

F. H. C. BALL TEAMS DISPLAY WINNING STREAK

F. H. C.—UNION

On January 8th the F. H. C. Lionesses met the Union Girls on the local court. The game was very interesting but the Freed-Hardeman six proved too fast for the opposing team and came out on top 50-24.

F. H. C.—U. T.

January 12th the strong team from U. T. Jr. College at Martin, played the Freed-Hardeman Lions here. The visitors jumped off to an early lead, which they maintained throughout the first half. The Lions began the second half with new fighting spirit, the guards did splendid work, the forwards found the goal and the score started climbing. When the last half ended F. H. C. had surged ahead and the score stood 33-23.

F. H. C.—BETHEL

Bethel College Boys and Girls played a double header in the F. H. C. gym, January 15th. Freed-Hardeman took both games by a fairly large margin.

F. H. C. Girls — 50 Bethel — 30
F. H. C. Boys — 31 Bethel — 21

LIONESSES—LAMBUTH

The F. H. C. Girls journeyed to Jackson, January 16th and defeated the Lambuth team. The first half was rather slow but F. H. C. "pepped things up" the last half and won the game 58-26.

F. H. C.—CARUTHERSVILLE

On January 18th the Freed-Hardeman Lions played the strong Caruthersville Jay Hawks and lost their first conference game 56-26.

LIONS—LAMBUTH

The F. H. C. boys resumed their winning streak January 21st when, after a bad beginning they defeated the Lambuth team by the score of 61-28.

F. H. C.—DELTA

The Freed-Hardeman Girls played the Delta State Teachers at Cleveland, Mississippi January 23rd. Our Lionesses held the M. V. Champions of 1931 to a 29-29 tie.

LIONESSES—STATE TEACHERS

The Girls team from State Teachers' College at Memphis played the F. H. C. Lionesses on the Freed-Hardeman court. The Lionesses didn't play up to their usual standard but succeeded in defeating the Teachers 26-17.

GIRLS WIN, BOYS LOSE

IN GAMES WITH LAMBUTH

In a double header with the Lambuth College cage teams February 3, Freed-Hardeman College girls took the measure of the Lambuth sextet to the tune of 40-28, while the Freed-Hardeman boys lost to the Lambuth Eagles, 35-26.

The Lambuth boys were led to victory by Gowan who was responsible for 22 points. Felts made 8 points for Freed-Hardeman.

Brumley chalked up 22 markers for Freed-Hardeman and was ably seconded by Higginbottom in the girls game. The scoring honors of the girls game went to Womack of Lambuth who accounted for 23 of Lambuth's 28 points.

THE SINGING BRICK

Denton Neal who had been asked to sing protested with mock modesty by saying, "I cannot sing; my voice resembles the sound of a brick rubbed on the panels of a door." He was urged to sing, however, and did so. There was a painful silence when he finished, broken by the voice of a Scotchman, who said: "Mon, your singing's not up to much, but your veracity is just awful. —Your're right about that brick.

Selected—

Annual Edition Progresses Nicely

It was decided some time ago that as a means of saving money and much work the annual, "Treasure Chest", would be omitted this year but the Sky-Rocket of May should be converted into a magazine of the departments and activities of the school.

As the first step in the preparation of this publication a photographer was secured to prepare the many pictures which are to adorn the pages of this magazine. Bro. Hardeman had some time ago negotiated with Mr. Lively of Murfreesboro to do this work so on January 27 he came with his "shooting" apparatus and began his work.

The first job was to get the pictures of the individuals for the Senior college, first year college, Senior High School and business classes of which there were probably a hundred and fifty. This required two days, Wednesday and Thursday.

Next there were ten group pictures to be taken of the different organizations of school, the three societies, the Glee club, the young preachers class, the Junior High School department, the elementary pupils and the three basket ball teams.

The Philos chose for their background the front of Oakland Home, the Sigma Rhos, Bible society, and the young preachers had the front of the "Ad" building, while the Glee Club used the steps in the "Ad" building for their setting. The pictures of the basketball teams were taken around the "gym."

Mr. Lively's work of the past has proven his skill in the field of photography and we are expecting some exceptionally fine work to exhibit for memorials of this year's work when it is past and gone.

PREACHER PARAGRAPHS

Our eighteen young preachers are continually exerting their influence for good. They are an interested and interesting group and bid fair to be the backbone of the church in coming years.

Brother P. G. Wright, of Corinth, Miss., conducted chapel exercises one morning recently, his subject being "Anger." Since then, his expression "steamed up to 212 degrees" has become a familiar phrase in the mouths of F. H. C. students.

Several of our young preachers are doing evangelistic and missionary work in the county. On February 7, for example, Bro. Maner preached at Jack's Creek; Bro. Carney, at Luray; Bro. Ray McCormick, at Fairview; while Bro. Wilson and Bro. Lemmons went to Enville. The same day Bro. Tom Butler preached at Baldwyn, Miss.

