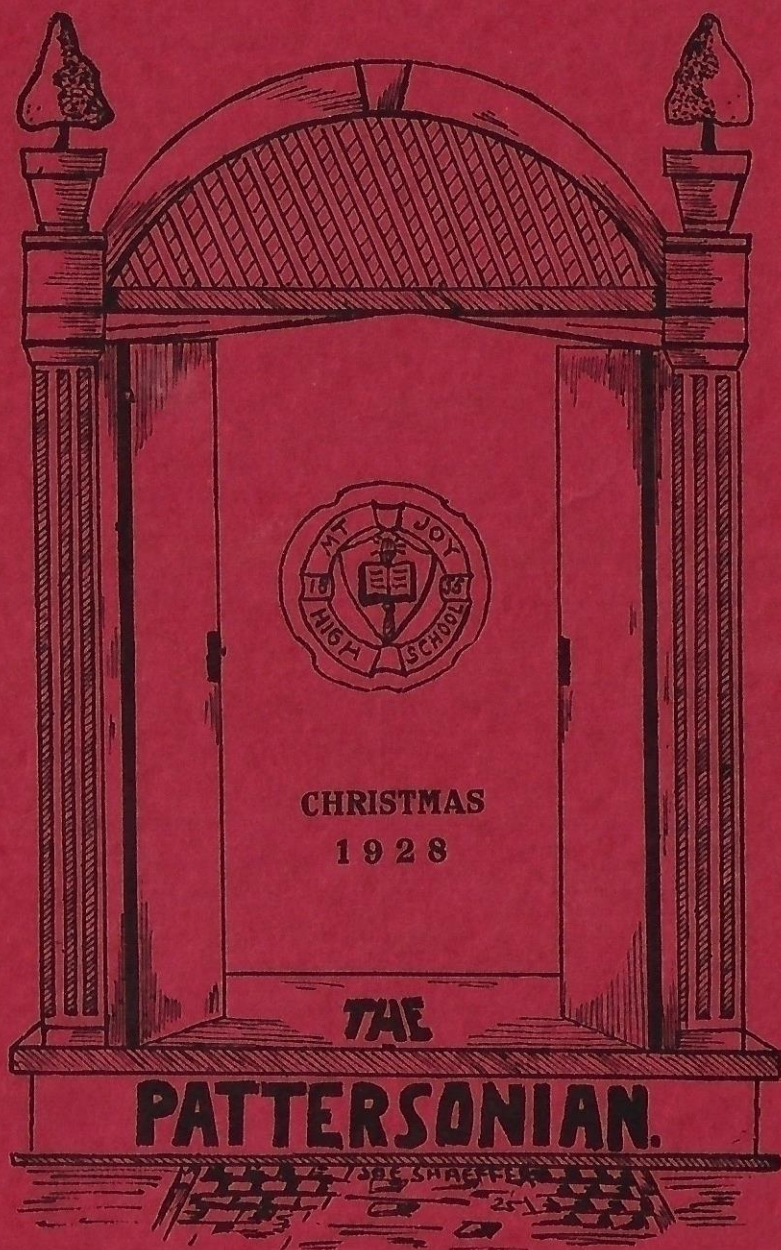




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The PATTERSONIAN

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THE PATTERSONIAN

Snow

'Twas a cold and dreary night,
The sky was dull and gray,
The white snowflakes began to fall,
And continued the whole next day.

It covered the fields and woodlands,
It blanketed the hard, cold earth,
And the children awaking, see the snow,
And are filled with joy and mirth.

But to some folks snow is a burden,
For it means more work you know,
These folks always must be on the job,
To clear away the snow. Dorothy Kaylor '29

Snow

The snow leaves a record on silence
When falling through birch so clear
When asleep we can easily be covered
With a blanket as loose as a screen.

We thrill at the grace of God's beauty
Our eyes are our greatest aid
The snow has a wondrous formation
We ask how each crystal was made.

The flakes are exactly six cornered
Of a thousand and one different forms
Who is the person so thoughtless
That denounces the king of the storms?
Howard Swarr '29

THE PATTERSONIAN



Merry Christmas

Merry Christmas everybody!

A most hardy wish for the most joyful season of all the year, the Pattersonian extends to all its friends.

To most everyone, Christmas is the most joyful holiday of all the year. But do we remember the real significance of the day, does it stir our emotions to think that it is the birthday of Our King, that there is "Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men?" It is a story that has passed down through the ages and one that we never tire of hearing or telling. It should be a day of reverent feeling and great rejoicing for the blessings bestowed on man.

The spirit is in the air, we all just must shout our Christmas greetings, and the Pattersonian is no different when it extends a most sincere and cordial greeting to everyone, again Merry Christmas. The Editor

Christmas

Christmas is the happiest season of the year.

When we think of the time long, long ago when the Saviour of the world was born, in that lowly stable, our hearts are brimful of joy and love for Him.

What a beautiful picture is presented in our minds when we imagine the shepherds on the plains, and the surprise which they must have experienced when they saw the Star of Bethlehem. Then how they followed that star to the place where the Baby was in His mother's arms! We can also picture the Kings of the Orient offering their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh.

What an incentive this is! One can not help but be happy. I am sure that the attitude of everyone, every place, at this time, should be that of, "Peace on earth! Good will toward men."

Peace On Earth

That which charms me most at Xmas time is that the entire world stands around the cradle of a child. From January on we are ever struggling for place and power, but on Xmas we all are simple souls once more. All of our fighting is forgotten, our weapons of offense and defense are laid aside, and our self-regarding attitude is given up. Why? The very air breathes of the Christ Child. We do not see the Christ of Gethsemane, or Calvary; not the Christ who was a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief; not the Christ of the Galilean sunshine, or the Christ of the Beatitudes—but just the Christ Child of Bethlehem, the Child of Mother Mary. In Him we see the type of all human helplessness, innocence and loveliness. We have grown to man-hood and woman-hood, but, Oh, how we delight to be children again, at the foot of his cot. With this picture before us, adoration in our hearts, we are in an ideal Christmas mood.

To everyone of us life brings conflicts. Some of us grow bitter and many grow hard. But the presence of the Christ Child drives away all bitterness, and hardness drops like mist before the sun.

Christmas means no more to me than that of the angels song—"Peace on Earth, among men of good will." If we, like the wise men, gather in fact and not in fancy around the cradle of the Christ Child, no seer will be needed to tell the New Christmas Story.

Frances Sipe

Friendship

One who possesses the qualities of establishing friendly relations with all his fellowmen has taken a great step toward the molding of a good character. One who does not desire the friendship of someone whom perhaps did not have the same opportunities as he, will never become a good citizen. Without friendship even youth and love would lose their deepest meaning. Therefore let us practice being friendly toward all with whom we associate and lead the way to becoming good citizens.

C. E. K. '29

The Spirit of Christmas

Christmas should be the happiest, jolliest and best day of the year. This is the day of God's gift to man. To commemorate this gift we also give presents, but in the giving forget that it was God, who was the first giver and Christ, His Gift.

Every where we go we are reminded that this is Christmas. In the homes, streets, stores and windows, all are entering into the spirit of Christmas. Man greets man with the cheery greeting, "Merry Christmas." This greeting is true, only when it comes from the heart of the greeter and not from force of habit. Have you ever thought that your greeting might go a long way toward making some one happy. So this year share your gladness and jollity in two big words, "Merry Christmas."

B. N. D. '29

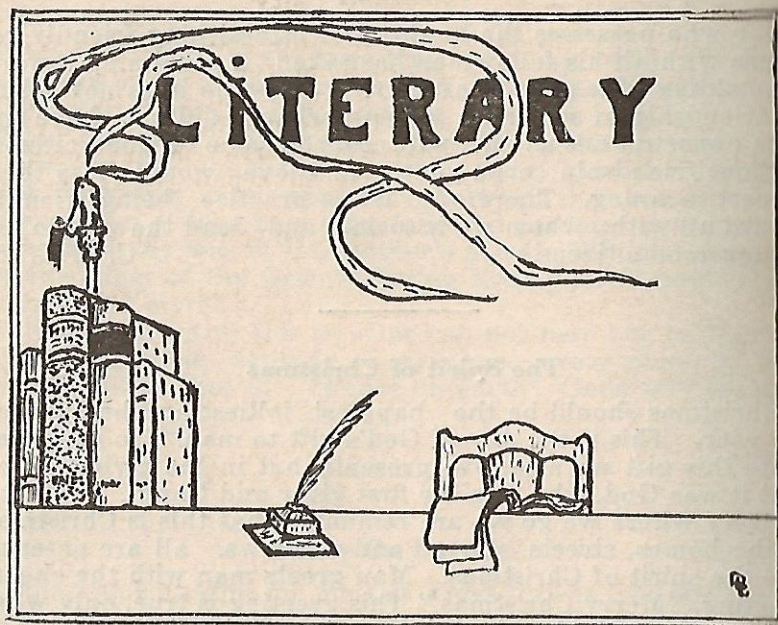
School Spirit

School spirit is the thing that is needed most in order that the school will show progress and be interesting. School spirit may be shown in many ways. We have shown it in our team work, in the Curtis campaign. School spirit is shown very well at Basketball games. If the team knows it has the whole-hearted support of the school it will be more eager to fight to win.

