

IT'S CLOSE TO APRIL 1 SO—

RENEGADE RIP

WE HAD TO BREAK OUT WITH THIS

VOL. 1

BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA, APRIL 3

No. 2

Taber and Sagen Implicated in the Stockton Kidnaping

By THE RENEGADE RIP

"Hush. It is the hour of midnight. Why do I find you here at the time this man Wilson is plotting mineralogic impurities against us detectives?"

Howard Anderson raised his bleary head and saw, within a bright circle of ever changing colors something resembling the face of James Vizzard, official collegiate detective, whose assistant he was.

"Come, Anderson. McDaniels has been operating his curved light ray integrator and has spotted dastardly work afoot. We must get along."

So saying, Vizzard pursued his slithering slinking way to his headquarters in the basement of Garrett and Blacker's, dragging Anderson behind him muttering broken words of mingled anger and foolishness.

McDaniels was there, operating a bewildering collection of pencils, color discs, guinea pigs, excuses, absence slips, and lecture notes, all of which, somehow, functioning in his curved light ray integrator, enabled him to watch the movements of suspected people, even though they didn't know what they were doing themselves.

"I can't seem to evaluate Stockton, Vizzard," McDaniels reported. "These villains, whoever they are, have perfected a machine that differentiates my projected curved light waves faster than I can integrate them, and prevents a proper focusing and evaluation."

"Only two men in the country could do such a piece of high quality dastardliness," muttered Vizzard between his teeth. "McDaniels, I have found the villains that we must fight. Alone, they would be vulnerable, but in combination they are practically invincible. Taber and Sagen are the spiders we must struggle with. Are you game?"

McDaniels blushed but his eyes brightened at the prospect of a conflict. "Our enemies may be psychosis to some people but they're only a pain in the neck to me," he shouted enthusiastically.

Anderson, slowly regaining strength and sanity mumbled, "Count me in, too."

Vizzard, a look of compassion on his face, walked over to the wretched victim of circumstances and started to him. "You can't even count one." He then calmly kicked his el-

(Continued on Page 3)

Printer:

I'm getting tired. Think up something to put in this space yourself.

Editor:

BAKERSFIELD WINS TAFT TALK FIGHT

The debates with Taft on Thursday, March 21, are now things of the past, but the decisions and the debates proper will be remembered for weeks yet to come.

The statement: "Resolved: That the argument of temporary insanity in defense of crime should be abolished by law," was upheld by the affirmative speakers—Georgia Starbuck and Phil Healy at Bakersfield.

The negative speakers, James Vizzard and John Thayer together with Mr. Tallman and Robert Davis went to Taft to meet the affirmative Taftians. In both cases Bakersfield was victorious.

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Here in our auditorium, the debate was judged by a single judge, Frank Fenton of the Santa Barbara State English department. In his opinion, Phil Healy was the most effective speaker followed closely by Helen Furby of Taft. Georgia Starbuck came third, and the last speaker from Taft, Mr. Kiddwell, gave the least effective speech.

Practically the entire debate was unique in view of the fact that no real question was present. It was chiefly a definition of terms, and after hearing the debate in Bakersfield we should say that from now on we prefer that type, if the speakers can always get the audience as excited as these debaters did.

With Georgia's speech came drama, and with Phil's came hard facts. The Taftians had some arguments that were seemingly irrefragable, but despite the charts they used to clarify their speeches with and despite the fact that they made the statement again and again that "Having PROVED this statement, the judges decision should rest with the NEGATIVE" Bakersfield came through with heels clean.

In Taft there was evidently a de-

Editor:

You're not tired. You're just lazy. Hurry up and give me something to set.

Printer:



RENEGADE RIP SCORES SIGNAL TRIUMPH BY PRINTING THE ONLY ACTION PICTURES OF BIG EVENT

FIRST PHOTOS OF JAYSEE DEBATE WITH TAFT



Left—Photograph of officials discussing the desire of the Taft debaters to have a student chairman of their debating team, to assist in preparing rebuttal but not to speak. Right—Picture of John Thayer during dramatic moment in debate. He can be seen pointing toward his opponents as he dazzles them with brilliant arguments about narcosis, somnambulism, and puerpal mania.



