

A succession of positions on the Bachelor...
 from a lowly feature writer in the July term
 of 1943 to the chief executive of operations
 in the July term of 1944. Tom Jennings, my
 buddy, who became my managing editor, much
 under my ruling thumb, much to his chagrin.
 I wonder if I'll ever see Baldy Phillips
 again...we had a great time; almost co-editors.

THE BACHELOR

The official publication of Wabash College.

Founded 1908



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Credit must be given to the Bachelor on all stories which are reprinted

This is a scrapbook of my efforts in the fascinating field of journalism during my stay at Wabash College in Crawfordsville Indiana. It was compiled for two purposes: one which I will very frankly admit, to please my own well-developed sense of vanity, and the other...in case there is sometime in the future when I might need proof of my ability; i.e., there might yet be a time when I shall make my profession the field of writing.

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Aside from sports, however, an interest of his which requires a great deal of time is of civic importance. Mr. Shearer, by the way, always liked to walk or to ride a bicycle to the campus. We don't know what the events were that led to the decision, but at the present time, we find him a zealous worker on the gasoline rationing board of Montgomery County . . . still, however, holding but half an "A" card.

* * *

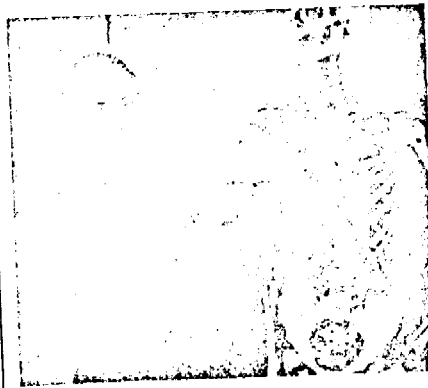
German students will remember that "der Vogel" means "the bird." It is perfectly natural, therefore, that we should find Professor Vogel an

ornithologist (student of birds). He is a bird-fan from way back. In 1931, when he was a sophomore at Bowdoin College in New York, Dr. Vogel was a member of the Bowdoin-MacMillan Arctic Expedition, in the official capacity of ornithologist. Even though he has been studying bird life since his high school days, he has not finished, for at the present time he is studying, with Dr. Scott, the social behavior of birds as research.

One of Dr. Vogel's most practical hobbies is that of photography. He has made several motion pictures so far, and at the present time is engaged in a work for the college which concerns a study of the birds and mammals of Indiana.

It would seem that Dr. Vogel already has enough to keep his day occupied, but he has two other activities which bear mentioning. One is his gardening. The other is preparing to write a book on the arctic.

From the foregoing discussion, it would seem that Dr. Vogel's interests are chiefly academic, but we find that not altogether true. He played most of the sports in high school and in college played a good deal of varsity basketball. He also won letters in swimming. This interest in athletics is evident, for Dr.



Howard H. Vogel, Ph.D.

Vogel has directed boys' and girls' camps almost every summer during and since college and in doing so has traversed most of the lakes and rivers of New York State, his home country.

As was indicated before, Dr. Vogel received his B.A. from Bowdoin College in New York. After that, he attended Harvard where he received his M.A. and finally Ph.D in 1940. Immediately afterwards he came to Wabash and has been here since. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Sigma Xi, Gamma Alpha, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the American Society of Zoologists, and the American Ornithological Union.

"Doubtless," he replied saltily, "I would faint dead away, and I would not recover from that profound faint till the year was up."

Although the question usually does take the professors somewhat aback, Doc Osborne was probably kidding. No doubt he would awaken at least within a week. After that time of trial, it is rumored, he would "traipse" about the country for a while.

Doctor Osborne is one of the few local boys here. His father was a professor at Wabash, and he himself was born in Crawfordsville. Doc Osborne graduated from Wabash in 1906. During the next ten years he attended Columbia University and was a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, England. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Beta Theta Pi, and Pi Delta Epsilon. In 1918-19 he was a first lieutenant in the U. S. Army Military



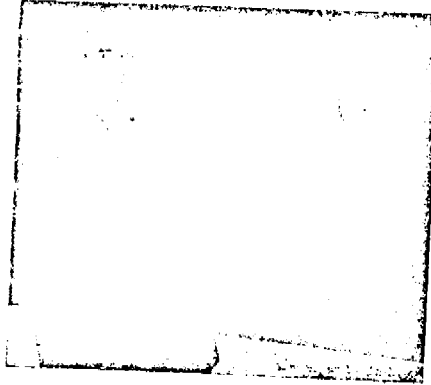
James Insley Osborne, Ph. D.

Intelligence Service, and in 1919, was attached to the American Peace Commission in Paris. He is married and has a son and a daughter. Professor Osborne is head of the English department, and during his career has taught German, Greek, Latin, and French.

It seems that Doc almost underestimated the Navy boys at Wabash. We don't know whether or not he expected some old salts who were still wiping spray from their faces, but, "They're better," he says, "than I figured." (Did we just hear some cheers out there?)

to prove that he was still a Spartan. Well, that's false, because, quoting directly from Karsky, "the hole was already there."

Oh, you may have heard the one about his spectacles. It seems that Karsky uses only fifty-cent glasses. He enumerated the reasons: "First, I can see just as well with dime-store glasses as I can with sixteen dollar ones, and second, I usually lose my specs." There is an added advantage to cheap lenses; whenever Karsky



George Ernest Carscallen, A.M.

misplaces a pair, as he frequently does, because, as Kennedy says, "He removes them about eleventeen times an hour," he merely takes a few extra steps and picks up another pair. He has glasses in his living room, in his cellar, in his garage, in his car, and in his office. Some are broken, but that's all right, too.

If we had space, we might mention, for instance, his bearskin coat, which he wears every winter, or some of his various titles, such as, "The World's Champion Anti-Cigarette Smoker," "The Old Fiddler," or "The Man With the Hand That Shook the Hand of Jim Jeffries." We might even mention Karsky's every-morning "coast" down a certain hill to his office, the purpose of which is to save gasoline.

Reverting to biographical material for a moment it should be mentioned that Professor Carscallen graduated in 1906 from Wabash. After that, he taught and did graduate work at the University of Illinois where he received his M. A. in math. He came back in 1920 to teach at Wabash and has been here ever since as an "associate professor in mathematics." He belongs to the Mathematical Association of America and was president of the Indiana section in 1932.

As for the title of "The World's Champion Anti-Cigarette Smoker," Karsky says that that's probably not completely true. "But," he adds, "I have done a good bit of missionary work in trying to teach the boys to leave the weed alone."

— PROFESSORS —

religion, oriental history, and English. His knowledge of languages includes Chinese, Hebrew, German, Swedish, Greek, Latin, and French. He won the state oratorical contest in his junior year at college and because of that, was elected to Delta Sigma Rho, the national forensic society. He also belongs to the Royal Asiatic Society and the American Oriental Society.

"As the Chinese would say," Doc Johnson replied to a question concerning his family, "'Onew ife, one son, one daughter'." His son is somewhere in the Pacific now serving as a first lieutenant in the army air corps. Recently, young Johnson received two medals, one of which was the Distinguished Flying Cross.

As for the Navy at Wabash, he has only praise and respect. "They're a mighty fine bunch of fellows," he says, "and I really think they have added a great deal to the spirit and morale of Wabash."

* * *

"A fool must now and then be right by chance."

That is Professor Carscallen's favorite proverb. Another is, "No fool like a damned fool".

"But why, Professor," we asked, "Do you collect proverbs about fools?"

"I don't know," he shook his head, "but maybe it's because there are so many of 'em." That probably refers to fools.

Karsky, as everyone fondly refers to Professor Carscallen, has probably done more things to cause comment among the students of Wabash than any other two teachers combined. All of which, as the reader will soon agree, makes Karsky a most colorful character, and one about whom it's a pleasure to write. There's just no lack of material.

For instance, you may have heard the story, which may now be considered a spurious rumor, about Karsky's mid-winter swimming episode. The theme of it was that he chopped a hole in the ice and went swimming

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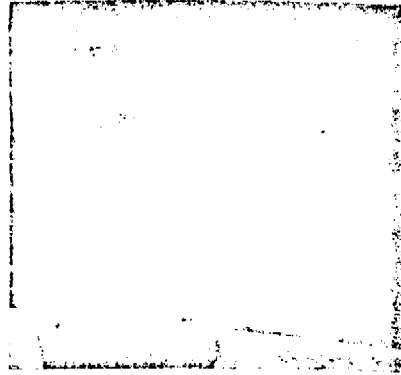
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INTRODUCING THE PROFS

"Knowledge is the only fountain both of the love and the principles of human liberty."—Webster.

BY DICK GRAYSON

(This is the seventh in a series of articles designed to introduce the professors of Wabash to their students. In preceding issues, Professors Bruce, Carscallen, Charles, Gronert, Howell, Hutsinpillar, Johnson, Osborne, Polley, Scott, Shearer, and Vogel have been featured. This week

we interview Professors Ormes and Domroese.)

* * *

Professor Ormes is a Navy man from way back, so the new life at Wabash hasn't been very strange to him. He was a yeoman in the U. S. N. R. Force in the last war and was stationed in and around New York City.

Prof. Ormes calls Colorado his home state, although he has traveled

indicated that they had sold over one hundred and thirty-one million dollars worth of war bonds.

Rotary International recently was awarded a citation by Donald M. Nelson, head of the War Production Board, in acknowledgment of the meritorious services of the Rotary clubs of the United States in behalf of the National Salvage Program.



Ferguson Reddie Ormes, A. M.

INTRODUCING THE PROFS

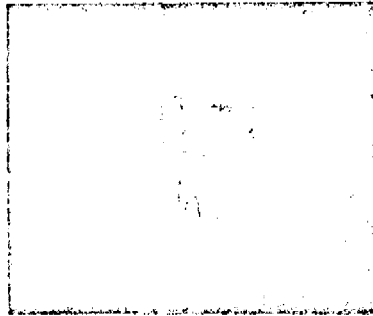
"The Prussian Schoolmaster Won the Battle of Sadowa."—von Moltke

BY DICK GRAYSON

This is the fourth in a series of articles designed to introduce the professors of Wabash to their students. In the preceding articles, Professors, Charles, Howell, Polley, Osborne, Johnson, and Carscallen were featured. This week we interview Professors Shearer and Vogel.

"And what do you teach, Mr. Shearer?" we unsuspectingly asked.

"Economics." We write that down. "Oh yes," and Mr. Shearer continues, "don't forget to mention that for the



Warren Wright Shearer, Jr., A. M.

last two semesters I've taught math, God help the students!" And we hurriedly put that into our notes, not forgetting to place a large, rotund quotation marks around it.

If some of the readers have been a little puzzled about the name "Mr. Shearer," perhaps we'd better explain before going on. Have you ever heard of a Prof who is, at times, addressed as "Butch?" Butch . . . Shearer . . . the same. Butch says he doesn't know why that name was tagged on to him three years ago, but it was, and it's still there. The question is, however, will Butch be "Butch" to his students, say, thirty years from now?

Butch is a graduate of Wabash. He received his B. A. here in 1936 and has remained to teach ever since. During some summer sessions, nevertheless, he attended the University of Wisconsin and in 1941 received his Master's there. If he ever has time, he would like to return long enough to do more graduate work in economics and get his Ph.D. He is married and has one child.

Butch is a Phi Beta Kappa, and is a member of Tau Kappa Alpha, Blue Key, and Beta Theta Pi. He also belongs to the American Economics Association. During college here he won the Indiana State Peace Contest.

As for hobbies and interests, Butch considers bridge, tennis, baseball, and "even" golf as important. "Rank Dub," and again we quote "I" when it comes to golf.

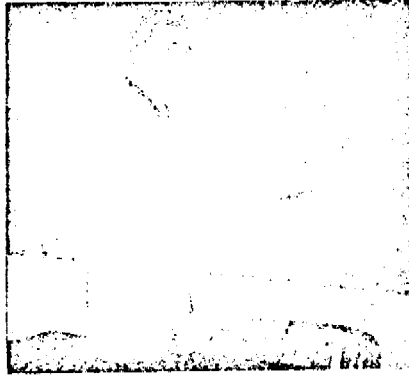
INTRODUCING THE PROFS

"A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops."
—Henry Adams

—BY DICK GRAYSON—

This is the second in a series of articles designed to introduce the professors of Wabash to their students.

Last week's article dealt with Drs. Charles and Howell. This week we interview Drs. Polley and Osborne.



Joseph Crawford Polley, Ph.D

Once upon a time, Professor Polley was a sailor. It may not have been for long, mates, but it's true. It was back in the fall of 1918 that Doc Polley joined the United States Naval Officer's Training Unit at Yale, which roughly corresponded to our present-day V-12. Of course, the war was over a little while after he joined, but as Doc pensively remarks, "I, too, was a gob once...."

Doc Polley, who has been at the mast of the Wabash mathematics department since 1929, comes from Connecticut. He received his B.A. in 1921 from Yale, taught at Colgate (New York) for the next four years, and in 1929 received his Doctor's degree in mathematics from Yale. Then he came to Wabash. He is forty-six years old, married, and has two daughters. Besides English, he knows German, Italian, French, and Spanish.

Doc Polley is a member of Lambda Chi Alpha, Sigma Psi, and is a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and of the American Mathematical Society. For the last two summers, he was director on the Wabash campus of a "Study of the Training of Secondary Teachers," a project sponsored by the North Central Association of Colleges and Universities.

Doc Polley hasn't written a deal for publication since 1930, but most students of Wabash will remember having heard some figures at some time or other about the standing of Wabash graduates in "Who's Who", and in "American Men of Science." It was Doc Polley who discovered the good news. He collected the facts and published them in the "American Men of Science" several years ago and "Ever since then," as he likes to say, "I've been quoted."

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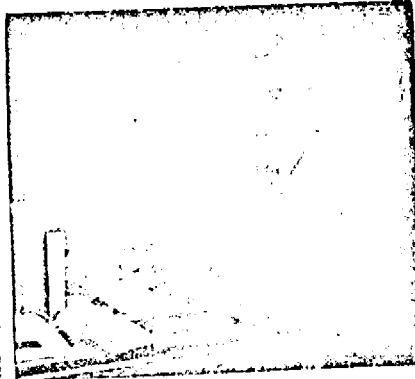
"Wearing all that weight of learning lightly like a flower.—Tennyson.

BY DICK GRAYSON

This is the sixth in a series of articles designed to introduce the professors of Wabash to their students. In preceding issues, Professors Charles, Howell, Polley, Osborne, Johnson, Carscallen, Shearer, Vogel, Bruce, and Gronert have been featured. This week we interview Professors Scott and Hutsinpillar.

* * *

Professor Hutsinpillar is one of the few Butler men who ever walked farther than the Wabash sign at the



Neil Charles Hutsinpillar, A. M.

corner of Grant and Wabash avenues—and remained whole enough to get past the school clock.