On February 14, Bro. Cecil Wright preached at Chelsea and Woodlawn church; Bro. Maner at Gadsden; Bro. Carney at Cabo, Bro. Gerrard at Fairview.

The preachers themselves report that much interest is being manifested at these services.

LIONS LOSE TO DELTA TEACHERS

In a hectic game in the Freed-Hardeman gym February 9, the F. H. C. boys took a trimming at the hands of the Delta State Teachers' College of Mississippi to the tune of 30-23.

Splendid passing and nice floor work on the part of the Freed-Hardeman cagers was offset by a failure to hit the basket. The Delta Boys took the lead early in the game and held it to the end of the skirmish, despite the fact that the F. H. C. boys made one of their usual valiant rallies in the last part of the game.

Lack of Delta led the scoring with 15 points. He was ably assisted by Ball and Williams. Rickman corralled 6 points for Freed-Hardeman while Farrell and Felts got 4 each.

F. H. C. ORCHESTRA GOES ON THE AIR

Those of you who have broadcast can realize and appreciate the thrill and excitement it causes one for the first performance. This "little shiver running up the spine" was experienced Sunday by the Freed-Hardeman Orchestra.

Friends and relatives in the "old home town", as well as hosts of friends here in Henderson, crowded their radios and awaited with much impatience for the hands of the clock to point to three o'clock. Slowly the time passed, and at last the clock struck.

Ting!—"Friends this is Radio station WTJS, the voice of the Jackson Sun, Jackson, Tennessee. We take great pleasure this afternoon in presenting to you the orchestra from Freed-Hardeman College, Henderson, Tennessee, in a group of numbers. The personnel of the orchestra is: Carrie Neal Foy, Piano; Ray McCormick, Drums; Joel Anderson, Cornet; Fay Stanfill, and Lowell Woodward, Trombones; Cecil Parish and William Baird, Clarinets; Creed Walker and Frank Walker, Romine, Violins; Mable Leith O'Neal, Eugene H. Clark and Charles Roland, Saxophones; Mrs. Hardeman, Directress. Their first number will be "Connecticut March" by the entire orchestra.

The radio friends held their breath during the pause. Suddenly there poured forth on the air the melodious strains of the famous march. It was finished—the ice had been broken—Our orchestra was now "old timers".

"You have just listened to "Connecticut March" as played by the Freed-Hardeman orchestra. They will now present two feature numbers. First a vocal solo, "In the Garden of My Heart" Sung by Creed Walker, Accompanied by Mrs. Hardeman. Following that will be an accordion solo, "Over the Waves," played by Joel Anderson.

Then: "Radio friends, you are listening to a variety program furnished by the Freed-Hardeman orchestra. Their next number will be a waltz played by the entire orchestra.

At the next pause: "For your entertainment this afternoon we are presenting the Orchestra from Freed-Hardeman College. Their next number will be two more feature numbers. Two vocal solos—"Neapolitan Nights" sung by Eugene Clark, and "Out of the Dusk" sung by Joel Anderson. Mrs. Hardeman at the Piano.

During Gene's solo, Creed played his violin, which made a wonderful background. Both solos made our hearts thrill just to know that they were our very own students.

"For your approval we now present the entire Orchestra playing, "Garden of Roses." While they were playing this number in our imagination we could view the garden, even smell the fragrance of its roses.

"Just now we wish to acknowledge numerous phone calls and thank the many friends for calling in. One message states that some of our fans would like for us to keep this orchestra. We wish we could. Now for some more features. First, a vocal solo, Purple Road, sung by Baskin Fuller, with Mrs. Hardeman at the piano. This will be followed by another accordion solo, Beyond the Sunset, played by Joel Anderson.

"Owing to the numerous requests, just at this time Mrs. Hardeman will favor us with the march she plays for the students to enter chapel." As she played, our spirits rose and we seemed to be uplifted.

"Now, friends, Carrie Neal Foy of 'Carrie and Tom' fame will favor us with a group of popular numbers."

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, this concludes the program of the Hardeman orchestra from Henderson, Tennessee. They are bidding you adieu until some future date."

Advertise in "The Sky-Rocket."

F. H. C. Revue Charms Audience

Wednesday night, February 10, at 7:30 P. M., a large and appreciative audience was highly entertained by a revue directed by Mrs. N. B. Hardeman and Mrs. Leonard Loyd. The revue was the first entertainment of this kind to be staged this year, and it proved to be very interesting. May we have many more like it. Those participating were members of the voice and dramatic classes. The program follows:

A. Chorus:

1. True Hearts (Schoebel)
2. Barefoot Trail (Wiggers)
3. Neapolitan Nights (Zamecnik)

Worley Ward, Rubye Holsberry, Maud Simon, Lourie Stafford, Helen Newman, Anne Johnson, Joel Anderson, Lowell Woodward, Norval Payne, Denton Neal, Baskin Fuller, Creed Walker, Eugene Clark and Frank Walker Romine.