Here is a friendly section of the audience who interviewed the debating team immediately after the rebuttal in order to gain more information about the subject in which they were deeply interested. Each member of this little group had only warm praise for the speaking ability of the Renegade debaters.

Bakersfield Debate Speakers Rank Well Up As Judges Place Them High in Effectiveness

bate before the debate proper. Taft had fully intended to include an alternate in the team. He was not to speak, but was to be on the platform to help the debaters with their rebuttals. Bakersfield said "No" and Taft lost its alternate. No student chairman was allowed for Bakersfield.

In the course of the debate Taft brought in the question of the jury system and debated long and furiously on its merits and demerits.

Printer:

You get back in your shop and stop your jawing. If you can't think of anything, leave the space blank.

Editor:

John Thayer calmly arose and made the statement that should the Taftians desire to debate that question, they should arrange for a future contest; that the question at hand was the argument of temporary insanity, not the jury system.

In our neighboring city, James and John earned first and second places respectively for effective speeches.

Both debates made history for K. C. J. C. and the cry now before the team is "More debates—and oftener!"

Editor:

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PRINTER.

THE RENEGADE RIP

Published monthly by the students of the Kern County Junior College in the interest of a more unified student body.

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THAT SEPARATE JUNIOR COLLEGE

Eventually, Bakersfield will have a junior college separated from the high school. Just when that happy state of affairs will be brought about nobody knows, but it is certain that when it does arrive, certain advantages will accrue to Bakersfield Junior College.

Loyalty to the junior college and support of its activities will be increased, for one thing. More mature standards of scholarship and conduct will be established, for another thing. Furthermore, with a separate institution, social events will be more in accord with college standards and everyone will have a better time.

We know these things will come about because other junior colleges, changing from high school auxiliaries to separate institutions have changed in the same manner.

Take a look at our desert trip, just completed. Last year and the year before, in spite of the presence of capable and willing leader in the person of R. E. Vivian, the desert tourists established themselves as a bunch of roughnecks with a penchant for tearing up mining towns and a desire for vandalism wherever they went. The case was probably not that serious but those left behind got that impression on the return of the caravan.

This year, with high school boys excluded, the gang behaved like a party that knew how to behave on a camping trip. No dictatorial leader was needed this year. Two faculty members went along but they didn't do much but had a good time. All supervising was in the hands of two students, and the trip, which would probably have ended in mutiny and confusion if high school parties had been along, was a fairly orderly and enjoyable tour. That is what separation from the high school does for a junior college.

Highlights of Insanity Debate

"A man who cannot tell right from wrong should not suffer from his act." The law hold two things necessary to constitute a crime: the intent and the act. Obviously, the unfortunate victim of temporary insanity cannot form an intent. He is not a voluntary criminal. Once the cause of his malady has passed he may again be restored as a useful member of society."—James Vizzard, speaking for the negative from Bakersfield.

"It is apparent then that the idea which most of us have that insanity is everywhere making justice a joke is principally a fiction of newspaper publicity. The newspapers play up the exceptional cases for that is news."—John Thayer, speaking for the negative from Bakersfield.

"In the court room the average jury is merely confused by the terms 'neurosis, psychosis, and all the other kinds of 'osis.'"—Phil Healy, speaking for the affirmative from Bakersfield.

"There is no such thing as temporary insanity. That is merely a legal fiction."—Georgia Starbuck, speaking for the affirmative from Bakersfield.

"In a trial, such as for murder, the argument of temporary insanity in defense of the crime results in a vaudeville performance, while the average person wants privacy and dignity in the proceedings."—Phil Healy, speaking for the affirmative from Bakersfield.

"The argument should not be prohibited, because it is constitutional, American, and just."—Helen Furby, speaking for the negative from Taft.

"Now that we have proved our point, the decision of the judge should rest with the negative."—John Kidwell, speaking for the negative from Taft.