School spirit should be present in our class periods as well as in our activities. If our lessons are prepared before we enter the class room, the class will be interesting, and the teacher will feel more kindly toward us than if we neglected to do so.

Therefore, school spirit is essential and we must try our best to show it in every way possible.

A. M. N. '29



"Oh My!"

T'is a wondrous place I know
With beautiful things to see,
And beautiful games and candies galore,
For it's a great big store.

When I see the root beer foaming
And the weeners on the grate,
Spongy buns are buttered so deep,
Then into that store I creep.

There are multitudes of seekers,
Pushing thru the reeking crowds,
For "time and tide wait for no man,"
And Christmas is soon at hand.

Oh, what a relief, is my belief
When all Christmas shopping is done,
And everything is wrapped and strapped
In place, 'cause 'taint no fun!" H. Schule '29

The Christmas Fairy

It was almost Christmas time and the boys at Miss Ware's school were talking about going home for the holidays.

"I shall go to a Christmas festival," said Bertie Fellows, "and my mother will give a party and maybe Aunt Mary will give another. Oh! I shall have a wonderful time at home."

"My Uncle Bob is going to give me a pair of skates," remarked Harry Wadham.

"My father is going to give me a bicycle," put in George Alderson.

"Will you bring it back to school with you?" asked Harry.

"Oh, yes, if Miss Ware doesn't say no!"

"Well Dick," cried Bertie, "where are you going to spend your holidays?"

"I am going to stay here," answered Dick in a forlorn voice.

"Here at school, oh dear! Why can't you go home?"

"I can't go home to India," answered Dick.

"I didn't say you could, but haven't you any relatives anywhere in United States?"

Dick shook his head, "No, only in India," he said sadly.

"Poor fellow! That's hard luck for you. I'll tell you it's hard not to be able to see your folks at holidays, especially at Christmas. I think I would just sit down and wish to die."

"Oh! no, you wouldn't," said Dick. "You'd get so homesick but something would keep you from wanting to die."

"Listen Dick, I'll write and ask mother to let you come to our home for the holidays."

"Will you, really?"

"Yes, I will! And if she says yes, we shall have a splendid time. We live in London, you know and have ever so many parties and good times."

"Perhaps she will say no," suggested poor Dick.

"My mother isn't the kind that says no," Bertie declared loudly.

In a few days a letter arrived from Bertie's mother. He opened it eagerly.

It said:

"My dear Bertie,

I am very sorry to tell you that little Alice is ill with scarlet fever. So I can't have you come for the holidays. I would have been glad to have you bring your little friend with you if all had been well here.

Your father and I have decided that the best thing you can do is to stay at Miss Ware's. We shall send your Christmas to you as well as we can. Dear little Alice is very ill. Tell

Dick that I am sending a box for both of you with two of everything. Tell him it makes me so much happier to know that you will not be alone."

"Your own Mother."

P. S.—You are brave without us this Christmas, we will try to be brave.

"Your Mother."

When Bertie received this letter he felt very bad. Dick noticed it and asked him, why he looked so sad.

Bertie put the letter into Dick's hands. "Read it," he sobbed.

Dick understood the cause of Bertie's grief.

"Don't fret over it," he said at last. "It could have been worse. When Alice is better you can go home. It will help your mother if she thinks you are happy."

Soon Miss Ware came to comfort Bertie. She painted word pictures of a happy Christmas there with Dick until he almost felt contented with the prospect.

The last day of the term came and all the boys left the school. It had never seemed so large or lonely to either of the lonely little pair before.

"It's awful," groaned poor Bertie, as they strolled into the schoolroom. "I wish we were on our way home now."

"Just think if I had been left here by myself!" said Dick. "I can't help being happy to have you with me."

"Yes," said Bertie, "I never thought of the boys who could not go home on Christmas, but I always will now."

On the day before Christmas the postman walked up the steps early in the morning. He carried a large box addressed to both the boys. The boys enjoyed each and every parcel; even the last almond was touched reverently.

Just as dinner had come to an end, there was a peal of the doorbell and a sweet voice asked for Dick Egerton.

Dick sprang to his feet, and flew to greet a gentle smiling lady, crying, "Aunt Laura! Aunt Laura!"

Aunt Laura said that she and her husband had just arrived in London the day before. "I was so afraid, Dick," she said, "that we would not get here until Christmas Day, or even later, so for fear you would be disappointed I didn't write to tell you we were coming. Pack your suitcase at once to go back to London with me. Uncle and I will see that you have a splendid time."

For a moment or two Dick's face shown with delight. Then he caught sight of Bertie, and turned to his aunt.

"Dear Aunt Laura," he said, "I am very sorry, but I can't go."

"Can't go? . . . Why not?"

"Because I can't go and leave Bertie here all alone," he said stoutly. "When I was going to be here alone he wrote and asked his mother to let me come and stay at his home over the holidays. She couldn't have either of us as his little sister has scarlet fever. So I can't go and leave him here alone."

For a minute Aunt Laura looked at the boy as if she couldn't believe it, then she said, "You dear boy, you shall not leave him here. He shall go along and enjoy himself with us. Both of you will discover that kindness is never wasted in this world."

Bertie and Dick ever after referred to Aunt Laura as their "Christmas Fairy."

London, as they saw it that well remembered Christmas, was as thrilling as fairyland.

E. J. S. '32

Miriam's Christmas

Miriam sighed softly to herself,
As she thought of Christmas time,
For she had no toys upon the shelf,
No money—not even a dime.

She was thinking of some girls and boys,
As her mind wondered here and there,
Whose houses were just filled with toys,
And whose minds were free from care.

She looked at her mother,
And then at her dad,
She noticed they tried to be happy,
While she was being so sad.

Dad was a poor working man.
Whose wages were very small,
He did all he could for Miriam,
Yet she was not satisfied at all.

He tried to make her understand,
That he loved her just the same,
And Miriam tried her very best.
To be happy when Christmas came.

V. M. G. '29

So This Is Paris

Calmness spread over the entire class room when Professor Milton stepped upon the threshold. As he walked toward the front of the room he put a question before the class; and, turning around, he called upon Miss Alban to recite. Two girls arose, due to the fact that he had not stated definitely whom he wished to recite.

Ramona and Charmaine were known as the "Alban Twins." They were beautiful girls and they looked so much alike that even their mother could scarcely tell them apart. This was their Junior year in college. Thus far they had been very successful with their studies.

The school term was drawing to a close when Mrs. Alban became seriously ill. Physicians were called but their aid was of no benefit to the mother. She lingered a few days and then quietly passed away. On this account the twins were unable to take their parts in the Commencement exercises.

This event placed a dark curtain over the lives of these two young girls and their father. What could they do? The girls felt that they would never go to college again. Memories were too sad.

The class of which they were members had planned to take a trip to Washington. Charmaine and Ramona were very disappointed that they could not accompany their class mates on the journey. It was hard to keep their disappointment to themselves. One afternoon while they were seated on the swing on the lawn, their father overheard this conversation:

"But we can't go," persisted Ramona. "And we can't stay here. It will drive me crazy to stay here much longer. I do want to take a trip somewhere, but father, Oh! how could we break such news to him?"

"I'll tell you what we'll do," Charmaine replied. "We'll just throw little hints to father and he surely will discover what we are thinking about. Won't that work? We cannot merely tell him that we're going."

"Now listen," put in Ramona. "Why can't we ask him to go abroad with us? He would be good company. I would much rather visit Paris and other European countries than Washington."

"What a splendid idea," Charmaine agreed. "Let's eat dinner and then while we are eating probably we will get a chance to break the news of our proposed plans to father."

Charmaine arose and was about to run into the house when to her surprise she saw her father before her. "When will we have dinner?" he asked. "Are we all hungry?"

Ramona winked to Charmaine as she arose and the three went with linked arms toward the house.

Hastily they prepared dinner and planned speeches to be said whenever a chance seemed to appear.

As they ate, the twins both watched their father very closely and at times would laugh inwardly. They could scarcely control their eagerness. Their hands shook. Their fingers seemed all thumbs. Ramona used the mayonaisse on her potatoes for gravy and Charmaine dropped the sugar bowl. Finally their father looked up with an amused smile and said, "Since when has the family become nervous? What's the matter girls?"

"You know," broke in Ramona, "I just want so much to leave this part of the world for a little while. Couldn't we three go traveling?—We three together? Let's go somewhere by train, or,—best of all, by boat."

"What are you raving about Ramona?" put in her father jokingly. "So you'd like to travel. Well suppose we do. I think I can arrange to leave business and close up the house for a few months. Are you sure you want an "old fellow" like me along?"

Suddenly Charmaine jumped upon her feet, ran to her father threw her arms about his neck saying, "Oh Father, how kind of you. Of course we want you. Let's get ready now, Ramona."

They talked like magpies and worked like girls inspired as they cleared away the meal.

