

WESLEYAN
IS AMERICA

Wm. C. Law

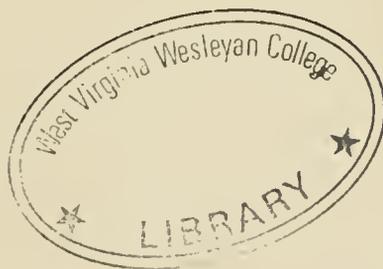
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*Wesleyan
Is
America*

THE MURMURMONTIS - 1943



West Virginia Wesleyan College

Buckhannon, West Virginia



To
G. G. N.

245108

CONTENTS

Chapter I	<i>In the Beginning</i>	1
Chapter II	<i>One Day It Happened</i>	15
Chapter III	<i>Hours Per Week</i>	19
Chapter IV	<i>These Middle Years</i>	35
Chapter V	<i>This Hour With You</i>	47
Chapter VI	<i>This Time of Faith</i>	61
Chapter VII	<i>Time for the Solo</i>	77

Toward the New Wesleyan

West Virginia Wesleyan has already moved into its new day. During its fifty years of service to Christian education, it has come far, but in these next few years it has much further to go. Its task is bigger than ever before. Its founders never dreamed of this day in Wesleyan's history when it would be called upon to serve a million people and their needs for high education.

Students come from New Hampshire, Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, and even China and Porto Rico, for its name has reached through years and space. It is the college where one learns to live—where studies and life go one way together.

The future challenges its youth of spirit. It must grow. It must become greater and better to live up to the faith of those who

know it. And the faith of those people must always continue to be a challenge to Wesleyan. From out its classrooms must come musicians, doctors, teachers, and lawyers; engineers, poets, journalists, chemists, and biologists; home economists, statesmen, businessmen, and ministers. For when they come from Wesleyan, they are not only professional men and women—they are people who know the democratic way of life—the Christian spirit that is leadership everywhere.

West Virginia Wesleyan tells a story every day of its existence. It is the story of the making of citizens of the world. It is the story of struggle, work, play, and earnest effort; the story of sacrifice, growth, and development. These are its people, these its classrooms and laboratories, these the progress in the making.



Chapter I

In The Beginning

This is a story of Wesleyan, a story of a small group of people living in the truest American way. Beyond that hill and across the water there were battlefronts burning blood like oil. Here, too, there were battlefronts. Here heroes fought long, quiet wars to maintain those things for which the soldiers die. Students they are called—inadequately. Truly, they are guards.

As wardens they watched through day and night to see that none of the American freedoms might disappear. Through the telescopes of education

they kept their eyes on the institutions that are good. For want of praise, at times, they nearly fainted. This is a silent war—unpublished and unsung, fought without a declaration and lasting beyond an armistice. That tomorrow might be a fit place in which to live when today is done, they fire with all their courage and charge with all their daring.

They came to be teachers, doctors, nurses; lawyers, merchants, cooks; chemists, statesmen, wives; sailors, churchmen, and writers. They came to live and work and play together



REGISTERING WITH STEELE: M. Crites, B. Howell, F. Carskaddon, E. Lawson.

that they might learn to live and work and play together with all the world tomorrow.

They came. They took up their books, their test tubes, their pens, and began to work. They retook old fronts and regained lost grounds.

Here is a story of a Wesleyan year. It was a great year but little greater than any other. The problems were different, perhaps, but the spirit was the same. There were comedies and tragedies, happiness and sadness, play and work. Then, too, there was a little more seriousness. The war called here, and there had to be answers. And this is how it happened:

On September 11, 1942, freshmen began to appear on the campus. Inquisitive, curious, and a bit frightened at the experience, they gathered together—changing but slowly from individuals to a group. Student Union guides met them at the buses and trains, and counselors welcomed them to the campus. Feeling at home, however, proved to be not so much a matter of friendship and advice as a matter of time. It was a busy week. There were examinations, and what examinations—that tested everything from what one knew down to one's vocabulary. And there was

A VISIT WITH AYLESWORTH: R. Parsons, H. Maxwell, D. Stout, A. Morris, A. Wood.



that strange, incomprehensible college institution called registration. Somehow it worked, and everyone found he had prescribed classes at prescribed hours. The sessions with the advisers were a bit disconcerting, for preconceived ideas about professors began to break down. They were human after all. They seemed willing to help and to listen.

The picnics were the best of all. That afternoon in Jackson's grove was the goodby to home and the hello to this new world. Even other freshmen suddenly came alive. Nothing



STUDENT UNION COUNCIL Back row Goodwin, president, J. Brown. Middle row McDonald, executive secretary; Steele, Hama, Harper, Thorne, Ellis. Front row Williams, treasurer; Judy, secretary; Reger.

really caught the spirit of the newcomers until almost without thinking or planning they staged one of *the* shows of the year—in their own name. It was a strange show—a mixture of everything that they said was Wesleyan—and they called it *Ameri-*

can Wesleyan. Al Boyles with Willie on his knee brought a new art to the campus; De Sales Purkey's voice joined the long tradition of good music at Wesleyan; and Mary Jane Conley read "Patterns." Yes, Wesleyan had gained something when these youngsters came—and they were just representative of the whole group. Then Freshman Week was over. It had not been college. That was soon to be seen. It had made college easier. It had been the change from one thing to another—and not at all unpleasant.

The Student Union was at work from the very beginning. Here was an organization that was scarcely a year old. Nancy Goodwin, the president, was there to meet the train. And when it came to planning and staging of parties, Jack McDonald stepped even beyond his office as executive secretary to make the whole campus the sort of place one likes to live on. An organization of all the students and faculty is one thing. A working organization of such proportions is another. This group determined to give the students recreation of the best sort—and a recreation center. There has been the finest democratic spirit growing out of the dances and parties. The Student Union PX is a success.

Wesleyan owes a great debt to Nancy Goodwin, Jack McDonald, Curtis Thorne, Jerome Brown,

Robert Reger, Hank Ellis, Kathleen Judy, Betty Williams, and Mary Lib Harper for the work they have done. They've sold hot dogs at the football games. They've peddled Coca Cola. They've crusaded for the Union and got what everyone wanted. And thanks go to Dr. Hyma for the dream.

A college in action is a great machine. The parts of the machine seem scarcely to belong to each other—and yet each interdependent part makes the whole run smoothly. If a freshman only had time to see the

O. D. LAMBERT, DEAN OF THE COLLEGE



parts, he might be baffled—but luckily it all turns so rapidly that his



TROUBLE FOR THE AXIS—FROM WESLEYAN FRESHMEN

mind sees little but the grand pattern. One is awed by the dignity of the Dean, who seems to be the chief engineer. That beneath his dignity there is kindness is soon evident. Responsibilities seem to collect about him. Dr. Lambert does not shirk responsibilities. He seems to welcome them along with the friendship of all the students.

Freshmen found themselves collecting old scrap metal to further the salvaging campaign of the government. From the old well, they drew no old oaken bucket. They drew out the pump itself and carted it away to that mounting stack of trouble for the Axis. It was a duty. It was hard



STUDENT COUNCIL: W. Hudson, R. Roberts, C. Post, H. Sharp, K. Knox, president, K. Tannehill, C. Thorne, N. Goodwin, J. Kalafat. Seated: Dr. J. W. Broyles.

basketball players. He handed out many a thrill with his fast pace on the floor. And he was a scholar. That adds to the respect one holds for a fellow-student these days. He was president of the A K Pi fraternity. He even waited tables in the dormitory in his spare time. Strange thing, too, he never seemed to be too busy to be friendly. And he was typical of that student body governing board. Look at these names: Roberta Roberts, Herb Sharp, Curtis Thorne, Kay Tannehill, Art Dunn, Nancy

work—but, too, it was fun. Strange combination, work and fun, but they so often get together around a college. It's all a mixture but it blends. Duty, service, ambition, work, fun, and the game—it's life in itself.

A student has his share of duty around a campus. Take the Student Council. It has a big job, governing the whole student body and cooperating with the faculty in the plans and tasks of the college. Kenny Knox was the president of the 1942-43 Student Council. He had the respect of everyone on the campus. Besides being the president of the student body, he was just about everything else, too. He was one of our star

Cornelia Hughes, secretary to the President, Annie Frances Reed, secretary to the Dean, and Mary Gould, assistant treasurer.



Goodwin, Charles Post, Bill Hudson, and John Kalafat. That's the list.



And others had duties around the college. Take the office force, for instance. Not many would envy the jobs that Cornelia Hughes and Mary Gould and Annie Frances Reed had to do. They did them, though—and they did them well. “Is the President in?” “How much do I still owe the college?” “What are my mid-semester grades?”

To G. G. N.

A freshman girl is usually rather proud of herself. She has come a long way. She has accomplished much. The very fact that she is in college makes her prefer not to look up to anyone, unless it be to a very tall and handsome young man. But every girl looks up to G. G. N. It's just that Mrs. Neil is the sort of person one admires. There is dignity about her. There is poise and charm and culture. Any dean of women earns many nicknames. She knows from the very beginning that to do her duty is to merit criticism of an unpleasant as well as pleasant sort. But never has Grace Gardner Neil had a nickname that did not carry with all else a great measure of affection. That means that there is character there—unforgettable character and charm. It was a pleasure to watch

her at work—so varied are her interests and her tasks. From the moment she shook hands with *her girls* for the first time, she was surprising them with the variety of her talents. It seemed that it was a full time job for anyone to teach all of the sophomores to speak well—at least, it appeared that way to a freshman. But then, there she was conducting receptions, pouring tea—and coffee—as formality would prescribe. She knows how to do the good thing well. Such is the nature of an artist. From a formal reception to *Arsenic and Old Lace*. Yes, that's Mrs. Neil. That play will never be forgotten by Wesleyan. There was skill there.

When it came to discipline, she could make it seem almost pleasant, for there is wisdom in her discipline.

To G. G. N. That expresses simply our affection. She was there to see the freshman girl off during her first week and she was there to see her through. Truthfully, she was there to see the whole college through, for loyalty to Wesleyan is far from the least of her virtues.

And now to get back to school. Just where it began, it is hard to remember, but suddenly everyone was caught in the midst of it. The

classes seemed a little strange at first—so strange, in fact, that they were hard compared to those of high school. If there was any homesickness, it was largely a homesickness for the ease of the classes one knows in the public schools. English, botany, chemistry, U. S. history, Bible, economics, physical education, algebra—all names one had known before, but never had anyone known for what they stood. That's college for you—full of surprises and not always pleasant ones.

Then came the fall convocation. The new president addressed the student body for the first time. From the platform he was no stranger. He was the person one had met in the halls. He already knew one's first

name. He was the one who moved about so smoothly and yet organized so well. That first talk of his was typical. Here was a new idea—a new way of thinking—hard to comprehend fully because it was new—but it looked good. It looked good for Wesleyan. Now the school really knew where it was going. The year had begun.

Whatever one may do later, one doesn't rest back in one's chapel seat during the first convocation. There is much to be heard. There is much to be seen. But there is even more to be felt. Here for fifty-three years students have sat and listened to chapel programs at least three times a week. There on the back of the seat is the name of a college president.



Beside it is the name of one of the greatest of professional football players. *That* name is not familiar. She may be a housewife. That man is preaching somewhere in Pittsburgh. She is a teacher. One wonders who put that gum under the seat. It's certainly been there for five years.

The cocky sophomore who made a group of freshman sing on the steps of the Administration Building seems innocent enough now. He'll be all right, but it takes time to get used to



FORMAL DINNER AT AGNES HOWARD HALL

him. And the study of phrenology becomes a pastime for the girls. When the boys get their military haircuts, their heads are suddenly revealed as knobby and odd. Perhaps criminals are not really as ugly as

they seem. It may just be the haircuts that give them that wild and dangerous appearance. Far up front sit the seniors. It must be a strange and good feeling to think that one is nearly through. They never act as though it were an honor, but one doesn't doubt that they feel it.

Later, the freshmen had their own assembly. It was then they elected their class officers. It seemed to be just as it should be. There were people in that class who were already proving that they were administrators. Bill Kincaid was made president. He was soon hard at work. Kyle Swisher was vice president; Sue Ashby, secretary, and Gene Gaston, treasurer. It was a smooth election, too. Of course, Dick Workman's ticket was not chosen, but he didn't take it too hard.

One of the favorite hobbies of a freshman is joining. There are enough things about the campus to keep an ambitious freshman busy for one whole semester if he just spends his spare time in nothing else but joining. There were the religious organizations, the YWCA, the Ministerial Association, and the Student Volunteers. There were the clubs—the Betty Lamp, the Pan American Chain, the International Relations Club. One can have his choice of many others, too. But the most embarrassing task of all was making up



Back row: E. Turner, V. Warner, W. Watts. Front row: M. Brown, D. George, D. Morev, M. Brown, J. Bartlett, C. Steele.

one's mind about the fraternities or sororities. They all seemed to be all right when one looked in on them.



Back row: Y. Helmick, G. Yetkov, N. Stanley. Second row: M. Schrock, A. Goller, R. Piggford. Front row: R. Youkam, G. Walton, M. Spangle.

And the fellows and the girls were all likable about the campus. One usually joined. And one was always happy that he had selected the one that he did.

Chapel is the right place for reverie — among other things. There's no place where it is likely to go better. With only a month or two behind him, the college student is baffled at the maze of experience that is his to recall. Surely it would be hard for an old man to concentrate on anything. The fear one knew when he first came to Wesleyan is gone. In its place is a strange familiarity with all of it. One feels more of pity than sympathy for the stranger on the campus. He has missed it all.

Climactic moments seem to abound in a college. There had been that first theme in English composition.



Back row: P. Fucker, R. Black. Third row: D. Stalnaker, C. McMillon. Second row: C. Westfall, J. Bronberg, R. Lynch. Front row: P. Sullivan, M. Bock.

The assignment was too long—beyond one's ability. A normal person never said that much except when he was talking. The six-weeks quizzes again put one in awe of the

queer tribe of professors. It takes genius to conjure up such questions as they seemed to draw so easily from out of nowhere—certainly not from the textbooks.

And there were moments of pure joy. There's nothing like a session in Mom's Kitchen after a hard day's work. Oh, yes, there is one exception—the time when the girl of everyone's dreams asks a particular individual to take her to her sorority dance.

And there are scenes that linger as typical of the whole group. From the

F. Stuart, J. Fike, L. Lewis, T. Jackson, M. Conin, W. Brown.



Standing: M. Demastes. Back row: M. Been, M. Sandets. Middle row: I. Barnett. Front row: J. Floyd.

farce of Kincaid and John's going rabbit hunting at twelve-thirty in the

B. McHenry, J. Tenney, N. Curry, J. Long, B. John, J. Frostone, D. Taylor, W. Kincaid, N. Sablitt.



morning to the amazement of Mrs. Broyles when the freshman boys turned out *en masse* at her formal



Back row: J. Cullings, J. Bolyard, C. Bailey, W. Ashby, M. Rexroad. Middle row: M. Cunningham, S. Ashby, W. Douglas. Seated: D. Purkey.

reception. She says she never expected anyone but the girls. One

Back row: A. Linget, D. Martin, L. Ferwilliger, F. Casey, M. Morrison. Front row: V. Lipscomb, R. Larle, E. Smith, G. White.



could hardly expect such modesty from the woman who had won Dr. Broyles.

The great moments are the moments that join one's past with calmness but with surety. Sometimes they creep in until one doesn't know about them until years afterward. Roecker sang. To most of the students he was a handsome young fellow with an unusually good voice. Cherkassky played the piano. Gamberelli danced. Suddenly Roecker, Cherkassky, and Gamberelli were all great. What one called opera had in a short time become a necessity of the good life. What one had often referred to without sympathy as classical music stayed when "Scatterbrain" had nearly faded from memory.

Left: R. Hanifan, R. Hudkins, K. Reeder, E. Akers, E. Fisher, W. Tenney.



Mt. Hibbs, and the kitchen; the classroom and the concert; the laboratory and the countryside in fall colors; a date, and an evening visiting a professor; a sleigh ride, a final examination; love and griping; dreams and prejudices; a term paper and a swim in the Buckhannon river—these, all these, are Wesleyan in the memory. Indelibly blended, they make no blurred picture. It is a changing mirage passing before the eyes of a student sitting in chapel in reverie. And let no one say those reveries are not worth the best of speeches.

The first bell snaps one back—not



Back row: R. Long, K. Swisher. Third row: G. Gaston, H. Bailey. Second row: D. Yutz, B. Norman, M. Lang. Front row: W. Smith, S. Armentrout, M. Conley.



Back row: M. Clegg, A. Dursey, M. Brant, B. Etchison, L. McCutcheon. Front row: H. Ellis, C. Saville.



Back row: J. Rowley, L. Richardson, B. Harris, C. Shreve, B. Mercer. Front row: M. See, H. Schweikart.

to the dissertation but into the future. It would be wonderful if Dr. Brown wouldn't call on him beyond the point where he had fallen asleep the night before. Tonight there would be the English theme to write, a

chapter of history to read, chemistry to study. There would be the formal dinner at the hall—too much for an ordinary American boy or girl. Besides, there would be the date for the coke at the Kitchen.