AND THEY WONDER WHAT THEY DO IN THE DESERT



Just another reason for the popularity of the desert trip, folks. A whole herd of these wandered into the camp Saturday night, and while there weren't any of those around, as might be indicated in the picture, Ed Kuehn, Norton Smith, and a bunch of the boys had a great time running around with these.

Baseball and Track Developing Strong Material in College

Baseball and track have started. The Jaysee will enter a track team in the interclass on April 20, and two games have already been scheduled for the baseball team.

So far the best showing has been made by the track men, Al Santon and Bob Wardwell particularly, for those two men have been working out nearly every night in order that they will be in good condition for the interclass. Stanton won the mile and the half mile for the junior college in the interclass last year, and he intends to keep his record. Wardwell is sure for points in both the pole vault and the high jump.

Oh, yes the Jaysee has lots of other possible point snatchers, but they are not working out as regularly as the two mentioned. Ray Courtney is liable to take point in any event in which he is entered. Sward was a good man in the high sticks in high school. The Estep twins say that they can run the two mile, but as there is no two-mile in interclass they will have to content themselves with the mile and half-mile. Maybe they planned to alternate laps in the two-mile. (No one would know the difference). Skipper Freyermuth has been seen jogging around the track occasionally, which means that he will probably enter some event. By the time interclass comes around the J. C. will probably have much more material.

Baseball is a different story. Instead of competition with the high school, we meet other junior colleges. It takes some little while to get a baseball team going, and we have just started. The coach for the baseball team hasn't been chosen as yet and the boys are working of their own accord each afternoon at the ball park. That is the way we started basketball last year and we didn't do so bad. Official practice for baseball under our coach should start this week, so watch the bulletin board for the announcement of time and place.

Oh, Girls, You Don't Really Think So, Now

By HELEN OLSON

My DEAR, you simply MUST come down and gaze in BLISSFUL SILENCE at the SUPEREXPLUDDOLEOUS TRANSFORMATION of that EXECUTIVE office in the BASEMENT OF THE COMMERCIAL building! ACTUALLY from the MINUTE you step BLITHELY INSIDE, you hold your BREATH! I mean you ACTUALLY DO—partly because the FIRST thing that hits you in the NOSE is the smell of BRAND NEW cretonne. Oh, YES, dearie, Jewel and Alice put up the SNOOZIEST cretonne CURTAINS—and SOMEONE dug up the DUCKIEST green CHAIR—it hasn't any SEAT in it—but as long as it LOOKS all right—well—And oh YES! the MIRROR you should SEE the MIRROR! It's positively REMARKABLE how pippul can find such GRANDDIOSE objects—if you get what I MEAN—for such an UNDIGNIFIED room, but if we can keep JOE from walking THROUGH it and bringing down those seven years of BEASTLY luck on our heads, we'll get along all RIGHT in our room—in SPITE of the SMELL and the MIRROR and the little grains of DUST that accumulate every so often. I mean we ACTUALLY WILL!

Chemistry Class Rules By Chloroform Bottle

The organic class, a select group of two students, has the right method of ruling those whom they desire to bring under their control. Lately, with the assistance of the quantitative analysis class, they have been practicing on these boys who come around to collect absence slips and excuses.

Whenever the office sends around one of these youngsters who clatter into the room with noise enough to disturb everyone present, or who addresses his superiors in an unseemly manner, the doctor of the class, J. C. Schneider, hauls out a bottle of chloroform while the other members of the quant. and organic class lecture the offender.

As yet it has not been necessary to chloroform anyone, but Dr. Schneider keeps the bottle handy in case anyone should get stubborn. The organic class recommends the treatment for members of the qualitative class who permit their hydrogen sulphide generators to pollute the atmosphere.

A Scotch travelling salesman, held up in the Orkney Islands by a bad storm, telegraphed to his firm in Aberdeen: "Morooned here by storm, wire instructions."

The reply came: "Start summer vacation as from yesterday."

LATE BULLETIN

Baseball practice has started under Coach Phair. Let's all try out at the ball park at 4 bells.

Taber and Sagen Are Implicated in Stockton Mystery

(Continued From Page 1)

bow out from under him and set down on his neck.

