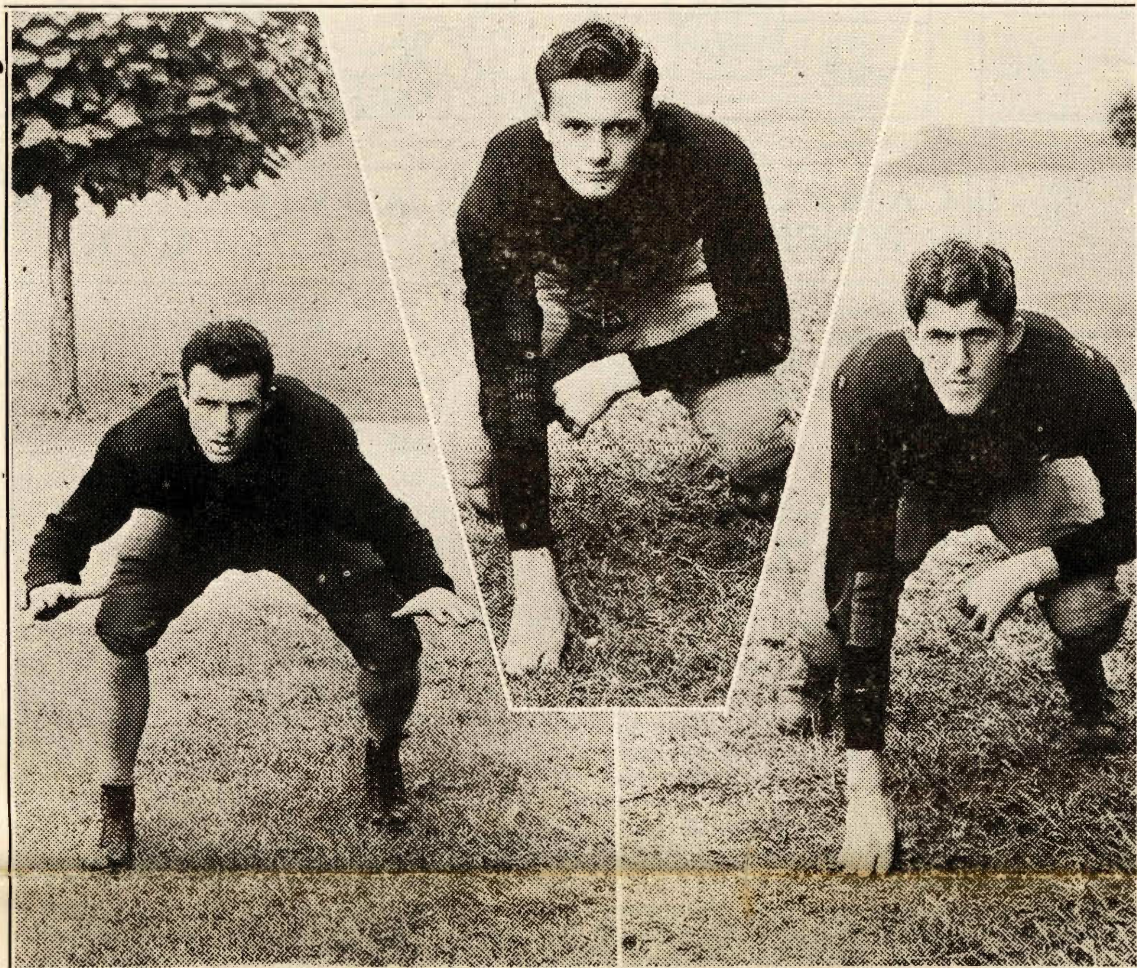


CARSON-NEWMAN BATTLE TONIGHT



"SHADE" GREEN, GEORGE BROWN, AND STARLING WOOD

Contest To Be Last Home Game Till Lees-McRae

Game Will Be Second Played
Under Lights; Starting
Time Set for 8:00 P. M.

BY GEORGE KELLY

The Eagles are coming! Latest reports from the camp of Frosty Holt's mighty band say that the Carson-Newman boys—from fullback to water boy—are all set to do battle with Coach Lacey's fighting Buffaloes tomorrow night at 8 o'clock. The game will be played on Bemberg-Glanzstoff field at Elizabethton.

