

First Varsity Variety Show Nearing Completion

THE RAM PAGE

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION SAN ANGELO COLLEGE

Acts To Be Ready
Friday, Saturday

With expectations for a capacity crowd next Friday and Saturday nights, the San Angelo College Varsity Variety Review is going into its last week of rehearsal. Tickets will be 25 cents for all seats.

"Individual numbers are nearing completion," says General Chairman Charles Roberts, "and about all we lack is polishing up the grouping and getting the song-and-dance numbers organized with the dialogue." Buster Reed and his nine-piece orchestra will be featured between acts. Some of the front row auditorium seats will be removed to make room for the band.

The show will have three separate acts, each one independent of the other. Act One takes place in a Western resort, where a group of girls—strictly chaperoned by a spinster biology teacher—are studying Western plant life. What should happen but the arrival of another such group, this time in the masculine gender. There are excuses a-plenty for dancing by Harmon Price and Louise Renfro, a tap routine by Marcene Billingsley, and songs by Richard Bogard and Jane Greene.

Act Two is the surrealist version of the life of Henry VIII. Time is the Eternal; place, the Infinite. Co-playwrights for this act are Miles Sedberry and Hobart McDowell. (Roberts wrote the other two acts.) The playwrights play Henry VIII and the Spirit of the Sixth Sense and Fifth Division, respectively. Secretary to the Spirit is Jackie Oden. Miss Miscellaneous is Marjorie Wynn. Mr. X is Jack and Jene Moore; Bloody Mary, Elsie Boehme; courtiers, Jane Westmoreland, Viola Beth Hearn, and Ann Templeton. Surprise part of the play is handled by John Scott Harris.

Act Three takes place in the future 'Rec Room of a new SAC (1951). In this act the student pictures his ideal recreation room open at night with a chromium plated soda fountain. Highlight of this act and climax of the show is the singing of the school song, which will close the performance.

For the most part original music has been written for the show. Roberts' "I Have a Right to Dream," has already been heard in assembly. Curtain time is 8:15 Friday and Saturday nights. Although activity tickets do not admit students, directors of the show anticipate a large crowd of students at both performances.

The "Barbarians" Into Production

"The Barbarians," official one-act play for San Angelo College, is now well into the stages of production. The five male actors have learned their entire lines and have finished blocking out the action for the drama.

The plot of the play is centered around the reactions of five miners caught in a coal-mine cave-in. Frank, played by J. W. Rice, is a former office-boy who has come to work in the "pit," after having lost his job "up above." Knowles, played by Mark Cooper, is an old miner who takes the small, weak Frank under his personal care because he reminds him of his son. Peters, played by Hobart McDowell, is a tough bullying miner who taunts Frank into a fight with picks.

Joe Talley plays the part of Barto, a Greek miner who is trying to learn English to become a citizen. John Davenport is Gerald, a family man who is working in the mines to get enough money to build a house for his family.

The play will be given in assembly March 18, immediately before it is taken to Hillsboro for the State Contest March 21.

Getting Ready For the SAC Varsity Review



Pulchritude plus plot and song and dance equals the first act of the SAC Varsity Variety Review to be presented next Friday and Saturday. The girls above are Jane Westmoreland, May Tupper, Jane Greene, and Ann Alderman. In the show, they are Eastern co-eds on a Western tour—to study biology.



Meet Miss Maud P. Peppleweight, biology teacher extraordinary (and Chessie Miller beneath the make-up.) She is signing Jane Greene up for her Western plant life tour.



Don't worry: Chessie doesn't really lecture during the first act. She's just telling her pretty pupils about the evils of Western men. How'd she find out?



"Ah, woe! This younger generation!" thinks Miss Peppleweight. "Why can't people appreciate biology?" For an answer, see Mr. Bare.



And here's another pupil, Marcene Billingsley. She does two tap numbers during the show, one with Mary Lou Kesterson.

Varsity Revue Set For Friday

Why dream of Broadway and Hollywood? For thrills and chills and entertainment superb, you need not look wistfully to those far-away centers of the cinema. Glamor and talent abound in San Angelo College, and on March 14, 15, the Varsity Revue, first show of its kind in his section of West Texas, will be presented in the auditorium of the college.

This is SAC's own parade of talented stars. Everything in the show is entirely original, being written and directed by the students of the college.

The Varsity Revue cast will be featured on the College Life program over the Texas State Network at 4:00, Tuesday, March 11.

