

10-18-1966

Whispering Cedars, October 18, 1966

Cedarville College

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Footer Logo

Whispering



Cedars

Anyone with an opinion to express may send it to the editor in signed letter form. WHISPERING CEDARS is a student opinion publication; therefore your contributions are welcome. We will not obligate ourselves to print anything libellous, scurrilous, or ridiculous.

Sneak Review

September 29 brought renewed calm to Cedarville when the seniors successfully sneaked at 3:22 p.m. on the stage in the high school gymnasium. Juniors cried. Seniors laughed and left.

Below are the impressions about the sneak of two seniors and their class adviser.

* * *

The senior sneak was many things to each individual. To many the most memorable moment will be the time they volunteered to go swimming in the lodge's ice pond. Others may remember the all-night rook parties, or the round robin ping pong tournament that ended at 3 a.m.

There were other exciting things too: being able to wear Bermudas all day, Nancy Hes' and Connie Barto's gallant defense against the senior men, Walt Keib's fabulous date with one of the waitresses, and, of course, Mr. Reed's pajamas that turned up on his breakfast plate. These things all show that the senior class realizes the truth of the saying: "All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy."

There were inspirational aspects of the sneak too. Dr. Reed and Tim Timmons both brought great messages from the Bible. The testimony meeting Saturday night was the inspirational highlight of the weekend. This was a time when we were able to rejoice with our class members in the ways God has

Junior Retreat

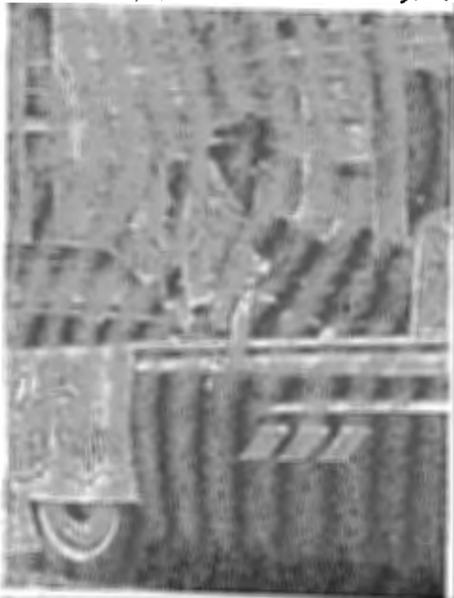
Editor's note: Personable Byron Shearer has contributed a feature article to offset the publicity received by the seniors.

"If there are those on campus who are still wondering why so many juniors were up and about September 17 before 7:00 a.m., it is not because they thought the seniors were going to sneak. They wanted a breath of fresh air.

"The junior retreat started with a six-hour drive over busy Ohio roads to Pymatuning State Park on the border between Ohio and Pennsylvania. After arrival, juniors could be seen on boats, horses, cars, trees, beach, and other recreational facilities such as slides and swings. There were some who played football on the blacktop road, but gave that up after a couple of downs.

"Toward evening and darkness, smatterings of juniors started walking toward a convenient peninsula. Some went alone; some wished they were alone. Half the class rode in or on Mr. Wetzels car.

"They all got there in time to see the whole lake lit up by the brilliance of a meteor flashing across the sky. This seemed to inspire the testimony meeting which followed as many of the



ELLEN SNOOK: Chosen as Cedarville's finest senior lady to reign over the Homecoming ceremonies.

worked in each of our lives. It was not only an inspiration, but a challenge to live more for the Lord daily. The senior sneak was great!

* * *

There are many things a man prides himself in: his wife, kids, car, the family cat perhaps. Dearer to his heart than anything else when in the middle of the Kentucky wilderness where the nights are very cold are his pajamas. This is the story of THE GREAT PAJAMA ROBBERY, as told by the Pajama Thief.

CHAPTER ONE

The arrangements were all made. Number 1 was to secure a key to enter the victim's room. The victim? John Reed. Number 2 was stationed outside as lookout. Numbers 3 and 4 (one of whom is the author) were inside the room ready for action. The time was 9:30 Saturday morning.

