

A Merry Christmas And A Happy New Year

THE RAM PAGE

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION SAN ANGELO COLLEGE

John Davenport Wins T. U. Torney With Prophetic Speech On Jap Issue

John Davenport, student last year in SAC, recently won the Hogg Literary Society's annual Oratory Contest at the University of Texas. Davenport, who will be remembered by second-year students of San Angelo College as last year's editor of the Ram-Page, president of the chorus, and actor in several plays, is at present a student in the TU School of Law.

Davenport won the medal by defeating seventeen entries, among them several former state Inter-scholastic League champions in Oratory, Debate and Ex-Temporaneous speaking. He was invited to present his speech over a central Texas network. The second and third place winners, Frank Abraham of Tyler and Shirley Purdam of Dallas, were also on the program. In this subsequent speaking, both Abraham and Purdam, reversed Davenport's former win, placing first and second respectively, in the opinion of the speech professors invited to ballot on the talks.

The topic of Davenport's talk was, "Must We Fight Japan Now?" His final presentation of the speech occurred November 9, almost a month before the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. The text of the speech follows, and, as Davenport stated on a recent visit, "I little dreamed at the time of the true prophetic tone of my words."

Must We Fight Japan Now?

A few days ago, President Roosevelt announced the withdrawal of American marines from Japanese-occupied Chinese towns, thus clearing the way for possible military action in the Far East. This action, and other events of the past few days, has prompted many observers of the foreign situation to make the remark that war between our nation and the Japanese Empire appeared inevitable. Before we condemn this statement as premature or unfounded, let us look a moment into the history of the relations between the two countries.

Even from the most scanty study of the two forms of government, of the basic principles of the two forms of foreign policy, one fact becomes clearly evident. They cannot be reconciled. The American principle of freedom from oppression, of the right of nations, like men, to live free from tyranny, can not be reconciled to continued acts of Japanese aggression.

And since 1894 Japan's entire history has been one of unrestrained aggression. In 1894 she first invaded Korea. In 1904 she fought the Russo-Japanese war and annexed Korea. In 1918 she attempted to seize the Maritime Province of Siberia. In 1926 she proposed the division of Manchuria with Russia. In 1932 she invaded Manchuria and attacked Shanghai, and since that time she has waged an unceasing, unprovoked and undeclared war against the helpless but bravely-struggling Chinese people. Of recent months she has taken over

prostrate French Indo-Chinese possessions, and the latest example of her demands has been the one upon peaceful Portugal for the island of Macao.

Realizing the insatiable appetite of this devouring monster of Great Britain, and the loyal aggression, the United States, Great Britain and the loyal Dutch East Indies have cut off supplies of rubber and oil and other materials vitally needed by the Nipponese war machine. Conferences between our own Department of State and representatives of the Japanese government have so far failed. And now the little yellow men of East Asia have sent us their personal envoy, bearing what they term the last attempt at reconciliation. The Japanese government controlled press, which has been throttled for this envoy's visit, had, prior to this time, warned the world of the coming lashing out of Japan against this so-called "encirclement." Japanese demands must be met, they said, or Japan is prepared to take other means.

Presuming for a moment that the United States were so desirous of peace at any price that she were willing to give in to Japanese demands in return for a treaty of some sort, (as the British were at Munich) just what would be the worth of such a treaty? It would be worth precisely no more than the one at Munich! And the Nipponese war machine, fed once more by American oil, and given a free hand in China under the terms of that treaty, would strike again! On Russia involved in the West? On Singapore, Hong Kong, or Australia? On the rich Dutch East Indies? On the Philippines themselves? Who knows?

No, the Japanese demands have not, should not, and will not be met by the American government. America will not abandon China, nor will she give up the Far East to Japan to wreak further havoc.

And, if the Japanese do lash out against this so-called encirclement—which is, in truth, a mere drying up of her ability to make war—she will be met by 2500 of the world's best war-planes, the combined might of the British, American, and Dutch air armadas. And her huge but antedated navy will be met by the mighty gray watch-dogs of the Pacific Fleet! And the result will be an elimination, once and for all, of the Menace of the Far East, the Axis bed-fellow, the Empire of the Rising Sun.