The following days found them in a hasty but a thorough preparation for the journey. Finally the appointed day. It found Ramona and Charmaine up at a very early hour. The ship left for Europe at 12:01 A. M. Europe was their goal and nightly they dreamed of Paris and London.

When the ship arrived in New York harbor, Charmaine's heart felt light and gay, but Ramona somehow felt sad even in her joy. She loved her home with its memories. She had a premonition that she had called it home for the last time.

At 12:01 the ship set sail. The girls stood on deck with their father. As they took a last glance of their own native country tears filled their eyes, though they were even only to be away a short time. Parting is always sad, even tho' joys are ahead.

This grief soon passed as they watched the black waves dash against the sturdy sides of the boat. The second day dawned and with it came happiness.

Ramona was sitting on deck reading a book. Suddenly she was interrupted by a familiar voice saying, "Ramona Alban, what are you doing here?"

Janet Darnley, the red headed Janet, of university days, seized Ramona's hand with a grasp as if she meant to leave nothing but broken bones. Finally she released her hold and turned to the good looking boys who were standing rather expectantly by. "Ramona, here is Herbert, my fiance,—Herbert Downs, you know. He is my personal property, so leave him alone. However here is another, a nice little boy, Marlin Banks. He was wandering around, friendless, it seemed to me, so I am having pity on him. I turn him over to you now." So saying, Janet gave Ramona a brilliant smile, and pulling Herbert's sleeve, she led him away.

—Poor Ramona! Here she was, left alone at mid-day with an almost unknown young man to entertain. What should she say? She really did feel embarrassed as it had all happened so suddenly. Finally he broke the awkward silence.

"What are you reading? You looked interested when we walked up."

"Oh! this book is called 'Sonny Boy,' and it surely is splendid." As she said these words she lifted her hand to her head. Her head had begun to throb violently. Had the meeting been too exciting for her?

"Aren't you feeling well?" he asked.

"Oh just a little headache. I often have them in the morning but when I lie down in the afternoon they seem to fly away."

"Let me sit by you and read aloud to you for a few minutes. Perhaps it will help you and your headache."

He read until, soothed by his calm voice she thought she felt better. However, when Ramona gathered up her book and coat she went to her state-room only to throw herself across the bed. The sound of his voice haunted her. She did not even hear Charmaine enter the room.

"What's the matter, Ramona? You look so pale. Don't you feel well? Can I do anything for you?"

"Nothing. I am afraid, sister dear. My head is up in the clouds and I feel quite queer inside. Let me rest and I will soon be alright."

She soon dozed off. Charmaine, thinking something serious had happened, called her father.

The father, who was constantly thinking of his daughter's health asked the chief steward to recommend a doctor. He said he had heard of a fine, young doctor who was on board. "His name is Banks," he informed father.

Banks entered the room and saw Ramona asleep on the bed. He realized that nothing serious was the matter, merely a touch of seasickness, but he said to the father, "This young lady will need my constant attention. Have I your permission?"

He ordered much medicine, even though he knew she would need little. Her father would be impressed thus, however.

While he was doing this he noticed Charmaine standing by watching him. Was it Ramona who was ill?

Finally he spoke. "Is it possible there could be two so similar?"

"I am Charmaine, her sister. You see we are twins."

"Well, here is a big task I wish you to perform for me. Nurse your sister very carefully, will you?"

"Certainly, I will, I'll do all I can for her." She looked at the good looking man with anxiously eager eyes.

Marlin visited Ramona's room daily, sometimes twice a day. Ramona gradually recovered from her temporary illness. She greeted the young man with a smile as he entered the room.

"Marlin, how nice of you to come to see me. But—why the bag?"

"I am your doctor, Ramona. I am so glad to find you yourself again."

"You my doctor," she said all in one breath. "Charmaine never mentioned that to me."

"No, I never told you," Charmaine said sheepishly. "Ramona you look so much better. Your cheeks are flushed. You'll be walking all around deck soon, won't you?"

"I'll be glad to look at the ocean, even in a storm," she assured Charmaine.

The following day Ramona got up. She was very weak and at first her knees seemed to bend beneath her. The sea air gave her new strength. Charmaine walked beside her, giving her a little support. Marlin was there to help if he was needed.

Thus five days had passed by. Just two more days on the ship. During these days Ramona and Marlin were constantly together. They strolled along the deck together morning and afternoon. They danced in the ball room each evening.

At last the day for landing drew nigh. Ramona dreaded the thought, but Charmaine was eager to enjoy the pleasures of Paris. She said to Ramona, "When we are off this rolling ship you'll feel happy and gay. No more sickness! No more sadness!" Her sister knew her sadness was not because of sickness of body; rather because of a sickness of—shall we call it—heart. Marlin and she had plighted their troth. Ramona was willing to wait until Marlin's studies in Paris were completed. Then they would be married and return to America. Ramona knew her father would help her struggling young doctor, if he needed it.

The girls and their father boarded the train to Scotland and its beautiful lakes, while Marlin, after many farewells turned toward Paris. All would meet again after an extended tour.

One Saturday afternoon in June Charmaine and her father planned to take a stroll together. As they were walking along they approached an out door cafe in Paris. Here they were eating and drinking to refresh themselves.

Refreshed, they rose to leave, but Charmaine suddenly said, "There comes Ramona and Marlin with the 'Norman' who told Marlin he wanted to meet me."

Ramona rushed ahead of her two followers and greeted father with a kiss. "May I present my father and sister, Charmaine—Norman Bard.

* * * * *

Let us merely peep into the future—We will not be surprised to discover that the group returning consisted of a party of five instead of three. The boys and girls had been married by the American consul in London.

Ramona and Charmaine agree that the return voyage was far superior to the voyage toward Europe. America was a land of greater promise than it had ever been before.

Anne W. '29

Smiling Repentance

Smiling he went to the gallows,
The man who had smiled alone,
In the dreary court they had judged him,
And found him guilty, unknown.

Smiling he took the sentence,
Smiling his story he told,
Of his innocent repentance,
Of his crimes which were untold.

Joyful that he could sacrifice,
Everything making life whole,
Smiling in countenance at the end,
Repentant of every deed bold.

Smiling should we who are happy,
Bear life's burdens though great,
Till at last we all will answer,
Smiling, I hope, to our fate.

Nelson Newcomer '29

How Barbara Found Success

There once lived in a small town in New York state a girl named Barbara Dean. She was the oldest of a family of three children and the support of the children fell upon her when her mother, a widow, died.

Barbara worked in a factory and was earning fifteen dollars a week when the factory was shut down on account of failure. She went around to various offices and places of business for a position but in vain, she was not considered because of her lack of education. Finally, in despair she gave up her search for a position and went to a very dear friend of the family for advice. This woman made out a plan, the contents of which were that Barbara should board the brother and sister with friends while she would go to the city where there are more advantages for working. Then she could send some money home every week to pay for the children's board.

Barbara thought that this was a pretty good plan and decided to go at once. She took Ted and Mary to some old people who were glad to have the children around to run errands for them. The next day she started for the city and when she arrived she bought a newspaper to look in the "Help Wanted" columns.

She saw several advertisements which "looked good" and she went around to the different establishments. But again her lack of education proved a drawback. Barbara became discouraged and decided to go back to her home town and put the children in a home for orphans while she would try to get a position as a domestic in somebody's household.

As there was no train any more that evening she found a cheap room in which to spend the night. To remove the monotony of the lonesome evening she took a walk. She wandered to the public library and went in to look at a magazine. While Barbara was there she noticed two girls writing and working industriously at the desk. They seemed to be very much interested in their work so Barbara watched them for a time. At last one of them looked up and saw Barbara gazing at them so intently. They talked with her and finally told her what they were doing. The girls said that they hadn't had much of an education but had "stumbled" upon a job. The position was copying manuscripts for a large well-known firm. Their pay varied from fifteen to twenty dollars a week. Barbara thought that this would be a splendid opportunity for her so she copied down the address, determined to go to the place the following morning.

The next morning she arose bright and early and went to the place. A kind looking elderly gentleman was seated at the desk. She told him about her seeing the two girls at work

in the library, about her hard luck and about the brother and sister at home.

The elderly man finally said that he would see what he could do for her. He called one of his office men who said that a position of the kind was open. Barbara went to work with a will right away and was very happy.

After a while Barbara heard of a business school which offered a night course in stenography. She decided to take this course because she had found out the value of an education in gaining a better position.

She graduated from this school and was made head stenographer of the firm at which she was employed. Her salary was increased to between thirty and forty dollars a week. Due to this advancement she brought her sister and brother to the city where they could receive a good education. Barbara was determined that they should receive a good education because she knew that in order to succeed in life an education is most essential.

E. B. H. '31

Christmas Time

Christmas time, can it really be,
You've come again so soon,
Bringing your memories and glees,
Warning the year of its doom.

You bring back the thought of long ago,
How, while shepherds their straying flocks fled,
Were urged by a light of a source unknown,
To the place of a holy babe's bed.

It was here your first gifts were given,
'Twas here his first tribute was paid,
By those in whose heart there was hidden,
The most ardent joy and praise.