Fierce Contest Expected

With the usual spirited rivalry between the two schools much in evidence again this year, the tussle tomorrow night should be one of the fiercest contests ever played in this vicinity. The Eagles are coming here with the express purpose of knocking off the Buffaloes in a walk, and they regard the game merely as a warm-up affair for future struggles with King, Emory, and Maryville. Holt's crew ran rough-shod over the Western Carolina Teachers last week as two complete teams alternated in piling up a 42-0 count.

Milligan-Carson-Newman games have always been attended by knock-down-and-drag-out tactics of the rankest sort, and, until last year, contests between the two schools were marked by close scores. The Eagles mistreated the Buffaloes badly, in the exception referred to, winning by the overwhelming score of 60-6.

Pre-Game Ballyhoo

The customary pre-game ballyhoo has been given wide circulation this week, with tall stories of all descriptions floating over the campus. It all started when Coach Holt of the Carson-Newman outfit dispatched a polite, sugar-coated epistle to Milligan coaches asking for the exact starting time of the Appalachian game. Replying for the Buffaloes, Coach Lacey dictated the following: "Dear Frosty—The game between Milligan and Appalachian is scheduled for 8:15. Have your scouts on hand by that time if possible. However, if unforeseen circumstances—such as bad hitch-hiking weather, flat tires, etc.—cause a delay in your arrival, we will hold the game up until you get here."

That statement rankled, and Frosty warmed up. "I meant to be nice to you fellows," said the Eagle coach, when approached by Milligan authorities after the Appalachian tilt. "I meant to play my second-string against you, but now I suppose I'll have to give you the works."

Out For Green

One widely-circulated rumor has it that the Carson-Newman boys saw too much of Shade Green, big Buffalo tackle, in the Appalachian game—so much in fact that they are preparing to direct

(Continued on page 4, column 1)

WHAT A FINE CLUB — THE "POWER HOUSE"

"Mr. Chairman, I move that the power house comes to order," and with those now famous fighting words, another session in that hectic, lovable organization, "The Power House Club," is brought to order.

The club is not a secret organization—far from it, but like the "Mystic Knights of the Sea," "Masons" and similar fraternal brotherhoods it is not always wise to say all that is known about the group.

The "Power House Club" has come in for some ribald criticism and just as much overwhelming praise. Its primary purpose, gentlemen, is to provide fraternal amusement on dull evenings and dull occasions in general. Freshmen are heartily welcomed and often they share in the rollicking good time by appearing on the various programs that the club gives.

The Power House Club has been in existence many, many long moons. Its scope extends to bus trips of athletic teams, to various meetings, and to campus functions in general. Guided by strict disciplinary rules and operated for common enjoyment, it is the symbol of wholesome college fun and general amusement.

MILLIGAN LOSES AN ESTEEMED FRIEND

A Tribute To W. L. Kennett

—By—
President H. J. Derthick

Beginning with the present administration in 1917, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Kennett became greatly interested in Milligan College and for seventeen years their generous gifts have helped to make possible the growth and continuance of the college. In addition to their gifts, their prayers, their home and their hearts have all been given to Milligan College in spiritual intercession, in kindly encouragement, and in hospitality.

On Monday evening, September 4th, about eight o'clock the machine in which Mr. Kennett was riding, in company with three guest friends, on his way to his family at their summer lodge in northern Minnesota, crashed into a truck that was parked in the middle of the road, just over the brow of a hill. Our friend and brother was instantly killed.

Mr. Kennett, before the accident, was strong, well and happy, rejoicing in the privilege of living and finding his greatest pleasure in making life happy for others.

"It is only a glad good morning
As he passes along the way,
But it spreads the morning's glory
Over the livelong day."

W. L. Kennett, a member of the First

(Continued on page 4, column 4)

OFFICERS ARE ELECTED IN FORENSIC MEETING

Debating and argument survived their initial test of the 1933-4 season at the first meeting of the Forensic Council on September 12.

Many of the members gave their argumentative powers an early test when a discussion arose on club activities, policies, and officers. Things were more or less unstable till a bouncer was elected, but peace reigned from then on.

Philip Shelley, maestro of the vocal chords, was elected president of the club, succeeding Byron Graybeal, last year's president. Other officers included Harriet Wells, Cecil James, and David Donoho.

The new officials went on record as advocating that the club join as soon as possible the national organization and much of the year's activities will be spent in working to that goal.