My friends, in conclusion, must we fight Japan now? Suffice to say.—when we must, we shall!

—John Davenport.

R A M S



LT'S Surprise Brumbelow

Lambda Taus surprised Prof. Carl Brumbelow with a house-warming in his new apartment last Thursday night. Members presented him with a bridge table, and the lowly pledges furnished refreshments for the evening.

Later in the evening, pledges washed the dishes and cleaned up the apartment while the members, Mr. Brumbelow, and Mrs. Anne Reynolds-Glasgow, club sponsor, listened to some of Mr. Brumbelow's records.

Tuesday evening Lamba Taus entertained with a Christmas Tree party in the home of Jean Guthrie. Gifts were exchanged, and Mrs. Glasgow presented the group with a box of chocolates.

Designing Class Study Sketching

Members of the costume designing class, instructed by Mrs. Oscar Wade, are sketching original dresses, and dresses taken from ancient Egyptian, French, and English designs. After sketching the girls studied harmony, color combinations, and types of colors in regard to themselves. They studied design in comparison to type, style, and color to fit individuals.

After Christmas holidays the girls will study costume jewelry. They will study hair lines and cosmetics for each type face: round, oval, and square. They will also study the type of accessories to be worn with each costume, and for certain types of people.

Xmas Holidays Are Stated

The students of SAC will close the doors behind them today to begin the Christmas holidays. Many of the students from out-of-town left for home yesterday, and some will leave today. The holidays will expire at 8:00 a.m. on January 5.

HOBBY CLUB PLANS CHANGES

The Hobby Club, according to Mr. H. Harris is in a state of suspended animation. This condition is to exist until after the Christmas holidays when a bridge club and a chess club will be started.

Christmas Party Held In Rec' Room

The Christmas party which was held in the rec room last night proved to be a big success. Admission to this party was a defense stamp. The proceeds from the party are to be used as a compensation to the family of some SAC student who has pledged his services to Uncle Sam.

A night club atmosphere was felt in the rec room decorated with soft lights and filled with soft (and hot) music by Buster Reed's orchestra. Tables were placed around the room, and food was ordered from menus written in French. The floor show featured SAC talent, and waiters were SAC students. Gifts were distributed by Santa Claus.

Food was prepared by Mrs. Wade's classes.

R A M S

SAC Student Meets Knox

"Secretary Knox, I am Buddy Smith, a fellow American."

With that, Esker Smith, Jr., introduced himself to America's secretary of navy Sunday morning in Midland. Smith, a student in San Angelo College, was in Midland with Buster Reed's orchestra, and had played for a dance Saturday night.

When he heard that Knox had stopped in Midland en route from Pearl Harbor to Washington, Smith walked up to him as he was eating breakfast in the hotel coffee shop.

The secretary, sitting between two men in resplendent navy uniforms, had finished breakfast. As he reached for his hat to go, Smith tapped him on the shoulder and introduced himself.

"Well, how do you do, Buddy," Knox said. "What brings you up here?"

Buddy explained, and then asked Knox whether his Pearl Harbor visit had been successful.

"It couldn't have been better," Knox said. The two chatted for several minutes. Then the secretary excused himself to leave for Washington.

"Although he looks a little too reserved in his pictures," Buddy says, "he is really very friendly. He is a robust man, and has a very good personality."

R A M S

Chorus Presents Carols Program

The College choir presented the SAC Christmas assembly last Thursday. Hymns and carols sung were "Adeste Fidelis," "I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day," "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen," "Good King Wenceslar," "Angels We Have Heard On High," "Why Do the Heathen Rage," "Thine the Glory," and the "Hallelujah Chorus."

Carl Brumbelow is director of the choir.

R A M S



Lowell Dougherty, who joined the air force last week, is now stationed in Wichita Falls, Texas where he will receive his primary training.

Lowell was a sophomore, and he has been a member of the college band for two years.

The following addresses of the boys who have left school to join different branches of the service were submitted by Penrose Jackson. Powers and Allison are in the U. S. Army Air Corps stationed at Jefferson Barracks Missouri. Dougherty is in the U. S. Army Air Corps at Sheppard Field, Wichita Falls, Texas.

Former Rams Paul Davis and Nick Pappas were in town over the week-end. They are in the Air Corps and are doing fine.

