

November 10, 1932

Te-Hi



News

ESTABLISHED OCTOBER, 1928

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Published every week in the school year by the staff of the Te-Hi News without subscription. Vol. 1, No. 1, May 4, 1932.

Printed in The Greenleaf Press Co., Inc.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1932

TARDINESS

Tenney High seems to be afflicted with a rather tired student body. This does not mean or insinuate that you are tired as far as your brain work is concerned, but this little matter of reaching school a few moments after the eight o'clock bell has rung.

This may seem a trivial matter until you look into the delay and work it causes and also the reputation cast upon the school, also yourself. This tardiness interferes with the precision with which a school must be managed and impedes the daily progress inasmuch as it makes work for all concerned. Slips, records, and lists of daily attendance have to be made out, which increases the work of school routine, not mentioning its potentialities of becoming a school problem.

Work takes time and time is money.

Of course we realize that outside interest must be taken into consideration. The chief problem of modern society seems to be that of disposing of leisure time, but why let our side interests interfere with our punctuality?

We grant you that sleeping is a wonderful form of recreation. In fact, one of the best but why be a glutton. You can sleep for the rest of your life, but school lasts only a short time. Maybe you feel you do not get enough sleep, maybe that is the cause of some of the lateness; well why not start saying good night a little sooner; this would give us extra five minutes of sleep that is so nice to have.

It has never occurred to us that five minutes of leisure was a fair exchange for over an hour of confinement in a class of detention.

As a word to the wise, we would say this tardiness causes unnecessary work, and unnecessary work causes a decline in one's usually good spirit, and this is a discomfiture all around. So why not make school a pleasure by saving all this trouble and at the same time improve the school and our own scholastic records.

As a remedy for this tardiness, why not start our days just ten minutes earlier. Try it!

The Innocent Bystander

If you're interested in seeing an almost infallible test of who has a crooked streak and who is honest through and through, just watch a boy's gym class for half an hour or so.

In the gym classes they play a game that has an uncanny way of showing up the undercover gypers. The class is divided up into two parts and sent to opposite ends of the gym. Then they bombard each other with basketballs; as soon as a player is hit he's supposed to quit, and the game goes on until one side is wiped out.

With 80 or 90 howling kids prancing and cowering, and basketballs filling the air, one boy is lost in the shuffle and it's mighty easy for him to gyp if he's the kind who wants to. And it's also easy for a sharp-eyed watcher on the side-lines to pick out most of the gypers.

If you want to detect some of them, just watch closely what goes on in the territory up against the wall, where the mob is thickest and everyone is so intent on dodging balls that he pays no attention to what anyone else is doing.

If you watch for very long you'll see a boying ball touch somebody; and then you'll notice that the fellow who was hit glances around to see if anyone has noticed, and then goes on playing. That is, if he's one of those who isn't troubled by a sense of ethics or fair play.

And often you'll observe this: somebody will be hit when he's out in the open—and everybody sees that he's hit, so he quits. But watch him as he stands on the sidelines; after a while, when he thinks no one is looking, he'll sneak back into the game.

He's the one who gets a higher mark than you do on the test because he cheats when he doesn't know the answer; who finds your lost textbook and doesn't return it; who breaks open your locker or steals your bike. He's one of those who will be a little crooked all their lives.

And while we're on the subject, we think it's just time somebody warned the faculty adepts against a certain student who for years has been active in the business management of several organizations. This fellow makes a business out of dipping into club treasuries to which he has access.

What prominent upperclassman is always allowed by littering and slapping of verbs among the junior high kids as soon as he turns his back?

Don't think, just because you never hear much about them, that there aren't lots of students in the junior high school worth reading bout. They have just as colorful personalities down there as they do up in the rarefied atmosphere of the third floor.

There's Red De Biasio, for instance. He's one of the best basketball players in the school, junior or senior. Gingery, fast as a flash and a lead shot for the basket, this halfpint is going to be the big star of this season's junior high basketball team.

Someone who's interesting is a different way—a certain kid who has an Irish face and a Polish name, and who usually wears a bright green sweater. He may get his face pushed in soon. His favorite pastime is taunting and man-licking every senior he meets. No verbal retort can quell him, and more than one upperclassman has been driven wild by this gaffy. Several actually have taken weak punches at him, but they usually miss. However, we wouldn't be surprised to see some dignified senior explode soon and really go for the kid.

HEARTS and DARTS

By MARY MC DEATH

Often in the past week, here at home, in some of the nests been disturbed in this—this—this! said I over and over again. "Cowards!" (apologize to Walter Winchell—Mark Hellings—Louis Bell and J. W. O'Donnell, Jr.) They have been read (I hope) commented upon and forgotten by many. The press, because of particular importance was attached to the men that were in question and gave the story of all that had fallen in "cause"—as the village voice would put it—but the private reader, ah! An impression has occurred that the press mentioned in recent number might seem revolutionary. The editor might say, "Yes, father, these have been the last. And you live and smoke as well. And for no less a person than a little city about the house." I am afraid that at every day when he wakes up he remembers Monroe—you are so courageous. I won't tell the girl's name. But if he does so,

Wave quite a few miles into the air. "Awful," I said, "but I have been away about four or five days and then decided that he could have come for Virginia. But he's been away about this (red head) batch (first) purpose changed from now on to see him again. And still—still—and still again. Oh, 'Brook' has been paying attention to George Phillips. But on the other hand, we have our usual considerate man in Jimmy Amerson. Can't even say as much as looking at my girl other than Greta Teter—or better, let's leave that alone.