"And now to work, McDaniels." He continued. "You are probably acquainted with these two dastards we must fight. Taber and Sagen are the fellows, with Leslie Wilson as a lieutenant who carries out most of the detailed work. Taber was one of the coming geniuses of the country before he allowed the lure of lucre to get the best of him. He was this mysterious anonymous mathematical wonder who found that A equals B under certain conditions. And Sagen obtained his degree by a brilliant piece of research in which he drew the conclusion that if a body were heavy enough, it would come down again when thrown into the air if not suspended there."

McDaniels shook his head. "Truly, a dangerous combination," he muttered. "Do you think we can elucidate The Stockton from their tolls?"

"Not only elucidate but eradicate, McDaniels." Vizzard thundered roughly. But this gets us nowhere. To work.

Half an hour saw Vizzard on the scene of the crime, wrapped completely in overcoat, storm shoes, muffler, and smoked glasses to avoid recognition by his prey, the scientific criminals. For the benefit of Howard Anderson, still a little bit stupid from his unfortunate affair, his name was painted in large white letters on the back of his overcoat.

The University building was searched completely. "Nothing but soggy pie here," he muttered, and then wheeled to his assistant. "Look here, Anderson," he rasped, "was it one of these that felled you this evening?"

"No, thank goodness," sighed Anderson. "Whoever did it had no intention of killing me immediately."

"Curses," the detective growled. "Another clue destroyed. If you had been killed, I would have had the crime solved. Why didn't you die on the spot. Now we're no farther than we were this time last time."

The search went on. Vizzard, on a sudden hunch, visited McDaniels' class room to search for hidden dictaphones, and while there heard a loud rattling outside the building. Catching a glimpse of the green striped Ford and trailer coming from behind the Deugen apartments he made for the door. The catch had sprung, unfortunately, and shouting to his assistant to stop the mysterious crime car, he unbanded himself and hunted his key. He reached the street, after a delay of a few minutes, finding, to his anger, that the mysterious crime car was still at large and was just rattling around the corner with its driver unidentified. There in the middle of the street lay Anderson, once more stretched unconscious at full length. A few inches from his extended right arm lay a chocolate pie—half eaten.

Mingled rage and compassion con-

PICTURE OF OUR FACULTY GENIUS



It has always been a mystery to James Vizzard, official college detective, whether our genial mathematician, T. S. Taber, is a native of the place or just came from that vicinity. During his investigations Mr. Vizzard has had the good fortune to come upon an early picture of Mr. Taber, showing early signs of his coming mathematical ability. In addition to revealing Mr. Taber at work on one of his first mathematical researches, this picture shows that T. S. has been acquainted with the modest circumstances that geniuses must endure in the early stages of their careers.

used him, and while searching for an excuse to kick his assistant into the middle of next week, his eyes were attracted by the vacant space left by the clearing away of a section of the hedge surrounding the Commercial building—a section removed to permit traffic between that building and the University building. But that attracted his attention was not the hedge, but the appearance of a portion of the lawn that it revealed. In one corner of the lawn lay a large circular piece of iron which Vizzard knew was a manhole covering a tunnel under the street. But from this solid manhole emanated a low tuneful vibration, and a brilliant violet light, rising and falling with the pitch of the vibration. Occasionally a bit of white smoke arose from the manhole and diffused into the atmosphere.

Leaving his unfortunate assistant in the middle of the street to recover as best he could, Vizzard threw off his encumbering overcoat and dashed for the manhole. As he reached the strange violet emanation, he found himself struggling against a force which acted queerly enough like a violent wind, and when he reached forth his hand to touch the manhole, and came in contact with the violet light, the force of a powerful vibratory wave shook his frame. A thousand stars blotted out his sight, and on regaining consciousness, he found himself by the side of his assistant in the middle of the street with McDaniels attaching a sphygmomanometer to his wrist. Taber and Sagen had proved themselves as yet impregnable.

