

The Sky Rocket

VOL. 16

FREED-HARDEMAN COLLEGE, HENDERSON, TENN., NOV. 1938

No. 2

HARDEMAN TABERNACLE MEETING ENJOYED BY F.H.C. STUDENTS

It was the thrill of a lifetime to be in Ryman auditorium and see eight thousand Christians gather to hear our own Brother Hardeman. His recent meeting in Nashville, sponsored by Eleventh Street Church, is a history-making event and one of the outstanding efforts of all time for the cause of Christ. A number of the College students had the rare opportunity of attending that meeting, of hearing that many voices sing together without the aid of mechanical instruments, and of imbibing the eternal Truths as they fell in golden syllables from the lips of the speaker. On the last day of the great revival, Sunday, October 16, a local school bus was chartered and was loaded at six o'clock in the morning, mostly with young preachers. Its progress was slow, but the day was perfect, and the passengers had no unpleasant time of it. They arrived just in time to squeeze into Charlotte Avenue Church, where Brother Hardeman preached to an over-capacity crowd at 11:00 o'clock. He was in his best form, and his eyes lighted up as he saw the large group of "his boys" enter. Afterwards they re-boarded the bus, and drove up into the heart of the city to have dinner. An hour or so of sight-seeing followed, and then at 2:30, the group turned with anticipation to the historic old Ryman Auditorium. The Freed-Hardeman students were given seats on the stage and from this excellent vantage-point watched that immense crowd assemble. In the words of one of them, Harry Moore: "At three o'clock there were between Seven and eight thousand people in that auditorium. Brother Ben Murphy led the singing and it was an inspiration to hear so many people sing. The afternoon sermon of Bro. Hardeman's was the best and soundest gospel sermon that I had ever heard or heard of". At 4:30 the crowd dispersed for the evening meal, and reassembled in even larger numbers at 8:00. Every available seat was taken, the stage was crowded, many were standing. There again, that intent audience heard Brother Hardeman's superb presentation of Philippians 1:27: "Let your conversation be such as becometh the gospel of Christ." It was a grand occasion, and is now a wonderful memory that will not depart. A great program, a great purpose, a great audience, a great preacher, all working for a great Cause! We are grateful for having the opportunity to sit at Brother Hardeman's feet and learn of him.

CAMPUS CLUBS BUSY

PHI KAPPA MARCHES ON

Flash!!!! Z-Z-Z-zzzzzzz. No, this is not another "War of the Worlds" but just a sign for the older literary societies, Sigma Rho and Philomathean, to stand by for the Phi Kappa Alphas who upon the second lap of their journey under a new set of officers. A desire for bigger and better programs, reinforced by a stern-set resolution upon the part of each member to cooperate in the work, characterized one and all a like.

The officers for the first term did a notable job. The weekly program, of which Mardell Lynch was in charge, did much to keep the attendance up near perfection. The chapel program, in charge of William Hull, proved enjoyable to all present. The "corn-fed baby" of the playlet will not soon be forgotten. Thus with a feeling of due pride, the Phi Kappa Alpha society closes its first six weeks of work.

The newly elected officers include Howard Parker, president; Earl West, first vice-president; Ruth Edgar, second vice-president; Edith Wheeler, secretary; Lois Swisher, treasurer; Mason Emde, Serg.-at-arms, and Helen Masters, reporter.

PHILO NEWS

Here you are, folks, the one and only professor Quiz, who astounds you with his criss-crossing queries—such as, "How many animals did Moses take in the ark?" "What was the color of Job's old blue turkey hen?" "How far can a person go in the woods?" Such was the nature of the program rendered at our Philo meeting Monday, Oct. 17, led by our new

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NATIONAL HOLIDAYS TO BE OBSERVED

The holidays are fast approaching. Armistice Day has gone. It was most appropriately celebrated, on its twentieth anniversary, by a chapel program composed of the ever-popular songs of '17 and '18, rendered by some of our best voices and the splendid F. H. C. orchestra.

