

The Glenville Mercury

Student Newspaper

GLENVILLE STATE COLLEGE

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'Peg O' My Heart' 133 Seniors Are Slated For Graduation, May 23

GS Presents Drama May 19

By Janice L. Chapman
"Peg O' My Heart," three-act comedy, will be presented Thursday, May 19, at 8:15 p. m. in the college auditorium. Marianne Rhoades plays the lead as Peg in the spring production of Onningohow players. Other members of the cast are: Barbara Fuls, Mrs. Chichester; Payne Sharp, Alaric, her son; Lenita Reale, Ethel, her daughter; Vincent Placek, Chris Brent, a man about town; Robert Fugh, Jerry, a friend of Alaric; Robert Conley, Hawkes, the lawyer; Perry Smith, Jarvis, the footman; Eileen White, the maid.

Justice Is Assistant Director
Dolores Justice, assistant director; Rudolph Adams, stage manager; Mary Walters, property manager; Emogene Gumm, prompter; Ronnie Rollins and Margaret Ann Miller, publicity; John Hensley, lighting.

"Peg O' My Heart" has been presented in England, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Far East and Holland. Arrangements have been made for translations into Spanish, French, and Italian.
Scarborough, England, in early summer provides background for the comedy, which will be under direction of Prof. Opal Starcher, of the speech department.

Mercury Musings

By William Luzader

Words of commendation and praise are here in order for the unsung unheralded members of the G-club who made their minstrel last Friday night the success it was and who still received no applause, no laughs, no recognition.

Those members of the class who faithfully turned out for rehearsal each evening, listening to the jokes and songs until they knew them as well as the end men—and possibly better—they're the ones who deserve credit, for without them nothing would have materialized.

Special credit and a well-earned honorary honor point goes to Kenry Koon, who, regardless of what advance advertisements stated, directed, rehearsed, staged, managed, sweated out and sold tickets for the show.

Plans have been submitted and rejected several times within the (Continued on page 4)

Featured in Play



Marianne Rhoades will portray Peg in Onningohow player's production of "Peg O' My Heart" which will be held in the college auditorium May 19, at 8:15 p. m.

Labor Bureau Gives Outlook

Many of the jobs which interest young people—such as airplane pilot, airplane hostess, newspaper reporter, radio announcer, FBI agent, personnel workers and Diesel mechanic—will be relatively hard to find during the next several years.

The outlook, on the other hand, will be brighter for an endless variety of other occupations—ranging from physician, teacher, and librarian to stenographer, automobile mechanic and foundry worker.

These conclusions are contained in a 454-page illustrated Occupational Outlook Handbook, prepared for Veterans Administration by the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the U. S. Department of Labor.

VA advisement and guidance officers have been issued the Handbooks to be used as an aid in counseling disabled veterans planning (Continued on page 2)

New Addition to Stadium



A portion of the new baseball bleachers at Rohrbough stadium which were recently completed are pictured above with part of the crowd which attended the West Virginia Tech game on GSC's second annual Senior day.

DR. ROHRBOUGH GIVES HISTORY IN CHAPEL TALK

Gavel of Washington Elm Is Given to Glenville
By President Emeritus

"A History of Glenville State college" might well have been the title given the address delivered by former GSC president E. G. Rohrbough in a special chapel program last Tuesday.

Dr. Rohrbough, president of Glenville State for 33 years, and later congressman from this district, stated at the outset that "I'm somewhat in the mood for reminiscing this morning," and proceeded to detail events in the growth of the college from the time he came here to "some 40 years ago."

Taking each addition to the college separately, Dr. Rohrbough related the manner each was secured, how funds were transferred and solicited, and how, in one instance, silence probably accounted for an added structure on the campus.

While work was being completed on the new wing of the administration building several years ago, it was decided that an auditorium would make a welcome addition to campus buildings. When President Rohrbough asked the (Continued on page 2)

Hot Dog Roast Held By Sophomore Class

Hot dogs for everyone was the order of the day last week when members of the sophomore class entertained themselves with a wiener roast at the golf course.

Ronald Mills was chairman of the foods committee which was comprised of Joe Herman, James Frame, Jack Hush, Charles Adams, and Glen White.

New President



Louis Joe Kania, Lochgelly, along with other newly-elected members of the student council, will be inaugurated as President of Student body in chapel this Thursday.

Kania Takes Office Vows

Seniors, Dr. Heflin Occupy Spotlight on Thursday

Joe Kania '50, of Lochgelly, will assume his role as president of Glenville State college student body, succeeding incumbent president, Jo Ann Foreman, this Thursday at 10 a. m. in chapel.

Members of the student council will be installed, certificates of honor will be presented to eight students chosen as members of "Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges," Dr. Harry B. Heflin will make his final address to the student body, and 1949 graduating (Continued on page 2)

Ball, Bright Picked In Class Elections

Norman Ball, Beckley, was elected president for the senior class of 1949-50, in a recent election. Glen McKinney was declared vice-president, and Wanda Burkhammer was named secretary-treasurer.

In another recent election for the sophomore class of 1949-50 William Bright, Gassaway, was chosen president. Payne Tharpe was selected vice-president, Martha Mick, secretary, and Doris Brannon, treasurer.

This is the second consecutive time that Norman Bill and William Bright have been chosen leaders of their class.

21 Counties Represented

Largest Class of Grads In GS History Finishes

By James L. Harper
One hundred and thirty-three seniors, representing 21 counties and two states, are scheduled to participate in the Glenville State college seventy-fifth commencement exercises, May 23, Registrar Michael E. Posey announces.
Gilmer, Calhoun, and Braxton counties lead in number of students with 38, 15, and 10 respectively.
Peter Rippe, of Detroit, Michigan, is the only non-resident student graduating this year.

Braxton countians who are to graduate are Dallas Oran Frame, Ada Ruth Hutchinson, Mary Ann Hutchinson, Leslie Harold Jackson. (Continued on Page 2)

17 SCHOLASTIC AWARDS GIVEN

Kanawha Union Bank Gives Five Scholarships Yearly

Scholarships to Glenville State college now total 17 which are available to high school seniors in Central West Virginia, according to Pres. Harry B. Heflin.

Civic groups, business establishments, and individuals have donated these scholarships which are the equivalent of a full year's tuition to Glenville State.

Chief among the donors is the Kanawha Union bank of Glenville which offers five scholarships each year, one each to a graduate of the five high schools in Gilmer county.

Calhoun county bank of Grantsville; Sen. Thomas J. Davis, Harborsville; and K & H Motor Company, Pennsboro, have each given one scholarship.

Glenville Woman's club has donated one scholarship for a girl graduate of Glenville high school, and Profs. Goldie C. James and Bertha E. Olsen of the Glenville State faculty have made available one scholarship for a graduate of any West Virginia high school.

Roberts Hardware Co., any graduate from Troy district of Gilmer county; Shaver Motor Sales, of Glenville, to a Gilmer graduate.

Trader's Trust and Banking company of Spencer, three scholarships to a graduate from Spencer, Walton and Grantsville high school. R. B. Store, Co., of Glenville, to a graduate of Glenville high school; and Glenville Rotar club, to best senior basketball player in the Glenville sectional tournament.

Faculty Say Vets Maturity, Leadership Will Be Missed

By John E. Lautz

Members of Glenville State faculty were asked last week in a poll, "Will Glenville State college be improved or hindered when all the veterans are out of school? What scholastic changes will there be and what changes in attitude and general personality will there be?"