The robbery began. My comrade and I began a frantic search of the contents of Mr. Reed's room for the prized possession. Ah! There they are in the

(Continued on Page Three—See PAJAMA GAME)

class shared the blessings and glory of God's handiwork in their lives.

"As the Sunday morning sun rose, most of the girls could be found over hot stones preparing meals for the boys. The guys were delighted to find that eggs could taste good.

"Mr. Murdoch drove up for the morning service which was open air. This added to the joy and fellowship of the Lord's presence.

"After the service, class members started on scheduled activities and some that were not scheduled, such as an unexpected swim and bean fight. Still others found a comfortable place and slept through the afternoon.

"Through the weekend there was a closer fellowship sensed which promises to continue through graduation. The class plans to have at least one more retreat this year and a successful sneak next year."

HOMECOMING

Advertised as "A Real Homecoming," the 1966 festivities for the alumni were arranged differently than those of previous years. Two days, Friday and Saturday, were allocated for the event, rather than Saturday alone. Student council arranged for babysitting during the alumni activities.

Registration began at one o'clock Friday, October 7. At two o'clock, the male alumni had a golf tournament at Snyder Park in Springfield. Bob Humphreys proved the best duffer with a forty seven total for nine holes.

The Banquet Friday evening was a buffet with roast beef, chicken and turkey as the main course choices. Ty

Bryant of the class of '64 was the master of ceremonies for the following program of memory-provoking slides and readings of class wills and prophecies. Music was provided by the Victors trio.

Saturday morning the alumni association officers selected the senior float and Williams Hall display as the best in their respective categories. The parade in honor of the alumni was termed "the best ever" by several spectators.

After craning their necks to watch two of the three sky divers land on target in the center of the soccer field, the alumni crowded under the pines west of Williams Hall for an ox roast.

Before the soccer match, a brief business meeting was conducted to nominate the slate of candidates for the approaching alumni elections. Then they turned out in force to see the Yellow Jackets outmaneuver the Kenyon College squad 2-0. Dave Gregory scored both tallies for Cedarville.

The day was completed by another Baltimore victory over the lagging Los Angeles Dodgers.

VOCP IS HERE

Great population centers of the modern world are characterized by radio coverage, and Cedar Park is no exception. With an FCC-approved wireless microphone broadcasting unit, Cedar Park inhabitants with FM radios are treated every evening to a delightful hour of music, news, and sports from 9:00 to 10:00 p.m. over the WCDR band.

In an interview with the personable, but rather evasive, Dale Pritchett, founding genius of VOCP (Voice of Cedar Park), the reporter learned that future plans include the purchase of a turntable and "microphone mixer with pre-amplifier and monitor."

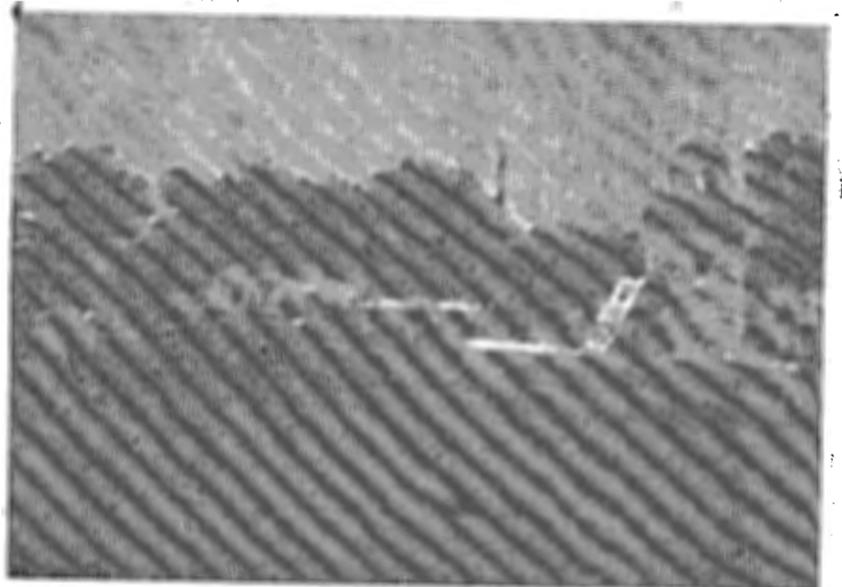
Pritchett emphasized the value of the station in providing valuable speaking experiences to future broadcasters, pastors, and businessmen.

