

Follow  
Those  
Spartans

## the MINARET

Official  
Student  
Publication

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Tampa, Florida, Friday, April 22, 1938

3000 STUDENTS  
ATTEND STATE  
MUSIC FESTIVALTampa University Is  
Host to Festival

Three thousand or more Florida high school boys and girls have gathered here April 21, 22 and 23 for the eleventh annual Florida State High School Music Festival. Last year 55 schools contested; this year there will be 74 schools contesting. The Festival is estimated at about 50 percent larger this year than last. Thirteen new schools have entered. Leon High School of Tallahassee which until last year sent one of the largest delegations of students each year, will be back again this year. It has been one of the leading schools in the festival activities.

The Festival will be conducted under sponsorship of the Board of Public Relations and the Convention and Tourist Bureau, with the University acting as host.

Group solos and ensemble contests opened the Festival in the Municipal Auditorium and the University Thursday morning. More ensembles and group events have been scheduled than in any previous years.

Today, Friday, orchestras and Glee Clubs will compete. There are nine orchestras competing and 52 Glee Clubs.

One thing of particular interest to students again this year will be the massed concert of a one-thousand-piece band and Glee Clubs of 1500 singers presenting a program of stirring music on Friday night at 7:30 under the flood lights at Phillips Field.

Twenty-five school bands will do fancy military maneuvers. The concert will be conducted by Joseph E. Maddy, outstanding high school musical leader of the nation. Mr. Maddy, who was a judge in 1932, is head of the National High School Music camp held annually at Interlachen, Michigan.

Phillips Field is the first stadium ever dedicated to music, and this will be the first year the program has ever been held on the new football field.

On Saturday twenty-nine bands will compete for state championship.

Judges for the Festival have been selected from outstanding colleges and Universities. Judges for the band events will be Dr. Maddy, Albert Edgar, Iowa University; Lieut.-Col. Earl D. Irons, band master at Texas A and M college, and C. W. Chenette, band director at Iowa State College.

Mr. Dobson, Mr. Bethel and Miss Helen Hunt have been selected as judges from the University.

Military boys will serve as messengers and traffic officers this year.

The festival will be held in the University in the following rooms: the band practice room, the ball room, the music room, the museum writing room and three rooms on the second floor. The contests will be held also at the First Baptist church, the American Legion Casino in Plant park, the Municipal Auditorium and Phillips Field.

Alonso Re-elected  
President of R. N. D.

At a regular meeting of the Rho Nu Delta fraternity, on April 14, Braulio Alonso, senior honor student, was re-elected to preside for the coming fiscal period of one year. Oswald Delgado was elected Vice President.

Other offices filled by election are: Secretary, Paul Alfieri; treasurer, Cecil Henriques; and Sergeant-at-arms, Sam Alfieri. Mr. Alonso and Jack Alvarez will represent the fraternity at the Pan-Hellenic Council. Hugo Bonauno, graduation senior, will serve as reporter until the end of this term.

After the election plans for several social functions were brought up and discussed.

Buy your peanuts, popcorn, ice cream from the junior class. They need your support.

Seven "Masquers"  
Are Elected to  
Alpha Psi Omega

Seven members of the 313 Masquers were awarded appointments to the Alpha Psi Omega, national dramatic fraternity, by the local cast Tuesday night. The reading of the names at the regular meeting was preceded by the usual "stalling" of the person whose words are eagerly awaited by all present.

The appointments were made as follows: by Mr. Connally, director of the local cast, for their acting ability and outstanding development, Ella Beth Laird and Betty Jo Mims.

For making a great number of points in one year and because of her dramatic ability, by the cast, Yolanda Finney.

For their points, as obtained through the point-system used in the club, in the order of points gained, Anne McCurdy, Lucas King, Margaret Hitchcock, Leah Mae Hunter.

All of these new pledges to Alpha Psi Omega, except Mrs. King, were part of the cast for the last play of the club, "I Have Five Daughters." For this play, Mrs. King was assistant stage manager.

Following this list of new members of the Alpha Kappa cast of the fraternity, the three persons who were given extra points, toward their ultimate goal of 500 points, in recognition of their active work and willing service in the 313 Masquers were named. They are Mary Frances O'Berry, Frisbie Carr, and Mayhew Ingram. Like those appointed to the cast, these three were very active in the last production; Carr being a member of the play cast and Miss O'Berry and Mr. Ingram being property and stage manager, respectively.

The pledging ceremonies for the new appointees to Alpha Psi Omega will be announced in a few days.

University Museum  
Has Collection of  
Old Manuscripts

Of especial interest to history, Bible, and art students are the valuable collection of old books, magazines, and manuscripts in the Tampa Municipal Museum in the south wing of the University building.

There is an old Bible written in German manuscript. This Bible was published at Stuttgart, Germany in 1823. It was given to the museum by Mrs. Christina Kammerer of Pennsylvania. Another old book is an early edition of Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," published in 1839.

One of the most interesting manuscripts in the museum is an original civil engineer's plan of the first French railroad through the Panama Canal.

Two or three years editions of the Art Journal, published around 1870 were given to the museum by another board member. It was the most valuable publication of the world, in those days. It was published by great artists of the world and in them may be found many interesting articles on pieces similar to those in our own museum.

The museum possesses the Mid-Winter edition of the Tampa Tribune published in 1900. In this may be seen pictures of many Tampans of great civic standing today, in their early youth attire.

In the scrapbook, being fixed up by the museum workers, are many interesting articles written about the Tampa Bay Hotel when it first opened. In it is an article from Scribner's magazine written by Richard Harding Davis. It described his visit at the Tampa Bay Hotel when Roosevelt and his Rough Riders were stationed here. The article is entitled "The Rocking Chair Period of the War." There is another old paper dated May 13, 1898. This edition of the New York Herald shows several pictures of famous colonels stationed at the Tampa Bay Hotel.

The scrapbook also proudly possesses the negative copy of a special article to the Christian Science Monitor with headlines reading, "Once Famous Florida Hotel, Now Burden on City's Hands." This was some time before people dreamed a great institution of learning would be stationed in this historical old building.

Carry your date to the junior class dance tonight.

WINS ELECTION  
Dick PowellDICK POWELL  
ELECTED AS  
PRESIDENTWins by 7 Votes Over  
Yorkunas

Dick Powell, vice president of the junior class of the University of Tampa, was elected president of the university student body for the term of 1938-39, in a run-off election against Al Yorkunas yesterday. The vote was 163 for Powell, and 156 for Yorkunas.