Most of those asked indicated that the maturity and the leadership of the veteran would be missed though they seemed to think there would be little scholastic change.

Pres. Harry B. Heflin—All studies have indicated that the veterans have done better than average work. It never helps to lose mature students and that will be the case when the veterans leave.

The veterans who have something in mind, not the free-loaders, will probably never have anything comparable to replace them.

Lloyd M. Jones—The school will be hindered. We have a better class of veterans than many other schools and they are a better class of student. They pay their bills more promptly than non-veteran students.

Prof. B. B. Bell—The veterans have a maturity of viewpoint and understanding which increases the value of their contributions to discussions. This college has always had a rather high percentage of adults but when the veterans are (Continued on page 2)

ELDER ELECTED TO HEAD AHEA

Mary Elder '51, Thursday, was elected president of American Home Economics association at a meeting held at Jackson's Mill recently.

Ruth Ann Davidson '51, was chosen as state secretary, and Prof. Jeanne B. Scott will be state advisor for the following year.

Glenville students, Mary Helen Reed and Ruth Ann Davidson, were in charge of exhibits of good designing and poor designing in home furnishings at the conference.

Those attending the conference were: Shirley Osbourn, Mary Elder, Ruth Ann Davidson, Mrs. Sarah Elliott, Jean Davis.

Mary Helen Reed, Ruby Campbell, Betty Lykins, Beneva Davis, Catheline Davis, Mrs. Edwin P. Adkins and Prof. Jeanne B. Scott.

Riley Operates Local Ham Station In Science Hall

By Janice L. Chapman

Operating a ham radio station is quite the life, thinks William Riley '52, Spencer, if you like adventure, meeting people, and can stand the pace.

Riley, who operates Glenville State college's amateur station, W8ZFB, an 85 watt transmitter, has communicated with other amateurs as far away as Canada.

For the pure novice, operation of a ham radio station means more than just flipping on a few switches, waiting for the transmitter to warm up and then launching into an ordinary conversation.

It is all done with International Morse code and one must be able to send and receive at the rate of 15 words per minute in order to

qualify for a license.

The amazement of the theory of radio is largely responsible for Riley's interest and led to his receiving a license in 1945.

With surplus army and navy equipment which he converted into use, he succeeded in establishing a ham station on the third floor of the Science building, as a project for a physics class.

Novice operators are benefitted by the American Radio Relay league organized in 1905 for experimental radio and for determining frequencies.

After the discovery of radio by Marconi, the hams were the first (Continued on Page 2)

What's All the Shouting About?

From hundreds of rostrums, speakers platforms, pulpits, and stadiums this month and next, thousands of graduates will be reminded of the task they face now that they have completed another step in the quest of education.

They will be told of the perils of the cruel, cold world, the problems which await them, the battles which must be fought, the savagery which awaits their benign influence.

No doubt many of these young men and women will be reminded that this is the most crucial time in the history of the world, that atomic fission has increased problems to the point which requires sheer genius to solve.

But just what problems do confront the thousands of young people who complete their formal education within these next few days?

When Aristotle and Plato were graduated from the University of Athens, they, too, were probably reminded that the world they were about to enter had reached the apex of complexity and cruelty. If not, they were a couple of the fortunate few who have not been told this dismal fact.

Hunters during the stone age probably reminded their youngsters who had just been indoctrinated into manhood and tribal life that some brain across the next hill had just invented the bow and arrow and that civilization was about to perish. Had it not been for the fact that they possessed indestructible youth and refused to listen to such sayings, they might have been swayed to give up—allowing such pessimistic events to take place.

Without a doubt the problems confronting the graduates are numerous—maybe even more so than depicted—but surely they are not so complex.

They include the problem of securing a suitable occupation, one which offers security as well as interest. They include the problem of which city or state in which to live and work, which paper to read, which hobbies to pursue, how much to drink at a cocktail party, the problem of choosing a mate, the number of children to rear, the amount and kind of education for these offspring, what type automobile to buy, problems of religion, of politics, of music, insurance, vacations, and maybe even mothers-in-law and voting.

Surely these and many more obstacles will rear their ugly heads in the paths of members of the class of '49. But hasn't this been the case for generations? And aren't things still going pretty smoothly?

Sad as it may be to the hundreds of commencement speakers, there is very little confronting this year's graduate which did not present itself before last year's, last decade's, last generation's.

To be brutally frank, it's the commencement speakers more than anything else which are worrying this crop of graduates.

Faculty Say Vets

(Continued from Page 1)
gone the adolescent attitude will be more evident.

Prof. H. Y. Clark—The factors which make a good school are more weighted than if some of the students are veterans or not. On the whole, veterans are better students and have contributed much to the school. They are more mature but their absence will not make a great difference in making this a good school or a bad one.

Prof. Goldie C. James—It will not be improved and I doubt if it will be hindered. I regret to see them go because they seem to be serious minded young men that seem to know where they are going and what they want to do. I don't see why there should be any scholastic changes.

Prof. John R. Wagner—They will be hindered because of the varied experience of the veterans in all branches of service. What we need is more college spirit.

Prof. A. H. Anderson—GIs are people aren't they? They won't be any scholastic changes but there might be a younger attitude on campus. Some of the older people work harder because they know what it is all about. Some of our half-baked freshmen don't, and won't but I don't think that will be practically noticeable.

Prof. Hunter Whiting—I think

the absence of veterans will have very little to do with the improvement or lessening of the standard of work. The only two changes I can see are the decline in enrollment and a decline in the number of men.

Prof. Joe P. Ball—I believe the veteran has exerted a favorable influence from the scholastic standpoint. The leadership qualities and maturity of the veterans will be missed.

Dr. Rohrbough

(Continued from Page 1)
state auditor for an appropriation, it was misunderstood that the requested funds were to be used to complete the administration hall.

"Since the auditor was under the impression the money was for completing the Administration building, not to build a new auditorium, the money was almost certain to be appropriated in order that the structure might be finished," Dr. Rohrbough mused. "By simply keeping quiet about the matter, we managed to build our auditorium—with funds which were to be used for another purpose."

Following his address, Dr. Rohrbough presented to Pres. Harry B. Heflin a gavel made of wood from the Washington Elm, a tree planted in front of the Senate building by George Washington in 1798.

Senior Week Schedule

Wednesday, May 18, 5 p. m.	School Picnic
Rohrbough Stadium	
Thursday, May 19, 10 a. m.	Senior Assembly
Auditorium	
Thursday, May 19, 8:15 p. m.	College Play
"Peg O' My Heart" — Auditorium	
3 to 5 p. m.	Art Exhibit
Friday, May 20, ———	Morris Harvey There
Saturday, May 21, 7 p. m.	Alumni Banquet
Kanawha Hall	
Alderson-Broadbuss	There
Sunday, May 22, 10:30 a. m.	Baccalaureate Sermon
Auditorium	
Sunday, May 22, 3 p. m.	President's Reception For Seniors
Lawn, President's Home	
Vespers	
Monday, May 23, 10 a. m.	Graduation Exercises

ON the CAMPUS

By Smith, Kiddy and White

"In the spring a young man's fancy turns to what the women have been thinking about all year."