Dramatists to Present Play Called "Latch Keys"

The Milligan College Dramatic Club is looking forward to what will probably be the best year in its history.

The next meeting will be held on Friday evening October 13, and will be given over to the first in a series of try-out plays. These plays will be for the purpose of determining the dramatic possibilities of candidates to the club. The play to be given is "Latch Keys," and is being coached and directed by Miss Dorothy Neiser.

Anyone who wishes to join the club may see the president, Roger Derthick, or the secretary, Miss Sunshine Williams.

THE MILLIGAN STAMPEDE

Published bi-monthly from September to June by the students of Milligan College, Milligan College, Tennessee.

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 News Editor..... George Kelley
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This publication endeavors to foster the ideals for which the student body is ever striving; namely, higher scholarship, cleaner sportsmanship, and finer comradeship. It endeavors to represent the school in all its aspects and to print, in an accurate and engaging way, everything of news interest concerning it.

After all, it is not so absolutely important to go to classes. The main thing is to have something in your head before you start and use it when you get there.

Why Dance?

In the very first of this editorial we want to make our position clear. We are not advocating a change in administration routine. We are not advocating any change at all. Our position is one of absolute harmless suggestion, and merely portrays the wishes, demands, and position of the student body in regard to dancing.

The unwritten editorial policy of this paper is firm in guaranteeing not to demand or try to start reforms of any sort at Milligan College for the reason that we are convinced that there are no logical reforms to advocate. However, our policy does allow us to reflect student opinion and bring to the attention of administration officials that opinion.

This statement of position, then, leaves us ready to present the student's view on the social matter of dancing. We believe that we are reflecting the students' desires in asking that the student body be allowed to dance at a supervised dance once or twice a month. Milligan students themselves have as fine an orchestra as is needed, and certainly such a dance would provide a welcome intervention in the regular routine of college life.

Let us again state our position. As a student newspaper we are merely expressing a desire existing among the student body. We advocate no reform; demand no change. We only say, "May we please dance?"

The Professor's Power

Suppose a student takes three courses out of five under one professor. Suppose that two hours of preparation are spent on the average throughout the year on that subject. With slight mathematical wizardry we are able to see that in one year the student has listened directly to the professor's theories for eighteen credit hours or three hundred and fifty four time hours. In addition seven hundred and eight hours have been spent in preparation of courses that follow the professor's theories.

In considering these facts presented, we can easily see that it is not only possible, but probable that one or two professors—one or two men bearing no relation to the student—can mould and influence a boy or girl's ideas and view point for life.

Some college professors have yet to realize the responsibility that rests upon their shoulders and perhaps upon their heads. Students at Milligan are fortunate in having professors who not only are able to present material, but present material that will in no wise alter, change, or deflect the things sacred for good living.

We bow in praise to the teacher who can present his college material, shape a student's ideas in the right way, and teach his course as it should be taught. The basis of college education rests with each professor. May they always carry on to the credit of American Universities.



CAMPUS BANTER In WINCHELL MANNER

Burdette—"How do you like that phonograph record?"

Duggins—"Much better than the one you had last year."

YOUNG LOVE

Within my bed, the whole night through,
 I turn and turn—and think of you;
 And wonder when we met today,
 If you said what you meant to say;
 And what you thought I thought you meant,

And were you sorry when I went,
 And did you get my meaning when—
 And then the whole thing through again.
 I only hope that somewhere you
 Are sleeping very badly, too.

Ye editor thanks his lucky stars that he is immune from bombshell remarks in the student paper. Too many possibilities, too many possibilities.

The Key to the Problem

Mrs. Bowman falls a little short of being unanimously known over the campus. Last week, Big Bill Bowman (triple B man) drove up to the girl's dormitory and hailed an innocent looking freshman—the first to pop in view—who happened to be named "Ox" Church. "Say, Bud," said Bill, "tell Mrs. Bowman I want the key."

Church looked worse than dazed; he appeared shell-shocked. "Mrs. Bowman isn't a student here, or at least I don't know her."

Mr. Bowman gasped. "My wife is the registrar of this heap college, suh. She sits within—the dining hall." And as comprehension slowly dawned on Church's face, he lumbered off in search of the elusive key.

Membership is extended for the Conference Club to William Carpenter and Dorothy Neiser.

As Greene tells it, he played his cleanest, most gentle-mannered game against Appalachian Teacher's College the other night. A mere expression of brotherly love.