Now we are looking to our Thanksgiving Day. It will be observed in the traditional manner, with visits from old students, an appropriate program in the morning, a bountiful dinner with all trimmings, cultivation of old and new friendships, and perhaps the first basket ball game of the season as dessert that night. We want our alums to come back and are looking forward to miles of "gab" and reminiscences with them.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY IN GYM



FREDA CROMWELL IN HYGEIA ARTICLE

Freed-Hardeman is proud to recognize the high qualities in its students. Such recognition is due Freda Cromwell, of Memphis, a Junior in F. H. C., who has achieved an honor few of her age ever attain. Out of eighteen thousand entrants, she won first prize in the National Gorgas Memorial Essay contest last spring. Her essay entitled, "Meeting the Mosquito Menace" a masterful presentation of the subject. Hygeia, the nationally known health magazine, reprinting it verbatim, in the October issue.

When she was in her Senior year in South Side High School, Memphis, Colonel J. A. Le Prince suggested the formation of an organization to help combat the germ-bearing mosquito. The Howard-Krause Society was the right-hand man of General Gorgas in the history-making decade when the Panama Canal was under construction.

Freda is very modest in her claims to honor and gives as the reason of her success, the "encouragement of friends, the keen competition of the others with whom I worked, and the memory of those martyred dead, who gave their lives for the betterment of society." But this was not the only cause as her Essay will testify. Freda says she does not intend to make this her life career but will keep a keen interest in the fight against the death-dealing insect, the mosquito.

Excerpts from the article show clear thinking and hard work. She brought out the effect of Malaria on the South as a whole thus; "Seasonal sickness carried by the mosquito has deprived the

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A. C. E. OFFICERS TO MEMPHIS

"It's 6:30. Hurry up, Irene and Thelma, or we won't get to Memphis on time."

"Sh-h, Edna, you'll wake everyone; we're coming."

We (the officers of the A. C. E. Chapter at Freed-Hardeman) started out from Henderson with Mrs. Foy on Friday morning, Nov. 4, in a gust of wind and arrived in Memphis two hours later with the rain.

Our purpose in going there was to attend the Association for Childhood Education Convention for teachers of West Tennessee. Thousands thronged into the Municipal Auditorium with us. Finally, after getting in we heard several inspirational talks. Those we heard were given by Mr. R. L. Thomas, State Supervisor of Elementary Education; Miss Lucy Gage, of Peabody College; Dr. Charles Pendleton, likewise of Peabody; and Mr. U. W. Leavell, also of Peabody. The general theme for the Convention was "Restoring Our Moral and Religious Heritage to Public Education."

After these addresses we attended the convention luncheon at the Peabody Hotel. The address here was "Art's Service to the Elementary School Program", by Miss Mary Allen Tippet, of Greenville, South Carolina.

The greatness of this organization with which our club at Freed-Hardeman is affiliated, impressed us very much. It took something like this to help us realize the great task before the teachers of this country—that of educating children along moral and religious lines as well as in a literary way.

WITCHES AND GOBLINS RULE FREED-HARDEMAN GYM

Death and the spirits, Pierrette, Huck Finn, witches, Rudy Valentines, and a troop of fantastic figures, costumed and masked, stood ready for F. H. C.'s annual Halloween Party. We waited impatiently outside the gym until the clock struck 7:30. Then, very mysteriously, we were commanded to be silent and were admitted through the ghost-guarded door. With a ghost between each couple, we were led through a dank and dark morgue where the body of a murdered man lay. We were bidden to feel of the various and sundry parts of the late Mr. X's body. The hands were cold, almost icy; his blood was thick and lumpy. His eyeballs were extraordinarily large as were his several livers. As we walked, weak and sick, past the last table of "unmentionables" a black figure told us to meet our fate.

We uneasily mounted the stairs and saw what seemed to be a nook in some woodland set for a gnome's caprice. Branches hung low on every side and leaves formed a gold and scarlet carpet. In the center, there was a huge wigwam of cornstalks and within this wigwam the yellow grinning smile of a Jack o'lantern beckoned us. A witch, a cat and a pumpkin of enormous proportion leered at us from the walls.