Yorkunas led in the primary election last Wednesday, 123 to 111.

Powell is a member of Tau Omega fraternity, leader of the university cheering section, chairman of the International Relations club, was listed on the dean's list, university honor roll, and was named in the national "Who's Who in American Universities."

He will take office at the opening of the fall term in September, succeeding Lytton Ashmore.

SATURDAY, 8:00 A. M.  
Municipal Auditorium, only  
JUNIOR HIGH AND GRADE  
SCHOOL BANDS

1. DeLand—John Haney Director.
2. Seabreeze Jr. High, Daytona Beach—Wm. P. Haney.
3. Woodrow Wilson Jr. High, Tampa—Ben Green.
4. West Palm Beach Jr. High—Frank Sturcie.

## CLASS D

1. Largo—Rocco Grella.
2. Fort Lauderdale — Harry McComb.
3. Bushnell—Lydia Shellberg.
4. Miami Edison—Fred B. McCall.

## CLASS C

1. New Port Richey — Robert O. Lampi.
2. Dixie County High, Cross City — Sam Moor.
3. Lake Placid—John Phay.
4. Avon Park—E. L. Roberts.
5. Bunnell—W. P. Heney.
6. Vero Beach—Thelma Crowley.
7. Melbourne High — Jim and Thelma Crowley.
8. Tarpon Springs—Paul Cremaschi.

## CLASS B, 1:30 P. M.

1. DeLand—John Haney.
2. Plant City—Ruth McCutcheon.
3. Clearwater—Rocco Grella.
4. Sarasota—V. D. Sturgeon.
5. Bradenton—Harry Grant.
6. Ocala—Mrs. B. G. Cole.
7. Fort Pierce—Jim Crowley.

## CLASS A

1. St. Petersburg—Everett Allen Moses.
2. Miami Edison—Fred McCall.
3. Sebring—P. J. Gustat.
4. Plant High School, Tampa—Ben Green.
5. Hillsborough High School, Tampa—Amada Delgado.
6. West Palm Beach—Frank Sturchie.

Many Clever  
Ideas Run Rife  
During Election

Of all the high-class politicking which went on during this last week! What with the little Beta Chi sorority girls serving free orangeade, and Dick Powell passing out cigars, the place was full of the fumes of hot electioneering.

Of course, the main point in all the campaigning could not be bribery—only have some punch and vote for our candidate, or smoke this cigar and think of me.

Anyway, there were some clever ideas exploited around the University. Here are the two above mentioned.

Mary Anne Sampey, who naturally favored the tall and lanky candidate, thought and thought of something to do to help him along—and presto! the little brain brought forth one of the cutest tricks pulled off this year, the giving away of election orangeade. She and Al squeezed oranges and got some drinking cups and had his slogan printed on them.

Then Sampey sewed some fussy crepe paper aprons and caps and she and Al made slogans, with each word of a different color, and pasted them on the apron fronts. Then they pasted the name "Al Yorkunas" on each cap, to add the right touch to the costume. The Beta Chi girls then served everyone the fruit juice, with the admonition to "look on the cup and remember the name, so you can check the name on the ballot," or "take the cup with you so you'll know whom to vote for." The table from which the orange juice was served was covered with posters screaming "Vote for York," and the background said that "York will appreciate your vote." Everyone enjoyed the orangeade, to say the least.

Mr. Powell, during the primaries, wore out the eardrums of the telephone girls by the loud speaker system he used. The microphone was in the Book Store, from which Dick played records, spoke to people in the Lobby, or gave his special sales talk. Then, to cinch things, he gave out special cigars with the little personal touch which is so important in elections.

Journalism Class  
Makes Tour of  
County Institutions

The Journalism classes under the direction of Mr. Culbreath, recently made a tour of some of the county and governmental institutions of Hillsborough county.

The group first visited the County Detention home, where delinquents and dependents under the age of 18 are sent. The superintendent explained the plan of discipline that is enforced, and showed the students through the building, including the classroom where the children were at work.

Next the class went to the County Poor Farm and Hospital. Former Judge Wesley, who is now in charge of this institution, took the group through the wards and told of the different cases and other items of human interest. "Resolve to live a better life, as a result of your visit here" was his advice to the students.

To conclude the trip the class went out to the C. C. C. camp, where the captain served as guide. After a thorough inspection of the facilities the students returned to school with a better knowledge of circumstances in this district.

Those who went on the trip were: Ella Berry, Lucile Bull, Jane White, Frances Savarese, Beth Hornsby, Tess Christel, Doris Davis, Mrs. Garcia, T. L. Ferris, Jim Mandula, Walter Metcalf, Sam Alfieri, Bob Traymontana, and Paul Alfieri.

## SENIORS, NOTICE

Luther Sparkman, president of the senior class, wishes to urge all seniors to see one of the class officers concerning graduation plans. This must be done immediately, if they are to be carried out successfully. Those officers which should be contacted are Mr. Sparkman, Miss Trice or Mr. Lindsay.

PLANS FOR THE  
ANNUAL PROM  
ARE COMPLETEDProgram and Committees  
Are Announced

The Junior Class announced yesterday that the annual Junior-Senior banquet and dance will take place Friday, May 20th at the Davis Islands Country Club. The banquet, to which only members of the two classes are included, will begin at 7 p. m., and will end at 9. There is an expectation of 150 attending and all students of the University will receive invitations to the dance afterwards, beginning at 10 o'clock and lasting until 1. Manuel Sanchez' orchestra will play for the dance.

The seniors will be honored guests at the banquet and dance. The graduating seniors will attend the dinner without charge, but a straight price of \$1.50 will be charged to all others attending. "The original price," Mr. Ferris, president of the junior class said, "was \$2, but this has been decreased by sales and donations and also has thus been able to invite the seniors free."

Chaperones chosen for the affair will be the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Walthour and Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Hinckley. Among speakers and guests will be President John H. Sherman, Dean M. S. Hale, Dr. H. C. Laub, faculty advisor of the junior class, members of the board of trustees and members of the faculty.

