

VOLUME I

MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY, OCTOBER 29, 1929.

NUMBER TWO

DO YOU KNOW?

That the last issue of the Trail... That the Eagles this year will sur-

SPOOKS! SPOOKS!

The ghostly season of Halloween... Beware! Above all things, the student ticket book must be brought along as the password for the weird event!

DR. VINCENT WILL SPEAK

Mr. Leon H. Vincent of Boston, Massachusetts, will deliver a course of five lectures at Morehead Teachers' College during the week November 18-25, stated in a recent letter to President Payne that his addresses would concern "The ming-

EASTERN AGAIN MEETS DEFEAT AT HANDS OF FIGHTING EAGLES

CHAPEL SCHEDULE
Thursday, October 31 Talk by Mr. Haggan.
Friday, November 11 Armistice Day Program.
Saturday, November 16 Special Program for Education Week.

Score Of 13 To 6 Ends Beat Game Of Season

Friday afternoon, October 25, College Park was the battle ground of another victory for the Eagles over Eastern of Richmond by a score of 13-6.

Student Chorus Is Coming Soon

Students hold on to your book of Student Activity Tickets as the first of the winter yeoman numbers will appear in our auditorium the evening of November fifth.

Alumni Meet At Ashland

An opportunity for old Morehead students to meet again is to be provided at the next meeting of the Eastern Kentucky Education Association, which will be held at Ashland, November 7, 8, and 9.

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Eagles Meet Salem

With the Eastern game past history, the Eagles are preparing to repeat the invasion of Salem College of Salem, West Virginia, Saturday. This will mark the first conference game of the local team and Coach Dowling is anxious to start with a win.

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A FAIRY STORY

There was once a man named I. M. Demse. He entered the Morehead Teachers' College in the year of our Lord, 1929. He had come to college to try to understand himself.

Organize Chorus And Orchestra

The girls' chorus, which is under the direction of Mr. Dale Haven, is well on the way with its organization. The enrollment is 25 and the rehearsals are held in the auditorium on Tuesday evenings at 7 o'clock.

Composer Plays At Convocation

On Thursday morning, October 17, the convocation period, was taken over by Mr. Dale Haven who gave an interesting talk on music which he illustrated with four charming selections.

ON LAST PAGE

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# THE TRAIL BLAZER

VOLUME NO. ONE

Published every two weeks at the Morehead State Teachers College

Editor-in-Chief Ernest White  
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## Then And Now

On the aged wall of the Masonic Temple at Alexandria, Virginia, near the chair in which George Washington sat in Grand Council, there hangs a faded letter which runs somewhat as follows:

Dear Sir,  
 Your kind letter of March 16, requesting the pleasure of Mrs. Washington and myself at your dance of March 20, is at hand.  
 In former years we would have gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity of participating in so pleasant and profitable a pastime. But, alas! our dancing days are over—the advancing years make it necessary for us to confine ourselves to less active entertainments.  
 Expressing for Mrs. Washington and myself the deepest regret at being unable to attend so enjoyable a social dinner, we wish to subscribe myself,  
 Your humble servant,  
 G. W. WASHINGTON.

So there comes a time when our youthful days are over, and life is rapidly coming a time—alas! when our college days are gone.  
 Then our training in college be used as a power in our lives and as a power in the communities in which we live. This power will consist largely of knowledge. No longer does the power of a man rest in brawn or arms. Power consists of poise, strength of character, judgment, and ability to cooperate with people. The day of the individual is passing. More and more must we learn to be able to adjust himself to society.  
 "The hermit soul who lives withdrawn  
 In the place of his self conceit,"  
 is a vanishing figure. No longer may a man shut himself in his mountain home, protected by a chain-link domain and a circle of rugged hills. He has learned that he is dependent upon others and that others are dependent upon him. He has learned that the other men think the same thoughts and has the same pleasures and sorrows that the host. He has come to agree with his past in that:  
 The wisdom we would disregard,  
 If I knew you and you knew me.  
 In the same way, the intellectual student has learned that he can't possess wisdom in the broadest sense unless he stays cleanly aloof from his fellows. If he does not talk with them, laugh with them, joke with them, play with them, and exchange ideas with them, he will not grow intellectually.

