

Who's Who at the College of W. & M.

Dr. Perry W. Jackson is one of the most distinguished and certainly one of the best liked professors at the Norfolk Division. As professor of both Chemistry and Biology he has alternately amazed and worried his pupils. Seriously, though, Dr. Jackson is a gentleman and a scholar.

He was born August 23, 1900, in Pitt County, North Carolina. He first attended Wake Forest. At 19 years of age



Dr. Perry W. Jackson

he was graduated with the degree of B. S. in Chemistry. After finishing school he spent a year in New Orleans. His first job was in an electro-chemical plant at Niagara Falls, where he filled the position of chemical technician. After one year there he went to Tennessee to another position.

In 1923 Dr. Jackson went to the University of Chicago. In 1924 he received the M. S. degree from that institution, and in 1927 the Ph. D. in organic and psychological chemistry. He remained at the University of Chicago as instructor in the Department of Medicine until he left to fill a position at Park College, just across the river from Kansas City, where he became head of the Department of Chemistry. From Park College he came here to teach.

Dr. Jackson has many interesting hobbies, not the least of which are stamp collecting and tennis. He started his collection of rare postage stamps at the tender age of ten, and has at the present time an exceedingly interesting collection. He says he only plays tennis for the fun and exercise, and has no intentions of being a second Tilden.

Dr. Jackson is an ardent scholar. He thinks the ideal life would be seven days of school each week, and twelve months in the year. He does not believe in vacations. At Chicago he made Sigma Pi fraternity, which honor he treasures as among the best of his acquisitions.

The chemical problems in which he is interested include orientation in aromatic nuclei, and the phenomena of negative catalysis.

WILLIAM AND MARY STUDENTS NUMBER 1470

During the second semester's work, the Registrar of the College of William and Mary reports that 1,470 students have registered up to date. These new students come from 38 states and 4 foreign countries. Around 200 courses are being offered in order that it might suit the needs of the individual. Of the number registered over

one-half have registered in pre-medical, pre-dental, pre-law, and pre-engineering courses.

The new system of registration has extended over eight days in order that it might eliminate the usual rush for the students and administration.

A Stamp Club Is Organized

With Dr. Perry Jackson as sponsor, a new club has been organized at the Norfolk Division of the College of William and Mary. This is a Stamp Collector's Club and it is expected to prove a most interesting one.

At a meeting held Saturday, February 14, the following officers were elected: President, Dan Sargeant; Vice-President, Cary Baldwin; Secretary, Margaret Jackson; Treasurer, Alice Whitehurst; Chairman of the Membership Committee, John Baldwin. Dr. Jackson seems to be especially well-fitted as sponsor of the Stamp Club. He is a member of the American Philatelic Society and since he has a very valuable collection of his own, knows much about stamps. The dues of the club will be fifty cents for the rest of this semester and the interesting part about this is that they may be paid by putting up in the Stamp Club Auction a number of stamps worth fifty cents.

The members feel that there is much valuable knowledge to be obtained through this club, not merely from stamps, but the history and geography of the countries of the world. An invitation has been extended to the Maury students who are interested to join the club.

The next meeting will be held on Saturday, February 21, in the Biology Lab at 12:50, and new members are cordially invited to be present.

PORTRAIT OF DEAN HOKE IS UNVEILED

WILLIAM AND MARY OFFICIAL HONORED FOR PART IN BUILDING WILLIAMSBURG SCHOOL.

Williamsburg, Va., Feb. 17.—Before a crowd of patrons and friends of the school, the portrait of Dr. Kremer J. Hoke, dean of the College of William and Mary, was unveiled here tonight in the Matthew Whaley High School.

Dr. Hoke's portrait was unveiled by his son, Robert and formally accepted by W. F. Lowe, chairman of the city school board. Mrs. Preston Cocke, who made the presentation address, praised the services of Dr. Hoke to Williamsburg and the community. The ceremony was sponsored by the Patrons' League in recognition of Dr. Hoke's efforts in behalf of public education here and in building the new \$400,000 Matthew Whaley School.

After the unveiling ceremony a reception was held for patrons and friends of the school. Rawles Byrd, superintendent of schools, presided.

The portrait will hang outside the Samuel Freeman auditorium on the second floor of the new building. It is the work of Dr. Silvette, prominent Richmond artist, who recently completed a portrait of Dr. J. A. C. Chandler.

Dr. Hoke, as dean of William and Mary, represented the college's interests in the erection of the new building, funds for the construction of which were furnished jointly by the city and college. Major Freeman, who is chairman of the school board, represented the city in planning for the building, has on numerous occasions lauded Dr. Hoke for his interest in the public school system of Williamsburg.

NORFOLK STUDENTS ON DEAN'S LIST AT ATLANTIC

Of the fourteen students on the dean's list, Dr. Charles Newman Wunder, dean of men, and Dr. Nina Kerr, dean of women, named six Norfolk students of recent graduating classes.