## Hawaiian Theme

The theme selected for the banquet is Hawaiian. Several months of research about the Hawaiian Islands has been done so that every detail of the customs may be worked into the theme. The class wrote to the president of the student body of the University of Hawaii and asked many questions regarding traditions. Within a few days they received by Air Mail a friendly letter from Thomas Kaulukui (student body president) including all the information requested and also a Hawaiian-English dictionary. Members of the class here plan to thank Mr. Kaulukui by sending him a Tampa made souvenir.

## Menu Features

Featured on the menu will be the Royal Hawaiian Cocktail served in whole coconut shells. Turkey a la Paradise, a Hawaiian delicacy, will be the main dish. Ice cream molded in the form of a pineapple will be a part of the dessert.

Hawaiian dancers have been engaged to entertain and place the leis over the shoulders of the guests as they arrive. Souvenirs direct from Hawaii will be distributed as favors and place cards. Over \$200 worth of scenery has been secured for decorations. Large palms will be placed near the tables.

The scene of the banquet is to be a fashionable resort such as Waikiki beach. Each of the eight long tables that will form a U will represent one of the major Hawaiian Islands. Each table will have a name and a speaker to represent his "island."

The Hawaiian Conservatory of Music will furnish music during the banquet. John Milikoa, the "lonely Hawaiian musician" who died suddenly several weeks ago was to be a featured entertainer on the program. Milikoa played about 20 years ago before King George V of England.

## Coronation

The coronation of the king and queen and attendants will climax the banquet. These notables will be elected by the juniors and seniors from the senior class. Perhaps the happiest, gayest holiday ever celebrated in any land is Hawaii's Lei Day. A day is set aside every year for the special observance of one of the finest traditions of this open-armed, hospitable Island playground. Weaving flower garlands is a daily habit with the Hawaiians, but on Lei Day every man, woman, and child wears a lei.

After the halo of orchids has been placed on the queen, torches and

(Continued on Page 4)



# THE MINARET



FACULTY ADVISOR ..... W. E. CULBREATH  
EDITORIAL STAFF

Leah Mae Hunter ..... Editor  
James Hackney ..... Associate Editor  
Richard Powell ..... Associate Editor  
Samuel Harris ..... Sports Editor  
Mickey DeWolff ..... Assistant Sports Editor  
Edna Johnson ..... Society Editor  
Virgil Harris ..... Business Manager  
John McCluney ..... Advertising Manager  
T. L. Ferris ..... Columnist  
Carlisle Kyle ..... Columnist  
Jane White ..... Exchange Editor  
A. Yorkunas ..... Cartoonist  
Mary Ann Sampey ..... Typist  
Della Pacheco ..... Typist

Reporters: Oswald Delgado, Blanche Sessions, Beth Hornsby, Julia Mary Neef, Dale Petersen, Doris Davis, Frances Macnamara, Anne McCurdy, Mary Dominguez, George Wellons, Stella Rogers.

## THE MINARET POLICY

To give full support to all activities that will prove beneficial to the University.  
To encourage the growth of social fraternities and sororities on our campus.  
To strive for a better understanding between students and faculty members.  
To do our part in making student government a complete success.  
To support the Spartan athletic teams and advocate a well-rounded physical education program with a complete list of minor, as well as major sports activities.  
To help publicize the University of Tampa in every way possible, within the limits of decency and sensibility.  
To present news stories in an unbiased and straightforward manner.

## A PRESIDENT IS ELECTED

Dick Powell, the home-town boy, has made good, for he has been elected president of a restless, growing, and experimental student body. He has been elected to represent every diverse opinion which could ever have been crowded under one roof. He has been selected to arbitrate between this—well, radical—section of humanity and an administration which has chosen the wiser and more conservative method of dealing with all situations in college life. Seven votes have made this so.

In him, then, you all have placed a small, you must admit, but a growing responsibility. For as this school grows, there will be more and more the need for such a contact between the students and the administration. So, if he pleases, Dick may further these possibilities, or cut them off. There is nothing terribly serious in his responsibility, only a chance, a potentiality, for him to make it a more prominent, a more powerful position. It is his power to make the student body a more completely welded organism, not organ, of this school. And it is also his power to shatter it beyond a near re-solidifying. He has taken upon himself, by being elected, these simple powers—to smooth the rough spots of college life, social and academic, so that all may glide along fairly easy; to meet and represent this school so that it may seem good in the eyes of all whom he thus meets; to talk matters over, to consider them well, with all parties concerned, so that the student's viewpoint and wishes may be made correctly known to the administrative body. How he does it and what results he gets are of his own making. He must know this.

And we are sure he does know this. He cannot be hasty, impatient, too "modern," too radical, too conservative—he cannot be anything in the extreme—he must be in the middle course which moves straight and surely toward the correct destination, without letting the burden it carries be stopped by twisting currents or over-hanging banks. Horace has an expression—"the golden mediocrity"—which sums up what every person in charge must be.

Well, as we said, he must know this. But do you all know it? Will you make him stick to this? You can see that you must.

## MUSIC FESTIVAL VISITORS

Speaking for the student body of the University of Tampa, we wish to express a cordial and friendly welcome to every contestant and every worker in the State Music Festival. To our welcome we add that we have hopes that every visitor will find his short contact with the University most agreeable and entirely satisfactory.

During this annual event the University has always thrown its doors open to the high school students who participate in the festival and will do so this year. Each student of the University can be counted on to help you, the visiting musician, to have a good time, so that you may enjoy your visit, every moment.

If for any reason you are in doubt as to any point, concerning anything within our scope, both the MINARET and the rest of the student body is at your service. We must keep to our work, even though there is an important contest in full swing in our midst, but we will endeavor to give you all a good time.

This is your week-end in the life of the University of Tampa. Begin with the first moment and make it enjoyable for the both of us!

## FROM ANTHONY ADVERSE

Captain Denis Moore has been following Don Luis Guzman Sotoymer y O'Connell, Conde de Azuaga in Estremadura, Marquis de Vincitata in Tuscany and Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of France, who is accompanied by his 18-year-old wife, from Versailles.

He arrived just in time to see Don Luis being carried by four lackeys into the house. Maria, the wife, remained behind, gazing over the country, and sees the Captain waving his hat, to which she answers with whatever she has in her hand.

The illustration for this selection from "Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen, was done by A. Montero, who is enrolled in the art department of the University. He is willing to do further illustrations, either taking other highlight passages from this book, or from another book. Any students who wish to express a preference of book for such illustration should feel free to do so.