Mark the college who avoids the social side of student life, who stays in his room while parties are being held. Some day he will graduate from school—go out with his stamp of approval upon him. And how deficient proved upon him. He will meet an intelligent person—become sufficed with a real glow from his culture to his forehead, neither a few modest remarks and wish to be sure at some distant point—while the new acquaintance will quickly register a combination of pity, tolerance, contempt and disgust.  
 "All that is fair passes and fades  
 Even the eagle's wings grow old with age."  
 So, as the days are passing, let us not miss and mingle. Let us take the social opportunities granted us by the faculty. Let us try to come out of our shells. For college life moves by, and, having passed,  
 Is gone; nor all our future wishes nor regrets  
 Shall lure it back for just one single game.  
 Nor all our tears call back one hour of it.

## Think Before You Vote

November 5 is drawing near. Think before you vote.  
 When Charles F. Brown, American hero, better known by his pseudonym of Artemus Ward in his "Interview with President Lincoln" said, "I have no politics. Not a one. I'm not in the business," he had all probably been considering the question which faces America today: Shall I vote for the party or the man?  
 Where is the independent voter? He is hidden by creeds, castes, parties, sects, and classes; or he confuses with the idea of them rather than take the initiative himself. One says, "I vote for the best man," but the best man is always the Democrat or the Republican (the party to which he belongs).  
 Others better known by their names scratched a ticket. I grant that habit has a stupendous influence but should men and women of this age allow themselves to be led blindly as the army of Pharaoh was led into the Red Sea? Can't destruction come in the wake of following a man's word as followers do?

The ground has heaved his tressage,  
 Of late in the hollows of trees;  
 The blackbird retired for the winter,  
 To dream of a sweet summer breeze.

## A Book for Your Leisure Hours

The first pages of The Bridge of the Lois Rey informs the reader that the chief characters are not dead in the disastrous fall of a swathing bridge. He may wonder why in that case, remains to be told, and his curiosity may lead him through Brother Juniper's investigation of Gd's reason for sending these particular individuals to death. Soon the theological problem is forgotten in the intense interest in the lives of the characters: the Marquise de Montevran and her attendant Pepita, Uncle Pio and his Perichello's son, Jaime and Estaban.  
 The stories are exquisitely told; each stands out in cameo-like distinctness. The author enables one to " Pierce through the dirt of parsnip" and the shall of eccentricity to the common humanity" in these widely varying characters. He expresses in giving brief vivid pictures; for example:  
 "A tramping noise filled the air, as when the string of some musical instrument snaps in a dimmed room, and he saw the bridge divide and fling five pecculating ants into the valley below."  
 The characters are not altogether unrelated, but the chief unity of the book centers in the determination of Brother Juniper's bridge and to discover God's reason for sending those five persons at that moment into eternity. He comes to no conclusion, but his spirit of investigation leads to his own death. He is seized, tried, and burned for heresy. "He called twice upon St. Francis and leaning upon a figure so called and died."  
 In the end, the five strands are brought together in an unexpected manner and speedily reknit together, and the reader is left to agree with the author's closing sentence:

## Tinkling Lines

**THE COMING OCTOBER**  
 There's a haze o'er the hills, and its atmosphere fills  
 Me with thoughts that are sad and sober;  
 For I know that ere long, birds will hush their sweet song,  
 For the coming of loneliness October.

Ah! these autumnal days, with their tawny blue haze,  
 Show me that summer is over;  
 And the coloring leaves, the corn in the sheaves,  
 Are signs that point to October.

Sounds of reaping are stifled, barns and storerooms filled,  
 And trees with their fruit bending over;  
 And the farmer with rest, looks for 'em  
 From his stonypool lot in October, a rest.

The silence of sound, trodden across  
 With respect, and wagon passed over,  
 Have a deolate air, as I look here  
 And see the coming October.

Oh month with your haze, and beautiful days,  
 You make me both wistful and sober;  
 For your summer of dreams, of peace, and such matters,  
 Are passed, when come the October.

—Dale Haven.

**OCTOBER**  
 The woodland is dressed like a clown,  
 In colors of many a hue;  
 The horns of the chestnut are brown,  
 The sky is a light hazy blue.  
 The squirrel has hoarded his treasure,  
 Of late in the hollows of trees;  
 The blackbird retired for the winter,  
 To dream of a sweet summer breeze.

The joy from the woodland is calling,  
 The jackfruit creeps down with the night,  
 From rooms of deep peace you are wakened  
 By grass in their autumnal flight.

