

THE SKY-ROCKET

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NO. 3

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR PROF. FREED

In the passing of Prof. A. G. Freed November 11, 1931, the South lost one of its foremost pioneer educators; the church, one of its ablest and sincerest defenders; and the people of Henderson and elsewhere, a true friend.

In commemoration of Bro. Freed, who was the co-founder and first president of Freed-Hardeman College, the townspeople, and faculty and students of the college gathered in the chapel hall Tuesday morning, Nov. 17, for a memorial service so richly deserved by him who was so vital a factor in the school's beginning and growth.

The service was conducted by Prof. N. B. Hardeman, who was the late professor's co-founder of the college and is its present president. He requested that "Tis So Sweet to Trust In Jesus" be sung by the assembly since it was the deceased's favorite hymn; then the thirtieth chapter of Proverbs, his favorite scriptural passage, was read.

Prof. I. N. Roland, whose association with Bro. Freed dated back to 1889 (when the latter moved to Tennessee) related the beginning of higher education in this section of the country and the important role Prof. Freed played in the establishment of schools, first in Essay Springs, Tenn., in the West Tennessee Normal College, and later in Henderson in the Georgia Robertson Christian College and Freed-Hardeman College itself, whose cornerstone was laid in 1907.

Industry, Prof. L. L. Brigrance said was Bro. Freed's outstanding characteristic, his other attributes, however—optimism, courtesy, dignity, cleanliness, and love of home—being of such strength in the man's make-up as to stand on a par with the first mentioned.

Personal recollections of Bro. Freed as a teacher and as a preacher, illustrative of his traits of character were recounted by Prof. Hardeman who, perhaps, knew his co-worker better than any others did, having been personally connected with him from 1905 until 1923, at which time Bro. Freed moved to Nashville and there became affiliated with David Lipscomb College, which connection he maintained until his last illness and its sad end.

As a tribute from one who loved and honored him while living and hallowed his memory now, D. E. Mitchell spoke of Freed, the man—his faith, his integrity, his ideals and his courage, qualities which made him worthy of the regard and esteem accorded him in life and in death.

In Lincoln's immortal words can be given a fitting tribute to Bro. Freed: "The world may little note nor long remember what we say here but it can never forget what he did here."

Bro. Freed requested that the poem "Tis Better Further On" by Wilber Fish Tillet, be read at his funeral service. The last stanza particularly is descriptive of the great teacher's character:

"So, when some morn you hear I'm gone,

You'll know, friends, where to find me.

In that land fair where all things there

Of sweet things here remind me—

The Father land beyond, above

The silent flowing river,

Where they who work, and learn and love,

All meet, and live forever!"

MISSIONARY WORK

FOUR OF OUR YOUNG PREACHERS ATTRACTED QUITE A BIT OF INTEREST AT Mifflin during a meeting at that place, November 8 to 18. Seven were baptized and others expressed themselves as being almost ready to express their faith in obedience. Brethren Carney, Butler, Wright, and Maner did the preaching. According to them, "besides the interest manifested by the crowds being above par, the sermons were excellent." Effort is being put forth to organize the little band of believers by following the meeting with preaching every Sunday. Mifflin is a progressive country community eight miles from Henderson.

THE SECOND THIRD

Can you believe it? We've entered into our second quarter of school work! One quarter of school has been passed. For the school in general this has been a very successful three months; however, a few of us found first quarter exams a rude shock. Some of the pupils wish that they had applied themselves more diligently to their work, and are faithfully promising themselves to do better the rest of the year.

Much was accomplished the first quarter. A brief summary of these accomplishments follows:

A Kiddie Band and an orchestra have been organized. Both have given several performances and are doing splendid work.

In the fall a six weeks' course was given for those in the teaching profession who wished to refresh themselves or to further their education. At present we are having special Saturday classes for this group, many of whom are taking this opportunity.

A very important feature of last quarter was Freed-Hardeman's football debut. The sport has added much to the school in the way of pep and interest.

We also had a great deal of fun last quarter. There was the "Get-Acquainted Party," probably the most enjoyable of all. Of course, each one knew nearly everyone else, but then it was fun pretending that we didn't. Friday night, October the twenty-third, the dormitory students were given a treat in that they were allowed to attend the business banquet which they enjoyed greatly. Then came Hallowe'en, the spooky time of the year. The students met together this time for a weiner roast at which everyone had a "huge" time.

After reading this, who can doubt but that we have had a very successful three months? But, let us look to the future and not to the past.

Now that we are thoroughly acquainted with our surroundings, much more is expected of us than was the last quarter. We are going to do more and better work, too, for we hate to see anyone disappointed.