## MUEZZIN CALLS

### THE CHALLENGE

Unseen shadow,  
Bearer of strife,  
Where next will you strike?  
A heart that is glad,  
A heart that is sad,  
Which next will you smite?

Blighter of happiness,  
Snatcher of life,  
Whom next will you knife?  
A poor boy's old dad,  
A rich man's young lad,  
Where next is your flight?

Giver of sleep,  
Prowler of night,  
Where next goes your might?  
Across oceans wide,  
Or the great divide,  
Come!—I will fight!

BERT D. HERNENDEZ.

### BLACK MOOD—

Wild men dancing by a cruel black flame;  
(Swaying, groaning)  
God's good trees stand aghast and praying;  
(Whispering, moaning)  
Fat women rolling on rain-soaked earth;  
(Cursing, screaming)  
Whole tribes yelling and gorging from a pot;  
(White bones gleaming)  
Fat elephant meat, dead a month ago;  
(Stinking, rotting)  
Found on a trail, covered over with flies;  
(Black blood clotting)  
Native boys dying under a midday sun;  
(Dark skin twitching)  
Niggers of the Congo shooting poison arrows;  
(Raw wounds itching)  
Killing their brothers, stomping on mothers;  
(Squirming, crying)  
Fighting and eating these wild men dance;  
(Living, dying)

CECELIA.

### LIFE'S FALL

Most beautiful, in the Fall,  
Are the leaves, half-dead;  
Usually they are misty gold,  
Sometimes golden red.

Most lovely, in the Fall,  
Is a life's half-light;  
Usually it is plain but dreamy,  
Sometimes strangely bright.

CECELIA.

### THIS CHANGING WORLD

This changing world is in transition's pain;  
And all the travail that it now endures  
Will some day pass away by man's own cures . . .  
What though the remedies will often strain  
And far exceed the ailment's waiting reign?  
One does not give the system candid lures  
To check the fever's rising temperatures  
That rage through all the body and the brain . . .  
But when the crisis comes, it will be passed;  
(The world will have enough of suffering)  
And man will know that this will be his last  
Disease. And gaining strength, he yet will sing  
And build his home on peace and social duty  
And firmly walk again with love and beauty.

GEORGE KAYTON.

## Weekly Book Review

By DORIS DAVIS

"Mr. and Mrs. Pennington," by Francis Brett Young. Harper Brothers Publishers. 1931.

"Mr. and Mrs. Pennington" is a modern novel telling the story of a young couple—their meeting, their romance, and marriage.

The narrative moves along with rapid succession of events. The author very ably describes the characters—striving to reveal some of their inner thoughts and desires as well as their personal appearances and outward personalities.

The setting of the story is in England. The author endeavors not to merely present a rosy picture of life, but to insert some of the doubts and heartaches of human experience.

The novel has no educational value, and is written solely for entertainment.

"Mr. and Mrs. Pennington" can now be found on the shelves of the University library.

Buy your peanuts, popcorn, ice cream from the junior class. They need your support.

Carry your date to the junior class dance tonight.

## ANTHONY ADVERSE



## Do You Remember--

By JAMES HACKNEY

When going to the bandstand on Saturday night was the climax to the whole week's activities. Young sparklers strolling arm in arm down to the courthouse square to listen to a band concert and see a free slide movie, which was shown on the side of the courthouse. After the concert and movie was over, the young couple walked around the corner to the ice cream parlor or drugstore and there indulged in a dish of ice cream. Leaving the drugstore the true loves then departed for home, either walking, or permitting themselves the luxury of a street car ride.

Contrast the above scene with the modern Tampa co-ed's idea of a pleasurable Saturday night. Being picked up at her home at 9:30 or 10 o'clock, the modern girl is whisked off to a dance, or a jook joint. Here the young "gazoos" listen to the "name" bands "swing" a little, via the "jook organs." After "jooking" three or four hours the young "swingsters" get in their "hugbuggy" and "truck on down" to the Bayshore, where two toots on a horn will get you anything from an ice-cream cone to a seven course dinner. When refreshments are served the whole process is started over. It is quite fashionable for the "Haze-happy" lookers to jump from one dance palace to another, oftentimes not getting home until three or four o'clock in the morning. During all of this they think they've had fun. Have they? Contrast

this with the simplicity of the Saturday evening of 40 years ago.

Think of the difference between our Sunday afternoons and those of the young folks of forty years ago. On Sunday afternoons they either rode a street car to Lover's Lane (at Ballast Point), or to the Tampa Electric Dam on the Hillsborough River. Or, if their "pickings" were good they went to the livery stable and there rented a "hug-mite," and went for a drive in the country. Most any of the young blades of the city could be seen promenading their ladies up and down the banks of the Hillsborough river, or strolling down through Lover's Lane, at Ballast Point Park. Wish we could do the same things. Don't you? It certainly would save money, wouldn't it?

They had honest-to-goodness picnics in those days. They had excitement on them, too. Think of the fun they had from going on picnics on a flat barge pulled by a tug, or on a mule-drawn wagon, piled high with fresh hay. Boy, those were the days!

Picture the Gasparilla Parades of years ago. Not a motor drawn vehicle was to be seen in those parades. All of the floats were drawn by horses and mules.

Think of the fun we've missed, boys and girls. Do we have as much fun as they did?

The maneuvers of the Army Planes do not arouse our interest half as much as the quartering of troops during the Spanish - American War, aroused theirs.

## University Yachtsman Mingles With Hollywood Celebrities

Louis Houston, University boatster, has marked several lines up on his social register. In fact, he may now charge several cents to every person who even looks at him. And it all comes of having a sailboat and a lot of time and a bit of curiosity.

Thus it occurred: Last year, when Houston was wandering over the briny deep of the Gulf, he chanced to tie up near the Don-Ce-Sar Hotel, in Pass-a-Grille. Of course, he was merely resting on the golden sands, but he had not rested long when a lovely female came toward him. Now, Louis is no follower of feminine beauty, but this one struck him. Not literally, but figuratively. For who else was it, (shh, it's a secret!) but Bette Davis, screen star, etc. She was as you know, incognito, but you can't fool Houston. In fact, he wasn't fooled at all—he even took her out for a short spin (something else in nautical terms, to be sure) in his boat. He said that she said that she enjoyed it immensely.