Forest Messenger has been spending his excess hours (Where did he get that many?) with that neat little chick, Frances "Tick" Lawrence. These two remind one of an "unlucky" boxer returning to his dressing room. Hal dazed, that is. Jack Simons was seen by one of these "we dig up anything" writers, expressing his thoughts and sentiments toward Ruth Fore. It is rumored that these two lovebirds are taking it more seriously than Rollins and Miller. Brother! That's Bad!

Harvey Hupp and Betty Lykins were seen at the "Pine Ear," talking over a coke and looking very sad. No doubt but what their conversation concerned their "former" love affairs. So! So!

Payne "Smoker" Sharp continues to let girls use his "well-built" shoulders to cry on. The last one seen ruining his new shirt was Anne Martin. It was a little dramatic but very touching. And how?

The hunting season has opened early for Marilyn Black this year. It is rumored that she has already been "furred" hunting.

It seems that Tony "Darkhorse" Megna has a soft spot in his heart for Don (The Form) Sherwood. This "lady-killer" already has half of the girls on the campus swooning. Some guys just can't reach their limit.

133 Seniors

(Continued from Page 1)

son, Walter L. Kincley, Ora May Linger, Mary McNemar, Ruth Brown Taylor, Kirk N. Whitman, and Lawrence Ogden Berry.

Clay county are Jo Ann Foreman, Ralph Arnold Hinkle, Dennis Russell Hogue, Virginia Gibson Hogue, and Edward Russell Slack.

Fayette County Has Four

Isobel Baumgartner, Stell C. Cavendish, James R. Dietz, Joaquin Garcia, Jr., and Page Taylor Moulton represent Fayette county.

From Kanawha county are Floy B. Decker and Mildred Starcher Miller.

Lewis county is represented by Emma Auville, Royce Buchanan Bode, James Fultineer, Turlia Rinehart King, Kenneth Clyde Koon, and Vincent A. Plaster.

Graduating from Calhoun county are Rexie Barnes, Fae Starcher Cox, Jeanette Hamilton, Mureline Hamrick, Oral B. Hughes, John Edward Keller, Delbert Lynch, James McCoy, Willard Hugh Moore, Imogene Morgan, Grace Palmer, Edwin Starcher, Andrew J. Stemple, Jr., Erlene Garnet Stemple, and Rufus C. Stemple.

Doddridge countians are Betty J. Faulkner, Eldron Don Law, James Everett Leggett, and George J. McMillin.

Gilmer Leads With 38

Gilmer county is represented by Charles Richard Berry, Thelma Jean Brannon, Velma Flee Carson, Robert E. Collins, Mildred Jean Davis, Curtis Elam, Ralph Ellyson, Harold L. Ferguson, Charles William Furr, Ernest R. Garrett, Jack Garrett, Oless Gherke.

Betty Campbell Grapes, Betty Rose Hardman, James Lewis Harper, John Alfred Harper, Ray Horton Harris, Robert Earl Higgins, Esther Virginia Hinzman, Margy Jack, Kiffon Eugene Lee, Mary Bagwell Lee, Hattie Brannon Leggett, William T. Luzader, Madeleine Reese Miller, Ronzel D. Minney, Fred Lincoln Norman.

Charles Harry Pritt, Lenita Casto Reale, Herschel Paul Roberts, Wendell Ross Sheets, Lucille Stalnaker, Virginia Lou Strader, Mamie R. Taggart, Harold Landus Rhodes, John B. White, Richard C. Whiting, and Hunter E. Bush.

Osa Minney Dobbins, Muri Moore Ferrell, and Frank Lewis Toth are from Logan county.

Monongalia county has Evelyn Keith Ellis and Faye Garrison Shrader.

Representing Nicholas county are Lena Cox Hickman, Ralph Keeman, Ross N. Morgan, Warren Mullen, Naurine Rentschler, and David E. Strickler.

Four Come from Pocahontas

From Pocahontas county are Charles R. McElwee, Norman Leslie Sheets, and Raymond C. Tracy.

Frances Irene Lawrence is from Putnam county; Oakley A. Smith, Jr. is from Tucker county.

Roane county is represented by Ruth Craig Berry, Marie McKown Simmet, Kathryn C. Myers, Allen E. Studier, Ona Waldeck, Olston



Otho Wright, Mary Dot Hinkle Berry, and Violet Sears Miller.

Wirt countians are Ethel Cheuvront, Alfred Dewee, Frank Lee, and John Paul Strickling.

From Upshur county are Ellis W. Cutright and Carl Duke.

Ritchie Countians Graduate

Representing Ritchie county are George W. Adams, Clarence D. Carpenter, Virginia Hayhurst Deem, Chester Glen Eldern, Charles William Farley, Otis A. Leggett, and Harriette L. Merritt.

Webster county is represented by Joe Clifton, Basil Clutter, J. D. Hopkins, Gladys Justus Mayse, William Henry Rexroad, and Oliver Ware.

From Wood county are Lawrence Kenneth Hall, Scott Stewart, and Will Cunningham.

Dorothy Jeanne Johnson is from Wyoming county.

Kania Takes

(Continued from Page 1)
class's history, will, and prophecy will be presented in the Thursday program.

Those to be inaugurated for next year's student council are Joe Kania '50, president; Van Bingham '50, vice-president; Alfred Taylor '50, secretary; Steven Ball '51, treasurer.

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Boyhood Is a Prize

By Russell Hogue '49

Sometimes I feel that man deserves a prize for grinning and groaning his erratic way through this troubled segment of existence known as life; and, as in the not uncommon custom of enjoying the desert before meal, perhaps man is awarded this prize, the desert of brimming boyhood, before he tackles the main course of life which follows.

Many boyhood experiences and sensations somehow seem more vivid in my memory than the more recent occurrences of yesterday and the day before. I remember the wet grass clinging to bare feet on a fresh-cut lawn in the morning; bare feet which knew the feel of squishy mud on a rainy day and the sting of hot concrete at summer noon from the one narrow sidewalk running half the length of Main Street; the summer-long controversy with Mother over going "nekkid" from the waist up, and the tolerant wonder in her eyes at the mysterious sustenance acquired despite her "shirt-on" ultimatum; the forbidden grassy-green apples eaten with salt to prevent the tattletale stomach-ache which always followed anyway, proving the salt a wishful extravagance; discouraging experiments with pliffed tobacco in pipes home-made of corncoobs or hollowed-out acorns; the day-long medley of jangling bells on grazing sheep and creaking shutters and broken panes; crude bows and arrows and fruitless hunting jaunts; blistered palms and aching muscles

from grudging half-days of hoeing and weeding, soon forgotten in the cool welcome of the "swimmin' hole" 'round the bend.

Winter memories, too, stand out like evergreens on snow-swept slopes—memories of thick ice and flashing skates and frosted toes; of rough-and-tumble hockey games and bloody noses; of swift sleds on long steep hills where the cycle of swift descent and plodding return was broken only by urgent meal-time summons; of snowballs and forts and numbed fingers in water-weighted mittens; of martyred snowmen slowly tortured into oblivion by a merciless sun; of wandering lines of rabbit tracks followed eagerly about the smooth white meadow; and indoors, the burning smell of cold feet warming too near the stove.

At night, before the fire, the spicy crunch of crisp red apples or the good-time taste of hot-buttered popcorn gave succulent support to our struggles with that age-old bane of all real boys—our homework. Later, there were checkers, dominoes and other games, bookless stories told by Grandfather, our respected authority on the whole world and its fascinating contents; and after we crept up the long drafty stairs to bed, we could hear the plaintive mournful howls of fettered hounds, crying their loneliness to the friendly full moon, which flooded our room with its soft cool light, while the muffled voice of the wind without whispered us to sleep.