The show is in three acts, two of which were written by Sophomore Charles Roberts, director and stage manager. One of the dramatic highlights is a surrealist's version of the life of Henry VIII, NAMELESS FRIDAY, a play by Miles Sedberry and Hobart McDowell, SAC freshman.

Featured on the program is Clydean Everitt, piano artist, frequently heard over TSN. Another feature will be the dance, La Conga, by Louise Renfro and Harmon Price.

Playing before the show and between acts will be SAC's young band leader, Buster Reed, and his orchestra, now being featured over KGKL.

Climax of the Revue will be the rendition of Charles Roberts' copyrighted song, "I Have a Right to Dream," by the persuasive, shadowy purple voice of lovely Jane Greene.

The performance will close with the entire cast and twelve picked voices from the choir singing the school song, "Hail! Alma Mater!"

— R A M S —

Dr. Elkins Home From Chicago

Dr. Wilson H. Elkins has returned from a trip to Chicago to attend the National Convention of Junior Colleges. Dr. Elkins was met in Fort Worth by Coach Pete Sikes who accompanied him to the meeting of the west zone officials. Coach Sikes and Dr. Elkins protested the ruling of the N. T. A. C., Weatherford and Decatur members who awarded the west zone championship to John Tarleton.

Dr. Elkins, president of the Texas Junior College Association, attended the convention as the delegate from San Angelo College. He left Wednesday of last week and returned last Tuesday.

— R A M S —

CAA Group Now Flying Daily

The Civil Aeronautics Authority students are now flying daily. Mr. Bare, ground instructor, announces. The third group to take such training here at San Angelo College, the ten pupils will graduate late in May.

Students taking the training are as follows:

- Elbert Whitehead.
- Ella Marie Davis.
- Harmon Price.
- Jack O'Neal.
- George Neal.
- Nick Pappas.
- Davis Helton.
- Aulden Witt.
- Ralph Wilson.
- Chester Beavers.



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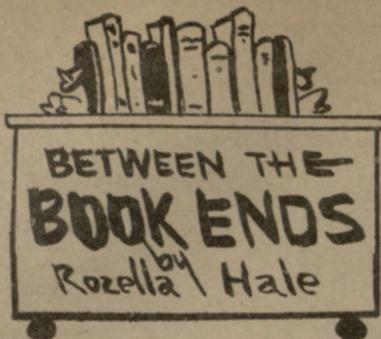
Lasting Peace: A Need, A Hope

Since the visit of Col. M. Thomas Tchou recently, a number of S. A. Collegians, along with faculty members have become enthusiastic toward the world-wide movement of a United States of Democracies.

Whether or not that idea is workable depends largely on what kind of government the democracies would devise. At any rate, one point in the Federation idea is generally agreed upon by everyone; the world is in a mess today and we owe it to ourselves to get it out.

During the last War, the democracies fought with their backs to the wall—in the hope of establishing a lasting peace later. And yet today they again face an ever-increasing enemy. Only this time it's worse. At the end of this war—should the democracies win, we must not make the same mistake again.

If, in their discussions, this World Citizen Club of San Angelo and S. A. C. can help to relieve these ills—then power to them. This world needs something; maybe its world citizens.



ROAD TO ENDOR

By Ether Barstow Hammand
From the England of Cromwell to the hot, spicy sunlight of the West Indies and the dour, witch-ridden bleakness of Puritan New England—such is the varied background of the generous, full-bodied historical novel. Alive with action, with flavor and atmosphere, ROAD TO ENDOR is highly-colored and rich in authentic historical detail. Through its pages runs the theme of sorcery black magic, witchcraft, like a dark, sinuous thread.

Esther Barstow Hammand has chosen as her hero an actual historical figure, a man whose complex character is full of lights and shadows, of unrealized passions and sombre depths; from the narrative of his extraordinary life he emerges with compelling reality, a flesh and blood human being.

Samuel Parris was destined for the ministry, but he was to travel a long, twisting, adventurous road before that destiny was fulfilled. When he was still a child in England, his father was summoned to Barbados to take charge of his brother's plantation. Samuel survived the Black Death which claimed his mother and sister, attended the famous Morton's Academy, witnessed the Great Fire of London, and in the midst of its terror and confusion, looked for a brief moment on the face of Elizabeth, the girl he was



