**Vesper Service to Feature College Chorus Sunday**

Making its first appearance for the year, the college chorus will be featured in a vesper service this Sunday, Oct. 22 at 5 o'clock in the college auditorium.

A program of familiar hymns has been arranged by Mrs. T. J. Treece, chorus director, with Rev. Clyde Shaff, the young student minister representing each church.

The service will last approximately fifteen minutes.

**Future Teachers Elect Officers, Make Plans**

**Future Teachers of America** met last Monday afternoon and made plans for the coming year.

Rev. Clyde Shaff was elected president of the organization, with Blanche Bertrand, Helen Reeves, and Joe De Stefano filling the other offices.

Some of the projects selected are to attend and furnish refreshments for T. A. meetings, to give radio program during Education week, and to give an assembly program.

The special requirements for membership are that each member be taking educational subjects and be passing in them.

**Thirty Join Criterion Staff; New Officers Assume Responsibilities**

Over thirty students have joined the Criterion editorial and business staffs, growing promises of a bright future for the 1944-45 newspaper.

Executive officers commissioned by editor, Shirley Myers are: June Noble, associate editor; Margaret Allen and Regina Poindexter, news editors; and Alfred Darby, photographer.

Jeanette Lansing is business manager and Mrs. Marie Kliffner, business manager.

At a noon luncheon meeting last Monday, the group decided to meet to discuss journalistic improvements in the first and third Mondays of each month. Social meetings will be enjoyed by the members from time to time.

Other staff members include: Editorial, George Cox, Artie Eplin, Sunny Foster, John Perkins, Regina Poindexter, Donald Horagud, Jim Dillag, Billie Dee Westbook, Pat Tedrick, Joe Blossom, Polly Childress, Marie Ransome, B. H. Knoble, Ethel Joseph, Anne Olson, Helen Reeves, Bob Fitting, LeRoy Wells, and Eileen Gilliland.

**Men to Throw Big Barn Dance Nov. 4**

In the A. M. S. session Cal Golden has announced a popular vote to become the secretary-treasurer. That’s the way Cal Golden.

When the noise and confusion settled down to a shout, the meeting then showed possibilities of being a closed one. Shooting back and forth, the Verrickers finally anchored a decision to throw a “turkey in the straw session” in the barn of good Mesa Saturday, Nov. 4.

The “straw bosses” for the event were hogs tied and stuck by Perc, Perkins or follow. Stewart to “purify” the joint. Hutton to lay the feed. Shoemaker and Dungan as casual-uppers. Foster for the act, and Hagan as the poster.

The congregation got so deep that Cope was put in charge of revision of the constitution of the A. M. S.

**Washing, Canning Keep Coeds Busy**

Evelyn Smith an K Lustry are enrolled in the washing, canning, and eligibility can be checked with him on his plane to China near the Chinese ministry this Saturday.

**Wallace Takes Gifts On China Trip**

A department of state release of June 20 states that Vice President Wallace carried with him on his plane to China nearly 100 packages of educational films, agricultural seed, and books, as gifts to China.

A large package addressed to the Chinese government of education contained the college catalogues of the leading animal husbandry schools in the United States, the ministry had requested these books for use in studying their curricula.

Several other packages contained a selection of political reference volumes, new titles on library science, and books.

A special selection of titles on American architecture and a package containing 100 American dramas were also made available for reading. The pack contained a note saying that it was sent under a cultural program for the development of cultural exchange as evidence of a continuance of cultural exchanges.
SWING YOUR PARTNER

Like to dance? You don't know how. Well, why not learn? Because of popular demand an hour of dancing will be held every Tuesday in the college gymnasium. Started last Thursday, his dancing will be continued every following Tuesday at 4 o'clock.

Mr. Whetten, agriculture instructor, and the girls' physical education director have consented to lend their talents to the program in this way. Tuesdays there will be waltzing and fox trotting, advancing later into conga, rumba, and other types. Thursdays will feature square dancing and old time dance... This should provide an excellent opportunity for those who have never learned to dance, as well as being a solid hour of good fun. Interested?

I'LL BET YOU'VE NEVER...

