

Mrs. Govan Addresses Students And Faculty

BY CHARLOTTE STEPHENSON

"Once upon a time there lived a woman who had an eleven-room house, three children, and one husband. This particular woman was a recognized author of children's books and when she went to colleges to speak to the students she never ate a large breakfast because she felt that she couldn't perform as well." With that setting Mr. Knox McCharen introduced Mrs. Christine Noble Govan to the MSC student body recently.

For an hour Mrs. Govan in her informal, charming style told the students and faculty about books, both children's and mystery, as seen from the view of a writer and a mother.

The writer brought a vigorous applause from her audience when she made answer to Mr. James' question as to whether or not Shakespeare should be taught in high school. In response to this much debated problem she said, "I don't think high school students

should be required to have Shakespeare. Instead those boys and girls should be given a thorough background of the time in which the poet lived through colorful books. The students must be built up to an appreciation of the Shakespearean drama."

Upon further discussion of the subject Mrs. Govan expressed the opinion that "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare" are desirable reading in that they are literature within themselves. She continued by saying that often times before going to see a performance of one of the Shakespearean dramas she would pick up a copy of Lamb's stories and reread the plot of the play.

The speaker is a well-known writer of children's books which she publishes under her own name. She says of these books, "Children's books are easy to read but hard to write because the field is so full. Then, too, boys and girls aren't like adults who read books because they are on the "best seller" lists. Children want books which have a real interest for them."

The author of "Those Plumber Children" reminded her listeners that authors should keep close to life in their writing. Some writers go into a mental coma and come out with a book which they have hatched out. The best books are those which are written for the author's joy without regard to what the public is going to think about it. A pleasant hour spent with Mrs. Govan's juvenile books, which are seven in number, are evidence enough that she has practiced as well as spoken in this way.

Among her books are "Those Children," "Sweet Possum Valley," "The House With the Echo," "Judy and Chris," "String and the No-Tail Cat," "Narcissus An' de Chil-lun," and "Five at Ashefield." Her books offer wholesome reading for juveniles and for those interested in juveniles. An introduction to their author lends them even more enjoyment for the reader.

-MORE ABOUT-

BY BERNIE
(Continued from Page Two)

HOW to dust the furniture.
With a dust rag!

HOW to remember that P. O. combination.

Use your head or a hammer instead!

HOW to get a lot of Christmas presents this year.

Buy them as usual you dope!

HOW to run your own business and not somebody else's.

Observe the closing by-laws, orally speaking (that's putting it nicely).

HOW to stop worrying about the future.

Regard today as yesterday's tomorrow, enjoy it then, then the thought of tomorrow won't disturb you today!

HOW to go crazy.

By reading stuff like this!

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MUSIC NOTES

By BETTY BERRY

Highlight in the STC music world during the last few weeks were the concerts given by the Girls' and boys' Glee Clubs. On November 7, the boys put on an excellent program. There were four numbers, by the entire club, one of which was arranged by Horton Tarpley in his usual "end-it-on-a-la" style and featured the thrilling tenor voice of a newcomer to our campus, Wilson Patton. Bob Womack, of the freshman class, sang "My Rosary." In the instrumental line, we heard a trombone trio arranged by Scotty Dill and a clarinet quintet under the influence of Larry Richards. Larry, Horton, and Johnny De-George rendered "Dark Eyes" on violin, piano, and vibraphone in an original style. Bernard Goldfeather made his debut as accompanist.

A week later the girls and the orchestra gave a concert consisting of several unpronounceable arrangements; of the glee club numbers were: "Southern Moon," "Moonlight Lake of the Isle," and a novelty number, "The Cookoo Clock."

The Music Department Banquet has been postponed until next quarter.

Thanksgiving Day the band will be at T. P. I. to back up the team with lung power exerted through instruments and in plain old yelling. They also drilled at the Union game played here yesterday.

Musically inclined alumni of STC have scattered to the four winds. Petey Dill and Primo McMurray are both teaching in Nashville. Petey at East High and Primo at Litton. George Fox has just graduated from Randolph Field; James Hewgley is in the Naval Reserve at Chicago; Orby Moore is in camp at Barksdale Field, Shreveport, Alabama; Bill Neely is at Uvalde Field, Montgomery, Alabama; and Tommy Meadows is in the University of Tennessee dental school at Memphis, Tennessee.

WAA Eats Fowl "Rough It" On Walking Trip

BY CAROLYN ADAMS

The twenty girls that went on the WAA hike last week end had a fine time they won't ever forget. This was the first on the hiking schedule for the year planned by the hike sponsor, Fran Love.

Members of the WAA and people interested in becoming members made up the party. The plan was to make every minute just as much a camping adventure as possible. Dressed in slacks, riding pants, lumber jackets, coats and such, the twenty girls started at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon, November 15, and walked every step of the nine miles to Miss Tommie Reynold's cabin located near Rucker. She drove on ahead and took the food and blankets. The walk was most eventful. They were served Coco Colas by Christy and Huggins as they passed the bottling plant. They next witnessed an Army Convoy returning to Camp Forrest. Some found hickorynuts and walnuts (one person even "found" a pear tree) and what did Vivian Crowell do but almost fall in the creek.

Just after dark the destination was reached, and that food really was good that the supper committee served. Water had to be carried from a farm nearby and lamps were used for lighting. After supper, cards and other games were enjoyed.