Can Opener, Bane Or Boon?

By Kathryn Brannon '52

In 1948 the H. J. Heinz Company sold 96,000,256 cases of that superbly wonderful product, Heinz baked beans. Assuming that the United States has 43,000,000 families, the allocation would have been 2.25 cases per family, or one hundred two cans; or further assuming that each can contains 805 beans, excluding pork, then each group ate an average of 82,110 delicious baked beans last year.

Now how could America have ever devoured such a huge quantity of food without the aid of that indispensable mechanism, the can opener? Since its invention many decades ago, the can opener has served the nation as has no other single discovery; and it is for this end that we further continue with the "bean theory."

Supposedly, each individual legume has three calories or 2,300 in a single sixteen-ounce container. For all the beans eaten last season, 11,059,200,000 calories went to work soon after the can opener had made its last journey around the globe of the can. How did this massive release of energy aid or deter the United States last year? Incalculably, dear bean eater, incalculably! First, it led to a marked increase in marriage licenses. Scientists say the average kiss spends about 37-

54 calories (allowances made for the many different types) or twelve beans per capita per smooch. Then considering that the twelve baked beans lead the couple to the church, the two words "I do" burn up, for all nervousness, approximately 568 calories per pair.

Alas, the bride, in one of every three circumstances, erroneously believes that she and her groom can have simple menus, yet keep within the limits of a budget; so she serves baked beans for breakfast, baked beans for lunch, and baked beans for dinner.

It is inevitable that this calls for more energy because one or the other may develop the all too common "bean nerves." If the malady reaches too great a pitch, probably eight-hundred or more calories will be released in battle and the loser will receive a battle wound or wound. In a final analysis the divorce judge must pronounce an end to the hostilities.

Taking these facts to mind, one can say that it is the bravest of all brave instruments, the can opener, which chants this song as it turns its weary way:

"I think that I shall always hate Spam, pickles, and potted 'meat'—Chili sauce and turnip greens, But most of all—Those damned baked beans."

Beauty of the Meadow

By William Lee '52

What does a meadow remind me of? A long jogging ride to a meadow on horseback; horses lathered with sweat straining against great loads of hay piled high on a wagon; long parolled windrows following the contour of the land like huge snakes lying in rest; sweat drenched clothes and eye stinging and smarting from salt; the smell of the curing grass rising in great waves with the shimmering heat from the sun's rays beating upon the fields; shocks of hay dotting the broad expanse of the fields like the quonset huts of a native village; horses standing in their harness, stamping their feet and switching their tails in a futile effort to fight off the flies; eating lunch in the shade of a tall, well shaped haystack which

has just been completed, with the lunch spread out on the newly mown meadow; the hard slow toll of loading hay and hauling it as the day wears on endlessly; and finally the walk home with muscles sore and stiff and the whole of the body aching with tiredness.

Last of all there is the glorious view from a far-off field of the meadow, so clean and smooth and bright in the fresh, green color of the young grass which had heretofore been obscured by the rich blown of the mature grass, and in the center of the meadow, three or four tall, egg-shaped stacks, clinging to their poles and rising loftily to meet the heavens of the distant horizon. All these things to me seem to be included in the simple meaning of hayfield, meadow.

I Nearly Was a Heroine

By Marilyn Black '52

Yes, I might have been a heroine if my cousin hadn't taken all the praise.

It all happened while my cousin was visiting me during the summer. The day was unbearably hot. The warm sticky air stirred noisily; the bees flew lazily around and we couldn't seem to be comfortable no

matter where we were. Joan, my cousin, suggested we go swimming. She was from a large city and was the type who thinks no one is quite as good as she. If anyone complimented me she was sure to be jealous because she wanted all the praises herself.

I told her we couldn't go swim-

(Continued on Page 4)

Poet's Corner

On His Tallness

To R. Gray Barker

Of all the friends that I have known

You stand above the rest.

'Tis not that you're exceptional.

My nose comes to your chest.

Your form looms high up in the sky,

When you're in front of me.

It blocks my view of Heaven, too.

How tall you seem to be!

I guess you're only six foot five,

A monster of a man.

How did you ever grow so tall?

I, too, will if I can.

—James L. Harper '49

Melancholia

I stopped this eve to greet a friend,

We had a nice long chat

Which gave the day a pleasant end,

And I was glad for that.

For all the day I'd felt alone

And melancholy, too,

The feelings I've so often known

Since I've been gone from you.

Although I often substitute

The love of some dear friend,

Without your love I'm destitute

And wait for life to end.

—James L. Harper '49

Nazis Knew

The Russians

By William Bright '52

The early morning sun cast its bright rays of light on the green grass and made it glisten with freshness as we made a sharp left turn and drove out on the autobahn—heading north. We were assigned to do patrol duty along the autobahn and keep it free of refugees who were roaming the highways like sheep, now that the war had ended. We had heard reports that the Russians were in this vicinity and of course everyone was anxious to get a glimpse of our much discussed ally.

We had not gone far until the convoy came to a halt and our attention was directed to a small grove of trees about 300 yards away. On a slight knoll overlooking a small community we could see the horses and soldiers of the Russians cavalry. It was too far away to make out what this new kind of people was like, but before many minutes we were able to form our opinions.

Across the open field that separated us from the town, we could see a woman coming toward us. She seemed to be coming as fast as she could make her way through the tall grass. As she came closer—stumbling, falling and fighting her way—we could see that she was in some sort of trouble.

She was crying, screaming, and trying to tell us what had happened to her. Of course our curiosity was aroused by this time, as we could expect anything to happen this close to the Russian zone. None of us could speak German, but little by little, we could make out her plea for help. She tried her best to get into one of our jeeps that was parked close by, and it took several of us to hold her back.

George, being the only one who could understand her, was our spokesman, and as he tried to control her she begged us to take her

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Ghost Town on Kanawha

By Leo Mason '52

My residence is on the outer edge of a very small, unincorporated village, that lies on the banks of the Little Kanawha. At one time, Newark was a fairly important river town, commanding, as it did, a frequented water route, and a much utilized railway terminus. Several hundred souls inhabited its frame buildings, two hotels were well supplied with distinguished traveling salesmen, and "restaurants" served the Saturday-night sinners who became Sunday's pious one.

All this is merely history. Today, there is neither river traffic nor railway. The several hundred now but fifty, and the dilapidated old hotels, skeletons of their former selves, are occupied only by rats and shades of the departed.

This modern "ghost town" is the Newark I know. It is not exactly enticing, and I don't often visit it.

Its human wrecks are not so visible as its non-human ruins, but they are there. Within the old, decaying houses live the aged people who remember the village as it was—its simple splendor, its long-dead inhabitants.

These people are aware of the hopelessness of reviving the spirit of their community, and await, with the resignation of the very old, their own final hours.

From only one point of view does my home town present any real beauty. Examined minutely, its condition is sordid. But viewed from the summits of adjacent hills, when the purple haze of a summer evening steals slowly over its rooftops, the hamlet recaptures much of what must have been its former glory.

I turned refreshed from this placid panorama. Perhaps another day will dawn—a day in which my home town, ceasing to slumber, may become again a living city.