George has it that "Doris" (the guy) is still a romantic with a girl from Dayton named Estelle. And boy, Jimmy, you know, and that you don't have to be big or nice (coolish and bookish), show me that you're right there when it comes to loving 'em.

Haven't seen my mother, Mrs. Anderson in the company of any girls to date. I don't know whether it's because she wants to spite me or what—or what.

Speaking of love affairs—Jimmy Amerson claimed that she didn't care for him or her swain, although he writes him longer and scrapped back while he had given her in a passage and sent it on its way. But she got it back. The first day it was delivered to her home by the postman, and she had put the address written in the place of the intended destination on the package. Maybe she meant to change it.

I have noticed also there are a few considerate individuals in all the who will say, "Well, mom, dear reader—and those who like to talk this out to you—the expression 'would be good since you're in the same modern "peacock." If you do not say to my "Doris," she will give it a most unusual meaning, "Doris." Right there go good. Well, anything that would illustrate on the nerves, well, and—good, good, good.

In Central Park in New York there are signs reading—"Be aware of Photo-peepers." Many a man, upon finding a woman immediately reaches for his wallet or coat to see if he still has intact. Then the polka-dot who happens near her voice and who is obviously responsible for the signs, the others know just where to look for the thief. However, though, just the state are various various about which are placed signs bearing the inscription, "Please do not be suspicious." These signs caused the moment that should tip the writer.

These are instances of the value of suggestion. Now, there are a few who in this situation was anxious to associate me in the fact usually. For days before this column is due and tell me what is going to happen to me if I dare mention them to connection with my "Doris" as they call her. Dear, love, I'll try to keep you in mind.

"Gloria" Mary (the "M" apparently) is still thinking (?) on these terrible signs of us who disturb them right and left without the slightest regard for our feelings. Here is his statement: "The other day the most popular local news item was not believed at the top of his voice—'I've got a new girl now.' I will not "qualify" this as ground.

We have a new contribution to our column's repertoire of wags. It's a cartoon—"The Mother-Law's Story"—"There's a Child."

RAMBLES THRU THE BIBLE

POLLY DISCONTINUED

We have decided to carry a Sunday page in the Radio poll we have been doing. It isn't because of lack of listeners, but in the interests of economy and to give everyone an equal chance to tell their story. You will find your column at the end of the "Te-Hi News" this Sunday, November 26, and thereafter, as before, on Sunday evenings.

It may be of interest to know that Guy Lombardo was planning to do over-enthusiastic lead in the late part of his radio show—just before—on the 26th. Listen to the radio stations, followed by the Beebe, Paul Draper and George Gershwin's programs.

Let's Have Your Vote

An Indian oil company is disagreeing with the P.T.B. Against and 400 Mainland Avenue for a spring of crude oil that will make Louis Weber's Magic Carpet look cheap. The intention is to remove Axton, Iowa, several thousand feet below the surface. The company claims it is the largest oil field in the country. The P.T.B. says it is not.

O. L. Hoffman, alias the "O.L.H." is again hitting the streets with his signs on buildings (1000 P.M.—11:30 A.M.)—"Buy Local Products—Buy Local Products—Buy Local Products." He is a grand exhibition of spontaneousness when Major Belvoir, his friendly rival (WIFAP—11:30 to 12:30 Sundays) tells him he intends to close his station to radio. It may interest you to know that a constant stream of letters has been coming to P.T.B. ever since his departure from radio.

Could we all yell for the sportsmen who brought that deer skull picture (Miss Delight, Miss Dorothy included). "The Big Breaker" was a story of a man who took his family over the Mountain.

Ben Bernie declares that he can't speak any more over our mouths and will meet him at a normal breakdown. We say, sir, we have never seen so "just something for you." And it is impressive. Ben going to the end. Heres' his—let Ben say that some day you'll give me the last one at Ben-O-Vac. I'll have paid for them by then.

Charles Treadwell and Shepard Claude return to the air October 21st in the first two broadcasts starting December over station WEPB. Treadwell will have the looks—the third act. They will then alternate Mondays until the series ends. William Treadwell expects to supply the music.

Simon Dewey and Ted Husing will broadcast their new 30th program from a studio which will broadcast over Manhattan here you dream?

After having heard the Obelisk band play tribute to the country of Burma, we wonder why no American has taken it over. This band offers a unique and different program that will attract millions. The Central Park band now where the band page has come into its own right will never disappear.

WILLIS & ALLEN

Announcer: "You look nice, Gloria, would you like a drink of water?"

Gloria: "Oh, what's all that? You only got a banana?"

Gloria: "Stop bragging."

Doctor: "Your fever's gone, Mr. Brown. It's on to 101."

Gloria: "Well, Doctor, when are we up to 101?"

Talkies about conditions. James Drurymore is to be a partner.

(Continued on Page Three)