Christmas time, we all love you,
Not only because of your fun,
But because of the glory of servitude,
You bring for the lowly One.

So then inspire us, Oh Christmas time,
When at last your turn has come 'round,
May we ne're from your great purpose decline,
To let you go by unrenowned.

N. N. '29

Sonia

Sonia Wilfred was the two year old daughter of a very famous actor and actress. One day before her third birthday her father was killed while performing a daring stunt. He had often successfully accomplished more difficult ones, but some thought, through being so used to this kind of work, he grew careless and too sure of his ability, and so lost his balance.

Sonia's mother grieved greatly over her loss, and was no longer interested in her work. This work, which had made her so happy in the past now was worse than punishment to her. She began to look for another position but this was a hard task, as there were few things she cared for, and those seemed to be lost for her since her husband's accident. She knew she had to find some kind of work, as she was accustomed to being well supported, altho' they had both earned good wages, they did not try to save very much. At last she decided to take a position as a model in a cloak department of one of the largest and most fashionable stores in the city.

She did not like this work but tried to keep bravely on. However, before many months passed she found her health was gradually declining and about three weeks after she left the store she died.

Sonia had a very wealthy uncle, but very unjust neighbors. Sonia's parents had always been too busy with their work and with entertaining Sonia while they were home to pay much attention to their neighbors. These people were very opposed to the Wilfreds because of their frivolous work. They were also very jealous of them in their hearts.

Now Sonia was about four years old and looked a great deal like her mother. Although she was so young, she already showed her parents' talents. She could sing exceptionally well for her age and could also dance and recite. Her mother and father had never tired of trying to teach her these things. The neighbors talked to one another about her and decided to do everything in their power to make her forget how her parents had earned their living and become so famous. Her uncle lived many, many miles away, but the death of her parents had been widely spread and he heard of it. He wrote and asked Sonia's nearest neighbors, whom he had heard of when he had visited the Wilfreds several years before.

These people would not keep Sonia, but they would not allow her to go to her uncle either, if they could help it. They wrote and told him she had died a short time before her mother, of some fever, and her mother had not been well enough to write.

THE PATTERSONIAN

They tried to tell each other that it was their duty to keep her from him as he would be in favor of using his money to make an actress of her.

Her uncle believed this, and inquired no farther. Sonia was sent to a children's home.

Here she became a favorite among the children and also the teachers and instructors of the institution. She entertained them in many ways and was also kind and willing to help everyone. She enjoyed her life and became a very interested scholar.

However, this was not to last. When she was twelve she would have to go to another place. It was a rule that they should stay only till they were twelve and then to go to another school or into a private family.

On her birthday she was taken away to another large school. She had just become acquainted with the girls here, when she was sent to a private family by the name of Mason.

Here she liked it but as she grew older became more and more interested in the stage and its attractions. Mason's tried to discourage her but she only learned to love this kind of entertainment more, and longed to become an actress. One day they told her they were going to a city many miles away to visit a very good friend. Sonia went along and found them to be visiting a rather old man. He had very gray hair, bright blue eyes, and was a very large man. His face wore a kind and friendly expression and Sonia decided that she would like to know him better. She noticed also that he was watching her very intently.

At last he said, "tell me did I misunderstand you, or did you say your name was Sonia Wilfred?"

"You did not misunderstand me, that is my name," answered Sonia.

"Was your father's name Wilbor Wilfred?"

"That was his name, but how can you know?"

"Sonia, I am your uncle. When your mother died I wrote and asked your nearest neighbor to write and tell me where to find you. I said I would come very soon and bring you a long home, send you to school here and make this your home also. They told me you had died of some fever a short time before."

Sonia was greatly confused and pleased at finding her uncle. He asked her to live with him as his life was very lonely in the big house, with only servants. It happened that the Masons were looking for a new home, and during their stay bought one. They also consented for Sonia to stay with her uncle and visit them often.

THE PATTERSONIAN

Her uncle gave her all the chance she needed to prove her talents and this she did, for Sonia became as fine an actress as her mother had been and her work was greatly appreciated.

A. H. W.

The Forest

Oh ye tall and broad, green forest,
How I love to roam in thee,
Hear the sweet songs of the spring birds,
See each broad and noble tree.

How I love to hunt your flowers,
Hidden under mossy rocks,
Hear the brook that flows and ripples,
O'er the many rills and rocks.

A. R. Z.

An Artist's Attic Life

The rain is falling all around,
I know it by the sound,
As I lay in my bed,
In my attic room, half dead!

The room is littered with canvas,
The table stands full of glass,
Sketches lie all over my spread,
As I try to straighten out my head.

I seem to have been in a number of doses,
For I look at my long withered roses,
And recall that 'twas long, e're
I put them there in my gentle care.

I talked to myself in a loud voice,
And found it was not the one of my choice,
And utterly humble in prayer,
Ask that the Lord might give me his care.

There was no one who knew at all,
Or ever crossed my hall,
For I lived in an attic high,
Where no one could hear a fearful cry.

The wind, the cold, the rain,
I could feel and hear it so plain,
As I slowly recovered from my pain,
And wished for life to spring and bloom. again.

H. C. S. '29

Mr. Black's Experience With A Dog

Mr. Black had invited Mr. Nolan to dinner. During his visit Mr. Black told a very interesting story about a dog. When he was a young man he roamed from place to place. One time when he was in South America he had no money to pay his way on a passenger boat to go home. Some sailors agreed to take him along on a lumber boat if he would work on the boat.

Mr. Black detested dogs. The smallest dog made him tremble with fear. The first day he was on the boat he saw a large ferocious looking dog. He was terror stricken to think that he would have to stay on board ship with such an animal. The dog was very friendly with the sailors. Mr. Black tried to avoid the dog as much as possible, without letting the sailors know his fear. They were a boisterous gang and seemed none too friendly. The dog seemed to know he was afraid, for he followed and watched him continuously.

One stormy day the boat sprang a leak. The storm grew worse, and the leak larger, in spite of the efforts of the sailors. They began to throw the lumber off the ship, but it helped little. Quickly the sailors tried to loosen the life boats, but only one could be loosened because the others were rusted fast.

The boat sank. Mr. Black caught hold of a large piece of floating timber and tied himself to it with some rope he had around his waist. The next instant he looked, the dog was upon the piece of timber. He did not know which was more to be feared, the dog or the ocean.

The storm grew worse. The dog slid over and over, with only his front paws on the timber. The timber was slippery, and the dog was trying to get on it. The waves dashed against him, making it impossible. A few more waves would wash him away. He looked up to Mr. Black. His brown eyes were asking for pity and mercy.

Then Mr. Black risked his life. He loosened his rope and crawled toward the dog. Then he grabbed him, and tied the dog and himself fast to the timber. It was none too soon, because a terrific wave washed over them.

A few hours later the storm ceased and they were rescued by a ship.

"Is that dog still living?" asked Mr. Nolan.

"No, he is now dead," answered Mr. Black, with a sorrowful look. "But I shall always love dogs." We were pals for years after that terrible experience.

C. R. H. '32

Through The Postern Gate

"Through The Postern Gate" is written by Florence L. Barclay.

It is a fiction book printed in New York, March 1, 1912.

The chief characters are: Christobel Charteris, Guy Chelsea and Kenrick Harvey.

The story is a romance of seven days. Christobel was in love with Guy Chelsea, whom she called 'Little Boy Blue.' Guy was ten years younger than Christobel, but Guy never cared for that. However, Christobel knew another man whose name was Kenrick Harvey. She had known him for years. She felt it her duty to marry Kenrick because she knew he was waiting to marry her when conditions were better for him.

One night, however, she dreamed Kenrick and she were on their 'wedding trip', on a ship. They saw very near them an airplane which was wrecked in the water. She overheard a conversation between a group of men saying that the aviator was Guy Chelsea. She immediately ran away from Kendrick, hastened to the wrecked airplane. She cried out and pleaded to let her through the great crowd. She said, "Please let me through. I belong to him. He is mine." She got through and saw the dead aviator. Yes, it was Guy, her 'Little Boy Blue'. Now what will she do? Her best friend lay there. He was so beautiful, almost seeming to smile at her and saying, "You will be sorry later." He told her a long time before that if she marries one whom she does not love she will be sorry.

It was morning and Christobel awoke. She was not on a 'wedding trip' with Kenrick. Oh how happy she was. This dream however taught her a lesson: Not to marry one she does not love for 'she will be sorry.' But will marry one whom she loves dearly, her 'Little Boy Blue.'

M. W. L.

Christmas Time

The most joyful season of the year,
At least it seems to me,
Is that of Christmas joy and cheer,
That reaches far and near.

You wake up early on that morn,
And shiver most to death,
And nearly break your neck to dress,
And scramble down the steps.

Parnassus On Wheels

Christopher Morley is the author of "Parnassus On Wheels." It is a story.

"Parnassus On Wheels" was a bookstore on a wagon driven by a horse. Roger Mifflin, who was the chief character, made his living by traveling from town to town selling books. He finally got tired of this and when too old to keep on with this work, he decided to sell. Roger thought of selling it to Andrew McGill because he was an author and he thought he would enjoy this work.