CHAPTER II

One Day It Happened

Allegheny, Marietta, and Randolph-Macon; Monmouth, Bowdoin and De Pauw; Parks, Loyola, Hamlin—these are the colleges of America. Their stories are those of the progress of America, and they are the makers of that progress. Great people have come forth from these institutions not because they are schools, but because they are Christian colleges. It takes something more than an academic education to make a gentleman of a man.

From Syracuse, Columbia, Berea, and Johns Hopkins; from Otterbein, Dickinson, Harvard, and Chicago;

from Kalamazoo, Drew, Boston, and Northwestern; from Kansas, New York, Ohio State, and Pittsburgh come her faculty. Through them the knowledge of the universities and the great traditions of ideas find their ways to students from New York to Ohio.

Such is West Virginia Wesleyan, with the traditions and the obligations of the great without the age. One half-century has sufficed for it to take its place. In this half-century it moves forward even more rapidly under the direction of even greater presidents.

Hutchinson, Boyers, Wier, Doney, Fleming, Cutshall, Wark, and McCuskey have brought West Virginia Wesleyan to its present being. With Joseph Warren Broyles it moves on at a pace set by the age.

It was only yesterday that Dr. Broyles became the president. Progress would have us believe it were longer. It happened like this:

From various states of the nation came Kern, Straughn, Smith, and McPherson; and from most of the counties of West Virginia came alumni; from famous colleges and universities came representatives; from Buckhannon homes came friends—interested, loyal. Automobiles surrounded the campus. The people crowded toward the Administration Building to register. Some greeted recent graduates. Others renewed old friendships. The students welcomed the whole visiting throng. It was wonderful to live at Wesleyan that day.

The doors of the chapel stood open and ready, and it filled with a rustle and murmur on that November 19—first in the morning for Bishop's Day Convocation. Bishop Paul Bentley Kern of the Nashville area delivered the address. Again in the afternoon, the crowds gathered for the Inaugural Convocation of Joseph Warren Broyles.

The procession of officers, trustees, and faculty, gave this occasion a dignified splendor. Dr. Roy Mc-

Cuskey, former president of Wesleyan, was there. Bishop James Henry Straughn of the Pittsburgh area and Henry Wright McPherson of the Board of Education of the Methodist Church gave addresses. Then Broyles, calm and alert, was inducted into the presidency. The expressions of devotion, gratitude, fidelity and the pledge of service instilled in students a desire some day to make Wesleyan proud of her youngest sons and daughters. Atkinson Chapel resounded with applause, strong, loud, and long. The robed choir sang. The convocation ended. Today's, yesterday's and even tomorrow's Wesleyanites went to the reception. The ninth president had been inaugurated.

Impressive and exciting was the dedication of the home economics cottage. This recently completed building shone with brightness and newness. Alumni envied the fortunate girls who would live in it, and some students were a bit dubious as to whether their choices of majors had been correct. Numerous homemakers of America would step from that doorway. Miss Edna Jenkins, alumna and donor of the cottage, was there, pleased and satisfied. She enjoyed seeing the girls happy in anticipation of the experiences awaiting them.

Wesleyan owes much to such people as she.

For the barbecue luncheon in the gymnasium, professors laid aside their briefcases and notes to don chef's caps and aprons, to carve pork, to serve guests and students graciously. It was the largest dinner ever held at Wesleyan. Many had to be turned away. Dr. Roy L. Smith, editor of *The Christian Advocate*, proved that he was a master of words, phrases, and forceful and meaningful thoughts. He will long be remembered for that address.

Faces—new, wrinkled, strange, old, shining, youthful—all appeared at Wesleyan. Floyd N. Shaver, alumni secretary, was most responsible for the gathering of these alumni and friends. His service added much to the success of this

Wallace B. Fleming, vice president.



Floyd N. Shaver, alumni secretary.

momentous day. He appeared here and there—greeting old grads, welcoming guests, arranging last-minute details, and smoothing complications. Dr. Wallace B. Fleming's "Alma Mater of the Mountains" was joyously sung over and over on that day. He has given Wesleyan labor, service, and support through the long years he has been associated with her. These are only a few of the traits which characterize the vice president.

This day—the day of going and coming, the day of reward and fulfillment, Bishop's Day, reception, dedication, inauguration, home-coming, was many in one, a day not soon to be forgotten. The new Wesleyan seemed to be already in the making. The atmosphere was that of the beginning of something big and dynamic.



CHAPTER III

Hours Per Week

*Like islands in a misty sea, they seem. Here is biology, there is history; here is art, there is economics; here is philosophy, there is chemistry—*islands, distinct in outline. *And there are many more equally distinct in outline. But the pattern is vague if there is a pattern—or else the elevation is too great. Clouds and fogs and mists distort the light rays or blot them out at times.*

Then with one swoop of the mind, the pilot passes beneath the clouds. It takes but an instant of his time—and there is history and biology linked by a neck of land into a continent as it were. And commerce lies nearer music than one would have judged.

With one more dip beneath the mists, the scene is clear. The archipelago is one great and vast ocean patterned in beauty and in truth.

A student is a pilot exploring the universe, coming upon a new world from far above the clouds. His job is to chart for himself the map that he is to carry with him for life. Examining is the task. He must note the bay of friendship, the isle of pleasure, the sea of experience, and the straits of society. Before he leaves, he must plot the route carefully that he may return when he will, with happiness as the mode of travel and not the destination.

Such were the explorers and the discoveries at Wesleyan in 1942-43. To say that either were greater than those of other years might be unfair. To say that all were great is to be just. And this is how it happened:

The outside world, a world of unrest, made the student want to identify himself with a particular niche of it, a niche where he could bring his greatest efficiency to the fore, a niche where he could learn to serve mankind.

Some found this niche in home economics. Wesleyan trains its girls for usefulness in fields of many sorts as one eye is kept alert on the ultimate goal of the happiness of a home.

Steaks and rolls and pies came forth from polished ranges. The girls were proud that they were learning to satisfy man's tastes. Perhaps each girl wondered how much her particular He would like her rolls or cake. Perhaps Miss Crone-

meyer pictured youngsters of the next generation or two growing strong on the recipes and cooking hints she gave out to the girls this year.

With the aid of a friend of youth like Miss Edna Jenkins, Wesleyan continued marching forward this year—forward to new attainments and greater training, the kind of which its leaders dream. Twelve senior girls—ambitious ones—learned how much work and fun it is to keep a home in order. They learned of budgets, meal planning, dusting, and of all the cooperation, planning, and sacrificing that makes living in a house a success.

Proud were they of that home for those six weeks—red brick, fresh white walls, polished floors, a new piano, and best of all, a cozy fireplace for winter nights. An experience into life, they had, these Wesleyan female pioneers of 1943, for—

COOKING LABORATORY. Back row: K. Judy, M. Hymes, E. Williams, L. Fianagan, G. Meek, Miss Cronmeyer. Front row: L. Ford, M. Hammer, H. Whetsell, G. Williams, M. Mann, E. Harmer, B. Marshall, M. Reed.



New to the West Virginia Wesleyan campus is the beautiful home economics practice house. There the girls live. They do their own sweeping, cooking, laundering, and bed-making—until they are as proficient as the best of housekeepers.

And in the sewing lab, many an afternoon is spent, stitching professional-like suits and dresses for class



and church. Flat fellseams—french seams—overcasting seams. Back stitches—running stitches—button-hole stitches. Humming softly as she works, smiling at the latest moron joke, realizing she is learning to take her place in the world of the near future, this is Wesleyan's home ec girl.



HOME ECONOMICS PRACTICE HOUSE

Above right: The living room.

Above: Dedication.

Right: Sewing laboratory.



Sometime in the future, Wesleyan alumni will pause a moment. They will stop from life's onrushing whirl to sense again that spark of joy, to see once more the comrade of those years gone by, to study for the hundredth time the kindly face of that

ces Jean Horner, with their staff, have recorded.

This is what inspired Mr. Steele with ideas, as adviser. This gave Lorence Brown an outlet for his business ability. It was this college life that fascinated Fred Stuart and his



Back row: H. Steele, R. Brown, S. Dixon, K. Knox, R. Craig, R. Lynch, L. Lewis, L. Debar. Second row: B. Erickson, M. Allender, R. Stump, A. King, S. Sparks. Front row: F. Horner, M. Evans, L. Brown.

Not pictured: F. Pertz, F. Stuart, J. McDonald, V. Casey.

aged professor—the one they used to say was robber of their rightful sleep and fun. Then they will remember only his influence and the greatness of mind. Life, action, study, adventure—preparing for the future—yet living today.

This is what the *Murmurmontis* sees at Wesleyan. This is what its co-editors, Mary Ruth Evans and Fran-

camera.

Yes, these students, too, have helped record it: Robert Craig, Jack McDonald, Virginia Lee Casey, Sarah Jane Sparks, Reva Stump, Anna King, Elden Pertz, Kenneth Knox, Ralph Brown, Lucille Debar, Sam Dixon, Betty Erickson, Mary Allender, Robert Lynch, and Lejeune Lewis.

The *Pharos*, too, reported college life. Typing frantically to make a Friday deadline, no pausing to search his brain for that phrase he needed, no hunting for the handbook to learn the spelling of a name—this was the reporter.

Each *Pharos* edition took hours and hours of time. Every edition distributed at the chapel doors was read during the next period in the library or glanced at, furtively, throughout a lecture class.

Night after night one could see the light from the print shop. And always there was Editor-in-chief Cecil Gabriel at work again. The state Intercollegiate Press Association elected him their president.

News editor Frank Madden always knew just what was happening.

He sent his reporters to the scenes.

Business manager Cathryne Hardesty kept her records clear.

Society editor Marguerite Hymes followed up the social whirl, including marriages of those who not so long ago left Wesleyan.

Norman Sahlit saw sports action.

This was the forty-third year of the *Pharos*, and its best, for good student journalists filled the position.

Yes, these, too, were niches, niches of a variety not termed just plain work. Here Wesleyanites learned before America herself the greatest lesson in happiness. They learned that work is not by definition unpleasant, that success in the search for contentment and satisfaction depends upon doing well what one likes most to do. The happy man is the one whose work is his recreation.

Second row: V. Casey, B. Simons, B. Hoffman, D. Gabriel, G. Walton, M. Hymes, C. Tucker, W. Hudson, F. Madden. First row: S. Sparks, B. Williams, J. Bartlett, C. Hardesty, C. Gabriel, G. Brown, D. Morey. Not pictured: A. Saunders, F. Coulter, F. Stunz, A. Fleming, S. Dixon, L. Flanagan, N. Villers, J. Sommerville, R. Stump, R. Travis, I. Tolbert, C. Marshall, M. Deeds, F. Hight, H. Sharp, W. Maliszewski, R. Craig.





LEWIS H. CHRISMAN

In the lead on the literary side, as always, was Dr. Chrisman, professor of English and an outstanding personality on Wesleyan's campus. He is one to be remembered by students throughout their lives. In the mind of this great teacher are hundreds of those little anecdotes which keep students interested and laughing.

Dr. Chrisman has the true spirit of Wesleyan. He is a scholar with unusual insight into the minds of the

makers of the world's great literature. His insight, his unusual personality, his knowledge left their marks on those who sat in his classes this year.

He is also a preacher, an author, a scholar, and American.

Students and faculty authors this year produced an anthology, an anthology of original compositions, published by the Haught Literary Society and edited by Reva Stump and Marguerite Hymes. Inexperienced and experienced alike here found a new means of speaking to and for Wesleyan.

Sixteen girls compose the Haught Literary Society. They were pretty in their evening dresses at the delicious Christmas dinner given by Dr. and Mrs. Haught. They were intellectual crusaders as they encouraged literary culture as an important sidelight of college.

HAUGHT LITERARY SOCIETY

Third row K. Hardesty, president, J. Metztesta, R. Loudin, treasurer, M. Evans, J. Hedden, J. Finis, H. Wells, secretars. Second row I. Tolbert, K. Tannehill, B. Hoffman, M. Whittaker, C. McGinlev, C. Cerveney. Front row. R. Stump, E. Barlow, M Harper

Not pictured M. Hymes.



Of all the characteristic and revealing hours spent around Wesleyan, an hour spent in the library is not the least interesting. To wander there mentally or physically, is always a pleasure.

It was just an ordinary day in the library but there Andy Pavlina stood at one end of the reading room, selecting a newspaper from the group of nationally famous dailies and local weeklies. Charles Post opened a heavy dictionary on the window sill. Mary Lib Whittaker scanned columns of the *Reader's Guide* for titles of magazine articles which would help her with an assignment in public speaking.

Dr. Chrisman reached for the newest copy of *Harper's Magazine*. One could be sure that he would refer to it in his next class.

Freshmen, hard at work on the first research paper, crowded about the card catalog. One small blonde, Anna Lee Wood, climbed on a chair to select a volume of *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

Yes, freshmen were at work on research themes. Magazines, note cards, books, and bibliography cards

were before them. Sophomores, more dignified than ever, looked up from a philosophy report to help a freshman find his needed article from among the hundreds of bound magazine volumes on shelves around the reading room.

Professor Karickhoff examined the books on the faculty shelf. Dr. Glauner's eye was on some squirrels out of doors.

The room was a maze of lamps and tables. One could hear Mrs. Curry as she bustled around back in the stacks. She would be cataloguing, arranging, and filing endlessly—keeping the library efficient and neat in spite of all its complexities. Miss Hathaway smiled as she handed to Bill Douglas *Storm* from the new-fiction shelf and disappeared to put returned books in their mysterious spots.



LIBRARY SCENE. M. Curry, Miss Hathaway, Frances Jean Horner



OLYMPIC CLUB

First row: R. Santana, treasurer; M. Whittaker, J. Hassler, G. Brown, H. Sharp, president. Second row: C. Hardesty, vice president, R. Kenney, J. Hedden, H. Ashby, L. Debar, Z. Ramburg. Third row: V. Curry, E. Barlow, B. Marshall, R. Roberts, secretary. Fourth row: N. Goodwin, R. Reger, K. Tannehill.

Wesleyan students play a great deal. Without a doubt they know the fun and the joy of living as they play — but that is not all. They play that they can work better. They exercise their bodies that their minds will be clearer and capable of more intense concentration. They compete that they may learn the laws of sportsmanship — and the ways of people. They work that they may improve the health and support the activities of their bodies at their most efficient pace. It's not learning from textbooks. It's learning from life.

Archery — ping pong — badminton — hockey — basketball — volleyball — soccer — ring tennis — shuffleboard — intramurals for fun and fitness.

Health, vitality, sportsmanship— these are the goals of Wesleyan's physical education department.



These were the thoughts Miss Covert impressed on the girls; Mr. Reemsnyder, on the men.

Miss Covert caused the girls of Wesleyan to wish her class would meet more often.

Dave Reemsnyder made his boys appreciate the term sportsmanship. He coached the basketball team, and bid his players goodbye as, one by one, they were called to military service.



DAVE REEMSNYDER

Wesleyan's Women's Athletic Association answered the challenge for wholesome fun, for health, for vigor, with their hobo party, dances, and scavenger hunts.

Herb Sharp and his Olympic Club offered another answer to the challenge for healthful recreation. Twice a month they met for games, skills, folk dancing, tumbling, and friendly competition. Each member had a sport that he liked best and played his best.



MARGARET E. COVERT

W. A. A.





Left: ALPHA PSI OMEGA, honorary dramatic organization. C. Winans, H. Whetsell, Mrs. G. G. Neil, director; M. Hymes, F. Madden, P. Tomley, president; R. Cosgrove, J. Bailey, M. Risinger.

Below: Scenes from two Wesleyan Play Shop productions, *Arsenic and Old Lace* and *The Deathless World*.

Plays and drama — yes, these too add to the life at Wesleyan. To the students they give relaxation from the tensions of study and concentration as well as training for the future. *Arsenic and Old Lace* proved to be the strangest mixture of laughter, horror, and mystery that Wesleyan

audiences had ever witnessed. *Watch on the Rhine* was a wonderful counterbalance as it presented the problems of the contemporary world in some of their most serious aspects.

Wesleyan's plays and Wesleyan's players are good. They represent the artistic side of college life at its best.





LETA SNODGRASS

The open door to the art department revealed an easel, and a girl, Virginia Lea Sturm, was at work. Patient, quiet, Miss Snodgrass stood near with suggestions for her several pupils.

Students came out from those classes with baskets, plaques, rugs—things they said they'd made themselves. These were crafts they'd learned, but they also carried with

them books for cultural courses in art.

Forensic art—debate they call it—held interest for many Wesleyan students and left skills with them to help in their future success.

Dr. Glauner, witty and brilliant professor of history, who loves to eat and find a new historical anecdote, was their adviser. He was also the adviser of Pi Kappa Delta, honorary fraternity for debaters at Wesleyan.



GEORGE L. GLAUNER



PI KAPPA DELTA. A. Pavlina, A. Cutright, R. Cosgrove, C. Post, Dr. Glauner, P. Tomley.



