The Campus Growler

Volume 2
Dayton, Tennessee, Saturday, November 4, 1933
Number 2

The Bryan Echo

Benson Gets Bryan Annual Contract

Mr. Leech, representative of the Benson Printing Company, was at Bryan making arrangements for the printing of the 1933-34 annual, which is being sponsored by the Senor Class. A financial goal of five hundred dollars has been set and work has already been started.

STUDENT COUNCIL

On Saturday morning, October 7, the chapel period was turned over to the student body for the organization of the Student Council. After much electioneering and many spirited campaign speeches the following students emerged victorious.

Pres., Franklin H. Bennett; vice-pres., Sybil translation; sec., Miss Virginia Kohut; parliamentarian, Ernest Tolver; representative from student body, G. Harold Tadlock. In addition to these officers the Student Council is composed of the president and vice-president of each class. The Council has been busy formulating plans for the development and regulation of all student activities. They also have pledged themselves to a major role in supporting plans for the development of the organization, Mr. Lloyd E. Fish was elected president and Miss Agnes Copeland was given the honor of being vice-president. Other officers are Helen Limburg, secretary; Sybil Look, treasurer; Roland McInlay, chaplain; G. Harold Tadlock, parliamentarian; Herbert Bramley and Bill Daugherly, sergeants-at-arms, and Professor C. A. Montoya, faculty advisor.

The meeting was called to order by Ralph Toller, chairman of the nominating committee that was appointed to fix upon the officers.

Mr. Fish promised the society a meeting next Monday night before which the executive committee would convene and deliberate on plans and policies for the new organization for the year.

A name has not yet been chosen for the society.

HALLOWEEN BANQUET

A Halloween Banquet was given by the Edworth League of the First Presbyterian Church for league members on the evening of Thursday, November 2. It was one of the most successful and best attended banquets held in Dayton this year. Mr. Ralph Cline was toastmaster. Decorations in the form of beautiful autumn leaves adorned the banquet room.

During the course of the meal the following program was interwoven:

3. Interlude, Mr. Charles Prusack.
4. Piano Solo, Miss Wilkey.
5. Cantata, Mr. R. Russel.
7. Cantata, Miss Gallogly.
8. Vocal Solo, R. Tibbs Maxey, Jr.

Each person was invited to give a toast. After these a series of cross questions and answers kept the multitude in an uproar. Let's have more such affairs.

M. E. PASTOR GIVES CHAPEL TALK

Dr. Currens has kindly consented to go over the current Sunday School lesson every week with those who have Sunday School classes. For want of a better word, such interested could get together. Thursday morning from 4:30 to 5:00 o'clock Monday afternoon. See him in the office.

"Blow Your Horn!" is a comedy in three acts and was written by Howard Reed. The scene is a hot dog stand on the State Highway.

DR. CURRENS WILL SPEAK TO S. S. TEACHERS

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New Literary Society

A new literary society was formed at Bryan U. Monday, October 30. A new organization for the year, Mr. Lloyd E. Fish was elected president and Miss Agnes Copeland was given the honor of being vice-president. Other officers are Helen Limburg, secretary; Sybil Look, treasurer; Roland McInlay, chaplain; G. Harold Tadlock, parliamentarian; Herbert Bramley and Bill Daugherly, sergeants-at-arms, and Professor C. A. Montoya, faculty advisor.

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STUDENTS TO HAVE REGULAR PRAYER SERVICE

Some good singer has said that "Prayer changes things." Most of us would probably agree with the statement, but most of us, too, do not act as though we believed it, for we believe it, though we believe it, for we do not act as though we believed it, for we believe it, though we believe it, for we do not act as though we believed it, for we believe it.

An inspiration that came "on the wing" led a group of students to consider the idea of making prayer a more effective and realistic part of our everyday life.

The result was—a prayer room. Not very beautiful to look at, for it is merely a former lab room which is at present in use by students as an open room into which students may come at any hour to pray, singly or in groups.

There is no organization, nor is there any contemplated; by common agreement, fifteen minute prayer meetings (and they are just that) are held on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of each week; but the spirit of prayer, by its very nature, must be spontaneous and untrammeled, and so it is that the utmost informality rules in this matter.

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The Dayton Dramatic Club is a new organization in Dayton, brought into existence as an outgrowth of the activities of the Sewell Society. The Club has been selected by Prof. Ryther as a new organization for the year. The Club will promote amateur plays of the highest type. The present aim is to produce four or more plays each year, each produced and put on by local people only.