The Sailor and the Night

By Robert Pugh '52

It is dark tonight on the ocean. The wind is rustling silkily through the weblike maze of the rigging. The moon bathes the still deck with a soft sheen, reminding you of the way the lights played on the soft hair of Mary, as the two of you danced before the enchanting firelight only a few short months ago. You wind your way through the mysteriously groping shadows toward the fantail, then you slowly turn and make your way back past the huddled shape of inanimate machinery.

As you leave the deck and start to climb the ladder that leads upward to the bridge, you stop and reminisce. You seem to visualize things so clearly that the ship suddenly seems to be less lonely; now there is someone with you. You turn and gently say, "Mary, remember those evenings we spent together in the glow of the firelight, on the beach, on the lofty eminence of a high peak as we paused, exhausted, after our long climb; or, just sitting, dreaming while the lights were low, watching the popcorn noisily popping over the open fire in our own homes? How long ago it has been, Mary, and yet, how vividly the picture remains in my memory! As I gaze over the rail now, the ghastly luminescence in

the gently rippling waters but recall the deep lights in your eyes as they hint of mysterious things—things which are beyond the ken of man, lurking in their depths, waiting for their bonds to be broken by the touch of a kindred spirit. I thought at times, Mary, (those wonderful times when we planned our future together) that perhaps I would be the man to whom those dark and enchanting secrets would be revealed. Now, facing the uncertainties that lie before us, I wonder if it will ever be; if the great dreams we had together will ever be realized or, like so many others, be shattered by the forced separation which has been our lot. When we are together again, Mary, together to stay, I want to tell you how much I've missed you; how lonely the long nights have been and how I've longed to pillow my head in your arms and receive the comfort and consolation that I so sorely needed."

Then, at the stroke of the bell, the lovely image you have formed fades from view. Once again, you become aware of the seemingly limitless expanse of ocean surrounding you and of the comparatively immaterial structure of steel and wood upon which you and a pitiful few others are confined for days, weeks, perhaps months to come.

I Like Basketball

By Delmer Norman '52

I like to see the fast action of an exciting basketball game. The movement of the guards trying to prevent a pass in fascinating. I like to watch the pivot of the center under the basket, and the jump of the opposing center.

I like to feel the excitement of the crowd when they think they are about to see their team win. The support of the cheering section, the yell of the substitute players bring to me and the team a feeling that this game can't be lost.

I like to watch the coach's expression of pleasure when his men make a goal. But watch for that

look of dismay as he watches the opposing team score in rapid succession.

I like to see the joy of the winners as the last whistle blows and the sportsmanship of the vanquished team as they troop to the dressing rooms. I like to hear the congratulations of teammates on a job well done.

I like to hear the game replayed the next day in the halls and classrooms. I like to hear a patron tell a player how a certain play should have been made or how much pleasure was his over the final score. And finally, I like to hear how much the fellows are going to come out ahead in the next game.

Money Can Buy Anything

By James Jarvis '52

He pounded quite loudly on the paneled oak door. Finally it opened, and he stepped inside into the bright warm fragrance that was always about the house at the holiday season. He walked down the hall and into the living room. There, pacing nervously up and down before the fire, was a young woman who looked very much surprised to see him. "Oh, it's you!" she said. "I didn't expect you back so soon." She glanced briefly at a small boy who was playing with a toy on the floor. She came a few steps closer and said in a low voice, "Well, do you have it all planned out?"

"Yes. Don't worry. Everything will be all right."

"But—if we should be seen—?"

"Don't worry, I tell you. Money can buy anything, and I don't mind telling you. I've passed out plenty of this job done right."

The woman glanced from the corner of her eye at the little boy. "Do you think he suspects anything?"

"How could he? He is too young

to be suspicious, and besides, we have been very careful to say nothing about it before him."

"Yes, I know," she sighed, "but I've been trying to get rid of him for a long time, and something always comes up to keep him under my feet."

After a few minutes he said, "A man is going to come to the door. You are to take the boy upstairs and put on his hat and coat and tell him he is going to take a ride in Santa's sleigh. Kids always fall for that kind of stuff. I hired this man because he is an old friend of mine that I know I can trust."

The woman smiled. Her eyes sparkled as she whispered, "Then we'll be alone. We have waited a long time for this."

At seven o'clock a man came and took the little boy away. At 7:15 a delivery truck stopped in the driveway and several large packages were delivered at the back door.

He had never worked harder than he did then, getting everything prepared, just as the two of

(Continued on Page 4)

My Cathedral Mining Is More Than Payday I Lived After A-Bomb

By Nina Stoneking '51

It was Easter Sunday. The entire family gathered and the hub-dub of Easter baskets was long since over. Softly, Easter music from the radio crept through the house. Suddenly the longing to be alone—a longing that had been with me all morning—became too great to be repressed, and I quietly slipped out of the back door and climbed to the top of a hill.

On the very tip of the brown hill stood a clump of tall hickory trees, black and leafless, and having the atmosphere of waiting. Upon reaching the trees, I saw before me a scene of such beauty that it made me tremble.

Here was a cathedral—my cathedral. Its pillars were of the same kind of tall, black trees I had seen on my long climb to this secluded place of worship. Its choir of birds sang a sweeter hymn than human voices ever could have sung. Spread over the uneven rock-strewn floor was a carpet of moss sprinkled with spring flowers. A fresh spring wind played, softly among the trees, an organ accompaniment to the birds' chorus. But the most outstanding and awe-inspiring feature of this, my haven on Easter morning, were the dogwood blossoms which at the first glance appeared to float in a misty cloud of white, through the whole basin.

The white blossoms against the dark tree trunk pillars, the moss carpet, the breeze which brought with it the incense of spring flowers, the blue ceiling above—all made me sit by the altar-like rock in a reverent mood. I gazed at the scene, trying to memorize it so I should never, never forget what a thing of beauty nature can be.

Creepiness Is A Prevalent Spirit Of Deserted Farm

By Donald McCartney '52

A deserted farm has a forlorn appearance that gives one a feeling of depression. The farm seems to say, if it had a chance and someone to manage it, it could again produce the essentials of life.

There is a jungle of weeds all around the house, outbuildings, and in the lawn; they have grown nearly as high as the roof, through the cracks in the porch, and matted themselves in front of the door; they are ugly things that should have never been allowed to start growing.

The roofs on the outbuildings are sagged down in the middle. They look as if they had been holding the weight of the world on their arched backs, and finally just gave up, but with just a little reinforcing and repair they would stand to turn many more rain and snow storms.

Land that has for many years lain fallow just seems to be waiting for the plow share. To the experienced eye it holds those elements so necessary to good crop raising.

Fences are in a sad condition. The posts have rotted off at the ground, and they stagger first this way, then that; they are held up only by the wire nailed to them, and here and there a post that hasn't completely decayed.

Erosion has taken its toll and scarred the appearance of the farm. Here is a big erosion ditch that has washed away the corner of the barn; it could have been stopped very easily with just a little brush pile in the right place.

Meadows have grown up in hickory, sassafras, and broomage. They seem to be crying for lime and phosphate.

Money Can Buy

(Continued from Page 3)

them had planned. At 8:30 the man who had taken the little boy came back, and lying limply against his shoulder with closed eyes, was the little boy.

The young woman laid her hand against his cheek and whispered, "Wake up, son; wake up." Slowly the eyes opened—just a tiny bit at first, then very wide.

"Mother—Daddy!" he shouted. "Look! Santa Claus came." And the little boy ran toward the great, lighted tree and the electric rain that went zooming around the track.