S. A. School Board Lunches In SAC

Members of the college foods class served luncheon for the school board Tuesday at noon. The luncheon was served in the home ec department, and the school board members held a business meeting afterwards.

School board members present were Emmett D. Cox, Sam Thorne, Ed H. Schuch, E. G. Woodward, H. C. Graffa, Dr. F. T. McIntire, and Marion Clay. Others present were Dr. Wilson H. Elkins, Supt. of School Bryan Dickson, and Mr. Gene Kerley.

Commercial Club Admits Brosig

The Commercial Club met Tuesday, December 11, with 14 members present. Clara Nell Brosig was taken in as a new member. The group amended their constitution and will now require dues of 10 cents a month from each member for refreshments at monthly meetings.

Committees appointed were attendance committee: Roxie Williamson, Bob Calloway, and Sarnie White. The committee to investigate putting an emblem in the recreation room for the Commercial Club includes: Virginia Hays and Ouida Code.

The Ram-Page

Know A Soldier? Then Read This...



Published every Saturday by San Angelo College Students. Official College Publication.

Editor's Note: Miss Bernice Hudgins, regular club editor, served as managing editor this week. Miss Hudgins served as Freshman Class editor for the recent Thanksgiving edition of the R-P.—Bart McDowell, editor-in-chief.



December 25 commemorates the anniversary of the Christ's birthday. This holiday is in the memory of the Lord.

It denotes Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men. And, though we are embroiled, in war—a war where the peace-and-victory may not be to soon—we may well look to the day when the rule of blood and steel crumbles, and victorious democrats throughout the world sit down to write terms of peace. We hope that the peace will be lasting. Some of us say that is impossible. And they may be right: there never may be a lasting peace.

Christ was born into circumstances not too unlike these today. He, Himself became a refugee from the forces of a tyrant. He fled his home and went into another land, this Prince of Peace... fleeing the forces of oppression.

And yet, the teachings of this Man who fled a tyrant caused such a great fire to burn within men that since that day mankind has looked toward days of peace. Christians died, forgiving Nero, who murdered them. Christianity conquered the Roman Empire.

We have a task before us: to restore peace-and-security, inseparable forces. To restore peace we must resort to war—war more artfully planned than the forces of evil. But the peace is a different proposition.

We must guard ourselves lest we fall into the German, Italian and Japanese pit and dictate a peace of revenge, rather than security. We must see that totalitarians do not win—even through ourselves.

This Christmas we must plan with our whole purpose what we can do to crush evil, to put within ourselves hate for totalitarianism. But likewise, we must be ready—when our victory has come—to call a German our brother.

Mail Call

By Gene Gach
The following article, written as a letter, is a digest of an article appearing in this month's issue of Rotarian. It's timeliness today is increased since it was written. Every student, and faculty member who knows a soldier should read this article. Sweetheart Darling:

Don't know whether or not you are giving me the old come-on when you say, "It's easy to write you because I love you so, but I can't write the same things to Harold. What shall I say to him?"

You better not write the same things to Harold! I'll try to tell you what kind of letter we like to get. He's your brother and I'm lollypop.

First, visualize how we receive our letters. Right after noon mess (I mean luncheon, dear) we gather in front of the Orderly Tent for mail call. The feeling you get when you peek in your mailbox at home is peanuts compared to the dramatic buildup this mail gets.

We've been up since five a.m., drilling like mad, and this is a treat for us. Will we get a letter? From whom? What's new?

The corporal calls off the names on the envelopes just as you address them. If you write, "Private Wilbur Reginald Archibald Jones," that's exactly what he sings out.

If you get a letter, you yell back, "Here" or, "Yo, or "Yea," man the letter sails through the air to you—and envious pals make insulting remarks. If you get a postcard, you get boos, but postcards are better than nothing.

It shouldn't be too tough for you to think up things to write. Every day you do things he'd like to hear about, little things. You meet people all the time he'd get a bang out of remembering. Don't think that because he's not bivouacked in your house any more he's lost interest in it.

