

THE POINTER

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Price 5 Cents

PLAN TO PROMOTE MUSIC BY CONTESTS

SERVICE HELD IN MEMORY OF LATE PRESIDENT SIMS

School Receives Large Picture As Permanent Memorial

The assembly period of Thursday last week was devoted to memorial exercises to the late President John Francis Sims of Stevens Point Normal. The services were in charge of Mr. A. J. Herrick, an old friend of Mr. Sims, and an alumnus of this school. A large framed picture of Mr. Sims was presented to the school by former Regent Nelson, who in his memorial speech told of his association with Mr. Sims, relating their mutual efforts in obtaining Nelson Hall, the east wing of the Main building and the Cottages. He also related the Montessori incident, which he and Mr. Sims worked out together.

Music was furnished by a mixed quartette, and Norman Knutzen, former member of the faculty here. Dr. Baldwin formally accepted the picture in behalf of the school.

Many Attend Second Schoolmasters' Club

The second annual meeting of the Schoolmasters' Club was held in the auditorium, yesterday afternoon, and was followed by a banquet at Hotel Whiting in the evening. Professor Barr, of the University of Wisconsin, was the speaker of the evening.

Dr. Baldwin and Professor Barr spoke at the afternoon session, and in order that the students might have the opportunity of hearing them, the 3:15 classes were dismissed.

The Schoolmaster's Club was started two years ago for the purpose of bringing together the school executives of this vicinity. Superintendent Chester Newlun of Marshfield, is president of the organization. About forty executives were present.

Mr. Smith Host At Noon Day Luncheon

A luncheon was given on Tuesday, April 12, by the Junior Home Economics students. The luncheon was sponsored by Mr. Smith and the students were privileged to have as their guests twenty-four of the High School Principals and Teachers of the neighboring towns.

Vetter To Speak At Cedar Falls

The Inter-state Forensic contest, in which Donald Vetter is to be a representative, will be held at Cedar Falls, Iowa, on April 29. Don will represent Wisconsin in the Extemporaneous contest, and Marshall Norseng of River Falls State Teachers' College will be the Wisconsin orator. The other states in the district are: Illinois, Missouri, and Iowa.

The coaches of the orators will act as judges of both the extemporaneous and oratorical contests, while the extemporaneous judges will simply act as delegates.

Girls' Volley Ball Schedule Is Altered

The girls' Volley Ball schedule has been changed, in order to finish the tournament earlier. They are now playing four nights a week instead of two.

The team under the leadership of Elizabeth Kelley leads with a percentage of 1000% and Faith Herrick's team is second with 800 %.

About May 3, the girls will start baseball practice. They will play outdoors when the weather permits. A considerable number have already signed up, and the outlook is promising.

Better Homes Week To Be Featured By H. Ecs.

The Home Economics Department is planning a large celebration of Better Homes week. The dates set aside for this are the eleventh and twelfth of May. The program is not definite as yet but there will be cookery demonstrations through the day. The evening program will be a display of all the garments completed in the Clothing classes in the form of a style show. The purpose of this affair is to create a larger interest in Home Economics work.

Illustrated Lecture Here Tomorrow Night

Tomorrow evening, April 29, Mr. Payne, a representative of the Northern Pacific Railway, will give an illustrated lecture on "Yellowstone National Park" in the auditorium at 8:15.

President J. A. Burns, of Oneida Institute, Oneida, Kentucky, will speak in Stevens Point on May 6. The lecture will chiefly

SHORT STORY CONTEST WINNER ANNOUNCED

Henri Hess was awarded first prize of fifteen dollars for his story, "No Good" in the Margaret Ashmun Club Short Story Contest, "Mrs. Bailey's Pocketbook", by Leander Van Hecke, was awarded second prize, ten dollars. The winners will receive the prizes at the Margaret Ashmun Club Banquet which will be held in the latter part of May.

"Bless That Maharajah", by Ann Scharf, and "Conscience", by Keith Berens were given honorable mention. Mr. L. M. Burroughs, Miss Welch and Arnold Malmquist were the judges. "No Good", the winning story, appears on page two of this issue.

Gym Program To Show Next Week

A demonstration of gymnastics will be given at 10 o'clock, Thursday, May 5, in the gymnasium. The program will consist of marches, games and dances, which are the content of a regular day's program in Physical Education for Junior High School girls.

Special dances, drills and stunts have been worked up for the entertaining element which they have. Health, educational and rhythmic values are given as a part of the day's order.

The Program:

"Murphy Says", directed by Miss Davel; Gymnastic Lesson, directed by Miss Warren; Special Dance—Sossong, Stankia—directed by Miss Weaver; Special Dance—Boyer, Mainland—directed by Miss Collins; Drill, directed by Miss Davel; Stunts, directed by Miss Warren; Folk Dances, directed by Miss Warren; Races, directed by Miss Weaver.