Among our number there were buccaneers and pirate maids, clowns cats, little boys and girls. There were gay caballeros and charming señoritas. Tom Sawyer popped up from somewhere. Negro mummies rolled their eyes. Job and all his boils moaned. A six foot baby with his buggy and bottle had to be petted continually. After a colorful promenade, it was decided that "The Pirate Twins", Dawn Poston and Frances Huff, and Senor Woodard were attired in the cleverest costumes. They were rewarded, therefore, with "kisses". (Hershes Best)

Photographer Tyler took each masker's picture and you may be sure that—some of these pictures bore considerable resemblance to some of us. We took an airplane ride and what a ride! "We thought we were 'way up and sure 'nuff we were not". In spite of the "black and orange" spots which we acquired during the "plane crash" we had fun! In the midst of our frolic, a ghost (you make a lovely ghost, Miss Dickerson) rose up and related a tale of the "Spirit of Halloween."

Late in the evening, we ate candy 'n apples 'n candy and 'mid the laughter which comes when everyone is tired but happy, we left this woodland scene and back to the realities of November.

The Sky Rocket

Entered at the Post Office at Henderson, Tennessee as second-class matter under Act of Congress, August 24, 1912.

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MARTIAN VISITORS

According to reports, the other night we had some not-altogether-welcome visitors from one of the planets of our system. The reports and dramatization of a book by a well-known author were taken at face value by the radio audience without any thought or investigation. The masses of the people simply did not heed the announcements of the broadcasting company, and this led to panic. Mob psychology, which is predominant at a time like this, again took the force. Emptying the apartments in New York, people moving to the mountains in the State of Washington both show that the reasoning powers of the present generation seem to be limited. Anyone who has any education knows that an object flying through space would burn up, due to friction, in a very short time, but nobody stopped to think about that or to suppose that nature's laws were yet working.

The episode only proves that the supposed religion of the majority of the country is not very deep-seated and that in a time of possible danger it is all forgotten.

Suppose that such an invasion were possible what would be the use of all the consternation? The end would be inevitable, regardless of the fear and concern manifested.

W. H.

THE FOURTH "R"

Spelling is giving some of the students around here a tough time. Some one even went to say that the study is simply a waste of time. I am sorry to say that person did not realize the importance and essentialness of spelling.

For the last few years it has been the tendency of most schools to do away with the study of spelling as a subject. This is a serious mistake. Give a test to most high school graduates and how many would pass it? Spelling is just as important as any other subject. We need it every day. How far would we get in English if it were not for knowing how to spell? Maybe that is one cause for so many failures in that particular branch of study.

Business men are requiring that you know how to spell before you can work in their offices. Can you blame them? The letters of an office tell more than words that are spoken. If a letter goes out with words misspelled, people will have an unfavorable opinion of that business.

Our spelling class is not a waste of time. Maybe we do not realize it so much now, but later we will know just how important it was to us.

B. K. T.

CAMPUS CLUBS BUSY

(Continued from page 1)

president "Doc" Allen. A good time was had as usual in our good old Philo meetings. We heard that we had an acrobat in our midst. Well, we were thoroughly convinced by a thrilling exhibition by Helen McGuire. The like we

have not seen since we visited the circus.

Monday Oct. 31, the Philos met in the Chapel Hall for a jam-up good program. Bro. Wheeler very successfully entertained us with one of his many humorous songs, which was followed by a piano solo by Esther Fulton. And can she make those keys rattle! And last was a duet by our songbirds,

SPORT STATIC

By J. S. CAREY

The leaves are tinted with a beautiful golden brown, the air has assumed a chilly briskness, the time of hobgoblins has passed, old man Turkey is becoming shy around cutlery, and autumn in all its fullness is here and waning. Tennis has passed into oblivion with the passing of the season and even the pigskin parade has reached its halfway mark and is rapidly departing. The time of preparation for encounters on the hardwood has arrived and the basketball artists of many institutions are donning their uniforms and developing their accuracy and versatility.

On the initial Wednesday of November, Coach Richard Stewart placed one foot on the court and one on the leather and sounded the trumpet that the time of loafing should be no more, thus issuing his summons for hardwood volunteers. A group of thirty stalwarts, supposedly basketball artists, answered the summons and reported Wednesday night for the practice of the 1938-39 season.