Prof: "I hate to tell you, sir, but your son is a moron."

Father: "Wait until he gets home. I'll teach him to join one of those fraternities without my consent."

Vogel—(Looking at his picture recently made for football): "This picture doesn't do me justice."

Sunny—"You don't need justice—what you need is mercy."

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Here's your opportunity, you dear little college boys and girls who have been bitten with the bug of love, to confide your difficulties with Lady Lou and find a solution to every problem. Don't hesitate. Act today. After the third application, we guarantee your troubles will pass away. (You may pass with them, but that's immaterial.)

Dear Lady Lou:

Somehow I seem to be laboring under an unusual situation. I went with a girl for nearly a year and expected our budding romance to continue, but when school opened this year, lo and behold, I was ranked fifth in line and had to wade through a crowd of boys to even get sight of my own ring. Have I been two-timed?

"Disillusioned."

My, what an awful, hard, difficult question. Of course you haven't been "two-timed." Gracious, me socks, dirty underwear no. You have merely been made a fool of, taken in, tossed over, taken for a ride, and tossed over again.

Dear Lady Lou:

My trouble is distinctly unique. I am in a freshman course and I find that I am not making a good grade. I am a girl, blond, with fine features and a good personality. What should I do to pass?

"Blondy" Ryan

You failed to state whether or not your professor was a man or woman. Assuming that he is a man, the easiest and most complete way to raise a grade from D to A would be to see him after class on several occasions and argue the matter out. Men are gullible in such arguments. However, a little studying might also help.

Dear Lady Lou:

I am a boy 19 years old, with cold black hair, bright sparkling eyes, well placed features, and perfect manners. I have plenty of money, can dance well, and own a Packard eight coupe. I love a girl, but she will have nothing to do with me. What should I do?

Lameron Cuggins.

Send the girl to me. I want to have a counter to counter, eye to eye, heart to heart look at my idea of the most perfect fool in existence.

COACH LACEY EXTEMPORIZES ON FOOTBALL

BY STEVE LACEY

I think it is entirely out of order for me to have an article in the Stampede. I am sure the football boys would much rather read an article from some one whom they did not hear talk every day. Then, too, the girls are all angry with me because I keep some of the football boys in skull practice during conference. So, you see, dear editor, my reading public is swiftly approaching the zero mark.

Writing on sports to me is similar to a couple separating late after conference. That is, neither of us can explain ourselves. (Pardon the simile, dear Gallahads; I realize that I owe you an apology).

Last week there were many good "ole" Virginians on the campus, but this week very few of them will admit their habitude, especially in public. The echoes of "Carry Me Back to Ole' Virginny" are rapidly gliding over the Western hills to rest peacefully with the evening sun. But the East wind is carrying with the soft melody of "Sunny Tennessee" — Tennessee 27, Virginia Polytechnic Institute 0.

The editor asked me to mention something on inside football, but I reminded him that I would like for someone to write me an article on that, too. We play Carson-Newman Friday night, you know, or do you know?

In speaking of players, let me say that it takes many things to make a good football player. A man must have nerve, grit, and determination. Another thing, too, he can't wear his feelings on his sleeve, for if he does, he might by some rare accident get them dirty. Football is really a rough game and a man must be able to stand the knocks and then for his avocation he must be able to administer a few easy thrusts with his own paws.

In all phases of endeavor, it is our attitude that counts. It is the same old story in football. If an athlete makes up his mind to be skilful, then he will most likely carry out his intentions. But a lazy, loafing football player would be worth just as much by plucking daisies for his sweetie. Some people ought to wear a nice bunch of roses over their head all the time because from all outward appearances, they are already dead.

And so the game goes. Some players fighting and others loafing. But one thing always remains permanently sure—football is the king of sport. Ask the boys who play.

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Buffaloes Win From Biltmore Squad, 32-0

The Buffaloes, Milligan's orange and black clad warriors, opened the 1933 season on Bemberg-Glanzstoff field, September 23, with an impressive 32-0 victory over the Biltmore College eleven of Asheville, North Carolina.

Before the game local sports authorities freely predicted a three-touchdown victory for the North Carolinians, but when Coach Lacey's victory-hungry chargers took the field and proceeded to annihilate the opposition, there were several reversals of sentiment.