The honored students are divided into two classes—those whose grades range from 85 to 90 making B. The following Norfolk students made straight A's: Miss Anne Chalkley and Mr. William H. Morris. Among the B students are: Miss Dorothy Ford, L. C. Morgan, Miss Natalie White and George Walton.

The Men's Student Government Meets

Y. M. C. A. CONFERENCE OPENED FRIDAY AT WILLIAMSBURG

The annual faculty-student conference of the Y. M. C. A. of Virginia opened Friday at the College of William and Mary at 4 o'clock. The session, which lasted from Friday to Sunday, was attended by more than one hundred representatives from twelve Virginia schools.

Dr. J. A. C. Chandler opened the banquet with a speech in which he welcomed the visitors to William and Mary.

Virginia Men Initiated In Fraternity

Six seniors at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute who hold important positions on student publications have been initiated formally into the local fraternity. The initiated are as follows: C. L. Poythress, Roanoke; C. S. Bilisoly, Portsmouth; R. L. Brown, Roanoke; W. J. Pritchard, Virginia Beach; L. V. Powers, Northwest, and B. Sheren, Norfolk.

MAURY VICTORIOUS OVER BRAVES 21-18

Maury High School defeated the local college five in a very thrilling game Saturday night on the Maury Gym 21-18.

The game was quite rough at times, but Referee Darden kept the boys well in hand. The half time found Maury out in front 11-5.

At the start of the third period the Braves returned to the floor a different team and rapidly turned the game into a tie 15-15. From then on the lead was changed twice. Maury managed to make the margin of victory through Johnson and Staylor.

Again Captain Hamburger led the college team with nine points. The Braves had a bad night as far as shooting was concerned, several "snowbirds" being missed. Johnson, Staylor, Walker looked best for Maury, several of their shots being of the uncanny variety.

The last meeting of the Men's Student Government Association was held on Monday, February 16, in the auditorium at 1:20.

The business of the meeting was the furnishing of the lounge room in the basement. Those in charge of the arrangements for the play that the Men's Student Government is sponsoring were heard and a general discussion was carried on between the chairman and the members who took the floor.

Some very good, as well as some very unusual plans, were heard.

A committee was appointed to look after the lounge room and the body voted them \$50 to spend.

The chairman spoke on the prevalence of gambling in the building and explained the administrations standing on the issue.

Mr. Timmerman spoke on the privileges enjoyed under the athletic pass and the games it covered.

THE OVER EMPHASIS OF FOOTBALL

Much sentiment is being expressed by the major colleges of our country that too much emphasis has been placed on football. Football in recent years has far surpassed any other sport in its ability to attract crowds. It is plain that football is America's favorite sport.

During the rise of football in the interest of sport fans, coaches of the various colleges began to lay special emphasis on that sport. Many colleges hired several men to coach their team and in order to be better prepared, when football season began, they inaugurated spring football practice.

Few college athletes will agree that football is any fun. College football, instead of being a pleasure to its players, is becoming work. The coaches are trying more than ever to place a team on the field that works with machine like precision. In order to do this they drill and drill their players in the mechanics of their part and their part alone.

College officials point out that football is becoming detrimental to the progress of the participants in the class-room. Some favor a shift to more intramural competition with a few intercollegiate games. Already many colleges have abandoned spring football practice in an effort to place college sports in their proper place.

The High Hat

Published by the student body, Norfolk Division, College of William and Mary.

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CO-OPERATION

One of the greatest things on earth is this spirit of co-operation. The keynote of our modern life is co-operation.

Big business today demands that we work in co-operation. Football games demand that we play in co-operation.

A school or a business or a team cannot win thru in the final analysis if they don't all stick together.

Take this publication, for instance: If everyone on the staff failed to co-operate we could not get out this edition which you are now reading.

In closing, let me say that we have shown a wonderful spirit of co-operation so far in this college, but those institutions that we have started will not last if the first spirit shown is not kept up. Come on, let's show that old W. & M. fighting spirit and win thru 100% for our young institution.

CABBAGES AND KINGS

A cat may look at a king, but a marine—even a general may not always say what he thinks about a prime minister—or even what he knows about him for that matter. General Butler probably knew what he was talking about, but he chose a poor time to say it. So apologies and court martials are in order. There is a lesson there that may do well for all to heed.

How many of us have ever thought about college and life in a really serious way? At a casual glance at the students of the "Institute of Higher Learning" I would say about 5 percent are really thinking of it seriously, while the others simply take it as a matter of course. A place to spend nine of the twelve months; a place where we can meet our friends and have a good time; a place where we have to listen to boring lectures on subjects that we are not the least bit interested in.