Coach Stewart minced no words in making it very clear that the slogan of all men who played on his squad would of necessity be, "One succeeds by work and for work." Any evening from 6:30 on into the night, one may hear intermittent sounds of mirth and disgust issuing resonant from the corridors of the gymnasium. The sons of F. H. C. are going through their paces in a grim and determined manner with one objective in view; that of presenting a cage team that can meet the best and return from the encounter with the escutcheon of F. H. C. unblemished and the laurel of victory pinned to their colors. The old F. H. C. Lion is going through

his paces in full stride. He is becoming physically qualified, his fangs are bare, a rumbling roar may be heard issuing from his cavernous throat, and he awaits the victim. Bring on your squads of sharpshooters and smothering guards, Oh ye foes, the F. H. C. Lion is prepared!

A great interest is being evinced in intra-mural basketball this fall. Four boys' basketball teams and four girls' basketball teams are being organized for intra-mural engagements. These intra-mural contests between the societies and various organizations of the college will be beneficial from a standpoint of added interest as well as from a physiological angle.

Coach Stewart journeyed to Knoxville recently to see the L. S. U.-Tennessee football game. This was his version of the encounter: "Deesa guy in da white-a pants, I no like heem. Heeza no canna make uppa heez mind whicha side heez wanta play witz. First heeza take-a da skinny-pig feeftena yards deesa way and den heez a taka heem feeftena yards datta way. Wots a matter no make-a uppa da mind? I'm a aska you. He has easy time; why nobody tackle heem?"

"Onna deeza team day gotta four meen in da back wortha two dollars and a quart. Ohe heeza a quarter-buck, two heeza halfa buck, and one heeza da gotta da big fast and heeza a fulla buck. Wots a metter da quarter-luck heeza make da down-touch. I'm a tinka heeza wort' do most. Da lalla buck, heeza no a getta da touch. But, I'm a like-a deeza game verra mooch. Next game I'm come-aback and watch 'em poosh am op."

Bonnie Beth Byler and Aileen Bailey. Come on, Philos, let's keep up the good work!

CURTAIN CLUB CAPERS

Just think! You haven't heard from the Campus Curtain Club in a whole month, but regardless of that, things have really been happening. The Club meets every Wednesday night and the program is always enjoyed by everyone.

Perhaps you would like to get some idea of our meetings. A very interesting program was rendered Oct. 19. Brother Wheeler favored us with a solo, after which James Baird spoke on Parliamentary Law. Mrs. Lynch then set everyone's feet tapping with some piano selections. Bro. Wheeler appeared on the program again with some comical readings that really were a "scream". The last number on the program was a short play entitled "The Elopement" rendered by Bonnie Beth Byler and Wallace Gooch.

Another interesting program was given Nov. 2. Mardell Lynch gave a talk on the History of Drama and then Miss Dickerson read

and discussed a clipping concerning the authenticity of Shakespeare's writings. The closing number was a skit, entitled "P.O. Fellow," in which Leonard Tyler was a bum and Edith Wheeler was the lady. In our last meeting, plans were made for two coming performances.

The first of these will take place on the evening of November 16, and will mark the first public entertainment of the newly organized CAMPUS CURTAIN CLUB. On this occasion the director, Miss Oma Frances Dickerson will present a costumed recital of The Woman in Browning's Monologues. This recital has been presented three times in Baylor University in Waco, Texas; at the Texas Association of Speech Teachers in convention last Thanksgiving, and at the National Association of Teachers of Speech when it convened in New York last Christmas. Miss Dickerson has recently received an invitation from Mr. James Watt Raine, President of the Southern Association of Speech Teachers to present this recital in Baton Rouge

COACH TAKES TO WATER

Coach Dick Stewart's two-man team of rowers swept to victory in the great rowing classic held at Chickasaw Park, October 16. The team, composed of Shelley Ellett and Dempster Weeks, won in their first try at working together.

That afternoon Coach and the two boys journeyed out to Chickasaw Park to enter, Coach all the way haranguing them with a pep talk and both blockheads figuring a win would put them over in History.