Touchdowns were scored in the second, third, and last quarters: Carl Stephens made two; Captain Thompson was good for one; and single counters were also chalked up by Lawrence Stephens and Trivette.

The play of Shade Green, North Carolina's man mountain, was outstanding in the line. All afternoon the big Buffalo tackle dealt out misery to the Biltmore backs, crashing through the Skylander defense for slashing tackles and furious blocks. Shade barred no holds and used half Nelsons, body slams, and Gable-Garbo clutches to bring the enemy to earth.

'Tis said—and with a certain authoritative force—that Coach Lacey got Shade "all worked up" in the dressing room immediately before hostilities began.

It all started when Lacey, making a final Ciceronian plea to his men, waxed eloquent and gesticulated wildly in an effort to inspire his men to emulate the deeds of the battle-scarred warriors of old.

Just as Lacey reached the height of his address, tore his hair in confusion, rent his garments asunder, and beat the air wildly at an imaginary target, Shade's jaw made a contact with the Coach's fist.

Now Shade is a mild-mannered young man, but even little Lord Fauntleroy would have bristled up at such humiliating treatment, and as it isn't conventional to fire back at one's coach, Shade stormed out on the field and wreaked vengeance on the Biltmoreans. A great man, that Shade!

Anyway it was a glorious occasion for the Buffaloes. They scored their first victory in two years—in fact since early in 1931 when they won from Lenior Rhyne.

Besides Green, Poe and Bible showed to advantage in the Buffalo forward wall, while Vogel and Witt augmented Lacey's starting backfield crew with some nifty substitute work.

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1933 FOOTBALL SCHEDULE AND RECORD

Biltmore	0	Milligan	32
Appalachian	13	Milligan	0

Carson-Newman	Oct. 7	Here
Open Date	Oct. 14	
King	Oct. 21	There
Lees-McRae	Oct. 28	There
Tusculum	Nov. 11	Here
Maryville	Nov. 18	There
Tenn. Wesleyan	Nov. 25	There

ON THE SIDELINE WITH THE STAMPEDE STAFF

Advance scout information does not rate Carson-Newman as high in power and material as Appalachian Teachers. In other words, if the Milligan teams plays the brand of ball that it put out against Appalachian, tonight's game should be anyone's game.

There have been forgotten men, forgotten ships, and forgotten races, but Milligan can stay in the picture with its forgotten sport.

As it happens, we're speaking of tennis. Of course, the boys and girls do get out in the afternoons and ping the ball somewhat, but what about interleague and interschool competition?

This year the influx of players in the frosh class has been good. Conley, Perry, Farmer, Akers, and Woods all know how to handle a racket in no uncertain fashion.

However, with all the interest and all the material, its safe to say that Methusaleh will be a century older before anything is done about it.

We were surprised. It was actually as easy to see under the lights at the Appalachian game as it was in the day time. Attendance was increased at the game, but whether it was because of the night game or an improved team is hard to say.

THE STORY OF "DUCKY WUCKY"

"Ducky Wucky" Medwick was a college student at last. True, he wasn't altogether versed in the arts of college life, but he was a college student and one with plenty of money. (Oh, me.) "Ducky", after several weeks of hard, intensive study, felt himself ready to divulge some of his money in order to better his social position, and incidently improve his looks. Promptly at two o'clock one afternoon, he called a YELLOW CAB, and set out for town.

He stopped by the CHOCOLATE BAR for a second, secured a sandwich and cocoa cola, and then set out to shop. He crossed the street in front of a green light and nearly had a stroke—a stroke from an automobile—and the trivial incident reminded him that he was in severe need of a clock. Accordingly, he set out for the ELECTRIC SUPPLY CO., and purchased an electric alarm. He was just ready to proceed when he heard a loud clanging of bells; he looked around and there—

(To be continued)

MILLIGAN LOSES TO APPALACHIAN BY 13-0 SCORE

In the first night game played by a Milligan team since 1930, and the first nocturnal football show ever staged in Elizabethton, the Buffaloes bowed before a powerful, hard tackling Appalachian Teachers College eleven, last Friday by a 13-0 score.

Milligan fought all the way, but the big bruisers from Boone, led by the sensational "Speed" Triplett, packed too much dynamite for Coach Lacey's boys. Triplett scored the initial Appalachian touchdown near the end of the first quarter when he skirted the Milligan end for twenty yards. He added the final counter in the third canto after Mahoney blocked Vogel's punt on the Buffalo thirty yard stripe.