But "Hutsy" really can't be considered a conventional Butler man—that is, of the type which in past football seasons stormed over here with buckets of blue paint; he merely taught there for a while back in 1914 and '15. Professor Hutsinpillar majored in chemistry and minored in English composition at Ohio State University, where he took his A.B. in 1908. Although he worked as a chemist for a time, he found that English was more to his liking, so he did graduate work

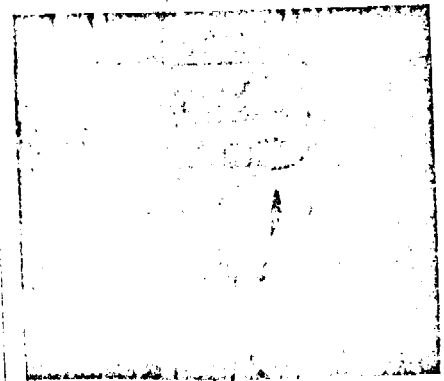
ceived his M.A. degree in 1920. From there he came directly to Wabash and has remained. He is a member of Pi Kappa Alpha and of the Indiana Association of College Teachers of English.

One of Prof. Hutsy's favorite past-times is attending the legitimate theater and performances of the grand opera. This is concomitant with his occupation, since he teaches not only English, but also English literature and drama.

Two other favorites of his are traveling, and to bare the "hard" facts, horseback riding. Professor Hutsinpillar has traveled extensively in North America and Europe. As for riding the gay steeds, it's been said that the first part of the journey is fine, but after awhile—oh, Brother!

* * *

To be quite frank, this is one story we don't know how to begin. The usual custom is to feature the lead with some extremely prominent fact



John Paul Scott, Ph.D.

or incident and continue from there. But the question here is, what is

Perhaps this will do: Professor Scott was a football and track man at Wyoming University, where he took an A.B. degree in 1930, and was good enough at Oxford, England, to win a "Blue" for playing football against Cambridge. Cambridge, evidently, was to Oxford as Butler was to Wabash. He had gone to Oxford on one of the coveted Rhodes scholarships. He graduated in 1932. In 1932 he came back to the U. S. and studied at the University of Chicago until 1935, when he received his Ph.D. After that, Wabash.

Dr. Scott is a member, among various other organizations, of Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Kappa Phi, Sigma Xi,

The American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Genetic Society, and the Ecological Society. He is married and has two children.

His principle interest has always been in the field of sociology. "It's probably true," he says "that most of man's problems are social. Therefore I think that those who can, should attempt to solve those problems." Dr. Scott is doing research, mainly with sheep and mice, on general sociological problems at the present time. He uses the results of these experiments in his class in sociology. The remainder of his "class hours" are devoted to the teaching of zoology.

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* * *

Professor Leavenworth claims the distinction of being "oldest", in terms of years in continuous service, of the faculty. Despite the fact, or



Clarence Eldredge Leavenworth, Ph.D.

because of it, Prof. Leavenworth still retains one of the most jovial dispositions that this reporter has had the fortune to find. It should also be mentioned that not only is he the "oldest" prof here, but also, he is the newest grandfather. Congrats, Doc.

Dr. Leavenworth was reared in Cleveland, Ohio. From there he traveled widely before settling down at Wabash. He took an A.B. degree in 1909 at Hamilton College, New York, his M. A. at Yale, and his Ph.D., at the University of Chicago. He also has studied at Columbia University and the University of Paris and the University of Florence. In order to prepare for his career in languages, Professor Leavenworth traveled extensively in Mexico, Spain, France, Italy, and in Germany. He

has taught German, French, Spanish, Italian, Latin, English, and art appreciation in history."

Professor Leavenworth is member of Phi Beta Kappa, Delta Upsilon, the American Association for University Professors, the American Association for Teachers of French, and the Indiana Artists' Society.

He is married, and his son, who began teaching botany here last year, now on leave of absence in the U. S. Army Air Force. His principle hobby is painting and studying art, gardening, and doing color photography.

* * *

—William Everett Truce, Ph.D.

We've presented the "oldest". Now here is one of the "youngest." Professor Truce has been at Wabash only since July of this year.

Chicago-born, Prof. Truce took his B.S. degree at the University of Illinois in 1939. The following year he worked as a chemist at Swift's. From 1940 to '42, he did graduate work at Northwestern while in an assistant teachership of chemistry. Early in 1943 he was awarded a fellowship in the Allied Dye and Chemical Corporation. He won his Ph.D. June 16 of this year. On the first of July, Dr. Truce became "Professor" Truce—at Wabash.

He is married, is member of Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Lambda Upsilon, Sigma Xi, and the American Chemical Society. His hobbies are fishing, hiking, and anything that pertains to the great "outdoors."

Dr. Truce last month presented a paper at the one hundred and sixth meeting of the American Chemical Society on..... and we give the title of the paper in hope that there exist a few among the readers who understand these things..... the "Sulfonation of Aryl Olefins."

Professor Truce thinks a lot of Wabash. Perhaps, on some day in the distant future, some reporter on the Bachelor will refer to him as the "oldest."

Why Not Yell?

The cheering at the football game last Saturday was a particularly bad example of college "yelling." There were many who joined in only half-heartedly, and more who cheered not at all.

In pre-Navy games, the college cheers were something of which to be proud. Two or three hundred Cavemen easily sounded like a thousand, shall we say, Indiana students?

We have good, peppy, cheer leaders, but it's not their fault that we don't produce.

Before we fix the blame on a lack of spirit, however, we would like to make a suggestion which we think not only good, but also practical:

We should have a *special* cheering section, made up, a week in advance of a game, of volunteers who know they are coming, and coming there "unaccompanied." This way we can have a solid unit of Wabash men who will be expected to only whisper the next day.

Let's yell and help our teammates crash the line.

TORTOISE AND HARE LED TO NAMING MONON RAILROAD

Have you ever heard the story of the tortoise and the hare?

Can you speak Ishkabooble?

If you'll wait just a few lines those questions will be explained. First, however, we must relate a tale we have resurrected from the archives of the queer old Ishkabooblians.

Once upon a time in the province of Ishkabooble, Ky., a grand mass meeting of Ishkabooblian ascetics was held in one of the picturesque valleys of that region. The purpose of this assembly was to decide on a name for a new railroad which was then a-building.

These Ishkabooblians, men of note in the ill-starred province, argued for days and days. You see, it was a matter of utmost importance. The first railway must be named suitably and with all due respect to the Ishka code. What to call it? My, they were in a quandary.

Finally, at the end of a high week of Borshka-drinking and Ishka talk-talk, the list of names for the new railway had been narrowed down to two--Cha-cha and Mo-non.

In Ishkabooblian, Cha-cha means "hare," and Mo-non is the word for "tortoise."

Well, after a week of Borshka-bingeing, you can imagine how the Ishkabooblian ascetics felt about the whole thing. Frankly, they didn't give a damn. The closing minutes of the Archives tell how one drunken old gray-beard made the suggestion that a race between a Cha-cha and a Mo-non be held in order to determine which animal was the faster. The winning animal's name would be suitable, then, for the new and wonderful railroad.

As you all know, the Mo-non, by hook and by crook, won the race.

And so, the old Ishkabooblian railroad became the Monon.

And the Monon has lived up to the tradition of its predecessor ever since. Witness the latest yarn which appeared a few days ago in the Indianapolis Times:

IRON HORSE STALLED; TRAIN CREW SEIZED BETTING ON THE NAGS

If a southbound freight on the Monon Route was late yesterday, it was because the crew neglected the iron horse for the kind that go round and round on the race tracks.

This developed when Charles Gannon, Lake County (Ind.) prosecutor, and his men raided a gambling house in Hammond and seized 61 persons.

Three of them pleaded breathlessly: "Gee, chief, give us a break. We're a Monon crew, and we got a string of cars and a locomotive with the steam up out there on the siding. We just stopped a minute to slip in here and make a bet on a couple of nags--then we got pinched!"

WANTED---Journalists

Despite the fact that this sheet lost all of its editors and some of its reporters at the close of last term, the new staff is pleased to announce that the BACHELOR will try to continue as of old. Success will not be ours, however, if some of the latent journalistic talent of the student body is not made available.

In short, we need more writers—good ones!

A quantity of copy from which a selection can be made, greatly aids in putting out a good paper. At the moment, although we are fairly sure of the quality; quantity, we know, is lacking. The BACHELOR was late this week for that very reason.

A mediocre BACHELOR is something we do not desire. The staff becomes stiff and the readers become scanners.

It is better to distribute blank newsprint than to produce a second-rate sheet. Either type of paper holds about the same degree of interest.

And so, in behalf of the College, the Unit the editors, and above all, those who at least receive a copy of the BACHELOR—we implore you who have had writing experience to divert your talents to a good cause.

* * * * *

The Night Before (A Hangover)
 It happened on the eve, of that
 wonderful day,
 When the TOD woke up, for they're
 wise that way;
 And he called, "Halt, who's there?"
 but nothing was said,
 You'd think the whole damn place
 was dead.
 He looked at his watch, 'twas a quar-
 ter past four,
 A ceiling fell in, and then, nothing
 more.
 "Could it be," he said, after a pause,
 "That this is none other than dear
 Santa Clause?"
 Slowly arising, he went to the ladder.
 Hearing nothing there, he only got
 madder.
 He crept up the stairs, on his tip
 toe.
 Perhaps, he thought, then this is just
 Joe.
 But no, he remembered, Joe is not
 here.
 Fore he and Sam are out for a beer.
 And so is Mac, and Bill's out with
 Joan,
 And I'm still here, and cripes, all
 alone.
 Then chancing again, he looked in the
 head;
 The sight that he saw near bowled
 him dead.
 Guess the rats and the mice aren't
 so wise,
 For there was Stud, putting those
 poor little things through that
 damed morning exercise!

* * *
Not a Gaze But a Daze

He gazed tenderly into her eyes
 and whispered; Your hair is like gold,
 your eyes are like the sky, darling,
 your face makes time stand still.

Heard Round the World

By Dick and Kaye

WHAT PRICE SLEEP

Some day I'm going to find out who
 keeps waking me up in math class
 and I'm going to beat lumps all over
 him. Egads, I just thought, it might
 be Shearer.

* * *

The other day Butch, in his History
 II class, brought up the question of
 whether or not it was possible to
 spend \$50,000 a year. Cheez, Butch,
 I would try.

* * *

The good professor is developing a
 nice case of Andy Devine. Once he
 squeaked so loudly when he was driv-
 ing a point that he awoke Gordy
 Liddle, one of his students. Just once,
 though.

* * *

JOHN SORENSON

I know how ugly I are
 My face is no star
 But I don't mind it
 'Cause I is behind it
 The fellow in front gets the jar.
 —Apologies Accepted

* * *
Who Has?

Dasher Clemans, after shooting the
 breeze in our room for awhile, began
 to leave. We'd been discussing for
 a good hour our varied accomplish-
 ments in V-12. Dasher paused at the
 door. "Remember," he said, "I have
 not yet began to study!"

* * *

Heard Round the World

BY KAYE AND DICK
Ships O' The Sea

We were discussing methods of naming ships of the Navy in N-2 class the other day. We were told how to name battleships, cruisers, carriers, destroyers, etc. One old salt in the back row nearly caused a furor when he said that if he got the chance he'd call his father's new garbage scow the "U. S. S. Wabash" . . .

* * *

After Taps

*One night with moonlight dreary,
Crept softly 'pon the weary
Some damned Chief making a bed
check.*

* * *

Memorandum

The men staying on the campus for Christmas Day dinner will form outside of Peck Hall. After a preliminary inspection by Petty Officer MacNealy, they will march into the chow hall where both of them will receive a delicious meal.

* * *

Read and Break

The following New Year's resolutions, it has been learned, will go into effect immediately for every trainee in the unit. Trainees are liable to demerits for infractions of the resolutions.

Resolved that:

1. He shall ask for seconds on fish and slaw.
2. He shall salute all civilian students.
3. He shall arise each morning five minutes before the whistle

- to practice setting-up exercises.
 4. He shall be a good boy at Pan.
 5. He shall be good, period.
- See you at the Pan.

He loved her even though her pace would stop any clock.

* * *

Destroyer Man

Johnny Ditore is an old Navy man. He goes on dates. He smokes big black cigars. He's smart; he always lays a smoke screen before each advance.

* * *

Sure, Sure!

Latest reports from Washington indicate that V-12 units all over the country will probably be closed with the signing of the Armistice, although some Senators think that they will continue in a purely unofficial capacity. But a few days ago a highly reliable source was quoted as saying that in view of the present situation, the units would possibly be discontinued at the end of a reasonable length of time, provided the war does not last any longer than the duration.

And so we wish a dirty thirty 'till next week.

the World

By Dick and Kaye

Will Don Baenman and Abie Chapman please return from the Lakes Saturday at 1300? They have some demerits to work off.

* * *

Slip o' the Tongue

Doc Eaton was explaining how infinity works when you have two parallel mirrors. He said, "Now in some theatre lobbies they have mirrors on either side. When you can see yourself an infinite number of times, that's infinity. Or if you're sitting in a bar...., he stopped, "in a barber shop," he went on....

* * *

Always Sumpin' New!

Here's a letter we received the other day from one of our Washington friends back home:

Dear Bill,

Your uncle has a job at last. First time in 48 years. We are rich now—\$17.25 every Thursday. So, we sent to Sears, Roebuck for one of the new-fangle bath-rooms, like the rich folks have out East.

You should see it. Over on one side of the room is a big white thing like the pigs drink out of. You can sit in it and take a bath all over. Over on the other side of the room is a gadget called a sink. This is for washing hands and face. They also sent us a roll of writing paper.

But over in the corner—wow—they got a thing where you put one foot in and scrub it until it's clean and then pull the chain and get clean water for the other foot.

Yours truly,

UNCLE TUT

P. S.—

Two lids came on the darn thing. One has a hole in it. We ain't got no use for them in the bath room, so Ma's using the one for a bread board, and we framed Grandpa's picture in the other.

* * *

She Like a Beeg Joke

"How come you don't go with Toots anymore?"

"Oh, I couldn't stand her vulgar laughter."

"I never noticed it."

"Brother, you wern't there when I proposed."

* * *

Bull Seye

One night not so long ago we were awakened in our bunks to hear the lady next door scream madly:

"Irwin! Irwin!"

The kid meekly said, "what, Ma?"

"Are you spitting in the fish bowl?"

"No, but I'm coming mighty damned close."

Someone Said

Before we entered the Navy we'd heard a good deal about rumor mongering and the manner in which stories grow and spread. We can say firsthand now that we have never listened to more rumors in a full week than are heard in a single day around Wabash.

Some of this scuttlebutt is funny, some serious. There's so much of it, in fact, that if all new scuttlebutt were printed in the Bachelor each week, we'd have no empty space to fill with bond ads.