WESLEYAN CHOIR. Fifth row. M. Risinger, treasurer, C. Winans, C. Saville, J. Shake, H. Metcalf, J. Martin, R. Roberts, B. Black, J. Brown, D. Gabriel, W. Smith. Fourth row. D. Taylor, R. Loudin, D. Fidler, H. Ashby, A. Pratt, E. Hammond, G. Gabriel, D. Leonard, B. Kincaid, F. Madden, A. Linger, B. Stemple. Third row. C. Westfall, M. Lang, W. Tenney, L. McCutcheon, B. Smith, C. Tucker, J. Tamblyn, E. Akers, J. Bartlett, S. Armentrout, E. Fisher, B. Harner, B. Erickson, V. Casev, S. Taylor. Second row. M. Evans, M. Gnegy, J. Hornor, B. Powell, K. Hardesty, L. Debar, A. Dorsev, N. Curry, M. Sanders, H. Jackson, L. Fisher, M. Schrock, F. Comstock, M. Hammer, S. Sparks, D. Scott, G. Yerkey, T. Lutter, E. Barlow. First row. B. Marshall, B. Beck, I. Tolbert, J. Bromberg, E. Hoffman, S. Ashby, B. Sommerville, J. Lang, L. Wilfong, H. Wells, Miss Boette, V. Curry, D. Parkey, F. Lynch, A. Jarvis, N. Villers, L. Ford, D. Yutzs, J. Thomas, president; G. Brown, secretary; M. McWhorter, R. Roberts. Not Pictured. V. Helmick, B. Etchison, D. George, P. Sullivan, J. Sommerville, J. Garv, C. Hunt, W. Hudson, A. Bovles, V. Gainer, C. Marshall, M. Stewart.

“Ride the Chariot in the morning, Lord. Ride — ” The black-and-orange robed choir sing from the balcony — behind the students and faculty at the Wednesday chapels.

Sacred anthems, negro spirituals, *The Messiah*, Bach’s Christmas chorales, *The Ballad for Americans* — these are the repertoire of the West Virginia Wesleyan *a capella* choir. Over one third of the whole student body are members of this widely known musical organization. Week after week they bring to the student body, as well as to audiences throughout the state, the best of the world’s choral music.

BALLAD FOR AMERICANS



Miss Boette smiled as the choir held the final note. A stilled audience proved that they had done well. Young, popular J. Curtis Shake showed his pride as his prize student, Trudy Linger, mastered her number. Professor Sorton bowed and passed on his baton. They had brought great music to Wesleyan, and Wesleyan knew it was great and well done.

Its fine musical life continued this year even though there were no



J. CURTIS SHAKE



MARIE BOETTE



EDGAR SORTON



ORCHESTRA:

- Pianists:
 - T. Linger, I. Tolbert
- Violins:
 - B. Bock, J. Thomas,
 - B. Powell, J. C. Shake,
 - J. Bromberg, P. Piggford
- Saxophones
 - N. Villers, R. Leonard
- Bass
 - J. Brown
- Bells
 - L. Fisher
- Drum
 - G. Brown
- Clarinets
 - C. Gabriel, W. Smith
- Horns
 - V. Gainer, D. Gabriel
- Trumpets
 - C. Hunt, H. Metcalf
- Trumpet
 - A. Dorsey
- Director
 - Edgar Sorton

distant choir trips. The choir, too, sacrificed for war conservation.

Still it reached many music lovers and friends. It sang before the hundreds present in Clarksburg on the Sunday of the Methodist conference. It sang for Inauguration Day in November. Then came the big day—the Sunday before Christmas.

Up side aisles, the girls were leading—then down the center aisle, two by two, carrying lighted candles—calm beauty of the Christmas spirit set to the music of Handel and Bach.

Freshmen had marveled at the fall beauty of the campus—green, red, golden-leaved trees—oaks, maples, spruce and more. Squirrels half-hidden in piles of fallen leaves would suddenly spring and then run to the tops of trees. There had come an early frost. Thanksgiving interrupted the college world for several



CHRISTMAS TIME

days.

There were fewer week-end trips when gasoline rationing began December 1, but students realized that things could be worse.

Then came the thrill of trampling through that first deep snow on campus walks, running a trail on the tennis courts and leaving the large inscription, Wesleyan.

History students' eyes wandered to the huge green pine just outside the window—its green boughs weighted with soft, white snow—but still pointed toward the sky.

Bob Hammond shoveled snow—then hurried into a robe for his solo in Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*.

Poinsettia decorated the organ for Valta Curry and Curtis Thorne's voice and organ recital.

As her finale Valta sang "O Holy



SIGMA ALPHA SIGMA MEMBERS TRY TO ACT THEIR PART

Standing: W. Kohlheim, M. Lambert, C. Post, J. McDonald,
 Seated: J. Hedden, M. Evans, R. Cosgrove, G. Brown, H. Wells, president, C. Hardesty, R. Roberts, M. Hymes.
 Not pictured: F. Horner, A. Pavlina, Alpha president.

Night" and Curt accompanied—Curt whose hands were as skilled in chemistry experiments as in playing the pipe organ.

Christmas parties—the choir had cokes, doughnuts, dancing—the co-op girls exchanged gifts about their tree and fireplace—Agnes Howard Hall's party was impressive, yet merry as ever—Sigma Delt informal in the gym made it more fascinating than one thought a gym could be—and again the gym was beautiful for the Student Union party, a party and dance greater than ever, for Santa found his way to it.

Religious groups, the K.A.'s, A.K.Pi's, and Kappa Phi's sang

Christmas carols. One group of carolers claimed their night to be as cold as 12 below.

Holiday greetings were called across the halls, between the campus walks. Vacation time had come, and taxis were filled with students en route to meet the buses.

Christmas held a tinge of loneliness for those with soldier-beaux or brothers. The seriousness of the time inspired many on their return to study—to learn the most they could—to make all A's on approaching examinations so that perhaps they, too, could become members of that intellectual group—the honor students of Sigma Alpha Sigma.



CHAPTER IV

These Middle Years

Without the drama of the beginning or the end, the middle years are the fulcrum upon which all rests. Continuity or growth, the surest way to accomplishment, hangs by a thread through the months. For these are the years of decision.

He chooses which way he will go for the rest of his life and modestly calls it majoring. She invests all she has in uninsured stock with faith as the only security. He conducts an experiment with the nitro-glycerin of life, and scientist that he is, holds only himself responsible for any accidents. She wastes and loses. He tries a shortcut and finds a better highway than the one charted on the map.

No more sophomoric than the world in which they live, no younger than the civilization of which they are a part, they accept the names graciously and make them names to be respected and admired. Remove the world from the hands of the so-called seniors and place it in these hands while they are still young and the responsibility would keep them young until the world would again be proud to be called by its name. This year seemed like the middle of something. There was nothing of a sensation of a beginning about it; nothing of the import of an end. It was momentous with the force of something approaching a climax—and just as vague.



Back row D. Wilson, O. Rains, C. Tucker.
Front row B. Williams, S. Sparks.

Through silent winter months the school moved with the surety of a step in daylight. And students moved on through strange emotional chaos. And this is how it happened:

Christmas vacation, final speeches, philosophy reports—school work;

late buses, gasoline rationing, the calling of the reserves—world events—and they kept in tune with them all. With minds alert, although it was dark as midnight outside, Sally and Clarabelle, after cereal and toast, became the watchdogs of the drawing room radio. They took in the seven-thirty news. Yes, they all had a finger in the Wesleyan pie. Nurse Wilson vended pink and white pills in countless dozens. Somehow Dixon found time to schedule pictures, and Betty Williams sold innumerable hot dogs for the Student Union. Periodically, new students joined the gang in January, February, March, and May. They all learned to go to school in the dark a la war time—and dine in the sun. Class president Pertz and his pals

W. Grose, T. Maliszewski, R. Carter, O. McMillion.



Back row J. Brown, L. Sutter, W. Stemple.
Front row R. Hupp, E. Pertz, C. Wagoner.



enjoyed chapel along with the rest. These sophomores were the steady force that held all the other students together.

For them the dorm radio was a wonder. Not only did it give them the early morning news but it broadcast the late music as well. The gang liked to gather around before ten-twenty and tap out the rhythm. But they were serious—these middle-of-the-roaders—and between classes and in the later afternoon, they gathered on the steps outside the ad building and the dorm to discuss lectures and tests.

“Any mail today?”—“Are you sure?”—“I know that’s my mother’s writing”—“Isn’t that my package?”



Standing W. Kimberling, V. Sturm, D. Jackson.
Seated G. Williams, P. Thomas.

D. Gabriel, A. Saunders, R. Craig, H. Jackson, N. Villers, R. Kenney.



←
Back row M. McClung, R. Reeder, G. McQuain, M. Colvin,
S. Dixon.
Front row R. Sheehan, M. McWhorter, A. Dunn.



V. Casey, F. Stowles, H. Shaffer.

made a success of these. Y.W.C.A., Student Volunteers—these, too, figured in their schedules. But, oh, it was hard to keep at the daily, weekly, monthly grind when the sun began to shine warm, when the trees began to bud again. So they always found time to gather on the fence railing, on the ad building steps—and all the discussion was not of books and profs—not in this bright weather. Yes, Goodwin's plans for the Student Union were still going strong.

But even the spring days could not



N. Goodwin, K. Bleigh, D. Taylor, B. Stathers, U. Keilson.



Standing: L. Fisher, J. Muller, J. Holloway, A. Jarvis, J. Glassburn, M. Seitz, L. Hubner. Seated: J. Somerville.

The mail was so much a part of the bell girl's life that Saunders even mailed the sign-out cards. They came back postmarked, too. Oh, the trials and tribulations in the life of a bell girl!

Organic, psychology, trig, choir, sociology, poetry writing—they all

keep the girls from clustering around the grand piano, from clapping their hands, from beating on the lamp shade. Any uniformed man's morale would certainly have risen could he have heard the girls ring out on the Marine's hymn, the song of the Army Air Corps, *Anchors Aweigh*.

And wasn't it Janora—sweet little soul—who said, "I'll give you just forty-five minutes to get your hand off my knee?" The girls wonder if she caught the measles that way, or by doing bubble dances in the shower.

As is the custom, grades went home at the end of the semester. It was then that Mrs. Sommerville charted a schedule for daughter, Joan, and roommate, Jean. Rise at six o'clock, shower, dress, make beds, and go to breakfast; classes, lunch, classes, dinner, study, and then to bed early, of course. If they had all had schedules like that, Mom might have had to take the Kollege out of Kitchen (but she didn't have to).

They had a little room stacking, too. Typical of a dormitory, isn't it—not being used for what it was intended? It was Debar who first worked out on the rooms on second floor. But she had not reckoned with the ingenuity of the freshmen, for the job they did on Debar's room was a study in surrealism without the Dali.

Push—pull—shove—struggle—struggle. Gee! Wheel chairs are heavy—especially when they're full. Slow now—take it easy—don't let that crutch slip! Get off that foot! Lace those boots up tight! Plaster of paris absorbs a lot of water. Anna King—operation—cast—crutch—

wheel chair—all these helped make the year unusually interesting. And the wheel chair stayed at the college. It served as a taxi for Carskadon, decoration for the front porch, and climaxed its career as a star in *Ballad for Americans*.

Joseph George DiPopulous—George Joseph DiPopulous (take your pick) was the house guest of Mary Lib Whittaker. She even brought him down to breakfast, but the waiters insulted him by refusing to bring him a piece of chocolate pie at dinner and by pushing his stomach against the side of the table.

After their move to Schoolcraft's former residence, the Junior Girls' Comb Band gave concerts every second week. Theirs was a varied repertoire—of at least five symphonies. Whittaker, Taylor, Tannehill, Harmer, and Osborne were the world famous geniuses of this troupe.

Hear that hum and buzz? That's just the new dive bomber technique developed by the girls of the Junior House. They thought it was very appropriate since the Army Air Corps had moved in—and, besides, it was the only way to get into bed when three of the said havens of rest were lined up against one wall. The military objective was bed—the procedure was to stand against the opposite wall, give a running jump, and try to land in one's own bed.

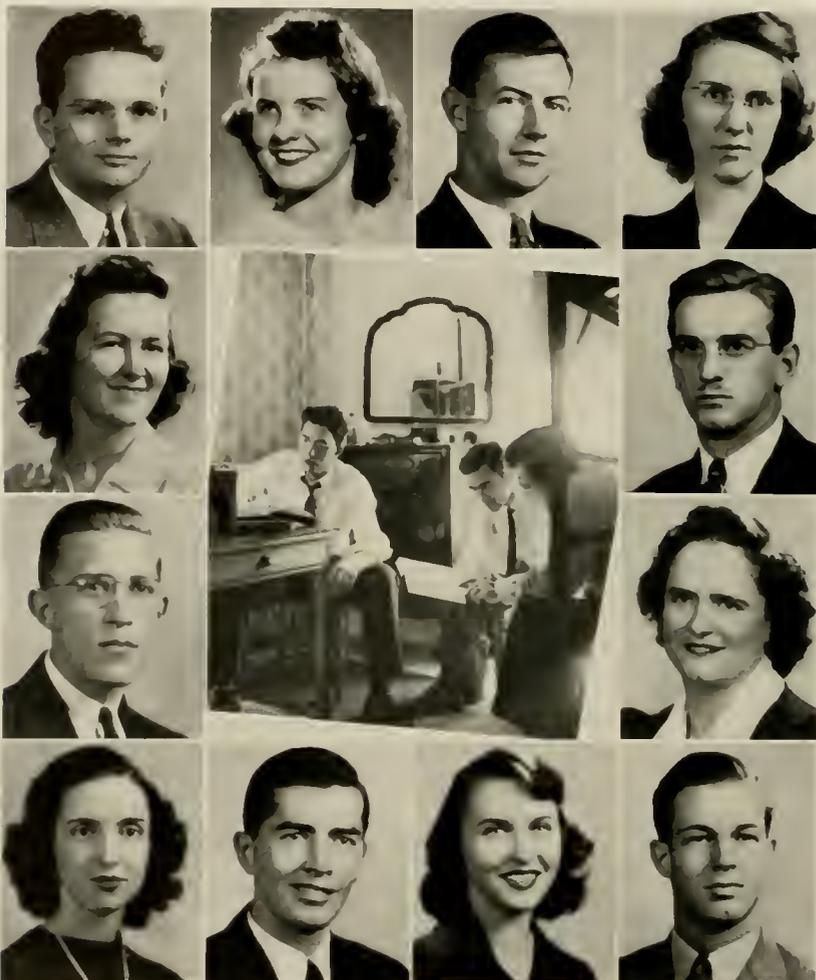
Top row: Willis Summers, Mary Ruth Evans, Lonnie Hinkle, Betty Erickson. Third row: Lucile Debar, Art Fleming.
 Second row: Robert Hammond, Ruth Tenney. First row: Mary Elizabeth Whittaker, Donald Carmody, Elizabeth Harmer,
 Robert Roberts.

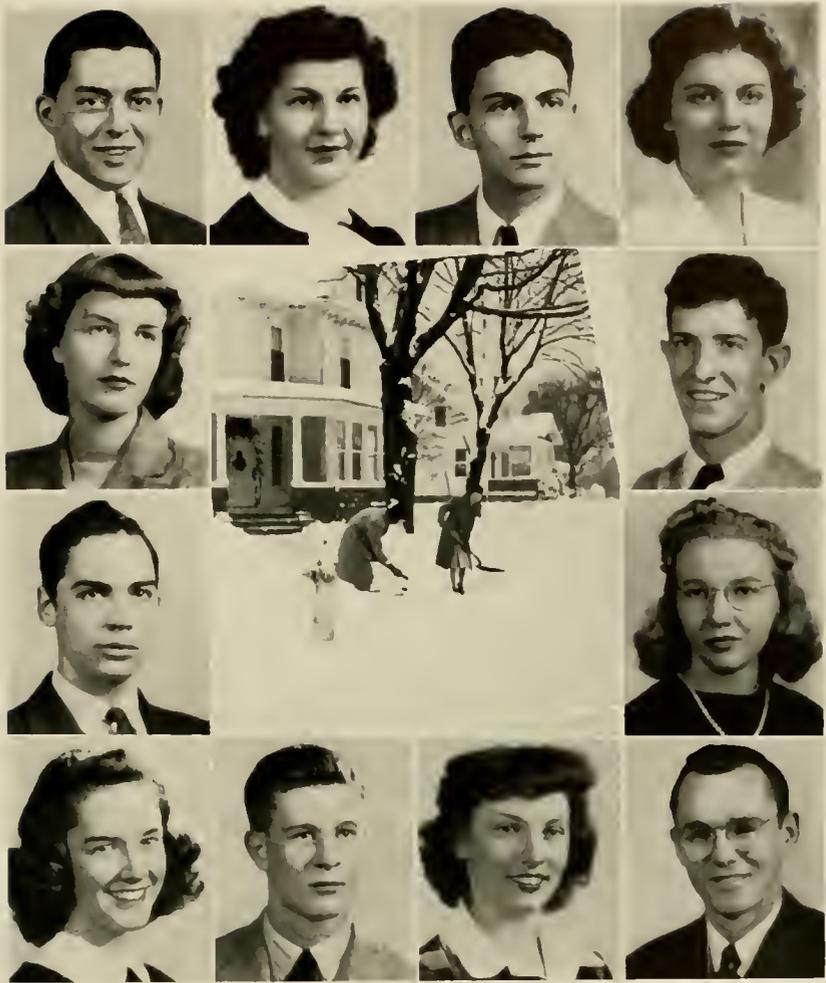




Top row William Simpson, Kay Tannehill, Anna King, William Hudson. Third row: Helen Ann Osborne, Juanita Geary. Second row. Harrison Mahon, Hugh Ashby. First row: Gay Feather, Mabel Reed, Edwin Tolbert, Laura Ford.

