FRAMES AND SOPHS

Hear Ye All

Turn in some snapshots representative of your classes! Let the staff have a big selection to choose from. Other students should also take notice and enter snaps for the Key. Your Staff has decided to set February 16 as the deadline for the entry of snaps in your annual. Don't play the rabbit and let the tortoise get ahead of you. Let us get a big snap section in this year's yearbook.

ALL YOU STOCKHOLDERS NOTICE

All stockholders in the Key are respectfully urged to make final payments on your share in the 1932 Key so that a big dividend may be declared on the fifteenth of May, 1932. If any would like to subscribe for the Key who have not as yet done so, they may make their wishes known to any staff member or the house chairman of their respective dorms. The plans for the Key include a varied program which will show a distinctive treatment for each definite section of the book. Let's amalgamate our resources and put out a real book which will, as the Keys in the past, unlock memory's golden door.

FIVE SISTERS

Mrs. Woodburn, formerly Kathryn Myers, was delightfully entertained by her sorority, the Five Sisters, Saturday, Jan. 16, at the sorority house.

The afternoon's diversion was bridge, six tables being occupied by the players. Successful in the games was Monica Fay with Marie Alwine being consolation.

Mrs. Woodburn was given a linen shower, receiving many lovely gifts. She leaves for the loss.

Dainty refreshments were served at 5:30 by the pledges.

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The Five Sisters Sorority held a short meeting Tuesday evening, Jan. 19, at seven o'clock.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Isabel Gunn. Plans were made for a Five Sister Convention to be held, Feb. 6. Plans are also being discussed for the formal dance which will be held in March.

After the pledges received various duties to perform the meeting adjourned by motion.

Huntington: "Why do you leave that ancient car of yours parked in front of the house?"

Kennedy: "Well, if I leave it in the alley somebody might dump ashes in it."

THE WEEK AT WILLIAMS

Who would have thought that Mary Shears is an expert mouth-organist? Well, she is. Has anyone seen our mail key? It has been either lost or stolen—or perhaps gone astray—nevertheless we are minus the key and would be very glad to receive any information regarding its whereabouts.

Feeds are again becoming popular. The one in 16 last week was quite a success—plenty to eat and loads of fun.

Did you find out what the gray paper bag, that caused so much excitement, contained? In case you haven't it was only a dead mouse.

Why is it that nobody ever wants to answer the phone here? It rings until the party calling gets disgusted and hangs up. On Friday nights and Saturday and Sunday things are different—there is a grand rush for the phone booth. No one has been hurt in the scramble yet, though.
These are among the flesh and blood characters that Shakespeare can present to us. He fails.

How Poetry Becomes Beautiful

What people feel or think is likely to get into their words. So the emotions of the ancients began to enter into their poetry. They told of the things they most desired, things they had lost, or those they hoped for. The ancients began to enter into their poetry. They told of the things they most desired, things they had lost, or those they hoped for. Things are some books we read because we feel it a duty to do so; some we read because they are much talked of; and a few we read because we heartily enjoy them. "The Weather Tree" is such a book as we enjoy, in the full and extended senses of the word. Here we have lovable character from Glen Hayard, a town in the Tennessee hills, moving before us. Thelma and Chad Lane, brother and sister, meet with the "outland" folk from the city, and are deeply stirred. Lynn Clayton attempts to bring civilization into the place where generation have lived their own secluded but beautiful lives. He fails. If you are expecting an overdrawn tale of blood and thunder, or a sentimental love story, do not open Maristan Chapman's "The Weather Tree". But, if you want to be thrilled by the beautiful, archaic language of the mountains, peruse these pages. Here is a sample: "The Weather Tree whispered in a new, sharp-toothed wind, but she could not bear to hearken, and he was unknown what it said. And while they were silent, the minutes dropped like tears."