For instance, the latest rumor has it that Chief Replogle hasn't been around lately because all his furniture was stolen from his home in Kansas and he is now out looking for it. We're not sure about this, you understand, but at any rate it was a darned good excuse to get a leave.

According to latest reports some say that Wabash will soon lost its Navy contract. We watched this one start in a lounge at one of the company houses when some clever lad started wishing aloud without letting anyone know that he was just wishing. We saw him wink.

"Somebody said" that all V-12's will be issued gray uniforms. We may be at sea, but we're not aboard ship yet.

Who started the rumor that we get a seven-day leave at the end of the term? The good dean has been laughing all week over that one.

The Washington boys will be transferred west it is said. Probably just west of New York City some where.

* * *

We Believe It

One lecturer on this campus was so boring in his lecture the other

day that two empty seats got up and walked out.

* * *

He Should

Johnson called us "paper dolls" in P. T. last Monday after a few had quietly keeled over in the midst of a good free-for-all. He didn't know we'd been cutting up all week-end.

* * *

What a Natural!

Dasher yelled "Cohee" three times on the campus the other day and five hogs came running toward him full tilt.

GOOD COACHING

Congratulations to Coach Dale Davis for a superb Wabash basketball team! We now have a team which has won most of its important games. We have a team with spirit. It has ability. It has what it takes to hold down one of the best quintets in the nation — Indiana State. Congratulations — and thanks, Dale.

— The Eds.

GRIPES AND GRAVEL

After miring ourselves in the mud on the paths of the Wabash campus, we decided that something should be done. Someday, a student is going to sink out of sight while attempting to reach Center Hall.

So we asked the Dean about it. The Dean took us to Banta. We found that the conditions of the walks is known to the authorities. Nothing can be done at the present time, however, because of the shortage of trucks and labor.

We might as well stop griping about the mud.

And also, we might think twice before griping about other conditions which don't seem to meet our approval. If they could be corrected, they probably would be. Constructive criticism instead of constant griping should be the order of the day.

* * * * *

ENTERTAINMENT FOR NAVY

What to do on liberty?

That problem will be solved, partially at least, in the nearest possible future. The wheels are beginning to roll.

Here's why: A few weeks ago, an editorial appeared in the *Bachelor* which attempted to explain the lack of recreation facilities in Crawfordsville. Dr. B. N. Lingeman, chairman of the city recreation committee which sponsors the Washington Street Youth Canteen, evidently thought something could be done. He therefore wrote the *Bachelor* editors a letter asking whether a Navy recreation committee could be formed to meet with his group.

The letter was taken to the Commanding Officer. His response was almost immediate.

We now have a committee of six which hopes to help Dr. Lingeman and his group make Crawfordsville an opponent worthy of Danville and Indianapolis in the entertainment field for Wabash men.

Give this committee — composed of six of your shipmates — your suggestions and help.

Now is another time for ideas, not gripes. Work with these men, not against them, and you will find that Crawfordsville is a fine town.

A NEW COURSE

More work is something we don't want to wish on anybody here, either on the students or the faculty.

We need, however, one more course. We need a one-hour course on current events.

There are, sadly enough, very few trainees who have the time, or take the time, to know world events. We above all should have knowledge of current affairs for this is, perhaps, the most important phase in our lives. We must know exactly for what we are fighting.

World War II for many of us is as remote as World War I, and that reflection is almost tragic in its possibilities.

A one-hour course in current events, therefore, should be made available for those who wish it. It might even be made compulsory for all students.

No college credit need be given. No outside preparation need be required except reading a newspaper every day or so. The knowledge gained from listening to class discussion or to lectures would be sufficient to make the class worth while. Sparked initiative for many would result. Night bull sessions might possibly turn, once in a while, into intelligent discussions.

Though there are many difficulties to be overcome and many objections to be overridden, it seems that this course *must* be made available to men.

If any of you men have anything to say on the subject, tell someone on the BACHELOR staff or write down your opinions and we will try to print them.

Heard Round the World

By Dick and Kaye

✓ Not VERY Naive....

Someone asked Christopherson the other day, "What's a woman's 'yet'?"
"I don't remember at the moment ...where did you hear it?"

"Well, I read in a newspaper that a certain woman was shot and the slug's in her yet."

Chris thought for a minute. He grinned sheepishly.

"I'll have to look that one up; can't remember all these medical terms, you know..."

* * *

✓ V-12 Salt

We may never see the sea, but we can always watch the WAVES go by...

* * *

✓ Wanted—a V-12 With Good Eyes

Will somebody please come over to the BACHELOR office? We had a joke around here somewhere and now we can't find it.

* * *

They Say—

Some women have the same influence on a man as a railroad crossing—you stop, you look, and after you marry, you listen—*Copied somewhere. How should we know?*

* * *

Remember This?

*Tobacco is a dirty weed;
I like it.
It makes you thin,
It makes you lean,
It takes the hair plumb off your bean.
Tobacco is a dirty weed;
I like it.*

* * *

✓ Thought He Was a Hoosier

During P. T. the other day the Chief found a gob who wasn't wearing regulation socks. In fact, he wasn't wearing socks.

"And from where do YOU come, little man?"

Face reddens.

"Where!"

Baby, what a red face!

And everybody knew the "little man" comes from Washington.

* * *

✓ Introduction to HOME Ec

Shearer gave an unannounced qua-si in economics last week. Everybody sat there for about five minutes with that dreamy look in their eyes—even Stiles, the guy who

(Continued on Page Four)

Continued from Page 2

ROUND WORLD

was writing. Dutch walked over to see what gems of knowledge Stiles was pouring out. He picked up the test paper and read the first line. "My dearest," it began...

* * *

✓ Aren't Those Shoes Supposed To Be There?

Rowland walked half-way down a newly varnished passageway in company five the other day before Mac casually remarked to him, "Say, isn't that stuff a little sticky?"

E. J. stopped a moment and replied, "Haven't noticed. Why? Is it wet or something?" He went on.

We hope he can get his shoes off the deck there before inspection tomorrow. Johnson might trip over them. We hope.

* * *

✓ Black Out

Remember when all the lights went out in Company four the other night? It was Pennock's fault; He tried to use his new electric razor. Man, what a beard! What a black-out! What a night! Another one is planned for next month during finals.

* * *

✓ Slow Reactions

It was that same night; Joe Agnini was studying away on his calc when the light blew out. He sat there with no light for a full ten minutes—apparently still studying like mad. Suddenly he straightened up and screamed, "My Gawd, I can't see! I'm blind, I tell you, I'm blind!"

* * *
So Willing!

"Are you the bull of the campus?"
"That's me, Baby."
"Moo."

* * *

Don't Believe It

The little old gray woman bent over
a cherub in the cradle.
"O-o-o. You look so sweet I could
eat you."
Baby: "The hell you could, you
can't have any teeth."

* * *

College Graduate, Too

Passenger—"Do you have to drive
folded?"
Driver—"No, Sir, but I can't

stand the awful expressions of the
people what I hits."

* * *

To Our Beloved Faculty

I like an exam.
I think they're fun.
I never cram
And I never flunk one.
I'm the professor.

* * *

How About Descrip?

We've heard of some queer courses,
but that guy who registered for vat
69 has them all beat.

A Toast To Mac

"Mac, there's a fly in my soup."
"Yeah, we ran out of turtles."

* * *

Seaman Westbrook: Would you
blame me for something I didn't do?
Stud Johnson: Of course not.
Seaman Westbrook: Well I didn't
get up for reveille this morning.

Heard Round the World

✓ By Dick Kaye

We were looking through some of
the old Cavemen last night over in
the Archives room at the library and
we found a lot of good stuff. Those
old Wabash men were really sharp.
We'll reprint some of the milder ones
here, but Brother, you should see the
one, we left out!

* * *

Apology

I beg your pardon, Mrs. Astor, but
that never would have happened if
you hadn't stepped between me and
the spittoon.

* * *

Hell, Why Not?

The professor rapped on his desk
and yelled, "Gentlemen, order!"
The entire class shouted: "Beer."

* * *

Inexperienced

"You are the first girl I ever kissed,
dearest," he said as he shifted gears
with his feet.

* * *

Wanted: Morris Chairs for Class

If all students were placed end to
end, they would be much more com-
fortable.

* * *

Like a Cat

Mother—My daughter, do you know
what happens when you break one of
the ten commandments?

Daughter—Sure, you have nine left.

* * *

Not So Dumb!

The loving couple were passing
through a field in their wanderings,
when they espied a cow and bull do-
ing the equivalent of necking to-
gether. The fellow turned lovingly to
his girl friend. "I'd like to do the
same thing," he murmured softly to
her.

"Go right ahead," she replied
cheerfully, "I'll wait here for you."

One of the busiest men on the campus, even in these days when everyone is particularly busy, is Richard Roland Grayson. Because of his many activities in excess of his academic schedule, and his untiring efforts in behalf of this publication, he becomes this week's nominee for the

(Continued on Page Four)

Dick, a Wabash man since last February, comes from Proviso High School in Maywood, Ill. While still in High School, Dick was cited for his exceptional scientific ability, with the result that he came to college

with the primary idea of studying to become a physician. He enlisted in the Navy last January and came to Wabash in the winter of 1943, to embark upon his pre-medical course.

He is an active member of Phi Gamma Delta, having been initiated during his first semester at Wabash. He immediately exhibited his capabilities by registering a "three point" scholastic average during his first semester, even though he was saddled with the handicap of a difficult chemistry course.

He also became active on the staff of The Bachelor and now holds the position of Managing Editor of the sheet. To Dick goes much of the credit for the very noticeable improvement in the paper over the last few months. Along with Editor Bob Phillips, he has put in a lot of his valuable time to give the students a publication they will appreciate.

As a reward for his efforts in the field of journalism he has been honored with an election to Pi Delta Epsilon, national journalistic society. He also holds a membership in Alpha Pi, national society for men of science.

He has also done a little wrestling along with his scholastic achievements and until recently was on Chief Paulus' wrestling squad.

He has lately been named to the committee in charge of recreation for the trainees of this unit and has been elected as chairman of that committee.

Being a pre-medical student he is pointing toward a commission in the Medical Corps of the Navy. He is a member of the class of '46 and will be stationed at Wabash until November of this year at which time he will take up his duties in Medical school under the auspices of the Navy.

COMMITTEE RESULTS

The new six-man Recreation Committee, which represents the students at Wabash, has not washed out, as some skeptics have predicted. In fact, some accomplishments have been made already, and it is with great pleasure that we announce these for the first time. A reminder seems advisable at this point, however, that many of the plans are still tentative and some cannot be discussed as yet.

THE BAND

The Commodores, plus the quartet, plus Tucker Coulton as master of ceremonies, plus Maloney and Sauers as gag men, will appear in the next Monday evening at 1930. This will be the last appearance of the original Commodores and is intended as both a parting gesture to the band and as parting present to those in the unit who are transferring. A feature program of solo and jazz numbers has been planned and the comedy supplied by the master of ceremonies and his men. Attendance is voluntary, but none should want to miss the chapel singing.

RECREATION CENTER

Open Four Nights

The Youth Center downtown will be open every Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evening. Sunday evening openings are being discussed.

DANCING CLASSES

It is known that some men in the regiment are not acquainted with the delicate art of dancing. Beginning next Thursday evening between 1930 and 2030, dancing instructions will be given. The Center will be open at these hours only to those participating. This plan, it seems, is a highly desirable one, but its success will depend on the fortitude or courage which is displayed by those concerned.

REJUVINATION

Action will be taken to improve the facilities at the Recreation Center and to make it more attractive. Some of the plans concerning the center are tentative.

SUNDAY DINNERS

Any men desiring to accept the hospitality of C'ville families for Sunday dinners should contact either their company representatives or the person in charge at the Center. Many citizens, it was learned, are eager to entertain Navy students.

BOWLING LEAGUE

The formation of such a league has not yet been discussed, but the possibilities should be made known.

SWIMMING

Next summer there will be room at one or both of the country club swimming pools for about thirty men each Sunday. Invitations, in accordance with station regulations, will be available.

A THANK YOU NOTE

The Navy Committee and the BACHELOR, in behalf of the whole unit, wish to express their most sincere appreciation to the members of the Crawfordsville Recreation Group, headed by Dr. B. N. Lingeman, for their interest and understanding in the welfare of Navy men.

Variety Show Planned For Strand This Term

A one-hour variety show at the Strand Theater by the V-12 unit here is being planned for some Friday evening this semester, it was announced yesterday by the chairman of the recreation committee.

The college band will be featured on the program and much of the talent in the unit, if available, will have parts in the show.

Variety shows like the one planned have been given many times in the past by the old Cavemen of Wabash.

Notice!

There will be a BACHELOR staff meeting Monday evening at 1900 in the BACHELOR office, basement of Peck Hall. All men on the campus interested in writing news, features or sports are urged to attend.

Student Directory To Be Published

A Wabash student directory, similar to the kind published in pre-navy days, will be ready for distribution next week. The directory will contain not only the names of all students on the campus, their respective houses, and their telephone numbers, but also the names, addresses and telephones of faculty members.

Sponsoring the directory are the Bachelor and the Pi Delta Epsilon, the only two journalistic organizations active on the campus at the present time. They will distribute the directory at no charge to members of the college. Arrangements have been made to sell the directory at the Recreation Center for five cents per copy.

THE C

This week four seedy-looking men were seen emerging from the grove of an ancient desk. Its heavy lid had been on its journey up the creaking stairs.

The battery of typewriters was dragged, by the other two, to the west door kicked open, the

That left-hand drawer was used in an attempt to knock off a pair of

They next carried the chairs, hot seats, etc., and other office needs.

And thus did the Bachelor's old, battered but beloved office in Center Hall. Many

THE GREAT TREK

This week four seedy-looking characters, all BACHELOR men, were seen emerging from the grotto at Peck. Two of them struggled with an ancient desk. Its heavily-laden drawers shifted on the precarious journey up the creaking starways of Center.

The battery of typewriters—all three of them—was carried, or rather dragged, by the other two. Third deck, Center Hall was reached, the west door kicked open, the equipment scattered.

That left-hand drawer which had surreptitiously reached out in an attempt to knock off a professor was ever so carefully dumped.

They next carried the chairs—all kinds of chairs—big chairs, little chairs, hot seats, etc., and other miscellaneous items, newspaper and office needs.

And thus did the BACHELOR make its great trek this week from the old, battered but beloved hold of Peck to the new, clean and quiet office in Center Hall. Many thanks to Dick Banta and Dean Harvey.

SIX MEALS A SUNDAY

The BACHELOR again wishes to thank, on behalf of the Wabash Navy men, a group of Crawfordsville citizens. This time it is the owners and operators of the Crawford Cafe, who have presented their unrequited services each Sunday noon for many months past. The meals, by the way have been excellent.