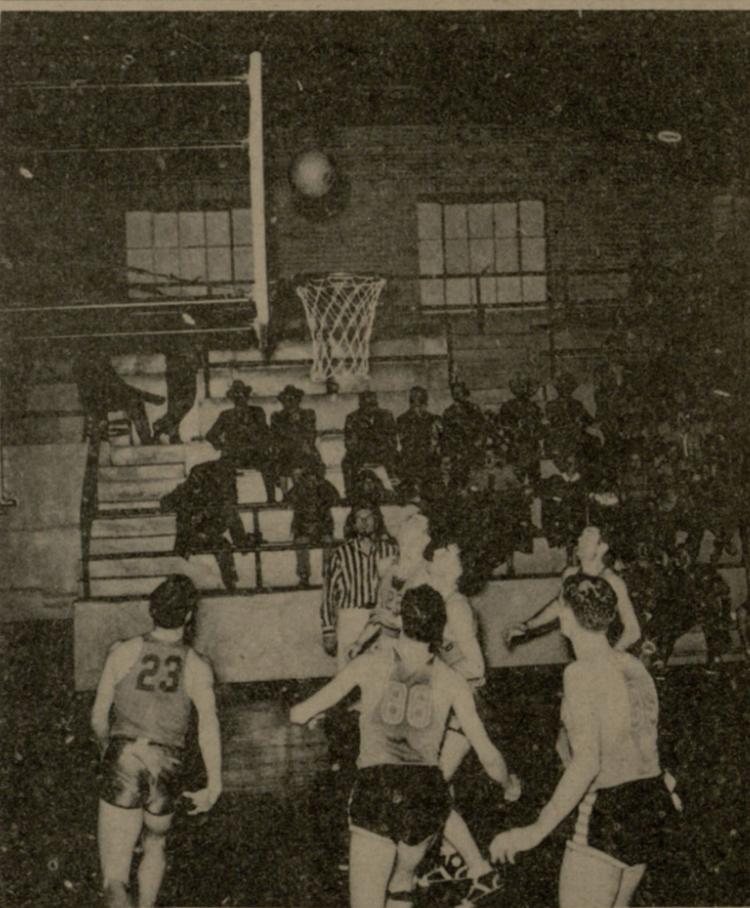
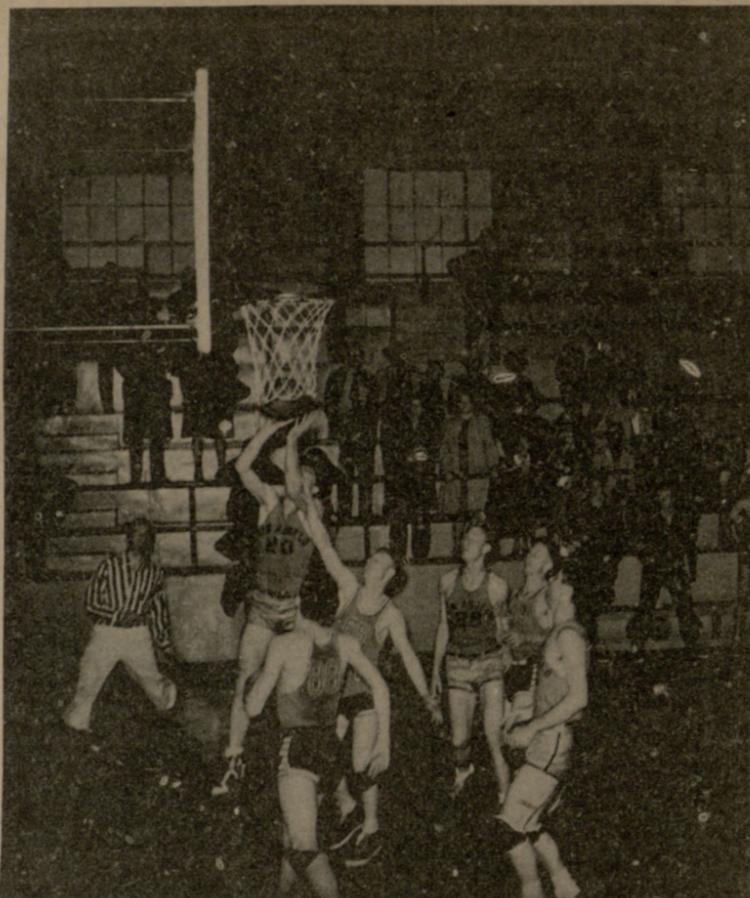
to love all his life. Then came the chance to continue his ecclesiastical studies—at a new college in the New World—and with high heart Samuel set out for America and Harvard.

He fitted into the scholarly Puritan atmosphere of Boston and Cambridge as though he had been born to it, but his peace was short lived; he found Elizabeth again, and Elizabeth was no longer free. Samuel was sore troubled, and when a letter summoned him to Barbados, where his father was dying, he decided to go.