This year, now, Houston turns up again, with another couple of notches in his sleeve. For he has seen not only the charming Miss Davis again, still incognito, but also Errol Flynn, who was on his way to do some deep-sea fishing, Barbara Stanwyck, also trying to hide her light under the

Florida sand, and that lover of lovers, Robert Taylor, in person, but covered by dark glasses and a wish to get a southern tan, if not a drawl. All of these celebrities were resting at the Don-Ce-Sar during a recent weekend, and Houston was flitting around in his sailboat again, with his eyes open. And he certainly used them, for few of us would have been able to have recognized many of the screen stars if we met one on the street. But back to Mr. Houston:

"Bette hasn't changed a bit, either!" he said.

He (while dancing): Do you know that girls in Holland wear wooden shoes?

She (winning): Yes, and I think I know why.

"Gimme some monoaceticacidester of salicylic acid."

"Do you mean aspirin?"

"Yes. I never can think of that darn word."

"Would you like to join our class in good modern housekeeping?"

"Maybe. Does it include instruction in how to land a man to housekeep for?"

"It's raining cats and dogs."

"I know, I just stepped in a poodle."



## "Sailing, Sailing, Home Again!"

By DALE PETERSEN

"Avast thar—heave to! Man the mains'l stays, hang the jib and chop away the binnacle! We're off!" It was the stentorian voice of Cap'n Waters, standing on the after deck of his mighty vessel and shouting orders to his crew above the roaring billows of the Cootee river. The crew consisted of ye scribe, whose experience with seas (C's) was limited to those found on saxophones, clarinets and pianos.

"Aye, aye, sir," I responded, pouring peanut butter down the hatch and winding the compass, "we're off!" And so we were. Our vessel was the flagship of the New Port Richey navy and we were sailing it on its maiden voyage to Tampa. Our craft was almost 14 feet long, and had a flat bottom, centerboard, a mainsail and a jib. Also four oars, just in case! Oh, yes, and a rudder! Pardon my forgetfulness! We gazed proudly at it (the boat, not the rudder) and pictured ourselves landing victoriously at Tampa with thousands of people jamming the docks and fighting among themselves to see who would be the first to get our autographs. I decided that I would request the band (that would be there to play for our arrival) to play the "Dipsy Doodle."

Sailing out of the Cootee river at 3:30 p. m. Thursday, we encountered a favorable wind which took us to the lighthouse on Anclote Key, near Tarpon Springs, where we spent the night. Friday morning the wind was in the wrong direction, and by noon we had progressed only a half a mile. The wind changed in the afternoon, however, and we reached Indian Rocks that night and slept (?) in the Tau Omega house.

Saturday morning brought an unfavorable wind again, but in the afternoon Mother Nature smiled on us and blew us to Pass-a-Grille. After fighting an outgoing tide we landed and spent the night on somebody's porch. In return for his kindness we cheerfully gave the owner of the house two fish that somebody had offered us. That's what you call southern hospitality and generosity!

Sunday morning we started soon after dawn, made some progress, but were soon becalmed. So we anchored and went swimming. When the wind sprung up again we continued on with some difficulty to St. Pete. It was now 5 p. m. and we could see Port Tampa eight miles ahead of us. After some debating we decided to try to make Port Tampa that night. We figured that if the wind held up we would arrive there soon after dark. But—we forgot to consider the tide! Curses! Why hadn't I taken a course in tides rather than accounting or public finance? Colleges are always messing things up!

Just before sundown I went below to prepare our evening meal. "Don't fuss too much," says Cap'n Waters, "just fix some plain stuff like beef stew, mashed potatoes, green peas, and apple pie."

"Oke," says I, never realizing the awful situation. A few minutes later I staggered weakly up on deck again with a glassy stare in my eyes, and shrieked the ghastly news that our remaining provisions consisted of four graham crackers, a little peanut butter, and a half of an orange apiece. There was also a key to a sardine can. We ate the crackers, peanut butter and the orange, and the Cap'n said solemnly that if worst came to worst he would flip me later for the sardine can key.

Darkness came and found us about half way between St. Pete and Port Tampa. The tide was going out and the waves were high, and we not only weren't making any progress forward against the tide, but we were being carried off our course toward the east. Realizing that we couldn't make land until the tide stopped going out, we headed for the nearest buoy. We had to row with all our strength against the current and just barely succeeded in reaching the buoy and climbed aboard it. One of our oars got knocked overboard during the process and the tide, which was raging furiously past the buoy, whisked it away like a flash into the darkness. It gave us a scary feeling.

We tied the boat fast and let it drift in the current. Cap'n Waters sat on the globular part of the buoy and hung on to the iron framework that holds the light above. I had brought the large tin can which contained our blankets, and I sat on that and leaned against the framework of the buoy. We could see the lights of St. Pete, the Gandy bridge and Tampa. It was about 8:30 p. m. The wind got stronger, the waves higher, and soon the breakers were washing over the globular part of the buoy, and also over the part of Cap'n Waters that he was using to sit down with. The minutes dragged on like years. It grew colder and we wrapped ourselves in blankets, which soon became soaked.

The situation was truly exasperat-

ing! We cursed and swore as only sailors can. We sang songs. We talked French. We laughed till our sides ached. Then we cursed again. All this time the buoy was pitching and tossing like a cork in those big waves, and it was rather top-heavy from our added weight on it. A few times it leaned over so far that we thought sure it would tip over!

Then came the last straw. All of a sudden Cap'n Waters gave a couple of queer gurgles and got sick on the buoy right next to my feet! Of all places and times to get sea-sick this was the worst! There was nothing to do, however, but to sit there and endure it.

We suffered through several hours of this and finally the current abated and the waves decreased slightly in size. Somehow we got into the boat again, hoisted sail and headed for Port Tampa with Cap'n Waters at the helm. On landing there at 3 a. m. we dragged ourselves weakly into an open waiting room on the dock. We draped ourselves on a long wooden bench in our wet clothes, covered with our soaked blankets, and slept (?) until 5:45 a. m. when a man came in and suggested that we get up and get out.

Needless to say, we felt like physical wrecks—sunburned, hungry, cold and wet. And Cap'n Waters sick! We started sailing for home and figured on arriving in two or three hours. The sun came up and improved our spirits, but the wind was in the wrong direction. We tried every known method of propelling the boat to make a little progress. We even tried some that weren't methods. Anyone watching us would have sworn that we were insane! We tacked. We rowed. We sculled. We walked in the shallow water and pushed the boat. We walked in the water and pulled the boat. We pushed the boat out and tacked back in. We walked alongside and Cap'n Waters manned the mainsail and rudder from outside.