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ABOUT THE POEM

On page three of the BACHELOR this week will be found a poem written by an Army sergeant who, after being wounded in battle, thought he at last was on his way "west". We print this now, not because we wish to foster the desire for sea duty among the men, but because the theme of the poem elaborates very eloquently on our editorial policy. If the reader will look above, he will find that the BACHELOR believes that each Navy student should remember not only the favors under the Navy program, but also the incumbent duties that follow.

We challenge you to think deeply about this. We did, and we think it is important enough not only to be incorporated into an editorial policy, but also into a personal philosophy.

Fight Night

Last Wednesday evening, there were 250 men in the bleachers who sounded like 250 men, and that reflection is commendable. It is commendable because, if we remember correctly, during the past year or so 250 men from this unit have not given evidence of their full vocal strength at such gatherings. They have seemed 250 strong to the eye, but the ear has been slighted.

Wednesday evening, the campus sounded more like Wabash than it has in a long time. These old walls must have fairly trembled with the echoes of shouting male voices, and the hearty laughter of satisfied men.

We can remember when the morale here was at its lowest ebb and we are able to see the difference now. More evenings like "Fight Night" will help build and maintain that reviving spirit.

May we commend and express the appreciation of the entire unit to all those who made "Fight Night" a possibility and "Happy Hour" a reality.

— R. G.

Campus

By R. R. G.

Butch Shearer, lecturing with all possible dignity and eloquence—suddenly leaping backward to continue uninterrupted from a new position atop his four foot desk—

T.O.D. Sorensen sleepily stumbling to watch duty at oh-four-hundred—shoving the mongrel Murdock off the chair—then daintily picking a haggard-looking cat off the log book to make room for his entry—

Company four and five men swearing because the lights have suddenly gone out one evening—then happily leaving books at darkened desks and traipsing off to the dorm—

Newman and Wolverton walking around in the rain with precious dollar-Kaywoodies upside down—the reat sailors—no tobacco—

Jennings complaining to the chief that he had signed enough inventory chits for a whole squad—he now has

Snapshots

a total of approximately four lamps, five mattresses, twelve sheets, and one lone pillow case—

Men dropping like flies in last chapel—looked like a battlefield—

Woody gazing longingly at the glass of water on the speaker's stand—three stalwart men holding him back—

Gee-Gee acting the circus barker at chow line—announcing the blue plate dinner for the noon meal—

Clever little lads tying their shoelaces at morning exercises—

Sheeley casually walking out to inspection without any pants—his knees were cleaner than his pants were anyway—

Grayson and Dunn writing their their columns in class—the prof. very evidentially pleased at such industry—little does he suspect that these gems of the penman's art are not class notes.

Thanks To Crawford Cafe

Every once in a while, you will find some citizens of this great country who believe that actions are more important than words, who believe that helping their fellowmen is more enjoyable than watching others do it, and who believe that patriotism is not only a state of the mind, but also a concrete display of loyalty. These are the people that make America great. These are the people that exercise the principles of Christianity in everyday living, and who exemplify that for which we fight to preserve. These are the people we want in our country.

There are certain citizens of this community who deserve, in concordance with the sentiments of the foregoing, perhaps not publicity, but a special note of appreciation from the Navy students here. The ones most sharply brought to mind at the moment are those of the CRAWFORD CAFE who have given their services so generously within the past months to the Navy students. Each Sunday noon from six to eight men are invited to the restaurant for a free meal ticket to the best food in the house. It is a small thing, perhaps, but to some of the men it is important to realize that they are not members of a lost battalion in their own country. It is a small thing, perhaps, about which to base an editorial that is to appear in a newspaper that will be read by many who expect "scoops", but it is something, we repeat, that hints of the greatness of heart that still exists in hidden corners of our society. Anything that is worth giving is worth the word "thanks".

— R. G.

Big Stream: Two Horses

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That Ship's Store Again

At different times in the past year this publication bravely made a few attempts, weak ones, it is true, in agitating for a ship's store on this station. At this time let it be known that we are again in the mood for agitating.

We think a ship's store would be an exceedingly desirable and admirable project for this station. Let it be sufficient to say that we need one and we want one.

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Your Paper Needs You!

If that sounds like a propaganda campaign for recruiting men into the service with big "Your Country Needs You" posters casually scattered all over the territory, then that is exactly how we mean it to sound.

If you can write, we need you.

If you think you can write, we want you.

If you infer from the preceding harangue that the BACHELOR is short of journalists, you are right.

Next semester, the BACHELOR staff, almost to a man, will have left the college for other duty, and there will be very few here who are BACHELOR-trained and who will be able to carry on the all important work of a newspaper at Wabash.

That would be calamitous, as far as we, the faculty, and the alumni, in and out of service, are concerned.

If you men who will be here next term want to see the paper continue as a live expression of the Wabash student body, as it has done faithfully and unceasingly for the last thirty-six years, heed the call. The benefits to both you and the others makes it worth while.

There will be a regular staff meeting Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock, to which all candidates are urged to come.

The Poet's Corner

CHALLENGE

By R. R. G.

*O Wabash, steeped in fading scar-
let shade—*

*Your robe of Potted, Corded, Let-
tered, frayed,*

*And tattered fabrics now is cast
Upon the figure of your past;*

And raiment finely worn

*Is sundred, split, and torn
In graying shreds.*

*Who will set the loom
Anew;*

*Who will weave these threads
Once More?*

CAMPUS EXPERTS GIVE OPINIONS ON WAR MARRIAGE

KURIOUS KATZ

The Editor Speaks

I walked over to Company Five to see if Dick Grayson was around so he could censor this and I'll be darned if he didn't get suziastical (for definition see Miccio) and insist on giving his opinion to benefit all mankind. He thoughtfully muttered:

"That's a good question, especially at a time like this. You see, you're talking to a married man, and since I just made the vows last week, in a time of war, why naturally I'm in favor of wartime marriages. You know, that's one of the advantages of being completely truthful and frank; nobody believes you. The C. O., for instance, will most certainly read this little account, but do you think for a moment he'll believe it? Why, of course not; that's why I can feel so free to say anything I want: no one will believe a word of it, even though it is the gospel truth, and they will enjoy it tremendously because as a rule, the bigger the lie a person thinks a statement is, the more he'll like it.

So Easy to Get a Date

"You ask me why I think it's a good thing to get married right now? Well let me tell you a few of the more uninteresting details: First of all, on Saturday evenings, it's so easy to get a date. Then, to have someone bring your slippers and pipe isn't objectionable at all. Of course I

smoke cigarettes, but let's not quibble about trifles. Beyond this I refuse to discuss."

Rhymes--Read and Tremble

Editor's note: There are many men on the campus who are acquainted with neither the beautiful verses of "Old Wabash" nor the richly sentimental phrases of "Alma Mater". It is the desire of those who have been imbued with a little of the

to learn the songs, that we print them here.

Pep Session

We wish to say a few words about the pep session last Friday evening which eventually turned into a pre-game spectacle that included the entire regiment.

We wish to say for the benefit of the authorities that the formation of the Line spontaneously, as it did, is indicative of the high morale of the group . . . a type of morale which has not been seen often on this campus in the last 15 months. It is true that this was not the real, old-time Wabash college spirit, because that is impossible under any circumstances now, but at least, it was a step in that direction. It is true that what psychologists term as "mob action" was the principle driving force, but still, that one meeting has done more to create a sense of unity here than has any other single event in a long time.

We won the football game the next day, and that was important, because it confirmed and strengthened the pride in the team and the unit that had been exhibited the night before, and we won it because the men supported their team.

This is all to say that the session should be considered, rather than a result of something else, an effort of the group to break the routine, release the explosive energy of young manhood, and, most important, to raise their own morale . . . and indeed, it accomplished just these things. **HERE'S TO BIGGER AND BETTER PEP SESSIONS!**

R.G.

PEP MEETING SHOWS SPIRIT OF WABASH IS NOT YET DEAD

The Wild Men of Wabash were on the march last Friday evening.

In the greatest exhibition of Wabash spirit and unity of the past 15 months, the entire regiment staged one of the wildest and the loudest pre-game spectacles football teams at this college have ever seen.

The "Wild Men," as some bystander described them, most of them in full uniform, formed a long line and marched over the campus singing and chanting.

The "Line" began spontaneously in one of the company houses after a pep meeting on the chapel steps. This line grew in size as the first Wild Men marched throughout the house singing "Old Wabash," until all in the company except the disabled and the T.O.D. had joined.

Then came the cry, "on to company Blank!" The Wild Men, now some 35 strong, still singing the resounding strains of "Old Wabash," filed out the door in cadence and marched over to the other company, lined in, and traversed the passageways of both decks, calling for volunteers.

The Line, swollen by the complements from two company houses, was approaching a climax in spirit. The din of shouting voices, amid whistling and the regular rhythm of their song was deafening. The cry went up again for another company.

House after house. In this way, was

Pep Session Develops Into Regimental Rally

(Continued from Page One)

entered by the rapidly growing Line, until the whole regiment was marching, some 250 Wild Men, along Wabash avenue. Their song was "Old Wabash" still, and their chant was the terrifying "Beef Steak, Beef Steak!" One of the worried company commanders, on the defeat of his house, stood helpless before the snake-like throng as it weaved its way into

his domain. He kept pulling his hair and screaming, "My polished floors, my polished floors!"

The Line, uncoiling from the sixth company house, then broke ranks and swarmed over to the home of Coach Vaughan, chanting as they pushed through the streets, "We want Pete!" Pete was not home, however, and after a futile attempt by the more adventurous to coax the Line downtown, the decision was made to sing to the president of the college, Dr. Sparks.

Their ranks broken, but their spirit yet at its peak, the Wild Men reformed the Line and noisily filed to the home of the president. The chanting and shouting, despite throats torn ragged by successions of "Oo-wa-wa's," had reached a new volume that echoed far through the darkened streets of Crawfordville.

Again the Line broke, now for the last time, in front of the Sparks' home. The Wild Men stood four and five deep outside the white picket fence that surrounds the trim little bungalow, and sang once more their tune for victory on the football field, "Old Wabash." A chant for the appearance of the president began, and in a moment the beloved gentleman appeared in the doorway. The Wild Men cheered.

Dr. Sparks, smiling and pleased, told them, "You don't know how gratifying it is to hear something like that. I've not heard for three or four years."

Caveman To Be Published Soon

It was announced this week that a Caveman magazine will be published for pan-Hel, Oct. 7.

The editors, Jim Skeen and Jack Baity, Phi Gamma Delta, who have voluntarily assumed the responsibility of resuming publication, have stated their desire that the talented fraternities be well represented on the writing staff. All those who wish to write for the Caveman should see either of these

Pi Delta Epsilon Takes in Nine Men

Pi Delta Epsilon is a national honorary journalistic society, the purpose of which is to promote journalism on college campuses. The chapter at Wabash, even though somewhat inactive now so far as accomplishments are concerned, intends to remain on the list of those chapters in the United States which still hold meetings. Of the 76 or more chapters which have been founded, only 38 are still active. The Wabash chapter is one of these.

The men who were elected last week were chosen from the Bachelor staff on grounds of excellency in writing, of service, and consistency. The electees, who will be initiated Thursday of this week at 7 p. m. in the Governor's room of Goodrich Hall, are:

Dusty Dilley, who holds down the position of editorialist on the Bachelor. He is a fleet man of three years duty in the Navy and formerly worked as an editorialist on a daily. He also does part time in the copy-reading department.

Don Demoret, who has covered pan news and various other news since his beginning as a regular staff member. Don is the boy who wrote the letter to the editor concerning the "padding attitude" mentioned in a previous issue by a professor. His letter received many compliments from

sources all over the campus. Don is one of the last Cavemen yet on campus. He expects to leave for middle school next month.

Hank Dunn, feature writer. Hank has been writing a column called "Jive Jabber" most of the semester. He began it as a continuation of the old "Disc Dope" column by Dingle Herdman of last term and gradually has evolved it into a piece which has a changing subject, but always the same theme of the "mellow cat."

Jim Gronseth, feature writer. Jim is perhaps one of the most talented men on the staff and has been turning out tops in copy all of this semester and last.

Lee Ison, news reporter and general clean-up man. Lee is one of the most conscientious men on the entire staff. There have been times that a large part of the news appearing in a Bachelor has been the work of Lee. He helps wherever he can, and has done to some extent almost every duty a staff member might expect, including proofing, copy-reading, and head writing. It is expected that Lee will be able to take over one of the more important positions on the staff next term.

Jack Joel, who has been writing a series on the history of football at Wabash, a feature that has been enjoyed by many, especially the alumni. Many have written to the editor about

Jack's column. This is Jack's fifth term here and it was just five semesters ago that he began working for the Bachelor. Another conscientious man.

Joe Preston, one of the more illustrious of the Bachelor's sons. His interview on the famous "wonder five" has received many comments from alumni and students.

Bill Sorensen, who began writing for the Bachelor last semester as an intern, turned into a seasoned feature man. His weekly column on sick bay news and his other work give him the full requirements for membership in Pi Delta.

Bill Thompson, sports writer deluxe. Bill has written consistently ever since his beginning as a reporter on the Bachelor, and just as consistently, has turned in some of the best-written copy that appears in the pages of this sheet. Bill has been writing a column, originally called Shower-Room Steam, most of the semester now. Another football player, he is well qualified to hold down his position of sports writer. He is qualified in every point to be promoted to the place of sports editor next term.

Active members of Pi Delta Epsilon at the present time are, Dick Grayson, president, Jack Baity, vice president, Tom Jennings, secretary-treasurer, Dick Chapin, Kaye Cressman, Joe Foster, Bud Katz, Hal Pennock, and Walter Sperry.

THURSDAY, DEC. 25, 1952

Memorial Hospital Board Meets On Court Decision

Group Waits On Complete Text

The board of directors of Perry County Memorial Hospital plans no immediate action of the highly controversial osteopathic ruling, the Sun learned following a meeting of the group last Thursday night.

A member of the board in a short talk with a Sun newsman Monday confirmed a conjectural opinion by another board member last Tuesday that no action would be taken until the complete text of the ruling by the St. Louis Court of Appeals had been received. He said the text was not expected under two weeks.

The high court handed down its decision last Tuesday, ruling that: Osteopaths are physicians and surgeons within the meaning of the Missouri law and are entitled to prac-

tice in county hospitals in the state.

Excerpts from the ruling as sent out by the Associated Press said that "osteopathic physicians are practitioners of a school of medicine and are physicians and surgeons within the meaning of the Missouri statutes regulating their practice and rights," that state law "provided that a hospital patient has the absolute right to the choice of a physician."

(Osteopaths are licensed by the State of Missouri to practice medicine."