But think about college. We all know when we came to W. and M. that it was going to be difficult and sometimes boring. College life amounts to just about a week of our life, and in that period some of the greatest changes of the lifetime take place. Some people are made into men and women, while others drop out of the mill and give up the task as one too big. When it comes to the remaining years of our life after we leave school, it's a repetition of that story—some make good and others fail. But there is no failure if we can, as Kipling said, "fill the unforbearing minute with sixty seconds of distance run." It's all just what we put into it.

News Paragraphs

(By Charles B. Cross, Jr.)

SIR HUBERT'S BOOK

I see by the papers that Sir Hubert Wilkins plans to go under the North Pole in a submarine. Sir Hubert is a famous Polar explorer who has been to the pole before.

His submarine was bought from the United States Navy and is now being reconditioned for this two thousand mile dash under the ice to the pole. It is planned to come up every day for air. This submarine has been named the "Nautilus." Evidently the person who named this tin fish had read Jules Verne's book, "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea."

Before Sir Hubert leaves he is going to write a book about the aims and methods of this expedition. There will only be a limited edition of this book published. In the back of each book there will be a log. When the submarine comes up for air it will broadcast its position and other data. Thereupon the owners of this book will gleefully write up their log of the voyage. At the end of the voyage a leaf of the book will be sent to each of the owners with a statement by Sir Hubert, that the voyage has been completed. This page will be signed by Sir Hubert and other members of the expedition. If this plan is successful it will be the best literary achievement of the year.

Personally, I would rather be on the publishing end than the other end of this daring dash for the pole.

GENERAL BUTLER

I notice that the government dropped the proposed courtmartial of Butler like a person drops a hot plate. They would rather break the plate than burn their fingers. Wonder what disclosures the trial would have brought forth? Everyone seems to be satisfied with the case as it stands now. The Italian government is satisfied, General Butler ought to be satisfied, and so are Vanderbilt and the U. S. government.

It was a rank violation of their pledged work for those people who took it upon themselves to tell the statements that Butler made before them after they promised him their confidence. However it's all over and no one is any the worse, and it certainly did help the newspaper reporters.

AVIATION COMES TO THE FORE

In three days, the lives of 57 men trapped on ice floes in Lake Erie have been saved by the coast guard. A few of these men saved their lives by jumping to the shore when the wind blew the cakes of ice to the shore, but 41 of these men had no such luck. Airplanes hired by newspapers in Buffalo found these men and the coast guard took them off of the ice floes. Let's give three cheers for

(Continued on Page 4)

The Elevated Eyebrow

AW, NUTS

Is Rudy Vallee
Here to stay?
Will never the fellow betray his neigh?
Heigh-ho. It begins
To look that way.
But remember that they
Used to say,
"Hey-hey. The horse is here to stay."
But it finally went away, away.
It finally went away.
And so will Rudy Vallee, I pray.
And so will Rudy Vallee.
At least, he MAY.

TERRIFICALLY SIGNIFICANT ESSAY, TO BE READ HURRIEDLY, AND ONCE ONLY, IF AT ALL.

If all epigrams ever made upon the subject of woman were somehow condensed into one, the resultant epigram would no doubt be almost as bad as the one you're reading. Wisecrackers, when venturing their observations upon this confusion (and amusing creature), flop ninety-nine out of a hundred times. The hundredth time brings forth such jewels as this one of Frederick Lonsdale's: "To say that a lovely woman is likeable, is to imply that her underclothing is made of linoleum..." That isn't exactly an epigram about WOMAN, but we had to get in the quotation somewhere. Please don't be angry! An epigram about Woman is like an epigram in the foregoing sentence on an epigram about Man or about Mankind (and, if you'll excuse our butting in this way, isn't it strange how, with practically all writers when using the term "Mankind," Woman loses in the mind of the writer, all value as an entity, becoming merged with man, even her most individual traits and actions being subconsciously assumed to be a sort of side line, as it were of man)—an epigram, as we were saying, about Mankind, or about Good and Evil, or—oh, about almost anything, gives, generally, the semblance of truth, no matter how feeble it may be. But not those about Woman. We should say not. (We DO say not.)

The explanation is ridiculously simple (or would simply ridiculous be the better phrase?) The epigrammists are either in love, or they have just fallen out of love. To those of the first group, how perfectly silly seem the more unpleasant truths about the sex, what absurd examples of understatement the favorable. To those of the second group, vice versa.

.....Do we classify makers of mots about Woman into but two groups? How wrong we are. For there is a third, and by far the largest, group: they who dash off epigrams about Her after no experience at all.

Oh, well.....

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

We don't intend to make a practice of filling these notes with quotations, but we can't resist quoting the following beautiful passage from "The Glory of the Nightingale" by the English sculptor and writer, Nicholas Williamson. "This, we believe, is poetic prose—so often soft and cloying—at its finest. The entire volume is filled with such dazzling pieces. It is the profoundly tragic and moving "story of a fatal love," told with brooding pity and an infinite tenderness.