Andrew had a sister named Helen, she was a girl who disliked books because her brother wouldn't help with the farm work, but wandered away to the woods to write a book. This would make Helen very angry. Helen bought the "Parnassus on Wheels" to keep Andrew from buying it. Helen started out on this journey and thus she learned to enjoy the value of books.

M. M. R. '31

All In A Day

Night! dark, black, sombre night
Shadows creep
Birds asleep
Darkness abounds everywhere.

Dawn! red streaks the sky
Shadows gone
Birds appear
Soon the sun is here.

Noon! light is everywhere
Flowers coming
Bees are humming
So is day light bright and fair.

Twilight streaks the sky in pink
Birds are hushing
Time is rushing
The day is ended.

B. N. D. '29

The First Christmas Eve

The night was chill, the sky was cold,
The stars shone out with a glimmering light
On a group of shepherds upon the wold
As though to wonder at the poor men's flight
That they should watch their flocks by night.

A breeze went by and each one bent
His rugged frame toward the flickering fire;
The shepherds and fire seemed together blent
And a scene of which we never tire,
Was formed that night by the lone watch-fire.

At last one cried, "Ah brothers, look, look!"
And lo, the vault of the heavens shook,
Forth to their sight in spotless white
Came the messenger angel as told in the Book,
"Fear not," said he, "for behold I bring
To all on earth good will to men,
The Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Then a chorus of angels in white appeared,
That chorus to all so greatly endeared,
And sang the first carol that ever was sung
By saint or by sinner, by monk or by nun,
And with fear in their hearts those pure shepherd men
Responded in soul, "Amen, Amen."

Far away on a great king's throne,
Sat a man of wondrous might.
He saw the star with its strange, bright light
And he trembled for that which was his own;
He sent for his wise men and learned from them,
That a king was born in Bethlehem.
O why should he, a man so great
Tremble and shake as from an earthquake,
That a little child on its mother's knee,
Should rival his throne, his fame, his decree?

Yet he feared all this and sent Wise Men three,
With gifts so precious to seek for him;
They saw the star and the child-like king,
They saw the shepherds with reverence come in,
They gave their gifts and blessed the Child,
The Child so precious, so pure, and mild,
But still they feared to return to their king
And tell him the tale of this wondrous thing.

THE PATTERSONIAN

Thus was our great King's coming told:
 First to the shepherds upon the wold,
 Then to the chosen Wise Men three,
 Then to the world and to you and to me;
 For we are his children and our wealth and might
 are as nothing at all in the Good Shepherd's sight.
 But a humble spirit is better by far
 Than might which may ruin or wealth that may mar.
 E. J. K. '31

Once A Year

T'is the day after Christmas,
 But looks a lot more
 Like an occupied village
 Just after a war,
 Wrecked toys on the carpet,
 And there by the wall,
 The remains of a priceless imported doll,
 With Johnny in this corner,
 Janey in that,
 Ready to fight
 At the drop of a hat—
 Mother gives thanks,
 With a sigh and a tear,
 That kind Santa Claus
 Only comes once a year.
 Beatrice Derr

Winter

When the snow is softly falling
 And the ground with snow is white,
 There is silence in the tree tops,
 And houses shine with light.

When the soow is softly alling
 And the trees with leaves are bare,
 The night is dark and lonely,
 And the farmer's free from care.

When children play out in the cold
 And make great things from snow,
 The world seems good to everyone,
 Though the wintry winds still blow.

Violet Gerber '29

THE PATTERSONIAN

Tom Hardy

"Your honor, we find the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree."

It was in a typical courthouse of a small city in New York. The rays of the sun, fast sinking in the West, rested on a young man about twenty-two years of age. His head was bowed but at these words, he raised his head and looked out into the courtroom into the eyes of another youth his own age. The youth lowered his eyes under the agonizing look of the convicted boy; he could scarcely bear to see those bright blue eyes always so full of concern and friendliness now to be almost black with pain and sorrow. He would tell! He must tell! He started to rise but a power within him, stronger than his will, made him fall back in his seat and watch the other boy being led away.

Tom Hardy, was a victim of circumstance. Every evidence pointed clearly to him as the murderer of a miserly old man with his obvious intention of robbery. Only one other person knew differently and that was the guilty one. It was a terrible thing to have your best pal turn out to be a murderer; but that spark of love and sympathy that exists between friends is able to work miracles. Tom's best pal, Johnny Arnold, was not bad at heart but through a fit of temper, he committed a crime, the blot of which could never be erased. And now, he was like a frightened child, too scared to speak. Therefore, Tom, through his great love and sympathy for his chum, would not betray him and was willing to suffer his punishment.

Yes, at first thought, he would suffer the punishment but as he had time to think while awaiting his end, he determined to devise a plan of escape. After spending one and a half months in prison, he completed his plan not only of escape, but also a plan of his future actions. He found out indirectly, that there was a ship sailing for Australia, so, he made his plans fit the time of the departure of the ship. Tom became a favorite of the Warden because of his good behavior and docility and thus was not watched very closely. Using this as a stepping stone he made good his escape one evening. He hid himself that evening and managed to get on board the vessel the next morning.

There was a young girl accompanied by an elderly lady on board the ship. She was the kind of a girl that makes everyone take a second glance. Her bearing was not haughty nor proud but rather regal and to every one she gave a kind glance if not a smile. But they were about two days out from shore before Tom took more than an ordinary glance at her. They had been standing side by side for sometime looking out

over the sea when, naturally just as is the custom when traveling, they began a conversation. He found out that her name was Fae Compton and that her traveling companion was her mother. Her father was a United States Government official stationed in Australia. They were going to visit him and probably make their home there.

Their friendship grew from day to day. It was the evening of the eighth day. They were standing at the rail together. The sun had long gone down beyond the horizon and many tiny stars were twinkling in the dusky sky.

At last Tom broke the silence. "Fae," he said, "what do you think of a person who, accused of murder unjustly, had the opportunity to escape and took it?"

"Just what do you mean and of what are you talking?" was the calm reply.

"Fae, I've many things to tell you before this voyage is over, if you will let me, but first of all—I guess I'd better be frank. I'm an escaped convict. I have been in prison for nearly two months, condemned to die but when the opportunity of escaping presented itself, I took it. I don't know if I've done right or wrong. I was innocent but the Fates seemed against me. I was accused of murdering an old man, but as God is my judge, I am innocent. I know who did it but I'll never tell. Perhaps you'll never recognize me again but I feel so much better knowing that I am not acting a part. You only need to say the word and I shall go out of your life for ever as soon as we land."

"Don't Tom, I don't blame you. I pity you, but I respect your attitude towards the true culprit. I wish that you would see that he is brought to justice but as you understand the case better than I, perhaps, it is better that it goes as it is."

"Thank you, little friend, you will never know how much those words mean to me. I thought perhaps you would turn on me as many of my friends have done and I knew that I couldn't stand that because you see you mean so much to me. That is all I can say now but sometime when I'm in the position to talk more freely, I wonder will you stop me?"

A smile was her only answer as she left but it was enough. It held a world of encouragement and faith.

Tom was awakened the next morning by a knocking on the door. He got up and opened. Captain McGee with two other officers of the ship filled the door way.

Captain McGee was first to speak. "Mr. Hardy, I believe? Will you read this?" Tom took the typed message from the captain's hand and read:

"There is on board your ship an escaped convict from Rockville prison. Name is Tom Hardy. Is well built, dark hair, blue eyes. Hold as a prisoner."

Tom grew pale but offered no resistance when they put him in a cell-like room and barred the door. His only regret was Fae. It was of her that he was always thinking, wondering if she knew of his imprisonment.

Thus occupying himself with thoughts and memories he counted two days to pass. It was on the evening of the second day when he heard the fire alarm. Then he heard the rush of people past his door, the scream of frightened women, the hoarse shouts of men. Minutes passed, seeming hours, but no one came to his door. Would they forget him? Didn't Fae remember? He was now able to hear the roar of the flames and feel the intense heat. Wasn't there anyone who remembered about him? God, would he have to burn to death? How much better it would have been to stay in prison and meet the quiet death of the chair! Some one must remember! He began to beat on the door but to no avail. But Yes! someone was turning the keys in the lock. The door flew open and there stood the Captain and Fae.

(To be continued in next issue)

School

Pupils of our High School
Should and ought to be
The best that ever can be gotten
O'er all the land and sea.

They should respect their teachers
And like each classmate dear
And work for all that's in them
Each short and happy year.