According to Shelley, Dempster was a liability, and according to Dempster, Shelley was a ton of bricks set in the boat. Nevertheless the gallant crew swept to victory with the old war cry of "A in European History" ever on their lips.

Coach Stewart had this to say, "I took a team composed of two boys too lazy to study History and one of them with two ingrowing toenails, and beat the best rowers in the county. What would I have done with a good team!"

Louisiana, when the convention meets there in March.

Miss Dickerson is a Baylor University graduate and a student of Miss Sara Lowrey, professor of speech. The performance has never been presented by anyone else with costuming and stage effects. The following numbers will be included: COUNT GISMOND, THE LABORATORY, THE CONFESSIONAL YOUTH AND ART AND A TALE. Musical numbers will be presented by Mrs. Mardell Lynch, Assistant Music Director of the College, Esther Fulton and Josephine Roland.

Further plans for the evening will be in the hands of the various committees appointed by Mr. William Hull, president of the Curtain Club.

SIGMA RHO

The Sigma Rhos are going strong, beginning this second six weeks period. Early in October this society presented its first chapel program of the year. Those representing the club in this were Leonard Tyler, who read the Scripture; Paul Kelly as song leader; Ruth Meisenhelder, Irene Haddock and Maxey Winn, who rendered a vocal trio; Freda Cromwell, who gave a reading; and Ned Fairbairn, who sang a solo.

Very interesting programs have been given each Monday. On October 24, there was a joint meeting of the literary societies in which some members of the Sigma Rhos took part along with representatives of the other societies.

At the sixth meeting new officers for the next six weeks were elected. They are: President, Jimmy Bays, First Vice-President Glen Jeffery's, Second Vice-President, Martha Lou Austin, Secretary, Virginia Dare Hall, Sergeant-at-arms, Buford Hollis, Reporter, Burleen Brinn, and Sigma Rho representatives, Alma Dyer and John Sam Carey.

PREACHER PARAGRAPHS

Howard Parker preached at Saltillo, Tenn. on Oct. 16, and Kenneth Adams at Sardis.

Percy Hooker preached at Bemis, Tenn., on Oct. 16.

Athel Brewer has a regular appointment at Refuge on the first Sunday of each month and at Estes Graveyard on the Third Sunday.

John Edson preached at Refuge on Oct. 16, Jean Thornton led the singing for him. On Oct. 23, he spoke at Wilson School-house.

Melvin Dugger has a regular appointment for the third Sunday of each month at Stiversville, Tenn.

J. T. Marlin has preached at the following places:

On Sept. 25, at Mt. Pleasant, Tenn. at the Orphan's Home at Spring Hill, Tenn., on Oct. 2 at Old Hickory, Tenn., on Oct. 17, he took Bro. E. R. Harper's place in a protracted meeting on Oct. 23 he preached at Diana, Tenn., and on Oct. 30, Trinity Lane in Nashville, Tenn.

Jimmie Bays conducted the singing at Hall, Tenn., Sunday, Oct. 16, and preached at both services in Westport on Oct. 23.

Flavil Nichols preached at Mar-maduke, Ark., on Oct. 23. One was baptized and one restored.

Wayne Jackson spoke at Harmony Schoolhouse on Oct. 16 and at Refuge on Oct. 23. On Oct. 30 he spoke at Estes Graveyard in the morning at Harmony School house at night.

W. C. Anderson preached at Walnut Grove, Ky., on Oct. 30.

Glenn Jeffery preached on Oct. 30 at Tiplersville, Miss.

Plato Black spoke at Burnsville, Miss. on Nov. 6.

W. D. Willeford preached for the congregation at Estes Grave-yard.

Two English students were discussing "The Last Days of Pompeii." One asked, "What'd he die of?"

The other replied "Oh, I donno, some sort of eruption."