The religious life was not overlooked because almost everyone went to church Sunday morning at Mars Hill Church of Christ. It can never be said of this group that they go to church just to show off their new clothes.

The group returned Sunday afternoon. The members of the party were Fran Love, Jean Smith, Dorothy Fagan, Vivian Crowell, Lucille Tittsworth, Helen Wise, Marjorie Astroth, Mary Hamblen, Jessie DePriest, Mable Bowling, Mary Ann Zumbro, Ruth Allen, Betsy McCampbell, Carolyn Adams, Betty Berry, Imogene Norman, Annie Ruth Moss, Wilma Batey, Rachel Atkinson, and Sara Lloyd.

P.S. We had fried chicken for dinner.

(Editor's note: What farmer has missed some chickens?)

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Optometrist

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Side-Lines Slander Shark Scoops Marriage Of Bobby McClintock

Gossip is getting harder to find on this campus than it is to pass one of Miss Green's tests. However, we'll sling the slander as we see it, though I do wish the girls in Rutledge wouldn't keep their affairs so secret.

Wonder why Billy Cartwright asked Tom Suddarth if he had a date Tuesday night? He wasn't trying to find out if E. Carroll had a date or not, was he? Must be, for he carried her to the shuffle in the gym.

H. Reasonover seems to find Fran Hall's company all that could be desired. I don't blame you, Hunter. Johnnie De George has finally decided that he needs an usher to show him about, so the task is definitely Jane's.

Bill Ross and Ida were a scream last night at the Sophomore Social as Daisy Mae and Lil Abner, but it seems that Ida didn't have to chase him.

Mostly Misses: It hasn't been announced yet, but congratulations to Bobby McClintock on his marriage last week end. Best wishes Bobby! Will Jo Conn ever settle down? I hope not, for variety makes gossip. Moody Bain, Bill Burkett, Rol Brown and others are all seeing her, while her heart is supposed to have been left at home for safe-keeping . . . Katy, you and James Craig get out of that corner. . . I see that Mac Quarles has again invaded the campus, this time for a date with ee Adams . . . Young and Jackson is a combination that has come into its own since the last issue . . . Look, you Blalocks, you're supposed to leave the towels at the Hotel when you leave, as the Blue Raiders will Tell You.

This year finds more Woo Wagons on the campus than ever before, with T. Towne's "Maude," Burkett's "A" Model, Phillip's "T," Brandon's "Thrasher," and several more providing plenty of means of fun and FROLIC.

This week's nomination: A transfer from Cumberland, Hewlette Burton, by name, is a roomer at Rutledge, and a very attractive one at that. She is a cousin to Sam P. and lately she has Maury Smart sitting up and taking notice, as well as "Golden Rod."

That genial ASB president has it, but who could blame him for making three trips to Shelbyville last week, especially when you know that he goes to see that girl who sits really tops, Jane Ross.

One of the outstanding students has now laid himself open for our remarks. Glad to see you cooperate so well, Red.

"Red" Hanson is pretty smart in class, but he is even smarter in campusology, as his taste is pretty dog gone good. What have you got to say, "Cissy"?

Margaret Taylor was glad to see Ronald Fields come up for a visit, but take it from me, that freshman football player has the inside track.

Wonder why Hulsey Farrell has Olga Sims telephone number written on his wall in the dorm? I believe that I could remember that one Farrell.

"Hut Sut" seems to be able to dare plenty. Wonder why he doesn't dare that town girl (a high school student) more often?

And now, with a bit of advice in Spanish, to wit,
"Preparen para manana."
I'll close with,
Hasta Mas Tarde!

Yesterday's issue of the Daily News Journal contains an open letter addressed to me. It insinuates that I write the Side-Lines gossip strip. Here is the letter and my reply. . . Amen
Letter to Cunningham

My Dear Mr. Cunningham:
Having no money for postage, I'm taking this means to write you in regard to the information you promised me in the last issue of "The Side-Lines."

Why is it you'd like to see me just once? A girl as silly as me should rate two looks at the minimum.

Why does Moody Bain want to "whip" me? That's a compliment. If he wanted to "beat" me, I'd consider myself a bad EGG but since he wants to "whip" me I must be the CREAM of the crop.

Now that the football season is over, why doesn't Bain cast aside his modesty and admit that there's a runner in his socks?

Why do S.T.C. boys think I have it in for them and don't like them? I haven't met a girl (human) yet who doesn't like boys, and I'm no exception.

My fifth and last question is "Why do you boys read such 'stuff' as this column, anyway. My English teacher won't let me read such literature.

So long,
JENNIE.
To Jennie and all her cohorts:
Am forwarding a three cent

stamp, it took six lollypops from the staff but a charitable deed makes us feel good at all times.

Did the Slander column say I wanted to see you? I know where TCW is, I pass it every day.

Even cream goes sour after a few days ageing.

You should see Moody handle a needle, he can stop his own runners, or do his own investigating and find what he wants—he doesn't have to be told.

My dear Jennie—you may wonder why our males have it in for you. Do you remember calling the boys of this section unmade beds? Well they do!!!

As to your fifth and last question—We didn't say that our gossip and student interest column was written by a male, that is your own concoction. We do read your column, but only when we can't sleep and want something to put us into our slumbers.

Til we meet again,
Jack Cunningham, Editor
The Side-Lines

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