B. The Umbrella Duologue (Battiescombe)

Characters:

Mrs. Whaddledumps, a fat lady—

Mary Esther Sullivan

Mrs. Skinnywinks, a thin lady—

Jane Howell

Scene—Anywhere out of doors.

C. The Clock Shop (John Golden)

Characters:

Hans ————— Joel Anderson
Gretchen ————— Carma Francyne Norris
The Alarm Clock ————— Denton Neal
The Cuckoo Clock ————— Ray McCormick
The Grandfather Clock —————

————— Cecil Anderson

The Clock Maker; Father Time. —————

————— Alton Maner

Dutch Boys and Girl Clocks —————

Worley Ward, Anne Johnson, Joanne Willis, June Ritchie, Carol Ritchie, Rubye Holsberry, Iva Lee Eubanks, Helen Newman.

Scene: A Clock Shop

Time. Eleven o'clock, New Year's Eve

Accompanist: Carry Neal Foy

WASHINGTON DAY TO BE CELEBRATED

The bicentennial of Washington's birth is to be appropriately celebrated by a special program in chapel on the morning of Tuesday, 23rd. This program is as follows:

"National Emblem March" —————

————— F. H. C. Orchestra

"Mount Vernon Belles" ————— Glee Club

"The Public Life of Washington" —————

————— Truman Carney

"Father of the Land We Love" —————

————— Eugene Clark

"The Private Life of Washington" —————

————— Mamie Walker

"America Forever" ————— Kiddie Band

"Our Washington" —————

————— Carma Francyne Norris

"Patriotic Medley" ————— Glee Club

"Salute to the Colors" —————

————— F. H. C. Orchestra

"IN WONDROUS MERRY MOOD" WE WONDER WHY

Spain got his correspondence mixed up?

An alarm clock was placed under Frances Wright's dresser?

Tom Butler and Alton Maner hid in Carney's closet?

Bennie and Iva Mae quit?

Julia and Blan couldn't make "a go" of it?

Cecil Anderson's nose got hit (?) in Jackson?

Anne Johnson grabs her speller when she hears Mrs. Sullivan coming and yet can't spell a word in spelling class?

Maymi shows signs of interest when Memphis is mentioned?

Mr. Carney is girl shy?

Carol Ritchie doesn't drink as much coffee as usual?

Alton Maner likes to preach in Memphis so well?

Johnnie Eubanks has to "Ward" off trouble?

Lavelle "Staggers" around so much?

F. H. C. LIONESSES CONTINUE TO BE VICTORIOUS TEAM

The Freed-Hardeman College girls submerged the Union University cagers under the decisive score of 44-17 in the Union gym February 8.

The first half of the game was played on the three division court used in the S. I. A. A. and the last half was played on the two division court used by teams in the Mississippi Valley Conference, Freed-Hardeman easily winning both halves.

Bromley and Higginbottom at the forward positions enjoyed a very pleasant evening of goal shooting, Bromley chalking up 23 points and Higginbottom registering 18. The press work of Freed-Hardeman was bullet-like in speed and deadly accurate, and the Jackson Misses seldom gained possession of the ball.

The Freed-Hardeman girls have played eleven games, winning 10 and tying one.

LIONS LOSE TO CARUTHERSVILLE

The Freed-Hardeman College basketball team met defeat at the hands of the Caruthersville Junior College quintet, Friday night, February 5, in what was probably the fastest and best game to be played in the Freed-Hardeman gym.

Although winding up with the little end of a 35-26 score, Freed-Hardeman displayed an excellent passing game, and played well on both defense and offense. Quite a bit of inaccuracy in goal shooting was in evidence, which it is hoped will be remedied before the tournament.

The experienced Caruthersville team demonstrated their superiority by taking the boys from the starting holding it throughout the game despite a determined rally on the part of the F. H. C. boys in the last half of the game.

A BOY'S ESSAY ON "THE HORCE"

A few days ago this essay on "The Horce", written by John Hines was discovered.

"There is four kinds of horces, hobby horces, nite mares, saw horces, and charley horces. The hobby horce is about the gentlest, because very small children can pull their tails clear off and not get their heads kicked off. Nite mares is about the worst kind of horce. They live on mince pies and fruit cake and green apples and they jump up and down stiff-laiged on your stummick in the nite and make you kick your brother in the ear, and he pounds you before you wake up. A nite mare is just between a saw horce and a hobby horce, because it makes you cut up and it is a hobby of some people. Enuf has been sed about saw horces, A Charley horce ain't a horce at all, but when one football player kicks another one on his shin, then it is a Charley horce. That's all I know about horces.

P. S.—Most horces has 4 laigs, 2 frunt laigs to separate his neck from his backbone, and 2 other ones to fassen his tail on.

—Selected.

Mr. Falwell—In teaching short-hand and typewriting, we are strong for accuracy.

Bosy F.—How are you for speed?

Mr. Falwell—Well, of last year's class, six married their employers within six months.