Top row: Lorence Brown, Rosemary McClay, Clarence Spellman, Lucille Rohr. Third row: Frances Lynch, Ted Maliszewski. Second row: Charles Post, Mary Louise Morrison. First row: Bernice Powell, Vance Gainer, Jean Bailey, William Glover.





Top row: Meridith Lambert, Janis Simons, Fred Hight, Marguerite Hymes. Third row: Betty Simons, Chester Marshall.
 Second row: Thomas McNeal, Reva Stump. First row: Zola Ramsbrug, William Holcomb, Margaret Deeds, Danny Fidler.

Top row: Frances Jean Horner, Edward O'Hara, Barbara Marshall Third row: Clarence Winans, Barbara Sommerville.
 Second row: Myrtle Hammer, Ralph Brown, Jr. First row: Jacob Bos, Betty Hoffman, Roberto Santana, Shirley Taylor.



Among these juniors were leaders, critics, scholars, athletes, and punsters.

People were always affecting Fred Hight in the queerest sort of way—interesting him vaguely and attracting him horribly.

The juniors, too, welcomed new students, among them a Commodity from Way Down East—Maladjustment by nickname. They told the freshmen what was on sixth floor of the dorm. “Just go up to the drying room, girls, then on up the steps to the sixth floor. We take our sun baths up there in the winter time. Gee! What a tan!”

Efficient, executive-like were numerous officers; Chet Marshall, now in the navy, was president. His sister, Barbara, was secretary. Other officers were Edwin Tolbert, vice president, and Meredith Lambert, treasurer.

Mabel and Frannie sold apples

three for a nickel to keep the doctor away from the Home Ec. House. Moral: To be popular in Agnes Howard Hall, have food, even if it is for sale; especially if it isn't.

“Oh, keeper of the moon”—What a beautiful thought expressed by Poet Reva Stump. Yes, they have talent—plenty of it—and they know how to use it.

In the hands of these middle-of-the-roaders, the sophomores and juniors, the older ones leave the reign. They have longed for the chance to show their true abilities, to show of what stuff they are really made. Next year, two ten-twenties and two elevens, says the sophomore girl, four ten-twenties and two elevens—says the junior. Next year—education with Schoolcraft—high school—observations—practice teaching. Next year—assistantship, frat presidency. Next year—next year.



CHAPTER V

This Hour With You

They all speak. They all speak in affection, respect, and appreciation.

The tall blonde senior from New York said, "This hour with you has been the swellest I've ever known. I only hope, dear, that it has meant as much to you."

The flippant young thing from Pittsburgh, "Ain't it great, I got a roommate like you? I'll never forget it. Gee, even this hour with you has been enough to—"

Jean, from Washington, said, "You certainly are a grand bunch of fellows. This is the most beautiful dance I've ever gone to. And this hour with you—"

The athlete from Charleston, said, "Prof., I don't know how to say it right, but this hour with you—well,

thanks." And he left with one tear in his eye.

The playboy from Newark said, "I wouldn't take anything for my experiences with this fraternity. Even this hour with you fellows—"

After the class, the all-too-serious student from Akron said, "Professor, this hour with you each day really makes life worth living."

The girl from Norfolk said, "I hope y'all like me up heah. Ah lak it all. Even this hour with you in church is somethin' different."

They all speak. They all speak in affection, respect, and appreciation.

Familiar is the phrase. One hears it at every place where two or more people get together. In the students has grown the finest sense of social values. And this is how it happened:



DORMITORY GIRLS DISCUSS
THEIR BOY FRIENDS

In an atmosphere of powder puffs, text books, stuffed animals, note cards, study lamps, and pictures of the boy friends, live the girls of Agnes Howard Hall. This is their

home for nine months of the year. Here they work and play, govern themselves and live with others. Each girl lives independently, yet she assumes an active role in a dynamic society.

AGNES HOWARD HALL GOVERN-
ING BOARD Standing: J. Brom-
berg, freshman representative; C.
Kennedy, senior representative; C.
Hardesty, president, S Taylor, sec-
retary; J. Sommerville, treasurer.
Seated: L. Hubner, sophomore rep-
resentative, C. Cervens, vice president,
L. DeBar, junior representative.



They did real work in those rooms. They enjoyed real play there, too.

A dark-haired girl comes in at eleven o'clock with a fraternity pin bright against her blouse. Other girls gather around her, sharing, and nourishing her happiness. Someone brings out cookies, another furnishes crackers and cheese. They talk, laugh, and weep.

That was life in Agnes Howard Hall.

And that was life in the four dormitories after the girls gave their school homes to the Army Air Corps in February.

The girls elected their own governing board which established and enforced rules and directed the social



MRS. T. B. DRUMMOND

activities of the whole group. Each new dormitory also had its officers.

All the girls knew "Zickie" and "Drummie."

"Did you hear about the moron who cut off his left side in order to be all right?"

Zickie—even the mail of Mrs. Gem Zickefoose is addressed, "Zickie"—must have laughed at and told hundreds of moron—and other—jokes in 1943. Zickie was the cook for Agnes Howard Hall. She had a hard time getting enough good, healthful food for her girls, but she did it. Good cooking, deep, ready laugh, motherly comfort—that is Zickie.

The work of Mrs. Drummond, housekeeper of Agnes Howard Hall and supervisor of the Co-op House, was probably harder in 1943 than in any other year. First the government girls came, and that meant more work. Then the air corps arrived,

MRS. GEM ZICKEFOOSE



and the girls had to leave their Hall. Mrs. Drummond had a great moving day in that last week of February, but she smiled and laughed with the girls, she looked up from her packing to wink. Mrs. Drummond, house-keeper of Agnes Howard Hall, was pretty in rose crepe formal, and efficient in crisp printed cotton. She was kind, gentle, smiling.

The girls of the Co-operative House appreciated Mrs. Drummond's supervision. They say that she aided a great deal in the development of that fine cooperative spirit which has characterized the Co-op House from the start. Yet it was the girls themselves who really made this experiment work. Mary Christie Mann, president; Margaret Gregory, treasurer; Leona Barnes, secre-

tary; and Mary Louise McWhorter, social chairman, made the wheels go around smoothly. All of the girls worked. They planned their meals, did housework, splashed from the washing machine to the piano, then back again to another household task.

Through it all they had a sense of humor. They had to have a sense of humor to have a sense of cooperation. They made life in the Co-op House a first-rate part of the social life of Wesleyan.

That social life at Wesleyan certainly calls for reference to the sororities and fraternities. Not every student belongs to one of them—not every student should—but they form an important phase of the Wesleyan scene.

Second row: V. Casev, M. Hammer, S. Ashby, O. McMillion, G. Yerkev, L. Barnes, M. Mann, J. Mezzatesta, M. Allender. First row: C. Prince, M. McWhorter, M. Gregory.



Psi of Alpha Kappa Pi, of the national order, founded and incorporated in Newark College of Engineering in 1832, was established at Wesleyan in 1933. It is one of three chapters in West Virginia and of twenty-nine in the United States—colors, Dartmouth green and white—flower, yellow tea rose.

The AKPi's redecorated their Meade Street house. They did the work themselves. Proudly they displayed their new decorations on October 30 and danced and played pool and ping-pong with their girl friends.

Seven active members of the Sigma Eta Delta found it inadvisable to

continue with a fraternity of their own. Sam Kyle, Jerome Brown, Bob Roberts, Don Taylor, Allen Cutright, Larry Marquess, and Ed O'Hara joined the AKPi's in December. Fifteen other men were pledged, given a party, then made to walk to Danny Fidler's home in Arlington and return and to bring in anything from skunks to live birds for a scavenger hunt during Hell Week.

The formal was held in the gymnasium on January 16—music, Jack Watkins and his orchestra—favors, gold identification bracelets with the fraternity seal.

ALPHA KAPPA PI. Top row: W. Stemple, J. Firestone, A. Cutright, L. Marquess, J. Brown, D. Fidler, R. Santana, E. Pertz, S. Dixon, P. Ellis. Second row: N. McIntyre, E. O'Hara, F. Griggs, J. Butcher, Professor Brown, K. Knox, president; D. Taylor, R. Brown, R. Roberts. Bottom row: L. Sutter, J. Kalafat, W. Simpson, W. Spencer, A. Dunn, G. McQuam, K. Swisher. Not pictured: A. Fleming, E. Gould, W. Holcomb, T. Jackson, S. Kyle, W. Brown, J. Cullings, R. Dawson, W. Douglas, H. Ellis, W. Glover, R. Hupp, D. Martin, A. Pavlina, W. Ashby.





KAPPA ALPHA ORDER

Top row: D. Carmody, W. Watis, H. Sharp, W. Kimberling, J. Bolvard, P. Tucker, D. Gabriel.
 Middle row: R. Kenney, F. Hight, T. Malczewski, F. Madden, D. Snyder, R. Piggford.
 Front row: C. Gabriel, J. Thomas, R. Reger, No. 1; M. Risinger, J. Finch, E. Turner.
 Unpictured: J. Hassler, F. Tolbert, H. Kenney, J. Martin, H. Koppe, N. Sahlit, L. Terwilliger, L. Brown, P. Thomas, A. Goller, B. Hudson, F. Coulter, V. Warner.

The Beta Chi Chapter of Kappa Alpha, Wesleyan's first national fraternity, was established in 1929, of the order founded in 1865 under the guidance of Robert E. Lee. Beta Chi is one of four chapters in West Virginia, one of sixty-nine in the United States; motto, *Dieu et Dames*.

God and women — When the cadets invaded Agnes Howard Hall, the KA's gave their house to the women, whom they annually serenaded by candlelight at Christmas time.

Eighteen KA's returned to Wesleyan last fall. Fifteen new men were pledged and beaten at the annual Pledge-Member football and basketball games.

War called away some Brothers.

War consciousness dictated that the annual winter semi-formal be held in the chapter house on Florida street. The house was open from two to five on January 9. Members and their guests played games, danced, ate a buffet chicken supper. Officially, the dance began that night. The decorations were streamers of crimson and old gold, the fraternity colors; the favors were leather address books and dance programs.

At a Valentine's Day house party the pledges entertained the Brothers and Mrs. C. M. Gabriel, mother of two KA's, presented the chapter with an original oil painting of the fraternity flowers, crimson roses and magnolias.

KAPPA PHI OMEGA

Standing B. Norman, N. Gilmore,
presidents, M. Harper, M. Channel.
Seated, third row: V. Sturm, J. Som-
merville, R. Bleigh, M. Colvin, D.
Hardesty, S. Armentrout, Z. Rams-
burg. Second row B. Howell, B.
Lawson, B. Smith, M. Brvant, F.
Carskadon, D. Yutzy.

Not Pictured: H. J. Brown, J. Mull-
er, C. Steele, B. Rohr, B. Hyde, M.
O'Dell, H. Borror, V. Rhodes, N.
Curry, M. Brown, R. Cosgrove.



Kappa Phi Omega, founded at Wesleyan in 1925, is Wesleyan's second sorority—flower, yellow rose—colors, orchid and yellow.

Kappa Phi's began their social year with a formal dinner in honor of Mrs. Broyles at Shadow Lawn.

The Kappa Phi's planned a Hobo Hike, but September rains forced them to eat their hot dogs in the Kollege Kitchen. They had their football dance at the Lion's Den in November.

At the Spanish rush party, guests received tambourines, corsages, gold lockets, and listened to troubadours serenade them from a balcony. Pledges were entertained with a tea and later with a Turkey Trot at the Lion's Den with live gobblers for

decoration. The preps gave a Christmas party for the actives. The girls exchanged gifts, received tiny angel favors, and chose Blanch Howell as Model Prep. At the formal initiation each new member received a bouquet of sorority flowers.

At the Sweetheart Formal on February 26, each couple stepped through a seven-foot heart to get to the dance floor. Professor Hyma and Miss Boette led the grand march.

The sorority invited all college women to a spring style show and tea, featuring the presentation of an original skit, *The Coed and Rationed Clothes*.

In May, the Kappa Phi's closed their year with a formal dinner honoring senior members.

Sigma Delta Chi, founded in 1921, was the first organization of its kind on Wesleyan's campus—colors, orchid and silver—flower, violet.

Starting off its season, the sorority entertained the feminine faculty members and the faculty members' wives with an afternoon tea on September 29. A Stage Door Canteen was held in October in the gymnasium. All those who attended brought gifts to be sent to men in the service. The sorority contributed a second war bond to the Student Union Building fund.

To the wide open camping spaces—in the gymnasium the members took preps on the Gypsy Trail in

November. Mrs. Hugh Kelso was elected new sorority mother.

The annual winter semi-formal in honor of the preps patriotically took place in the gymnasium. A record player provided the music. The musicians were stuffed dummies made by actives. The money saved went into the fund furnishing milk for needy children. Afterwards, the Whetsell-Meek-Wells suite gave a party for dormitory members. Preps pledged formally in March.

In March, President Whetsell entertained members of the sorority with a buffet supper in the home economics practice house.

SIGMA DELTA CHI

Top row: B. Marshall, V. Curry, F. Barlow, J. Shannon, N. Goodwin, N. Villers, G. Williams, K. Tannehill, M. Whittaker, S. Taylor, C. McGinley, C. Kennedy.
 Middle row: L. Ford, J. Tamblyn, B. Stathers, B. Hoffman, H. Osborne, J. Bailey, M. Hynes, H. Whetsell, president; R. Roberts, H. Wells, B. Hatmes, C. Cerveny, J. Ennis, J. Holloway, J. Gear, A. Jarvis.
 Bottom row: J. Williams, C. Hardesty, T. Linger, J. Simons, G. Meek, I. Tolbert, G. Brown, H. Darves.
 Not pictured: F. Edminston, M. Deeds, J. Hornor, H. Jackson, L. Vice, H. Bailey, J. Bartlett, M. Brown, M. Conley, R. Reeder, M. Cronin, M. Cunningham, J. Fike, I. Fisher, J. Floyd, G. Gaston, J. Glassburn, B. Harris, A. Dorsey, D. Purkey, A. Saunders, M. See, B. Williams.



Sigma Pi Delta Sorority was organized in 1926—colors, green and white—flower, pink rose.

Bacon, eggs, coffee, doughnuts—plenty of these breakfast foods were furnished by Sigma Pi's for girls of all sororities at City Park on the morning of October 3. Later that month the Sigma Pi's honored their new sponsor, Miss Cornelia Hughes, with a candlelight dance at the Lion's Den and feted their rushees with an Autumn Festival—a formal dinner at Baxa's, a program and dancing at Ye Olde Barn. The favors were chrysanthemum tiaras and gold bracelets. Thirteen girls were pledged at a candlelighting service at the home of Mrs. Heyward Williams

with each receiving a pink rose. The preps were guests of honor at a Christmas party at Mrs. W. T. Taylor's.

For their semi-formal on January 25, the Sigma Pi's had a Winter Carnival—one thousand snow flakes falling from the ceiling of the gymnasium, skis, snowshoes, sleds, "skaters" lining snowbanks, Russian tea and cookies in the T room, and real snow the next morning.

Everyone put on her tackiest clothes for the pledges' tacky party for actives on February 19. Formal pledging took place in March.

The year's project was helping to furnish a lounge in the Administration Building after the advent of the Air Corps.

SIGMA PI DELTA

Top row: F. Horner, treasurer; M. Reed, M. Been, D. Jackson, I. Barnett, L. Alkire, S. Ashby, C. Tucker.
Middle row: H. Schweickart, V. Helmick, J. Shomo, L. Fisher, J. Lang, R. Loudin, M. Seitz, secretary; M. McWhorter, O. McMillion.
Bottom row: F. Lynch, S. Sparks, L. Hubner, K. Judy, president, B. Erickson, J. Bromberg, L. Debar, V. Lipscomb, M. Schrock.
Not pictured: M. Evans, A. King, J. Mezzatesta, E. Akers, M. Guey, B. Somerville, R. Stump, L. Flanagan, L. Barnes, B. Powell, M. Mann.



TALLAGEWE

Second row. M. Demastes, S. Chapman, G. Yerkev, L. Rohr, C. Westfall. First row. W. Tennev, M. Crites, F. Comstock, M. Hammer. Not pictured M. Allender, president; M. Stewart, B. Fitchison, F. Stowers, K. Reeder.



The Tallagewe organization, founded on Wesleyan's campus in 1925, bears an Indian name meaning "endless," "everlasting."

The Tallagewe rushees hunted treasure at their rush party on October 28, and Mary Louise Crites found it. New members were pledged at Miss Nellie Drummond's home after a theater party. The rain prevented the wearing of formal gowns.

In November, the actives gave an informal party for the preps, who in turn entertained the actives at a Christmas party where they exchanged gifts.