There have been some new and more interesting courses added to our curriculum. There are certain times in everyone's life (especially when he is young) when he is a great student of the stars and moon, and consequently learns something about them. However, for those who wish to study them further, Mr. E. D. Brigrance has organized a class in Astronomy. This has proved to be a very interesting course and will be an aid to conversation when two are taking a stroll.

The sophomores take up American Poetry the second quarter. In addition to the regular course there has been organized a new class on "The Drama: Its Law and Technique." The class has planned an enjoyable course. Mrs. Powers acts as instructor for the class.

Another interesting course is Journalism, under the direction of Mr. Folwell. Many who are interested in newspaper work are studying this course because it is of endless value to them.

Basketball season has opened! What joy this brings to our hearts, for basketball is a favorite with everyone. And, too, we have two excellent teams that are going to make (Continued on page 4)

BRIGHT PROSPECTS FOR A WINNING GAGE TEAM

The most promising array of basketballers ever to grace the hardwood of Freed-Hardeman's gymnasium has reported for practice and is shaping into a proficient cage team under the peerless tutoring of Coach Johnson. Great enthusiasm is being shown by all concerned in the greatest of indoor sports, Basketball.

With a number of luminaries who have good records in prep school basketball to form the nucleus of the F. H. C. quintet, Freed-Hardeman should prove a very formidable contender for Mississippi Valley Conference honors.

Among those who are expected to make strong bids for positions on the squad are: Orland Rickman, Grady Weavers, Lewis Hardcastle, Luke Webb, Jimmie Horn, Glen Kent, Odell Lambert, Boyd Holloway, Mack Felts, Kirby Farrell and others.

CAVALIER

By James Horton

Christmas Eve day in 1646, and Mayme Villers had decorated her husband's fine old Norman house with a great profusion of holly, bay and mistletoe. The many red Christmas candles with their green silk ribbons, were placed over the house, ready to be lit on the eve of Christmas. She even directed the bringing in of the Yule log for the fireplace that dominated one end of the great oak-paneled hall, for John had left it in her hands while he rode away to sit in the session of that monotonous Parliament that could never seem to get anything of permanence accomplished. Indeed, it looked as though that particular session were not going to even adjourn for the Christmas season. John had been gone now a fortnight and it was the day of Christmas Eve.

Villiers' manor-house was situated some three leagues out of London, hard by the post road to Nottingham. About noon of that day a messenger came from John to tell Mayme her husband would be home late that night, with two guests, she was to have late supper for them.

All day the sun had been a leaden disc in the gray skies, and about the third hour of the afternoon, great flakes of snow began to fall ever so gently in an immense sheet of soft whiteness. The naked trees of the park lying between the manor-house and the road to London, assumed grotesque shapes and proportions, seen through the thick veil of snow. Ere long there was a mantle of white over everything. By the early nightfall, snow lay many inches thick over the earth and the great white flakes scurried down faster and thicker now than at any time since they had begun to fall.

With a growing sense of gloom, Mayme put on her new farthingale of scarlet velvet, with its golden ruff that rose high about her throat, and its many golden buttons and bindings. The handsome necklace of emeralds that had been her mother's, added a gorgeous note.

After the servants were sent to their quarters to make merry Mayme sat down before the fire, in the illumination of the Yule log, which sent out great blazes of light and warmth. She was very restless; suddenly she remembered that the candles in the windows of the house had not been lit. Lighting these in the hall windows, she left to go to the other rooms. Her spirit was heavy; a foreboding filled her heart. For some inexplicable reason, she was brooding over the fate of the deposed king who had lost in the war between himself and the Parliament, six months ago now. She wondered where he was, whether dead or not. Placing the burning tapers in the windows where they sent forth a warm light into the snow, Mayme wished that her husband were with her, to calm her restless fears; perhaps it was only because she had been lonely with John away so long.

When she returned to the hall, Mayme found a man standing calmly on the hearth. Then her foreboding had been real after all!

The most notorious Cavalier in all England was standing in Villiers' hall and Villiers had offered much reward for the hunted man's body—dead. The victorious Roundheads thirsted for Cavalier blood even though they had been vanquished six months before.

"Why are you here?" Jeremy Wayne?

The man smiled crookedly; "I came to see you once more. I think that is why I came. He was trembling as with intense chill.

"Here Jeremy! sit down!" Mayme crouched in her chair, staring at the man in wonder. A thin line of blood trickled down his arm; Mayme saw it through the rents in the sleeve. Then she perceived how very spent and worn he was, with his hunted eyes and his once fine clothes much worn and slit, and yet there remained that aura of nobility and charm that she had known in him four years ago. The blue of his velvet was as bright as when it was (Continued on page 3)

FREED-HARDEMAN LOSES

Henderson, Tenn.—Playing the last game of the first season of football at Freed-Hardeman College, the Freed-Hardeman Lions lost what turned out to be a very damp Thanksgiving Day grid classic to Jonesboro college, score 12-7.