Barbados was an odd place for the young Puritan, with its tropic lushness, its chanting Blacks; leering African gods lurked in the shadows and the nights trobed with voodoo drums. Tituba, Samuel's wily, inscrutable housekeeper, cast a spell upon her master, and Sheba, the beautiful, tawny slave girl, troubled his dreams, tempted him into a sin which haunted him all his days. There was an uprising of blacks, a hurricane—then the letter which told of the death of Elizabeth's husband, and Samuel took ship for Boston.

Samuel's long dream came to pass when he and Elizabeth were married. But now the dark thread widens and thickens, for Samuel, sent as pastor to the remote lit-

Scenes From Ram Win Over Decatur



Captain: Why didn't you salute me yesterday?
Private: I didn't see you, sir.
Captain: Good; I was afraid you were mad at me.

tle settlement of Salem Village, becomes the center of a series of events which culminate in a climax of unique and trifling intensity. On the testimony of a handful of frightened children and ignorant, hysterical women, passions long dormant beneath the frigid Puritanical exterior were stirred to unbridled, fanatical frenzy. The dread epidemic of the witch hunt, with its persecutions, torture, and hangings, was in full cry.

The historic Salem witch trials are the hair-raising climax of Miss Hammand's story. The story which leads up to them teems with dramatic incident, unforgettable scenes, and is peopled with memorable character, actual as well as fictional. With its wealth of historical background, as vivid as it is scrupulously accurate, ROAD TO ENDOR is a novel which maintains the reader's interest in mounting crescendo from first page to last.

* From the Book League Review.

Col. M. Tchou Suggests World Democracy Union

East met West a week ago last Wednesday night when Col. M. Thomas Tchou spoke to an enthusiastic audience at the Municipal Auditorium. High point of the evening was the discussion of a World Federation of Democracies after the scheduled speech and question periods.

"We cannot deny," Col. Tchou stated, "that our world today has its ills. We cannot effectively condemn the aggressors in Europe and Asia until we offer something ourselves. That is thing we intend to do."

He suggested organization of numerous chapters in towns and cities throughout the world. In each of these chapters, discussions will be made, each member submitting his own views on a world federation of democracies—how the legislative system should be organized, plans for a world police force, and the rest.

There are already some forty chapters in towns and cities in the United States (nine in Texas.) Missionaries are forming similar groups in the Far East. Soon, Col. Tchou believes, they will be formed in all parts of the world.

Miss Anne Reynolds, English instructor, was chosen secretary pro tem for the group, which is to meet again after the address of next week's Rotary Institute speaker. A platform for the San Angelo Chapter of a World Citizen League will then be handed out to those interested.

Col. Tchou is especially interested in encouraging youth to take up this cause. "Youth must be interested because youth," Col. Tchou states, "must make and live in the world of tomorrow."

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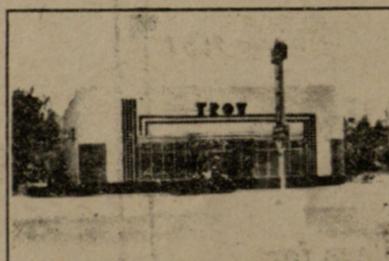
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Tarleton Awarded Championship

By J. M. HULING
Sports Editor of The Ram-Page

John Tarleton College has been awarded the West Zone title of the TJCC basketball race despite the fact that the San Angelo College Rams ended in the top position in the final standing.

At the first word of the deal, Coach Pete Sikes packed his grip and sped to Ft. Worth to contest the decision of the committee along with President Elkins who was already there.

The TJCC rules definitely state that a team must play a 10-game schedule with schools in the same district. The Rams did just that, BUT through the influence of some power the officials dug down into the records and discovered that the Wayland Baptist College had not paid its athletic fee to the conference secretary.

In February, S. L. Hughes, secretary-treasurer of the conference and chairman of the West Zone in basketball sent out a request for teams in the West Zone to schedule games with Wayland. The rulings state that every team must pay its fee before May 1. By all powers of reasoning, the former secretary-treasurer, Mr. W. B. McDaniel, of Weatherford College, should have known which teams had paid their fees but it seems that the matter was neglected. The records were there for the new official but it seems that he only found that Wayland had not paid their fee AFTER the Rams had won the West Zone championship.

In interview yesterday, Dr. Elkins said:

"In my opinion there was a lot of under-cover work that went on and which really was responsible for our being thrown out.

"It seems to me that this should forever stand as a classic example of poor sportsmanship on the part of an opponent and lack of understanding by a conference committee.