Mrs. Powers—Give an example of period furniture.

Paul H.—I should say an electric chair because it ends a sentence.

Denton—I saw Norris out with Joel last night. Thought she'd throw him over.

Carma—She did but you know how a girl throws.

THE SKY-ROCKET

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"GOD HAVE MERCY ON US FOR COMPLAINING"

In these times of world depression, why, oh why! must we assume that all is over, and the end of all things is just around the corner, and that God has forsaken us! Fools that we are! God has forsaken none of us; we have forsaken God. In the name of all that is righteous, let us cease mouthing about how calamity has ruined us; that we can do nothing. We can do much by simply stopping that kind of talk and thought. We are poor if we think we are.

Fewer people will starve to death this year than in 1928, comparatively speaking, for our Nation's instinct of pity and compassion is goading us to help relieve such suffering, whereas in times of "prosperity" we are "waxed so fat" we cannot see the sufferings because of our own opulence.

God has set in motion a vast system of economic laws. We presumed to defy them and now we suffer. But for decency's sake, let's have the courage to admit that we brought it upon ourselves and not blame God with it. That is simply cowardice.

When we realize that we can live in less—and actually be happy!—then we will be prosperous. And just how many of us are starving, or without clothing and shelter? Perhaps it is that we do not have caviar and our clothing comes neither from Paris nor London, that we fancy ourselves destitute. That shows an absence of ability to judge between the realities that bring happiness and great contentment and the superficialities that are eventually a mockery in their vexation to our spirit.

None of us are subjected to any especial agony of embarrassment due to our financial condition. On Sunday morning last November, I saw an aged colored woman come to the back door of the home of one of my friends and ask for a day's work, and wanted only something to eat for her labor. Many times I watched her and surprised her in trying to do her work well. Nearly blind, she was in an agony lest she do something wrong. And then her gratitude for the warm, nourishing food given her, was a minor tragedy. We are young, life is before us. Be fortunate enough to witness a soul forced to a state such as was that old negro woman, and you will weep at the vanity of your sighs for lost prosperity, and the worth of your possessions, though they be few, will seem to you more than the price of rubies. Learn to concentrate your wants into a few, and you will find it easier to accomplish the end desired.

"LINCOLN"

Why do I admire Lincoln?
Oh, because he was once president of the United States. He had a lot of power, too—and maybe money, I don't know. He could just tell the rest of those fellows to step around some, and believe me, they had to step. All he had to say was "Bring out the army and navy," and out came the army and navy. And could he sling an ax? He must have had the strength of two or three men—split more rails, and out-wrestle anybody in the country. Then he'd sit down, and tell some big yarn, and out-laugh anybody.

That's why I admire Lincoln, the tall lanky common guy who made all the big bugs take a back seat.

But the other day I heard a man making a speech about Lincoln, and he seemed to have ideas different from mine. At the end he quoted a little piece of poetry about Lincoln holding up the rafters and keeping some house from falling down. I never heard about this, but I guess it's so. Any way, I'll just write down all I remember of the speech:

"Today, after years have gone by and generations have lived and died, the mists of prejudice and falsehood have cleared away and we see the true facts of Mr. Lincoln's life. We look back upon his boyhood, filled with hardships and a desperate struggle against poverty, and marvel at the strength of character which overcame such adversity. We see him as he studied by firelight, poring over the few books which he could obtain, and wonder at the great brain power he thus acquired. By exercising perseverance, by diligent application and by strict honesty he prepared himself for the place which no other man could have filled.

"And then, upon the eve of the greatest crisis in our history he was elected to the presidency. Upon his shoulders fell the task of conciliating two hostile sections of keeping the work of Washington from being destroyed. At times it seemed as if the struggles could never be won. Others despaired, and in their despair, heaped abuse upon the head of this great man. He was reviled, unjustly he was called tyrant, but, like Webster, wishing only for preservation of the Union, he carried on, feeling only compassion and pity for the South. "The struggle was won. The Union was preserved—and the name of Abraham Lincoln became immortal. True are the words of Markham:

'And when the step of Earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the home.'"
Hank Higgins,
Salty Dog, Tennessee.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON"

I cannot tell a lie, it was I who cut down the tree with my little hatchet", replied George. Have your ideas of Washington been moulded by such stories of perfection as these? If so, probably you have never appreciated the man as you should.

The old biographers held Washington up on a pedestal where we lesser mortals could only revere from afar. They told us of his mighty deeds but told us really very little of the man down under it all. Even as a boy he represented all the virtues, almost bordering on the "goody-goody" type, a type which absolutely fails to arouse the admiration of the average boy or girl. As a man he was extolled as a character of godlike perfection. The average man read of him and passed on with the casual admission that doubtless he was a great man, but felt that he was too cold, too distant, too perfect.