The teams were evenly matched and the game was hard-fought from the first kickoff to the final whistle. After a slow start in the first quarter, Freed-Hardeman took the offensive and kept it most of the first quarter. A Jonesboro rally carried the fight into F. H. C. territory in the second period of play and netted two touchdowns. A determined drive in the second half on the part of the Freed-Hardeman gridders carried the oval into Jonesboro's district and Kent went over for the touchdown. Captain Anderson dropped-kicked for the extra point. The Freed-Hardeman team subsequently brought the line of scrimmage to the shadows of the goal posts frequently but were unable to force the water-soaked pigskin over the goal line.

Webb, Kent, Hardcastle, and Anderson played well for Freed-Hardeman, while Frets, Sherwood and Buck were outstanding for the visitors.

Line up:

F. H. C. (7)	Poz. Jonesboro C. (12)
Hardcastle	le. Herwood
Stanfill	lt. Bradley
Weaver	lg. Jernigan
Anderson (c)	c. Hunter
Holland	rg. Allison
Pitts	rt. Hicks
Spain	re. Gustavis
Kent	qb. Frets
Parrish	lh. Buck
Webb	rh. Sherrod (c)
Horn	fb. Vincent

Substitutions: F. H. C.—Johnson for Weaver, Houze for Parrish, Rickman for Hardcastle, Parrish for Houze, Hardcastle for Spain, Varnell for Johnson, Weaver for Rickman, Houze for Weaver, Felts for Houze.

Referee, Dodds; Umpire, Stewart; Linesman, Jett.

FREED-HARDEMAN TEAM ACCOUNTS FOR 17 POINTS IN FIRST GRID SEASON

Freed-Hardeman's football team scored 17 points for the season, to 173 points for the combined score of their opposition. The points made by Freed-Hardeman's first team are a source of pride to the school, for as a general rule a school must have a team on the field for two or three years before it develops into a scoring machine. Haggard Pitts had the honor of ringing up the first marker for Freed-Hardeman in the game with U. T. Juniors. Kent accounted for one touchdown in the last game of the season with Jonesboro College. Cecil Anderson, captain of the team made five points during the season with his unerring toe. He kicked a field goal in the game with Bethel and earned the extra points in the game at Martin and on Thanksgiving.

Summary for the Year:

Opposition	F. H. C.
Lambuth 0	0
Murray F. 67	0
Caruthersville 6	0
Tupelo 18	0
U. T. Jrs. 25	7
Bethel 12	3
Lambuth 26	0
Union F. 7	0
Jonesboro 12	7

Freed-Hardeman 17
Opponents 173

A Few Things To Do While Waiting For A Girl To Get Dressed.

1. Fix your tie.
2. Smoke one of her father's cigars.
3. Examine the personal photographs.
4. Fix the fire.
5. Get gas for your car from her father's car.
6. Use her phone to call another girl.

REVIVAL AT FREED-HARDEMAN COLLEGE

On Sunday November 22, Bro. Foy E. Wallace Jr. of Nashville, Tenn., editor of "The Gospel Advocate," began a series of meetings for the Church of Christ here.

Bro. Wallace has proved himself a speaker of great ability and at no time has he shown the tendency to "Shun to declare the whole counsel of God". His sermons have been a source of information and inspiration to all who have heard him and great is the number thereof.

In spite of much gloomy weather since the beginning of the meeting the audience has been exceptionally good at every service. The services were conducted through the week at Chapel exercises of the school at 9:15 each morning—except on Thursday, Thanksgiving, when the service was changed to 10:00 o'clock. Hardly a night passed that we failed to have a crowded house.

The visible results of God's word as it has been, presented by Bro. Wallace, have been wonderful. Fifty-two have followed the Lord's command and example by being "Buried with him by baptism into death," thirteen have come before the church confessing the sins they have committed as well as their shortcomings, while three have come to identify themselves with the Church that leaves all except God's commands out of its teaching and which accepts the Bible and the Bible alone as authority for its doctrine and worship. They were formerly members of the "Christain Church."

Besides this there has been great good accomplished in strengthening the members of the Church in the faith and planting more firmly the word of God in this place.

Although the interest in the meeting increased constantly, it was found necessary to bring the service to a close after the Thursday evening meeting.

Some of the interesting lessons given during the ten-days revival are as follows:

"A building proves that there was an architect—man proves that there was a God. The earth shows his handiwork—the Bible identifies him."