All this had not been here an hour earlier. The man and woman smiled at each other as they watched their son so very, very happy with his first real Christmas.

By Mary Jane Davis '52

Many people in our country think of coal mining as a net-work of union organizations and cigar-smoking labor leaders. Others picture this great industry as producing a product given us by God to furnish heat, light, and numerous luxuries. To me coal mining means many things, some of them horrible and some of them happy.

When I think of coal mining I think of perhaps a half-mile of steel hoppers piled high with coal, glittering in the sun. I think of the deafening rattle of the tipples as the coal is brought down a conveyor belt and dumped into waiting cars. I think, too, of the smell of raw sulphur that permeates the damp air blown by fans out of the opening of the mine, and the sticky, gritty dirt that settles on the grass and trees and sifts through every door and window.

I picture bare trees and grassless lands where all vegetation has been choked out by gasses from burning mine refuse. Mentally I picture in-

dustrial centers with clouds of rainbow colored smoke spiraling from stacks, using, no doubt, the coal I had seen the day before, and producing items for our demanding nation.

The most vivid pictures I have, though, are of the people who devote a lifetime to coal mining. I can hear the happy laughter of men who have finished a day's work and are still alive, or the quietness when a buddy has been carried out. I can see the panic of a crowd that gathers after an explosion, and the expressionless face of a mother who knows that her son will not come out alive. I can hear and see the jubilant celebration one pay-day when every man has money in his pocket.

I see small children quarreling over dad's dinner pail to see what he has brought home for them. But more vivid and real will remain the picture of the little girl who stands at a window looking and waiting for her father who will never come home.

Females Scheme in Spring

By Cy Anderson '51

Probably the most imaginative thing on earth, next to a young woman's fancy, is that of a young man in the springtime. In the past it has always been said that the fancy of a young man turns toward thoughts of love, particularly during the spring of the year. But on the contrary, it is the woman and not the man whose fancy is stimulated by the oncoming of the warm, fresh, vernal atmosphere.

The continuous, gentle twittering of the birds, the overpowering odor of early spring flowers, and the faint whispering of the balmy breezes all are factors which bring a girl to the realization that if she ever expects to get a man she had better start doing something about it while there is yet time. But does a young man's fancy tend in this direction with the approach of spring? No, if anything, the ideas of the male with respect to love become more rational.

When a boy feels the warm sun strike his face, he doesn't worry

about whether or not he will be able to attract some scheming female, but rather he begins to dream of sitting along some stream fondly caressing a fishing pole, or going out on the green with his favorite golf club. Baseball, the great American sport, comes into season with the coming of spring; therefore, how can any normal, sane, human male allow himself to be overwhelmed by some dreamy-eyed, clinging female who has been rendered desperate by the ravages of spring-fever, especially when there are many more important things to do?

No, the old concept of the young man's fancy just won't hold water. Perhaps one can argue that more romances are begun in the spring of the year than at any other time, but this is merely because of the conspiring, scheming females who turn on all their charm and personality in an effort to subdue some poor, innocent boy who is really only interested in the finer things of life—fishing and baseball.

One Sister Too Many

By Harold Sullivan '52

I have one sister and no brother. However, my sister is enough to keep me in fighting trim. She is 16 years of age, and for the most of my life she has been as large as I. When I was twelve years old she could outrun me. I had no escape, and therefore no peace.

One day she was sitting in a swing under an apple tree. I mischievously started throwing small mudballs near her. Suddenly she hopped off the swing and grasped a large stone. I ran for my life. I was too late. My sister's arm went back, the stone curved in a high arc, and bounced off my head.

The day went dark and the stars came out. Pretty red and blue ones. I staggered in circles, vainly reaching for support. There was none. I went down like a pole-axed steer. I wasn't knocked completely out, and my voice rose in angry protest. Instantly my sister repented and came over to comfort me. I rejected her advances and went to

the house to tell Mom. I guess Mom figured I needed all I got, because my sister wasn't punished.

When I was about seven years old my sister and I decided to make a mud pie. We had seen Mother put eggs in her pies, so we spent about fifteen minutes carrying eggs from the chicken house for our pie. We collected three dozen. We then sat down and broke them into our dough.

We had every one broken, and were stirring them into the mud when Mom found us. Quickly breaking off a switch she gave us a good switching, which we both knew we needed. Then she counted how many eggs we had broken. When she realized that three dozen were missing, she gave us another lacing that was equal to the first. We resented the second, because we felt that was going to extremes.

Is one sister too many? I don't think so. If it were not for her, I might have grown up a spoiled child.

I Nearly Was A

(Continued from Page 3)

ming because Tommy was too small to be in the water. But she kept on, "Oh come on, Tommy's two year old. He knows enough to stay in shallow water and we can watch the little brat."

So finally we started off, Joan with her beautiful red satin suit carefully folded in a beach bag which she insisted on carrying even though we were only going to a muddy river bank, and Tommy and I with our faded suits slung over our shoulders.

At last we reached the river. Joan, being used to fine pools, thought it was "dreadful," but better than nothing. The water was cool and clear with a ripple moving slowly across it now and then. Our old diving board was in the same old place and shadows of sycamore trees made lacy designs on the water. Willow bushes fringed the edge of the water and birds darted from tree to tree. Everything was peaceful until Joan started jabbering in a shrill voice about her son and swim trunks. "You really must see them. Here, Tommy,

you play in the nice water and Marilyn will come with me. Now be a nice little boy and we'll be back to get you."

After being gone a few minutes I was beginning to get tired of being made fun of because I couldn't do all Joan's fancy tricks. I told Joan to stay and entertain herself and I would go see about Tommy, when I heard a strange sound. It was Tommy calling, "Help! Help!" And then there was no more yelling. Fear tore through me. I was nearly blind with it. Joan, who was enjoying herself, had not heard him for trying to show off. I darted away as fast as I could. Arriving at the spot I grabbed him and started swimming and yelling to Joan when my breath seemed to give away. Still holding Tommy above water I kept yelling.

Finally I could see her red suit come moving slowly as though she had all day. My head was aching, and my arms felt as though they were breaking; my head was about to burst and still Joan was swimming leisurely. When she finally got to us I was nearly exhausted. Still she seemed unconcerned as she took Tommy to land.

By William Wiant '52

Among the Marshall Islands in the Pacific Ocean is located Bikini Atoll. This was a busy place in the early months of 1946. Ships were assembling from all over the world to take part in an experiment with the atomic bomb. The purpose of this test was to see what effect the atomic bomb has on ships.

I went into Bikini Atoll on May 29 aboard a cargo ship, expecting to be transferred to the Japanese Cruiser SAKAWA upon arrival. While entering the Atoll I was looking for my new ship. Viewing the harbor I could see several types of ships including the well known Japanese Battleship NAGATA.

In the early part of June the German Cruiser PRINCE EUGENE came into the harbor and found her berth for the test. By the middle of June all of the ships to be targets had been assembled and found their various berths. Among the well known ships and veterans of two world wars were the carriers USS INDEPENDENCE and USS SARATOGA.

Before the bomb was dropped there were several stories about what effect the bomb would have on us. No one knew exactly what would happen. An organization called the Grand Council of Guinea Pigs, was formed as a result of the

fact that the men taking part were referred to as guinea pigs.