This has now changed with the rise of "debunking" biographers. These have aroused much indignation but I believe they have done Washington a service instead of harm. We learn that Washington had faults and emotions much as the rest of us. He was a slaveholder. Although true to his wife he picked the most beautiful ladies as his partners at the balls. He loved to hunt and entertain. He sometimes used naughty words, had plenty of temper and even sometimes drank. Why should these things arouse indignation? Is it that we admire Washington because he is an emotionless saint, fit to live only on Olympus at the right side of Jupiter?

These things should not make us think less of Washington but rather make us feel that he is closer to us. We now feel that he is more human and lovable with many of the characteristics of these about us. But do not feel that he was a man of mediocre talents for he proved himself great on many occasions.

The qualities which made him really great and worthy of admiration were his courage, loyalty, determination and love for justice—charac-

teristics which would have made him great in any land or any century.

A SCHOOL GIRL'S TRIALS

'Twas nigh unto Wednesday, that much dreaded day,
When thoughts are as scarce as snow-flakes in May;
Or, if an idea is strolling about
Creeps into the brain it will fail to creep out.

I had chosen at least twenty different themes;
At first I selected the land of my dreams
The land where Queen Mab in her mystical robe
Makes you richer than Croesus or poorer than Job;

Where Morpheus beckons with many a nod,
And o'er the dominions proclaims himself god.
But this was too sleepy a subject, and then
I penned down a thought, and then thought of my pen,

When suddenly paper and pen were resigned,
For the words of my teacher rushed into my mind;
Yes doubly emphatic they came to me now,
Bereft of all promise—A nearly made bow.

And these were the words that distinctly arose:
"Hereafter endeavor to write simple prose;
Your next composition I think I'll decline,
Unless you're inspired to write it in rhyme."

Now, why should these words be remembered so late?
I had written a line and looked after its mate,
And, though it matched smoothly as need be desired,
'Twas plain when I wrote it I was not inspired.

My lessons were hard, all exertion was vain,
For ciphers like hailstones were sent at my name,
And when at my "standing" I ventured to look,
Behold not an A could I find on the book!

To muse 'er my trials alone I retired,
And thought, "By what process are poets inspired?"
'Tis said that some rhymsters their poetry grind,
But no such machinery do I seek to find.

If that be the surest and only resort,
I fear that my stanzas will be few and short,
For rather than turn out such poems as those
I'll clip off my rhymes and declare my work prose.

And here I would venture to make the appeal,
Let me feel what I write, let me write what I feel,
And, though I may not be inspired with rhyme,
The fault is the Muse's;—how can it be mine?

—Selected.

JUS' LOAFIN'

(Author's name withheld to prevent murder.)
Sunday School Teacher—Where do bad boys and girls go?
Class (in unison)—To Memphis!

And Maner dated in the dormitory,
Always did think he liked Ruby pretty well.

McCormick and Free make a fine couple, don't they? Too bad, T. A.

Oh you boys that date these Richie girls!

Suggested Bible reading for boys that come in late at night—John 10:1.

Yes, Norris, we like accordion solos, too.

LIONS LOSE TO CARUTHERSVILLE

The Freed-Hardeman team labored under difficulties, "Lefty" Farrell having an injured finger on his trusty southpaw and Rickman having a cut on his right hand, though Rickman and Horn rung up respectively 9 and 11 points.

Line-up:
Freed-Hardeman pos. Caruthersville

Lambert (2) — F — Glenn (12)
Horn (11) — F — R. Jones (9)
Rickman (9) — C — S. Jones (2)
Webb — G — Carter (3)
Farrell (4) — G — Seabough (7)
Substitutions: Freed-Hardeman—
Felts for Webb. Caruthersville:
—Craig (2) for Carter, Burns for S. Jones.

Referee—Pigott, Lambuth.

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IDLES OF THE KING—

(1932 Edition)

(With Apology to Lora Tennyson)
Time: Days of Chivalry (Dear, dead days! Alas!)

Place: King Arthur Maner's court
Persons: Ask me another (Fooled you that time)

Act I The Coming of Arthur
Scene III
Line I
Person I
Mistake I

Naoma, the Barmaid: (seated, plucking eyebrows) Ahoy, there me lad, and what do you call yourself the king of? Methinks thee is the King Boobus who was reared by old Merlin Hines, the lousy rascal who once put glue in the keyholes of Gray's Hall.

King Maner: Sassy one! Darest thou belittle my intelligence and besmirch this fair name gained after many years of bull-doing folks in to thinking I'm a Big Preacher? Zounds! I shall order my cook, Norris, to feed thee on milk and slimy raw eggs the remainder of thy worthless life Worm!

(Strikes hand, twirls moustache, dusts armor and pulls up sock)
(Calls Loudly): Good Sir Lancelot Neal: Step on the accelerator and hasten to find my sweet patootie, fair Queen Rubye Guinevere, the apple of mine eye, the flavor of my pudding, the intoxicant of my cocoa-cola. I have news for her and thee.

Lancelot Neal: (Arriving on skates) O. K. Pal. Didja get a tip on the market or beat that four-flusher of an electrician, Sir Gawmain Johnson at the good old "shake, rattle, and roll" racket?

