DEERE TEECHER

At eighty-three Mary Louise gave the bell a rope a last vigorous tug, deliberately creating its final clang. Oh, Mary Louise was prompt, decided, efficient, a teacher, dear, all that she did. Everybody in District Number Nine, Vilas, agreed to that. They were quite certain, in fact, that nothing pertaining to their teacher. People just had to have her, and there was no denying that she knew her profession. "Like most people in rural schools, they knew she must teach when they saw one and appreciated her.

It was a lovely fall day—temperature just right, the sky hazy, leaping sparrows, birds still in the trees. Mary Louise went to the door, looked about, and then stepped out to the more than air. She sighed. It was just the kind of day on which one liked to take out all one's old regrets, forget them and maybe add a few more. "It might have been better," being a teacher, her that is just what Mary Louise did.

Oh, dear, it was a perfectly delightful fall full of promises, a long for worlds to conquer—great adventures to live through—thrill and; and here she was, the Mary Louise, a young woman, just too young to be teaching, all of her attention, her hope, and energy. How she hated it at times! Oh, to get out into the green, the pulsing, beating life of the old world. That was what Mary Louise would have chosen had she could have done so.

She thought of how she had happened to become a teacher. It was this way. Her mother had taught for a number of years and so had her mother’s sister and her brother’s as well. When she was a tiny girl her career was chosen.

"Of course she will teach," they had all said.

A finished high school she had a long walk with her father. He knew that she expected something thrilling of life, something with more pep and spirit and "kick" than teaching could give, but he said, "You will be a teacher and not a teacher for a year, and promise me that you will teach for two years, just to please your mother. When that time is up you may do whatever you like. I shall see that you go to college, finance any business project, or help you to do whatever you want to. Just promise me that you will teach as I have said, and do your best, Mary Louise, but nothing short of your best will do."!

So here she was settled for her second year at the Riverview School. She looked about. It was really a fine little school and the grounds were

(Continued on page 2)
A RHAPSODY IN PRINT

Love is a great institution. Pardon me for being so bold as to make such a statement on my own authority, but really I think it is.

Love is supposed to be that intangible force that makes the world go around. Whether he is or not, I do not know: it is a question for the physicist. I will make so bold, however, as to assert that love is certainly capable of performing feats no less wonderful. It commonly makes one oblivious of his surroundings and makes it appear to rise from them.

Now then, ladies and gentlemen, if I may be permitted to pass from the sublime uplift to the ridiculous deject, as is so often done these days, and as I may have done some few times, I think, I shall introduce you into the subject of this discussion.

When the munificent state of Wisconsin saw fit to add the home Economics wing to Stevens Point Normal, the need was felt — and no doubt had been felt for some few years — for an auditorium suited to the needs of such an institution. So it was built. But the builders of the wing being more susceptible to the appeal of the dollar than to the appeal of the lover (I take the liberty to make the assumption) absolutely ignored the need for some place, out of the way, where He and She could meet regularly after classes and during free periods.

But love is powerful, as I said before, it finds a way. The Auditorium became the rendezvous of the lovers (I see I am making another assumption in that last word). Notwithstanding love’s power, the foot soldiers of the foot of the ground. The administration has kept its foot down all these years — but it doesn’t make much difference, if any.

Now there is nothing wrong with this sort of thing, except that it takes up a lot of time. The Auditorium is not designed or, on the front steps... and the result is inestimably better.

DERE TEACHER

(Continued From Page 1)

beautiful. There was a woven wire fence around the property, which was strung on painted white posts that stood out against the landscape. There was a cement walk from the gate to the door. On each side of it was a white-rimmed flower bed. North of the building, a few mighty pine trees, with here and there a birch and a maple. East of it, the huge axyle of the nursery had saved those ancient trees.

Under the axyle of the nursery were tall white posts with swings and slides white teeter-totters for the younger children. Beyond, was a small baseball diamond.

Away to the left hand side, in the distance the hunting joined its mother stream, the Wolf. At the other side were waterfalls, over and in the distance forests.

"Such a peaceful, pretty place," thought Mary Louise. "Why can’t I be there?"

Why not indeed! Simply because the glamour of the unexplored, the something different which she wanted to do, was lacking. She thought of two short-haired old teachers who she had overheard talking at a convention.

"One thing I thought that teaching was a poor profession," said one, "meagery paid, with no rewards and little chances to do big things. It grows on one, and now, I come to see its greatness. One can do great things in what seems a small way, after all."