The decision applied specifically to the board of trustees of the Audrain County Hospital, which, until 1940, had allowed osteopaths to practice freely in the hospital, which is located at Mexico, Mo.

Ruling directly on this action of the Audrain County board, the Court of Appeals said the law on practice by doctors of osteopathy was illegal and void.

Last of the Cavemen

The end of a transition period in the history of Wabash is at hand; the scarlet glow of a setting Caveman sun is fading into the twilight of a century-old dynasty and soon the Wabash our alumni once knew will have been changed almost beyond recognition.

The past sixteen months have been that period of transition—a sloping in of the new men who were unimbued with the Scarlet tradition and at the same time, a gradual exodus of the pre-Navy Caveman. And now even the ephemeral mixture is passing into the night; the Caveman—the “Oo-Wah-wah” boys, as we are proud to be known, are leaving, almost to a man. And what does that mean for Wabash? Does it mean that Wabash will be emptied of its glory and that the hue of her banner will be dimmed to battle-gray? Does it mean, perhaps, that Wabash is to become a dreary waiting station for long lines of stern-faced men?

To these queries the answer is “No.” There is nothing about which to be perturbed; there is no real cause for worry, because . . .

I have seen the fraternities function as I thought would never be possible, developing unity within themselves and in so doing, adding to the “esprit de corps” of the entire school . . .

I have watched the faculty and the Navy staff welcome the men with privileges, dinners, and friendship, building up reserves of memory so essential to the spirit of the school . . .

I have heard scores of my fellow-students, many of them who came to Wabash not of their own choice, say to me, “Sure; I’m coming back to Wabash after the war . . .”

The scarlet will not dim because I know others who feel about Wabash the same way I do . . . feel about it in a way that would require a thesis to explain, and even then incompletely. And because I know that there will always be men here who feel about it that way. And because there will always be men here who say, “Sure, I’m coming back to Wabash after the war!”

—R. R. G.—

V-12 Quotas Cut; New Men to Deck

Approximately 1000 men from the fleet and from Naval shore stations will be selected to enter V-12 training in November, it was announced recently in the BuPers Information Bulletin. None of these men will be assigned to pre-med or to pre-dental quotas, however; it is presumed that most of the new men in V-12 will be classified as deck candidates.

It was also announced that men who have previously been separated from the program or from reserve midshipman training may also apply, but must have completed at least six months of sea duty before reapplying for the program.

Old Wabash Men Revisit Campus

Visitors on the campus within the last two weeks were:

Jim Higgins, class of '43, who is on a month's furlough from the A.S.T.P. unit at John Hopkins medical school in New Jersey. Classes begin for him on Sept. 20.

David Glasscock, class of 1909, professor of physical education at Indiana State Teachers College.

Dr. R. S. Haaglin, class of 1934, Research chemist with Carbide and Carbon Co., Charleston, W. Va.

J. E. Underwood, class of 1911, who recently severed his connection with W.P.B. in Washington, D.C. to take up duties as Director of Research for the Diamond Alkali Co., of Painesville, Ohio.

Norman Elmore, Class of 1935, Research chemist with Standard Oil of New Jersey, visited friends on the campus the week of August 7-12th. He has recently been transferred to laboratories in Venezuela.

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BIG PEP MEETING

TO BE HELD FRI

Bachelor Printed Tues. Hereafter

We've been having troubles lately and we feel that we should tell somebody about them. We've gone to practically everybody in an attempt to unload these weights of the world from our stooping shoulders, but no one seems to be interested.

We approached one of the Bachelor's best friends (never mind who; there's no sense in incriminating a fine person needlessly) with the statement that as long as "Here's the one who will certainly listen to our troubles!" But what did this faithful one do? He immediately became hysterical. His face turned blue. His eyes crossed, and he screamed in pain, "NO". Then he asked if we wanted to hear some of his pet peeves. Then we became hysterical and ranted and raved off far into the red twilight.

And when dat's all fixed up, we gets da big news dat we gotta publish on Tuesdays. Well, it's O. K. by us, so we figger to print da rag yesterday. But nobody remembers about Labor Day, inasmuch as we'd kinda disremembered about holidays and such unnecessary doin's. So we next finds out dat nobody works on Labor Day, anyway.

So the Bachelor is out one day late this week, men. And from now on we print on Tuesdays. And don't, please don't come around asking, "Why, why, why why?" Did you know that one out of every 20 persons in the United States is in an insane asylum?

"CON MEN" DEBATE ON COED QUESTION; OUTCOME A DRAW

Should we strike for coeds at Wabash or not. Do we want Waves or do we want just the ordinary run-of-the-mill kind of coed? What would be the effects on us should any such plans materialize?

These questions were discussed in Chapel Monday. Yes, they were; we swear it. In Chapel. The Chapel program on Monday morning where the best maps in the world have been shown and explained. Everybody saw it. Everybody stayed awake.

The momentous subject was covered in its various aspects by Homer Johnson, who favored coeds, and by Dick Grayson, who said that he was a "con man" from way back. Johnson is regimental adjutant, member of Sigma Chi, and heads the newly formed camera club. Dick Grayson, one of the last remaining Cavemen, is editor of this sheet, member of Phi Gamma Delta, of Alpha Pi, local scientific fraternity, and is president of the Wabash chapter of Pi Delta Epsilon, national honorary journalistic society.

Regimental Review For Departing C. O.

A full regimental review, complete with athletic review, inspection of companies by the commanding officer, parade of the colors, and parade of the regimental band, was held Saturday on the athletic field.

The purpose of the review was to honor the departing commanding officer, Lt. H. G. Leffler, and to present the regiment to the new C.O. had he arrived on station by that time. His arrival was delayed, however.

Read This

EDITORIAL

What's Wrong With College?

The so-called "modern" college system of education is grossly inefficient and is in dire need of a number of drastic revisions. It is inefficient for a number of reasons, and all of these are, in turn, due to a general defect—that of precedence and previous misconceptions by college authorities of what is supposed to be practical and useful. What we propose to do in this article is to list the defects of the present college system as we see them, and to give a general plan of the ideal college of the future, having no knowledge of any that exist today as an ideally organized institution of learning.

One of the salient characteristics and defects of a modern undergraduate college is the lecture system of classroom teaching. It is the lazy student's method of learning, and strangely enough, is adhered to dogmatically by a large number of professors, some of whom we have no other choice but to classify as true pedants. The lecture system is old-fashioned, and even though in some courses it is supplemented by "labs" and by a little class discussion at times, its use is prevalent enough, and there are enough class periods in the student's day which are composed entirely of the lecture type of teaching, to warrant its criticism here. We have been in school long enough to realize that the professor actually learns more during a lecture than does the student, because of the effectiveness of self-expression in the learning process, and how to know that in the majority of cases, the greater part of the knowledge expounded during the class hour exists, at the end of that hour, not in the student's mind, but as a better integrated part of the professor's fund of knowledge and in the student's notebook.

The lecture system, of course, varies in its effectiveness with the personality and the ability of the professor. This variance is in itself a defect. Too many professors are unable to hold the constant attention of their classes. There are some lecturers who are unable to hold the attention of even a few of their students. This system must go because it does not enable the student to approach the full potentialities of his powers of learning.

Another principal defect in the modern college has been described by some as "too many irons in the fire." The difficulties involved in attempting to devote a full measure of interest, concentration, and study-time to a half a dozen or so, sometimes totally unrelated fields of study, during the classweek, are enormous and are easily comprehensible by any Wabash student. This type of curriculum must also go.

The last great defect concerns grading and examinations. It has almost become a truism that the student should have the idea that he is working for knowledge and for greater powers of reasoning, and not for a grade in a little book, which in the final analysis, means absolutely nothing. All students know this, but because of the immediate importance of the grade, due in normal times to the real or

supposed gain or loss in prestige which accompanies it, and to the fact that it is a basis for election to certain scholastic societies, these same students, as is perfectly natural and understandable, lose sight of their original goal and sometimes never attain it. Grading must go. As for examinations, every one knows the horrors of cramming and of cribbing. For these two results of the educational system, and because examinations would have little use without a grading system, regular examinations too, we say, must be banished.

To remedy these defects, we have in mind a general idea of a new system of undergraduate education which will entail all the advantages of the old type of college life and will add the many advantages of greater effectiveness in teaching.

Our ideal college would oust, as probably has been inferred from the previous discourse, the lecturer, and would concentrate the student's interest at any given time to one course of study. The plan for the four years of college would be one course per quarter, three quarters per year, and the sequence of courses would be organized and related so that at the termination of the student's college career, he will know that he has a profound and well integrated fund of knowledge and has developed a set of reasoning processes which will enable him to apply his knowledge afterwards.

The "class-hour," which would be two to three consecutive hours per day, (excluding courses requiring labs), would be a type of seminar in most cases. "Self-expression" is the theme of learning in the new college. Daily reports by each student, class discussions on chosen topics, group debates on subjects of opinion, and speeches to larger groups by the more talented are the most logical substitutions for the kind of class we now know and which we detest heartily.

There will be a high ratio of professors to students. Their duties will remain practically the same, with the exception of prolonged lecturing. We will concede, however, that short lectures probably will be advisable in some cases. The professor will still be the center of the classroom and the font of all knowledge.

This type of education, however, necessitates a great amount of "outside" work. It will, then, be required that the professor make large assignments of the greatest value according to his experience, and it will be the responsibility of the student to study diligently and independently, much in the same way we understand a graduate student does today. The advantages are obvious: opportunity for self-expression and greater concentration of time and of thought.

Regular examinations are not needed; class preparation, recitation, and discussion will enable the professor to give a report of either satisfactory or unsatisfactory to the dean of the college at specified intervals throughout the length of the course. No other kind of grading is necessary. The only kind of examination that is desirable will be a comprehensive set of questions at the end of the four years that will determine whether or not the student is ready for his degree.

We think that this type of education would be the most efficient. It is the most effective. It is modern and compatible with the modernity of society. It is ideal. **IT IS ALSO PRACTICABLE.** There are many details that have not yet been considered and there are many difficulties that will not be known until some one actually attempts to reorganize college education on this plane. But some day, we firmly predict, the ideal undergraduate college, of a nature akin to the one described here, will be a thing that is common. **IT COULD BEGIN AT WABASH.**

—R. G.

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(Continued on Page 8)

Pep Session Develops Into Regimental Rally

(Continued from Page One)

entered by the rapidly growing Line, until the whole regiment was marching, some 250 Wild Men, along Wabash avenue. Their song was "Old Wabash" still, and their chant was the terrifying "Beef Steak, Beef Steak!" One of the worried company commanders, on the defeat of his house, stood helpless before the snake-like throng as it weaved its way into

his domain. He kept pulling his hair and screaming, "My polished floors, my polished floors!"

The Line, uncoiling from the sixth company house, then broke ranks and swarmed over to the home of Coach Vaughan, chanting as they pushed through the streets, "We want Pete!" Pete was not home, however, and after a futile attempt by the more adventurous to coax the Line downtown, the decision was made to sing to the president of the college, Dr. Sparks.

Their ranks broken, but their spirit yet at its peak, the Wild Men reformed the Line and noisily filed to the home of the president. The chanting and shouting, despite throats torn ragged by successions of "Oo-wa-wa's," had reached a new volume that echoed far through the darkened streets of Crawfordsville.

Again the Line broke, now for the last time, in front of the Sparks' home. The Wild Men stood four and five deep outside the white picket fence that surrounds the trim little bungalow, and sang once more their tune for victory on the football field. "Old Wabash." A chant for the appearance of the president began, and in a moment the beloved gentleman appeared in the doorway. The Wild Men cheered.

Dr. Sparks, smiling and pleased, told them, "You don't know how gratifying it is to hear something that I've not heard for three or four years."

By this time the president's wife had arrived at his side, and the two stood, arm in arm on the steps of the "White House on Mills Place" listening attentively as the men in white fervently sang the undying words of "Alma Mater."

Caveman To Be Published Soon

It was announced this week that a Caveman magazine will be published for pan-Hel, Oct. 7.

The editors, Jim Skeen and Jack Baity, Phi Gamma Delta, who have voluntarily assumed the responsibility of resuming publication, have stated their desire that the different fraternities be well represented on the writing staff. All those who wish to write for the Caveman should see either of these men immediately, since the printer, because of the war-time shortage of labor and materials, has set a positive deadline for all copy as next Monday, Sept. 18. It was not known until last week that publication was possible under existing circumstances.

Campus Snapshots

By R. G.

Agnini and Wysocki, among several other nondescript, beat-out characters, stumbling down the ladder Monday morning, babbling incoherently about some monstrosity they call the "Bunny-Cat", it hops, it climbs trees, it barks, it plays gin-rummy, and it's father was a pink elephant—I believe it—I saw that pink elephant last Sunday trying to hitch a ride to South Africa.

Men swooning from the heat in chapel last Monday — especially **Woody—Woody** and about three dozen other Wabash men were last seen running toward Purdue . . . They should arrive sometime next week.

The **Exec** and **Gee-Gee** wandering around at an ungodly hour Monday morning looking for cokes in the Company Houses and doing a good job of scaring TOD's . . . One of these TOD's was so upset after the unexpected visit that he couldn't even get back to sleep.

Jennings giving out his pin last week . . . The only thing you can get out of him about it is a long, drawn-out sigh . . . His roommate says that the room sounds like a small wind storm when Jennings is around now . . . I think that's an understatement . . . When he's in the Bachelor office, we have to weight down all the copy to keep it from blowing away.

Pants Killian, whom I haven't seen since last work detail . . . Wonder what chair he's sleeping in now . . . Wonder when he'll be through with inventory.

Lash using nine toothpicks at a time . . . He goes to sleep with them in his mouth and when he snores it sounds like a hackneyed version of

if he didn't get suzias
tion see Miccio) and
his opinion to benef
He thoughtfully mutte
"That's a good que
at a time like this.
talking to a married
I just made the vows
time of war, why na
favor of wartime m
know, that's one of
of being completely
frank; nobody believe
O., for instance, will
read this little accoun
think for a moment h
Why, of course not; th
feel so free to say any
no one will believe a w
though it is the gosh
they will enjoy it tre
cause as a rule, the bi
person thinks a state
more he'll like it.

So Easy to Get

"You ask me why
good thing to get marri
Well let me tell you
more uninteresting det
all, on Saturday even
easy to get a date. T
someone bring your slip
isn't objectionable at al

"Chopsticks" . . . He needs every
one of those toothpicks, though . . .
You would too if you had 186 teeth.

Foster and **Pennock** having dates
with a beautiful brunette and a gray-
haired sorceress known as the "Hag"
. . . **Foster** talked politics to the
brunette all evening while **Pennock**
made love to the "Hag" . . . They'll
refute this statement . . . But this
column reports only the bare facts.