(To Be Continued)

SONG OF A DYING PRISONER

Alone I lie in my prison cell,
Tired, hopeless, waiting to die
So that I can have sweet sleep and
forget my woes.
Twelve years ago they brought me
here.
From the light of home to the dark-
ened cell,
And threw me down on the damp and
dirt
Of the dungeon floor where animals
crawl.
Why am I here? Who knows?—Not I.
A careless word?
A darkened glance?—An-unthought-
sting of prince's pride?
The prince has thrust me here and
here I die.
Unmourned, unsung, unsanctified,
And while I wait I watch things not
for other men to watch;
The green slime dripping from the rot-
ten wall;
My little friends who come from out
the dark
And bite my rusty chains, only to find
them bitter food
And slink away to wait for meat more
tender;
The ghostly moon that lights a por-
tion of my cell,
Revealing my bitter enemy chained
to yonder wall
Who grins at me through meatless
lips
As if to claim a moral victory though
bones are white
And I am yet alive.
I listen to the guards outside,
Who tramp their daily rounds with
measured tread,
And to each other shout the daily
news.
The prince is ill, they say, and taken
to his bed.
The prince is sinking low and had the
sacrament;
But I, poor beast, must die without
the sacrament.
Gravely the guards march round and
to each other say:
The prince's soul must leave this
world tonight.
Then to myself I smile and to my
thoughts I murmur:
Ay, what then?
—Bruce Wilson.

FUN SECTION

Mike—"Have you got one of these home refrigerator plants?"
Al—"You bet; and I've got a whistle on it, to razz the iceman when he goes by."
Grocer—"Here's your fly-paper. Anything else today?"
Ben Evans—"Yes sir, I want about six raisins."
Grocer—"Do you mean six pounds?"
Ben—"No, sir, about six, just enough for decoys."
"Well of all the nerve," she said, as she slapped his face. "Don't ever try to kiss me again."
"All right," he replied meekly, "if that's the way you feel about it, get off my lap."

MAC AND EWERT UPHOLD SYSTEM OF HONOR EX'S

"The honor system in examinations is a procedure that the students ONLY can build on or tear down," said Mr. Ewert, J. C. History professor recently. He believes that no teacher alone can instill honor in large groups of students and that at present the system is merely a conflict between teacher-and-students.—Mr. Ewert has made use of the system in several examinations and approves of the procedure, providing the students cooperate.
Mr. McDaniel, our psychology professor, made the statement: "There is too much system and not enough honor in the honor system."
Now the question rests entirely on the students, and it is indeed one to merit the consideration of every Junior College member.

Hardy Adventurers Come to Wet Grief

"So Marlon Smith woke up in the middle of the night and found his head floating in about three inches of water, then Mr. Ingals fell in the well." This was the story gossiped around the campus after the zo classes returned from the trip to Morro not long ago.
The cabins were all taken at Morro and everyone except Mr. Ingals and Marlon Smith were under cover. It did look like rain, but those two gentlemen wished very much to sleep on the beach which they did. In the middle of the night Marlon awoke to find that Jup. Pluvius had been busy and sent a cloudburst to the needy farmers of that vicinity.
"You're all wet," cried Marlon to Professor Ingals.
Blinking his eyes Mr. Ingals looked around, muttered "H2O", and dropped back into sleep.
Marlon ran to the sea shore and brought back a glass of water to sprinkle on the professor's face. "To the ark," wailed Marlon as he dashed the water on the teacher.

Still partly asleep Mr. Ingals hurried with Marlon to the garage where the cars had been parked. All of a sudden Mr. Ingals dropped from sight. "Spooks" thought Marlon and he bravely turned to investigate. Luckily the spooky incident proved to be that the professor had only disappeared down the shaft of a deserted well. Running to the Morro Bay Fire Department for a scaling ladder, Marlon soon rescued Mr. Ingals, and they continued their journey to the garage.

Borrowing some dry blankets from the rest of the party, the men rolled the cars out into the weather, curled up in their blankets, and went to sleep.

Incidentally the class picked up some fine specimens while on the trip.

Then there was a Scotchman so tight that he called for drinks on the house.

GANG IS BACK FROM FINE TRIP DEATH VALLEY

By BRUCE WILSON

What do these junior college boys do on the desert trip?

