

BOYS TURN OUT FOR BASEBALL

Now that warmer weather has set in, many baseball enthusiasts have responded to the fever and are out every evening tossing the pill around the bags, or giving it a ride out in the tall timber.

With so many of last year's letter men out again this year, besides the new material, some of whom have had some experience already, Coach Natvig can expect a much stronger team than that of the previous season.

Many more games have been scheduled to meet the popular growing demands of Bethany's baseball supporters.

All letter men, with one exception, have again returned and, as a whole, are showing much better form than before exhibited. Bethany's veterans are lined up as follows: Battery, Walt Meyer, pitcher, and Gig Solli, catcher; Walt is a lefthander possessing many qualities that constitutes a good hurler. Gig, who seems to be again the strongest contender for his position this year, has showed up well in practice. Much is expected from these two in the coming games. Last year's infielders are: Rudolph Strom, first base; Philip Abrahamson, second; Lloyd Mommsen, shortstop; and Wilford Huso, third. The outfielders include: Tom Heller, Walther Gullixson, Eivind Unseth, and Torald Teigen. Aside from their regular positions already mentioned, Lloyd Mommsen and Torald Teigen did some pitching and catching.

Bethany's new diamond material consists of Vernon Runholt, who has already had quite a bit of experience as an infield man, Clifford Olson, William Sandberg, and Donald Odegaard.

POETRY

I have no fondness for poetry, and it makes very little difference what kind or form of poetry it is, because almost all poetry is not very good in my eyes.

Poetry is said to be a spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings. In some cases it is. For instance, the poetry written by some of these mentally unbalanced poets certainly shows their feelings.

Poetry is usually written according to a definite meter and rhyme scheme. How can poetry be that "spontaneous overflow" when it is confined in this manner? After a poet gets his verse to conform to all the poetical rules, it becomes nothing more than a confusing jumble of words. The worse the mixture of words the better the poetry. Some poets even have the nerve to make up words to satisfy poetical rules; if an ordinary man starts to make up words, he is either accused of being in love or else he is swearing.

In closing I wish to give these noble lines by an unknown bard which so aptly describes poets and poetry. They tell of birds and flowers and trees

And of the busy working bees;
They don't tell how to get vitamins
Out of two-bit sardine tins.

Vernon Runholt, Col. '32.

CONCERNING WRITING

I am no writer, I never was a writer and by this time I heartily doubt whether I shall ever be one. It seems so utterly beyond me that I have already long since resigned myself contentedly, or at least more or less so, to my lot and have well nigh given up all hopes whatsoever in that direction. You understand, of course, that I do not by this mean to say that I cannot upon occasion take a pencil and a little paper, or some other such contrivances perhaps, and sit down and scrawl across the page, and that fairly legibly, too, my name, for instance, and my house number, street, city—and probably even my state, if all things else be favorable and I be allowed to abbreviate, for that would indeed be speaking disparagingly of my grade-school efforts at penmanship and spelling. But as to real writing, i.e., producing something worth while: that is quite another matter and well outside of my poor sphere.

And this my weakness has ever been forcefully driven home to me whenever I have sat down to write the weekly theme (I might also have spelled it the weakly theme). My English teacher will bear me out in this.

Now no one likes to admit, even to himself, that he is incapable or too ignorant to accomplish a task imposed upon him. Sooner he would have his failure to accomplish it ascribed to almost any other causes, both probable and improbable, even to laziness, but never under any condition to just ordinary inability or ignorance, for that were painfully humiliating and beyond all human endurance. And so I, too, have looked around in search for a reason, a little more comfortable than this of plain inability and ignorance, for the fact that I somehow just simply can't write.

I have found this: in order to write one must first of all think or have ideas, allow his imagination free course. Now to do this one must, in turn, have leisure, or to put it differently, one must be a scholar, for the word scholar comes originally from the Greek *scholadsein*, to have leisure. Now in my own case, that of a student, writing is absolutely out of the question. A student is not at his leisure. He cannot allow his imagination to wander (he who is skeptic, let him try it in Greek or Hebrew classes or the like). The very name student precludes all idea of leisure. A student, in the estimation of the old Romans, is one who zealously strives after and exerts himself for something, e.g., knowledge, learning, Hebrew vocables.

Since this then is the case, that leisure is imperative and highly essential in the way of getting ideas, and that ideas are the very essence of writing, and that students have everything but leisure, it is clear that the only conclusion to be drawn is that students should not be expected to write, unless, of course, it be merely for practice in penmanship or probably for spelling.

Theo. Gieschen, Col. '32.

Never offer to teach fish to swim.—
Proverb.

PICTURES

It often happens that many individuals visit places where twenty-five cents and a few minutes of posing result in about twenty well finished pictures. Whether these pictures are the desired results or not, I cannot say for sure. But from my own observations I am convinced that if these persons are not satisfied with the finished products, they certainly have high ideals. We can usually see the person in the picture but seldom the whole picture in the person. I mean, of course, that most pictures flatter. That would be the disadvantage of courting by mail.

I know a person who says he hates to be photographed, and, to tell the truth, I have seen only three pictures of him. He submitted to two of them out of courtesy and the third out of compulsion; he's in the penitentiary now. His pictures do not flatter him, however; they are the cause of his refusal to pose.

It is quite a common custom that those who contemplate graduation have their pictures taken. (Must send a reminder to the friends and relatives, you know). It seems that the natural thing to do in this case is to put on an expression suggesting wisdom or at least an attempt at such an expression. I once saw an annual containing a few such pictures. I became acquainted with a few of the models later on, but I didn't know that it was their pictures I had seen until someone else testified to it.

Among women, that is, real young women, one is given the impression that the females hate to have their pictures taken. But I've seen women have their pictures snapped three times with the same little kodak just to be sure that one would turn out well.

I have often wondered just what photographs are for. Someone has said they are for desk ornaments, and so they might be. Perhaps most people pose for pictures out of vanity. But in spite of the fact that I like to have my picture taken, I would say that it is out of imagination.

Torald Teigen, Col. '32.

KAMPUS KLAMOR

Wondering: "How can I get a dimple in my cheek?"

Ed. "Sleep on a collar button."

Art. A.: "What's a raisin?"

Ed. "A prune that has been hit by the depression."

How about the Freshie that thought March 4th was a military command.

Heard in Immanuel Hospital after visiting hours:

Roberta Haller: "May I see Willie Sandberg please?"

Matron: "We ordinarily don't allow visitors now. But who are you, may I ask?"

Roberta (timidly): "Oh-why-a-I'm his sister."

Matron: "Pleased to meet you. I'm his mother."

This month's best definition: A rhubarb is a bloodshot celery.

There is no royal road to geometry—Euclid.

Janet at drug store: "I want to buy some powder."

Clerk: "Do you want the kind that goes off with a bang?"

Janet: "No, I want the kind that goes on with a puff."

He came to school to become agitated.

Char N.: "Been to Christianity class, Phil?"

Phil A.: "Do my clothes look as if they had been slept in?"

S. Gieschen: "Say, Cliff, why do you wear that silly moustache?"

Cliff: "Simply to provoke those poor fellows who aren't able to raise one."

Conrad to Prof. Buszin: "I can't go to class today because my room mate is using our pencil today."

If children grew up according to indications we should have nothing but geniuses.—Goethe.

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