Become dizzy, watching a parade of your rival's points going by. Whipped an unfair rumor about a particular friend, and then had that friend "return the compliment" in the form of a standing order the magnitude of which is speechless and feeling just as insignificant as a dew-drop in a rain storm.

Wished that instead of being quite so handsome, you had been gifted with a few more ounces of "grey matter," probability minimizing the whole situation! I see no possible solution to my unbearable situation! I see no possible solution to my unbearable
to yell for-and loudly!

RAH! RAH!

Members of the assembly-planning committee were serving when they asked the students to turn in yells per se.

Dig down deep

Do you want to help in the war effort? You do. Well, here's how you can prove it-

The United War Chest is asking you to pledge your day's earnings to the fund in our college drive.

The United War Chest is asking you to pledge your day's earnings to the fund in our college drive.

Dear Madame Lovin' Bloom:

My friend, do you know what it is to have the kinds of problems that I have? I mean, how many mornings have you wakened up with a hideous headache, wishing that you could have the power to save yourself from this inarticulate and ineffectual day? I look to you for a rescue... I am a girl of 18, pleasing many of the opposite sex, but this attraction is not mutual... I am in a most distressing... I am in a most distressing...

Ed. 

Dear Madame Lovin' Bloom:

Heart Balm

You've got the green light so let's go!

DIG DOWN DEEP

Do you want to help in the war effort? You do. Well, here's how you can prove it-

The United War Chest is asking you to pledge your day's earnings to the fund in our college drive.

Dear Madame Lovin' Bloom:

Thank you for writing to the Criterion and Madame Lovin' Bloom! We may be cruisin' for a bruisin' to say this but we are... You've got the green light so let's go!

RAH! RAH!

Members of the assembly-planning committee were serving when they asked the students to turn in yells per se...

First Gal: "What's a military objective?"

Second Gal: "Just walk and you'll see..."

Instructor: "What happens when the human body is completely immersed in water?"

She: "Encouragement! He needs a cheering section!"

Bob Bainbridge went deer (?) hunting and got a doe but that doe had twelve good friends. It is brave to stand up for your rights. Don't you know that your refusal to yell for—louderly!

And now to a few words on South Pacific... Since the beginning of school some weeks ago, we have been reading the news about South Pacific—Reginald Dowell to teach at Pogosa Springs, Denny Graham to the navy, among other things. The chemistry lab—Orlando Gallese. The best of pairs are matching up. Did you see what's cooking?—It's Johnnie Audino and Zeta Goss. The vestibule near the choir room is their hideout so be discreet you young women and don't call them. If you don't know why Eddie Barry puts glue on his mustache when he goes to see his girl? To make his kisses last longer!... One more lap around the duck pond last Friday and the Friday Night Pogo will be over. Even at that Roosevelt has an intelligent dog to help our Eleanor and just what has Dewey got to help him?... Oh the boy Hutton! Can he dance or can he dance. His desire is only to practice and Reeves loves that practice.

This next paragraph was written by an unknown author. Nobody really understands it but... "Don't be so hard on yourselves. It will get a large charge from the hidden meaning, quotes..."

J. Ragan—Hey Bob, how much are "eel skins?" B. Stewart—Four bits for one, three for a buck. J. Ragan—How's business? B. Stewart—Fine, Jim, fine!

Bernie you crackin' up? All eliminated are so soon... Come on, break down, look the field over—the locker to your left is open... Betty Berry, Wilma Weeks, and Carolyn Russell were seen standing around with their hands full Friday night. Well, kids, that's a fair percentage for these times.

"I haven't had a good date since—I can't remember that far back"—unto, believe it or not this was said by a member of the opposite sex—Bob Hogue to be exact. This calls for a revolution gala. We may be cru...." for a bruise..." to say this but we are... Marylou Ball has a new victim. Joyce Anderson was enlisted to the school door last week but we haven't uncovered HIS identity—he had a uniform though.

Pat Tedrick and Jim Johnson are strictly moving fast. Friday, Saturday, and Monday. Watch this column for new developments...

If you ask what's cookin' we don't know, but just ask us who's parkin' and here's the dope: E. Baumgart and M. Quist, the Steward's and Joe's Inc., Kroche and Willers, and the rest we're saving for blackmail.