She had answered, "Yes indeed the spirit of it grows on one, and I've learned that it is the grandest, noblest work in the world. Often some woman has been an influence on me and tells me how I have helped him and I am as thrilled and happy as if I had been the benefactor."

"Nonsense," thought Mary Louise, "that old woman has big things — great things — service — noblest work — thrilled and happy — not in teaching."

It was twenty minutes of nine; she went in.

Calls, jabbering, shrilling cries, the rattle of dinner gong, the clank of dishes against the table, the sound of the teeter-totter, the regular squeak of the swing as its occupants "pamp-" up into the air — all these things told Mary Louise that the children were going to school.

Some came, thrusting their heads into the school rooms for a brief "Good" morning," and left. The other ones came and went. Some were quiet, some of the work before school was called and respected that right, but the youngest ones loved her. They couldn’t wait to get inside, to crowd around her, clinging her shoulder and stories, touching her with over-friendly little hands in their eagerness to talk.

"O, Miss Knight, I was at the County Fair yesterday and what do you suppose I saw there, Miss Knight?" sang out little second grade Janet Robertson.

"Why, I don’t know, I’m sure," said Mary Louise.

(Continued on Page 4)

THE POINTER

Vol. II

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THE STAFF

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Associate Editor .... Aan Sharf
News Editor .... Pauline Buhman
Society Editor .... Cyril Nye
Sports Editor .... Carlton Lintner
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EXTRA!

(Irregular News Service)

Vetter has hot party Monday night. Miss Hussey lets Dorm girls attend!

We would like to know how Sitting Bull got along without ordering two pairs of pants with each suit.

A good thing to remember, And a better thing to do Is to work with the construction gang Not with the wrecking crew.

Grassman is painting his flies red so that the customers will think that they are lightning bugs.

HALL OF FAME

ALEXANDER PETERSON

Inhaling the pride of the Mulberry, we Alex, as he is known to his intimate admirers of Milli- dore’s underworld. A wild and wooly musician who scrabbles the ivories or scraps a mean G string with equal ease. Hates women, strawberry jam, face powder, and so forth. Likes girls, bluge red, patch boards, and skipping classes. Plays jazz in the piano with either hand and both feet, fitting accompanist to Jack Rienzo on coming world tour. Greatest ambition to be a preacher or a prohibition agent.

Next year’s address, Arnott, Wisconsin: Too bad, girls!

CATCH AS CATCH-CAN COLUMN

Catch what you can; Can what you catch.

Arlyng Carlston has hit her typewriter to the garage 16 have the carbion removed.

Laura Schoeninger says that she is disappointed in love every time.

COUNTRY GIRL: "What do you college men do all year?"

COUNTRY BOY: "Well, in the winter we learn and love."

BUT HOW HE LIED

Walter: "No need, sir, to wipe off the plate in this restaurant."
John II: "Here’s my pardon, force of habit. I’m an umpire."

THE BULLETIN

"Would you like to dance this one?"
Yes. Would you mind asking someone to dance with me?"

SPEAKING of evolution, the Prime of Wales also descended from an animal, but it was a horse.

Virginia: "Oh papa, what is your birthday?"
Mr. Watson: "I don’t know, my dear, but I think it’s the grindstone."

HORRORS!

"Do you think that the college seniors mean anything by it?"
"Mean by what?"
"Well, they’re advertising their club. The Poor Nut. I bought a ticket, and on it is printed, ‘The Poor Nut. Admit one.’"

IS HER FACE HER CAREER?

"They say that gal Giraffe, because she’s all neck, and she has a spotted career."

AND BESIDES, IT’S LEAP YEAR!

Carlton: "See that fellow playing third base? He’ll be our best man in about a week."
Betty (blushing): "Oh this is so sudden!"

BUT IT COULDN’T HAVE BEEN A SCHOOL DANCE

Emery: "Let’s dance scórcher."
Crystal: "How’s that?"
Emery: "Closer."

Fond mother: "Yes Genevieve is studying French and Algebra. Say ‘Good Morning’ to the lady in Algebra, Genevieve."

CALL THE JUNKMAN

Miss Hussey: "Do you think autos are raising the younger generation?"
Doe Baldwin: "No, I think the younger generation is raising the autos."

NEGATIVE CALISTHENS

Miss Hanna: "Gracious, how fat Mr. Stein is getting to be!"
Miss Bock: "That’s because he daily doesn’t."
Nelson Hall Notes

Who went home over the past week end? Better ask, who didn't? There was a general migration on Friday afternoon and with the girls there were: Awkward packages, boxes of cut flowers, rose-bushes, potted plants of all varieties. Mother was well remembered.