The book was first published in this country in 1924 by Knopf as a limited edition and, the Republic being as it is, it fell afoul the censors. It is soon to be reprinted in a popular and expurgated edition by Doubleday Doran. If you have the chance please read it. To put it mildly, it's the greatest novel in English literature. Had we space we'd quote the whole damned book. Anyway, here's a part of it:

"There have been green flames lashing over dappled hill and down the cool valley where the small red fishes swirl in crystal swirlings above the pale pebbles, and blue and russet birds, darting from secret branches, run their feathers where water ripples upon the dark bank, and they set green and silver ferns asway by their rushings. Above the boles of the young trees, above their sparkling foam of green, is the blue sky, and the fair, shadowed clouds, where the gold larks stream in the sun, above the red roofed cottages, above the fair meadows, and the flowers, and the fruits of earth."

ART DEPARTMENT

"COSMIS HETEROGENY." (Opus 96)

By GEORGE HALL

In every generation pretty near, there arise in the artistic we use the term in the narrow sense of its application to the sculptury, painting, etching, acorn-carving, etc.,—world a few great prophets who revolutionize artistic concepts and values their ability to express those personalities thru their particular media, whether they (the media) be clay, oils, water color, cement, barbed wire, sealing wax, etc. or, as in the case of our Aunt Fungulia Cortleigh, a combination of them all. In the last generation there were Matisse, Gesanne, and our aunt. In this generation there is the etcher, George Hall, whose thrilling "Cosmic Heterogeny" is reproduced above.

Working the etching in the original and difficult medium of white ink, George Hall, achieves effects that are literally breath taking. His magnificent restraint, his daring handling of line and middle distance, and his delicate and sensitive treatment of themes that could so easily—in the hands of a lesser master—slip into mere illustration, stamp him as one working for posterity.

The almost musical "Cosmic Heterogeny" is Hale at his best—most superlative. Here thru the sheer magic of his reticence, we have a lightning flash of insight into something far beyond the clumsy groupings of words, something that can be expressed only in the clairvoyant terms of Hale's transcendental art. Studying this remarkable etching, we feel, well, SQUIDGY is the closest we can come to it, what with the faucity of the English language. Perhaps the German VERWUNDERUNG would be better.

Or something.

—POINDEXTER CORTLEIGH.

*The
Return of Regine*

A Short Story

The snow was falling in heavy flakes upon the whitened surface below and the vast stretches of white fields, save for the bare outline of some oak or pine tree or some distant farmhouse appeared to be barren and seemed to meet the heavy cast atmosphere above, radiating a lavender-white hue upon the horizon.

The curfew of the distant church whose spires were barely discernible in this haven of white, tolled the midnight hour with a clear resonance.

At this moment, Pierre Arnot, a peasant in the feudal France, was within the scant shelter of his home. He was phlegmatically indifferent of the havoc of the elements, except when the winds gathering in velocity and catching the snow to and fro as a child gleefully shrieking in its play, whistled through the crevices of the poorly erected house and caused Pierre Arnot to mechanically draw his ragged cloak more tightly around his careworn body.

The dim light of the oil lamp upon the table in the center of the room revealed the chamber to be unkempt and neglected. The room was barren enough in its evidence of poverty and but for the bare necessities, it was empty. There was a cot cast in the corner of the room, covered by linens which greatly contrasted with the naturally whitened panes. In another corner of the room was a small stove whose heat was barely felt. There were three straight back chairs scattered around the room and one by the round, uncovered table upon which Pierre Arnot was smuggled in this chair.

Two objects on the table were conspicuous to the otherwise commonplace room, and these were an old violin with its bow carelessly thrust over it and an opened Bible, much fingered and old with the heritage of generations.

The rays of light cast in the hues of yellowish-green from the lamp focussed on the hardened and rugged countenance of Pierre Arnot. It revealed a face much battered by the struggle for sustenance, each furrowed wrinkle only another evidence of the poverty and misery endured by this peasant. He was staring blankly, straight ahead, his uncombed and matted hair imparting the impression of one neglected, resigned to the allotment of unhappiness which fate had tendered him.

Upon observing more scrutinizingly his drawn features, one might have noticed a nervous apprehension, as he wriggled his body and rubbed his hands, at times resting his head upon the table and then suddenly jerking his head upward in a taut movement and gazing at the ceiling, as though he were awaiting some person or object to descend from above.

Indeed, he was anxiously awaiting the return from the dead of his daughter, whom he had nur-

tured and cared for both as a father and mother and who the Heavens had recalled in her budding of womanhood at the tender age of eighteen.