If everyone would do his part
And help his classmate some
I'm sure our school would be the best
And the goal would then be won. E. M. D. '29

The Activities of the History Club

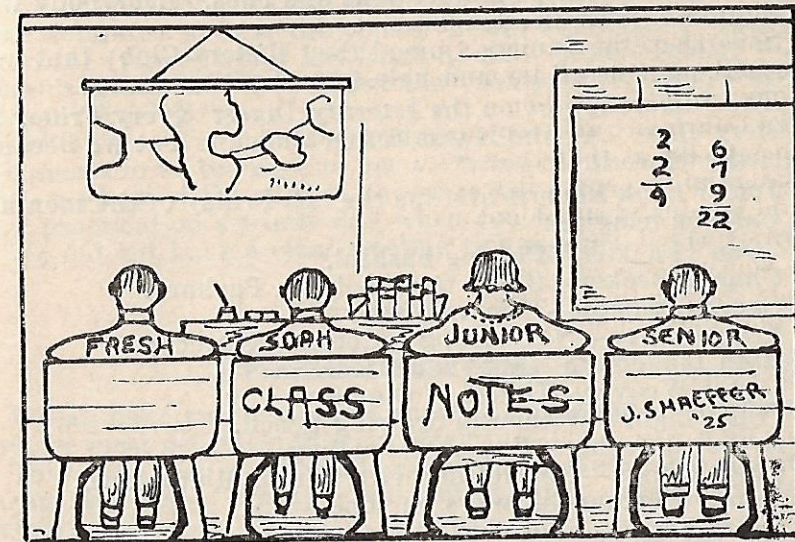
On Tuesday, October 23, 1928 our school organized a History Club, under the leadership of our History teacher, Miss Martin. There were forty-four of the pupils from the three classes, Sophomore, Junior and Senior, who joined. We chose for our president, Giboney Diffenderfer; our vice-president, Willis Fuhrman; and for our secretary, Elsie Hoffer. As the main interest at that time was centered in the approaching presidential election, it was decided that the History Club should conduct a presidential election in our own school. The officers needed were appointed. They consisted of: four assessors who registered the names of the students; four tax collectors, who collected the poll tax of one cent which was levied, one judge, and two inspectors who took charge on election day.

On Friday, October 26, the president of the club, Giboney Diffenderfer, made a speech in assembly informing the school of our plans for the election and also of the campaign speeches which were to be given in the near future.

The following Friday, Nov. 1, the two candidates made their final campaign speeches. Oliver Longenecker, representing Herbert Hoover, the Republican candidate, was introduced to us by his campaign manager, Russel Stoner, who took the part of Mr. Work. Beatrice Craley, represented Alfred E. Smith, the Democratic candidate, and was introduced to us by Esther Barnhart, who represented Mr. Raskob, the Democratic campaign manager. Both speeches were very good and were broadcasted over station "M J H S" to a large and attentive "unseen audience." Benjamin Dillinger acted as announcer.

The next Tuesday, November 6, the election was held. The polling place for the Juniors and Seniors was on the stage in the auditorium. The Freshmen and Sophomores voted in the gallery of the auditorium. The interest of the school was so great that every student voted and when the results were made known by means of the Bulletin Board, we found that the Republicans had won with 106 votes against the Democrats' 27 and the Socialists' 1.

This is the first activity of the History Club but we hope to accomplish more in the future. We have found this election to be of educational importance in that we have learned through the campaign speeches of the various candidates what their respective parties really stand for. We also learned the way an election is conducted and because of this method of learning, I am sure we will never forget it.



Senior Class Notes

Monday, October 22, the Seniors held a class meeting. At this meeting Laura Wagner gave us an invitation to a Halloween party which she was giving on Thursday, November 1. The class accepted her invitation.

Wednesday, October 31, another class meeting was held to decide the time and place for meeting to attend the party. It was decided to meet at the Marietta Street Building at 7:30.

The Halloween party was held Thursday, November 1, at the home of Laura Wagner. The decorations were in keeping with Halloween. As you entered the room that creepy feeling came over you as the Jack-O-Lanterns stared you in the face. Singing, playing games and fortune-telling were features of the evening. Dainty refreshments were served. The class thanks Laura heartily for the good time had by all.

The Seniors have decided to sell candy before school hours and at Basket ball games. We would like the lower classes to patronize us in this effort to get money to help pay our expenses on our future trip to Washington.

The subscription campaign which was conducted from November 9-21 was quite a success. Dorothy Kaylor '29

THE PATTERSONIAN

Junior Class Notes

We received our pennants, tams and caps. Everybody was well pleased with the purchase.

Several of the Juniors joined the History Club that was formed. Let us all try and help to make it a success.

The Juniors report on the Literary Digest every Friday in History class. At first it was rather difficult but we became accustomed to it.

Junior Book Reports are due the last Friday of the month. Can you imagine:

"Dan" Fackler—Playing bashful.

Charles Becker—Going to school in a Packard.

George Stumpf—Thin and frail.

Frances Sipe—Not writing letters to Kentucky.

Ruth Lindemuth—Not industrious.

Lester Weaver—Tallest of the boys.

"Bill" Light—Without a drawing pencil.

Arthur Sprecher—Expert in spelling.

Clara Hinkle—Not getting letters from Middletown.

James Fletcher—Always on time.

Helen Snyder—Not alert.

Galen Young—Not asking questions.

John Charles—Energetic.

"Russ" Halbleib—Shouting.

"Dutch" Hauer—Not sleeping in study hall.

Walter Derr—Being noisy.

Ruth Kaylor—Without a compact.

"Bill" Fuhrman—Not studying.

Lloyd Garber—Studying.

"Jim" Beamenderfer—Silent.

"Dud" Sipe—Not conceited.

Alida Greider '30

Sophomore Class Notes

We were to receive a new pupil. Robert Miller formerly from Middletown.

Two of the girls in the class were chosen as assistants in the magazine subscription campaign for the benefit of the Seniors. Mildred Zink assisted Giboney Diffenderfer in the "green gang," and Evelyn Baker assisted Benjamin Dillinger in the "red gang."

The Sophomore class has had a hundred per-cent deposit on bank day since the second week.

There are seven Sophomore girls out for basket ball this year.

THE PATTERSONIAN

Our class is well represented in the Latin and History clubs. Several of the members from our class participated in the presidential election given by the History club. We were delighted to hear the voices of our classmates, Esther Barnhart (representing Mr. Raskob) and Russel Stoner (representing Mr. Work) during the campaign speeches over station "M J H S."

In Biology we are making a Mamal Study.

It seems to be the rage to get a "wind-blown bob" and about one-half of the girls in the class have them. They are very practical on a windy day when you haven't a comb.

We did not have a class meeting this month. D. G. '31

Freshman Class Notes

We all have had a week of vacation (institute week) and now we must get down to work again.

There has been no unusual event in our class this month except that the "greens" are quite happy over their close victory.

Section nine is reading the "Julia" book in Latin and learning a great deal concerning ancient Rome and its people.

The second section is studying Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" in English and nine A is studying the parts of speech.

About nine Freshman girls have turned out for basket ball and are practicing earnestly. We hope that a few will make the "sub" team. A few boys have, also, turned out for the "midget" team.

E. L. B.



Current Events

Oct. 19—A man was here who lectured and demonstrated on the powers of electricity.

Oct. 22—The girls Glee Club held their practice in the auditorium.

Oct. 23—The Junior pennants have come and every one be on hand with the money.

Nov. 2—Girls have their first basket ball practice. All those who are interested please come out at 3:45.

Boys have their first basket ball practice at 6:30.

Nov. 5—There is a meeting of the election officers. They are getting ready for the election. Come on! everyone vote for your candidate.

Nov. 9—Basket ball practice for the girls and as usual music period under Mr. Landis at 3:15.

Nov. 11—A man came to this High School today to talk on our future occupation. He gave the Seniors an idea of how to earn some money toward their trip to Washington.

All the under classmen must help to make the drive a success. We wish you luck Seniors.

Nov. 12—There is a meeting of the "Reds" in the auditorium at 3:15 and a meeting of the "Greens" in Miss Heartly's room. Which side will win?

Nov. 19—The "Reds" are ahead. Come on "Greens" make them work.

Nov. 20—Preparation for the Thanksgiving performance begins. We wish the people in it the best of luck.

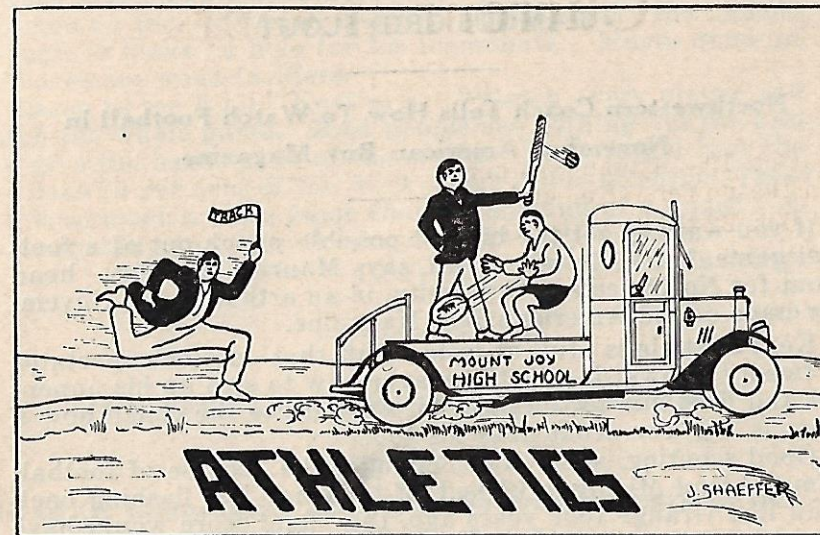
The "Greens" are ahead today, the "Reds" will have to work hard to beat them.