The boys had some tire trouble on the desert trip.

Jack Teale started things by having two flats at Red Rock Canyon. Things began to happen to tires of other automobiles all along the line, and by the end of the second day, the Esteps, among others, could be seen simultaneously, collectively, and continuously repairing tires during the time they could spare from their radio.

Then there was this matter of broken springs. Rosie, who was finally ditched in the desert at the end of the trip, held up valiantly until the bunch started traveling over some typical Nevada roads and then broke a front spring, found another spring in a desert junk pile, and then broke that. Mel Smith's coop lasted until the bunch went over The Devil's Golf Course in the bottom of Death Valley. It went into the rough on the second hole, and came home riding a wooden block.

The others had their troubles, too. There was Jim Hare's radiator. He finally fastened it on with baling wire. Then there was the rolling coconut, proceeding down the Death Valley side of Townsend pass at a goodly speed with no brakes, no low, no reverse, no nothing. Cars with good brakes, if they had desired, could have bucked the 60-mile tall wind and stopped in half a mile. Ray Courtney and the Rolling Coconut didn't stop.

The desert rats had a good time, though, in spite of the fact that Ford brake bands burned out with alarming frequency; and if you get them in a corner where they can't get away, they will show you samples of the shining fool's gold crystals they picked up at Darwin, of the Colemanite crystals they found at Ryan, some as large as baseballs, of the transparent Iceland spar crystals they found in Darwin, and of the fine mineral collection they saw at Beatty, if they took the trouble.

If you get Mr. Sagen in a genial mood, ask him how it feels to follow a mountain goat over some of the cliffs of Red Rock Canyon. Ask Dan Kincaid how he likes changing three tires at once, just when he felt he was as good as home with no tire trouble. Ask Mel Smith why riding over The Devil's Golf Course is just a trifle rougher than riding over the rougher spots in a railroad switch yard.

Corner Ray Courtney some time and find out the correct method of capturing wild burros, and the correct method of riding them after they have been caught. Ed Kuehn can tell you something about this, too.

If you can find someone willing to talk, find out how the Cartego soda plant works, and why it simply must have that powerful odor wafting about, especially when visitors are not used to it.

Ask almost anyone how they liked

Desert Rat Breaks Out Here Socially



A touching scene, ladies and gentlemen. Here we have a picture of our celebrated desert veteran, Dub O'Guinn, as he appeared for the Kappa Rho Sigma party at the California Theater with Ethena Ross just before disappearing into Death Valley with 50 more junior college students for the benefit of Bakersfield society. Note the sorrowful look on Ethena's face as she keeps back with difficulty the tears which flow whenever she thinks of the hardships to which her Dub is exposed far out on the dry, dry desert.

Draw a Deep Breath Before You Read On

Oh fellow-seekers-of-knowledge, do you realize how fortunate we really are in having in our midst the august personage of one Clarence Fleharty? For months now we have hung breathlessly on to each word he has uttered, but at last he has poured forth a stream of words that will doubtlessly pass on through the ages.

Recently, upon closing his psychology book with a weebegono expression on his countenance, he was heard to mutter, "Ah! I have been daunted by the dangling dogs of destiny; scorned by the scurvy skuunks of circumstance; foiled by the frosty finger of fate!"

Friends, is it any wonder that we should hesitate to part with such a person? Obviously, no, and the judge's decision should rest with the negative!

bathing in an ice-cold waterfall which comes right out of the middle of the desert hills. Ask them how it feels to wash off and eat watercress and wild celery in the shade of cool willow trees after riding all day in the dust.

Find out from Jim Hare and Edward West if an old barn makes a shelter from the snow to be chosen instead of the hard floor of a deserted rooming house. Ask Gerald Rencher and Lonon Smith to show you their pictures of the snowfall they saw coming over Tehachapi pass Sunday morning.

And last, but not least, corner some of these fellows who went on this trip for the first time. Ask them how they'd like to go again next year.

TWO-STEP POETRY

By HAROLD ESTEP

LOYALTY

Come along you happy gang
And show them what is right
For that song the rooters sang
Was not for Maroon and White.