In the reminiscences of his happier moments, when he had returned from the fields at sunset and was met by his little mistress at the door of their happy domicile, he was suddenly awakened by the tolling of the church bells, ringing out the hour of a new day in the eternity of time and to Pierre Arnot announcing the third day after the death of his Regine and the due moment according to the belief of the French peasants of her return to earth.

As the last sounds of the church bells were unceremoniously being saturated into infinite space, Pierre Arnot slowly rose from his chair and raised the wick in the lamp that it might guide his wandering spiritual daughter to the desired destination. He heftily walked to the door, and unmindful of the rush of cold air and furies

of snow that assailed him, opened the door, that she might find welcome to her earthly habitation. He slowly retreated to the rear of the table and standing toward the threshold, stared into emptiness.

His mind became dulled to all physical things and he was entranced. To his eyes there floated in Regine. He rushed forward, to embrace her—his Regine—but as he approached the form he was struck by the whiteness of it and its ethereal resemblance of a divinity. He was awed and fell to his knees. He made the sign of a cross and then on his knees, he lifted his eyes and he saw the image of his Regine. Her tresses of golden radiance were thrown over her white robes and her face appeared wan in a close semblance to her attire of white. Her eyes like azure lakes bore their pensive look toward Pierre. How often had he gazed at those eyes but never was there such radiance.

Pierre rose and still stared at the majesty of his saintly daughter.

How differently did he surmise her return to earth! He had planned to converse of the happiness which they both had enjoyed together and once more laugh and be boisterous. But, Pierre, the peasant could only gaze and stare and was transcended to divine thoughts which he dared not utter lest his rumbling voice disturb the sanctity of the moment. He walked to the table and picked up his violin and bow and began playing French selections which had been the selections that Regine had always listened to with such a feeling of ecstatic response. He played now with all the fervor of his emotion and summoning the obsession of the divine presence, artistic qualities inspired by the rendered these stirring musical excerpts.

As he drew to a finale, the string broke and he was compelled to conclude. He lowered his violin and looked to see the response of Regine, but she was no longer there, having returned from whence she came.

He ran to the door and shouted "Regine! Regine! Regine!" but only the howling of the raging storm answered him.

With resignation, he closed the door, lowered the wick, kindled the smoldering fire, and once more snuggled in the chair.

—EUGENE SHAPIRO.

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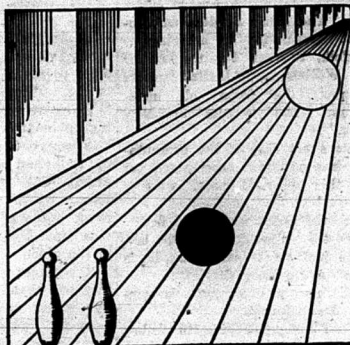
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Director Timmerman Opens Lecture Series at Christ Church

"The Eternal City" Subject of First of Four Sunday Afternoon Addresses

Speaking on Rome as "The Eternal City," Prof. H. Edgar Timmerman, director of the Norfolk Division of the College of William and Mary, delivered the first of a series of lectures on "The Church During the Middle Ages" at Christ Church yesterday afternoon.

"The source of the power of the early Christian church," he said, "lay in her ability to adapt herself to the ideas and needs of the time." He pointed out how the church adapted the Roman political organization to its own needs, and now, when the barbaric invasions forced the suspension of the governmental functions, the church took over those functions for her own.

Mr. Timmerman traced the development of the church from the scattered communities, unknown and unrecognized, to the great state religion instituted by the Emperor Constantine in 313 A. D., by the famous Edict of Milan, during the period of the invasions the church actually became the government of the City of Rome, and the ecclesiastical authorities on more than one occasion saved the city from ruin.

Other lectures in the series will be delivered on four successive Sunday afternoons. The lecture takes the place of the sermon in the regular evening program at Christ Church, beginning at 4:30 o'clock. The topic next Sunday will be "Monasticism: Eastern and Western."

March 8—"The Significance of Canossa."

March 15—"The Crusades."

March 22—"The Age of the Councils," and a summary entitled "The Legacy of the Middle Ages."

Wilson Sophs to Play W. & M.

The sophomores of Wilson High School will meet the William and Mary Junior varsity Wednesday night on the Blair Junior High gym at 7:30 o'clock, in the preliminary tilt to the William and Mary (Norfolk Division), fourth Norfolk High game.

The sophomores have been playing good ball this season and are confident of defeating the college boys. Last week the sophomores defeated the South Norfolk High Junior varsity by a large score.

The Braves are coached by Tommie Scott, mentor of the school, and are captained by Terry Maxey. They have been excellent reserve to the varsity quint and are expecting victory.

Wondering What?

When I entered its magic halls, I suddenly felt changed. No wonder! Below me were rumblings that indicated that Hell had certainly broken loose. Above me came noises that sounded like a young B-I-T Heaven! And smells! Positively the halls reeked with odiferous scents—(Oh, yes, that the chemistry lab?)