Know what I mean? Tell him if that electric toaster he fixed just before he left went haywire again. If it didn't, tell him you think of him every morning when you make toast. Did the blue cream pitcher break? Do you get two quarts of milk instead of three since he left? Is the mailman asking about him, seeing his letters come to you and your mother? Did you send that blue suit he got at Hergheim's out to be cleaned and pressed? Is the garden going to pot and are you going to get Mike Hashimire to come three days a week to water and weed it? Write him all about the things he used to share with you.

There is small fun in getting a letter you can't share. The fun in anything is in the sharing of it. Love, tea, a good book, a joke, and, believe me, letters are that way, too.

Whenever there's a story in the papers about Army life, or the draft, or maneuvers, write him about it, asking his opinion as if he could give the inside in-

formation. This makes him feel puffed up and gives him a chance to make his letters to you bigger when answering your questions.

That's a good idea, darling, ask him questions. Not only about himself, but about the Army. That will make him feel like a regular hero and help him in writing.

Send him packages, sweetheart. They don't have to be expensive things. But things that make him realize he is in your thoughts.

There are always novel new things in the drugstores. If you see a new kind of shaving soap, or brush or comb, or little sewing kit (don't forget khaki thread) or cigarettes, or a couple bars of candy, or two-bit murder mystery, or tobacco pouch, or any little inexpensive knick knack like that, send it to him.

It's tougher for us to write than it is for you. You ought to write two to his one. He's busier than you. Tired at night. His letters are written under harder, noisier conditions. He can't hope to describe much to you of what he does during the day because they are such technical things an manual of arms, chemical warfare, military courtesy, reconnoitering, nomenclature. So it's up to you to keep the mail moving.

How about dropping off some old snapshot to him, one at a time?

Write him about baseball, and the movies and the radio. If his pet team is getting shellacked or his hero pitcher lets some runs in, give him the business. If you see a movie that you think he'd go for, or that reminds you of him, mention it. Tell him about the radio programs.

And then, after you have written the last thing you can think of, call up one of his old friends and get some more gossip and add a P. S. on the bottom. Don't forget the important point, sweetheart darling: write often.

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By J. M. Huling

Look at it this way. Basketball is a good game both to play and to watch. The boys are out there playing so let's all of us College Kids go out and watch the Rams win a few games. It don't cost nothing and it takes up lots of time and on top of that the Rams could use a few supporters and they don't wear socks, get it?

ARMY LIFE

Got a few lines from the Rams in camp. Gordon Powers and Charlie Allison are now at Fort Sam Houston and say they like it fine. They add that they are expecting to be sent for duty just any day now and are raring to go.

Former Rams Paul Davis and Nick Pappas were in town over the week-end. They are in the Air Corps and are doing fine.

BOWL GAMES

The Rose Bowl game has had its direction switched and the game is being played in Durham, N. C., the home of the Duke Blue Devils. They will be hosts to the Oregon State team from the West Coast.

It is reported that the Aggies will beat full strength against the Alabama Crimson tide in the Cotton Bowl on New Years day.

Daffynition. Soldier— A place to put your head. —Skyline. —HJC—

"I'm losing my punch," said the flapper as she hurriedly left the cocktail party. —Exchange. —HJC—

They went to the Aggie dance, So he thought she should have some fair poses. He went out for flowers and stayed out for hours, And brought her back her four roses. —Rambler. —HJC—

"Why does Clarence wear a monocle?" "Perhaps he has a weak eye." "Then he should wear a glass hat, too." —Battalion. —HJC—

Wife: "Harry, that man sitting over there in that parked car hasn't taken his eyes off me for an hour."

Hubby: "How do you know?" —Battalion. —HJC—

"Do you know why you don't hear little Audrey jokes any more? She went into the kitchen and the Kelvinator." —Round-Up. —HJC—

"My Scotch boy friend sent me a picture of himself today." "Is it a good one of him?" "I don't know. I haven't had it developed yet." —H-Su Brand —HJC—

Hunting And Fishing

By Herbie Toombs

Fishermen and quail hunters are doing all the good right now. Big fish in Lake Nasworthy seem to insist on being caught, and quail are thumbing their noses at hunters.

Deer and turkey are also being killed in great numbers. Incidentally that was a buck and not a duck I killed in spite of what Hobart and Toby say.

