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 12, when the University of Wisconsin in the Extemporaneous contest, and Marshall Norseng of River Falls State Teachers’ College will be the Wisconsin representatives. 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 extempore 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 Edna Kelley leads with a percentage of 1000% and Faith Herrick’s team is second with 900%. About May 3, the girls will start baseball practice. They will play outdoors when the weather permits. A considerable number of spectators 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 the arrangements will be made in the next few weeks.

Gym Program To Show Next Week

A demonstration of gymnastics will be given at 10 o’clock, Thursday, May 3, 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 planned to work up for the entertainment element which they have. Health, educational and rhythmic values are given as a part of this program.

The Program:

“Murphy Says”, directed by Miss Davel; Gymnastic Lesson, directed by Miss Warren; Special Dance—Sossong, Stanka—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 Woosden, with Elma Jole as their cooperative teacher.

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

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, “Good” in the Margaret Ashman 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 Ashman Club banquet which will be held in the latter part of May.

“Bless That Maharajah”, by Ann Scharf, and Contest by Faith Berons were given honorable mention. Mr. L. M. Burroughs, Miss Welsh and Arnold Mahler were the judges. “No Good”, the winning story, appears on page two of this issue.

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 day. All America is responding in all it’s communities. Churches are being asked to emphasize better hymns and songs are conducting contests among the students and organizations.

Wisconsin as a state has done away with all musical contests, excepting Vocal. In the schools at Milwaukee and Wisconsin are holding an independent contest next week. Mr. Percival is leaving next Thursday for a jugate in 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. Schmeechel, 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 audience. Ethel Reed will play two violins with Edward 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 mike.
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 lanset tooth, crosset sav 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 nose horses. He looked about as negative as an iron plate and far more breakable.

“A manly rat with brains about the size and height of a peanut.”
A rain soaked turkey chiek 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 of forty men to cook with,” and the men had roared.

Next day, when they brought in one of the logrovers with half his ferrigan and three trees 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 sixtyodd.

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 ward 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 had been among them. He had known the world as 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 other traps propelled against them.

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 that he 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 declined to care for him, and sat 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 meant. The nearest town, twenty five miles away, was nothing but a spot of light. With sufficiently large checks and a great deal of jesting, the totem team was hitched to a sleigh and forty men were off “for Christmas,” the camp forgetting.

Lizzie amusingly boasted 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 afresh with 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 sting ing wind. Down and down dropped the mere until the ground was covered by 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 bade the boss’ bed and the bunkhouse.

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 three times died 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 an instantly 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 little profit. He was too late to prevent 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 the only man 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 envied him his fitness to give battle 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 footsteps showed a fair buoyancy. His mackinaw, the lumber camp had soaked him a month’s worth of water, it was the best 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 numb. His teeth chattered like roller skates on pavement. He built his first fire at the end of the sixth mile.

Fires, three fires, showing like black smudges on a wasted life. At first they were real fires of dried sticks and bark. But 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 lumber house at DuPages he reached his 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 were bewilderdem 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.

(Continued on page 4)
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moth.
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SOUNDS FISHY
Arnold - "Do you like codfish balls,
Hank?" Hank - "I dunno; I never attended
any."

SOUNDS FISHY
Arnold - "Do you like codfish balls,
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any."

MAYBE
Foss - "What's a myth?" Helal - "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 tonight?
Springer - Up to the dissecting room. Man, you can get anything you want up there.

Van Hecke - "Aha, my dear Nincmoomp, there are a tremendous
number of casualties I see by the paper."
Mac - "Forsooch, my dear Igledlebooboo, and what paper?"
Van Hecke - "Egal, the fly paper."

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

STAGGER UNDER THIS ONE
The fisherman stood beside the
heavy foliage, 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!" Reflec-
tively he said aloud, "I don't
know."

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 lips curdled
in, and his tongue lolled listlessly.
"For God's sake, Professor,"
explained 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!'"
"Use to work here, married a squaw, a white no good."

Lizzie steadied herself 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 stumble to the door.

"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 fins 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!" "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 one's 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.

HERE LIES
A REAL MAN