Everything that we did was crazy. But we finally rounded the point this side of Port Tampa and there the wind deserted us altogether! We were becalmed on the home stretch! Again we cursed. We laughed. We sang "Bier Meer Bist Du Schoen." Cap'n Waters even played it on his fife! In both minor and major! We sang French words to it, giving it the title, "Il n'y a pas du vent" and including the phrase, "nous avons besoin de vent." All this was of no avail, and we sat becalmed in the hot sun in the middle of Tampa Bay until late in the afternoon.

At last the wind came up again and we proceeded to the dock at Tampa U., there to be greeted by disappointment. There were no thronging crowds to greet us. No autograph seekers. No brass band. Only a dog!

I was regusted! I looked coolly at the dog and didn't even offer to speak. He didn't either. That made me madder yet! And I let him know it, too. I glared at him! He didn't appreciate the trials and tribulations of our voyage—the hardships that we had undergone to complete the trip. I'm telling you, men who sail the seven seas lead a hard life and their work is unappreciated. May I never be one of them!

## GEOGRAPHY CLASS MAKES CONSERVATION STUDY ON OUTING

The Geography 105 class, under Mr. McClendon, went on a field trip on April 6, 1938, accompanied by Dr. Bode. The students took their own lunches and they rented the school bus for the day.

The group left school about 2 o'clock, and went first to the nearby CCC camp, where they studied fire-fighting methods and visited a tower. From this camp the students were taken to Camp Brorein where they went through a newly planted woods, and observed the differences between the two types of trees, the long-leaf and the slash pine. All were surprised to learn that the slash pine requires only 15 years to grow, while the long-leaf requires 25 years to become a full-grown tree. They also learned that there are no hardwood trees planted because of the difficulty of growing them in Florida.

On the way to their camping spot, the students were shown a newly-dug fire-line, in which grass had been allowed to grow. This would allow the fire to easily cross the ditches, as Dr. Bode said.

The effect of the field trip was noticed when all the students took a great deal of pains to be sure that all of the fire was out and the trash completely burned. During the trip home, however, all were reminded of the ill effects of soil erosion when the bus became stuck in a sandy road.

The group reached the University at 8 p. m.

## Practice Teachers Keep Everything Under Control

We may have wondered why certain members of this year graduating seniors have become so dignified lately. No longer do the girls wear oxfords and anklets to school nor do they wear the latest collegiate fashions, but they are seen very conservatively dressed. The boys no longer wear the many colored shirts and socks of the collegiate style, but like our girls appear very stern and business-like.

Why the sudden change? Getting old? No, Supervised Student Teaching, that's the answer.

Seventeen seniors in the Education department have taken up this practical course. Dr. C. A. Morley, head of the Education Department, has made it possible to maintain a cooperative student teaching arrangement with the local public schools with the purpose of developing efficient and professionally-minded teachers.

Many have been the new experiences these students have had to face.

Ruby Wadsworth, who is teaching Latin, has a time making the boys realize that she is there to teach and not to flirt with them. (We hardly blame the boys.)

Willie Godwin was forced to punish a little girl in his Geography class who very sweetly apologized after class and gave him an apple. The following day every girl in his class brought him an apple. (That's too much competition.)

The other day Mary Dominguez was teaching her Spanish class how to ask questions in Spanish. Then she asked them to ask her some questions in Spanish. Was her face red when some little kid popped up and asked, "Duen es su novio?" (Better ask Miyares about this.)

Now Edna Johnson has everything under control. She teaches the second grade and you may see her reviewing her Spelling book every day.

Lytton Ashmore received a lovely Valentine from one of his girl pupils in his science class. "In the football field you are a knockout. I could fall for you anyhow" . . . (Some girl, eh Emma?)

Margaret Hitchcock claims she has no trouble in her Civics class. Her lovely voice can accomplish wonders. (Ask —)

Grace Whitaker had a time teaching art appreciation to her class. They had rather look at her than draw pictures.

Lois McGucken, Alice Wilson, Verna Vining, and Vicenta Orpesa are teaching history. Lois has a bright class that keeps her busy doing research work. Alice and Vicenta have average classes that make them rare and kick at times (Much like some of our history classes). Verna doesn't have to worry about her class. She is teaching the slower group which ask her such dumb questions as "What is the date of the War of 1812?"

Jimmy Lindsay and Rudy Rodriguez made a hit with their social study classes. Is it their looks or personality? (We'll have to investigate further.)

Carry your date to the junior class dance tonight.

### STATE MUSIC FESTIVAL SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

**Room and Time Schedule**  
8:30 to 9:30  
Mixed glee clubs, Class C; Municipal Auditorium.  
Boys' glee clubs, Classes C and B; First Baptist church dining room.  
Girls' glee clubs, Class C; ball room, University.  
9:30 to 10:30  
Mixed glee clubs, Class B; Municipal Auditorium.  
Boys' glee club, Class A; First Baptist church dining room.  
Girls' glee clubs, Class B; Ball room, University.  
10:30 to 12:00  
Mixed glee clubs, Class A; Municipal Auditorium.  
Girls' glee clubs, Class A; Ball room, University.  
12:45 to 2:00  
Orchestras, Class D and C; Municipal Auditorium.  
Glee clubs, Class E; First Baptist church dining room.  
2:00 to 3:00  
Orchestras, Class B; Municipal Auditorium.  
Glee clubs, Class D; First Baptist church dining room.  
3:00 to 4:00  
Orchestras, Class A; Municipal Auditorium.

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By OSWALD DELGADO

One of the most exciting and interesting tennis matches which has been played on the Plant park courts took place last week between Jack Alvarez and the diminutive Al Day. Both boys gave all they had during the contest and played as good tennis as any player which has participated in this annual elimination tournament. The game finally ended in favor of Jack Alvarez, Rho Nu Delta's ace racqueteer. Alvarez was forced to put on all he had, however, before "Red" was defeated. It is such contests as these boys put on that has made intra-mural competition so keen during this year.

The annual boxing tournament which is to be held within the next two weeks has come in for a lion's share of the intense interest which has been manifested in intra-murals thus far. Followers of the padded gloves sport will be given an opportunity to see new faces in action this year. Special interest has been displayed this year in the heavyweight division due to the fact that both of the Alfieri boys are ineligible to compete. This has thrown the unlimited division into much speculation as to whom will wear the two heavy crown. The welterweight department has also been open to new competition made possible by the elimination of the hard-hitting Al Manucy. All in all, the tournament should prove as sensational as those of preceding years. (It's a lotta fun to sit by the ringside, a peanut bag in hand, some in the mouth, yelling our lungs out while the boys swing it.)