"Victory without honor is empty and I do not feel that the so-called winner can obtain any genuine satisfaction out of a championship gained on a committee floor."

The most humorous part of the whole deal, if there is any thing funny about it, (we can see none from here) was that the committee had OK'ed the Rams schedule. Why in thunder, then, did they take the title away from the first place Rams and give it to the J-TAC Plowboys, who ended in second place? That has yet to be explained to this department.

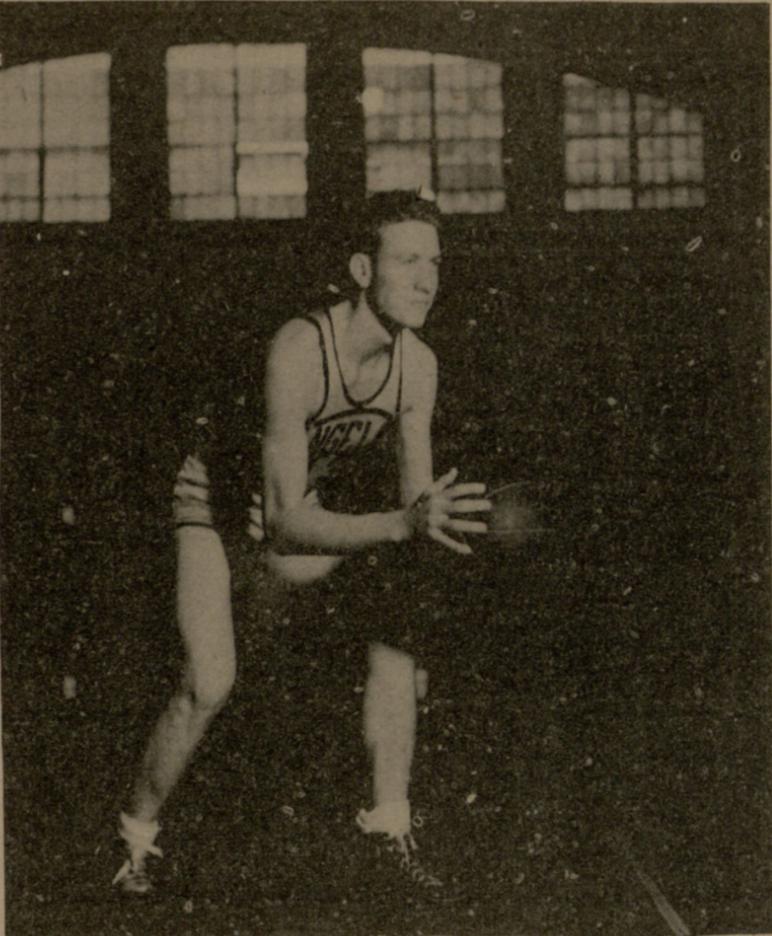
— R A M S —



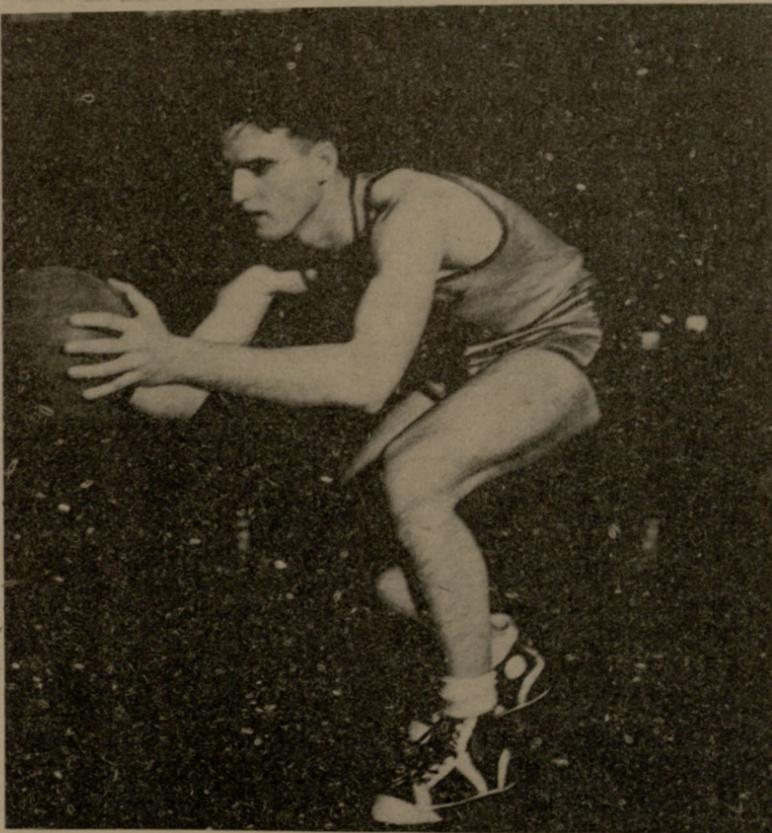
Whoa!!!! What goes on here? The Rams won the title. What's it doing in the hands of the Plowboys? The matter of Wayland not paying its fee to the conference heads did not seem to make any difference in the final standing of the grid-iron race this fall but it certainly tore things up around here.