Rep' returning to the campus . . .
All men having anything to do with
the "Rep" stories that appeared in
the Bachelor the past few weeks are
now hiding out here in a secret under-
ground chamber of Forest Hall . . .
We have "Southern Comfort" on tap,
sliding bars, chamber maids, and even
a pack of Luckies . . . The door is
locked and someone threw away the
key.

Clemans on the campus shouting
for **Cohee** . . . It was a hog-calling
contest . . . **Cohee** and three little
pigs came running after **Clemans**.

The Shadow of Disgrace

Our flag, which we cherish and respect as a symbol of a beloved America, was disgraced last Monday here in our own chapel building during a service designed to express the loyalty and the devotion of those present. The sanctity of the flag was transgressed, the solemnity of the occasion disturbed, and the ire of many aroused.

During the singing of the national anthem it is the accepted procedure for all to stand, to face the flag, and to sing the Star-spangled Banner. Not only were the two last-mentioned principals of conduct ignored, but also, common rules of good taste and politeness were completely forsaken. You who were present know of what we speak. A person in the gallery, a visitor, was engaged during the singing in a conversation, no doubt of utmost importance, with another person nearby. This conversation, which appeared to be largely one-sided, which is certainly not surprising for a person whose common sense is so evidently lacking, seemed to be proceeding with utter abandon and unpardonable carelessness, for the sound of the voice, which became more grating and irritating as time passed and as we realized the sacriligious portent of the incident, was loud enough to be heard throughout the entire room.

We dislike writing about something of this kind, but we dislike this act of transgression even more. The Star-Spangled Banner is a song we love to sing because we love our flag, and because we love our country. *We do not want to see any more acts of disrespect against those things which we revere.* We want to look around in chapel and see our visitors paying homage to their country in the proper manner, for we want to be able to say, "We are going to fight for these people, because they are worth fighting for."

— R. G.

About the Service Column

Several men have come to the editor with complaints about the service column which we print in the BACHELOR every two weeks and which appears again in this week's edition. Their arguments are perhaps just, in a sense, but with the publishing this time of an even larger section devoted to the "Fighting Alumni", we feel that the complaints should be answered in print.

Let us present, first, the most frequent arguments:

This is that the BACHELOR should be devoted only to campus activities and to matter directly concerning the students.

Now let us answer that argument with the reason that the Alumni Column was begun: Dr. Sparks was interested in keeping the college in closer touch with the alumni in service than had been done up to the present semester. The logical method of accomplishing this end was by means of the only publication still alive on the campus, the BACHELOR. Thus, the "Fighting Alumni" column was born.

What we consider the column to be accomplishing is this: It definitely does fulfill its intended purpose, inasmuch as the complete copy of each issue, including the Column, is sent to each service man whose address is on file; it makes possible the continuance of old college day friendships which may have been interrupted because of loss of contact; it helps revive a little of the unity which once existed within the various graduating classes. If the reader still does not understand this, then it is merely because he does not realize how an old Caveman must feel about Wabash and about the men he once knew here. If the objecting reader will project himself into the future at a time when he has nothing but memories to remind him of his days at Wabash, then, if he should try to realize how much a communication of this kind will mean to him, we think that he will see why we devote so much space to those men who have gone. For, you see, the BACHELOR, in times like these, should not be only for contemporary students, but also for those who would yet be students here were they not doing something far more important.

— R. G.

The Poet's Corner

ON WINGED EYES OF FANCY

By R. R. G.

Away to Palomar we fly; then
climb
To silver domes a'glistening in
the skies
And enter one to rocket into time
And blackened silence, crazed to
know what lies
Beyond our sight. We shoot
from blue to gray
To darkness pieced by points of
fearless light
Which guide our birthless, death-
less, lengthless way
Into infinitics of cosmic might.

Former Wabash Man Writes From Asbury Park

From Asbury Park, pre-midshipman training station, came a letter this week describing the routine there.

The author of the letter was Robert Phillips, better known as "Baldy" to his friends, who entered his new duty after leaving Wabash at the end of last semester. "Baldy" was editor of the BACHELOR for two semesters.

"Asbury Park is a lot different from what we all expected. Lt. Gilboy told us that it was a rest camp--far from it. After reveille we clean up our billets, begin chow at 0700 and at 0800 either swim, drill or take P. T. till 0930. Then we do what we didn't do at 0800--see what I mean?"

"At 1200 we begin our noon chow and at 1300, classes begin. Navigation with a test every day--seamanship with a daily test--war orientation for two hours twice a week,

or ordnance for two hours. The navigation involves only math--no theory. Seamanship includes all visual communication and whole or small boat handling taken from B. J. M.

"War orientation is the old history 2, Navy 3, and repetitions of films we used to see on Friday nights in chapel. Ordinance begins with rifle practice on a gun range using the Springfield, and work with 20mm. and 40mm. guns, 3 and 5-inch loaders. All the courses are interesting and quite practical. We have whaleboats for our use along an area of beach restricted for us.

"We march in formations to all classes. The base consists of two hotels surrounded by a fence and has a total area of two square blocks.

"The liberty is not so good as it was in V-12--four and a half hours every fourth night with a week-end leave once a month."

Letters from the Readers

By Dick

Dear Ed.

You know that new course that the Dean announced in Chapel the other day? Egyptian hieroglyphics — no college credits — no outside preparations—voluntary attendance? Do you think that it would be entirely within my rights to sleep in this class? I am thinking of it seriously—taking the course, that is.

Ans.

—Joe

Dear Joe,

Despite your apparent confusion and the ambiguity of some of your statements, I have gathered together your scattered words and have made a fair attempt at understanding them. You say your grandmother fell out of a five-story window and fractured her pipe? Let me suggest that you retire your grandmother from her present position of window washer. I can see that the task is much too strenuous for the kind of pipes which are being produced these days.

Dear Ed.

There is another man sleeping in the same room with me who does his daily dozen (Duz . . . doe's!) all night long by snoring at the top of his tobacco-soaked vocal cords. Of course, there are about forty other men in the same room who, it seems, take turns in keeping awake all night, but this one who snores annoys me particularly. Now I am not a violent person by nature, but I am scientifically inclined. Do you think that if I experimented with a large, shiny knife, which I have procured, and cut his throat from ear to ear some quiet evening, he would be able to breathe any better?

—Blo

Dear Blo,

Yours is a rather perplexing problem, inasmuch as I don't know what type of knife you are intending to

use. If my suspicions prove correct, and that "large shiny knife" of which you speak so affectionately, is one you have managed to pilfer from the mess hall, let me advise strongly against the experiment. Those knives have never been known to cut anything but the quick, to which most people usually are cut—as I imagine your "snortin' Sam" would be if you were to make an attempt on his snore. Those things are hard to get nowadays, you'd be surprised—it isn't everyone who can do that all night long and still go to morning exercises.

Dear Ed.

Up in our dorm of late, it has been exceedingly warm—so warm, in fact, that when I awoke the other morning to the smell of burning flesh, I thought that at last my long-suffering roommate had succumbed. Anyway, I have tried various methods of escaping the torrid atmosphere of the nights in that dorm, one of which was to sleep on the floor of my room. I was particularly troubled, however, with the bugs, who also inhabit that room. These creatures seemed to obtain quite a bit of enjoyment from a game they so aptly title as "Playing Tiddlewinks With the Toesies." Now I ask you, my dear friend and advisor, what should I do?

—Moe

Dear Mo,

Tickle them back, by all means.

Study without thought is vain;
thought without study is perilous.

* * *

Yu, shall I tell you what true knoweldege is? When you know, to know that you know, and when you do not know, to know that you do not know—that is true knowledge.

* * *

To shirk your duty when you see it before you, shows want of moral courage.

Regimental Dance Will Be Held Soon

Plans for a regimental dance, to be held the evening of June 3, are now under way, it was learned yesterday.

The unit recreation committee, under the direction of Dick Grayson, met this week and compiled a list of suggestions for the dance, which it presented to the executive officer.

All plans are yet tentative, but the committee is fairly certain of the following: The date is to be June 3, and the time 8:30 p. m., until 12:00, the dance will be informal, admission will be free to all Wabash men (including civilians), faculty members, and members of the naval staff, the college band will furnish the music, and there will be free refreshments. The place is yet undecided. There will be no stags.

NOTICE !

It is rumored that a psychiatrist will be on the campus soon. Heatpower studes, beware! Descripmen, try the old poker-face. Chem slaves—oh, what the hell.

NINE MEN ELECTED TO PI DELTA EPSILON

Pi Delta Epsilon, national honorary journalistic society, elected new officers and accepted nine new members into their ranks during a formal meeting Wednesday in the Governor's Room of Goodrich Hall.

Richard R. Grayson of Maywood, Ill., was re-elected president.

Jack H. Baity of Peoria, Ill., was named vice-president and Thomas Jennings of Adrian, Mich., was elected secretary-treasurer.

Embryo journalists whose literary efforts earned them election to the society were: Joe C. Foster, Chicago; Hal H. Pennock, Centralia, Ill.; Jack L. Heim, Naperville, Ill.; James R. Skeen, Danville, Ill.; R. D. Herdman, Detroit; Bennett Sickler, Oswego, Ill.; Bud Katz, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Ken L. Warner, Lake Forest, Ill. and Walter Sperry, Seattle, Wash.

Three of the newly-elected members will have little chance to participate in Pi Delta activities until after the war. These men, Heim, Herdman and Sickler will leave the Wabash V-12 Unit at the close of the present semester, for further duty.

The new men will be initiated before the end of the semester on a date yet to be determined.

Preceding the elections the chapter decided to visit the R. R. Donnelley and Sons Company printing establishment. A tentative date of June 13 was set.

Synthetic Rubber Topic At Alpha Pi Meeting

"Synthetic Rubbers and the War Effort" was the subject of a talk given by Dr. L. B. Howell to the members of Alpha Pi scientific fraternity Thursday evening.

One point especially notable about synthetic rubber program of the U. S. is the increased production. It was found that the total tonnage produced per year of the four authorized types, Buna-S, Neoprene, Butyl, and Thiokol has been stepped up to a figure which now far exceeds the total world production of natural rubber before the war.

Dr. Howell predicts that the synthetic rubbers are here for good, and that after the war, even though natural rubber will be used quite extensively again, the synthetics will find much room on the market. A great deal of the butadiene, from which most synthetic rubbers are made, is manufactured from petroleum and grain, an intermediate product in the latter reaction being ethyl alcohol, all three of which are used for obvious purposes during peace times. Logical civilian restriction of those materials has followed.

NOTICE !

All those who have ideas for the variety show, or who have prepared their skits already, please remain after chapel Friday evening for auditioning.

Are We "Study Fatigued"?

A few days ago we heard someone casually mention "study fatigue." The rumor was that Navy students are suffering from the malady and that the regimental grade average has been lowering.

Acting upon the suspicion that more fact than fiction was present in this rumor we interviewed Dr. Scott, professor of zoology and of social psychology. What we learned seems to be applicable in this case.

The men are not suffering from mental fatigue in the strict sense, because nervous tissue itself is practically indefatigable. Rather, a decided lack or decrease in motivation is evident.

The reason for this, obviously is the constant mental strain to which most are subjected. Many of the students, for example, have been in school almost continuously since September, 1943, a period of approximately a year and one-half. Most have prospects of many months, and some years more of uninterrupted study.

That the pace of the program cannot be decreased is obvious. The only possible solution, then, seems to lie in taking opportunity of week-end leaves whenever possible. A "change" once in a while does much toward increasing incentive upon return to routine.

This article is merely to state the conditions which few realize exist. It is something to think about.

Dedicated to the Future 51

This issue of the BACHELOR is the last regular edition of the first year of the Navy at Wabash. On June 10 a special Commencement publication is planned but it still remains that the BACHELOR will see a full year of Navy rule pass with its distribution this week.

We have tried, in absence of a year book, to build this BACHELOR around that theme. We hope you like it and we have hopes that some of you will retain a copy to remind you in future days of Wabash and what it has meant in your lives.

Perhaps you will disagree and demand qualification of that last phrase. The space here is limited and a long discussion is impossible, but we know a great many men who will cherish their memories of Wabash long after leaving for other duty. If you do not find this to be so with yourself, you may have great cause to regret, because it is your fault and the blame lies on you alone. Read the stories by Heim and Hanson in this issue; theirs are truly an inspiration.

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Thank You, C'ville 4C

The men of the Wabash Naval Training Unit wish to thank the good citizens of Crawfordsville publicly for their many services and kindnesses rendered during the past year.

Especially appreciation goes to Dr. Lingeman and his committee for the Youth Canteen, to the American Legion for the dances provided, to the Red Cross for their many services, to the Masons, for their generosity in opening the lodge to the men, and to various other organizations and civic groups which have participated in aiding the Wabash sailors. Their returns are only in being remembered, but it is a pleasant and thankful remembrance.

Read Why I Don't Like The Bellhops

Marines, the bellhop boys, on the whole are big. Big and dumb, we hero somewhere.

In a battle against them though, sailors will win. Any kind of a battle—words, firstcuffs, everything except belts. Those belts really are handy weapons.

As a sailor, though, I can say that I love Marines. Yeah, I love 'em. (BuPers: This is malicious propaganda; ignore it.—the Eds.)

One night last week some sailors caught a couple of big Marines at one of their favorite pastimes—stealing candy from little kids.

"Aha! Caught in the act!" cried the gobs.

"Jigs, the navy's landed!" burst an anguished Marine outcry.

"We gotcha," said a gob quietly. There were two sailors and six marines.

The Marines huddled together. One was sobbing, "Don't tell, don't tell. I'll go to Taruawa, but don't tell gran-maw!"

"We'll let you go—this time," warned the gobs. The Marines got up off their knees, looking cocky again.

"But," continued the sailors, we'll meet you when you land in Tokio."

"You wanna bet?" parried a big Marine.

"Yeah!" was the reply.

"Okay, I'll betcha. I just betcha, now—no money you understand." The Marine was nervous. "Granmaw doesn't let me play for keeps," and everyone laughed and laughed.

"The Marine Corps is still the core of the Navy," the bellhops taunted, trying to work up a little courage.

"That's pronounced 'Corpse', men—corpse."

"Where were you at Tarwawa"—The Marines again.

"Where were you?" asked a sailor.

Big silence.

"How do you like being Marines?" asked one gob trying to break the ice again.

"Wonderful."

"Why?"

Big silence.

Finally they trudged away and the gobs came back and told it to me. And that's the straight, you understand—the straight. I'd be the last one to say a word against a Marine, but you see, I'm just a reporter, and that's how things stand.

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COMPANY SEVEN LOST AT 0613 MUSTER

At 0613 another company pulled up into position and the Chief was ready to call the regiment to attention when he noticed that there was still one missing. It was Company 7.

Where is it? TOD fall asleep again? Muttering under his breath something about the grinder, Chief Paulus went on through with the morning exercises and then dismissed the men.