There is basket ball practice for the girls tonight.

Nov. 22—The "Greens" won the contest. Good luck to you "Greens." As usual the little red lamb comes running behind the big green lion.

Nov. 23—The auditorium is always busy. It seems either the children from the Grades are there or the people who are in the Thanksgiving program.

There is a "Pat" meeting in the balcony. Everyone please be prompt with their "Pat" material.



Girls' Athletics

The girls basket ball squad met on the "gym" floor Friday, November 6, 1928 for their first practice. Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Nitrauer were there teaching us passes and instructing us in the fundamentals of basket ball.

Our coach this year is Miss Almeda Brackbill. We are sorry to lose Miss Jean Thome as coach but we all like the new coach.

Our first game is with West Lampeter on December 7, 1928, in the Mount Joy gymnasium.

The basket ball squad consists of: Anna Bundel, Helen Snyder, Estella Brandt, Evelyn Baker, Louise Garlin, Anna Troutwine, Beatrice Derr, Helen Rohrer, Helen Schroll, Mildred Zink, Carcena Engle, Fanny Dillinger, Elizabeth Heilig, Anna Winters, Elsie Hoffer, Myrtle Roth, Mary Reist, Evelyn Smeltzer, Naomi Longenecker, Esther Barnhart.

The team will be chosen the last practice before the game. Also six extras will be chosen and the players will all have a chance.

High school students come out and give us the cheer for our first game. We need your support at all the games. Come and help us win.

E. M. B. '31

LEARN TO SEE WHOLE GAME SAYS FAMOUS GRID SCOUT

Northwestern Coach Tells How To Watch Football in
November American Boy Magazine

If you want to get the biggest possible punch out of a football game, learn to see it all, says Maurice A. Kent, head scout for Northwestern University, in an article in the November issue of the American Boy Magazine.

Kent's article is full of inside stuff that not one spectator in twenty knows; it tells the player how to size up his opponent and beat him to the ball; it explains to the coach how a famous Big Ten scout does his job.

Good scouting, says Kent, changes the course of football games. Had Michigan kicked off to some less flashing back than Red Grange four years ago, the final score would have been closer than 39 to 14. As it was, Grange ran 100 yards to a touchdown on the first play, and the Michigan team didn't recover its morale until it was too late.

Detecting trick plays is not Kent's main job. The most important and interesting part of it is watching the little things. There's nothing mysterious or underhanded about scouting—it's simply a case of watching the play carefully from the sidelines. If the scout sees more than the ordinary person, it's simply because he is trained to observe.

From the kick-off to the final whistle, Kent tries to see everything that goes on. He notes how the team that is to carry the ball lines up, whether the receiver is fast or slow, how the interference forms, the style of blocking used. His own team will know what to do, with these points in hand, when the time comes.

Then he watches the line-up. What kind of crouch does the offensive team use? Which foot is forward? Does the line change low or high? How wide do the ends play on a kick formation? If they play in, maybe the play isn't a kick at all. What does the line do on running plays? Who makes the holes? Does the center give away the play by tensing when he is about to pass the ball?

"Watch the formation the backfield uses," advises Kent. "Where does each man play? How does the play start? Does the back man point the play? Take down formations—if your coach has the formation to go on, he can usually figure out a defense for all plays."

Kent doesn't overlook defensive play. Maybe there are two men on the offensive tackle, one to yank the guard through to make a hole for his team-mate. Maybe some of the backs are weak tacklers.

"Learn to see it all," Kent says. "Watch every player and watch the whole game. Most people see nothing but the ball and give the backs most of the credit. Don't forget that the line does 70 per cent of the work—give it due attention. Football is so much a team game that the shifting of a guard's elbow may tell you where the backfield intends to go."

J. N. N. Exchange

ENGINEER EXPLAINS THEORY OF FLYING

Head Of Guggenheim School, In November American Boy
Tells How Planes Stay Up

Have you ever thought that most of the swimmers in the high school tank are like airplanes?

Probably not, but that is the illustration used by Professor Alexander Klemin, in charge of the Daniel Guggenheim School of Aeronautics, New York University, in the November issue of the American Boy Magazine. The article, "What Makes It Fly?" is the first of a series on the airplane and the theory of flying that Professor Klemin is writing expressly for boys interested in aviation.

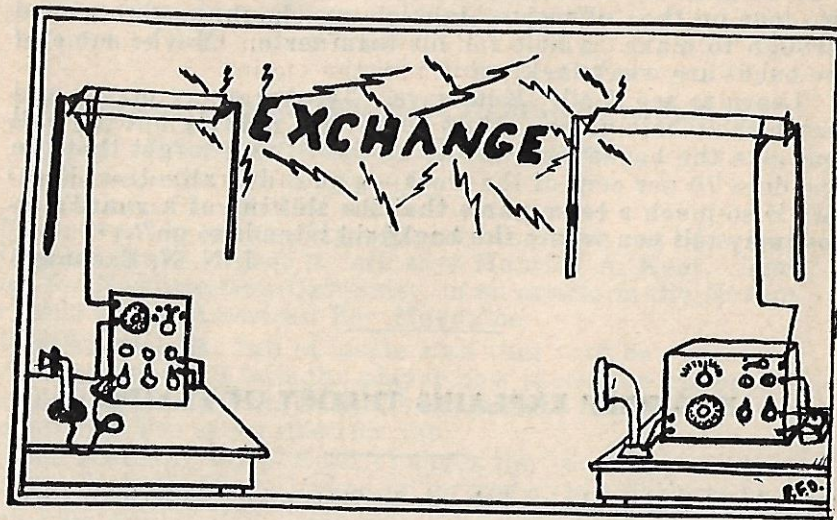
"If the ordinary man in deep water remains motionless, he will sink," says Professor Klemin. "If he swims, the upward reaction or lift of the water against his body will support him. To keep moving through the water the man must work vigorously, propelling himself by the use of his arms and legs against the resistance of the water. The man swimming is a heavier-than-water craft.

"The airplane must be sustained by the dynamic reaction due to the motion of the air on its wings. It is therefore a heavier-than-air craft, which can remain aloft only when in motion."

Other material of interest to high school air enthusiasts is contained in the magazine.

J. N. N. Exchange

THE PATTERSONIAN



As the Patt Sees Others:

The Crimson and Gold, Columbia, Pa.—We are very glad to hear from you this year. Your school paper is improved and deserves favorable comment. The Pattersonian desires your exchange frequently this year.

The Indian Leader, St. Lawrence, Kansas—We receive your paper weekly. The discussions on Indian living are interesting in a late number.

The Iris, Philadelphia High School—Your paper is popular with our students. They appreciate the news in it. Why not increase your ads?

Blue and White, West York—We are glad to hear you have enlarged your weekly. It shows improvement over last year's issues.

The American Boy, 550 Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.—We are thanking the publishers for their contributions, of interest to scholars of sports material sent to the editor of the Pattersonian.

The Lone Star, Austin Texas—We like your October issue. Your paper shows real talent in spite of the handicap of your scholars. All success to them and the Lone Star.

The Chatterbox, Shillington, Pa.—Your Hallowe'en number is clever. Your economy however seems to degrade your paper. Conditions may cause this and must be considered.

(thirty-eight)

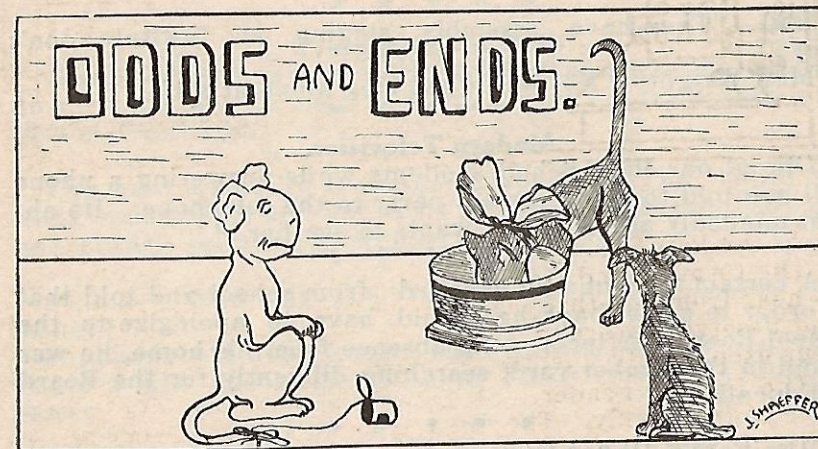
THE PATTERSONIAN

The Mountain Echo, Altoona, Pa.—Glad to hear you have Student Council. Every high school should set this as its ideal. Congratulations to Henry Hafner on his victory. Congratulations also to Glen Hoffman the victim.