But there is more than beautiful language in the book—there are also real people whose life throb into our own. Chad and Thelma love their poor Red Hill home, and each other, too, in their speechless ways. Lynn Clayton wants to "improve" them by making them as glib as himself, and giving all Glen Hazard 'the trash called civilization,' In subdued passion and restrained tragedy the work finds power. Thelma loves, but never expects happiness. The moving finger speaks sorrow in her life, and having writ, moves on. She can't do more than reflect a bit, and weep. "The things that hurt us and the move on are like the scound of the falling snow. There is no word quiet enough for it, yet it is plain to the remembering ear."

Mother—And when I was a girl we had to walk quite a lot.

Hulda Doyle—Yes, I know.

Notes

I ponder on the years to come—What lies beyond the morrow? What happiness will visit some? Will Death's cold hand lay on my heart Ere sure once more doth rise, Its warm and golden beams to start A weary round of lies? Or may I hear of loved ones gone Into the vale of Shade, Souls dear to me, as dear as one Who my poor body made? Will Death's cold hand lay on my heart Ere sure once more doth rise, Its warm and golden beams to start A weary round of lies? Or may I hear of loved ones gone Into the vale of Shade, Souls dear to me, as dear as one Who my poor body made? Who in Creation wide can tell A hopeless, burdened race To what repulsive fire-red bell Its wandering steps will trace? Stay! Answer me, you wordly fools Who fill our ears with rant! Man is no more than fish in pools! All words are worthless cant!
Shatzel Snitches  

A Snitch in Time.

Exam schedules seem to monopolize conversation.

From whence cometh all the grand meals?

“She weighs 127 pounds, and she drinks milk!”

Be sure you know what meeting you are attending before you attend!

These half-days of practice teaching are driving us all crazy, even those that don’t have them.

All shades of red seem to be popular with those sitting at table No. 13, Sunday.

Erotica

Your likeness, dear, so still and sweet,
Like star paths on a quiet lake,
My restless, starving soul can fill
And from this earth to Heaven take.

God placed you here on earth, I know,
And felt remorse when He did see,
Your crystal eyes, and skin like snow,
The semblance of angelic form to thee.

And all the winged seraphs wept
When from their happy, chanting band,
To bless a fool with lily hand.

Though distance-barred, my thoughts are free,
A chainless mind, brim-full of love,
Can dwell on longing, dear, for thee
‘Till all the barriers remove.

My Best Friends

I have some friends that never speak
Unless I bid them so;
They are each humble, low and meek,
Though myriad truths they know.

And if by chance, I feel alone,
And shunned by human-kind,
These friends make comfort seem my own,
For to my faults they’re blind.

They tell me tales of love and woe,
When for such tales I ask;
They sing of Beauty soft and low,
They never shirk the task.

When I would have them bear me far
Into a foreign land,
Or follow soft a gleaming star
Across the desert sand.

These friends, my books—I love them all!
They mean my life to me;
When man has failed, on books I call—
The best friends that can be.

Mrs. Clapp—Yes, Wilbur was a beautiful baby; people came from miles around to see him; they wondered what it was.

Sonnet To My Lady

Considering how by grace you love me, dear,
Unworthy as I am to ever touch
Your garment’s hem; when I, so low, am such,
As imps would spurn and bid to come not near.

Olympians even were not fit to hear
The music of the voice I love so much,
Whose sweetness charms like harps the angels touch,
Expelling every thought of human fear.

Can love like our forever last?” I ask.
And safely, like the murmur of a breeze,
I hear a voice console me with sweet words:
“To build the Soul and grow is love’s first task;
It builds a stately house on rocks like these—
True hearts—though tempted by all Satan’s hordes.

Springtime Returning

The golden beams of morning sun
Shine through a flutty-curtained door.
And happy, chirping songs are sung
By feathered ones who loftily soar.

To thank Him for returning light,
The Hawthorne lifts its arms to pray.
The eastern clouds, in amber light,
By feathered ones who loftily soar.

’Tis Spring! The skies are blue and clear,
And budding trees stir from their rest,
And ancient tales of Adam’s fall,
Whose sweetness charms like harps the angels touch,
Expelling every thought of human fear.