And now we read where the University of Florida has made plans to promote an annual track and field meet to be known as the Florida Relays. Wonder if the success of the State A. A. U. track stars from Duke, Washington and Lee, and Alabama had anything to do with it. We are glad to see Florida take an initiative in developing a liking for this sport. It has never been as popular here in the state as it should be. With our own field being put in condition for future meets the possibility of success in this sport seem brighter than they have been in the past.

Incidentally, since we are discussing track, we would like to mention the fact that two of the world's best track athletes, Glenn Cunningham

and Archie San Romani, suffered bad leg injuries when young that seemed as if they would remain cripples for life. Cunningham damaged his legs while rescuing his brother from a blazing schoolhouse. His legs were so badly burned that for a time doctors doubted if Glenn would ever walk again. But the same grit that has carried him to world record marks in the mile carried him through his injury. He took long walks and as his legs improved he took long jaunts around the countryside. He developed his legs until they became the most tireless and staunchest in the realm of the mile. It is these same legs that opponents are forced to see when they compete against the "Iron Man Miler."

Romani was run over by a truck when he was only eight years old. His right leg was crushed and it was thought that an amputation would be needed. One old doctor refused to believe that this was the only way out and saved Archie's leg. The old doctor advised Romani to try running as a leg developer. San Romani has been running ever since. In fact these two would-have-been cripples are chasing each other around the cinder tracks of the country.

And now as a conclusion. We must confess that we feel guilty about Dick Powell's chocolate kisses and smoking his election cigars, and drinking Al Yorkunas' orange "vote for Al" juice. We couldn't vote for both 'cause duplication ain't allowed in our school. One of 'em was stung.

Buy your peanuts, popcorn, ice cream from the junior class. They need your support.

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## Side Glances

By ANNE McCURDY

## HOUSE PARTIES:

Maggie Crenshaw strolling along the beach with Bud Glass—Celeste D. running down the beach in track shoes and Luis Z. taking her speed with a stop watch—Jane Pratt in a beach suit riding "piggy back"—Stella R. in a blue suit; she can always count on (at least to ten)—Lincoln D. debating the christening of his brown Laster suit at the baseball game Fri. aft.—Willie Paxton "strikes out again" in a blue terrycloth sweat shirt—Paul McCloskey in a Mickey Mouse bathing cap peeking with a candid camera—Mary Pierce in a green printed Laster and a coolie hat playing ball—Aubert slaying them all in his awning shorts of red striped terry-cloth—Lit helping Lydia keep the sand out of her sandals—Skipper Houston in sailor riggings just off the Manana lind—Leah Mae and Jimmy fishing, she wearing the pants—everyone around the Beta Chi bonfire singing "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," to the tune of York's Hawaiian guitar—Melvena "Virginia-Reeling" it in brown Malibu shorts (quite a sweep from the usual hoop-skirts) — Jimmy Lindsay sporting a palm-printed polo shirt.

S. K. N. coffee—S. T. P. punch—Deke cocoa—Beta Chi rootbeer.

Maggie Crenshaw strolling down the beach with Phil Hurt—Ozzie and Bert tete-a-teting at "The Breeze"—Frances Alderman landing a big one (a real fish)—Tommy Omega, BeX, Skipper, or whatever she was called, the universally adopted dog chasing a baseball—Jack Wilson getting a sandspur out of Mickey DeWolf's finger—the Alpha Gam's having a song-fest—Ginger toasting on the sands in cocoa butter (the better to brown you with, my dear)—Jack Williams digging bait—Ben Phillip flaunting the only white Laster on the beach—everybody waiting for some sap to put a dime in the pavilion juke organ—John Hall purposely running into people on the dance floor so as to display his New Jersey gal—T. L. and Betty Jo doing calisthenics—Maggie Crenshaw strolling down the beach with Paul Meyers.

## PAN-HELLENIC:

Frances Sessions waltzing in blue chiffon and dubonnet velvet—Jimmy Sanford digging ice in the Forest Hills' kitchen.



—Photo by Roscoe Frey, Tribune Staff

**PLEDGED TO ALPHA PSI OMEGA**—Students at the University of Tampa, who were recently pledged to Alpha Psi Omega, national dramatic fraternity, are shown above. Seated on the davenport, left to right, are the Misses Margaret Hitchcock, Betty Jo Mims, Yolanda Finney, Leah Mae Hunter and Mrs. Lucas King. Seated on the floor are Miss Ella Beth Laird and Miss Anne McCurdy.

Overheard in  
The Museum

"Gee, Sue, ain't it purty?" a sharp falsetto voice cut through the silence of the gallery to break rudely in upon my concentration. With slight indignation I turned, to find that two young girls stood looking up with a reverent intendment upon "The Blue Boy" which had been the object of my own deep study.

"It shore is, Mabel," breathed the second girl, with a tone which was lighter and more full of melody. The girl named Sue was smaller, I noticed, but evidently the sister of she of the sharp voice.

And then, so that I might no embarrass the country girls by my interest in them, I turned back to picture, but my attention was toward the girls and not the miracle of blue shades before me.

They had not noticed me, so intent were they upon the picture, and so they continued their sincere criticism of the masterpiece.

"That's the purtiest shade of blue I ever seen," Sue continued, with a tone of authority, "and I've seen lots, in Miss Carew's picture books."

"Uh-huh," Mabel responded, and then added, with a note of practicality, "I'd like to hev that color for somethin', maybe a piller, or a ribbon, or a new dress."

"Shucks, no, I'd hev to be like royalty in somethin' thet purty. But golly, Mabel, wouldn't flowers be nice if they were thet color?" Sue said.

"I reckon, Sue," Mabel answered, "But maybe if I had a dress whut looked like thet little boy's pants, then all the boys would be sweeter on me than on thet prissy Lily. Wunder whut kind o' cloth it be?"

"Dunno. But it's shiny, like. And lookit the lacy things he's wearin' 'round his neck and hands—like the princesses in all the stories we use' to read to Miss Carew's house, huh?"