I would like to ask one question. What prompted the committee to look back through the records and find out about this oversight (?) on the part of the

These Boys Are West Zone Champions (We Think)



Pictured above is Dale Miller, star forward on the Zone Championship team which lost one conference game all season. Miller is a stellar performer at guarding.



Leon Jennings was ill a goodly part of the season, but he played enough in the last few games to be high point man in each of them. He scored two hundred and eighty points last year.

Wayland officials? Could it have been the influence of Coach Wisdom, the Tarleton coach? He has long been noted for his ways of doing things and this seems to be the crowning achievement of his long and doubtful career.

It is the opinion around the college here that the Rams were very neatly robbed out of the right to go into the state finals. The Rams are fighting mad and without a doubt would like to challenge the Plowboys on a neutral court.

There is a fellow around the country that tells me of some of the deals on the part of H. T. Tinsley of Decatur. He was on the committee that approved the schedule of the Rams. There is something going on around here that is not on the up and up and we sure would like to have the

low down on it. Incidentally, Dr. Elkins, new president of the T. J. A. A., informs us that the zone committee will be cleaned up next year.

The Bobcats of SAHS took the District 7 title and also the first game of the Regional strife, but lost out to their arch enemy, Abilene, in the finals. Bill Cunningham and Bobby Lonon were placed on the all-regional team.

I cannot think of a printable crack about Jackie Oden.

— R A M S —

Yet Statistics Are Figures.

Next to a beautiful girl, what do you think is the most interesting thing in the world?

When I'm next to a beautiful girl, I'm not worrying about statistics.

Clifton Loses By Large Counts

The Rams slipped the skids to the Clifton Junior College five times last week in conference play in the local Gym by scores of 50-7 and 76-24.

In the first of the two contests, the Clifton quintet was held to two field goals and three free shots for a total of seven points for the full 40 minutes of playing time.

Things were a little better in the second contest but it was not enough to hold the customers close to the game. The Clifton hoopers managed to squeeze in a total of 24 points to 76 for the Rams.

This series of games made the Rams winners of the West Zone of the TJCC Basketball Conference, from a statistical standpoint, having lost only one game out of 10 conference starts.

— R A M S —

Leonard's Lineup

Ranger, Decatur and Clifton all downed should have made the Rams owners of the West Zone championship—but seemingly a committee composed of men whose teams were trampled under the Ram 5 have elected our arch-enemy, Mr. John Tarleton, to the top of the West Zone championship.

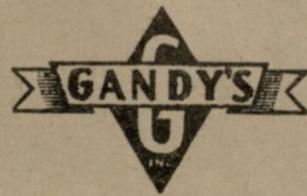
There seems to be a high-flown conspiracy to keep the San Angelo College athletes down by giving these titles to honor-colleges and not to the colleges that have worked hard to get them—

Here I am editorializing—I had better leave that to John D. and write sports; but some things can go a little too far—

Well, the Decatur professionals were the only team that really gave any competition during the last week's games and they were knocked to their knees by the Rams' Quintet in a five-minute fifth quarter, 49-42. A close score was held during all the game, Decatur taking the lead only once, by 2 points. The real ball playing began in the last two minutes.

However, one wild "Red" Johnson turned on the heat and the score flew past the equilibrium mark of 36-36 in a fifth quarter

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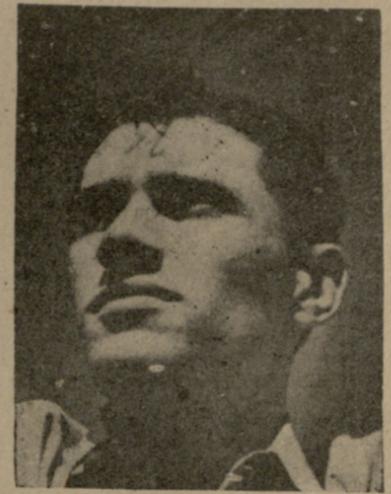
to a seven point lead with a final score of 49-42.