I walked into the central hall and took my stand beneath the clock—Doors marked "Auditorium" stood wide open. Inside were several students playing games. Chairs ranged in long rows were mute evidence that class had once held there but now the room was filled with music—good music, from a rather old piano.

Across the hall from me was a bulletin board around which the flower of the school seemed to have gathered. A rather small girl hopped incessantly around, appropriately answering to the name of "Sparrow." Tall spectacled youths bearing pipes in their mouths stalked by. Another girl in a red jacket was having a grand time biting everybody. A Gary Cooper hat smashed down on his head, slouched by a window. A masculine voice, nay several, down by the door soared in song. But they were unquestionably silenced by feminine shrieks and wails and cat calls.

I fled. This was no fit place for me. I surely had the wrong house! When I reached the sidewalk, I looked back. No, it was the right place, stately and dignified behind its white pillars and the name, The Norfolk Division of the College of William and Mary—in Virginia.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS

(Continued from Page 2)
the newspapers, the airplanes, and the coast guard.

LIQUOR AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

From the press reports of the carryings on at the University college men do have their liquor and were going to make good use of it at the Junior Prom. At this point the federal raiders came on the scene and walked away with the "frats" supply. A rather tough break, but that's prohibition.

IT'S COMING—WHAT?

The greatest melodrama ever presented to an American audience. The Men's Student Government Association is bringing to Norfolk, through the medium of the Williamsburg Little Theatre Company, that famed old melodrama, "The Streets of New York."

The exact date of the presentation has not been ascertained yet but this splay is worth waiting for.

See the apartment house fire. See the villain foiled in the last scene just as it seems that he is about to win the girl.

All this and much more is coming. Don't forget.

More announcements to follow later.

Watch your High Hat.

Miss Virginia Hardin, a student at this division of the College of William and Mary, is to give a dramatic reading before the Norfolk Society of Arts of an adaptation of Browning's "The Ring and the Book." Miss Hardin is a graduate of the Speech Arts in a Boston College.

Young Ensign (in the chart room of a battleship). He is discovered by his superior officer lost in a maze of figures and asks him if he will not help him out of his difficulty. He is trying to plot the position of the ship.

The officer takes over his protractor and starts in.

A few minutes later he looks up and tells the ensign to take off his cap as he has just done.

Puzzled, the young fellow obeys. "Why?" he inquires.

"According to your calculations we are at the present in the exact center of Westminster Abby, London," was the retort.

Next Week at the Newport Theatre

Three famous stars in roles new to them will be seen on the screen at the Newport for three days starting Monday, when the picturization of the stage success, "East is West," opens its local engagement. They are Lupe Valdez, fiery Mexican start of "The Gaucho," and many other scene plays: Lewis Ayres, hte Paul Baumer of "All Quiet on the Western Front," and "Doorway to Hell," and Edward G. Robinson, star of "Little Caesar," and one of the best known character actors of the stage.

"East is West," with its Oriental settings serving as a background for the story of the "love boat," is said to combine all elements of good entertainment.

Al Jolson, in his newest picture, "Big Boy," will be shown over the week-end, starting Thursday.

The hotel clerk was astonished to see a guest parading through the foyer in a pair of pajamas.

"Here, what are you doing?" The guest snapped out of it and apologized:

"Beg pardon. I'm a sonnambulist."

"Well," sneered the clerk, "you can't walk around here like that, no matter what your religion is."

Journalism Class Visits V.-P. Plant

The night journalism class recently visited the Virginian-Pilot office to see a big city newspaper in the making.

When we went in the staff photographer took our picture. This was rushed to the fellows who in no time had made a cut of the group. Then we went to the news room, where telegraph printers wrote out stories coming over the wire from New York and all parts of the globe.

A reporter wrote a story of our visit and then it went to the headline writer and from him to the copy desk, where it was edited and sent to the composing room and linotype machine, the group watching all the while it was set up into type. It was then made up into a page and went to a steam table where a mat was made and stereotyped. A mat is an impression on soft cardboard of the lead type then this mat is taken downstairs and put in a mold. Hot lead is poured over it and a half-round casting is the result.

This is put on the press by experts who know their business and the huge machines started. The paper is then run off.

Our picture was in Tuesday morning's paper.

The teacher of this course on Monday nights is Joseph Leslie and it is ver yinteresting. Those of you who are on the staff who can come tonight and see what a ideal course it is.

Maury Minstrels To Be Presented at School Next Week

The Maury Merry Minstrels, the annual blackface effort of the students of Maury High School, will be presented in the high school auditorium Friday and Saturday nights of this week, beginning at 8:15 o'clock.

