in the running this time last year?

We hear ERNIE WELLENBROCK keeps a rather steady correspondence with one of our young ladies here. Ummmmmm—sounds good! So we don't prove a thing—Have I?

"MISS FIX—"

Dear Miss Fix:
How long or how short should a speech be?

G. G.

Dear G. G.:
A speech should be like a woman's dress, long enough to cover the subject, but short enough to be interesting.

Sincerely,
Miss Fix.

Dear Miss Fix:
Should you always consider older people before you yourself?

Anxiously,
Tom.

Dear Tom:
Surely you must always consider older people at all times, too many young people have no respect for age, unless it is bottled.

Sincerely,
Miss Fix.

Dear Miss Fix:
Could you tell me why Mr. Gilmore is so burned up?

Yours truly,
Fannie.

Dear Fannie:
Mr. Gilmore is very temperamental and it so happens his assignments in supposedly his choice of books does not meet with his approval.

Sincerely,
Miss Dix.

Dear Miss Fix:
Bug collecting is getting me down. I find it very difficult to stick pins through bugs, it's so cruel. Why must we do it?

Yours truly,
N. E.

Dear N. E.:
Now tut, tut, child, just think of the good you are doing for the forthcoming Science II classes. Think of all the people you will save piercing poor insects by loaning your collection.

Sincerely,
Miss Fix.

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HEARD DOWN TOWN



Of Interest to All Scientists:

Ben Wagner, through careful observation, has noticed a rather interesting phenomena taking place on the painted rocks located near the fair metropolis of Vantage.

Ben reported to his many roommates that he was able to distinguish quite plainly several "pink elephants" upon the rocks Sunday morning.

Just imagine the embarrassment of the bride and groom when they found that "Justice of Peace" Ray Treichel had slipped up on his dates and read the funeral service instead of the wedding ceremony.

Watchman (beside library): Cappa, you know better than to be necking behind those shrubs.

Cappa: Ah, we ain't necking. Watchman: This is the second time this week I've caught you romancing on the campus.

Cappa: Ah, we ain't romancing. Watchman: You ain't romancing? Well, come out here and hold this flashlight and let me in there!

Pete Baffaro: Norski, that look on your face is enough to stop the birds singing for miles around. Gilman Ronald: How would you feel if you walked your gal all the way to the Rodeo Field to do a little romancing and found a night ball game instead.

Miss Phyllis Jane Collins of Seattle returned Saturday after a visit with her aunt, Mrs. R. E. Warden.

HIDE

and

SEEK

Have you ever known, gentle reader, that moment when life, yielding up a treasure-house of pleasantful events—three meals a day, regular conditioning of emotional reflexes, plenty of raw material for gossip, etc.—brings into your inward being a state which the ad-writer must have had in mind when he described certain bovine sources of lacteal nourishment as "contented." And then—amidst this plenitude of blithful bliss, just when the great giver-and-taker-away has forgotten his negative function—certain brain cells, no doubt the never-satisfied-with-what-they've-got ones, begin to function.

Something of the sort just happened to me. Here I was, without a care in the world, when suddenly I conceived a passionate longing to write. You know, just another literary voice crying out in the darkness.

Forgive me for busting into the paper like this, but I thought that you'd like to hear just a few words from me.

Our August inertia creeps over us, to leave us a feeble thing who speaks in a drowning voice, makes wilted gestures with limp, marshmallow-like hands, and broods incessantly over an Utopia of ice tea, cooled air, frosted foods, and porous or non-necessary clothing. If one could but build on's home in a frigidaire. But no.

Already we have seen evidences of the heat manifesting itself. Sitting drooping in a hattery waiting to be fitted into a little number, I observed a lady of a certain age. On the table before her were perhaps 14 various and rejected chapeaux, on her gently perspiring and ordinarily good-natured face the look of anguish that connotes the determination to buy, although it was obvious she loathed every dot of millinery before her. Suddenly, and seemingly at random, she plucked a hat from the group before her, slapped it on her head, and lo, her features relaxed into a pleased and pleasant smile. "I'll take this one," she said, "it looks better on me than any." "But moddod," chirps the distracted millinery vendor, "that's the hat you wore when you came in."

True story, honest. It just goes to show that a mother doesn't always know her own child, especially if she's hot and tired.

Oh, fiddlesticks! I'm tired . . . Guess Who

WHAT CAN A RADIO WORKSHOP DO?