WIENER ROAST IN THE AIR

Anticipation of the smell of the roasting wiener and marshmallow is in the air, and the members of the three college societies, Philomathean, Sigma Rhos, and Phi Kapp Alphas, are looking forward to a stimulating and exhilarating afternoon on Monday, November 14. The annual wiener roast is about to take place, and the very suitable setting is the golden grounds of Chickasaw Park. The eager roasters will journey to the Park in school buses at 1:30 and will return at approximately 5:30.

If this glamorous weather holds on, it will be a grand afternoon. Chickasaw Park is only about a year and a half old, one of the New Deal's Recreation Areas, and is a beautiful tract of wood and hill, rock and water. The heart of the area is the smooth expanse of Lake Placid, fed by several cold springs and girdled by a dense pine wood. Sagmore Lodge, overlooking the lake, is a building of rustic type, combining brick, native sandstone and hard-hewn shingles and eaves-traughs. A row of attractive cabins skirts the lake. The whole area is beautifully landscaped, in accord with Nature's design and is dotted with rustic seats and cooking grills. These grills will be the main attractions on next Monday's trip, for after an afternoon of tramping, kodaking, and so forth (note the "so forth") the crowd will gather around them, tuck the luckless wiener into his bed of buns, and down him while the hills echo the shouts of fun.

Summer has worn her welcome out. We want some real Thanksgiving weather, some that will make our bodies more energetic and our minds more alert. By lingering too long, summer has made us appreciate the contrasts in the seasons.

KEYHOLE GOSSIP

Hi, ho! We all love a parade. And here come the snoopers, tripping along on their light fantastic toes, strewing tasty titbits of slushy, mushy, romantic gossip. Lets reach in the bag, filled with all those things you would like to know, and drag out, a nice, juicy one to start the ball rolling. Ah, ha, the very one! This concerns amiable but slightly over-amorous young addict to a girl we dare not mention. Three weeks ago, come last Thursday, this unlucky young Lochinvar was taken away from the Gettogether with a rarity of blood in his head, a condition that the man on the street would call "a faint". Now who does a man look to for comfort when he is sick in a strange land? There is no mother to turn to for a word of cheer and a brow-cooling touch. The job is automatically shifted to his best girl. The best girl in this case came through with a bouquet of roses that lent such an optical freshness to the room, he just had to express his gratitude in a letter written to her that night. Here is a poem that was included in that epistle.

Oranges are grown in Florida, California grows them too. But it takes a state like Texas To grow a peach like you. Did you ever hear of a prettier story with a happier ending? The trouble was, it was too good. The roses were sent not by the girl friend, but by a mischief-minded group of boys, who carried out the hoax so plausibly that the victim did not find out the truth until the following day. But no harm was done. The eternal pleasure incurred more than offset the disappointment of the truth.

It seems that the Lamb has chosen the professor's son for a shepherd. Could that have been prompted by six weeks tests?

Watch out, Huff. This isn't geometry, so why form a triangle?

There was another Archer present at the Halloween party, when Quentin and Paul Kelly started dealing with a set of twins.

Do you suppose Rush Edgar is anticipating a journey around the world? You can judge a person partly by the company she keeps.

Shelly's old peepers are good enough to select a new heart throb or two, even if they have been giving him trouble lately.

The catch of the campus, Beau Brummel Bucy, has adopted a new pet. They tell us it goes "Meo-o-o W".

Stay in there and pitch, Counselman. Hall's fair in love and war. We're for you to the last man.

Harry Cuthbertson has been overheard singing, "My Bonna lies over the Ocean", more than once lately. Didn't some one once remark, "The idle tune reflects the singer's thoughts."

"Woo! Woo! We just love this one. Lincoln said something about fooling some of the people all the time, and that is what

James seems to be doing in regard to Lois Swisher.

Jimmy Bays is taking more than a little interest in singing lately. Does he think the easiest way to a girls heart is through her brother?

The old Taylor castle is being stormed by three Young knights, these Sunday nights, namely: Woodard, Willifred, and Surratt.

A certain occupant of the girls' dorm is rejoicing because Joe Van Dyke is centering his activity.

What causes all that laughing at the table of the Jolly Six? Could it be Evelyn and her break?

Why in the world did James Wells leave in such a huff two Sunday nights ago?