St. Patrick's Day decoration and favors featured the semi-formal banquet and theater party on March 13.

Members enjoyed their annual

sorority breakfast and a "Tomboy" picnic and wiener roast in April.

Spring flowers, May baskets, music, evening gowns—the Tallagewes danced at the Lion's Den on May 1.

Kappa Phi, Tallagewe, Sigma Delt, Sigma Pi, Kappa Alpha, Alpha Kappa Pi—these were sororities and fraternities of Wesleyan. These were not the only sisterhoods and brotherhoods of Wesleyan. The Wesleyan family is one family.

The Scrap Dance, The Saturday dances, the Masquerade Ball, the Christmas formal—these were for everybody; these were sponsored by the Student Union.

Pirate, bat, birthday cake, shepherd girl, Scotsman, Spanish dancer—everybody and everything, real or imaginary, milled around the gym-

nasium floor on Halloween. Henry Metcalf as Frankenstein's monster, Mrs. Ogden as "Simplicity," and Nordi Gilmore as "A well-known character on Wesleyan's campus" won the costume prizes. By a boiling cauldron, a tall black witch told fortunes. In the husking bee, Joe Cullings found the red ear and named Jean Floyd queen of the ball. Dr. Broyles gave Queen Jean a bouquet of chrysanthemums and also acted as ring master for the cake walks.

As a group, groups, and individuals, Wesleyan had fun in 1943. Hikes, unplanned parties, picnics, field days, basketball games—

"War-time is sacrifice-time."

Throughout the United States, intercollegiate athletics had to make sacrifices to the war effort and Wesleyan fell into that group of institutions which so nobly conceded to the times.

Football at Wesleyan was a war casualty. In the past, her men of the gridiron had been often nationally recognized. Wesleyan remembers Saturday afternoon—packed with thrills and excitement when the Bobcats were in action, bands playing, crowds cheering, grads returning, pleasures no end. Wesleyan regretted the absence of these scenes in 1943. Wesleyan looked forward to the day

when the Methodists again would march on the football field instead of the battlefield.

Despite the war, basketball remained, on a somewhat limited basis. Heretofore the Bobcats had played at least a twenty-game schedule. This year, due to difficulty in transportation, the number had to be reduced. As far as the "won" and "lost" column was concerned, the 1943 season could be considered a "flop." But when one examines the situation a little more closely he may feel differently. Not one player received education for participation in athletics. Each paid for tuition and fees and bought his own books. In other words, varsity athletics at Wesleyan were run on a strictly amateur basis and the participants played because they wanted to play and enjoyed playing. In the records, one can see games lost by comparatively close scores which are not recorded in the aforementioned "won" and "lost" columns. The fact that the University was run into an overtime period is not to be overlooked.

Under the capable tutelage of Dave Reemsnyder the Bobcats at times were down but never out. Dave deserves a great deal of credit for his perseverance and patience with a comparatively new and inexperienced group of recruits. Only "Mut" Brown and "Hank" Ellis returned



ELLIS



R. BROWN



KNOX



ANDRICK

BROWN

MARSHALL

SHARP



SEASON RECORD

Wesleyan	47	Fairmont	41
Wesleyan	41	Alderson-Broaddus	42
Wesleyan	47	West Va. Un.	60
Wesleyan	38	Salem	42
Wesleyan	50	West Va. Un.	63
Wesleyan	36	Fairmont	47
Wesleyan	56	Alderson-Broaddus	44
Wesleyan	49	Glenville	79
Wesleyan	54	Salem	64
Wesleyan	41	Glenville	57
Wesleyan	53	West Liberty	66

from last year's first team. And Chet Marshall and Kenny Knox, substitutes and lettermen, were the only other hold-overs. Herb Sharp had had some experience his freshman year.

Jim Andrick, freshman from Buckhannon-Upshur High School, fit in the number five slot to go with Hank Ellis, "Mut" Brown, Kenny Knox and Chet Marshall as a starting combination. Bill Brown, Bob Hupp, Harold Ellis and Norman Sahlit were called upon when substitutions were made. Then Harold Ellis and Bob Hupp went to the army, and Chet Marshall to the Navy, and Assistant Manager Eddie Gould was put in uniform.

Three games were played before Christmas vacation. In the opener the Bobcats got off on the right foot by defeating Fairmont College, 47-41. That same week they fell by a one-point margin to Alderson-Broadus on the Philippi Court. Then West Virginia University came to Buckhannon but did not leave without getting the scare of their lives. The Methodists held the Mountaineers throughout the game and, with only a few minutes to go before the final whistle, held a five-point lead. Marshall and Frank Ellis were out on personal fouls and Kenny Knox was benched for the whole



game with a slight case of blood poisoning. Taking advantage of the situation, the West Virginians tied up the game and went ahead in the overtime period to win by a thirteen-point margin.

Immediately after the holidays the Bobcats dropped three in a row: Salem on the home court by four points, West Virginia University at Morgantown and Fairmont College at Fairmont.

Then Broadus traveled to Buckhannon and the Methodists were in the "win" once more, 56-44.

Of course, it's always good to have a winning team; it's fine to be right up there on top. But Wesleyan was not on top in scores in 1943. Wesleyan's teams have always been known as the "fighting Bobcats" and despite such a record, despite any record, that name will stand.



CHAPTER VI

This Time of Faith

No beam is necessary for pleasure flying. A ship may detour through the clouds at will and still come swooping down with a swish of surety. The airlines, though, lay tracks for their craft—tracks as sure as the rails for locomotives. That beam must be there—and every sky-barge must stick to it. When there are certain cargos to carry to definite ports, flying is a serious business.

Students know that lives are planes—not bombers, fighters, but cargo ships. And each looks to his own to see that it keeps to the beam. They say there is no such thing as a frivolous pilot. Some stunt, it's true, but they stunt positive of their powers. That some wreck is inevitable. Spanning the great continent between here and there, many beams are set to chart as many roads. The wisest

pilots choose the best of each and take the safest of shortcuts. Religion, knowledge, work, action, service, tolerance, humor, and sympathy—these are the names of the beams. Each is sure and unfailing. The One who set them there insures each traveler.

Going to church is not an idle pastime. Serving with the Student Volunteers, working in a laboratory, getting a lesson, or learning to be an engineering aide are not simple pleasures. They are work—serious work—keeping to the beam in any weather and on every day.

And they all worked at Wesleyan—all of the time—or one time or another. The ergs were not measured. They could not be measured, for even science doesn't count that far. And this is how it happened:



MINISTERIAL

Third row: C. Tucker, W. Summers, O. Linger, V. Gainer, H. Ashby, R. Sheehan, R. McCord, C. Spellman. Second row: G. Yerkey, J. Hedden, W. Hudson, O. Raines, H. Metcalf, C. Hunt, C. Winans. First row: D. Resseguie, C. Post, R. Hammond, M. Rinsinger, president; Dr. Brown, Rev. Ross Linger. Not pictured: A. King, A. Dennis, C. McMillon.

WESLEYAN'S RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATIONS

Above: Ministerial Association.
 Right: A few Y.W.C.A. members.
 Below: Student Volunteers.



Y.W.C.A.

Standing: V. Casey, V. Helmick, M. Been, Scatred S. Sparks, C. Tucker, president; L. Barnett, A. Dorsey, G. Meek, H. Wells, H. Osborne, L. Flanagan.

STUDENT VOLUNTEERS

Second row: H. Ashby, L. Barnes, R. Travis, Mrs. Ogden, J. Mezzatesta, V. Casey. First row: M. Hammet, M. Mann, G. Yerkey, M. Stewart, J. Lang, R. Loudin, C. Post, T. Deneen, Rev. Ross Linger.

Not pictured: A. King, president; R. Hammond, W. Summers, J. Shomo, C. Saville, T. Walton, B. Sommersville, M. Allender, W. Tenney, S. Ashby.



RACHEL OGDEN

Keeping on the beam called for more than work; they had need of worshiping together, and laughing and singing together; they had need of a deep and genuine fellowship inspired by more than social bonds. And so they joined the Ministerial Association, the Y.W.C.A., or the Student Volunteers. They chose their leaders, friendly, capable, reverent—Melvin Risinger, Barbara Somerville, and Anna King.

It was Mel who planned the student chapel, but it was students in paint-smear'd slacks, students who sacrificed long hours to sit and sew, it was they who helped him make Brown Chapel a place for personal devotion, Wesleyan's Upper Room.

Brown Chapel—yes, they called it that—and it is always unlocked to those who need it, just as Dr. Brown was always ready to help those who came to him for help. He is a true son and friend of Wesleyan.

Wesleyan's religious organizations owe much to such leaders as Dr. Brown, Mrs. Ogden, and Professor Karickhoff.



RALPH C. BROWN

Mrs. Ogden was interested not only in languages but also in the welfare of the people who speak them. And in the scientific study of people, Professor Karickhoff was the leader in his sociology classes.

O. EARLE KARICKHOFF





J. McDonald, W. Kohlheim, F. O'Hara, M. Whittaker, R. Cosgrove, M. Morrison, S. Sparks, J. F. Judson, M. Hammer. Not pictured: L. Flanagan, C. Thorne, R. Loudin, A. Fleming, A. King, M. Van Gilder, M. Hymes, W. Huffman.

Native of West Virginia, alumnus, true son, and friend of Wesleyan is Dr. Haught. Retired in 1941, he answered Wesleyan's call in 1942 and once more became part of the active faculty. As much a part of Wesleyan as the ivy on her brick walls and the giant oaks which look down upon her, Dr. Haught has built his life around Wesleyan, and she has built her life around him. Both built well. Student, professor, dean, professor emeritus, then professor once more—and so his years at Wesleyan go.

Yes, they worked to keep on the beam those days. They were seekers after truth, scientists many of them.

They spent long hours in laboratories, and the frogs in the dissecting pans became their friends. They joined the Nucleus Club and elected Mary Lib Whittaker as their president and Lois Flanagan, vice president. The nucleus of their club was the greenhouse but it wasn't large enough, so they added more—Judson, architect and constructor—experiments in plant genetics. There were always fresh flowers in Dr. Broyles' office—flowering maples, amaryllis, Nile lily, daffodils, tulips, jonquils, and sweet peas. They said they had the original fig tree—you know the one—but they wouldn't tell how they got it. The Keystoners sponsored a scavenger hunt and they went to the greenhouse for an ant's cow. There was the senior girl who picked all the flowers from Judson's plant. This was the Nucleus club—selling Christmas trees, growing flowers—seekers after truth, scientists.

THOMAS W. HAUGHT



Wesleyan graduates are at work in DuPont, Carbon-Carbide, and Westinghouse. In many others of the best laboratories they are busy testing, analyzing, and carrying on research in every field of modern science. They are known widely for their preparation, their ingenuity, and their character.

At Temple, Louisville, Northwestern, and Maryland; at Richmond, Rush, West Virginia, and Johns Hopkins, Wesleyan men and women are working and sacrificing for the M. D. and the chance to serve. One says, "I'm going to be the best heart specialist, or else — " Another, "I'm not as bright as some, but I'll make it. I want to be a doctor." The noblest of them all says, "I don't care about specializing. I want to come back to some little town and take care of the common people, the real people." Even the scientist admits that knowing how to do a thing scientifically is not enough.



BIOLOGY LABORATORY

People demand more than that. Success demands more than that. A man must also understand people, be moral and ethical, like his work, and have the spirit of accomplishment. Wesleyan scientists are healers — healers of men; and technicians — technicians in the laboratory of life. Their knowledge and their art are one.



CHEMISTRY LABORATORY



NICHOLAS HYMA

Experiments—adventure into the world of science—they were directed by able men of Wesleyan. They were directed by men who knew.

Dr. Hyma, professor of chemistry, was one of the most popular faculty members. It was he who directed the learning of those students who were to go into the vital jobs so necessary to win the war.

Several of his students answered calls to industry. The engineering aides took their new knowledge to their jobs at Wright Field. The Air Corps boys prepared for the great task ahead of them.

Dr. Hyma's assistants, too, answered calls to the advancing world. Carolyn Prince went to Charleston, Curt Thorne to the University of Wisconsin, Johnny Allopenna to the Army Air Corps, and Jack MacDonald to pre-med school.

Yet all the while the guiding hand of Dr. Hyma remained steady;

Dr. Hyma—professor with the real spirit of Wesleyan—with encouragement to his students—ambition toward Wesleyan's greater future.

Dr. Judson knew about life—in his genial manner he taught it to biology students. He filled them with his curiosity to see the “workings” of animals—frogs, turtles, and even cats. He gave students new worlds to explore.

Between his excursions to the work



JAMES F. JUDSON

shop and his cross-country trips to Indiana he found time to present the facts of life to his eugenics classes. And his list of jokes had the same workmanship and artistry that there is behind the bedstead he made for his daughter and the honeyrock melons that he brought back from his farm.

Yes, they had ether fights in the laboratory. They brought apples and cookies, too—reagents, they called them, just to be proper. But they

worked. They joined the Benzene Ring and backed their president, Curtis Thorne. But the end of the semester came, and Curt went to Wisconsin to be a research technician. Kenny Knox took over. Benzene Ring used the campus for a laboratory. They talked for days about initiation—blue vitriol tablets, spaghetti that didn't taste like spaghetti, the kissing machine. Ah, yes, they remembered that. They sponsored *Wesleyan On Parade*, and the fellows thought that they got a glimpse of the dorm life after dinner—but they didn't. Trudy Linger played Dr. Hyma's Solovox, and they watched and marveled. They liked good music. It was a part of Wesleyan.

They got a laugh out of Jimmy Thomas "Andrews" and his "sisters." There were other laughs, too. They told of the time Trudy was working in the laboratory when it started to rain. "Oh, it's raining!" exclaimed she, as she raised her umbrella.

But they worked. They bought the candy and coke machines so that starving students might have a little bite between classes and know "the pause that refreshes" without going to the Kitchen. They published *THE RING*, their club paper. They watched, fascinated, while Johnny Allopenna showed them how to make face cream. The girls said he was very successful. They spent long hours in the laboratory with the

BENZENE RING

Back row: H. Sharp, C. Gabriel, R. Kenney, J. Rohr, D. Taylor. Second row: A. Cutright, B. Marshall, L. Debar, L. Brown, W. Kimberling, W. Kohlheim, K. Knox, J. McDonald. Third row: S. Dixon, L. Hubner, J. Sommersville, E. Barlow, N. Goodwin, F. O'Hara, K. Judy, Dr. Hyma. Seated: R. Roberts, J. Brown.

Not pictured: M. McClung, M. Channell, J. Bos, A. Fleming, C. Roberts, F. Tolbert, F. Pertz, J. Lowther, R. Roberts, R. Loudin, C. Pince, C. Thorne, president; H. Kenney, F. Madden, J. Tamblin, J. Allopenna, R. Brown, D. Fidler, B. Glover, F. Giggs, F. Hight, F. Horner, M. Hymes, W. Holcomb, W. Hutzman, M. Lambert.



camphor synthesis experiment—long hours—smell of hotdogs, pinene, coffee, camphene—blare of radios, pranks of practical jokers, endless questions by ignorant observers, a moment of stolen sleep, cokes, and finally—camphor. They crowned the Camphor King and ate their banquet food from watch glasses with spatulas. But they made camphor. They worked.

Benzene Ring, selling candy and coke, making face cream and camphor, sponsoring *Wesleyan on Parade*, and dealing with test tubes—yes, Benzene Ring used the campus for a laboratory.

The Haymond Science Hall deserves a better and more inclusive name. It deserves more purposes than that of just being a home for scientific activity. Now take Bert Mercer, for instance. He not only works there; he lives there. It might be called a home—but it would be dangerous to add any particular adject-

ive. And the engineering aides ate their breakfasts there regularly. Menu: doughnuts, Coca Cola, and apples. As a matter of fact, many more ate there when one considers how fast Jack McDonald had to replenish the coke machine and the candy dispenser. So, it might be called a restaurant—perhaps, more exactly, a cafeteria.

Too, it might be called a recreation hall, for there many of the students not otherwise interested in science met to play chess and any other sort of game that seemed applicable. Chemical battles are not all fought in no man's land. Some even go native during camphor synthesis and go barefooted—to wit, Mutt Brown, spring, 1943. Yes, the science hall is typical of all Wesleyan. It is lived in.

The physics class was a bit trying for Apostle and Roberts this year. What with the variety of personalities and the interrupted school



PHYSICS LAB



PAN AMERICAN CHAIN

Standing: F. O'Hara, R. Santana, president; R. Holt, treasurer.
Seated: F. Casev, R. Leonard, J. Mezzatesta, secretary; W. Summers, R. Piggford.

program, the lab was never dull.

Other students turned to national affairs. There was the Pan-American Chain sponsored by Mrs. Ogden. Students particularly interested in maintaining friendly relations between the Americas met once a month to discuss conditions and their effect on American affairs, to come closer to our American neighbors, to prepare to become leaders of tomorrow. They elected Roberto Santana as president, Bob Holt, as treasurer, and Julia Mezzatesta, as secretary. As the only group of the Pan-American Collegiate Fraternity in the western hemisphere which included both men and women, it grew in numbers and importance—received the official publication, *Pasco*, learned to know better the people of the Americas, the

western hemisphere.