Buffaloes Started Fine

Lacey's crew started the contest as if to make short work of the heavier Appalachians: L. Stephens received an Appalachian punt on his own thirty, and returned the oval to mid-field; Ward shot off tackle for four yards; C. Stephens made it first down on the Boone forty; L. Stephens sliced through the center of the line for a second first down on the Boone thirty, and then fired a pass to C. Stephens for another ten yard gain. It was first down on the enemy twenty yard marker, but at this juncture the North Carolinians called a halt and afterwards proceeded to intercept a Buffalo pass. Milligan never seriously threatened again.

In losing, the Buffaloes showed plenty of fight. "Snowball" Morris, substitute tackle, responded to the pugilistic tactics of the invaders by unleashing a few haymakers of his own, while Shade Green forced the opposing backs to the other side of the Buffalo line with a stream of chatter that would have made Floyd Gibbons sound like a stammering school boy.

Newt Williams, substituting for Poe at center, had three brain storms and a half dozen balloon ascensions, but came back to out-talk and out-glare the Boone boys. Newt wore his helmet on the side of his head in a manner reminiscent of an up-to-date bell-boy in a country hotel, and came up grinning each time the big Appalachian center sent him sprawling. Once when he was slammed against terra firma with unusual force, Newt pulled himself together with a "Nice work, old man," and stayed right in there until the final whistle.

Milligan made six first downs as compared with eight for the Appalachian aggregation, and completed one forward pass to the visitors' none.

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CARSON-NEWMAN BATTLE TONIGHT

(Continued from page 1, column 4)

their backfield áces to the other side of the Milligan line—while an equally naive report suggests that Holt's champions are planning the destruction of the rugged North Carolinian. However, it's quite likely that the Eagles will come here groomed to "shoot the works" indiscriminately. Holt has never forgotten that memorable 0-0 deadlock with the Buffaloes two years ago—a deadlock that spoiled his championship hopes just when he had the title practically cinched—and fans can expect to see the powerful Carson-Newman machine clicking at full speed tonight.

The Eagle defense is constructed around the all-conference propensities of Ray Childers, tackle and "Poopy" Davis, end, with Watts, 250 pound tackle, and Firpo Smith, erstwhile fullback, now playing at guard, adding tremendous strength to an already powerful line.

Clark in Backfield

The backfield situation will be dominated by Bill Clark, sensational broken field runner, and Bob McDaniels, ace fullback. Clark is undoubtedly comparable to Johnny Corbin, brilliant little field general of the 1932 eleven, and when it comes to returning punts, he greatly eclipses the former Eagle flash.

The Buffaloes will enter the fray minus the services of L. Stephens, peppery little quarterback, who wrenched a knee in a lively scrimmage session Monday. Stephens, if not the spark plug of the Milligan attack, is at least one of the main cylinders in Lacey's machine, and his absence will be keenly felt. In the absence of the Wytheville typhoon, Coach Lacey will probably shift C. Stephens to the signal-calling post, with Baker filling in at halfback. The other starter at halfback will be Ward, the Winter Park, Florida boy, while either Thompson or Vogel will get the opening call at fullback.

The Buffalo line will face the Eagles with Gaffin and McClosky at guards, Green and Bible at tackles, Woods and Irvin at ends, and Byrl Poe at the pivot post.

No Championship Hopes

Coach Lacey's warriors enter the conference schedule this year nursing no championship hopes, but vowing to play the role of arch trouble-maker for all ambitious conference elevens, and that augers ill for Carson-Newman, King, Tusculum, and Maryville. Though given only the smallest of outside chances to turn back Carson-Newman, Milligan will go into the game with that sole point in view, and nothing—not even the winning of all the other games on the schedule—would produce more vociferous unanimity in a "rah-rah" way than a decisive victory over Holt's crew. Win or lose, the Buffaloes are ready!

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WHO'S ZOO IN MILLIGAN

As was announced in this column last issue, officers and other prominent students who take part in college activities will be interviewed from time ot time. Today's interviews give the reader an inside glance at the main officers of the senior class. Mac Thompson, treasurer, was interviewed last week.