Still growling he ran over to 7's house. What the devil? No TOD! "I'll eat his hat out for this," cursed the Chief. "Must be all asleep in the dorm. Pretty quiet though." Dashing up the ladder to the second deck, he noticed a minor bedlam. "Hmm—strange—very strange. Surely, they can't all be sick.

"What's that on the deck? Is that BLOOD? Dark spots leading up to the dorm. This is uncanny. No one up, passage light out, head light out, rooms all very untidy. I'll go on up."

Reaching a position where he could see the first bunk he staggered back, white with shock. The bunk was empty. Made terribly, and empty. Had been slept in—definitely (*pun*). Room had a familiar look about it he couldn't place. There was no one in the house. It was absolutely empty.

Turning, he quickly ran down the ladder and picked up the phone to call the O. D. A woman's voice! With a faint exclamation forming on his lips, he started to dash from the house.

* * *

Dear Reader: Are you all nervous and jittery? What happened to Chief Paulus? Where is Co. No. 7? Was that blood? Do you want to find out next week? Still nervous? Okay, we'll tell you.

Paulus was having a nightmare last Sunday morning about getting out at the usual zero temperature, at the usual zero hour to exercise the usual reluctant, to say the least, men.

In the usual enigma of dream-matter he came back to his own house. The woman's voice?—the operator. The blood?—Paulus shaved.

Calling Ripley

Have you heard the latest Monon joke? It seems that the coaches arrived on time in Chicago last Tuesday and threw the station so completely off schedule that it was necessary to postpone several other trips.

* * *

Poor Coaching

It is the opinion of many who witnessed the Indiana University-Wabash basketball game last Tuesday night that the Hoosiers won by a combination of excellent ball-handling on their part and poor coaching on ours. Even with our disadvantages, I. U. won by a close three points.

Our coach was, frankly, the best man Indiana had.

Why?

In the second half, when the Hoosiers made their big rally, why was a short fair player sent in against a team that averaged six feet in height? A good tall player was on the bench itching to get into the fray.

Why was one inexperienced player sent in, in the final seconds of play to commit three fouls when three fast experienced men were available?

Why were the two men on the floor in the second half who had become "cold", who had lost their fighting edge, allowed to remain in while better, fresh players waited on the sidelines?

There is but one answer and everyone knows it.

Condemnation is unpleasant, but those questions still remain with the one unavoidable reply.

NOTICE !

All those in favor of classes during the holidays go take a jump.

NOTICE !

Christmas this year will be held on the 25th of December.

Vending Machine Profits Were for Ship's Store

Although the profits from Coca-Cola and other vending machines on the campus were intended to be diverted toward acquiring a Ship's Store, it was made known this week that the funds are to be used to finance the next regimental dance, Dec. 18.

A Ship's Store, sorely needed here, would have advantages.

Prices would be lower, articles which cannot be purchased in town would be obtainable, and time spent chasing downtown would be decreased.

The question remains in the minds of many whether a ship's store will ever be established on this campus. Perhaps the questionable boon of a free regimental dance every December will be the permanent substitution.

We would like at this time to wish everybody a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—even our Chiefs.

Are your Sundays here dull? Do you find your spare time to be empty of all possibilities for diversion? Is your morale low? If so, take a new lease on life and come down to "Ye Olde Novelty Shoppe"—we have a new supply, guaranteed to wear beautifully colored, balanced—

YO-YO'S!!!

We Thank You

This space is reserved this week—reserved for an expression of appreciation from the men of the Wabash Navy.

This vote of thanks is extended to the various civic organizations of Crawfordsville which were instrumental in providing service men with recreational facilities and to the Red Cross which has given generously for the sewing and altering of uniforms.

The civic organizations which have contributed their efforts in making more enjoyable the leisure hours of Wabash sailors at the recreational center downtown include:

Kappa Kappa Kappa

Kiwanis Club

American Legion

High School Mother's Club

City Government

Recreation Committee of Crawfordsville Citizens

Also, the Masons deserve a special note of thanks. They have opened their lodge as a service men's center. Saturday evening, their "Little Theater" will be used entirely for entertaining the Wabash Navy and its guests.

And so, to you people of Crawfordsville who have helped to make this enviable record, the BACHELOR wishes to relay the sincere message, "We thank you."

We Can Have a Ship's Store

Much talk has gone around about the possibilities of this station's acquiring a "ship's store." It is fairly well agreed that we need one. We possess everything except pecuniary means. This editorial is a suggestion for solving that financial problem.

In years past, talented Wabash students have staged variety shows at the Strand. A variety show, given on a Saturday and a Sunday evening, it is said, "packs 'em in."

One of the main conclusions at which we arrived after the Navy show at the "Little Theater" two weeks ago is that the Wabash student body is a very talented one. The band, for example, is among the best.

Why can we not stage another variety show as Wabash students have done in the carefree years gone by?

It would be a lot of fun for everyone, the populace included. All we need is a good organizer who has the time, the initiative, and the fortitude to pursue the project to a finish.

Let's "pack 'em in," mates, and get that ship's store!

* * * * *

Red Rooster

The inauguration of the "Red Rooster" achievement flag as an award to the outstanding company each week is, in our opinion, one of the best things the officers have done to facilitate "esprit de corps"—spirit in individual companies. This spirit has noticeably degenerated since July, and it needs revitalizing.

* * * * *

so widely in the U. S. that the term "home state" very nearly doesn't apply. He took an A. B. Degree from Colorado College, another from Yale, and his A. M. from the University of Chicago in economics.

He has taught at the Georgia School of Technology, and for three

years before he came to Wabash, Prof. Ormes was an accountant. Wabash has claimed him since 1921. He is married and has three children. He is a member of Alpha Sigma Phi.

At Wabash Mr. Ormes is Professor of economics and chairman of division III (Social Science). Since 1928, he has been comptroller of the college. He wrote his own text book on economics.

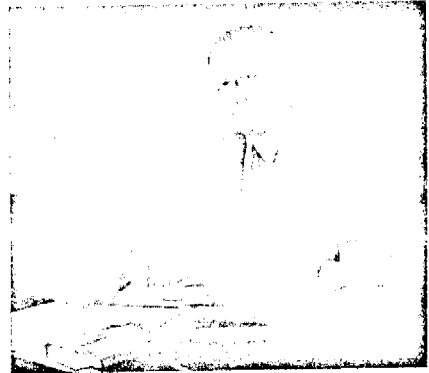
Prof. Ormes has two special interests: gardening and guitar-playing. From his garden he once sold some cucumbers to the mess hall, and from his guitar he has brought forth accompaniments with other faculty members in special musicals at chapel. The programs must have been tops, for from what Mr. Ormes says, we gather that Wabash went wild. We'd like to see a faculty musical ourselves.

* * *

Mr. Domroese holds two positions at Wabash; he is professor of German language and literature and is the registrar of the college. He came to Wabash in 1919, and since 1922 has been acting registrar. That period of twenty-one years is the longest term any registrar of Wabash has ever served. Although that "served" sounds like a prison sen-

tence, Professor Domroese really enjoys his work.

Prof. Domroese probably has more true hobbies than have most of the faculty. He paints with a professional style, plays the violin (he once



Frederick Carl Domroese, A. M.

was president of, and violinist in the "late" C'ville Symphony), and above all, collects stamps. Despite these interests, languages remain his first love. Mr. Domroese has taught Spanish and, as previously mentioned, German, and knows his way in Greek and Latin.

Butler University, and we shall make no remarks at all, is his Alma Mater. He took his A. M. Degree at the University of Michigan. He has taught in Indianapolis schools and at

Oberlin college. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Kappa Phi, the State Association of German Professors, and the State Association of College Registrars. He is married and has two children. His son is the artist often seen painting scenes about the campus.

We asked Prof. Domroese what he would want to do on a Sabbatical leave. He mentioned something about writing biographies of registrars, reading, and collecting stamps. Mrs. Domroese says she would like to travel. *Wir lesen während des Krieg, nicht wahr, Herr Domroese?*

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Company Five's Funny Bone

Editor's Note: The following excerpts were taken from the first log book of Company Five. It is evident that Bob Hope is not the only fellow with good ideas.

* * *

July 5—

- 1000—Call from dispensary stating that Corn felt faint and wouldn't be able to go on duty until 10:30.
- 1633—The doctor called and informed us that Corn, who is supposed to be on watch, should be allowed to rest on his bunk today and not assume his watch.
- 1040—Corn reported with written orders to the effect that he be allowed to recline on his bunk, and be excused from drill.

* * *

July 23—

- 1645—Two men came over from Company 6 and borrowed a pair of brooms for sweeping, a broom for pushing, and a mop.
- 1707—Lt. Hayden called and informed us that he wished to see C. D. Corn and a certain man by the name of Blaine who isn't registered here at his office between 0750 and 0800 tomorrow morning.
- 1710—Lt. Hayden called again and said that if room G needed another study table, which he was informed they did, they could get it by going over to the store-room and getting it.

* * *

We've noticed the following ritual that trainees on watch casually slip off now and then:

*Joe: "I have come to relieve you
—Sir!"
Mo: "I am relieved."*

* * *

Note: Let's see what the other companies can dig up out of their old logs and we'll compare notes.

—R. G.

ut
one
article.

INTRODUCING THE PROFS

"Alexander said, 'I assure you I had rather excel others in the knowledge of what is excellent, than in the extent of my power and ambition.'"

BY DICK GRAYSON

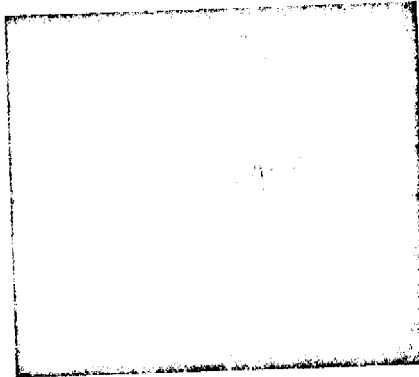
This is the fifth in a series of articles designed to introduce the professors of Wabash to their students. In preceding issues, Professors Charles, Howell, Polley, Osborne, Johnson, Carscallen, Shearer, and Vogel have been interviewed. This week we feature Professors Bruce and Gronert.

"Do you think," Dr. Bruce asked, "that Wabash students will read what you write about me? You know, I was a Marine once. . . ."

Well, we considered that. Then we rationalized a bit.

"Doubtlessly they will," we rejoined. "After all, the marine corps is still a part of the Navy!"

It was back in 1918 that Professor Bruce joined the Marines. He had just graduated from high school at the time, and after the war he matriculated at Wabash. The first time he came to the college he watched students marching, and now, twenty-five years later, he is witnessing the same thing. But in 1918 it was



Robert Wallace Bruce, Ph.D.

the remains of the Students Army Training Corps which he saw.

After receiving his A.B. in 1922, Dr. Bruce went on to graduate work in psychology at the University of Chicago, where, in 1924, he received his A.M. and, in 1929, his Ph.D. He is a Mason and is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Lambda Chi Alpha, Phi Delta Kappa, and the American Psychological Association. He is married and has two children. Dr. Bruce, at present, teaches psychology and mathematics.

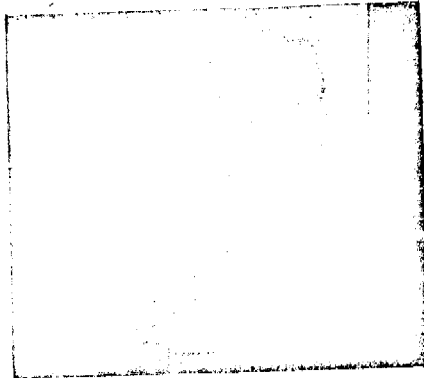
"Anything else you want to mention?" we asked.

"Not much. You might say that I won a letter in track in college days.

As an added thought . . . no, I don't suppose it would do much good to mention that I'm a Republican."

Dr. Gronert is another old-time service man. He was an army lieutenant in the first World War.

Before the war, however, Dr. Gronert had earned his A.B., A.M., and his Ph.D. in history at the Universi-



Theodore Gregory Gronert, Ph.D.

ty of Wisconsin. This was by 1916. Between then and 1924, when he came to Wabash as head of the political science department, Dr. Gronert taught in several high schools, in Centre College, in Texas State College for Women, and in the University of Arkansas.

Today, Dr. Gronert is going stronger than ever. He is in enough activities, it seems, to keep several men busy. For instance, he has just finished a book on British-American relations (which will be published after the war) and is in the process of writing another book on Russian history. He belongs to, and is an officer of, several of the following societies: American Historical, Indiana Historical, and Montgomery County Historical. He is member of Phi Gamma Mu and Phi Eta. He contributes to a newspaper and several magazines. He is prominent in the American Legion, the Kiwanis Club, and in civilian defense. As a side line he coaches tennis. Also somewhere along in here we should mention that he is married. Outside of the foregoing, Professor Gronert doesn't have much to do except relax.

(Question of the week: What five minutes of what day?)

PI DELTA EPSILON WILL INITIATE NINE MONDAY

Gene Smedley, Charles Saures, Jim Johnson, Jim Dornburg, Bill Freeman, Richard Grayson, Merlin Menk, Robert Phillips, and Joe Anastasi will be officially initiated into Pi Delta Epsilon, national journalistic fraternity, at ceremonies 7:30 o'clock Monday evening in Goodrich Hall.

Last Monday's meeting was an informal conference session at which each of the officers discussed some phase of the national organization of Pi Delta Epsilon and of the Wabash chapter.

Proposals to publish the *Caveman* as well as the Wabash were offered. It was agreed that the college harbored enough willing and capable journalists to accomplish the job, but the ever-present task to finance the undertaking remained. The *Caveman* was the Wabash humor magazine published monthly up to last spring. The *Wabash* is the college yearbook.

I did not write this one, but
if the reader will notice, one
R.R.G. is mentioned in the article.

INTRODUCING THE PROFS

"The Prussian Schoolmaster Won the Battle of Sadowa."—von Moltke

—BY DICK GRAYSON—

This the third in a series of articles designed to acquaint the Wabash student body with the faculty. Previously, we have considered, in order, Professors Charles, Howell, Polley, and Osborne. This week we interview Professors Johnson and Carscallen.

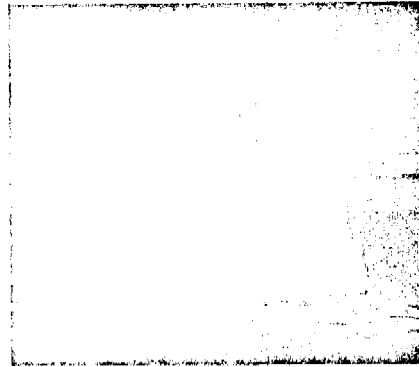
* * *

Doc Johnson says he has not been nicknamed by his students. "And if I have," he grins, "I have never heard of it." Which is just by way of introduction, in that we'll refer in this article to Doc Johnson as, Doc Johnson.