"If two box cars were coupled together you couldn't send one north and the other south, neither can you separate 'repent and be baptized; found in Acts 2:38, for remission of your sins.' 'Some people pull off their human names long enough to pray in the name of Christ, then put them back on.' 'Make no excuse now that you will not be willing to plead in the day of judgment.' 'Brethren would faint if John the Baptist or someone else would say 'ye generation of vipers.' People need to be convicted by some such terms." "Hell is the place where knowledge prevails; where memory is active; where the desires are never satisfied; where torments are multiplied; where everything is contemptible, and where companionship is the vilest. Hell was not made for man, but man on his own initiative chooses to dwell there." "We want to go to hell and land in heaven." "Some people are afflicted with hydrocephalus and other afflicted with hydrophobia. The first group have nothing but baptism on their mind, while the latter are afraid of water altogether."

"There are several kinds of congestions—those of the brain and those of the body, but the most detrimental congestion in Christianity is that of the pocketbook. When the wallet strings are drawn taut very little is done in Christianity. If we expect to be happy in the hereafter we must exchange earthly things into heavenly coin to be used after we get there."

In making a point against the extreme customs and fashions of today, Bro. Wallace made the following statement: "We need the apple pas- (Continued on page 4)

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STAFF

Editor ----- LaVelle Hodges
Asst. Editor ----- James Horton
Bus. Mgr. ----- Alton H. Maner
Asst. Bus. Mgr. ----- Denton Neal
Athletic Editor ----- Norris Hall
Joke Editor ----- Ruby Holsberry
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General Reporter ----- T. A. Vernon
Typist ----- Honey Brigrance
Faculty Advisor ----- Mrs. W. B. Powers

"CHRISTMAS"

There are but few pages in litera-
ture so filled with charm as those of
Washington Irving. What a pity there
are so few who chance upon the
mellow beauty of his friendly little
essays that have so much kindness
and wit and keen perception of the
heart. Who is so egotistic as to fancy
himself capable of writing about
Christmas more beautifully and
charmingly than that past master of
the essay and sketch . . . Washing-
ton Irving? We are happy to offer
excerpts from his observations on
the subject as seen in England.

"Nothing in England exercises a
more delightful spell over my imagi-
nation than the lingerings of the
holiday customs and rural games of
former times. They resemble those
picturesque morsels of Gothic archi-
tecture which we see crumbling in
various parts of the country."

"Of all the old festivals, however,
that of Christmas awakens the
strongest and most heartfelt associa-
tions. It is a beautiful arrangement,
also, derived from days of yore, that
this festival, which commemorates the
announcement of the religion of
peace and love, has been made the
season for gathering together of
family connections and drawing
closer again those bands of kindred
hearts, which the cares and pleasures
and sorrows of the world are con-
tinually operating to cast loose."

"There is something in the very
season of the year that gives a
charm to the festivity of Christmas.
At other times we derive a great por-
tion of our pleasures from the mere
beauties of Nature. But in the depth
of winter we turn for our gratifica-
tions to moral sources. Our thoughts
are more concentrated; our friendly
sympathies more aroused. We feel
more sensibly the charm of each
other's society. We draw our pleas-
ures from the deep wells of loving
kindness which lie in the quiet rec-
cesses of our bosoms, and which
when resorted to, furnish forth the
pure element of domestic felicity."

"The old halls of castles and man-
or-houses resounded with the harp
and the Christmas carol, and their
ample boards groaned under the
weight of hospitality."

"One of the least pleasing effects
of modern refinement is the havoc it
has made among the hearty old holi-
day customs. The world has become
more worldly. There is more of dis-
sipation and less of enjoyment.
Pleasure has expanded into broader,
but shallower, stream."

"Shorn, however, as it is, of its
ancient and festive honors, Christ-
mas is still a period of delightful
excitement in England. How deli-
ghtfully the imagination, when
wrought upon by these moral influ-
ences, turns everything to melody
and beauty! The very crowing of
the cock, heard sometimes in the
profound repose of the country, 'tel-
ling night-watches to his feathery
dames', was thought by the common
people to announce the approach of
this festival."

"Some say that ever 'gainst that
season comes

Wherein our Savior's birth is
celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth
all night long;

And then, they say, no spirit
dares stir abroad;

The nights are wholesome . . .
then no planets strike,

No fairy takes, no witch hath
power to charm,

So hallowed and so gracious is

the time."

"Amidst the general call to happi-
ness, the bustle of the spirits, and
stir of the affections which prevail
at this period, what bosom can re-
main insensible? It is, indeed, the
season of regenerated feeling . . . the
season for kindling not merely the
fire of hospitality in the hall, but the
genial flame of charity in the heart."

"Surely happiness is reflective,
like the light of heaven, and every
countenance, bright with smiles and
glowing with innocent enjoyment, is
a mirror transmitting to others the
rays of a supreme and ever-shining
benevolence. He who can turn
churlishly away from contemplating
the felicity of his fellow-beings, and
can sit down darkling and repining in
his loneliness when all around is
joyful, may have his moments of
strong excitement and selfish grati-
fication, but he wants the genial and
social sympathies which constitute
the charm of a merry Christmas."