"Rosaline," a musical comedy of the Sewell Company, was presented by the club October 26th. The club will present the acting of a high order.

Official organization of the Dayton Dramatic Club was completed October 30th. A constitution was presented and accepted, officers elected, and plans laid for a play to be presented just before Christmas. The officers chosen are: president, Helene Dennis; vice-president, Zopila Russell, secretary; Miss Yancy, treasurer. The remaining members are Marian Woolen, Franklin Bennett, Royal F. Tillman. Others will be taken in at the next meeting of the club. The club is not a University project, but a Dayton affair with Dayton people.
PRAYER IN OUR SCHOOL LIFE

One man has said that God answers all prayer. Sometimes he says yes, sometimes no, and sometimes he lets efficiently back these offi-
speakers for society officers have ward for his hard work—more

time was had by all," especially

practicous.

writer brings us this testimony heareth us. Furthermore the same

student body look forward to an-

ly completion of the university
every woman. Let us each one in-

of spirit. Let every man be a

cicials with effervescent fervency

ceased their orating and the of-

company of Roland McInay.

evening of the big election in the

Amy, the campus vamp; Reed, the

have something more to announce.

have just announced that some

you find Imogene, also.

mandments and do the things that

from his own experiences. "And

read that if we ask anything ac-

the true answer to this question.

"Wait awhile." But the work has

it. Then let us all rise up and

the blood of old inter-society bat-
tle from his or her particular to-

awk, and let's smoke the pipe of

peace, if we do choke a bit at

Then let us fix our aim accord-

- in- to the will of God. Let us

prayerfully endeavor to keep His

commandments and do the things that

are pleasing in His sight.

With these ideals we can hope to

achieve our highest goal through

pray.

WHAT I MEAN IS

By Sleevy

Wherever you find Virginia, you find Imogene, also.

Mr. Margrave and Miss Smith have just announced that some-
time in the near future they will have something more to announce.

Some of our campus notables could be summed up like this:

Amy, the campus vamp; Reed, the

mouthpiece of the Freshman class;

Marry, the beautiful; Mary Lois,

the lovable, and Tolvor, the sus-

picious.

Hallowe'en can be summed up by that trite old phrase, "a good
time was had by all," especially

the dog.

"Jumbo" enjoyed the Monday

evening of the big election in the

company of Roland McInay.

Statement of the Selection of the

most notable result was Bill's re-

ward for his hard work—more

hard work.

Now that the various stump

speakers for society officers have ceased their orating and the of-

ficials have begun officiating, let's efficiently back these offi-
cials in their efficacious and spirit

Let every man be a

man and act like one, as well as

every woman. Let us each one in-

dividually and separately wip-

of meeting the King and Queen of Siam. The group was later en-
tertained by an old fashioned candy pull.

It was indeed a sight to watch

girls and boys pulling away

on the candy so that it might be

camped as soon as possible. For

some of the guests this was the

first candy pulling experienced

and one certainly would know it

by observing them. Those that

were present to enjoy the enter-

tainment were: Misses Virginia

Kohout, Frances Robinson and

Margaret Smith; Messrs. G. Harold

taddle, F. H. Bennett, Tibbs

Maxey, Jr., W. T. Margraves, John
de Rosseti, S. D. Hodges and

Roy Robinson and Lloyd Fish.

Many thanks to the hostesses for

the delightful evening.

BITS OF HUMOR

Senior Mantyla—'I tell you John

Hair, fleas are black.

John—'Not, neither, "cause it

says here in my book, "Senorita

had a little lamb; its fleas as white

as snow."

Miss Yaney—Catty, my Dear—'

I hate the very sight of them. I

had a sweet little canary and

some cat got that. I had a per-

fect parrot—some cat got him.

I had a sweethearth and, oh, don't

mention cats to me!

Helen L.—Can you imagine

anything worse than being a corn

stall and having your ears pulled

by a cat?

Arlabette L.—How about being

a potato with your eyes full of
dirt.

Thelma L.—Or a chair with

short legs and a broken back.

Bill Dougherty—Dad, you are a

lucky man.

Mr. Dougherty—How is that?

Bill—You won't have to buy me

any schoolbooks this year. I'm

taking all of last year's work over

again.

"Shorty"—Have you given the

Coldfish fresh water today?

"Pete"—No, they haven't fin-

ished the water I gave them yet-

der day yet.

Dr. Austin and John de Rosseti

are advocates of inflation.

Sam Scott attended "Knights"

school all week. He is majoring in

apple separation.