A breeze hums you out just to tempt you,  
 By telling of coverts of quiet;  
 Or hint of the pheasant's loud drumming,  
 By the side of a fine mountain trail.

For this is the month of October,  
 Which deep in your being instills  
 The hope of a few hours pleasure  
 With a dog and a gun in the hills.  
 —Ernest R. White

**BEAT SALEM**  
**SO THEY SAID**  
 Columbus' monument is a new world,  
 —Dr. Brooks.  
 We shall not recommend students to represent our college, if they do not attend chapel weekly here.  
 —President Payne.  
 History is a race between education and disaster.  
 —Mr. King.  
 Education is a reverence.  
 —Mr. King.  
 I think I can remember the first job I ever had.  
 —Mr. Jayne.  
 If I were giving advice to a young man, I would say "Go South."  
 —Dr. Terrell.

**CO-ED SONG HITS**  
 Tune—Morehead, Morehead.  
 Haven, Haven, what you going to do?  
 Haven, Haven, we're all after you!  
 Haven, Haven, we pledge our all to you.  
 Oh, Haven we love you, we do!

**NEWS IN A NUT SHELL**  
 Hoover went to Cincy—he got there in the rain;  
 A fellow's hopped for England in a monoplane.  
 The biggest thing that's happened is the lighting job;  
 But Edison got dizzy and fainted at the spot;  
 Dale Haven went away last week to visit his old gal;  
 He told Min Friend he had to go to keep up his morals.  
 The football casualties are fierce—the blood's a sight to see;  
 Ard Laughlin looks as though he'd kissed a huckleberry.  
 Old buildings down—new buildings up—our school is on a boom—  
 And they're testing out for I. Q.'s in the college dining room.

**I CAN SEE HIM NOW**  
 I can see him now, Our team is playing Tranny and he is calmly standing on the side line. He is listening to the cheering. A frown crosses his face as he realizes that the cheer leader does not cheer for him, and that the voices aren't harmonized perfectly. During the half he goes through some of his familiar gestures, trying to keep his hands warm, even though they are inclosed in bright yellow kid gloves. I lost sight of him during the last half until Riddle's glorious run. As Riddle comes tearing down the field, my subject comes tearing down with him—his hat clutched tightly on with one hand, his black coat flying wildly in the wind, symbolizing his lost dignity. He follows Riddle to the goal and then remembers—Oh, these football players! They fall flat, they rest longer after they have no idea of time, and they don't even start on the first beat! He walks back to his place in the side line, and to some of his undisciplined run he takes from his pocket a package of potato chips and eats them in perfect rapture.

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**Case of Lena Smith**  
 Tuesday, Oct. 29,  
 Thursday, Oct. 31,  
**Moran of Marines**  
 RICHARD DIX  
 Saturday, Nov. 2,  
**Tigress**  
 JACK HOLT  
 Nov. 12th and 13th  
**UNCLE TOM'S CABIN**  
**Cozy Theatre**

## A STORE FOR STUDENTS

All your little wants and needs, and all your desires have been our aim in selecting our stock for your approval. What you want you will find here. What you need we have!

We believe that we deserve a share of your business because we have been and are loyal supporters of your every activity.

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## BLAIR BROS. AND CO



## PERSONALS

Miss Hazel Carpenter visited to Huntington, Saturday and Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jeff D. Carpenter of Owingsville.

Miss Inez Foley spent the week end at her home in Owingsville.

Miss Hazel Mason spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Mason at Morehead.

Among those from Morehead who attended the Kentucky State-Carroll-Newman football game Saturday, October 19, were Edgar McMane, Raymond Carroll, Jack Lewis, Jimmy Mangard, Claude Clayton, Dave Nickell and Billie Burkhardt.

Miss DeNina Webb of Wehllville spent the week end here visiting Miss Anna Vanhorn.

Miss Mary Woodford Snodgrass spent Saturday and Sunday visiting relatives and friends at Haldeman, Kentucky.

Miss Mary Jacobs spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. Jacobs, at Carlisle, Kentucky.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Martin and Malcolm Derring of Wayland, Kentucky, spent the week end with the guests of Miss Alberta and Margy Martin of Allis Union Hall.

Mrs. E. L. Salver of Salverville spent Sunday here with her daughter, Miss Opal Salver.