PSALM OF ENGLISH

LITERATURE.

Mrs. Powers is my teacher; I shall
not pass.

She maketh me to study the tales of
Chaucer;

She leadeth me into Thomas Malory;
She showeth me Langland.

Yea though I study both night and
day

I shall not pass, for grades are
against me.

The D's and F's, they beset me.

She prepareth a quizz for me in the
presence of my classmates;

She decorateth my paper with a D;
My mind despaireth.

Surely quizzes and exams will fol-
low me all the days of this

semester,
And an F will remain in the office of
the dean forever.

Selected—

MAX AND CLIMAX

Dear Climax:

Words could not possibly tell how
much I did enjoy your letter—But
somehow or another you didn't put
enough gossip in it to suit me. I
guess I'm worse than some old maid
aunt about liking gossip.

In my estimation the latest match
is Iva Mai and Benny—Gee! but I'm
glad. Iva Mai is the sweetest and
prettiest kid I ever saw (that is, next
to my girl), and Benny is nothing at
all to fuss about; but you know they
saw it isn't good taste to "brag" on
your own sex, so I won't say more.
He and Iva Mai seemed to enjoy that
Thanksgiving game immensely.

Talking about that game, Pal, was-
n't it a heart breaker. Such a pity
we couldn't have made another
touch-down. My happiness would
have been complete then. But I
guess we have to take the knocks of
life as we come to them, and that
dear old foot-ball team has had plen-
ty of them this year it seems, doesn't
it? It was too bad they didn't go on
and crown Maymi queen, isn't it?
She surely did look pretty in white,
didn't she? and Worley and Doris
were something to rave about in
their green and yellow outfits. May-
be we can have the pleasure of see-
ing the ceremony sometime soon,
though.

And another thing—that Thanks-
giving candy! I've never seen so
much candy go to one house in my
life as went to that dormitory
Thanksgiving. I was down at the
drug store when Lois and Tommy
started out, and they both had plenty
of a load. I wanted to help them
take it up, but it seemed that they
wanted to have all the pleasure of
delivering it—But who could blame
them?

Climax, dear, those "sparklers" of
Ruby's and Carol's worry me—I be-
lieve there's something wrong in
Denmark, 'cause every time anybody
says anything about them they laugh.
—Wonder Why? I wouldn't want
my girl to consider an engagement as
a laughing matter at all. I wish they
would tell us just what it is all a-
bout so we could laugh too.

Denton and Carma certainly have
a bad case of it, don't they? It wor-
ries me sometimes for anybody to get
as serious as they are; I'm afraid
something might happen to mar such
perfect happiness and then that
would be to bad. And then there's

Grace and Mack that you forgot to
mention in your last letter. Mack's
mether certainly is sweet—No won-
der Mack has the reputation among
the girls of being such a sweet boy
—That's the way they call it. I
wish some of them would take pity
on us, Climax, and think that about
us. I think Mrs. Felts and Grace fell
in love with each other. But good-
ness gracious! neither of them can
be blamed.

Say, old kid, have you been dating
over at the girls' dormitory any late-
ly? I know I haven't seen you over
there the last two or three Sunday
nights;—and listen if you don't hur-
ry up there are not going to be any
girls over there for you to have,
'cause there are from fifteen to
twenty couples every Sunday night
and at that rate there soon won't be
any left. I have a good-looking girl,
don't you think? And believe me I
surely do feel honored getting to go
with her.—There's no need to ask
you, I know you envy me though the
Bible says not to.

I liked that match Sunday night
between Joan and George. I guess
you saw them at church. I hope
they keep going together.

Well, old boy, I know I must stop
and study or they will be shipping me
sure. Be sure to write me real soon.

'Til Niagara Falls,
Max

Editor's Note: If anybody has any
questions they want to ask about any
campus happenings, just write to
Max and Climax, in care of this pap-
er.

THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS!

Do you know that if you address a
letter to Santa Claus, Indiana, it
will be delivered? Instead of going
to the Dead Letter Office in Wash-
ington, your letter would travel to
the Post Office at Santa Claus, Indi-
ana; and if you wanted it remailed
back to somebody whom you wished
to believe in Santa Claus, it would
be sent on after being postmarked.

About eighty years ago, so it
seems, the name of this crossroads
place in Spencer County, southern
Indiana, was Santa Fe. But mail
for this town got mixed up with mail
for the other Santa Fe in northern
Indiana. So the name of the south-
ern Santa Fe was changed to Santa
Claus.

Some people write, asking if there
is really and truly a Santa Claus
Post Office. On getting a reply
that there is really and truly a San-
ta Claus Post Office, they send such
greetings to the postmaster as this:
"Merry Christmas! I'm sending you
our Christmas cards for remailing.
I'm putting a few cigars in the box
for you. I surely hope you smoke.
Thank you very much for helping me
out. I'm sure the postmarks will
give the children a big kick."