Gas shortage is really tough when Kincade pumps up his bike tires and puts his girl on the handle bars to take her home.

He's just shabby. Why don't you give him a little encouragement? She: "Encouragement! He needs a cheering section!"

Bob Bainbridge went deer (?) hunting and got a doe but that doe had twelve good friends. What's cook..."

That's all kids, be seeing you today at the square dance, remember it's a date.

"Papa," asked little Ted, "what is a person called who is always looking for contact with the spirit world?"

"A bated, my boy."

"Papa," asked little Ted, "what is a person called who is always looking for contact with the spirit world?"

"A bated, my boy."

Instructor: "What happens when the human body is completely immersed in water?"

Smart Cadet: "The telephone rings."

First Gal: "What's a military objective?"

Second Gal: "Just walk past those soldiers on the corner and you'll find out."
in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and But then the lobby doorkeep-
Ah! What Great Deer (Dear)

Hunters We Here at Mesa Have

Deer season is more than hobby. It is a challenge of one's spirit, mental and physical. A student of the campus prepared for the season's adventure. He explained that he wished to be excused from his Friday afternoon class. His explanations were followed with a reminder that if he were going deer hunting he should forget his present engagement and come to the freshman initiation party that evening—the wolf.

To add to the poor fellow's troubles, the fall weather was not favorable in many respects, for the dry leaves, twigs and branches warned the deer of the present danger and the wind always blew in the wrong direction. Water was scarcest of all, and our thirsty hunter was uneasy and impatient. At sunrise he was at the top of the steep mountains, better known as "Mount Heap Long Climb"; for the true hunter's motto is "Early to bed and early to rise makes a hunter."

By the time the first gallop on is gone, she will be gorged, keeping in mind the motto that if he were going to bury you respectably, bring a coffin strong enough for the Jerome. When he explained that he wished to be excused from classes for the annual convention, we fully accepted and badly needed. These words were never spoken when someone said "our hair is our crowning glory."

"I hated to spend the nick."

"I tiedd Wick-M-

... But NOT to DEATH

Did you hear about the little monkey who—

Died with his boots on so he wouldn't stub his toe when he kicked the bucket?—

 Went to the football game because he thought the quarterback was a ref?

Stayed up all night studying for a blood test?

Poked out his eyes so he

Went to the shipyard to see if he could see a blood vessel?

Took a bus home and his mother told him to take it home?

"Engaged to four girls at once!" exclaimed the horrified uncle. "How do you account for such conduct?"

"I don't know," said the grocer. "I don't know why."

"What did you go fishing for?"

"Oh, just for halibut!"

"You're wrong, I moisten the stamps on Fido's nose. It's always wet."

"He: Say something soft and sweet.

She: "Custard pie."

We are glad to note the college boys (both of them) are trading with us. The girls also are welcome.

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Girls, let us talk about make-up and complications for a change. Now that Freshman Week is over, of the past, we see some very beautiful gals roaming the halls.

For those lucky persons who are fortunate enough to have a complexion that needs no camouflage all we can say is—luck is your come-some for this. For the rest of us who aren't so fortunate, the new types of pancake make-ups are really a necessity.

Of course our make-ups don't do us justice unless we are always careful to take the proper care of our skin. Don't forget soap and water were known long before these other beauty aids.

If you have a hard time obtaining that fresh "peaches and cream" complexion, try putting some skin Freshener on your face and neck after giving it a nice warm bath with some mild soap. Don't forget that our hands play an important part in these matters.

Lovely hands are one sure way to "His" heart. It is a hard time keeping them smooth and soft, try some of the wonderful creams and lotions that are available. It only takes a minute to use, and with a little care you will find it does wonders to our morale when we are complimented on their Yoness.

Truer words were never spoken when someone said "our hair is our crowning glory. It is surprising what a difference a good comb and brush, in our hair. That natural gloss and shine of" light, that high lighted through our tresses, are made more apparent these days by the restyle and flowers worn by all the co-eds.

"What did you go fishing for?"

"Oh, just for halibut!"

Sally: "You're wrong, I moisten the stamps on Fido's nose. It's always wet."

He: "Say something soft and sweet.

She: "Custard pie."

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