Ask James Bucy what he said as he approached Paul Gray Hall after visiting Oakland Home Sunday night, October 30, 1938.

TO THE PUBLIC

The Sky Rocket announces with pride that Miss Lettus Fixit is now a member of its staff. Miss Fixit will answer any and all questions that our readers might ask concerning matters of the heart, home and what-have-yeu. Miss Fixit's long suit is not only blue serge, but an uncanny ability to put forlorn lovers on the road to reconciliation. She is widely known and admired for her match-making ability. In fact she has just completed five years of study with the Diamond Match Company. So if there is an attractive member of the opposite sex that you would like to develop an interest you, let Miss Fixit advise you on how to go about it.

Miss Fixit can tell you how to take spots out of clothes and leopards, how to prepare a dinner for forty-six with two potatoes and a fat lamb chop, or whether to use your knife for transporting food to the mouth, playing mumble peg, or cutting the host's

throat, as we so often want to do.

Now if you have problems you want solved, write them down on the back of an old envelope and send a telegram to Miss Lettus Fixit, in care of the Sky Rocket, in care of Freed Hardeman, Henderson, Tennessee.

Dear Miss Fixit,

I am going to be called on to make an after-dinner speech at an occasion before long. As I have never made an after-dinner speech before, I would appreciate it if you would give me some hints on how to execute the task in a satisfactory manner.

Respectfully,

Martha Henry

Dear Martha,

Being widely experienced in the art of making after-dinner speeches, I feel that I can give you a hint or two that I have found to be helpful.

First, put a little water in your chair before being called upon so that you will not only be willing but anxious to get up. Address your audience in a suitable manner. If they are a group of Jitter bugs or old maids, Fellow Cats is appropriate. To a gathering of business men or horticulturist, Dear Grafters, does very well. It is wise to put your audience in a good humor at the beginning of your speech by telling a joke. Tell an old one if possible, as new ones with an elusive point is oftentimes more perplexing than humorous. Then too, they are apt to interrupt your speech to ask what the point is, and at a time like that you are apt to forget it yourself. If this should occur, just wave the person back to his seat with a laugh and a shrug, as if the point were so simple that any one could catch it. If you want to drive a point home in your speech be careful not to pound on the table too hard. The breakage sometimes runs up into considerable money.

Sincerely,
Lettus Fixit

O. Foy & Son

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Henderson, Tenn.

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STUDIO STUDIES

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you" has for many years been the fundamental principle of "elocution" teachers. As the term has changed from "elocution" to "expression" or "speech", so has the technique of its training. Where impersonation was stressed in the old school, naturalness is emphasized today; instead of high sounding oratorical speech patterns, a conversational style is adopted; instead of broad melodramatic actions, meaningful gestures are used, for it is agreed that "Art becomes artificial when action takes precedence over thought."

Dramatic Art in some shape is necessary as a means of expression in every age. It has become subtle and suggestive, but it is none the less dramatic. All great art discharges its function by evoking imagination and feeling, and it is to this end that efforts in F. H. C. are directed.

At the present time, Virginia Dare Hall is recounting the actions of THE LOVE BUG IN OUR OFFICE; while Ben Galbraith turns his thoughts to a short story by O. Henry relating incidents happening AFTER TWENTY YEARS. Bonnie Beth Byler is working on a Thanksgiving story entitled SULLY THE ROOSTER and Wilma Green is taking lessons "At The Cooking School." Wallace Gooch and Mason Emde have decided that theirs shall be the OPTIMIST'S

LOCALS

Mrs. Edwina Wilson and daughter, Jewel, spent Saturday, Oct. 29, shopping in Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Shore and family of Rives, Tenn. recently visited their daughter, Doris.

Miss Mary Sue Taylor spent the third week-end in Oct. with her parents in Adamsville, Tennessee.

Miss Burlene Brinn spent the week-end of Oct. 15, with her parents in Dell, Arkansas.

Miss Maxie Winn spent the weekend of Oct. 15, with her parents in Memphis, Tenn.

Louise Luttrell and Vadeen Yopp spent the weekend of Oct. 8 with their parents in Middleton, Tennessee.