Miss Marion Kowit, instead of going home, entertained her mother and father, and two girl chums over the week-end.

Miss Emee Riley received the sad news on Saturday of the death of her grand-mother in the hospital in Wausau. Miss Riley attended the funeral on Tuesday.

On Saturday, Misses Lucile Schmidt, Arlyn Jacobson, Bernice Babler, Lorna Dick, Harriet Nelson, and Olle Parken, accompanied by Miss Hussey toured a part of central Wisconsin in a Chevrolet. In all they traveled 192 miles and enjoyed the fresh air and sunshine to the full. A personal application was the incentive for the trip but business was combined with pleasure and all had a day long to be remembered for happy experiences.

This week on Thursday the women attending the convention of Federated Clubs will be banqueted at Nelson Hall. The girls will have their rooms open for inspection to the visitors.

For Sunday night supper, Miss Rose staged one of her famous lawn lunches. Everyone enjoys pleasant weather all the more on account of the possibility of having these semi-picsque lunches often.

Mrs. Grace Flowers and Evelyn Elliott entertained two of their girl chums from Oconto Falls, Saturday. Miss Thelma Koshob entertained her parents on Sunday.

REZATTO SINGS

John Rezatto was on the program at the Majestic Theater Sunday evening. He sang a special number which preceded the regular vaudeville. Mr. Rezatto was accompanied by the theater organist.

LOYOLA CLUB NOTICE

The members of the Loyola Club and all Catholic students will meet at St. Stephen's Church to-night, Thursday at 7:15. Members are asked to take seats on the left side of the center aisle down front.

There will be special devotions and every member is urged to be present.

JOSSWICK SPEAKS

Frank Josswick, the college orator, was a guest of the Stevens Point Rotary club at luncheon, Monday, May 14th. Mr. Josswick gave parts of his oration, "Crime, a Challenge to Youth." Professor L. M. Baroughs was also a guest at the luncheon.

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DERE TECHER
(Continued From Page 1)

"Oh, there was a little monkey and his father, I think, leading him by a string."

"Yes, the father, Jannett!"

"Oh yes," said Jannett, "and Miss Knight; the little monkey had a hat in his hand and he was leading everyone. Everyone put a penny, he gave it to his father, if it was a quarter, a dime; he kept it for himself."

"Do you mean a man was leading the monkey?"

"No, just a little monkey," Mary Louise smiled.

"A little monkey?"

"Yes, that's what I said," said Mary Louise, with chagrin.

"I think your name's funny, but of course I like it," he added hastily.

"Well, yes," said Mary Louise, "Jack said, 'Say, Dad, can you take your car to downtown town?'" She quoted, "'Oh, good! it's only halfway, isn't it?'"

"You've an eye for beautiful nights all right, my boy; an' he laughed. And then Jack's face got red just like it does when he talks about you. Wann that funny, now, just at one word -- night." Mary Louise blushed.

"Teacher, can't Johnny stop pushin' nae more?"

"Well, I'm way up against the wall already, as 'tis," Mary Louise answered.

The clock showed one minute after nine. Everyone was in his seat. There was a whisper, a rustle, a whisper. "Strange, Clarence is usually at school," thought Mary Louise. They were done smoothly for a while, theb came Albert's voice again and rang like a bell. "Huh! Can you beat it, Miss Knight! Bill Pary walkner never took this much again last year. ForGott he says, Say, wouldn't ya think He'd remember this by time! I'll bet you the girls beat us again, yes sir, every one's checked. Fellows, what do you say? Bill one more chance, or shall we see him tonight, huh?"

Mary Louise stressed a little good English in "Bill walkner never took this much again last year."

"Oh, I'll bet Bill that thought and set everyone to work. There was no more time that morning for longing and daydreaming. There was nothing but work and honest and earnest little teacher and earned everyone of the one hundred fifteen dollars which District Number One paid her every month.

Six minutes slipped away and at a quarter of ten Clarence Hilton walked into the room, "Why, Clarence," said Miss Knight, "I'm going to tell you one o'clock. Why are you so late?"

Clarence gave a proved snort, "Well, miss, I was out to see her last night and what don't I do, I got to bed way back -- say, Sis got a bowling-out from pa. I bet they don't fool with it again, she said I'd tell you just how it was." The children giggled.

Mary Louise looked sober, but a dimple lit up her face and her eyes twinkled. All day she straightened out little mistakes, told them how to live and act in their relationship with others. Her efforts for that day came back in the one o'clock, "Service." Mary Louise did not realize this.