His cheeks were like roses, his nose
like a cherry;

His droll little mouth was drawn up
like a bow;

And the beard on his chin was as
white as the snow;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in
his teeth,

And the smoke, it encircled his head
like a wreath;

He had a broad face, and a little
round belly

That shook when he laughed, like a
bowl full of jelly.

He was chubby and plump; a right
jolly old elf,

And I laughed when I saw him, in
spite of myself.

anaphora Clement G. Moore

Everywhere Christmas Tonight

Christmas in lands of the fir tree and
pine,

Christmas in lands of the palm tree
and vine;

Christmas where snow peaks stand
solemn and white,

Christmas where cornfields lie sunny
and bright;

Everywhere, everywhere Christmas
tonight!

—Phillips Brooks

Christmas today has a two-fold sig-
nificance: the religious aspect, com-
memorating the birth of Christ, and
the social, festive side celebrating
the merry-making of many peoples.
Thus, being a holy day as well as a
(Continued on page 3)

THE TRI-COUNTY NEWS

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CAVALIER

(Continued from page 1)

And sitting there in front of the Cavalier she had not seen for years, Mayme felt all her love for him surging up within her; it frightened her; she had thought that was all past, dead, forgotten.

It so overwhelmed Mayme that she simply sat there and stared at Jeremy in an agony of silence.

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HENDERSON, TENN.

Service With a Smile

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JEWELERS

HENDERSON, TENN.

Prices Right On Christmas Gifts

New Styles

Most Anything for Gifts

Eliminate That Santa Claus Appearance

Come To

TUCKER'S BARBER SHOP

—And—

BEAUTY PARLOR

Henderson, Tenn.

"And now perhaps you are remembering many things," ventured Jeremy, smiling bitterly as Mayme nodded rather reluctantly. "And I wager you are remembering the masquerade at Whitehall, and how that no one ever knew you met me there and loved me then?"

Mayme gripped his arm; "But I still do . . . only no one knows . . . no one knows . . .!"

"And you are Villiers' wife. I have thought there must surely be some reason for it . . . why didn't you wait for me? . . . I told you I would return . . . I told you!"

Mayme's head fell; directly he heard her say in a whisper: "You see, I love John too; and he offered me love and peace . . . and you had only love to give me . . . oh why have you come back! I was happy . . .!"

Jeremy's smile was ironic. "I said I came to see you . . . but I really came to find if you had forgotten me . . . and now" he rubbed his cheek and laughed a little bitterly, "and now I wish I had not come."

But he did not say that he had staked his life to come; that at the very moment the Parliamentary soldiers were coming to find him. That fight in London had revealed him, and now he had given up his chance of escape by stopping at the manor-house. They would kill him; but that was of no consequence. The tragedy lay in what Mayme had just told him. She loved him . . . but she preferred peace! Somehow knowing it broke the Cavalier's heart.

Mayme saw the blood on his arm and knew he was hurt. "You must let me bandage your arm . . . stay here . . ." She went for clothes and water; Jeremy thought to protest, but decided to humor her. He said nothing about those more serious wounds in his side; they were past being helped anyway.

As Mayme bathed his arm, Jeremy removed the heavy, square turquoise ring from his finger; it dropped from his nerveless hand to the floor and remained unnoticed. "You must hide . . . in the tower room. No one ever goes there but me. John will be home soon and you must hide quickly!"

Jeremy seemed not to hear. Mayme raised his head and peered into his face, into his tired eyes. "Oh why didn't I think! You need food! I'll get some wine . . ." She hurried from the room, but when she returned, the Cavalier was gone. A trail of blood led to the hall windows; one of them was open. The blood led across the park; Mayme followed it and his footprints for a few yards; soon the falling snow would obliterate it all forever. The thought chilled Mayme's heart. She returned to the hall and closed the window; to try to find him was useless and would only result fatally to him. She returned to the fire and sat down mechanically. How long she remained motionless, she knew not. The sound of her husband's arrival roused her. She saw Jeremy's turquoise lying on the floor. As she went to meet John she put the massive ring in the bosom of her dress.

Later, much later that night, some soldiers came with the dead Cavalier to claim the reward. They said they killed him, but it was not so; Jeremy was dead, lying in the snow across the park, when they found him. Mayme lived with John many years; she was a good wife and mother, but one thing she never told her husband about the Cavalier. And every Christmas Eve, she always prayed for the repose of the dead man's soul. It was only when she died, an old lady, that they found Jeremy's turquoise on a fine chain, around her throat, hanging over her heart where she had worn it in secret.

Who knows but that somewhere, somehow, the Cavalier knew it and was pleased?

SANTA CLAUS!