The West Texas Game and Fish Association is gaining momentum fast. The following article is taken from the San Antonio Light of December 9: "The West Texas Game and Fish Association, largest organization of its kind in West Texas—it has 410 dues paying members—this week re-elected three of its four executive staff.

"The three are H. L. Youngblood, president, now starting his third term; Bruce Garnett, vice-president, beginning his second term; and Grady Hill, secretary, now starting his sixth. Dr. R. E. Windham was added as treasurer.

"N. F. Young, Kenneth Brown, and H. E. L. Toombs were chosen as directors by the membership. Three more directors will be named by the president."

This is the largest dues paying organization in San Angelo. The dues are only one dollar a cards after the first of the year which will entitle you to come to the meetings, the annual barbecue, and all the other activities of the organization.

He: "Baby, what would you do if I held you in my arms and kissed you?"

She: "Yell for father."

He: "Heavens, I thought your father was in China."

She: "He is." —H-Su Brand —HJC—

Wife: "I'll have French fried potatoes and pork chops, and I'll have my chops lean."

Husband: "Lean, which way?" —Exchange —HJC—

Tramp: "Buddy, could you give me ten cents for a bed?"

Buddy: "Sure, where's the bed?"

—Battalion. checked. —HJC—

"Boy! That must have been some party." —Battalion.

Closet-Faught Game Ends In Loss For Rams

In a thrill packed battle that required two overtime periods to decide the winner, the Sterling City Independents downed a fighting Ram five by the count of 32-30.

It was a tight defensive battle throughout the entire game with the score being tied at 11-11 at half time and 28-28 at the end of the regular playing time. With about a minute the Rams were four points behind and Ted Carley, former San Angelo High School and Baylor Freshmen star, plunked in two goals in quick succession to tie the score.

In the first overtime the Sterling City team went in the lead on a goal by Marshall Brown, former Texas Tech whiz, and held it until the first overtime period was nearly over but then Blackie Blackmon took a rebound off the backboard and put it through the meshes to tie the score again at 30-30.

The second overtime found the Sterling five go out into the lead again and then freeze the ball for the remainder of the game with Brown showing some fancy dribble in keeping the ball to himself.

Brown lead the nights scoring with 18 points on eight field goals and two charity tosses followed by Carley and Blackmon of the Rams with 11 apiece.

He: "Have you realized any of your boyhood dreams?"

Companion: "Yes, when I was small and my mother combed my hair, I used to wish I didn't have any." —Independence Student. —HJC—

"I suppose you have been in the Navy so long you are accustomed to sea legs?"

"Why, lady, I wasn't even looking." —Battalion. —HJC—

Blond: "So the waiter says to me, 'Cutie, how would you like your rice?' and I says, 'Thrown at me, big boy.'" —Exchange. —HJC—

"What kind of a dress did Betty wear to the party last night?"

"I don't recall the details but I do remember that it was checked."

—Battalion. —HJC—

"Boy! That must have been some party." —Battalion.

College Atheists Are Thinking

When a student comes to college he faces a great many new and startling ideas. He probably gets his greatest shock in his conception of religion.

If he has a keen mind, he wants to reason out faith based on his new knowledge. When he starts thinking seriously about religion, he may sincerely reach the conclusion that he is an atheist, not believing in a God at all.

No mental dullard goes this far in his thinking. He either blindly accepts what he is told or doggedly retains his old ideas.

Only a student with an active, alert mind raises questions. As he becomes more mature, he realizes the fallacy in believing the world is not guided by a supreme being, and no longer doubts the existence of a God.

This does not mean he was

immoral because he doubted. It means he has had the courage to do independent thinking and that when he reaches the conclusion that he has erred, he is firmly convinced in his faith.

Instead of accepting religion from a spoon, he has tested it, by the most severe test he could give, and found it not wanting.

And in the long run, the student takes stock of his own thinking, and finds that after all, he is not an atheist, for everyone must believe in something.

Evolution and religion have been said to conflict, but it is the supreme test of college and of study that proves to the student that reason and right are one and that faith and understanding are one.

So the bemuddled student finds he is not an atheist, but it is this doubt that was necessary that he might find his true path of thinking and of knowledge.



By Martha Jane Womack

Luther Coulter in an ex-student of S. A. C. He attended San Angelo College in 1931-32 and 33, and was president of his Sophomore class. He also played football, which was then sponsored by the business men and the college.