Miss Louise Godsey took ad-

vantage of the excursion to Chi-

cago last week-end.

Prof. Ryther: Your composition

should be written so that even the

most stupid person can understand it.

Ted: Yes, Sir. What part don't you

understand?
HALLOWE’EN PARTY

On October 31, the occupants of the Octagon delightfully entertained the student body with a Hallowe’en party. The Octagon was decorated in Hallowe’en colors and leaves and pumpkins. It was reported that all who applied for admission to their famous transforming machine into the nature of whatever they wanted to become. However a maiden lady Miss Susie Smith, (Harold Tadlock) was too much for the machine and completely destroyed it.

Another feature was a room in which the Daughters’ famous bear was on display. The prize for the bear contest went to Miss Rudd. Congratulations Mr. Rudd. Mr. Montoya was very much worried at the time, because the spooks had spirited away his bear but quickly found it under the pavilion with about any flats.

Refreshments were served at 9:30 around a campfire after which a number of songs were sung and then followed the moonlight walk home, or if you rode pumping on tires before there was the pleasure of riding. Just ask John De Rosset.

The success of the party was largely due to the untiring efforts of Miss McMurry and the student bodies giving her its hearty thanks for this evening of entertainment.

VISITING THE LONDON OF 1603

Having visited the mouth of the Thames, the father of England’s commercial waters, and having seen in Canterbury the shrine of that faithful architect of Henry II—the shrine to which Caesar’s Pilgrims are riding as they tell their Canterbury Tales—let us embark on the good ship Donnie Beth and sail up the Thames to London. There we shall forget that it is 1933, and moving from place to place, shall live again in the London of 1603.

Had we embarked a little earlier, we might have witnessed the gorgeous and seemingly endless funeral of good Queen Bess, might even have visited the royal palace, expecting, perhaps, to see the glories that were Elizabeth, only to find the entire interior of the palace dranied in jet black. But as we did not arrive in time, we must content ourselves with moving about the city that was.

Disembarking from the Bonnie Beth at Whitefriars, we at last secure a coach and come to our or less satisfactory agreement with its driver, unresponsive and unfriendly who speaks a tongue quite like our own, though apparently somewhat foreign, heading up to conclude a short and almost futile conversation that surely we have met, in the flesh, one of Defoe’s Trueborn Englishmen.

Into the coach we climb and, sitting on seats badly in need of cushions, bump jolt and perk up the narrow lane to Fleet Street, on which, if our minds play not false—and they might well do so, for it has been years since last we spent delightful hours with the sweetness of Richard Carvel—is the future home of Miss Dorothy Manners, of America.

As we ride East, gazing in wonder at the houses overlooking the street like great slanding trees, we approach what appears to be a large gate. “It is Ludgate,” remarks our guide with a great of disgust at our all too apparent ignorance, and after many questions and numerous similar guides we learn that we are passing through the great wall of London and that there are other gates—Newgate, Aldergate, Cripplegate, Storgegate, Bishopsgate—through which the church dignitaries are wont to enter and leave the city—and Aldergate, leading to White Chapel, now a small suburb in which laborers live. In later years it will become the home of those who live by picking purses and, of those who will, for a “alrty sum, rid the earth of one, Lord Hinchley, who has recently refused to give our Lord Bur’ggr the wall, thereby grossly insulting him.

Of the wall itself we learn scarcely anything. Built some time after 45 A.D., when the Romans began their four hundred year occupation of England, it is a mile two and three-quarter miles long, enclosing a little over nine acres of land. Apparently not kept in repair by the Britons after the eoxus of the Roman forces it was easily entered by the Terontic hordes, who took possession of.

(Continued on page four)
an almost deserted city, now London, then Augusta. Since then we feel sure it was at one time repaired by Alfred the Great. We are most certain now that it has been repaired again. As many places it has quite disappeared; in others it has been completely grown over by houses, even as morning glory covered the side of the house, and as the morning glory covered the back fence at home.

But it is all the more interesting for this, and we follow it around to eastern extremity, where we are told the 

The decaying railroad tracks from the factory board by the servants, or grapes, for the most part dried up, and a vast smell fills the air. But our sense of smell is so bemused by the scent of cypress that we do not notice the odor of filthy rushes for rushes cannot be scrubbed. And to be quite honest, the odor that is most extravagantly rich can afford the luxury of an engaged one, and even the most refined woman can find it more convenient to use perfume. After all, water is scarce to obtain, taken from the Thames and transported through open conduits to central London. So we enter the London Exchange, the commercial center of London.