King Maner: Suppress yourself, knave. My altruism and my dignity permit no such indulgences. (Lowering voice) I lost twenty five pounds last Shrove Tuesday to Lady Elaine Higginbottom, the fair swindler of Astolat.

Lancelot Neal: (Interest aroused) (to himself) What a dame! I must meet her. (Aloud) Ah! her High and Mightiness approaches. H'lo baby.

Queen Guinny Rubye: (What's on your mind, ball and chain? I'm in a hurry, I've a date with Lady Enid Hooper for bridge at four bells. She's celebrating her fourth divorce from Sir Geraint Garland. No one could blame her! He actually recited poems in public—just like the proverbial absent minded professor, and embarrassed her with anecdotes he related at luncheon club meetings.

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King A. Maner: Cease thy chatter, woman. I have an exceeding difficult task for you and Lancy. You know the tall blond brute, Sir Modred Miller? He wants a divorce from Lady Julia, the nite club singer so he can marry Frances of Casey, Captain of the Windsor basket-ball team. His wife refuses it though so he wants my help—said if I didn't he'd tell the officers about my income tax evasion. He'll do it too, I'm worried.

Lancelot Neal: Leave it to us, big boy, we'll fix you up so slick you'll never know what hit you—Eh Rube? (Winks) Come on let us consult old Sir Judge Bors Mitchell about divorce grounds. Maybe he can help us fix up a case against her.

Queen: Hold everything while I phone Erid, and break the date. (Exit)

Lancelot: Edgar! The Puick Eight! Edgar: Yea bo! but Sir Kay Rivas punctured one of the tires when he was on his way to Memphis last week-end to see Lady LaVelle of Camelot. Her tabloid newspaper is the talk of the town you know.

Lancelot: Ah! a clue! She can tell us plenty about Lady Julia—She isn't called the "Dirt Collector" for nothing. (Car arrives) Hop in Quenie. Off to Memphis. Cheerio, Arthur, old bozo—When we come back your worries will be over (Leaves).

Maner: (Bewildered, speechless, watches them leave—light dawns he chokes with rage) Well I'll be

Of all the brass! My chariot, my money, my wife and my best pair of suspenders. (Stops suddenly) I'll beat them at their own game and end all this. Quick Watson! My dirigible! (Curtain.)

Act II: The Passing or Arthur. Scene Cameliard Cour Room. Carrie the Clerk: Heavyheary—heary! The case of Sir Modred Miller against his spouse, Julia. Suit for divorce. Charges: Failure to observe traffic signals; conspiracy and failure to keep kissable. Poor kid, she should have read the ads (Weeps).

Judge Bors Mitchell: Gentlemen be seated. While the prosecution presents its case, the orchestra will softly play the new underwear song—"I underwear my Baby is To-night". Heh! Heh! That's what Sir Modern wandered.

State's Attorney Vivien Willis (Rolling eyes) Oh Judge! You do say the cutest things. (Tee hee) remember what you said to me at the party the other night?

(Laughter in the Court Room)
Judge: (Blushing, raps on desk) Proceed!

Vivien: I really do think, Judgie, that Sir Modred deserves a divorce after all the work he's done to get evidence against Lady Julia. We'll call our most expensive witness first. Lady LaVelle of Camelot. Come on, Kid. Open up and tell the Court all the details about Lady Julia's singing at the Silver Boot Night Club.

Lady LaVelle: (taking stand) Well folks, I'm here to tell you that every night for a month she flirted outrageously with a certain lounge lizard who frequents the club. She sang such things as "You're the One I care For" and "All of Me" most pointedly too!

S. A. Willys: Who is this Man? Lady LaVelle: (playfully) Wouldn't you like to know? That's the surprise. I'll say, there's me old friend King Maner. He looks mighty happy about something, but to resume my story—Lady Julia found that she wasn't making a bit of progress, because he had eyes only for her pianist, Helen of Troy.

Lady Bernice: (Jury foreman) We demand the mans' name.

Court: We want his name.

Lady LaVelle: Sir Lancelot Neal! (Thumbs nose at him impudently. (General uproar)

Queen Rubye Guinevere: Double Crosser! Traitor!

Lady Julia: (Weeping) The dirty bum!

Helen: The sissy! I don't want him.

Sir Modred: (Shaking hand) Pal! I'm free, thanks to you.

Lancelot: Caramba! I'm ruined. My meal tickets have deserted me.

I fear the king's wrath. (Jumps out window)
Guinevere: Arthur, honey—you always were the only one for me, anyway, Neal was only a passing fancy.

Maner: We'll oh well so were you—and that ain't all. I'm sick of being king of this dinky place. I'm a much bigger hit with the ladies as a Big Preacher, anyway. As for you, me proud beauty, that! (Snaps fingers) Viola, Scram! Lady Carol has won my heart and I'm hers" Orange Juice Sorry you made me Cry? Heh! Heh!