(Continued from page 2)

reverent, at times gay, and the method of commemoration varies according to the land in which the feast is celebrated.

The American heritage of Christmas customs has come from Europe; our Christmas tree had its origin in

Germany; our Santa Claus came from Holland; the Christmas stockings (sabots) from Belgium or France; while "Merry Christmas!" was the old English greeting shouted from window to street. From England, too, comes the beautiful practice of carol singing, the use of holly and mistletoe, and the genial, hearty spirit of merry-making.

—Selected

FREED-HARDEMAN

COLLEGE SONG

By Ealon V. Wilson

"ALL HAIL! TO F. H. C."

1. All Hail! To Thee Freed-Hardeman, We Love Thy Worthy Name, Thru-cut The World in Every Land We'll Sing Thy Matchless Fame;

To Thee We Lift Our Voice in Praise, Our Song Shall Ever Be, We Love Thy Sacred Dignity, All Hail! To F. H. C.

2. We Love The Names of Those Who Gave, Such Consecrated Hearts, To Build a School to Teach God's Word, His Love to Us Imparts; Thy Walls are Sacred to Us Now, And Humble be Thy Head, Thy Halls Re-echo Thru' the Years, The Name of One Who's Dead.

3. All Hail! to Thee Freed-Hardeman, Thy Aim and Purpose Grand, To Fill the Earth With Truth Divine, Of Christ, on Sea and Land; And so For All Thy Righteousness, We Love Thee and Adore, Thy President and Faculty, All Hail! For-ever-more.

Chorus— All Hail! All Hail! All Hail! All Hail! All Glory be to Thee, In Loud Acclaim, We Praise Thy Name, All Hail! to F. H. C.

"YE SHALL KNOW THEM BY"

1. A red sweater—"Herbie" Spain.
2. "Oh Boy!"—Maurie Stafford.
3. The perfect wave—Grace Peal.

4. Joel 1:8—Norris Hall.
5. A fatal line—Jonnie Eubanks.
6. Ladies' shoes—Paul Henderson.

7. "Wottaman"—Moon Mullins.
8. "I suis"—Gertie Phifer.
9. Special Delivery—Carol and Kathleen Richie.

10. Sheffield—James Finney.
11. That "Iwantokissyou" look—Louis Hardesty.

12. Roberts' pears—Article Hayes.
13. "Standing up" girls—Truman Carney.

14. Dry Cleaning—Roy Hendrix.
15. Licorice—John Hines.

16. Charlie Mo'—Rebecca Burkhead.
17. Norval Payne—Carrie Winstead.

18. "I Can't Get Mississippi off My Mind"—Denton Neal.
19. Well, I don't know but I can look it up.—LeRoy Miller.

20. Big preacher—Alton Maner.
21. "B. H. S."—Camille Harde-

man.
22. A drumming good time—Ray McCormick.

23. Moonlight tennis—Bosey Fuller.
24. Something "Tiny"—Elton Deacon.

25. "Free" "Spinach"—T. A. Vernon.
26. "Doc's" prescription—Joanne Willis.

27. A Male Congregation (Sat. nights)—La Velle Hodges.
28. Holsberry blossom—Le Flore Johnson.

29. Stringing girls—Lon Varnell.
30. "I'm starving"—Rube Hols-

berry.
31. Love of Spanish History—Doris Cook.

32. Broad shoulders—Cecil Anderson.
33. Luke 1:1—Velma Terry.

34. "I like you in that"—James Horton.
35. "Smile, Darn Ya, Smile"—Helen Newman.

"When Noah sailed the waters blue He had his troubles, same as you. For forty days he drove the ark Before he found a place to park."

"IN WONDEROUS MERRY MOOD"

"I went to a masquerade the other night, And in a state of bliss. I gave my girl a great big hug And found she was my sis."

She doesn't smoke; She doesn't booze; She doesn't paint; She doesn't rouge; She doesn't kiss; She doesn't pet; She's fifty-eight— And single yet!

Mr. Folwell—What is a relief map? Benny Cook—Iva Mae's face after looking at you all day.

College girl's motto: If the shoe fits ——— borrow it.

Thomas Spain—I was just shaved by a barber who wasn't a gentleman. Mac Felts—What makes you think he wasn't a gentleman?

Thomas—Well, it was a lady barber.

Mr. Brigance—Mrs. Wilson has a wonderful husband. Mrs. Brigance—How's that?

Mr. Brigance—He helps her do most of the work. Monday he washed dishes with her. Tuesday he dusted with her. Tomorrow, he is going to mop the floor with her.

Maymi sat across the desk from me writing a letter. Unconsciously my glance wandered to her paper. It opened "Dearest J. B."

I thought how fortunate J. B. was. I envied him.

She finished that letter and started another. I noticed the same affectionate salutation, this time "Dearest Doc". I wondered if someone was so fortunate after all.