On July 2, 1946, the day the bomb was dropped, we were transferred from the target ship to a transport to go to sea. We were eighteen miles away when we were informed the airplane was making practice runs over the target. We were called to quarters and were instructed how to act when the bomb was dropped. We were told to sit on the deck with our back toward the target area. We put our heads between our knees so we wouldn't be blinded by the flash from the bomb. While sitting there no one said a word and everyone was wondering what would happen.

After the explosion we could turn around and look in the direction of the targets. It was a few minutes before the sound of the explosion came to us, but when it did it was so loud it shook the ship. It sounded like a store house of dynamite exploding with one big B-O-O-O-O-M.

Upon return to the harbor sounds of exploding ammunition could be heard and smoke from burning ships could be seen. Because of the radiological waves still around we were not permitted to go all of the way back into the harbor.

This is one experience I will always remember.

I Am a Former Quiz Kid

By Ann Brannon '52

The audience was nothing but a blur as I stepped on the stage. My knees were knocking together and it seemed to me that my heart was beating so loud that it could be heard by everyone. Away in the distance a voice said: "and now our next contestant, Miss Ann Brannon."

I had always dreamed of being on a radio quiz program. In my imagination I could see myself, poised and dignified. When I was introduced, the audience would cheer to such an extent that the master of ceremonies would come to the conclusion that there were several West Virginians present. My witty remarks would bring forth roars of laughter, and the questions would be a cinch. Such was the dream: of the reality, there is more to be said.

When my shaking legs had carried me to the center of the stage where the Emcee was waiting with a shining microphone, I heard a sigh of relief. Everything was all right, so far. At least, I had not stubbed my toe and fallen flat on my face as I felt I might do at

any moment. Looking at the audience, I felt a wave of terror sweep over me. What if I were to get mixed up and make a dunce of myself? I was crazy even to ask to be a contestant. I'd give anything to be sitting in a seat back there watching someone else.

The Emcee was asking me something—where I lived. For a moment my brain would not function at all. I knew I lived in a white, two-story house, but I couldn't, for the life of me, tell where that house was. I finally blurted out, "I think it's somewhere in West Virginia." Everyone seemed to think this answer was very funny. Their laughter only made me more nervous. When the question was asked, I could only whisper, "I don't know," and take my seat. The Emcee was kind enough to give me a year's supply of soap chips and a record of my part of the program.

Today, when I happen to tune in a radio quiz program, my sympathies are with the poor, confused contestants. I sit back and pray that they are finding the experience more pleasant than I did.

Fans Bid Manners Adieu

By Louise Sigman '51

For weeks the town had buzzed with chatter about the forth-coming basketball tournament. Newspapers had printed columns about it and several leading townsmen had prophesied an overflowing crowd. I made my plans accordingly and went an hour early so that I might get a place to sit. However, the place was packed when I got there, but I finally managed to squeeze into a seat near the far end of the gymnasium. After a few minutes of wriggling around I finally managed to get into a comfortable position, and then I relaxed so that I might enjoy the thrilling ball-game.

The place was somewhat hot and stuffy, so some nice young man proceeded to act as a gentleman and hung up the wraps of the various fans. Naturally, since I was sitting on the end of the row, all the wraps were dragged over me, thus leaving me looking as if I had been in a wind storm. I decided to excuse the young man since he was being so nice and was hanging up the wraps.

A young lady sat behind me, but she seemed to have no respect for other people. Every few seconds she would lean far back on her seat and

then she would grab me by the shoulders and pull herself up again. Her feet were constantly on my clothes and her knees were in my back. She screamed and raved in a high, squeaky voice at the referees from the beginning until the end of the game. Her yells were somewhat along this line. "Ouch," "Cheaters," "That wasn't the way I saw it," and then every few minutes she would say, "I've just got to have a cigarette."

Directly in front of me were three cheerleaders. They all had boyfriends sitting behind them and, of course, they leaned back into their laps when they were not giving yells and cheers.

Another girl who sat in front of me persisted in leaning back against me. After an hour of trying to move so that she couldn't use me as a backrest, I finally gave in.

Near the end of the game, the same young gentleman who had hung up the coats passed them out again. He threw them over my head, and finally when he dropped one on me, I kindly asked him if he couldn't be more careful. I was only too glad to get out of there alive. For a while, all hope had been gone.

When we reached home, she seemed all excited about it, and started telling everyone how she had saved Tommy's life and I was left completely out of the picture. As though Joan swimming leisurely along, while I held Tommy above water, had saved his life. This seemed silly, but as usual I kept my mouth shut just to satisfy her.

Nazis Knew

(Continued from Page 3)

along. At this time, we were in no position to show sympathy toward Germans; although to a woman in distress—as this one seemed to be—

It was hard to refuse. Our best bet was to get out quickly, before the Russians had been aroused, and leave our poor fugitive to a fate which we thought almost unbearable.

We climbed hastily into our vehicle. As George tried to pull himself away from the woman, she dopped to the ground and began kissing his feet. This was something I had never expected to witness; but there it was—a human soul, broken and deserted. We drove away and left her lying on the ground, crying, writhing in agony, and praying to God.

PIONEERS WILL MEET 3 NINES TO END SEASON

Hilltoppers, M-H Eagles, A-B Battlers Slated This Week As White Wave Foes

Luckless White Wave, which has broken into the win side of the ledger only once this season at this writing, is prepared to wrap up its diamond schedule this week, meeting West Liberty here this afternoon at 2 p. m., Morris Harvey at Wattpowell Park Friday night and Alderson-Broadbudd at Philippi Saturday.

G-men will be out to settle an old score with the Hilltoppers this afternoon as they edged the Pioneers 4-4, earlier in the season, at West Liberty in a tense pitching duel.

Vinci, small fry West Liberty chucker, will probably get the nod to start on the mound for the invaders as he shut out the Ratliffmen for seven innings in the nine's first clash, mowing down the Wave without giving it a single base hit. Pioneer Pilot Ratliff and his stickmen motor to the capital city Friday night to oppose the Morris Harvey Golden Eagles under the bug-collectors at Charleston's new ball park.

A-B's winless Battlers act as host to the G-men in Philippi Saturday in the final contest for the Wave. Ratliffmen will be favored to notch another win as they already own a 9-5, decision over the Battlers from Broadbudd knob.

G-Men Golfers Are Downed by 'Toppers

West Liberty's sure-stroking linksmen helped make a clean sweep of title with the Glenville State Glenvillians last Tuesday afternoon at West Liberty as they blanked the Glenville golfers, racing up a 15-0, win to go along with their diamond victory over the G-men.

Glenville players who made the trip but who failed to break into the scoring column against the experienced Hilltoppers were: "Chief" Elam, Jack Garcia, Allen Rader, Norman Sheets, Herbert "Moe" Holstein and Bill Rymer.

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God's Country And

The Woman

George Brent
Alan Hale

Liberty Beats Luckless Wave

Vinci Stops Pioneers Cold As Squeeze Wins

By Ronnie Rollins

It took ten innings to name the winner but West Liberty's Hilltoppers finally squeezed past the once-victorious Glenville State Pioneers 5-4, in a razor-edged diamond encounter at West Liberty last Tuesday afternoon, thanks to a tenth inning squeeze play that gave the Hilltoppers their winning run.

In a game marked by air-tight pitching and few solid bingles, the Hilltoppers secured the deciding counter in the last of the tenth, after they had tied the game up at 4-all in the ninth, when a Hilltopper romped home from third base on a squeeze play.