(Skips out with Carol in his arms)
By MAYMI WALKER
The End
(Thank Goodness)

CHATTERBOX

Dear Chatterbox:
Could you tell me why Dorris Cook went home Christmas Day while her mother and father went to Trenton, Tenn?

Inquisitive
Dear Inquisitive:
Maybe you could find out more from K. D. Lowrance.

Chatterbox
Dear Chatterbox:
Why was Article Hayes all smiles the day she left to go home for Christmas?

Thoughtful
Dear Thoughtful:
You might ask Alton Roberts how much it cost him, and maybe you can guess the rest of it.

Chatterbox
Dear Chatterbox:
Why is it that Lois Henderson gets so much pleasure out of coming back to Henderson?

Suspecting
Dear Suspecting:
You know Alton Maner hasn't left the dormitory yet.

Chatterbox
Dear Chatterbox:
Why is it that Paul Henderson never dates in the Girls' Dormitory?

Wistful
Dear Wistful:
Paul says that he is afraid that it will become a habit and he knows how Bro. Hardeman hates habits.

Chatterbox
Dear Chatterbox:
Why did Bro. Brigance say he was going to separate the boys and girls in his Bible Class?

Wondering
Dear Wondering:
I think Bernice Bain and Thurman Jackson can throw some light on the subject.

Chatterbox
Dear Chatterbox:
Why does LaVelle Hodges like for Robert Casey to be on Philo program for jokes so often?

CanYouTell
Dear CanYouTell:
Robert tells so many nice jokes on her, I think is the reason why.

Chatterbox
(Editor's Note: Send your questions to Chatterbox, the Eyes and Ears of F. H. C.)

PERSONALS

Bro. L. A. Lively, of Murfreesboro, spent February 2-5 with us as visitor and Sky-Rocket photographer.

Miss Noama Owen, who was out of school for ten days recently because of serious illness in her family, has returned.

Miss Pansy McLean is recovering rapidly after an illness of several days.

Dorris and Bennie Cook spent the week-end of February 6th in Alamo, Tennessee.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Phillips of Lubbock, Texas, visited in Henderson. They are alumni of 1922.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Woody former teachers in Freed-Hardeman, spent the day at the school here February 5.

Misses Ruby Holsberry and Alma Gilbert shopped in Jackson, February 8th.

Mr. Luke Webb was host to a birthday dinner February 8th. The following guests were present: Thomas Spain, Kate Pennington, Nelle Ledbetter, Mac Felts, Lewis Hardcastle, John Williams and Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Johnson.

Bro. N. B. Hardeman spent the Week-end of February 6th in Mobile, Ala., where he preached Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Day are the parents of a new boy, born February 4.

Miss Article Hayes spent a few days at her home in Lewisburg, Tenn., the week of February 7.

Miss Helen Gerrard of Urbana, Ill., visited her brother and her former school mate at F. H. C. for several days recently.

QUERY BOX—QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. How much was spent on county government in the state of Tennessee during the last year?

A. Figures for 1931 or 1930 are not available. In 1929, according to the report of the State Tax Committee, the ninety-five counties of Tennessee spent \$45,612,815 on county government. This includes expenditures for both ordinary and special county purposes.

Q. What is ambergris and for what is it used?

A. Ambergris is a fatty grey substance found in the intestinal tract of diseased whales. It is very rare and valuable, and is used in the making of fine perfumes.

Q. How many of the presidents of the United States have been Baptists? How many have been Methodists?

A. President Harding was the only Baptist president. Andrew Johnson, U. S. Grant and William McKinley were Methodists.

Q. I have heard there is a town somewhere in the United States where no taxes are levied. Is there such a place?

A. Yes. Colby, Kansas, with a population of 1800, is the only town in the United States where no local tax was levied in 1928 and 1929. All expenses were met by profits of the municipally owned and operated light and power plant. (World Almanac, 1931.)

Q. How many different languages are there?

A. The officers of the French Academy have recently computed the actual number of languages at 2,969. Meillet and Cohen in "The Languages of the World" index 6,760 named tongues and systems of writing. Dialects are included in this last figure.

Q. What is the best remedy for bed bugs?

A. Take everything out of doors and brush thoroughly, then use kerosene in the cracks and places of that

sort, and under tufts of the mattress. Where you have a place that can be closed up perfectly tight you might use carbon disulfide in case there will be no flame near it. There is a government bulletin on control of bed bugs. If you will write to the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. you may obtain this by sending five cents in coins not in stamps.

Q. What does S. O. S. stand for?

A. S. O. S. is simply a signal. The letters stand for no words. They were selected by the International Radiotelegraph Conference in 1912 because this combination of dots and dashes was so simple that even an inexperienced operator could send it.