The Demonstration is project work on the part of the student teachers, Misses Marie Davel, Ruth Warren, and Helen Weaver, with Elma Jole as their cooperative teacher.

One of the special dances is taught by Miss Margaret Collins as a part of a seventh grade project.

concern Oneida Institute, of which he is the founder, and will be held in the auditorium at 8:15.

MUSIC WEEK SCORE TO BE OBSERVED HERE NEXT WEEK

Program To Be Presented Before Thursday Assembly

May first heralds the National Music Week of America. Mr. Percival is planning an extensive program for assembly on Thursday of that week. All America is responding in all it's communities. Churches are being asked to emphasize better hymns and schools are conducting contests among the students and organizations.

Wisconsin as a state has done away with all musical contests, nevertheless, the schools about Milwaukee are holding an independent contest next week. Mr. Percival is leaving next Thursday to act as a judge for this contest. He also hopes to be able to hold a contest of the schools about Stevens Point and thus promote music to a fuller extent.

High Schools Laud Point Cage Tourney

Letters of commendation have been received from six of the High Schools which participated in the basket-ball tournament held here in March. Each writes laudatory statements on the admirable manner in which the tourney was conducted and the splendid consideration given the competing teams.

Port Edwards, Rudolph, Pardeeville, Redgranite, Hancock, and Winneconne all express sincere praise. Mr. Schmeckle, who is the recipient of the letters, was largely instrumental in putting the tournament across.

Student Entertainers To Meet in Contest

Students from all departments of the school are planning on participating in the talent contest being run at the Majestic theater Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week.

The cream of the Normal's entertainers will appear before the Majestic theater audiences. Ethel Een will play the piano, Leonard Sprague, Julia Van Hecke and Leander Van Hecke will sing, Helene Knope will read, and others from the Normal will compete.

One of the entertainers will be taken to Minneapolis where he will appear before the radio microphone.

No Good

by Henri L. Hess

MARGARET ASHMUN CLUB SHORT STORY CONTEST WINNER

He Was a Weakling. Strong Men Called Him "Lizzie". But He Had The Heart Of a Giant.

FROM the moment they set their critical eyes upon him, the sixty odd men of the lumber camp proclaimed him "no good". He wasn't big enough to pull one end of a lance tooth, cross-cut saw in green timber for ten consecutive hours. He wasn't heavy enough to swing a six pound axe all day on the trail, nor was he strong enough to handle the lines behind a team of leather mouthed horses on a tote wagon. He looked about as negative as an iron plate and far more breakable.

"A mangy rat with brains about the size and heft of a peanut." "A rain soaked turkey chick that had left the shell too soon." Thus wise they had catalogued him.

The boss lead him into the cook shack and yelled to the cook, "Here's a bunch o' spare ribs for juh to cook with," and the men had roared.

Next day, when they brought in one of the logrollers with half his larrigan and three toes missing, and the poor creature with many nicknames promptly fainted, the men gave him a final name. They christened him "Lizzie", for only a woman would faint at a sight so commonplace in the life of a "lumberjack".

They knew that they had named him appropriately when the cook, called "The Cheat", behind his great broad back, entered the bunk shack one night, to broadcast the news that Lizzie was afraid of the dark.

Severally and collectively they expressed themselves in a manner becoming sixty-odd men who worked in a temperature ranging from zero to mercury exit, and who individually could tip the beam from one hundred and sixty pounds to two hundred. There was no doubt in the minds of those sixty or more men that Lizzie was no good.

Lizzie confirmed their opinion when he quit work at the camp and married a squaw.

Thus Lizzie severed the last tie which bound him to white men and his microscopic claim to decency. For when a white man marries a squaw legally and "with benefit of clergy" he's done. White men refuse to talk about him. "No good" doesn't adequately express their opinion of such a man.

Lizzie was soon forgotten. A thing of no value isn't worth remembering. Besides, spring was coming. When the ice went out, the tug would start down the river with the gang, and each man would carry out with him a comfortable wad of bills, if he hadn't gambled it away during the winter.

Who remembered Lizzie?

Twenty miles north of the big pine camp, a handful of Indians eked out a narrow existence with trap and rifle and fishing line. Lizzie stayed with them because he had married into the tribe. But in a white man's world there was really nothing for Lizzie. There, even the fit sometimes get under trampling, aggressive feet.

It was winter again. The resumption of work brought the return of the sixty men to the pine camp. They were ready once more to fight the blighting cold and storm. One, however, was not among them. Lizzie didn't come back.

When the sixty-odd men heard that the

DuPage camp, twenty miles to the east, had taken him in, they expressed their contempt as only strong men can. When the amusement and jokes of the first few days after the news were over, they promptly forgot Lizzie and settled down to a long winter's task.