Probably the reader will remember that there is one member of the faculty who has been to China and who speaks the Chinese language. This is Doc Johnson. Between 1909 and 1923 he lived in Canton, where he learned the vernacular dialect. While there, under the auspices of the Congregational Church, he served in the capacity of teacher and used the Chinese language in his work. For two years after he returned to America he did post graduate work at the University of California. The outcome of this study was a doctor's degree and his thesis, "A Study of

Chinese Alchemy," which was published in book form in 1928.

Doc Johnson calls Iowa his home state, and Carleton College, Minne-



Obed Simon Johnson, Ph.D., B.D.

sota, where he attained his A.B. degree, his Alma Mater. After he had graduated from Carleton in 1906, he spent three years at Hartford Theological Seminary and Oberlin College. He received his Bachelor of Divinity degree at the latter. He has taught at Wabash since 1929 as Professor of Philosophy and Religion and serves as chaplain of the college.

Doctor Johnson teaches philosophy,
(Continued on Page Four)

THE PROFS

ver tell where his influence stops."

—Henry Adams

RAY

"Doubtless," he replied saltily, "I could faint dead away, and I would not recover from that profound faint till the year was up."

Although the question usually does make the professors somewhat aback, Doc Osborne was probably kidding. No doubt he would awaken at least within a week. After that time of trial, it is rumored, he would "traipse" about the country for a while.

Doctor Osborne is one of the few local boys here. His father was a professor at Wabash, and he himself was born in Crawfordsville. Doc Osborne graduated from Wabash in 1906. During the next ten years he attended Columbia University and was a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, England. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Beta Theta Pi, and Pi Delta Psi. In 1918-19 he was a first lieutenant in the U. S. Army Military



James Insley Osborne, Ph. D.

telligence Service, and in 1919, was attached to the American Peace Commission in Paris. He is married and has a son and a daughter. Professor Osborne is head of the English Department, and during his career has taught German, Greek, Latin, and French.

It seems that Doc almost underestimated the Navy boys at Wabash. "We don't know whether or not he excited some old salts who were still spitting spray from their faces, but they're better," he says, "than I heard." (Did we just hear some news out there?)

My Old C. O.

(44)

Once upon a midnight dreary
I sat at watch so very weary.
I thought of bed and blissful
sleep,
And just for practice, counted
sheep.
But soon the sheep became a
bore;
I turned to something more like
war....
Imagine something hopping
low;
It was my old C. O.!

I watched him jump, I watched
him grunt,
He took of my attack the brunt.
I made him march, I made him
run,
I made him stretch and strain
for fun.
I made him sweat and blow and
yell;
I did this till he felt like hell.

But now a big hand shakes me
rough,
I hear a voice say, "This is
tough!"
And then awakened from my
show,
I stare straight at—my old
C. O.!

—R. G.

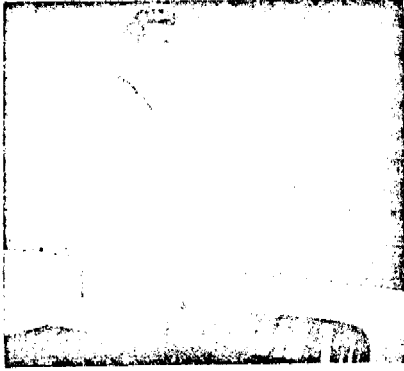
INTRODUCING THE PROFS

"A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops."
—Henry Adams

BY DICK GRAYSON

This is the second in a series of articles designed to introduce the professors of Wabash to their students.

Last week's article dealt with Drs. Charles and Howell. This week we interview Drs. Polley and Osborne.



Joseph Crawford Polley, Ph.D.

Once upon a time, Professor Polley was a sailor. It may not have been for long, mates, but it's true. It was back in the fall of 1918 that Doc Polley joined the United States Naval Officer's Training Unit at Yale, which roughly corresponded to our present-day V-12. Of course, the war was over a little while after he joined, but as Doc pensively remarks, "I, too, was a gob once...."

Doc Polley, who has been at the mast of the Wabash mathematics department since 1929, comes from Connecticut. He received his B.A. in 1921 from Yale, taught at Colgate (New York) for the next four years, and in 1929 received his Doctor's degree in mathematics from Yale. Then he came to Wabash. He is forty-six years old, married, and has two daughters. Besides English, he knows German, Italian, French, and Spanish.

Doc Polley is a member of Lambda Chi Alpha, Sigma Psi, and is a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and of the American Mathematical Society. For the last two summers, he was director on the Wabash campus of a "Study of the Training of Secondary Teachers," a project sponsored by the North Central Association of Colleges and Universities.

Doc Polley hasn't written a deal for publication since 1930, but most students of Wabash will remember having heard some figures at some time or other about the standing of Wabash graduates in "Who's Who", and in "American Men of Science." It was Doc Polley who discovered the good news. He collected the facts and published them in the "American Men of Science" several years ago, and "Ever since then," as he likes to

"Doubtless," he replied saltily, "I would faint dead away, and I would not recover from that profound faint till the year was up."

Although the question usually does take the professors somewhat aback, Doc Osborne was probably kidding. No doubt he would awaken at least within a week. After that time of trial, it is rumored, he would "traipse" about the country for a while.

Doctor Osborne is one of the few local boys here. His father was a professor at Wabash, and he himself was born in Crawfordsville. Doc Osborne graduated from Wabash in 1906. During the next ten years he attended Columbia University and was a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, England. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Beta Theta Pi, and Pi Delta Epsilon. In 1918-19 he was a first lieutenant in the U. S. Army Military



James Insley Osborne, Ph.D.

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It seems that Doc almost underestimated the Navy boys at Wabash. We don't know whether or not he expected some old salts who were still wiping spray from their faces, but, "They're better," he says, "than I figured." (Did we just hear some cheers out there?)

My Old C. O.

Once upon a midnight dream
I sat at watch so very wear
I thought of bed and blissful
sleep,
And just for practice, counted
sheep.
But soon the sheep became
bore;
I turned to something more
war....
Imagine something hoppier
low;
It was my old C. O.!

I watched him jump, I watched
him grunt,
He took of my attack the breeze
I made him march, I made him
run,
I made him stretch and stretch
for fun.
I made him sweat and blow
yell;
I did this till he felt like he

But now a big hand shakes
rough,
I hear a voice say, "This
tough!"
And then awakened from
show,
I stare straight at—my
C. O.!

—R. C.

Editorial

Townpeople Should Do It

It has been a common occurrence ever since Wabash men began appearing in white, to hear remarks of derision from groups of boys lolling on street corners, and to see words and phrases insulting to the Navy written on buildings and fences.

That much is true. Every man-jack of us has at least heard of the situation and many have been the objects of contemptuous gibes inadvertently spoken in public places.

Whether anyone realizes it or not, this blatant attack on the Wabash Navy is dynamite.

It may sound like a joke to some people. It is not a joke. This ridicule is evidence of the presence of frustrated young men who, for various reasons, missed the opportunities we had.

However, no matter how much sympathy we may have for these boys, if they do not come down to earth, eventually there will be trouble.

Trouble is something the Wabash Navy does not want.

You get demerits for conduct unbecoming to an officer-candidate. That includes personal combat. Enough demerits and it means Great Lakes. It also means a mark on the service record. We do not intend to look for trouble. We do not want it.

Nevertheless, the Wabash sailors are still human. Furthermore, we are intensely loyal to the Navy and all it stands for. We are proud of our uniforms.

If the Navy boys ever do something wrong to justify this Crawfordsville will expect the Navy to take care of it.

But something "wrong" is being done right now by certain small groups in town.

We realize that the townspeople as a whole are our friends. Is it not right that Crawfordsville should do something to correct this situation?—R. G.

* * * * *

"Once in Each Man's Life"

If there is one thing we will hear more and more as time goes on, it is the phrase, "Yours is a great opportunity." Our parents say it. Our friends say it. Strangers say it. The Navy says it. But the question is, *Do We all Know it?*

It is true that a great deal of what we learn here at Wabash under Navy sponsorship will be of benefit to us in private life. No one will begrudge it to us, and it is our responsibility to get what we can "while the gettin' is good". If we do, we are wise; everyone benefits. If we do not, we are fools, and everyone, from the individual to the Navy, suffers.

We may feel as selfish about all this as we care, but nevertheless, nothing can hide the fact that what we do here is, first and last, for the Navy and the country. We are the Navy. We are learning to better the Navy.

We should never let that thought slip from our minds, for as long as we are here, we either help or we hinder the Navy. It follows, therefore, that what we do here either helps or hinders our country. Our country is our home. It is the best place we know, and we should be proud to learn for it.

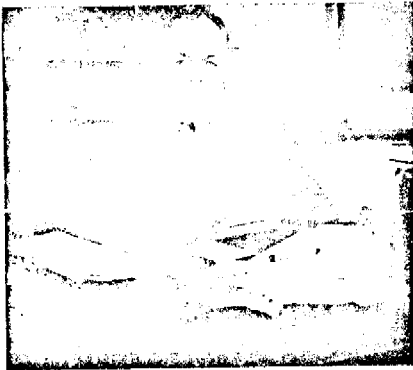
INTRODUCING THE PROFS

"Those having torches will pass them on to others" . . . Plato.

BY DICK GRAYSON

The following is the first in a series of articles designed to introduce to the new students of Wabash their teachers . . . their professors . . . their guides.

Doc Charles, back in the old days, was the Prof. who invariably came to



John Frederick Charles, Ph.D.

eight o'clock class smoking one of his many favorite pipes, giving the classroom a touch greatly reminiscent of Grandpa's study. He is assigned the role of "assistant professor of the classics" at Wabash and can discourse on almost any liberal arts subject. During his teaching career, he has guided students in courses of French, German, Latin, Spanish, Italian, English, and ancient and modern history. That really is not a

complete classification of his range of knowledge though, since Greek, Arabic, and Egyptian hieroglyphics command their positions of importance.

One of his hobbies, the study of Naval history and strategy, turned out to be quite practical when the Navy came in, and he is now teaching such a course. His other hobbies at present are music, and strange as it might seem, the study of the difficult ancient hieroglyphic writings of the ancient Egyptians. Doc has a garden too. But he would rather not think of his agricultural attempts as a hobby. "Gardening is probably the lowest occupation known to man," he jokes.

Doc Charles, for all his learning, is only 34. He is married and has two children. He is a Phi Beta Kappa and a member of the Classical Association of the Midwest and South. He was born in Michigan, received his A. B. at Oberlin in 1932, was given a Fellowship in Greek at the University of Chicago between '32 and '35 received his M.A. and Ph.D. in Greek from the University of California, and taught at a junior college in Jamestown, New York, before he came to Wabash. He has traveled in Italy and Greece and would like to travel again if he had the time.

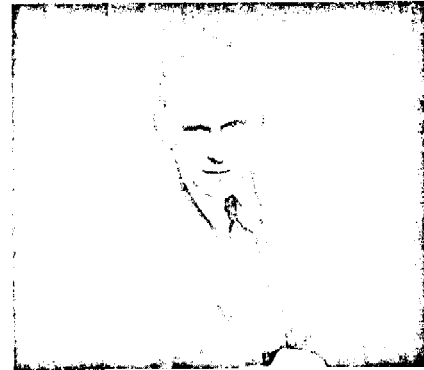
As for the Navy, he's noticed a decided change in the students. "It's unusual," he remarks, "to go into class every day and find everyone

there, and even more extraordinary, to find everyone awake. Now Wabash always fights sleep too."

* * *

Doc Howell is one of those specialists about whom you can say with perfect confidence, "What he doesn't know about chemistry probably hasn't been discovered yet!" His vast knowledge and experience have helped him in giving Wabash the reputation of possessing one of the really fine chemistry departments of the Midwest.

Doc Howell attained his A.B. here at Wabash in 1909, and his A.M. and Ph.D. at the University of Illinois in '18 and '19, respectively. He is a member of the Phi Lambda Upsilon, Sigma Psi, Phi Beta Kappa, and Lambda Chi Alpha fraternities and is a member of the American Chemical Society, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and



Lloyd Brelsford Howell, Ph.D.

the Indiana Academy of Science. He is 56 years "young," as those who know him put it; he is married and has three daughters and a son who is in the navy.

Chemical research is his main hob-

This is the first of my writings to appear in a college publication . . . to be followed by many sweated nights hen-pecking over a typewriter . . .

IMPORTANT

BACHELOR STAFF MEMBERS PLEASE TAKE CAREFUL NOTE

In order that the publication of the Bachelor may be facilitated, there are certain rules that MUST be followed by staff members. If we do not get the paper out EVERY week, and on TIME, each week, there is no sense in attempting to publish at all. But we want to publish it, because: 1. The majority of the students here look forward to reading it. 2. There is a certain amount of news in it that would not be obtainable otherwise. 3. It is eagerly anticipated and it is needed by the alumni, especially by those in the service. 4. The faculty wants it and 5. there are a number of men who appreciate the opportunity it gives them to write and to see their efforts in print.....

COOPERATE, and follow these rules:

1. Attend the staff meetings. If you do not, it makes it difficult for the editors to direct the staff.
2. MEET THE DEADLINE-----This is now THURSDAY at 1200..If you do not do this, the whole schedule is interrupted. Since there is a shortage of help at the print shop, this schedule MUST be followed explicitly.....
3. Turn your copy in TYPED. The linotypers work at about \$2000 an hour, and manuscript requires almost twice as much time. It must be double-spaced with a large margin on each side for corrections by the copy-readers. A quarter of the first page at the top must be left blank for the headline. The exact number of words in the story must be marked on the first page so that the managing editor can draw up a dummy paper----this in order to determine what kind of heads to order the copy readers to write on your story. CORRECT YOUR OWN COPY before you turn it in and save the copy reader a little work....
4. News editor, sports editor, and feature editors must copy read in their respective departments sometime between 1200 and 1800 Thurs.
5. Copy readers must read all copy and write all heads Thurs. evening before 2200.
6. The managing editor will make out a fake dummy after all copy is in or accounted for and determine heads to go on stories. He will then inform the copy readers.
7. Corrected copy WITH HEADS is at the printers Friday morning at 0700. The managing editor will be responsible for this and will see that no material is sent that the editor does not allow in the paper.
8. Monday evening all the proofs are ready. The managing editor gets them and makes them up into a dummy. The proof reader works this night. The MAN Ed then checks dummy and proofs with the editor by 2300 and takes the dummy and proofs to the printers by 0700 Tues. Then the editor goes down at 1100 Tues. and babies the damned thing until it is on the press. the editor writes all the late news that was not assigned, and then by the time the paper is printed, he also adds a few more gray hairs to his head.....

PLEASE DO THIS*****The EDITOR and MANAGING EDITOR are slowly going crazy -----