And for one Ram game Blondy Cross didn't look as if he were going to die of boredom; isn't that what you think, Mules, or were you even there?

That's all for the time being so I'll sign off with a double L.

P. S.—I think double L looks a lot better than three S's, don't you?

— R A M S —



E. R. Schindler, freshman in San Angelo College, drew the mast-head for this week's Ram-Page. A business major, Schindler is enrolled in Mr. Harris' Perspective Drawing Class. Schindler was the 300th student to enroll in SAC. He is a follower of football, pool, golf, poker, and Mary Frances Edgard.

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Spring has sprung—at least everyone certainly is lazy and romantic. Why, just the other day Mayfair Jones and Elbert Lemley were holding hands in the hall. That's supposed to prove something like "an old flame never dies." Spring didn't have the right effect on June Covington and Louis Hill—they aren't on speaking terms.

A wish expressed—March would stay away just one week-end and give the local fellas a chance with Janie.

Some of the little SAC gals made the Cadet Dance—meaning Louise Renfro, Mayfair Jones, Sara Frances Jones, Lucille DePriest, Viola Beth Hearn, and Ann Alderman.

And guess who was leaning on the protective arm of "Uncle Willie" Bryant last Saturday night—none other than Chessie Miller.

Didn't Elsie and Neil look nice and comfortable lounging on the front lawn last Monday? We are beginning to believe we have found one couple that never will break up.

Newest heart throb of the females of SAC—Cotton Nelson. Maybe he's a woman hater—he's been here one month and been with two women.

Surprise—Aggie Ross Couey's hair has been allowed to grow three-fourths inch—an improvement over exams when he was bald.

Three SAC boys have resigned the field, giving Gene Bowen the Go-ahead sign with a certain SAHS junior.

Talk now centers around the super-ultra-spiffy-deluxe-special Varsity Review coming off next Friday and Saturday nights. All you guys and gals who enjoy a real SHOW put on by people you KNOW, please GO to the VARSITY SHOW. And anchor feed.

Till Franklin Rainey, Bobby Callaway, and Penrose Jackson meet Ernest Ellidge and Paschal Drake in Applied Psychology, I sign

SSS.

Borrowed

"Oh, I've missed you!" she cried. Then she raised the big revolver and tried again.

—College Star.

If you love me like I love you, shame on us.

—Pelican.

Smartly dressed in coat of fur,
Lounging against a cocktail bar,

Baby, how I wish you were
As naughty as you think you are.

Warm breath on my cheek;
Soft touch on my shoulder;
Little face pressed close to mine;
Beek! Who let the cat in?

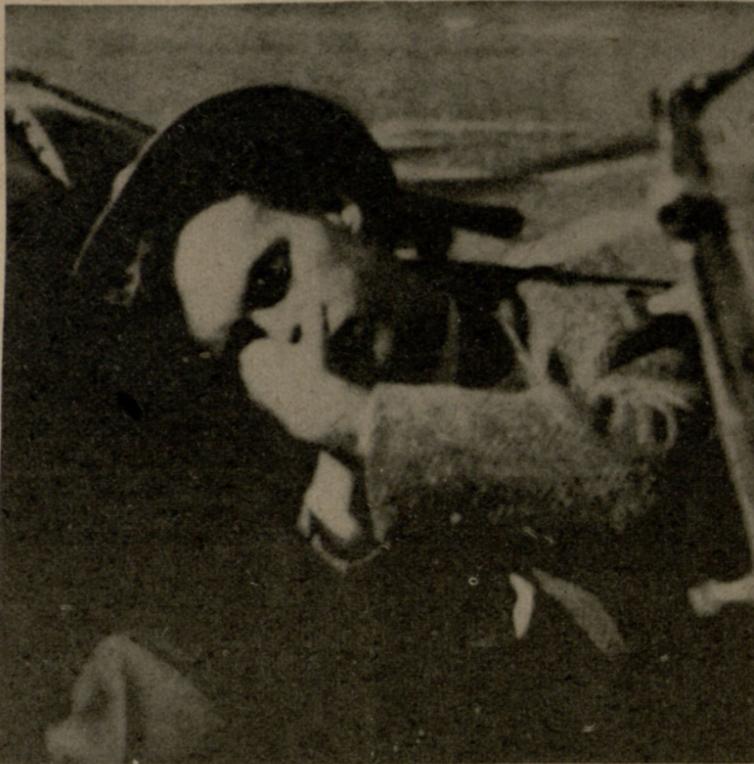
—El Paso Tattler.