Lizzie however, got along much better at DuPage's. He developed such a dogged determination to succeed in his work that it won a little respect from the rest of the men. He even forgot to faint at the sight of accident, for when the boss was brought in from his tractor with a very badly bruised foot, Lizzie elected to care for him, and sat up through the long December night to minister to the injured man.

The next day was Friday and with it came the announcement that work would be postponed for four days so that the men might enjoy Christmas as they wished. Anyone knowing "lumberjacks" would know what this meant. The nearest town, twenty five miles away, would be their scene of action. With sufficiently large checks and a great deal of jesting, the tote team was hitched to a sleigh and forty men were off "for Christmas", the camp forgotten.

Lizzie mutely understood that he was to stay with the boss and whatever his thoughts of a little shack up in the Indian settlement were, he put them aside and turned to his varied duties. All through the morning he toiled, and early in the afternoon began preparations for a dismal night and battle with the growing cold. He shivered at the stinging wind. Down and down dropped the mercury until it hovered around the forty below mark. This meant a few degrees below human endurance for ordinary flesh and blood. Lizzie filled up the big round heater and hugged the fire.

Early, early the next morning, Lizzie started up suddenly from a brief sleep. There was something wrong in the boss' room. He was making queer moaning sounds. Lizzie threw more dry wood in the heater and anxiously hurried in to see his boss. The big man was tossing painfully in his bunk. He was almost delirious with pain. Lizzie hastily turned back the covers to look at the injured foot. He found it red, angry looking, and swollen to almost twice the natural size. A fearful thought passed through the mind of poor Lizzie. Here was a case of that rapidly spreading disease which often results from injuries, a dangerous and often fatal infection, and he was alone, twenty miles from any human aid.

If ever a simple frail little man worked to save another, it was Lizzie. He forgot that he was no good, that he had no brains, and was a creature shunned by strong men. He applied all the meager knowledge of medical science that he had ever gathered, but with no avail. All he could do was to bring a slight relief of pain through hot applications. At noon Lizzie could do no more. He must get help. This big generous man who was his boss should not die. Why, he was one of the only men who ever gave Lizzie a chance to be like other men. His mind turned to Dr. MacDonald at the big pine camp twenty miles to the west. Wouldn't the sixty-odd men shout in derision when Lizzie appeared again. He wondered if it could be

done with the mercury still at the forty below mark. He set his jaw and began to get ready. He filled the big heater with hard maple knots. He put more covering on the boss' bed and arranged hot water bottles around the injured foot. Then pinning a note to the bed covers, he left the room.

Lizzie closed the door of the log bunk house carefully, and noiselessly banked the snow up against the gaping crack at the bottom. With a last glance up at the rusty stovepipe to see if the smoke was issuing freely and of the right color, Lizzie faced west. Ahead of him were twenty miles in the snow on foot.

The most charitable and hopeful of humans looking at Lizzie as he started out, would have pronounced against his fitness to give battle to over seventy degrees of frost. Twenty miles through deep snow, with the biting cold congealing his thin blood, and overworking his weak heart was a stupendous undertaking. How could he make it?

For the first few miles his footprints showed a fair buoyancy. His mackinaw, the lumber camp had soaked him a month's wages for it the previous winter, was of fair quality. The heavy walking kept his weak heart stoking strength to his feeble frame. What would come after that?

After that he built many fires. His heart slowed down; the frost bit in. He reasoned it out that a little fire would really save time, thaw him out every few miles. He had to get to the pine camp before it would get too dark. Three miles an hour was the best that he could do in that deep snow. The pine camp before dark —

At the end of two hours his nose was frozen and his left foot was numb. His teeth chattered like roller skates on pavement. He built his first fire at the end of the sixth mile.

Fires, more fires, showing like black smudges on a wasted life. At first they were real fires of dried sticks and bark. After ten miles they left traces of charred green sticks; and finally at the end of every mile, of handfuls of wet leaves, and even of stones. There were no signs of a fire, there were only the dead wet leaves and cold stones, black pictures of a failing mind, a losing battle, a body stone cold. But in his brain was the spark of an undying purpose.

Eleven hours from the time he left the bunk house at DuPage's he reached the pine camp that had once been his home.

When he had entered, he closed the door and leaned back against it. He had left somewhere, sometime — a long time ago — to get to some place. For a breath the dying spark in his brain flared up as a lamp wick flares up before a gust of wind. What had he come for? His head moved from side to side, his eyes blinked feebly.

A heavy voice from the half-lighted room broke the silence. "Well, I'll be damned if here ain't Lizzie back again."

"Who?" There was bewilderment in the second voice of a man not of the previous winter's gang.

"Lizzie", the first voice repeated the name derisively but in a little lower tone.