Mock life in three-walled rooms, you mimes
And mimic speech with stirring rimes
Of men whose souls are double,
And tried with tragic trouble!

Ere Gomer Gurton’s farcial hunt,
And interludes with comic stunt
Had with their wit
And ancient tales of Adam’s fall,
And sacred theme of gospel call
Had storied been
And by men seen
Inside the Holy Church’s wall.

The bard of Avon pleased his queen,
And Burbaye’s art was often seen
Upon the stage.
Until this age,
Yeah, on through ages yet to come
Will Hamlet night on night be rude.

The tales of those
American called, and Hallom come
And took the land in Thespis home,
Nor yet gives up
The victor’s cup.

Since, Parthia’s Prince has seen the boards,
And shrewd Will Dunlap pulled the cords
For many a play
And native lay.

Today the Drama sits enthroned
Adored by some, by some bemoaned
The mad folk play;
The audience pay;
Kelley, Howard, Davis, Fitch,
Eugene O’Neill—no matter which
Can tell in prose
The tales of those
Who ‘ginst themselves in hot conflict
The woes of all mankind depict.

So, sit enthroned,
Adored, bemoaned!
Divert us with a likely plor,
And at thy throne we’ll homage pay.

IF AND WHEN

Men will wear brown this winter says a stylist.—They will if they did last winter.

Frosh: “What is an echo?”
Prof: “An echo is the one and only thing that keeps a woman from having the last word.”

To Dr. ma
THE MIRACLE MAN

Just before Will Rogers met Calvin Coolidge for the first time, one of Will's friends wagered that he could not make Cal laugh in two minutes. Will assured him that he could accomplish his laugh in twenty seconds.

Then came the usual introduction: "Mr. Coolidge, I want to introduce Mr. Will Rogers."

"Glad to meet you," said the President. Will held out his hand, looking confused and said: "Excuse me, I didn't get the name." —The Furrow

The nurse entered the professor's room and said softly: "It's a boy, sir."

"Well," he said, "what does he want?"

Booth: "I wouldn't if I were you, sir.

"That boy of yours seem to have a great thirst for knowledge."

"Yes, he gets his thirst from his father, and his knowledge from me."

Student (looking at room): "But didn't your advertisement say that this room had a heavenly view?"

Landlady: "That right—there's the skyline."

Father: "Marjorie, I don't like that young man you go out with."

Marge: "Really? Well, don't worry, you're simply a bore to him too."

Teacher: "This composition of yours is easily the worst I have ever read. I'm afraid I shall have to report it to your father."

Booth: "I wouldn't if I were you, sir. He wrote it."

The groceryman tells how he knows who are very rich. They are the ones who buy the best and keep him waiting a year for his money.

The difference between men and women says one philosopher, is that a man will pay $2 for a $1 article he wants, while a woman will pay $1 for a $2 article she doesn't want.

EVEN PROFESSORS

THE BOY THAT EVERYBODY SPOKE TO

BEE GEE NEWS

Land of Enchantment

Into the land of enchantment, Into the realms above, I was borne by a guide that was radiant And glowing with Infinite Love.

Behind me lay the lands of men Who see but with their eyes, And I though never to dwell again Among their pious lies.

Before me, above me, beside me, In iridescent light I sow the form of Beauty And Happiness and Delight.

Invictus!

Invictus! How I laugh at that! A lie to bolster up the pride, A bluff to flaunt! And do you think I will weaknesses and failures hide! Invictus! And America Claims to be that—but sends her young To school-rooms where they must obey, Be cowed! Invictus! Bravely sing! Invictus! Tell you that to God Who placed you here! We're helpless things He's planned our orbits ages since, We cannot govern what life brings!

Invictus! How I laugh at that! We are as stars without a doubt, But flashes of the Godly light That burns, and flickering, goes out.

Hargrove, c 3 1 7

Moodler, g 2 3 7

Heischman, g 3 3 9

Totals 11 11 33

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