She started another letter—I didn't envy that boy.

Carol Ritchie- I'd like some soap please. Thomas Jester- Cara Nume is just the thing for that delicate peach blossom complexion.

Carol- It's not soft soap I want.

Dr. Norris- Young man, can you support my daughter in the manner to which she is accustomed?

Denton Neal- Yes sir. You see I use Listerine tooth paste and the saving is something wonderful.

Mr. Carney- What does a kiss on the ear denote?

Alton Maner- It denotes that the girl dodged.

Dew Drop- Did you have a nice time at the party.

W. B.- Well, I had a nice party at the time.

Nell- I don't like to ride with you. You're too reckless.

Luke- We have had some pretty tight squeezes, haven't we?

A traffic cop was busy directing traffic when he saw a man beckon to him. After holding up 12 trucks a taxi and 4 autos he got to his side.

Cop- What is it?

Cecil Wright- I just wanted to tell you that your number is the number of my favorite hymn.

Tom Butler- I've no use for that fellow.

Robert Casey- What's the matter with him?

Tom- He's the sort of chap that pats you on the back before your face and hits you in the eye behind your back.

Glen Kent: "I was sorry for your wife in church this morning when she had a terrific attack of coughing and everyone turned to look at her."

Coach Johnson: "You needn't worry about that. She was wearing her new fall hat."

Petty: "I drove so fast the trees appeared like a fence."

Eugene: "I drove so fast that the milestones made a stonewall."

Paul: "I went so fast that I could see the number on the back of my car."

"Dear Lord," prayed Rubye Holsberry, "I don't ask anything for myself, but please send Mother a son-in-law."

R. T. ROBBINS

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"In Wondrous Merry Mood"

"Isn't she the prettiest thing you
ever saw?" said Mrs. Powers as she
pinched Joanne's cheek.

"All young babies are like monk-
eys", replied Mr. Powers.

Just then a neighbor came in and
exclaimed, "Mercy on me! I never
saw a baby more like its father than
this child is."

"Yes", said Miss Penn, "I was
sorry to reject Mr. Hogg. He's a
mighty fine fellow, but I simply
couldn't bear the idea of seeing my
marriage announced under the head-
ing, Hogg-Penn."

Bobby Johnson (over telephone)
"Hello. Who is this?"

Coach (recognizing son's voice)
"The smartest man in the world."

Bobby: "Pardon me. I have the
wrong number."

Question: When do the leaves be-
gin to fly?

Answer: The night before ex-
aminations.

"Father! Oh, father!" excitedly
called Mac Roland. "There's a man
on the porch who would give any-
thing in the world to see you."

"Who is it, son?" asked Prof.
Roland.

"It's a blind man," calmly replied
Mac.

Wanted—Experienced housekeep-
er; good wages; two in family; good
referee essential. Apply to Lowell
Woodward, Paul Gray Hall, Hender-
son, Tennessee

Have you heard the latest song?
We suppose its the latest because
Lloyd has been singing it, and every-
one knows he isn't a back number.
Tune in, Folks, and let's see what it
is. Here we are:

"Divorced are Mr.
And Mrs. Howell,
He wip'd his car
With her guest towel."

Benny Cook: "My girl reminds
me of the Liberty Bell."

Spain: "How's that—independ-
ent?"

Benny: "No—cracked."

Mrs. Woodward: (Formerly Es-
ther Peal) "I want a revolver—for
my husband."

Clerk: "Did your husband say
what make of revolver?"

Mrs. Woodward: "No, but I don't
think that matters. He doesn't
even know I'm going to shoot him."

Doris: "You're the last man I ex-
pect to marry."

Spain: "How many are there
ahead of me?"

I. N. Roland: "This makes the
fifth time I have punished you this
week. What have you to say?"

Robert E. Lee: "I'm glad it's Sat-
urday, sir."

Prof. Hardeman: "Have I time to
say good-by to my wife?"

Conductor: "I don't know, sir;
how long have you been married?"

THE SECOND THIRD

(Continued from page 1)
an enviable record this year.

Only a few more days until the
holidays begin. Then we shall sepa-
rate for awhile, but return to our
work the twenty-ninth. Of course,
all will be glad to get home, but as
our President says, "we shall be glad
to get back to Freed-Hardeman."

REVIVAL AT F. H. C.

(Continued from page 1)
sed around again that caused Adam
and Eve to realize their nakedness."
Other interesting lessons came
from such subjects as: "The Gospel
of Paul," "The Birthday of the
Church," "The Church Lost and
Found," "Sins of Ingratitude," "The
Holy Spirit and What it does," "Re-
pentance," "Fools," "A Message
From Hell to Those Who Are on the
Way."

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But Wasted Time is Wasted.

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But What You SAVE."

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