Miss Billie Burkhardt spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Burkhardt, at Harlow, Kentucky.

Miss Inez Paul Humphrey left Thursday for Elkton, in Todd County, where she attended the fall meeting of the State Ornithological Club. Miss Humphrey's speech to the club will be "Birds in Legend and Folklore."

Miss Hattie Parton spent the week end at Camroseburg with her mother, Mrs. Lydia Patton.

Edward Egan spent the week end with friends and relatives at Fort-moore, Ohio.

Miss Pearl Jordan was at Newcan on Friday and Saturday, October 18 and 19. She was in the reception of the county superintendent to attend a two day teachers' institute. Miss Jordan made a fine report on teaching and met with the superintendent in planning a program of reading for the county.

Professors E. V. Hollis, W. L. Payne and E. L. Hoke spent last Friday and Saturday at Lexington where they attended the University of Kentucky Education Conference.

Miss Emma spent last Friday at Greengrassville where she gave a talk on "Teaching of Geography at a teachers' association."

President Payne has been away during the last week in Tennessee and Ohio. The purpose of his trip was to get plans for training school buildings.

Eastern was out to win; they may have some allies. Before the game they were supposed to have a small squad, yet they brought 25 men to Morehead, outweighing the small Morehead team by a good margin. But the Eagles were fighting for their coach, their school, and for themselves, and they fought with a spirit and fight that could not be denied. Coach Dawkins, due to conference rules, was forced to play with but fifteen men on the squad—what a powerful fifteen men squad!

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## Eastern Lost Again

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

er on the team, always ducking, dodging and passing several yards to be made. Laughlin backing up the line was a sensation. McHabb did commendable work at tackle. The play was a all heavy playing and was a real threat. Norris displayed improvement even over his excellent work at the last game. Eide showed the makings of a real quarterback. Halbrook was always on the alert, breaking up passes. The playing line was revealed intelligent team work and splendid school spirit.

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## My Last Vigil

By Burgess Hall

Tonight will be the last for me. In a few more days I shall no longer be in the old accustomed place and watch over the beloved campus as of yore. Soon I shall be but a memory.

Let me announce the gloomy night, the thought comes to me that this will be the last time that I shall see my vigil while, upright—twilight representative of the past. Twilight passes, night comes on, and the darkness descends I see here, here, lights sparkling up. Then those go out and all is darkness save the campus lights. I keep my vigil alone.

How like those other days when I was young and new. Only then I did not think of this. I thought of the events of the day, of the glad laughs that I had heard, of the hurrying footsteps that had echoed through my hallways. All these are no more for me. There is now only weariness and desolation, a memory and a pang of regret. Who could tell of the things I have seen and heard, the sorrows I have seen or the joy displayed by this pageantry of students who seem to walk forever by me? My eyes, grown old and dim with watching, will soon be closed and I shall see them no more.

The sun is rising. Once more I see its golden glow light up the sky and hear the birds in the air. My comrades who like myself have given way to the new. Good-by, beloved students—may the year to come may my spirit hover over those new comrades and over you as you pass down the aisles of time.

## Phi Delta Program

The Phi Delta Literary Society held its second regular meeting of the semester last Friday night in room nine of the Administration Building; at which was the first formal program of the school year was given.

Following the program the election of officers for the year to come was held. The officers are: President—Robert Stewart Vice-President—Robert Lawson Corresponding Secretary—Aene Hughes Recording Secretary—Glady Soudgar Treasurer—Ernest White Sergeant-at-Arms—George Scott Librarian—Eta Bots Critic—Kathryn Friend Fourth Member Literary Board—Josephine Daniel

The sponsors of the Society are Professor E. V. Hollis and Miss Betty McRobison. With such a corps of workers to direct the affairs of the organization, the future of the Phi Delta looks bright with promise.

## Buttons Entertain

Friday evening, October 25, the Button Literary Society met in Room 14 of the Administration Building and gave the following program:

- Devotional—Irma Tackett
- Book Selection—Eith Seisener
- Musical Number—Bonnie Bryant
- Lillian Williamson
- Mabel Van Horn
- Anna Van Horn
- Emmie Horton
- Hattie Patton

## Student Chorus

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

Each of the young men is an entertainer as well as a singer, and much good humor and lively original comedy are interpolated through the program.