From here he went to Trinity University in Waxahachie and received his B. A. in Business

Administration. He also played football there. Then he went to the University of Iowa and received his M. A. degree.

He married Mildred Jones, a Waxahachie girl, and they have one child, Mary Faye.

Mr. Coulter was president of the Ex-Student Association in 1939. He is an ex-Vice President of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, and the present Treasurer of that organization.

He is connected with Coulter's Arcade and is known by most of the present S. A. C. student body.

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A Merry Christmas And A Happy New Year



By Charles Hoch

The government has asked that everybody please help conserve the paper supply by not wasting it. So the Ram-Page publishes two papers in one week! No more of that, though, because after the first of the year this gem of the journalistic world will make its appearance only every two weeks. Sorry, but then the paper will be twice as good—maybe!

Extra special! Extra special! "Janie" Sneed is in town, Janie is a student at the University of Arizona, but we're all in hopes that after mid-term she'll be an SACollegian.

Charlotte Lollar is back with us looking pale and wan. She's had the flu or a nervous breakdown or something.

Ed Bacak really has a sense of humor. He lighted a fire-cracker



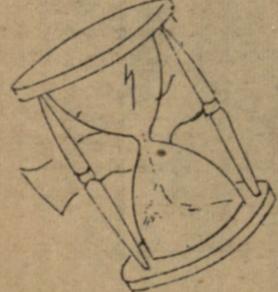
in the house and set fire to Luke Morri's bed. If the end of the bed burned, could this be called a hot foot?

Rumor hath it that the torrid



affair of Kess Kesterson and Wallace Carnes is about to come to a beautiful finish, as is the now tiresome twosome of Ann Alderman and Bob Maginot

Calendar of Xmas dances:



Tonight—Zocah dance at the Cactus. Script, 1.65.

Dec. 22—Sigma Delta Zeta dance, by invitation only.

Dec. 23—Aggie dance at the Hangar, script 2.20.

Dec. 26—Private dance.

Dec. 29—Private dance.

MILES SEDBERRY IS AN UNCLE AGAIN!

Congrats to Miles Delaney and Norman Elrod who were saving their pennies to buy Christmas spirit (the bottled kind) but when the Red Cross collector came by for collections, they donated their all—23 cents.

Most novel gift given at the Lambda Tau Xmas party: a horse of another color, given to Margie Irwin by Bonnie Beigler.

Knit Wits

Taking it for granted that you already know the preliminaries of knitting, I am going to give you some general information that may be needed when you start following patterns in knitting sweaters, scarfs, gloves, etc.

When purchasing yarn, be sure to buy sufficient yarn of the same dye lot to complete the garment you wish to make. It is impossible to avoid slight variation in color in different dye lots.

When gauging, for perfect results your number of stitches and



rows to the inch should correspond with that in the directions. Before starting your article, make a small sample of the stitch. If your working tension is too tight or too loose, use a finer or coarser needle, to obtain the correct gauge.

Casting on: Make a loop over left-hand needle. Pass right needle through front of loop, thread



over, draw through. Now transfer loop just made to left needle by inserting left needle through front of loop just made. Remove right needle. Continue this.

Purling: Bring thread in front of both needles. Pass right needle through loop, forward and in front of left needle. Thread over right needle; draw through allowing stitch on left needle to slip off.

Stockinette stitch; Knit 1 row

and purl 1 row alternately.