Also concerned with world affairs was the International Relations Club. Its members met to discuss world affairs, to study the causes of historical phenomena, to investigate the principles of international conduct making for world peace. Sponsored by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, it regularly received literature on current international events. This organization on Wesleyan's campus is under the direction of Dr. G. L. Glauner. Andy Pavlina, that all-powerful philosophy and social science major, was elected president.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

Standing: R. Santana, A. Cutsight, R. Holt, G. L. Glauner, R. Piggford. Seated: J. Hedden, P. Thomas, P. Tomley, R. Lynch, V. Casev.



In business administration the students turn to the most practical aspects of the business world to learn to make a living by doing the right jobs well.

They prepare by developing the principles of bookkeeping and accounting, discussing problems, working practice sets. They get new motivation, new applications, new objectives, new viewpoints. They learn to calculate rapidly, to understand fundamental principles in commercial and business law. They learn about titles, mortgages, and warrants; wills, insurance, administrations, and bailments.

Every day their fingers become more skilled at typing — their pens a little faster in recording dictation. From their instructors the students

learn the use of office equipment — typewriters, calculators, dictaphones, mimeoscopes, comptometers, and mimeographs.

Some learn actual office practice — sixty hours of experience in a semester. Experience develops skill; these students become skilled for their future jobs.

Buckhannon businessmen and women welcome the help of these young students — these who are soon to enter business life. They assist them in developing the qualities of ideal secretaries. These students learn the secrets of success. They learn to follow instructions carefully, to be accurate, to be precise, to be swift. Problems are solved; questions are answered; practical knowledge becomes a part of them.



TYPING LABORATORY

Among the much that was new on the Wesleyan campus this year were the two business administration instructors, Professor Williams and Miss Moore.

Professor Williams, businesslike, understanding, helpful, was always ready to confer with students. Many hours they spent in his third floor room, straightening out stubborn accounting problems, figuring on balance sheets. College students and engineering aides, as well, were pre-



H.F. WARD
WILLIAMS

paring to take a place in the fast-moving world.

Miss Moore—young, intelligent, friendly—taught practical efficiency in the business field. She helped the students realize the value of efficiency. Too, she became house mother to the girls living in the home economics practice house.

Yes, many students chose commerce as their field. They prepared for their niche in the revolving world.

Mary Lee Seitz saw the inside of a doctor's office; Lillian Alkire, of a

company office. Harriet Jane Wells worked for a local lawyer, and Mary Colvin learned what makes a newspaper's wheels go 'round. June Tamblin and Elizabeth Barlow had experiences, too, experiences to talk about, experiences to make them anxious to go to work and prepare to do their jobs well.

Other commerce students were actual secretaries to college officials and spent long hours in college offices.

Wesleyan's commercial students learned to do by doing.

College life in wartime became more realistic, alive, meaningful with the arrival of 350 air corps students, air cadets—who were later to go on duty to countries everywhere.

Gladly—but yet rather wistfully—co-ed residents of Agnes Howard Hall evacuated. They moved to give their room to air corps boys—diligent, strong young men to occupy those rooms which had always before echoed the laughter, the tears, the chatter of women.

Drilling on the gymnasium and football field—eating mess in the gym—patronizing the canteen in the music hall—marching across the campus—working on math problems—busy—uniformed—alert—soldiers they were.

They kept Wesleyan on the beam. They told Wesleyan that America was at war.



F. T. A.

Back row J. Hupp, C. Kennedy, A. King, L. Vice, M. Deeds, J. Simons, R. Roberts. Second row A. A. Schoolcraft, F. Lynch, M. Whittaker, K. Tannehill, B. Marshall, Z. Ramsburg. Front row L. Flanagan, president, B. Strathers, V. Curry, B. Hoffman. Not pictured: H. Borrer, vice president; C. Cerveny, R. Duncan, M. Evans, historian; M. Gregory, D. Hardesty, B. Harmer, F. Horner, secretary; B. Hyde, R. Loudin, C. McGinley, M. O'Dell, H. Osborne, C. Prince, M. Reed, E. Rohr, B. Simons, K. Williams.

Those who were majors in the field of education joined the Future Teachers of America organization. Wesleyan's Morris P. Shawkey chapter was named in honor of the former state superintendent of schools, president of Marshall College, and teacher at Wesleyan.

The future teachers of America, they were, and at the meetings they learned of the best and newest ideas in the teaching field. They learned about those who influenced the early public schools, those who influence the schools of today.

For president, they chose Lois Flanagan. The other officers were Clarice Cerveny, vice president; Lois Vice, treasurer; Frances Horner, secretary; Beth Harmer, librarian, and Mary Ruth Evans, historian.

This was a good year for the Future Teachers at Wesleyan. Everyone had access to the shelf of educational books and the Personal Growth Leaflets in the library.

They all subscribed to the *West Virginia School Journal* and the *Journal of the N. E. A.*, in which they studied the problems they must learn to face and the present-day solutions. From them they gained enthusiasm for their future occupations.

Best of all, they earned a shining seal and recognition in the West Virginia Yearbook of the Future Teachers of America. Wesleyan's chapter was on the honor roll of Future Teachers—an outstanding and growing group of students, an outstanding and growing group of teachers.

The directed teaching class, 405,

started with five members. But they lost Madden to the army air corps just when he was beginning to learn what to do with little girls in the front row who just shake their heads when asked questions.

Teachers learn that if anything must be neglected, it is to be the classes on the campus and not the "kids" at the high school. What they wanted to know was, would this apply to campus courses on the week-ends?

Both secondary and elementary teachers wonder what to do with the "cutest little discipline problems on two legs" when they walk into the room unexpectedly. In the class sessions, Doctors Schoolcraft and Hupp tried to clear up some of the doubt in the quaking hearts of these student teachers. In this way they build Wesleyan's education department into the best in the state—Schoolcraft, head of the department of education; Hupp, associate professor of education and Dean of Men.

JAMES L. HUPP



A. A. SCHOOLCRAFT

"Miss Horner, was Custer killed in the Black Hills?" "Is this week still Courtesy Week?" "When are our book reports due?" "Why didn't the sailors get out and look around when their ship was stuck in the ice?" "How could the albatross fall in the ocean?"

"I didn't know we had to do all that for today." "I don't have my lesson." "I just can't get up in front of the class and recite." "May I get a drink of water?" "Do we have to write out the answers to these questions?"

—All this was just another hour in the life of the student teachers, at the Academy, at Main Street, at Buckhannon-Upshur. Future teachers, ably directed and advised by present teachers, their nightly refrain is: "Gee, what will I teach my kids tomorrow? It's got to be good—better than good; it's got to be best. Schoolcraft observed me today for the first time, and the kids were so good—bless 'em!"



HIPPOCRATES G. APOSTLE

When he came to Wesleyan as a new teacher this year, Dr. Apostle found large classes in math and science. Students, engineering aids, and Air Corps boys all kept him busy. Still he found time to prepare delicious steaks, learn to know his students, play his violin, and show his skill at chess.

The chess club was a new organization on the campus this year. Its members spend many spare moments playing. It seemed as if the chess men were always in use. Mirth Spangler, Sam Kyle, Don Taylor, Ted Maliszewski, Lorence Brown, Robert Hupp, Robert Roberts, Barbara Marshall, William Grose, Gran Visor, and Dr. Hyma elected Jerome Brown for King, Rachel Cosgrove for Queen, Burtis Mercer for Rook, Robert Lynch for Knight, and Robert Earle for Pawns.

What contests, what sports they had as they pitted their skills against one another!

Professor Dawn, quiet but indus-

trious, also did his share this year at Wesleyan, his share in the national emergency.

He, too, was new at Wesleyan—new as head of the industrial arts department. He held state supported classes at night. He remodeled the laboratory. Besides, he taught industrial arts to professors, townspeople, and students who wished to make whatnots, magazine racks, tables, and stools. Variety was the keynote in the laboratory. One made a bed; another made a wallet and keycase; someone else made a chair. Great interest was shown by professors and science hall loafers as they frequently observed the industrious craftsmen.

There were the mysterious spots splattered on a certain professor's prize walnut table, and the boards split by amateurs working new machinery. Nevertheless, when ninety-three came it was with reluctance that the new artisans replaced the tools, put masterpieces away until another class, and—keeping on the

WILLIAM C. DAWN



beam. Yes, Wesleyan did it. It did it when it opened its doors to engineering and drafting aides—those who came to learn letter tracing, shop drawing, charts and graphs, algebra, trigonometry, slide rule, mechanics, and curve fitting.

The students worked hard and long to prepare for defense jobs in an airplane factory—eight hours of class each day—one two-week assignment of eight hundred problems.

But they liked it. They liked the collegiate air of Wesleyan. At first they created a sensation—but soon they, too, became a part of Wesleyan. They became as much a part of Wesleyan as the Senior Walk, the oak grove, and the campus squirrels.

Yes, they were college students in those weeks at Wesleyan. They, too, attended concerts, chapel, and basketball games. They read the *Pharos*.



ENGINEERING AIDES AT WORK

They became acquainted with other Wesleyan students, especially the lab assistants.

Virginia Carter held Agnes Howard Hall girls spellbound as she read their palms.

And they presented in math class a table cloth to one of them who'd just been married. In math class also, they learned the Greek alphabet as they were the ones who hid Dr. Hyma's umbrella.

Work, work, work was the keynote of their Wesleyan experience, but they also remember the wonderful party at Dr. Hyma's home—those bull sessions in the hall—that farewell doughnut party in Dr. Apostle's room—the graduation exercise with *Ballad for Americans*.

Yes, Wesleyan students—all—kept on the beam in those days of '42 and '43—patriotic—learning—equal to whatever was to come.



CHAPTER VII

Time For the Solo

Whatever be the training, the solo is seldom met with certainty. To read the text, to take the wheel, to open the book, to hold the scalpel for the first time is to deflate the confidence. The thrill all live for carries with it the only pleasing fear known to man. With it are humble awe and understanding.

One puts off his cap and gown to walk out into the country to teach a school, saying, "I understand. Whatever I do I multiply by all my students."

The new chemist said, "I know two chemicals which combined would destroy my laboratory. My job is to find two which combined will make a world new."

In his first sermon, the preacher said, "You listen well—like good Christians. But does that nation of you act well—like good Christians?"

The young woman medical student said, "I've come far. I've learned much, but can I ever learn everything I shall need to know?"

And the young farmer said, "I go back to where I came from. Give me a few years and it will be as changed as I."

To factory, shop, and laboratory; to school, field, and home; to office, Asia, slums, they go to do their work. They are not sure. They would not be safe and sure. But they are brave.

Trembling with the thrill, but unafraid they go. This interlude is done. And this is how it happened.

Prepared and ready, they joined the long procession. Their caps and gowns were less colorful than those of the faculty and the trustees—but theirs were the banners of the day.

Prepared and ready, they marched. Trudy Linger, pianist; Sam Kyle, marine; Margaret Gregory and Lois Flanagan, teachers; Melvin Risinger, minister; Lois Vice and Claudine McGinley, housewives; Harriet Wells, organist—all these and many more. Some of them were not in the lines for they had already rushed off to their work—but even they were present. That only added to the solemnity of baccalaureate. Spiritual advice is always welcomed more in

times of stress—and this was 1943. This was Baccalaureate 1943.

Something of the spiritual was with the seniors that last night they spent together. The puns they spoke, the jokes they cracked, the lines they used—all seemed superficial that evening, for underneath was real emotional experience.

Again they marched. Hank Ellis, athlete; Curt Thorne, research technician; Frank Madden, air cadet; Walt Kohlheim, pre-med; Carolyn Prince, chemist.

To listen to the commencement address was no easy task. There were too many other things to be thought about—and thoughts were often crowded aside by emotions. The degrees were theirs. Bachelor of Arts or Bachelor of Science, it mattered not. They had earned their titles.



PROCESSION FORMS



ACADEMIC PROCESSION

They who go out from Wesleyan are prepared and ready to live and work in the American way. With them they take much that is small — memories of parties, games, hours with the best friend, and with the fraternity or sorority. But they take with them much more that is great — knowledge of the world of culture, of the facts of science, of the techniques of specific professions, and above all, they take with them their fully developed selves. They are still individuals — men and women who know how to live in a democracy. They never forget Wesleyan, for it was there that they had their first practical experience in living fully, gracefully, and well. That's the way one lives at Wesleyan. That's the way Americans would live. Wesleyan is America.

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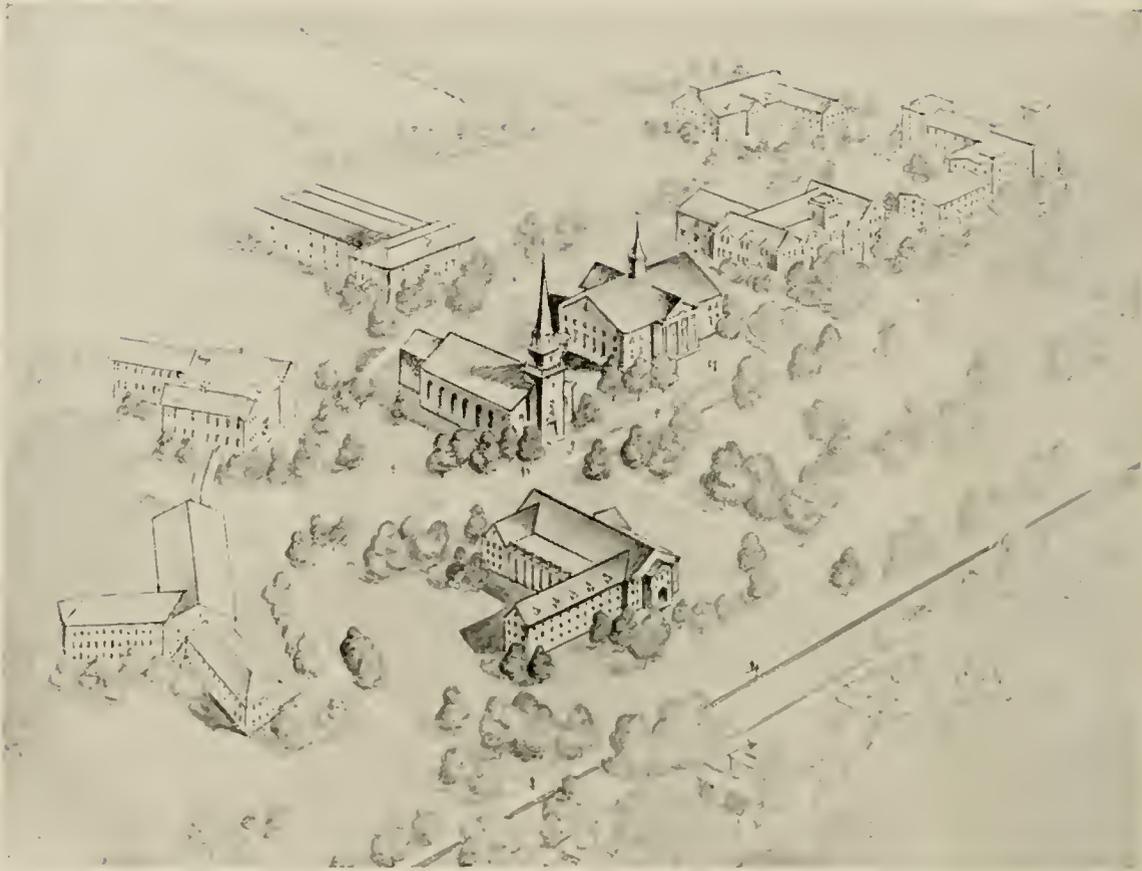
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This is the new Wesleyan — the Wesleyan of the future. For more than half a century, the college has served well, but in the next few years it must far surpass its growth of the past. Its obligations are greater, its responsibilities more, its area of service larger than ever before.

The new Wesleyan is the dream of every alumnus and every friend. On its growth depends much of the welfare of the future. From the new buildings, from the new methods of education—and from the new spirit will come a new world. Wesleyan is willing to share the responsibility for the new day.

The greater Wesleyan is an architect's dream as well. Around the old Administration Building, Agnes Howard Hall, Haymond Science Hall, and the Gymnasium, new buildings of beautiful structure must grow. There will be the new Library, the Fine Arts Building, the Chapel, the Student Union Building, and the Boys' Dormitory. Some of the buildings are already more than dreams. Friends of Wesleyan have made it possible for construction to begin as soon as the war is over. New teachers will join the Wesleyan tradition of great professors—and the students will continue to be the center of the whole system.

Wesleyan's greatest day has not yet come. Like the great nation of which it is a part, it remains young—with its finest opportunities still in the future. And like America itself, it constantly and surely grows toward the day when that for which it stands will be directing the course of the world—and those who are a part of it will be examples extraordinary of the Christian and the American way of life.

Toward the New Wesleyan

West Virginia Wesleyan College

YOU won't see Joe walking up for his sheepskin come Commencement Day. Joe has been skinning the Japs in recent months. Tens of thousands of Joes left familiar campuses this year and last to win their degrees in the toughest course Americans have ever tackled. But we're winning in the traditional American way with the men and women of our colleges doing a magnificent job.