The singers will present a colorful picture upon the platform with their smart military coats of horizon blue, shining boots and swagger staidness. A portion of the program is presented in full evening dress.

Arrange your studies now so that this program can be fully enjoyed by the entire student body. The program will begin at 7:45 P. M., so that all scholarship and other students can have their work arranged by this hour.

## Composer Plays

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

hope while the great white waves of life wash over her.

The third selection was that simple, yet lovely piece written by McDowell, "To a Wild Rose." At the time of writing McDowell was dispirited with his work and crumpled it up to be thrown away. Later his wife found it and saw that it was of value. Today it is a classic of note.

Last in his program was an original composition. It was an imitation of the old time music box and was very colorful and pleasing. Mr. Haven stated to the reporter that he composed this piece years ago and though he played it many times, it was not until much later that he actually wrote the music. However, he said that he now dates his compositions and often notes the influences by which he is inspired.

Mr. Haven studied under the great master Godowsky and at one time dedicated a waltz to him which was a transcription of a Chopin waltz.

During Mr. Haven's program the students showed their deep appreciation not only by their applause but also by their tribute of awe-inspired silence.

## Henry's Letters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE

Your dutiful, loving, and obedient son,

Henry,  
Muddy Creek, Kentucky  
October 23rd, 1929

Dear Henry:

Me and your Pa received your letter and are glad to know that you don't mix up in some of that foolishness called kicking the ball. The way you wrote about the game, I believe that you took delight in seeing the little boys wrestled and thrown around the field. If I ever hear of you getting in a rough scramble over a ball like that I will have Mr. Vaughan to send you at home at once. If they do all of that fighting over a little thing like a ball why the next time that we sell one of the better calves, we can buy one and give to the boys and they will not have to take the chances of getting hurt over one.

Remember to study hard and do what Mr. Vaughan wants you to do and tell him if any of those worthy boys like to ride astray.

Your darling mother.

## Campus Cave

Though you may know that Kentucky is famous for her caves you may not realize that we have one on our campus which has unusual features. Its three entrances are not dangerous, except where debris has been dropped by the inhabitants above. These openings all lead into a long passage-way from which one gains access to grottoes of various sizes. Some of these get a little hollow through cracks in the rocks; others are electrically lighted.

Students seldom find their way down there except those known as "cave" teachers. These fell innocently of undergoing torture and seem glad to escape. Monsters, known as critics, inhabit the caverns of these "Warren Maggins and Pearl Jordan have frightened students of yore, while three new ones Edna Ness from our state, Rebecca

Thompson, a recruit from Tennessee and Mildred Silver, imported from Florida, are acquiring similar reputations. Through these agree appear to be the cause of the "cave" events outside their caves, they are really magicians. Late, late at night their lights are seen glowing from the darkness where they linger preparing new incantations and formulas to try on their victims when early, rough-fingered dawn appears.

We suggest that students could do to know this part of our campus even though the acquaintance may not be fraught with happy memories.

## Who Wrote The Henry Letters?

"Who wrote the Henry Letters?" is the question of the hour. Would "it" you like to know?

This is a little like the question "Who hit Jack Robinson?" Some years ago in New Orleans, one Jack Hanson struck when, he was struck by an unknown person. As a result the city was disturbed by a riot, which lasted two days. After peace had been restored they questioned every lip was, "Who hit Jack Robinson?"

Dr. Terrill says he remembers a similar incident during the War of 1812. An unknown person in Canada offered to sell our Secretary of State a batch of letters, which he pretended to have smuggled from England. Our Secretary of State thinking that the letters contained some sum for them. The letters were information of value, paid an enormous amount to be signed by the signature, "Henry." As the author of the letters has never been determined they are known in history as the Henry letters. Dr. Terrill says that when the fraud was exposed, the talk by every firebrand was, "Who wrote the Henry Letters?"

In regard to the Henry Letters, published in the Trail Blazer, some one should form words and contents. In order to allow any further anxiety, the author of this article wishes to confess that he himself wrote the Henry Letters. He declines, however, any credit for the Henry letters appearing in this issue.

## ANNOUNCING

A New Cleaning and Pressing Shop, located in Caskey Building, Opposite Courthouse.

The Best in Dry Cleaning. Prices all can afford

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COLD CREAMS 25c to \$1.00

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DELIVERY

## EAGLES NEST

Where the Students

Meet