Orrin Ward

It was a slightly complicated job—that interview of Orrin Hezekiah Ward. Yowsir, a fairly complicated procedure inasmuch as the interview took place at "Seldom Inn" and it was necessary to push, shove and otherwise clean out a little of the place occupied by "Snowball" Morris, another Florida weakling.

All of which unnecessary introduction brings us to the point that we were interviewing Orrin Ward, vice president of the senior class, a young man of twenty-two summers and heavens only knows how many winters, and, rather naturally, a senior, (the last remark was unnecessary, but it sounds good, anyway).

Ward is a hard working gentleman hailing from Winter Park, Florida, the town in which he attended high school. His first year of college was spent in Rollins and the remaining three in dear old Milligan. Last summer he worked in his brother's dairy and intends to assume half interest in the same dairy.

Here's sad news, girls, for Ward is eligible for no one with the exception of the girl whom he is at present engaged to and whom he will marry at the close of the school year.

In case Ward is slightly unknown, he is the boy with all the nice new sweaters. He also gratifies your heart's desire by tingling the bell five to eight times daily.

Roger Derthick

Two presidents in one family is some mark of distinction inasmuch as Roger Derthick is president of the senior class of Milligan College while his father is president of every class in the entire college.

Roger was born in a town of rare distinction—Livingston, Tennessee, but missed the thrill of his life time when he lived there but nine months. Roger lacked twenty years and three months of being twenty-one when his family moved, and since then his forwarding address has been Milligan College, Tennessee.

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Roger's most favorite amusement is automobile joy-riding—his favorite hobby, conference. He is studying for an A. B. degree with a history major.

Last year and again this year Roger put his throaty gusto to work in leading cheers, and do those East Tennessee hills shiver and shake with the echo!

Sir Derthick broke down and confessed his greatest thrill—the time when he was struck by lightning while waiting for a train.

Wanda Bryant

This quiet, unassuming co-ed is secretary of the senior class and was born in 1911 in Newbern, Tennessee. She is still very much a part of Newbern life, having lived there all her life, gone to school there, and still having her residence there.

Wanda is another one of those products common to Milligan—a find of Miss Nancy Cantrell. Wanda also has a sister in the senior class—Myra Sue, who was extremely active in conference circles last year.

Last summer Miss Bryant worked in a telephone office, but she has absolutely no idea of allowing the telephone company to mar her planned career—that of being a teacher.

Dramatics interest Wanda as is evidenced by her liking Helen Hayes and John Barrymore, actors of the high order. Her major for an A. B. degree is a simple one—English.

"Seldom Inn" To Have Official House-Warming

The "Brown Cottage Club"—or at least the members of "Seldom Inn"—are at it again. This time the dear old cottage foxes intend to spring a house warming on the Milligan audience.

Slight tremors and rumors have all made their circulatory rounds for some time, but genial bell-ringer Ward receives credit for advancing definite information about the blow-out.

According to Ward, students of the college will be given a chance to inspect the building, after which there may be a short program is such a program is available. Refreshments will be served and for those who have seen the cottage, the hunger passions will drive them to the "warming."

Exhibit "A" in all probability will be Napoleon, a young pup of slight value, but tremendous potentialities. Exhibits "B" and "C" may also be shown.

The affair is scheduled for sometime next week, a very definite time, as it were, and subsequent announcements will foretell all developments.

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Milligan Loses Friend

(Continued from page 1, column 2)

Christian Church at Louisville, Kentucky, represented in his friendship, in his generous interest in others, and in his business the principles of our Lord. Everyone who knew him loved him, from the lowliest to the greatest. W. L. Kennett was one of God's noblemen. His life was only too short, but he lived longer in the sixty four years than most people live in twice that time.

All who knew Mr. Kennett in his home were conscious that he was a loving husband, a kind brother and brother-in-law, and a generous host. His life was an inspiration to all who knew him. His generous deeds will always be remembered; colleges, hospitals, many business interests, community chests, and hundreds of individual needy ones outside of these institutions have felt the blessings of his generous hands. His world was large; his friends without number.

Mrs. Kennett shared with Mr. Kennett in all his busy life, a partner in every generous impulse and a loving, helpful companion. They lived their lives in cordial, understanding partnership, each giving to the other encouragement and inspiration for the happiest living. Milligan College extends to Mrs. Kennett the most heartfelt sympathy and assures her that her husband will always be held in loving remembrance.

"And though from out our bourn of
time and place
The flood may bear me far
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

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