Educators have had great difficulty in agreeing upon a definition of educational broadcasting. Dr. W. W. Charters, director of the bureau of educational research at the Ohio State University, has probably come nearest to an ideal one. "An educational program," he says, "is one which raises standards of taste, increases the range of valuable information, or stimulates audiences to undertake worthwhile activities." In short, he concludes, "an educational program is one which improves the listener."

In this characteristically broad-gauge definition, Dr. Charters has considered both radio and education in their widest aspects. This is a definition upon which most educators, as well as commercial broadcasters, will agree. The origin of a program is important, but the quality alone determines whether or not it is educational.

Of the three objectives stated, the Radio Workshop in Columbus considers the last the most important. If it can stimulate a sufficient interest in the listener to inspire him to do something worth while, the program, measured by educational



"YOU MISS MANY GOOD TIMES NOT HAVING A PHONE"

"CALL the Martins and ask them to come over." "But they have no telephone." "Well, call the Campbells." Dances and card parties have been missed by girls and boys, by young married couples and older folks more often than they know.

Ellensburg Telephone Co.
44939

EXAMINATION SCHEDULE

Tuesday Morning, August 18

All daily first-period classes will use the first and second periods.

All M W F first-period classes will use the first period.

All T Th first-period classes will use the second period.

All daily second-period classes will use the third and fourth periods.

All M W F second-period classes will use the third period.

All T Th second-period classes will use the fourth period.

All fourth period classes will use the fifth period.

Wednesday Morning, August 19

All daily third-period classes will use the first and second period.

All M W F third-period classes will use the first period.

All T Th third-period classes will use the second period.

All daily fifth-period classes will use the third and fourth periods.

All M W F fifth-period classes will use the third period.

All T Th fifth-period classes will use the fourth period.

All sixth-period classes will use the fifth period.

All seventh-period classes will complete their work on

Monday, August 17.

1st period—7:30-8:20

2nd period—8:25-9:15

3rd period—9:20-10:10

4th period—10:15-11:05

5th period—11:10-12:00

6th period—1:00-1:50

7th period—1:55-2:45

standards, usually proves to be successful.

Thus, in a series of broadcasts prepared for the Ohio School of the Air for reception in the schoolrooms of Ohio and adjacent states, the Workshop had several objectives. It wanted to bring to bear on an educational program all of the skill, resources, and showmanship usually lavished upon commercial productions, in order to prove that educational programs can be made as interesting and entertaining as commercial programs. The professional tone to which people had been long accustomed in the best of their commercial radio fare, had, the Workshop decided, been too long lacking from the programs presented by educational stations and institutions. It wanted to prove that radio could present some subjects, at least, far more vividly, realistically, unforgettably, than any teacher could hope to. More important than these objectives, however, was the hope that the series might interest schoolchildren sufficiently to arouse some independent thinking, to kindle a desire to explore further the subjects of the broadcasts. Thus, the series, "Men Who Made History," was not greatly concerned with dates or factual information. It was considered less important that the children remember the date of the Louisiana Purchase than that they gain a greater appreciation of the free public school system which was set up following it. Those who planned the series were quite ready to forgive the students if they forgot who Thomas Nast was, so long as they retained a few thoughts on civic integrity. It was unimportant if they remembered the name of the man who discovered ether or electrotherapy, if a few boys were inspired to think of medicine or science as possible careers. The hope was that Mark Twain and Edgar Allen Poe would become more to them than the authors of books which the teacher recommended and that there might be a spontaneous run on the school library for books hitherto thought too dull. In other words, wherever possible, the Workshop has sought to bring the listener into the radio picture, to make him an active

rather than a passive participant in this thing called radio education.

The Radio Workshop recognizes that, whether they like it or not, educational programs and educational stations are in direct competition with commercial stations. Education is eager for at least its share of that two and one-half hours that high school students spend daily listening to the radio. Education wants the housewife for a while each morning and the head of the house for at least a time in the evening. It wants the farmer for the farm night programs, and the voter, the taxi driver, and the factory worker who left school in the sixth grade. However, the Workshop recognizes that it won't get any of them unless it does its job as interestingly as the commercial station does, unless it exercises even more ingenuity, intelligence, and imagination, for the simple reason that culture is harder to sell than cold cream.

THE N. Y. CAFE

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315 N. Pearl St. MAIN 11

THE LAUNDRY OF PURE MATERIALS

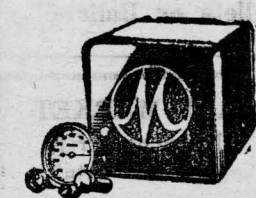
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