It was fourteen when the last pupil had gone. How good it seemed. Ah, those noisy, grasping, exhausting, demanding pupils; she just gave and gave until one was worn out.

The second year had begun and soon she'd be free -- free to live in her own way. She'd find something gloriously to do, perhaps be a private secretary to the president of a big firm, or a traveling companion to some rich old woman and tour Europe, or a girl aviator, as a friend of hers was. There were so many glorious things to do and here was wasted life as a country school teacher. How she hated it!

The months passed swiftly. Mary Louise was busy and, for the first time in her life, enjoyed all the every changin', entertaining moods of her heart. Only once did rebellion and desire for her work arise in her heart. Three more months and she'd have taken the exam.

One day she was taken very ill, "Bronchitis and pneumonia," the doctors said. Mary Louise was in the hospital for several weeks, and, when she felt better, the nurse brought in a young man -- all with the same postmark. They were from her pupils. Yes, there were errors, misspelled words, and spelling periods, and capitals, but Mary Louise didn't care. She for the reason all for she was very glad to get the kind little messages they contained.

"There was a letter from Jannett, it said, "Dere Teacher, When you come back? please come soon. Our new teacher is nice but we need ya. I hope your broken little, and new moon is better. I love you, Miss Knight."

Mary Louise frowned, "Dere teacher," the words thrilled her. Her children missed her. They were so new and strange, but she made them see everyone of the dear little faces.

She was very anxious to get back to her little white school among the pines by the river. It was peaceful and quiet there, and never a day passed that something thrillingly different did not present itself. Ah, the varying moods of those little ones! It was her privilege to know them, watch their lives unfold daily, their characters develop, their minds grow. Could anything be more gloriously interesting?

Being a teacher was a great honor to her all. One accepted to service of high order, of noble charecter for him who had it. There was "no future in teaching," Mary Louise felt a great pity. He did not understand. The greatest Man who ever lived had been a teacher and had gone among men, teaching, preaching, and leading a life of service.

She thought of the two old teachers at the school. In the station: They would not give up teaching -- oh never! It was thrilling, an adventure, a pleasure, a challenge to service, right living, and high ideals.

She would enter college perhaps, and become better fitted to accept that challenge, but she would go back to the school room -- for a while. She would always thrive at the tribute of "Dere teacher."

MARGARET ASHMON

Margaret Eliza Ashmun, in honor of whom the Margaret Ashmun Club was founded and named, was born at the village of Rual in Wauqua County, Illinois, where her father was engaged in business. Miss Ashmun took her diploma at the Stevens Point State Normal School in 1897, having completed the two year course then required of High School graduates. Of her twenty-eight units of credit twenty-two are above average, an majority of the twenty-two above twenty-five, showing an unusual average of scholarship.

In 1904 Miss Ashmun took the Ph. B. degree at the University of Wisconsin and in 1908 took her A. M. from the same institution, for which she became a master's in the university which position she held.

In the year 1912, having attained considerable success in the publication of short stories, poems and school texts, Miss Ashmun retired from teaching and located in New York City to devote herself to literary work. Since retiring she has published additional school texts, as follows: Modern Short Stories, The Study and Practice of Writing English, and the Isabel Carithon Series, 5 volumes.

In current magazines, have appeared from her pen, Birthplace, Atlantic for February 1911; Rosalin, The Story of a New Citizen, Craftsman, August 1916; Culture, Century, October 1918; Sewing, a poem, Good Housekeeping, April, 1921; Russia Through Women's Eyes, Bookman, February 1919.

Miss Ashmun's principal works of fiction are: Stephen's Last Chance, My Fair Mr. Summer, Topless Tower, Support, Including Mother, The Lake, No School, and Tomorrow, all appearing in book form from 1918 to 1925.

The critics in the best literary magazines have given Miss Ashmun's work increasingly favorable mention during the time of these successive publications.

While Miss Ashmun maintains a city address at 15 Granery Park New York, her home is at Cos Cob, Connecticut. She also holds memberships in the Broads Society of Great Britain, the Playwrights and Composers (British), the National Arts of New York and sits on Washington D. C., and is also a member of the D. A. R.

Of our alumni, various men are of sufficient standing in pedagogical and scientific circles to be listed in America's Who's Who, but Miss Ashmun is the only woman of the alumni to appear in that work, and the only member whose title to honor rests upon creative work in the line of any of the arts.

Miss Nannie Gray.