ODE TO A HORSE

O horse, you are a wondrous thing, No horns to hunk, no bells to ring; No license buying every year With plates to screw on front and rear; No sparks to miss, no gears to strip; You start yourself, no clutch to slip; No gas bills mounting every day To steal the joy of life away. Your inner tubes are all O. K. And glad are we they stay that way.

Your spark never miss or fuss; Your motor never makes us cuss. Your frame is good for many a mile; Your body never changes style; Your wants are few and easily met You've something on the auto yet.

A color expert advises men to wear bright-colored clothes so that motorists can see them better. If a motorist can't hit us in this gray suit, he needn't think we're going to help him.

FRIENDS
There are old friends, there are new
There are false friends, there are true;
But it matters not to me
Who my other friends may be
While I have a friend in you.

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Serial



CO-EDS TURN OUT TO BASKET-BALL GAME IN EVENING DRESS.

Boys and girls stand back and hear the latest. Some William and Mary femmes turned out to the last basket-ball game in style. In evening dress. Yes, sree. We hear it's the latest thing from Paris, but however, there has been no official notice to that effect. When the co-eds, from fifteen to twenty, entered the Maury gym all eyes were centered on them, wondering if they had come to see a basket-ball game or what the well-dressed woman should wear. The spectators soon realized that they were seeing both, for both were very snappy looking.

This article is to enlighten those poor minded people who thought they were a bunch of sophisticated "nuts" by telling them that Miss Ruth Wilson gave a Valentine party. Those present were:

Misses Rosa Holmes, Helen Lukens, Cary Baldwin, Althea Farrell, Frances Knapp, Hulda Dimmings, Albert Wilson, William Whitehurst and Mildred Signaio; Messrs. Lee Chapman, Bernard Capps, Max Goodlet, Clyde Jennings, Elbert Wilson, William Armistead, Land Mott, Walter Cake, Kenneth Taylor, Beverly Thurman, Henry Macon, Gorham Parks and Fred Stewart.

WOMAN!

She's an angel in truth, a demon in fiction;
A woman's the greatest of all contradiction.
She's afraid of a cockroach, she'll scream at a mouse,
But she'll tackle a husband as big as a house;
She'll take him for better, she'll take him for worse,
She'll split his head open and then be his nurse,
And when he is well and can get out of bed
She will pick up a teapot and throw at his head.
She's faithful, deceitful, keen-sighted and blind;
She's crafty, she's simple, she's cruel, she's kind.
She'll lift a man up, she'll cast a man down;
She'll crown him her king, she'll make him her clown.
You fancy she's this, but you find she's that,
For she will play like a kitten and bite like a cat.
In the morning she will, in the evening she won't,
You are always expecting she does but she don't.

Bride—These eggs are very small. I must ask the egg dealer to let the hens sit on them a little longer."

Women's Student Government Meets

The Women's Student Government Association held its February meeting in the Auditorium on Monday, February 9.

Miss Lucille Shirley, who is secretary of the Girl Reserves at the Y. W. C. A. in Norfolk was present and set forth plans for organizing a branch of the Y. W. C. A. among the girls of our college. This will be done as soon as the organization in Williamsburg is interviewed. In the meantime, at the suggestion of Miss Shirley, the women students decided to have a club supper at the Y. W. C. A. on Monday night, February 16, at 6 o'clock. All women students of this college are invited to future meetings. The charge for the supper is fifteen cents.

Miss Shirley also appointed a committee to make plans for spending a week-end in March at the Y. W. C. A. Camp Owaisa. The members of this committee are Ruth Wilson, Elsie Mae Mercer, Lois Bishop, and Jack Trent.

President Lota Spence read two rules concerning dances held in the college auditorium recently laid down by Mr. Timmerman. They are as follows:

1. A floor committee of five or six men students must be appointed for each dance.
2. All dances must be chaperoned by non-faculty members, preferably married couples.

On account of the transfer of the former Secretary at the Judicial Council, Marian White, to the college at Williamsburg, nominations were made for a new Secretary. These nominations are "Monk" Burgess, Ruth Wilson, and Dorothy Mathews.

A lady motorist, was driving along a country road when she spied a couple of repair men climbing telephone poles.

"Fools!" she exclaimed to her companion, "they must think I never drove a car before."

THE IMP'S CLUB

Now that the excitement created by those inclement "exams" has subsided, and everyone has become studious (?) once again, more time will be given to the club work.

The Imps have discussed plans for a dance which will probably be given some time in March. The time of meetings has been changed from Wednesday, 7:30, to Friday, 2:00 P. M.

DRAMATICS

The first dramatic production to be given by this division of the College of William and Mary will take place on Friday, March 20, when the Dramatic Club will present three delightful one-act plays.