Thought of the Week:

In olden days a girl could tell by looking into her sweetheart's eyes whether she loved him or not, but nowadays she has to feel around his pockets.

Yellow Jacket.
Tarzan—a short name for the American flag. Its full name is Tarzan stripes.

And then there's the one about the two dwarfs who went into a funeral parlor and asked for two short biers.

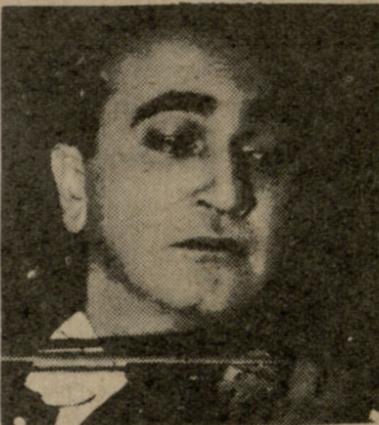


Rubinoff, Great Violin Player, Appreciative Human In Real Life

By JOHN DAVENPORT

"When David Rubinoff played his SAC-sponsored concert last Thursday night, listeners were hearing the violin in its most varied forms of music." Such was the statement of one delighted member of the huge audience that crowded the Municipal Auditorium to hear the famous Dave Rubinoff. Running the gamut of entertainment from "Oh, Johnny," to "Mon Reve D'Armour," Rubinoff held the audience to spell-bound attention while playing, and drew encore after encore at the end of his scheduled program.

Off-stage Dave Rubinoff is the same honest, likeable genius that he is when performing. Frank



and quick to criticize when he feels it due, Rubinoff nevertheless is also quick to recognize and praise when praise is in order. Temperamental? Quite. But what great star is not? Rubinoff combines the temperamental streak with a self-confidence that has carried him from a humble Russian basement to one of the highest-paid touring performances in America today.

When I met Rubinoff, the thing that impressed me most was his size. On stage, with his

famous Stradivarius in his supple fingers, Rubinoff is a veritable giant. The music that flows from the strings could come from none but a gigantic musical genius. Off stage Rubinoff is not large. Around five feet seven inches tall, he strikes one as being small as he strides around with the brown pebbled case containing the mark of his profession. But it is the same Dave Rubinoff, the same great showman that has thousands awed as the bow of his violin drew forth strains of immortal beauty.

Rubinoff is fundamentally human. Beneath that polished exterior of the professionally great is a man interested in what he sees about him. "I like to walk," Rubinoff said as we strolled to his hotel rather than wait on a ride. A great admirer of Will Rogers, Rubinoff talks much of the cheap "cheap comedians" who attempt to imitate him.

He is interested in reaching even greater heights in his musical career. Not content with the great strides he has taken upward, he states, "I practice several hours each day. Concerts are nothing as compared to real practice." While here Rubinoff played three separate concerts, one of them over the Texas State Network.

Rubinoff is interested in others. "Tell me of your college newspaper and of the process of lithographing," he said. He listened attentively as I explained the details. Two days later I received a letter from him requesting a copy of the Ram-Page and wishing me success. "I was very pleased to make your acquaintance on my visit there. I wish you luck and success and hope that the next time we meet you will be the editor of a great syndicate as well as one newspaper."

Change to
M SYSTEM
and 'Pocket the Change'

NOTES from a LYRE

By H. D. Wright

This week has been heavenly for the Ramblers since all that has been required of them is that they practice some new music for some individual hearings the next week or so. Some of the new numbers are "Morning," "Korsakov" and "Scarf Dance."

Well, one just never knows who'll be billing and cooing next. Take Charles Landrum for instance. Now he is occupied with Cleone Allen.

Herbert Neyland has allegedly been having some pretty high times lately with Sara McBurnett from S. A. H. S.

Tonight marks the second night of Jack Wilkerson's romance with Dorothy Bronson. This began early last summer, but hasn't progressed far as yet.

Last Monday night Edith Kirby and Louis Bradley went to the show. A new couple?

A few nights ago, Dale "Jelly" Miller met a blond that has his heart doing tailspins. Her name? Oh, it's Elloween Evans.

Bill Bradley took Chessie Miller to the movies Sunday and they walked home! (By the way, Chessie has been doing an awful lot of bike riding lately—Couldn't be that she wants to keep that schoolgirl figure of hers trim?) Questions have arisen concerning Jack Bent's recent illness (?) Well, we are glad he's back from whatever you want to call it.

That's all for this week except that I've been requested to revise the spelling of "Lyre," but it's suitable as it is.

— R A M S —

A wedding is a funeral where you smell your own flowers.

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