Your electric service company has seen scores of its men and women go into service, too. Let's hope that it won't be long until all our classmates and fellow workers are back . . . to hold the peace that will mean better educational and service opportunities for all of us!

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Valta Virginia Curry, B.S., Music, Buckhannon, W. Va. Choir, Sigma Delta Chi, Olympic Club, W.A.A., Intramural Board, '40 - '42; Y.W.S.C.S., Co.-Pres., '43; F.T.A., Playshop, '41, '43; Band, '40.

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Franklin Clay Ellis, B.S., Phys. Ed., Buckhannon, W. Va. Football, Alpha Kappa Pi, Basketball, Intramurals.

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John Walter Finch, B.S., Chemistry & English, California. Kappa Alpha Order, No. V, '42; Pharos, '39, '40; Murrhumontis, '39, '40; Lantern Club, Stage Crew, '42, '43.

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Cecil Marsh Gabriel, A.B., English, Buckhannon, W. Va. Pharos, Editor, '42, '43; Benzene, Band, Choir, Orchestra, Intramurals, W. Va. Intercollegiate Press Assn., Pres.; Kappa Alpha Order, No. VI.

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Mary Elizabeth Harper, A.B., English, Buckhannon, W. Va. F.T.A., Treas., '41; Home Economics Club, Pharos, '41, Society Ed., '42; Murmurmontis, Co-Editor, '42; Haught Literary Society, '43; Student Union Council, '43; Kappa Phi Omega, Chaplain, '40, Vice Pres., '42, Social Ch., '43.

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Robert Lee Holt, A.B., English, Buckhannon, W. Va., Sigma Eta Delta, Sec., '41, '42; Pan-American Chain, Treas., '42, '43; F.T.A., Treas., '42; International Relations Club, Lantern Club.

Eugenia Richmond Hornor, A.B., Music, Weston, W. Va. Sigma Delta Chi, '43; Y.W.C.A., '43; Transfer from Morris-Harvey College.

Bette Louise Hyde, A.B., Home Economics, Clarksburg, W. Va. Home Economics Club, '43; F.T.A., '43; Kappa Phi Omega.

Grandall Marsden Hunt, A.B., English, Buckhannon, W. Va. Ministerial Assn. '41, '42, '43; Orchestra, '43; Choir, '41, '42, Band, '41, '42, '43.

Kathleen Judy, B.C., Commerce, Circleville, W. Va. Benzene, '41, '42, '43; Y.W.C.A., '40 - '43; Intramurals, Sigma Pi Delta, Pres., '43; Pres. Inter-Sorority

Council, '43; Student Union Council, Corres. Sec. '42, '43; W.A.A., '42, '43.

Harrison Edward S. Koppe, B.S., Binghampton, N.Y., Kappa Alpha Order.

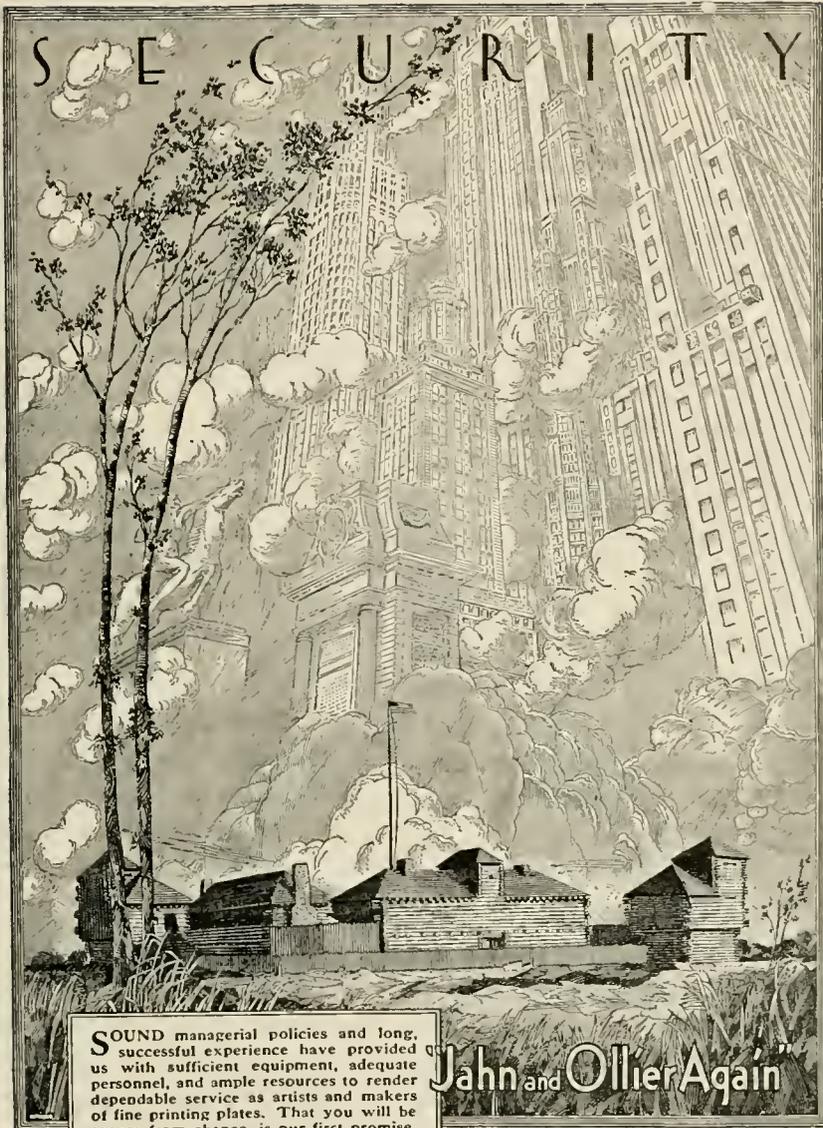
Charlotte Day Kennedy, A.B., English & Socl., Westchester, N. Y. Transfer from New York University, '42; Agnes Howard Hall Governing Board, '43; Playshop, '42, '43; Olympic Club, '43; F.T.A., '43; W.A.A., '42, '43; Sigma Delta Chi.

Harold Thurston Kenney, B.S., Chemistry, Buckhannon, W. Va. Kappa Alpha Order, Playshop, Benzene, Alpha Psi Omega, Sec.-Treas., '42, '43; Intramurals.

Kenneth Raven Knox, B.S., Chemistry, Huntington, W. Va. Student Body Pres. '43; Pres., Junior Class, '42; Benzene '40, '41, Pres. '42; Vice Pres. '43; Sophomore Treas. '41; Varsity Basketball, '40-'43; Intramurals, '40, '41, '42; Band, '40, '41, '42; Orchestra, '40, '41, '42; Student Council, '41, '42; Murmurmontis, Co-Sports Ed., '41, '42, '43; Pharos, Sports Ed., '41, '42; Alpha Kappa Pi, Sec. '42, Pres. '43; Who's Who in American Colleges.

Samuel Boyles Kyle, Jr., A.B., Spanish, Clarksburg, W. Va. Sigma Alpha Sigma,

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'41, '42, '43; Pi Kappa Delta, Pres. '42; Sigma Eta Delta, Pres. '43; Olympic Club, '41, '42, '43; Pan-American Chain, Pres., '42, '43; U. S. Marines, '43.

Walter Reid Kohlheim, B.S., Biology, Rutherford, N. Y. Nucleus, '40, '41, '42, Pres. '43; Benzene '42, '43; Biology Ass't. '41, '42, '43; Band, '41, '42; Sigma Alpha Sigma, '41, '42, '43; Who's Who In American Colleges.

Artie Richard Leonard, B.S., Business Ad., Grafton, W. Va. Choir, Band, Bus. Mgr. '42, '43; Orchestra, Bus. Mgr. '42, '43; Pharos, Sports Ed. '42; Murmurmontis, '42, '43; Pan-American Chain, Vice Pres. '41, '42; Intramurals, International Relations Club, '40, '41. Pres. Choir, second semester, '43.

Trudy Alice Linger, A.B., Music, Charleston, W. Va. Sigma Delta Chi, Choir, '40, '41, '42, '43.

Ruth Virginia Loudin, B.S., Chemistry, Ripley, W. Va. Choir, '40, '41, '42, '43; Benzene, '41, Sec. '42-'43; Nucleus, '42; Membership Comm. '43; Haught Literary Society, '42, Sec. '43; Student Volunteers, '40, '41, '42, Sec. '43; Y.W.C.A., '40, '41, Sec. '42, '43, Pianist; Sigma Pi Delta, Prep. Pres. '40; Pan-Hellenic Representative, '42; '43; F.T.A., Membership Ch. '43.

Frank Madden, A.B., English, Glendale, W. Va. English Ass't. '40 - 43, Playshop, Pres. '42, '43; Choir, Vice Pres. '42, '43; Benzene, Minister of Propaganda, '42-'43; Pharos, News Ed., '42, '43; Alpha Psi Omega; Lantern Club, Apportioning Comm; Kappa Alpha, No. IX; Army Air Corps.

Jack Homer McDonald, B.S., Chemistry, Mount Hope, W. Va. Executive Sec. Student Union Council, '42, '43; Sigma Alpha Sigma, '41, '42, '43; Playshop, '41, '42, '43; Benzene, '42, '43; Murmurmontis, Faculty Ed., '42, '43; Pharos, Reporter, '42 Ass't. Circulation Manager, '43; Debate, '42; Lantern Club, '42; International Relations Club, '42, '43; Who's Who in American Colleges.

Alfreda Gene Meek, A.B., Speech, Greensburg, Pa. Play Shop, Sigma Delta Chi, Social Ch. '42, '43; Y.W.C.A., Membership Ch. '43; Murmurmontis, Co-Editor, '42; International Relations Club, Betty Lamp Club, W.A.A.

Julia Hona Mezzatesta, A.B., Sociology, Syracuse, N.Y. Student Volunteers, Program Ch. '41, Pres. '42, Senior Adviser, '43; Allied Youth, Program Ch. '41; Sigma Pi Delta, Alumni Sec. '42; Haught Literary Society; Pan-American Chain, Sec. '43.

John David Martin, B.S., Chemistry, Shinnston, W. Va. Kappa Alpha, Choir, Benzene, Playshop, Army Air Corps, '43.

Claudine Lanham McGinley, A.B., Education, Buckhannon, W. Va. Sigma Delta Chi, Haught Literary Society, Y.W.C.A. '40, '41, '42; Playshop, International Relations Club, Choir, W.A.A.

Margaret Alice O'Dell, B.S., Home Economics, Northfork, W. Va. Home Economics Club, F.T.A., '43; Kappa Phi Omega, Treas. '43.

Andrew Paulina, B.S., History & Gov't., Tridelfphia, W. Va. International Relations Club, Pres.; Debate, Sigma Alpha Sigma, '41, '42, '43; Student Volunteers, '40, '41, '42, '43; Panhandle Club.

Carolyn Prince, B.S., Chemistry, McWhorter, W. Va. Benzene, Allied Youth, Sec. '41, Pres. '42.

Quentin Quick, B.S., Chemistry, Buckhannon, W. Va. Intramurals, '41, '42, '43; Benzene.

Carl Robert Reger, A.B., History, Morgantown, W. Va. Kappa Alpha, I, '43, II, '42; Olympic Club, Vice Pres. '43; Student Union, '43; Intramurals, '40, '41, '42, '43; Vice Pres. Freshman Class, '40.

Virginia Rhodes, A.B., Art, Spencer, W. Va. Kappa Phi Omega, W.A.A., Choir.

Melvin Smith Risinger, A.B., Bible & Phil., Moundsville, W. Va. Ministerial Assn., Pres. '42, '43, Chaplain, '41, '42; Methodist Youth Fellowship of W. Va., Pres.; Kappa Alpha, III, '42, '43; VII, '41, '42, Alpha Psi Omega, Choir, Treas. '43; Senior Class Treas., Lantern Club, Chaplain, '40, '41; Playshop, '40, '43; Pharos.

Robert Abram Roberts, B.S., Chemistry, Buckhannon, W. Va. Lantern, '41, Chemistry Ass't. '42; Benzene, '42, '43; Sigma Eta Delta, '42; Physics Ass't. '43; Ass't for Eng. Aides, '43; Chess Club, Alpha Kappa Phi.

Roberta Anne Roberts, A.B., Phys. Ed. & Soc. Sci., Buckhannon, W. Va. Choir, '40, '41, '42, '43; Band Sponsor, '41, '42; W. A.A., '40, '42, Exec. Board, '42, Vice Pres. '43; F.T.A., Olympic Club, Sec. '41, '43; Sigma Alpha Sigma, '42, '43; Sigma Delta Chi, Vice Pres. '43; Who's Who in American Colleges.

Joseph Bailey Rohr, B.S., Chemistry & Math., Buckhannon, W. Va. Sigma Eta Delta, Benzene.

Lea Elizabeth Rohr, A.B., Elem. Educ., Alum Bridge, W. Va. Orchestra Ensemble, Home Economics Club, W.A.A., Y.W.S.C. S.

Herbert Sharp, B.S., Chemistry, Cairo, W. Va. Lantern Club, '40, Basketball, '40, '41, '43; Class Pres. '41, '42, '43; Benzene, '41, '42; Olympic Club, '42, Pres. '43; Student Council Rep., '42, '43; Intramurals, '42; Murmurmontis, '42; Kappa Alpha Order, No. VIII, '43.

Juanita June Tambllyn, B.S., Business Ad., Buckhannon, W. Va. Sigma Delta Chi, '40, '41, '42, '43; Olympic Club, '41, '42, '43; Benzene, '40, '41, '42, '43; W.A.A. '40, '41, '42, '43; Choir, '40, '41, '42, '43; Y.W.S.C.S., '42, '43.

Londa Ruth Tenney, A. B., History & English, Buckhannon, W. Va. Sigma Pi Delta, Debate, Pharos.

James Egbert Thomas, Jr., B.S., Mathematics, Charleston, W. Va. Class Pres. '43; Student Council, '41, '42, '43; Choir, '40, '41, '42, '43; Band, '40, '41, '42, '43; Orchestra, Pres. '41, '42, '43; Pharos, Music Columnist; Murmurmontis, Co-Bus. Mgr., '42; Intramurals, Kappa Alpha Order, No. II '43, Army Air Corps, '43.

Curtis Blaine Thorne, Jr., B.S., Chemistry, Pine Grove, W. Va. Who's Who in American Colleges; Chemistry Ass't., Benzene, Pres. '43; Nucleus Club, Sigma Alpha Sigma.

Irene Mabel Tolbert, B.A., Music,

Wellsburg, W. Va. Choir, '40, '41, '42, '43; Orchestra, '42, '43; Haught Literary Society; W.A.A., '40, '41, '42, '43; Y.W.C.A., '40, '41, '42, '43; Murmurmontis, '41, '42; F.T.A., Bell girl, Sigma Delta Chi.

Peter Lindsay Blake Tomley, A. B., Speech, Alexandria, Va. Alpha Psi Omega, '42, '43, Pres. '43; Playshop, '40, '41, '42, '43; Pi Kappa Delta, '40, '41, '42, '43; Murmurmontis, '40, '41, '42; International Relations Club, '42, '43; Lantern Club, '40, '41; Tennis, '40, '41, '42.

Lois Schoolcraft Vice, B.S., Home Economics, Buckhannon, W. Va. Sigma Delta Chi, F.T.A.

Harriet Jane Wells, B.A., Music & Commerce, Huntington, W. Va. Choir, Playshop, W.A.A., Sigma Alpha Sigma, Pres. '43; Haught Literary Society, Vice Pres. '42, '43; Y. W. C. A., Vice Pres. '42; Sigma Delta Chi, '42, Treas. '43; Library Ass't., '41, '42, '43; Who's Who in American Colleges.

Harriett Virginia Whetsell, A.B., Speech, Elkins, W. Va. Sigma Delta Chi, Co-Social Ch., '41, '42, Pres., '43; W.A.A., Playshop, International Relations Club, Y.W.C.A., Agnes Howard Hall Governing Board.