Q. Which president twice received every vote of the Electoral College?

A. George Washington.

Q. What women have been elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters?

A. In the Department of Literature—Willia Cather, Margaret Deland, Edna Ferber, Edna St. V. Millay, Agnes Repplier, and Edith Wharton. In the Department of Art—Cecilia Beaux and Anna H. Huntington. Mrs. Wharton had the distinction of being the only woman ever awarded the gold medal of the National Institute. It was awarded her in 1924 for work in fiction.

Q. I would like a recipe for making starch for starching everyday clothing.

A. 1 quart of water, 3 tablespoons of corn starch, one-half teaspoon each of borax and paraffine or clear lard. Make a paste of some of the cold water and the starch to separate the starch grains. Have the right amount of water boiling and stir in the starch paste slowly, stirring well to avoid all lumping. Boil gently for about fifteen minutes being careful to prevent scorching. This is a "heavy" starch; thinner quality is made by using less of the starch powder.

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Louis—So you took that girl I saw you with home from the show?
Spain—Yes
Louis—How far does she live?
Spain—Three soda fountains and a candy store.
* * *
John W.—I saw a man swallow a sword.
Norval P.—That's nothing I saw a man inhale a Camel.
* * *
Mr. Sullivan—Yes, my boy I'm a self-made man.
Johnny—Gee Pop that's what I admire about you. You always take the blame for everything.
* * *
Vernon Pate—My wife and I go everywhere our hearts desire.
Mr. Day—Well, why be sad about that; what more do you want?
Vernon—To go alone.

Kate P.—Our friendship ripened quickly didn't it?
Luke W.—Yes, we grew to know each other in the wink of an eye.
* * *
Frenchman—I drink to the day I win the woman I love!
American—I'll drink to the day I make my first million!
Irishman—G'wan with yez! I'll drink to the day I die!
* * *
Iris Free—Would you marry a girl without money?
T. A.—Yes, if I were sure she had plenty of it.
* * *
Mr. Goodgion—Wire. correct! Now tell me, what is the unit of electric power?
Leroy—(still at sea)—The what, Sir?
Mr. Goodgion—Exactly, the Watt. Very good. That will do.
* * *
Then there was the man who walked in front of a taxi and dared it to run over him. It turned out to be yellow.

Cecil Wright—I wish you'd be reasonable about that dry cleaning bill and let it run a little longer.
Louis Hardcastle—Nothing doing, I want spot cash.
* * *
Mrs. Goodgion—Just think dear, I weigh 150.
Mr. Goodgion—And to think it all belongs to me! What have I ever done to deserve such a blessing?
* * *
Maymi Walker—What do you read in my face, Prof.?
Mr. Rivenbark—You have a conspicuous talent for painting.
Maymi (flattered)—How can you see that?
Mr. R.—Your cheeks and lips serve as evidence.
* * *
Mr. Goodgion—What is ordinarily used as a conductor of electricity?
Leroy Miller—(All at sea)—Why-er—
* * *
Woman's hair, beautiful hair—
What Words of praise I utter;
But oh, how sick it makes me feel
To find it in the butter.
* * *

The absent minded professor was busy in his study. "Have you seen this?" said his wife entering. "There's a report in the paper of your death."
"Is that so," said the professor without looking up, "We must remember to send a wreath."
* * *
Artie H.—Alton, when we are married—
Alton R.—Yes, darling—
Artie—Will I cash your pay checks too?
Alton—Certainly—if I get a job.
* * *
Blan W.—Have you learned to love me yet?
Julia W.—No, but don't give up the lessons.
* * *
Mr. Roland—What makes you say Columbus was an ardent prohibitionist?
Leroy Miller—Because he cheered when he saw dry land.
* * *

Most girls realize they should have put their foot down sooner when they finally do step on the scales.
* * *
Mr. Brigance—I suppose you know that spinach is good for your health?
Fred B.—Yes, sir. I've saved myself plenty of spankings by eatin' the stuff.
* * *
Horace H.—Believe me, I cursed the day I was born.
Bosey F.—I waited until I was a year old.
* * *

Wonder if the preacher that boasted that he could marry forty couples in an hour was from F. H. C.? Forty knots an hour is pretty good even for a preacher to make.
* * *
Mrs. Sullivan—Remember that two heads are better than one.
Johnny—No they're not: they'd be four ears to wash.
* * *
Mr. Wilson—Did you like the electric iron I gave you for Christmas?
Mrs. Wilson—Yes, it fills a pressing need.
* * *

Robert C.—Pardon me, but do you live a model life?
Iva Mae—No, I never posed in my life.
* * *
About the definition of
A pretzel I am hazy,
But I imagine that it is
A doughnut that went crazy.
* * *
Small boy—What is college bred, Dad?
Dad (with a son in college)—College bred, My son, is made with the flour of youth and the dough of old age.
* * *
Mrs. Powers—What is the capital of the United States?
Weaver—One-half of what it was last year.
* * *
Alton Maner—Step in! This is the fifty acre estate of my new girl.
Truman Carney—No wonder you worship the ground she walks on.
* * *
A seasick passenger—only two thoughts: to have and to hold.

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