advanced German students. They have all had the basic courses—at least four semesters of German—and are doing further study in German literature.

The Deutscher Verein sponsors German Films and speakers. Twice a month, its members gather around the piano in Deutsches Haus for a German song fest lead by Dr. Carl Baumann, professor of German and chairman of the department. Twice a week a luncheon table is set aside in one of the college dining halls for those students who want to talk the language.

(The German students here at Highacres are not yet as advanced as these students in California, but some of these ideas may be applied here, if enough students get together to make a go of it. We might reserve a table in the

cafeteria in the new Student Union
Building once a week, gather there
for meals, and speak only German.

"THE YOUNGER DAYS"

(The 1st installment in a series covering the life history of a "Popular Student" at Highacres. The name of this student will not be published because these stories are taken from his secret diary, which managed to find its way to our office.)

"Dear Diary, Mommy told Daddy yesterday that I tattled to the neighbors again about those parties they always hold in the cellar at the stroke of midnight. Before Daddy chained me to the wall, he told me to keep my big mouth shut or he would take my cigars away from me for a week. He's a meany-depriving a nine-year-old boy of his cigars! Before he bolted the door, he said I talked too much, that one of these times I tell about the parties someone would believe me! As if anybody believed in vampires. And saying I talked too much! Huh! I wouldn't even talk at all for the first five years of my life: I was ashamed for folks to know I didn't have any teeth.

Boy, I can remember those days. Mommy a nd Daddy thought I couldn't understand them. I can just hear Mommy singing "Comin' Through the Rye" while Daddy was down in the cellar, going through the scotch. Things were blue for him 'till we loosened his collar. They brightened when I showed him my first report cards with "F" on them. I told him it meant "phenomenal." It wasn't easy to forge his name on the report card; he couldn't write. He was proud of me and got me a gun that shot real bullets. I was the only kid on the block with a Colt .45. After a week I was the only kid on the block.

We had a chauffeur then. He saved lots of money; in two years he was able to buy himself a seeing-eye dog. When he drove, the car wobbled so much that I never knew whether the steering was loose or the driver was tight. That car, I recollect, didn't have much power; we had to put it in second to drive over a cigar butt. (By the way, cars don't grow on trees, my teacher said, they come from plants; Maybe I should ask her if the plants have their little ones by seeds or runners.) Having a chauffeur meant we had money too. In fact, we were the only people on our street who put out garbage.

Well, dear Diary, I have to say "Bye" because Daddy is coming down the cellar steps now, and if he finds out that Tove been using his red wine for ink, "WOW"—I'll be down here another two days.

(Editor's note: The second in this series, "College High-Lights", will be found in the next edition of this paper-if our subject doesn't find where we hid his diary!)
..*.*.*.*.*.*.*.*.*.*.*
Womanpower is the mysterious force that gets the suit I plan to wear cleaned and pressed before I plan to wear it. (Sent in by: A. Man)