Autographs

Index

Agnes Howard Hall	9, 33, 45, 48, 49, 50, 52, 71, 92
Akers, Evelyn	12, 30, 55
Alkire, Lillian	55, 71
Allender, Mary	22, 50, 56, 62, 84, 85
Allopanna, John	44, 66, 67, 88, 89
Alpha Kappi Pi	5, 33, 51, 56
Alpha Psi Omega	28
Avlesworth, Arthur	2
Audrick, James	58, 59
Apostle, Hippocrates	74, 75
Army Air Corps	38, 39, 52, 55, 66, 71, 74
Armentrout, Sue	13, 30, 53
Ashby, Hugh	26, 30, 41, 62
Ashby, Sue	9, 12, 27, 30, 50, 55, 62
Ashby, William	12, 51
Bailev, Clyde	12
Bailev, Helen	13, 27, 54
Bailev, Jean	28, 42, 54
Barlow, Elizabeth	24, 26, 27, 30, 54, 61, 71, 84, 85
Barnes, Leona	50, 55, 62
Barnett, Lorena	11, 27, 55, 62
Bartlett, Jo Ann	10, 23, 27, 30, 54
Basketball	57, 58
Been, Margaret	11, 27, 55, 62
Benzene Ring	67, 68
Betty Lamp	9
Black, Robert	10, 30
Bleigh, Ruth	38, 53
Bock, Mervle	10, 30, 31
Boette, Marie D.	30, 31, 53
Bolvard, James	12, 52
Borror, Helena	53, 72, 82, 83
Bos, Jacob	44, 67
Bovles, Alfred	3, 30
Bromberg, Joy	10, 30, 31, 48, 55, 62
Brown, Grace	23, 26, 27, 30, 31, 33, 54, 80, 81, 88, 89
Brown, Jerome	30, 31, 34, 36, 51, 67, 74
Brown, Lorence	22, 42, 52, 67, 74
Brown, Madaline	10, 53
Brown, Marv	10, 27, 54
Brown, Ralph C.	13, 22, 51, 62, 63
Brown, Ralph C., Jr.	22, 44, 51, 57, 58, 59, 63, 67, 68
Brown, William	11, 51, 58, 59
Browles, Joseph Warren	5, 8, 12, 16, 53, 57, 64
Browles, Mrs. Joseph Warren	11, 53
Brvant, Mary	13, 53
Butcher, James	51
Carmndy, Donald	40, 52
Carskadon, Florence	2, 27, 39, 53
Carter, Rosemarv	16
Casev, Farnest	12, 69
Casev, Virginia Lee	22, 23, 30, 38, 50, 62, 69
Cerveny, Clarice	24, 48, 54, 72, 84, 85
Channell, Mary	27, 53, 67, 90, 91
Chapman, Marie	56
Choir	16, 30, 32, 38, 75
Chrisman, Lewis H.	24, 25
Clawson, Thomas	80, 81
Colvin, Marv	27, 37, 53, 71
Comstock, Frances	30, 56, 80, 81
Conlev, Mary Jane	3, 13, 54
Co-operative Cottage	50
Cosgrove, Rachel	27, 28, 29, 33, 53, 64, 74, 86, 87
Coulter, Fred	23, 52
Covert, Margaret	22, 23, 37
Craig, Robert	22, 23, 37
Crites, Mary Louise	2, 56
Cronemeyer, Gladys	20
Cronin, Marv	11, 27, 54
Cullings, Joseph	12, 51, 57
Cunningham, Marv Frances	12, 27, 54
Curry, Nancy	11, 27, 30, 53, 54
Curry, Ora D.	25, 72
Curry, Valta	26, 27, 30, 33, 54, 72, 88, 89
Cutright, Allen	29, 51, 67, 69, 80, 81
Darves, Helen	54
Dawn, William C.	74
Dawson, Ralph	51
Debbi, Lucille	22, 26, 27, 30, 39, 40, 48, 55, 67
Deeds, Margaret	23, 43, 54, 72
Demastes, Marjorie	11, 56
Deneen, Thomas	62
Dennis, Arthur	62, 80, 81
Dixon, Sam	22, 23, 36, 37, 51, 67
Dorsey, Annabelle	13, 27, 30, 31, 54, 62
Douglas, William	12, 25, 51
Drafting Aides	See Engineering Aides
Drummond, Mrs. T. B.	49, 50
Duncan, Ruth	72, 90, 91
Dunn, Arthur	5, 37, 51
Farle, Robert	12, 74
Farnjnton, Elizabeth	54
Felix, Frank	3, 4, 51, 58, 59, 78, 90, 91
Felix, Harold	13, 59
Engineering Aides and Drafting Aides	49, 61, 66, 68, 74, 75
Fennis, Jan	24, 54, 90, 91
Frickson, Betty	22, 27, 30, 40, 55
Fitchinson, Betty	13, 30, 56
Evans, Mary Ruth	22, 24, 27, 30, 33, 40, 55, 72
Feather, Gav	41
Fidler, Danny	30, 43, 44, 51, 67
Fike, Jane	11, 27, 54
Finch, John	52, 82, 83
Frestone, John	11, 51
Fisher, Fimalce	12, 27, 30, 54
Fisher, Leo	27, 30, 31, 38, 55
Flanagan, Lois	20, 23, 55, 62, 64, 72, 78, 86, 87
Fleming, Arthur	23, 40, 51, 64, 67
Fleming, Wallace B.	17
Floyd, Jean	11, 54, 57
Ford, Laura	20, 30, 41, 54
Future Teachers of America	72
Gabriel, Cecil	23, 30, 31, 52, 67, 82
Gabriel, David	23, 30, 31, 37, 52
Gainer, Vance	30, 31, 42, 62
Gaston, Gene	9, 13, 27, 54
Gears, Juanita	27, 30, 41, 54
George, Dorothy	10, 30
Gillmore, Norði	53, 57, 84, 85
Glassburn, Janora	27, 38, 39, 54
Glauer, George L.	25, 29, 69
Glover, William	42, 51, 67
Gnegv, Mary Jane	13, 30, 55

Goller, Arthur	10, 52
Goadwin, Nance	3, 5, 26, 27, 38, 54, 67
Gould, Edward	51, 59
Gould, Mary	5, 7
Gregory, Margaret	50, 72, 78, 82, 83
Griggs, Fred	51, 67
Groce, William	36, 74
Hammond, Robert	30, 33, 40, 62
Hanner, Myrtle	20, 27, 30, 44, 60, 56, 62, 64
Hanifan, Robert	12
Hardesty, Cathrine	23, 24, 26, 27, 30, 33, 48, 54, 80, 81, 84, 85
Hardesty, Doris	53, 72, 86, 87
Harmer, Elizabeth	20, 27, 30, 39, 40, 54, 72
Harper, Mary Elizabeth	3, 4, 24, 53, 88, 89
Harris, Betue	13, 54
Hassler, John	26, 52
Hathaway, Winnie	25
Haight Literary Society	24
Haight, Thomas W.	24, 64
Hedden, Jean	24, 26, 27, 33, 62, 69, 84, 85
Helnick, Virginia	10, 27, 30, 55, 62
Hight, Fred	23, 43, 45, 52, 67
Hinkle, James	88, 89
Hinkle, Lonnie	40
Hoffman, Betts	23, 24, 30, 44, 54, 72
Holcomb, William	43, 51, 67
Holloway, Jean	38, 39, 54
Holt, Robert	69, 90, 91
Home economics practice house	16, 20, 21, 45
Horner, Frances Jean	22, 25, 33, 44, 55, 67, 72, 73
Hornor, Jean	30, 54, 82, 83
Howell, Blanch	2, 53
Hubner, Lenore	38, 48, 55, 67
Hulkins, Ruth	12, 27
Hudson, William	5, 23, 30, 41, 52, 62
Huffman, Wayne	67
Hughes, Cornelia	5, 7, 55
Hunt, Crandall	30, 31, 62, 82, 83
Hupp, James I.	72, 73
Hupp, Robert	36, 41, 59, 74
Hyde, Bettie	53, 72, 90, 91
Hyma, Nicholas	3, 4, 53, 66, 67, 74, 75
Hymes, Marguerite	20, 23, 24, 28, 33, 43, 54, 64, 67
International Relations Club	9, 69
Jackson, Dorothy	27, 37, 55
Jackson, Helen Jean	27, 30, 37, 54
Jackson, Ted	11, 51
Jarvis, Alyce	27, 30, 38, 54
John, Byron	11
Judson, J. E.	64, 66
Judy, Kathleen	3, 4, 20, 27, 55, 67, 88, 89
Kalafat, John	5, 51
Kappa Alpha Fraternity	33, 52, 56
Kappa Phi Omega	33, 53, 56
Karrickhoff, O. E.	25, 63
Kellison, Ural	38
Kennedy, Charlotte	48, 54, 72
Kennev, Harold	67, 86, 87
Kenny, Richard	26, 37, 52, 67
Keystone Club	64
Kimberling, William	37, 52, 67
Kincaid, William	9, 11, 30
King, Anna	22, 39, 41, 55, 62, 63, 72
Knox, Kenneth	5, 22, 51, 58, 59, 67, 84, 85
Kohlheim, Walter	33, 64, 67, 78, 80, 81
Koppe, Harrison	52, 80, 81
Kyle, Samuel	51, 74, 78, 90, 91
Lambert, Meredith	33, 43, 45, 67
Lambert, O. D.	4, 45
Lang, Jean	11, 30, 55, 62
Lang, Mattie	13, 30
Lawson, Betty Jo	2, 27, 53
Leonard, Richard	30, 31, 69, 82, 83
Lewis, Lejeune	11, 22
Linger, Aubrey	12, 30
Linger, Otis	62
Linger, Trudy	30, 31, 54, 67, 78, 88, 89
Lapscomb, Virginia	12, 55
Long, Reginald	13
Loudin, Ruth	24, 30, 55, 62, 64, 67, 72, 88, 89
Lowther, James	67
Lynch, Frances	30, 42, 45, 55, 72
Lynch, Robert	10, 22, 69, 74
McClung, Maxine	37, 67
McCord, Ralph	62
McCutcheon, Lucille	13, 27, 30
McCrav, Rosemary	41
McDonald, Jack	3, 22, 33, 64, 66, 67, 68, 82, 88, 89
McGinley, Claudine	24, 54, 72, 78, 82, 83
McHenry, Betty Lee	11
McIntyre, Norman	51
McMillion, Oleta	27, 36, 50, 55
McMillion, Cecil	10, 62
McNeal, Thomas	43
McQuain, Gayle	37, 51
McWhorter, Mary Louise	27, 30, 37, 50, 55
Madden, Frank	23, 28, 30, 52, 67, 73, 78, 82
Mahon, Harrison	41
Maliszewski, Theodore	23, 36, 42, 45, 52, 74
Mann, Mary Christie	20, 27, 50, 55, 62, 86, 87
Marquess, Lawrence	51
Marshall, Barbara	20, 26, 27, 30, 44, 45, 54, 67, 72, 74
Marshall, Chester	23, 30, 43, 45, 58, 59
Martin, David	12, 51
Martin, John	30, 52, 86, 87
Maxwell, Howard	2
Meek, Gene	20, 27, 54, 62, 90, 91
Mercer, Burtis	13, 68, 74
Metcalf, Henry	30, 31, 57, 62
Mezzatesta, Julia	24, 50, 55, 62, 69, 82, 83
Ministerial Association	9, 62, 63
Moore, Mary Virginia	68, 71
Marce, Donna	10, 23, 27
Morris, Audrey	2
Morrison, Mary Louise	12, 42, 64
Muller, Jean	38, 53
Murmurmonts	22
Neil, Grace Gardner	7, 28
Norman, Betty Lee	13, 27, 53
Nucleus	64
O'Dell, Margaret	53, 72, 82
Ogden, Mrs. Rachel	57, 62, 63, 69
O'Hara, Edward	44, 51, 64, 67, 69
Olympic Club	26, 27
Orchestra	31
Osborne, Helen Ann	27, 39, 41, 54, 62, 72
Pan American Charn	9, 69
Parsons, Ruth	2
Pavina, Andrew	25, 29, 33, 51, 69, 88, 89, 90, 91
Petz, Elden	22, 36, 37, 51, 67

Pharos	23, 75	Spangler, Mirth	10, 74
Pi Kappa Delta	29	Sparks, Sarah Jane	22, 23, 30, 36, 55, 62, 64
Piggford, Roland	10, 31, 52, 69	Spellman, Clarence	42, 62
Play Shop	28	Spencer, William	51
Post, Charles	5, 25, 29, 33, 42, 62	Stalnaker, Donald	10
Powell, Bernice	30, 31, 42, 55	Stanley, Norma	10
Pratt, Arden	30	Stathers, Bettv Ann	38, 54, 72
Prince, Carolyn	50, 66, 67, 72, 78, 84, 85	Steele, Charlene	10, 53
Purkey, DeSales	3, 12, 27, 30, 54	Steele, Harold G.	2, 3, 22
Quick, Quentin	86, 87	Stemple, William	30, 36, 51
Raines, Otis	36, 62, 63	Stewart, Margaret	30, 56, 62
Ramsburg, Zola	26, 27, 43, 53, 72	Stout, David	2
Reed, Anna Frances	5, 7	Stowers, Edna	56
Reed, Mabel	20, 41, 48, 55, 72	Stuart, Leroy Fred	11, 22, 23
Reeder, Kathleen	12, 56	Student Council	5
Reeder, Ruth	37, 54	Student Union	2, 3, 33, 36, 56
Reemsvnder, David	27, 57	Student Volunteers	9, 38, 61, 62, 63
Reger, Robert	3, 4, 26, 52, 86, 87	Stump, Reva	22, 23, 24, 43, 45, 55
Resseguie, Donald	62	Sturm, Virginia Lea	29, 37, 53
Rexroad, Marv	12, 27	Sullivan, Peggy	10, 30
Rhodes, Virginia	27, 53, 80	Summers, Willis	40, 62, 69
Richardson, Lee Roy	13	Sutter, Lee	36, 51
Risinger, Melvin	28, 30, 52, 62, 63, 78, 90, 91	Swisher, Kyle	9, 13, 51
Robert, Charles	67	Tallagewe	56
Roberts, Robert	30, 40, 51, 67, 74	Tannehill, Katherine	5, 24, 26, 27, 39, 41, 54, 72
Roberts, Roberta	5, 26, 27, 30, 33, 54, 72, 90, 91	Tamblyn, June	27, 30, 54, 67, 71, 86, 87
Rohr, Elizabeth	52, 58, 72, 84, 85	Taylor, Delores	11
Rohr, Joseph	67, 88, 89	Taylor, Donald	30, 38, 39, 51, 67, 74
Rohr, Lucille	42, 56	Taylor, Shirley	27, 30, 44, 48, 54
Rowlev, James	13	Tennev, June	11
Sahlit, Norman	11, 23, 52, 59	Tennev, Ruth	40
Sanders, Marguerette	11, 30	Tennev, Wilda	12, 30, 56, 62
Santana, Roberto	26, 44, 51, 69	Terwilliger, Lynn	12, 32
Saunders, Angeline	23, 27, 37, 38, 54	Thomas, James	30, 31, 52, 67, 88, 89
Saville, Curtis	13, 30, 62	Thomas, Paul	37, 69
Schrock, Mildred	10, 30, 55	Thorne, Curtis	3, 5, 33, 64, 66, 67, 78, 84, 85
Schoenkratt, A. A.	39, 45, 72, 73	Tolbert, Edwin	41, 45, 67
Schweikart, Helen	13, 27, 55	Tolbert, Irene	23, 24, 27, 30, 31, 54, 86, 87, 90, 91
Scott, Dorene	27, 30	Tomley, Peter	28, 29, 69, 84, 85
See, Miriam	13, 27, 54	Travis, Roberta	23, 62
Seitz, Mary Lee	38, 55, 71	Tucker, Clara Belle	33, 30, 36, 55, 62
Shaffer, Herbert	38	Tucker, Paul	10, 52
Shake, J. Curtis	30, 51	Turner, Edward	10, 52, 67
Shannon, Jane	54, 86, 87	Vice, Lois	27, 54, 72, 78, 84, 85
Sharp, Herbert	5, 23, 26, 27, 52, 58, 59, 67, 80, 81, 90, 91	Villers, Normajean	23, 27, 30, 31, 37, 54
Shaver, Floyd N.	17	Wagner, Charles	36
Sheehan, Robert	37, 62	Walton, Gertrude	10, 23, 27, 62
Shomo, Jean	27, 55, 62	Warner, Victor	10, 52
Shreve, Colvin	13	Watts, William	10, 52
Sigma Alpha Sigma	33	Wells, Harriet Jane	24, 27, 30, 33, 54, 62, 71, 78, 80, 81
Sigma Delta Chi Sorority	31, 54, 56	Westfall, Camellia	10, 30, 56
Sigma Eta Delta Fraternity	51, 55, 56	Whetsell, Harriett	20, 27, 28, 54, 80, 81
Sigma Pi Delta Sorority	55, 56	White, Grace	12
Simons, Bettv	21, 43, 72, 73	Whittaker, Mary Elizabeth	24, 25, 26, 27, 39, 40, 54, 64, 72
Simons, Janice	43, 54, 72	Wilfong, Lota Marie	30
Simpson, William	41, 51	Williams, Betty	3, 4, 20, 23, 27, 36, 54
Smith, Bettv Jo	12, 30, 53	Williams, Glee	20, 27, 37, 54
Smith, Wendel	13, 30, 31	Williams, Hewward	69, 71
Snodgrass, Leta	29	Williams, Jacqueline	54
Snyder, Richard	52	Williams, Kathleen	72
Sommerville, Barbara	30, 44, 55, 62, 63	Wilson, Dorothy	56
Sommerville, Joan	23, 30, 38, 39, 48, 53, 67	Wimans, Clarence	28, 30, 44, 62
Sorton, Edgar	31	Woman's Athletic Association	27
		Wood, Anna Lee	2, 25
		Workman, Richard	9
		Yerkey, Genevieve	10, 30, 50, 56, 62
		Yozum, Robert	10
		Young Women's Christian Association	9, 38, 62, 63
		Yutzy, Delores	13, 27, 30, 53
		Zickefoose, Mrs. Gem	49

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