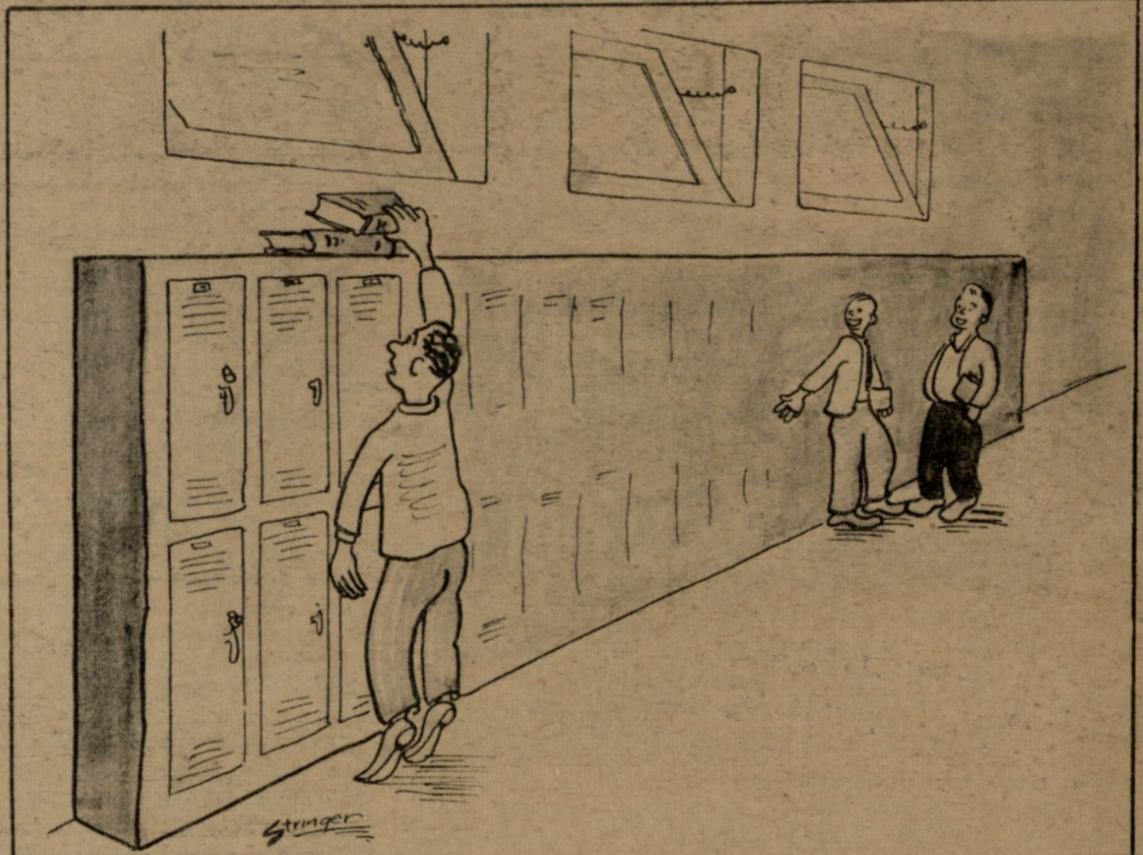
Knitting plain: When desired number of stitches have been cast on, pass the right needle through the first loop, thread over, draw through and allow first stitch on left needle to slip



off: For garter stitch, knit plain each row. To bind off, knit two stitches, slip the first stitch over the second, knit another stitch. Repeat until only one stitch remains. Break thread and draw it through this last loop.

R A M S

My ship of romance—
My courtship—
Ran afoul on a monstrous reef.
But now it's up again.
It rises and sinks
So much I think
It's turned into a submarine.



"He isn't afraid of having his books stolen—He is afraid of having them recognized."

Vesta Chenoweth, who captured her audience as the predatory Annabelle Fuller in *George Washington Slept Here*, was enthusiastic about the part.

"I was really thrilled to play Annabelle," she said backstage after the curtain call. "Somehow I just seem to fit the personality of Annabelle more than any other character I've ever played."

Vesta's characterization of Annabelle added another success to her career as a dramatics major. Rated high as a comedian in San Angelo High School, Vesta was

the maid in "Art and Mrs. Palmer," and a rich old fossil in "Just Another Saturday." The audiences about town have not forgotten Vesta as the over-stuffed Mrs. Plunkett who stole the show from the other seniors in "Sally & Co." Nor have they forgotten her change for comedy to poetic drama with a totally different role as Sister Maria Theresa in "The Cradle Song."

Last year, Vesta was a student in William Woods College in Missouri where aside from her parts in "Family Portrait" and "Angelita Ince." She did work in makeup, stage craft, designing, and lighting.

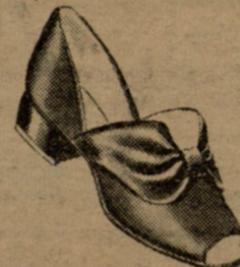


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