"Diamond Dan" Rengers and two Hilltoppers engaged in a tight pitchers' duel in the tense scrap. Dan went the full distance for the G-men, and gave up only eight bingles while sending 13 Hilltoppers grumbling to the dug-out about the third strike.

Pausic Is Combed by Pioneers

Pausic started on the hill for the Hilltoppers but after the Pioneers began to comb him, he was yanked in favor of diminutive Vinci who quickly silenced the G-men's bats.

Pausic pitched hitless ball for 6 2-3 innings as he struckout eleven batters, allowing no Pioneer to

DIAMOND DUST

By Ronnie Rollins

Hounded by bad luck in dropping close lifts to Tech 6-4, West Liberty 5-4, and Fairmont 6-5, the Pioneers are headed down the home stretch with a win-loss record that is below the 500 mark.

If the unpredictable White Wave can cop the remaining games on its card with Concord, Alderson-Broadbudd, Wesleyan and mebbe Morris Harvey, it can salvage the tail end of a so-far disastrous season.

Pioneer stickmen should drop Concord twice in the two-game home stand, should set A-B's Battlers down but as for clubbing Wesleyan's Bobcats and M-H's Golden Eagles... Well, those two should be closer than an umpire's whisker!

Stone Takes Over Salem Tigers

One of Salem's all-time greats of the gridiron and on the pine planks and one-time little all-A-

meek past third base.

Pioneers broke into an early lead as they racked up four runs in the first three innings and protected their lead until the last of the ninth when the rallying Hilltoppers knotted the count.

It was the White Wave's fourth reversal in five times out.

Score by innings: 103 000 000 4

Glenville 101 010 001 5

Batteries: Glenville: Rengers and Curry;

Pausic, Vinci (3) and Kamensky.

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G-Men Take Double Header From Concord 8-5 and 21-5

Johnson And White Hurl For White Wave As They Enjoy Hard-Hitting Day

By Ronnie Rollins

Friday the 13th may be an unlucky day for some but for the win-hungry Glenville State diamondmen it certainly isn't!

Proof: Hit-hungry Ratliffmen knocked this asinine superstition into a cocked hat in center field at Rohrbough stadium last Friday afternoon as they belted the Concord college Mountain Lions 8-5, and 21-5, to sweep both games of a wacky double-header that boosted the sagging Wave cause considerably.

Lanky Cecil Johnson, Ratliff's rookie sensation, got the nod to start on the hill for Ratliff's fly-chasers and responded by twirling a masterful hurling performance, scattering eight Concord hits over the rout as he whiffed 11 and gave free transportation to only three Lions.

String-beanish Cecil struck out the first six men to face him and quite a few sunburned eye brows were raised as 6'3" Cecil continued to mow down the Mt. Lions with his smoking fast ball and his rippling curves.

Ball Hit Hard

Ralph Ball, Concord flinger, wasn't quite as effective as Johnson as the G-men got to him for 10 bingles leading to the three run victory margin.

Joltin' Johnny Morrone, Ratliff's clean-up man who swings from the heels, had a fat day at the dish with two for four while Glen Vannoy had a like number.

In the second outing of the twin bill which was called in the first of the sixth because the Pioneers were leading 21-3, the Wave had to come from behind to romp off with the laurels.

Concord Scores First
Concord broke the ice first with
(Continued on Page 4)

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Reservations Fee For Fall Increased

Reservations fee for dormitory rooms for fall semester of 1949-1950, will be increased from \$5 to \$10, announces Loyd M. Jones, financial secretary.

Room deposits will be applied toward last payment of room and board for the year, instead of being refunded at the end of term.

All persons desiring dormitory accommodations for the fall semester should make reservations at once with Mr. Jones.

Mercury Musings

(Continued from page 1)
last few weeks which would make a yearbook possible next year—and the next and the next. All have good points, but as yet none have been convincing to those who manage such things.

Probably the most sound is a plan which would set aside a specified amount from the activity fee, assuring each student of a down payment for his annual. In this

manner, work could begin immediately at the opening of school in the fall and a deposit would be made available for a printing and engraving company.

During enrollment for second semester, balance of the amount could be paid, assuring everyone of receiving a yearbook, eliminating financial worry and bookwork, and leaving with each student something more important, more valuable, than all class rings ever made.

Foreign Student Drive Reopened

The drive is being revived to reach a 500 goal for financing a foreign student on the GSC campus for one year. Recently about \$230 of the amount was solicited from students and faculty, and remainder of the amount is being sought before the end of the year.

An honorary honor point is here-with granted Bill Bright who was recently chosen by members of the freshman class again to act as president, guiding them during their sophomore year. Congratulations are also in order to Payne "Smoke" Tharpe, who was elected vice-president, Martha Mick, sec-

retary, and Doris Brannon, treasurer.

Best idea of the week comes from some unknown student who has suggested painting murals on the walls of the "Pine-Bar." Nothing elaborate would be expected, but members of art classes regularly turn out work worthy of public display. Some art students might be given such an undertaking as a project, thus receiving credit while improving appearance of the Union.

Godfrey No Godfrey

Arthur Godfrey continues to fop up the airways with his untalented uninteresting, unamusing n a sal twang. Only good part of the whole deal is the fact that his everyday show comes during classes—which is punishment enough if one cuts a class and happens to have his radio tuned to this nightmare.

Musings ratings: (still) exploitation of public good judgment. Showing approval of all regimes, freshmen, sophomores, and juniors reelected their presidents to succeed themselves in office again next year. In the latest (and last) class

G-Men Take Double

(Continued from Page 3)

a two-run uprising in the second frame but the improved Pioneers quickly overhauled the panting Lions with four counters in the last of the third.

Withy Garten, transplanted first sacker, was belted from the box in the run-dizzy inning as the G-men blistered the bags with a 12-run exposition that lasted better than thirty minutes.

Jones came on to relieve tiring Garten but the Pioneers weren't quite ready to quit as they plastered the pill for five more tallies that sealed the outclassed Mountain Lion's doom.

Pioneers Hit 16

Potent Pugh again led the hit parade as he clouted three, one a

election, the junior class chose Norman Ball to act as president during their senior year. Glen McKinney was elected vice-president, and Wanda Burkhammer will again serve as secretary-treasurer for '49-'50.

scoring triple, for four while Pennington collected three for four and Morrone three for five. All in all, the developing Pioneers clubbed Concord pitching for 16 bingles.

Southpaw slinger Gene White, ace relief hurler, turned in a gold-plated hurling chore for the Glen-villians in his first start on the mound as he gave up only six hits for the six innings he toiled while slipping the third strike past eight Mountain Lions and giving free rides to six batters.

Hurler Steve Dishauzi led the runs battled in department as he slapped a two-bagger that sent three G-men scampering across home plate. Fred Pennington also accounted for four Glenville runs while Jim Marsh rapped out blows that brought three Ratliffmen home.

Score by innings: First game
Glenville 000 413x 8
Concord 020 0021 5
Second game:
Glenville 004 125x 21
Concord 021 002 5

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May 17-18

My Dear Secretary

Laraine Day
Keenan Wynn

May 19-20

Buck Privates

Abbott & Costello

May 21

Loaded Pistols

Gene Autry

Design For Death

(Documentary taken from
captured Japanese Film)

May 22-23

Best Years Of Our Lives

Frederich March
Myrna Loy

LYRIC THEATRE

May 21-22

They Drive By Night

Humphrey Bogart

George Raft

(Also selected Short Subject)