Mary Ruth Owen visited her parents at Enville, the week-end of Oct. 24.

Nelda Weaver spent the week-end of Oct. 24 in the home of her parents in Crump, Tennessee.

VIEW OF LIFE but they often change their philosophy when the actions of THE GUSHER are brought to light. Ruth Edgar, Louis Swisher, Irene Haddock and Kay Jones have been interpreting scenes from the memorable book MISS MINERVA AND WILLIAM GREENHILL. Should you desire an afternoon of entertainment, drop in on the girls some afternoon.

The STUDIO is located in room 105 on the first floor of the Girls Dormitory. Students interested in speech work are invited to call on Miss Dickerson.

AS FAITHFUL AS THE SKYROCKET

Years ago, when Henderson was a town of mud streets, bewhiskered residents in horse and buggy were seen to alight at Henderson's new apothecary shop. It stood on the south side of the business section and its proprietors were two ambitious men by the name of W. H. Owen and L. L. Brigance.

On this same location is the City Drug Store of today. After its first owners, Dr. Baird and Gordon McCorkle took over its management. W. B. Powers bought the store in 1921 and operated successfully for 14 years, realizing the town and county in those years. Then it was bought by its present owners, the Bolen brothers, in 1935.

These two brothers are natives of Wildersville, Tenn. and both have had quite a bit of experience as druggists. John Bolen is a graduate of the University of Tennessee with an outstanding scholastic record and is a highly capable pharmacist of the state. Gus Bolen is an alumnus of F.H.C. For three years now they have successfully managed the store. They are among the most faithful of all the advertisers in the Skyrocket. The City Drug Store has a notable record of never failing to patronize any F.H.C. activity, publication, advertising, or what-not. They have been our constant, loyal, unfailing supporters.

They have any drug for any ailment. A complete line of toilet accessories adorns their counters. They have an expensive counter freezer and make their own rich, delicious, ice cream. They are especially attentive to student trade and student wants. Let's notice our advertisers and patronize them.

Dorothy Hickman accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Adams to Nashville for a very pleasant week-end.

FREDA CROMWELL IN HYGEIA ARTICLE

(Continued from page 1)

South of the prosperity to which its heritage of climatic conditions and natural resources have entitled it... Malaria persists in its slyly evasive manner to take its greedy toll except in specific centers where it has been effectively controlled."

Yellow fever has hampered the South in many instances and places, as evidenced by the disastrous epidemic in New Orleans in 1905. Freda Cromwell says, "Many parts of the South were harassed by explosive outbreaks of yellow fever... ere the frantic fighters of death found that the strange disease is a mosquito-borne disease and can be exterminated."

Extermination of the mosquito can be accomplished, says Freda, and cities the beginning of the fight, which started after the discovery that the mosquito was the cause. "The South began slowly to use preventive methods to combat yellow fever and malaria after it was discovered that the mosquito is responsible for the spread of both... During the last sixteen years, Memphis has been one of the most progressive centers in the movement to wipe out Malaria; and it seems fitting that the Howard-Krause Society should originate there, on the banks of the Mississippi, in the center of the South."

The forming of this Society caused other schools and organizations to wake up and take stock of the efforts they were making to stamp out these dreaded diseases. "Under the leadership of South Side High, there has been a concentrated effort along these lines. Other schools are already talking of starting similar organizations, for they see what this one has done in one year in promoting the control of mosquito borne disease."

This year, there are strong indications that colleges of the South will unite forces, by organizing Howard-Krause Societies to suppress that insect which is costing the United States \$100,000,000.00 and several thousand lives annually. They realize the great opportunity of working with such organizations as the New Jersey Mosquito Extermination Association, the Bureau of Entomology, the Gorgas Memorial Institute, and such men as Dr. Morris Fishbein, Dr. L. C. Howard, and Colonel J. A. LePrince in the practical application of scientific knowledge.

Freed-Hardeman College is justifiably proud of Freda Cromwell.

Mr. Simmons: Elmer, now that you are going to college, I'd like to have a talk with you on the facts of life.

Elmer Simmons: O. K., pop, whatcha wanta know?

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