"Yep," was the answer, "But Sue, whut you reckon the man painted thet pitcher fur? Maybe 'cause o' the clothes bein' so purty?"

"I reckon, Mabel, but I shore don't blame him. Maybe thet's the color of the clothes ya get in Hevin'."

Suddenly the girls moved on, as if propelled by a force other than their own wills, and turned their attention to another masterpiece. But loathe to eavesdrop further on their innocent conversation, I walked on in the other direction.

Buy your peanuts, popcorn, ice cream from the junior class. They need your support.

Play Contest  
Is Sponsored  
By 313 Masquers

At the recent play festival sponsored by the 313 Masquers of the University of Tampa, under the direction of Mrs. Elizabeth Connaely, splendid talent was displayed by the high school students participating. Hillsborough high will represent this district in the state contest to be held in Gainesville at a near date.

Runners-up to the winner were Tarpon Springs, second place, and Bradenton, third place. Other high schools presenting plays were Wauchoula and Simmons institute.

The play presented by Hillsborough was a one-act domestic tragedy. It took place on a farm with a family of six, typical of a hardworking farmer. The costuming and makeup were so perfect that no one would suspect the mother of the family to be less than 40 or the grandmother less than 70. Other characters were well portrayed. The plot centered around the mother and daughter who had been saving their egg and butter money in order to buy a new piano for the younger members of the family. Much conflict arose when the attempt was made to purchase a piano. The father insisted that a tractor was more important to the welfare of the family. The argument was soon settled upon neither because the son of the family confessed that he had gambled away the money instead of putting it in the bank. He repented his sin through the kind words of his blind sister. The parts were so well played that the audience gave way to their emotions throughout the play.

The play by Tarpon Springs high school was also of a tragic nature. The scenery and costuming were especially good. The play opened in a dark and dreary home, on Christmas Eve. Unwanted visitors came to the home that night while the man of the house was away. A beggar was turned away from the home. All this led to the repenting of their sins to be free on Christmas Eve. Throughout the story was a moral that might well be used by anyone today. This play only had four members in the cast.

The play presented by Bradenton high was a take-off on plays. This comic-tragedy, "Aria de Capa," was written by the well-known poet, Edna St. Vincent Millay. The scene opened with two frivolous corgic characters feasting divinely when they were in-

terrupted by a peculiar white faced scene caller. He wished his scene to be rehearsed. The comic characters tried to tell him it wasn't his time, but no manner of rejection would cause him to leave. Then came on two shepherds, who die at the end of their scene. The white-faced announcer covers them up with the feasting table. The comic characters come back on the scene and are horrified to find the two bodies under their table, but finally cover them with the ends of the tablecloth and go on feasting in their jolly manner; thus the play ends.

Alpha Gamma's Are  
Working on Plans  
For Carnival on 29

Plans for the Alpha Gamma sorority carnival, which will take place on April 29th, in the Music Room of the University, have been almost completed, the candidates for the king and queen having been selected by each fraternity and sorority. The program for the evening has been tentatively arranged and will include a skit by each organization, a booth by each and a skit by a group of professors. This announcement should be considered by each group, as these skits are being counted on and should be prepared soon. If any sorority or fraternity wishes to ask any questions concerning these skits, the details may be obtained from Miss Evangeline LaFuenta or Delia Pacheco.

The booths are being arranged and should be planned by the organization. The list of possible booths and the regulations for them may be obtained from the two girls.

The candidates from each organization are as follows: Alpha Gamma, Lydia Palenzuela; Rho Nu Delta, Aurelio Prado.

Latest Dance  
Steps Shown by  
Mechanized Man

A dummy demonstrated the latest dance steps at the Louisiana Tech Engineer's dance on April 2. This is not slander; it is the truth of the matter at hand.

For a mechanized man, better known as a robot, went through all the intricacies of the Susy-Q and trucking for the assembled dancers. The man is seven feet tall and its workings are secret. One thing however, to learn from this, is that any dummy can truck or Susy-Q!

Junior-Senior  
Banquet Plans  
Now Completed

(Continued from Page 1)

drum sounds will add a touch of reality. During the "Aloha" or farewell, an actual "rain of blossoms" will take place and the Hawaiian feature dancer will do the "Dance of the Volcano."

Al Burgert, Tampa representative of "Life" magazine has written for the assignment to photograph the banquet-dance for "Life goes to a party." Most of the events to be staged at the banquet will be kept a secret.

In preceding years there has been much controversy as to whether the boys should wear tux, Summer formal or what. This has been settled by the answer to one of the questions asked in the letter to Hawaii. It said, "In the summer plain summer suits are considered fashionable and in good taste at the most exclusive clubs in Hawaii." Men guests will be relieved of the question of formal clothes due to the choice of theme. Ladies, of course, will wear their formal "frills" to blend in with the lovely and exotic flowers that will deck the rooms.

T. L. Ferris, chairman of the banquet committee, announced in a recent class meeting that all juniors who could help plan the banquet to please give their names to the class secretary. The following committees were appointed by the executive committee consisting of Ferris, Stella Rogers, Dick Powell, and Julia Mary Neef:

Decoration: Mary Ann Sampey, Chairman, Luis Bendegui, Al Yornas, Virgil Harris, Bill Allor, Melvena Roberts, Mary Ellen Knight, Evangelina La Fuenta, Melburn Pitts.

Publicity: Ann McCurdy, chairman, Dickey DeWolf, Jane Pratt.

Entertainment: Betty Jo Mims, chairman, Delia Pacheco, John Hall, Theresa Christel, Bob Shoun.

Program: Truman Hunter, chairman, Helen Windham, Ann Way Peables, Blanche Sessions, Grace Bruton.

Reservations to the banquet may be made beginning Monday with one of

the class officers. A meeting of the various committees will be held after assembly Tuesday.

An amusing incident happened when T. L. Ferris tried to purchase a Hawaiian dictionary in a local book store. The lady-clerk said, "Well, young man, we don't have the Hawaiian language, I don't believe there is one. Don't they speak Cuban or Spanish or something else over there?"

T. L. decided that the banquet will be of educational value as well as entertainment.

Frances Alderman  
Elected Into the  
313 Masquer Club

Miss Frances Alderman was recently elected into the membership of the 313 Masquers, as the only second semester member to be taken in. The usual try-out was suspended because of her recent appearance before the club in hill-billy attire in which she gave such a good performance that many stated that she ought to be in the club.

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in the Election

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