I just heard a cheer which rang
With more than average might
And the song,—which our gang sang,
—Ye won—for maroon and white.
Harold Estep.

THE ELEMENTS

It rains and rains — and sometimes pours
And at night the thunder roars.
We hear the wind upon bleak shores.
'Tis winter—'tis winter
This world is ice and sleet and snow,
But—in distant regions far below
'Tis spring—'tis spring.
Harold Estep.

Quiet, grey, aye; deathly quiet;
Changed, the sky, from softest blue;
And the world by eve was covered
By a snowbank's softest hue.
No howling wind, no cutting thunder,
Just the quiet falling snow,
Yet the traveler tramping yonder,
Feels a chill few others know.
All the day long he had wandered
Blindly plodding through the snow.
Near to buildings, he did not know.
Now he sways, then onward staggers,
For the thoughts we do not know,
Seem to prod and push him onward
Fighting blindly in the snow.
Now the darkness as it's falling
Leaves the traveler plodding on,
With a desperate fighting purpose,
A thought to keep him struggling on.
Harold Estep.

Here is one by Gerald Estep, twin brother of our feature writer, Harold. We are wondering why Gerald hasn't done something like this before.

A LIFE'S DREAM

Far beyond the snow capped mountains,
Out upon the clear blue sea,
Is the heaven that I yearn for:
This life is the life for me.

Though far away from home and dear ones,
Of them always I shall dream,
And when the ship plows steadily onward,
They will always be my theme.

Working, pounding, blindly onward,
'Till at last there comes to light,
Stars above the good old home port,
And the dear ones are in sight.

Gerald Estep.

Mr. McDaniel: "Bill, you're the most valuable person in this class."

Bill Hulsey: "All of which means—"

Mr. Mac: "Well, you talk in your sleep any by doing so, keep the rest of the class awake."

HAVE YOU HEARD THESE BREEZES AS THEY BLOW?

What care we if the merry month of March has ended? The March winds linger on anyway! Practically every class is blessed with at least one gust, and we have a sneaking suspicion that some classes are terrifically windy! How about Econ, for example, with Lee Tallman as the sweet summer breeze and Bill Hulsey as the dangerous draught?

Then in psychology, Johnny McDaniel himself seems to be the big boisterous blast, although every so often strains of John Thayer's voice can be heard floating through the atmosphere, usually in solemn quest of a good argument.

Searching farther, if one listens closely in political science one can at times hear Jim Vizzard piping bits of petty prattle.

However, all the verbal outbursts are not confined to the composed quiet of our class rooms. No, indeed. Almost any time of the day when the consolidated student body of K. C. J. C. should be in some class or other, anyone who happens to wander nonchalantly onto the campus could find John Stockton or Harold Anderson or Karl Richardson blowing off for the benefit of some rather willing victim.

We haven't been able to figure out how it happens that these girl friends of ours turned out to be such small whiffs, but, then on second thought those whiffs may turn out to be tornadoes. We'll have to give them time for further investigation and save space in the next edition for them.

Well, Well, Kinder! Did You Enjoy the Party, and the Show?

Well, those Krasie Kappa's—Sashi! that's what they were called last time — DID go on that theater party and from all reports they absolutely did not rob the cradle by dragging the high school lassies!

The whole party of 22 met at the California Theater on the evening of March 7 and listened to "The Ghost Talks."

After the theater they finished the evening at Jean's Tamale Cafe.

The personages who participated in the party were paired off thusly:

Leslie Buckner, Virginia Miller; Gerald Rencher, Neville Pyle; Bill Hulsey, Edna Summers; Norton Smith, Jeanette Riggs; Jack Teale, Jean Harvey; Lonon Smith, Mary Katherine Sheaff; John Stockton, our own Wilma Greenstreet; Willey O'Guinn, Ethana Ross; Richard Bruce, Audrey Gill; Orval James, Francis Hobson; Vernor Davis and Lawrence Baker preferred their own company.

Muriel: "Silly! Why don't you ask someone where we are?"

Karl: "Wot's the use? Five minutes from now we won't be anywhere near here anyway!"