The Maple Hill, Glen Rock, Pa.—Congratulations on your Basket ball organization, both boys and girls. We wish your teams success.

The Glen Echo—A refined paper due favorable comment.

The Pattersonian will appreciate all criticism any magazine may make be it favorable or not. Nelson Newcomer



Frances Sipe in History Class—"They made peace in time of war."

* * * * *

Miss Bare—"Merlin, what gave you the idea Boswell was a drinker?"

Merlin—"Well, did he not practice at the Scotch Bar?"

* * * * *

Miss Martin—"Why did the people go to Patrick Henry for information?"

James F.—"Because he was the head man." (Governor).

* * * * *

Willis—"We have a freak on our farm. It's a two-legged calf."

Dudley—"I know, he came over to call on my sister last evening."

(thirty-nine)

THE PATTERSONIAN

Anna Bundle (translating French)—“There will be three months until the end of next week.”

* * * * *

A young lady who collects antiques recently acquired a haircloth chair and now she knows why her grandmother wore six petticoats.—Kansas City Star.

* * * * *

“That’s what I call tough luck!”

“What’s that?”

“I’ve got a check for forty dollars and the only man in town who can identify me is the one I owe forty.”—Literary Digest.

* * * * *

Bud—“They have assembly singing at Institute, don’t they?”

Miss Wright—“No, we do not sing alone at all.”

* * * * *

Modern Television

One of our High School students while answering a phone call was told to call a certain party to the telephone. He absent-mindedly asked “Who wants to see her?”

* * * * *

A certain student was expelled from school and told that in order to come back he would have to apologize to the School Board. After a long absence from his home, he was found in the lumber-yard, searching diligently for the Board of Education.

* * * * *

Miss Bare—“What part of speech is pledge?”

Nelson—“A vowel.”

* * * * *

Policeman (producing his note-book)—“What’s your name?”

Motorist—“Aloysius Alastir Cyiranus.”

Policeman (putting book away)—“Well, don’t let me catch you again.”—Hardware Age.

* * * * *

She was only a photographer’s daughter, but she was certainly well developed.

* * * * *

Teacher—“Tommy you’ve not done a bit of work this period and I’ve told you again and again that the devil finds work for idle hands to do.”

Tommy—“Yes’m.”

Teacher—“Now take out your copy-book and write that out twenty times.”—Life.

THE PATTERSONIAN

Hardware dealer’s son—“We’re a wonderful family: Pa’s a hardware man, Ma has electricity in her hair and Grandma has gas on her stomach.”—Good Hardware.

* * * * *

Teacher—“If there were Mr. Jones, Mrs. Jones and the baby, how many were there?”

Johnny—“There were two, and one to carry.”—Life.

* * * * *

A sultan at odds with his harem,
Thought of a way he could scare’em
He caught him a mouse,
Which he freed in the house,
Thus starting the first harem scarem.—Judge.

* * * * *

Trespassing in 1958

Jones—“Smith, will you quit flying your plane through my air or will I have to install a vacuum over my front lawn?”—Boston Transcript.

* * * * *

This most assuredly is an age of wonders. The ladies are using snake skins and cat skins for shoes and even banana and orange skins make wonderful slippers.

* * * * *

Sophia—“Who will you marry? Will you marry for money?”

Sophionia—“I don’t know but I have a sacred wish that Cupid would shoot me with a Piece-Arrow.”—Columbia Jester.

* * * * *

Miss Bare—“Can you name a collective noun?”

Soph—“A vacuum cleaner.”

* * * * *

Teacher—“Who was the Black Prince?”

Fresh—“Probably the son of Old King Cole.”—Texas Ranger.

* * * * *

Native (pointing to a mountain)—“That mountain has been there four thousand years and four.”

Tourist—“How do you get the four odd years?”

Native—“Well, when I came here four years ago I was told the mountain had been here four thousand years.”—Blue Book.

* * * * *

Wife—“Just think, in a few years we shall be able to fly to London in half an hour.”

Husband—“Yes, but you will still need two hours to get ready.”—Weekly Scotsman.

THE PATTERSONIAN

Mustard is what keeps a hot-dog from tasting good when you can't put any on.
* * * * *

Student—"How many courses are you taking?"

Stude—"Eight, including coffee, my room-mate just got his allowance."—Humor.
* * * * *

Miss Martin—"Who invented the steam boat?"

Anna Walters—"Clermont."
* * * * *

Ben Dillinger (in chemistry)—"The molecule of the substance divides into one part."
* * * * *

COSMETICS 'N' ALL

LADIES' REST ROOM

DRIVE IN

WASHING AND GREASING

—Filling Station Sign on the Forth Worth pike.
* * * * *

No Change

Clara—"Do you get your alimony regularly?"

Marie—"No, I might just as well be living with him."—Life.
* * * * *

Souvenir Hunter—"Mother, was your name Pullman before you were married?"

"No, dear, why do you ask?"

"Well, I just wondered. I see that name on a lot of our towels."—Vancouver Province.
* * * * *

Blunt Instrument

Little Simpson—"He called me a liar, and, big as he was I knocked him sprawling."

Wife—"With your fist?"

Little Simpson—"No, with my car."
* * * * *

Well-known Culprit—Who remembers the days when father got all the blame for the ashes on the rug?—Denver News.
* * * * *

Warm Baby—For Sale—Combination cook stove and baby buggy.—Fitusville (Pa.) paper.
* * * * *

Page Samson:

Wanted—Man to move building. —Ad in a Mumice, Ind. paper.

THE PATTERSONIAN

Yawning Garage—"Has your brother come home from college yet?"

"I guess so, or else the car's been stolen."—Ski-u-mah.
* * * * *

The Sophomores made out true, false statements in History.

A statement made by a Sophomore: "Marie Antoinette was a sister of Joseph II."
* * * * *

Declension of "dive" by Dan Light:

"I dive, I dove, I have dived."
* * * * *

Cockney Caresess—"Young Rose 'Awkins is goin' abaht sayin' you're in love with'er 'Arry. Is that right?"

"Gam! Don't take no notice of 'er! I may 'ave give 'er a clip or two over the ear, but that's all there is in it!"—London Passing Show.
* * * * *

Human Chicken

Oakland Man Loses Head, Runs Away After Collision.—Sacramento (Cal.) Union.
* * * * *

Please Forward

"Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg address?"

"No, I didn't even know he lived there."—Purple Cow.
* * * * *

No Chewing

Up to date front room with gas for your meals, \$3.—Worcester (Mass.) paper.
* * * * *

Among His Souvenirs

Smith—"How did you get those two black eyes?"

Scrapp—"My wife gave me a pair of socks for my birthday."—College Banter.
* * * * *

Knows His Old Man

Nurse—"Bobby, what would your father say if he saw you'd broken that branch off?"

Bobby—"He'd say, trees are not so well made now as they were before the war."—Punch.
* * * * *

The Sophomores learned something new in Biology class.

Dan Light: Informing the class that there are "bird catching insects" (insect catching birds).
* * * * *

Ella—"I heard the most perfectly charming radio program last night."

Bella—"I didn't have a date either."

THE PATTERSONIAN

"What a lovely fur coat, what did it cost?"

"One single kiss."

"That you gave your husband?"

"No, that he gave the maid."

* * * * *

Lady up to her neck in water, saying to a man along the bank.

She—"Do you think you could start my car?"

He—"Where is it?"

She—"I'm sitting in it."

* * * * *

Lady to Waiter—"Did you enjoy the fight last night?"

Waiter—"Naw de guy got yella an quit inna 73rd round."

* * * * *

Sambo—"S'long, Big Boy, ah'll meet yuh at nine o'clock P. M."

Big Boy—"What d'yuh mean: P. M? Perhaps Maybe?"

* * * * *

"Pa, what is influence?"

"Influence is what you think you have until you try to use it."

* * * * *

She—"I wish you'd chuck that cigar out of the window."

He—"Look here, I don't often give a quarter for a cigar, but when I do—"

She—"You get twenty cents change."

* * * * *

"Which would you prefer in your future husband—wealth, ability or appearance?" asked the pretty cashier.

"Appearance, my dear," replied the spinster salesclerk; "but he's got to appear pretty soon."

* * * * *

Bobbie—"Why is father singing, mother?"

Mother—"He's singing the baby to sleep."

Bobbie—"Well, if I were the baby I'd pretend to be a—"

* * * * *

Miss Bare—"Who was Puck?"

A Sophomore—"Puck was a character in Shakespeare's 'Mid Night's Summer Dream.' (Mid Summer's Night Dream).

* * * * *

When the Music starts—"Ah! You should hear my dad play Bach!"

"Gosh! You should hear my dad play golf!"—London John Blunt.

Gib '29
Dick '31

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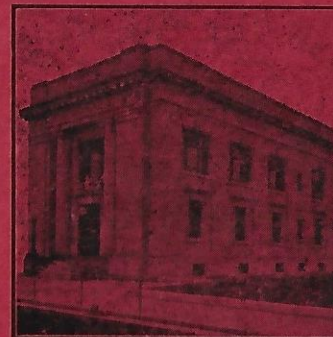
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