HUMOR

MORE OR LESS
by "Rusty"

S'FACT

Not every fringed gentian who masages the soulful gut of ye second handed tropical instrument goes to college, but considering the vast quantity of ye humble uke family which surrounds ye dorm of moon lit nights dern few of 'em stay ta hum.

Which, together with necking strain and crowded bus accommodations, causes us to marvel at the amazing amount of stamina modern woman has acquired.

Of course, we've always known a maid would rather have a man wreck her complexion by osculatory theft than ask her for a kiss.

But just the same it's tough.

Anyhow, there's some compensation; they like it.

CALM IT, COMET!

Rogers — So you see a planet is a hot body.

Francis Roman — Geez, and to think I was neckin' one the other night.

ODE TO MIDNIGHT EXPRESS.

Somehow I never
Think it's right,
To merely leave
And say "good night."

Thank you, Mr. Gaulke!

Maurice Hutt — My dad spends most of his time in the gutter.

Roginald Hess — Zounds! A drunkard?

Hutt — Naw, a cornice worker.

Which reminds us of the hen who kicked the porcelain egg from the nest, refusing to become a brick-layer.

ATTENTION.

"Now, in case anything should go wrong with this experiment," quoth Mr. Garby tremulously, "we would all be blowing St. Peter's horn." "Now crowd around a little closer fellows in order to follow me well."

SOUNDS FISHY

Arnold — "Do you like codfish balls, Hank?"

Hank — "I dunno; I never attended any."

MAYBE

Foss — What's a myth?
Hebal — A myth's a female moth.

SOLUTION??

"I'm getting so I can't sleep for love of you," he said earnestly. "Let's get married."

"Why?" she asked breathlessly.
"So I can sleep."

CUTTING UP

Schroeder — Where are you going to-night?

Springer — Up to the dissecting room. Man, you can get anything you want up there.

Van Hecke — "Aha, my dear Nimcompoop, there are a tremendous number of casualties I see by the paper."

Mac — "Forsooth, my dear Iggledoo-booboo, and what paper?"

Van Hecke — "Egad, the fly paper."

She was in a passive mood; so he passed her by.

STAGGER UNDER THIS ONE

The fisherman stood beside the heavy foliaged, rushing stream. He cast in his line, filled his pipe and waited. He threw it in a second time, looked up and saw a sign "Don't Fish Here". Reflectively he said aloud, "I don't know."

CATCH AS CATCH-CAN COLUMN

Catch what you can;
Can what you catch.

Scandal

A quiver of intense excitement ran through the little group of eminent scientists. Suddenly a cry of horror and amazement escaped from the lips of the learned savant who had been gazing intently through the telescope. His hands clenched, his chest caved in, and his tongue lolled listlessly.

"For God's sake, Professor," exclaimed the nearest of his associates, "what on earth is the matter?"

"Matter! On earth!" echoed the professor. "I'm positively mortified to death. I've just stumbled upon a young lady undressing on Mars".

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NO GOOD

(Continued from page 2)

"Use to work here, married a squaw, a white no good."

Lizzie steadied himself on his crumpling legs. Squaw — yes, that was it. He married a squaw.

"Where's MacDonald?" Lizzie heard his own husky voice from an infinite distance.

"Here", a voice sang out.

Lizzie peered into the gloom before him, but the room was only a smoky blur of light. He did not need to see; sound is ever stronger to the dying than sight. The voice of the man who had answered him was not the voice of the man he wanted. He began to crumple to the floor.

"My boss —". He jerked himself erect and tried again to speak. "My boss—". He pitched forward, face downward to the floor.

A half smothered laugh came from those who did not comprehend that finis was almost written to the tragedy before them. The laugh ceased when the door was flung open from the outside and a man stepped in.

"Hello Doc!" "Doctor!" "Doctor MacDonald!" Several voices greeted the newcomer.

Doctor MacDonald almost fell over the fallen figure at his feet. He bent down over

the huddled form, peered closely into the face, then picked him up and carried him to the nearest bunk. Without taking off his heavy fur coat the doctor made a swift examination of the still body. Then he straightened up and took off his fur cap.

"Dying". He answered every ones question briefly. "Face and feet frozen, both arms to the elbow, heart on its last beat. "Who—?" He broke off suddenly and bent down again.

Lizzie's lips were moving. "My boss—". In the tense silence Lizzie's whisper could be plainly heard. "My boss... hurt... If you don't go... quick... maybe... he... die...". The spark went out. The weak heart had beat its last.

Doctor MacDonald reached across the body for a blanket.

Away up in the north, in front of a cluster of abandoned lumber-camp shacks, stands a huge cedar slab. Sixty-odd men took regular turns at hewing that slab into shape. Deeply cut into that slab is this epitaph, the epitaph of sixty-odd men, five full juries, the finest they had to give.

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