The casts which are now rehearsing and enthusiastically include such popular students as Mabel Frauser, Alice Whitehurst, Sonny Gore, Sam Phillips, Margaret Burgess, Elsie Mercer, Margaret Ledbetter, Ruth Wilson, Frances Potts, Rosa Holmes, Walter St. Clair, Buckwheat Stewart, Tempin Licklider, Owen Campbell, Kenneth Taylor and Robert Land. They promise the drama lover an evening of rare entertainment.

The plans to be depicted are "Possession," a comedy with a very unique plot by Laurence Houseman; "The Flattering Word," also a comedy and crammed with hearty laugh producing lines, by the well known and popular George Kelley; and "The Game of Chess," a serious and dramatic piece, written by K. S. Goodman.

The direction of the plays is being most capably handled by Miss Virginia Harden, director of the Dramatic Club and a student of this college. Experience along dramatic lines makes her excellently fitted for this position. Miss Harden graduated from the Academy of Speech Arts in Boston in 1929 with highest honors. Last year she devoted her time to reading and directing plays professionally in Cambridge and Boston.

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SPORTS



BRAVES NOSE OUT WILSON HI 18-15

Thursday night on the Blair court the Norfolk Division of William and Mary snatched a victory from Wilson High. The game being tied at the final whistle 15-15 it was necessary to play an extra five-minute period.

The Braves were trailing at the half time 8-4 but through the brilliant shooting of Capt. Hamburger the Braves were kept in the running.

In the extra period Sacks dropped a field goal from mid-floor while Hamburger clinched the victory with a marker from the free throw line.

The defense of the college boys was outstanding, Wilson being unable to register a field goal during the second or third periods.

Captain Hamburger led the home club in scoring, accounting for 14 points. Wilson's whole team showed up well but no player was outstanding.

W. & M. BRAVES VICTORIOUS, 40-36

NOSE OUT OVER FORK UNION IN OVERTIME PERIOD; HOBBS WIN PRELIM.

In a game that was a heart-breaker for the rooters of both quints, the Braves, of the Norfolk division of William and Mary College February 17 defeated the Fork Union Military Academy, 40 to 36, but only after a three-minute overtime period. In the preliminary Hobbs Bakery downed the Texaco Reds, by the score of 25 to 12. The games were played on Blair Junior High School gym, and witnessed by a fair crowd of spectators.

In the feature game it looked like the local Braves would run away with the game in the first half. Nesson, Hamburger and Sacks were hitting the hoops from all angles. The half found the Braves leading 23 to 11.

In the second half Fork Union showed that they had become cli-

Secretary—"A man has just called. He wishes you to tell him the secret of your success in life."
Financier—"Is he a journalist—or—a detective?"

"I called on Mabel last night, and I wasn't any more than inside the door before her sister asked me my intentions."
"That must have been embarrassing."

"Yes, but that's not the worst of it. Mabel called from upstairs and said, 'That isn't the one, mother.'"

mitted to the strange court and its angles. They steadily cut

down the lead of the Braves, with Gay, Bolton and Purvis caging some of the cleverest shots of the evening. In this half the Military boys also showed much superior guarding, and most of the distance had Phillips and Hamburger blanketed, materially cutting down their scoring. At the final whistle the score was 36-36. In the three minute overtime period the Braves secured three field goals to Fork Union's one, to win out by the score of 40 to 36.

Fork Union's captain registered a strenuous kick, claiming that the overtime period should have been five minutes instead of three. Referee Dardin ruled that inter-collegiate rules called for three minutes, and that he announced the length of the period before the toss-up.

The score:

Hobbs		G. F. T.	
Wheaton, forward	5	0	10
Fraim, forward	1	1	3
Kadlec, forward	3	0	6
Hughes, forward	0	0	0
Schmus, center	0	0	0
Mayo, center	2	0	4
Johnson, guard	0	0	0
Rosenbaum, guard	1	0	2
Kabaniec, guard	0	0	0
Totals	12	2	25

Texaco Reds		G. F. T.	
Fischer, forward	1	0	2
Rockefeller, forward	0	0	0
Pargoe, center	2	2	6
Hall, guard	2	0	4
Barrett, guard	0	0	0
Rawlings, guard	0	0	0
Totals	5	2	12

Fork Union		G. F. T.	
Gay, forward	6	1	13
Cropp, forward	0	0	0
Bolton, forward	3	1	7
Purvis, center	5	1	11
Kinzer, guard	0	0	0
Hymen, guard	0	1	1
L. A. Kinzer, guard	2	0	4
Totals	16	4	38

Braves		G. F. T.	
Nesson, forward	6	0	12
Tonelason, forward	0	0	0
Segal, forward	0	0	0
Marey, forward	0	0	0
Phillips, center	4	1	9
Hamburger, guard	5	1	11
Sacks, guard	4	0	8
Totals	19	2	40

Referee—Darden.
Critic—"Ah! And what is this? It is superb! What soul! What expression!"
Artist—"Yeah? That's where I clean the paint of my brushes."

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