STAFF NEEDED

WHISPERING CEDARS still has most positions on its staff open. Assistant editors, advertising editor, business manager, circulation manager, reporters, and photographers are needed. If you are interested in any of these areas contact Joe Snider personally or by means of intramural mail.

* * *

Mrs. Merlin Ager gave birth to her second daughter, Rebecca Ann, at 5:30 a.m. on Wednesday, September 14. Congratulations Mr. and Mrs. Ager from the WHISPERING CEDARS. Mr. Ager distributed candy to the faculty on the morn of the blessed event.



The senior float won the float competition, making it the fourth year in a row for the class of '67 to win. They are the first class to do this.

PUBLICATION FACTS

WHISPERING CEDARS is a publication of campus events and student opinion for Cedarville College, published semimonthly.

Editor: Joseph Snider

Assistant editors: Delores Cooper, Ann Walstrum, Michael Woodend

Business manager: Linda Garlock

Advertising editors: Laura Field, Carolyn Wagner

Circulation manager: Joseph Platek

Staff: Candy Coats, Alice Miller, Karen Nelson, Janet Phenix, Ruth Rodriguez, Lois Rumage

EDITORIAL

Christian Love

The senior sneak provided the stimulus for this series of thoughts. A lot of superlatives have been applied to the event, and the descriptions are still far more pale than the actual occasion. For me the sneak stirred some old questions about the nature of Christian love. What was so different about the sneak from the routine of classes that created such a healthy atmosphere? Here is an attempted answer.

Jesus commanded His disciples to love one another, and the apostle John records this as a test or proof of conversion. As twentieth century Christians, we are exhorted by the Bible to hold these truths binding upon ourselves. Our educational experience at Cedarville College cannot be truly complete without love for our brothers and sisters in the Lord.

Have you ever wanted to testify in a prayer meeting and did not because you feared someone would think it boasting? Do you feel uneasy when you are with another Christian and an opportunity to witness arises? If you were really blessed by some devotional thought, can you share it with a friend without fear of a questioning glance?

I would like to suggest that we have these fears about sharing our Christianity among ourselves because we would react that way if the situation were reversed. When we are critical of someone's motivations, we are not even giving him the benefit of a doubt and certainly not loving him. This is the key to all I have to say. Christian love is not sentimental, seldom emotional, but rational and sympathetic.

Of course loving another as ourselves does not mean we should fail to recognize or gloss over faults. We realize evil qualities in ourselves and sometimes hate ourselves after a mistake that may have brought misery or disgrace. Except in the case of a suicide, however, we still give ourselves another chance—the benefit of a doubt—even in repeated instances of a fault. We have a right to another chance in our own eyes.

Since, on the sneak, the seniors were living like one large family, it was easier to think as a group and not be critical. One of the girls witnessed to a man at the desk from three to five Monday morning and told others about it next morning to get some assistance in speaking with him. Two fellows, for not witnessing to a man they met in town, said so in a testimony meeting, and one of them was able to go back to see him. There was no talk about the pretense of spirituality but an appreciation of the face value of their acts. In the latter case we all recognized a common fault and sympathized with it.

These are rough examples, but the same principles need to apply to every aspect of our lives to really fulfill our Holy Father's expectations. Christians are a group with certain common aims and motives. We cannot work together without loving our neighbor as ourselves. The corollary of this is judge not lest you be judged. In the light of an unsentimental, sympathetic love, I Corinthians 13 takes on a fuller meaning.

Cultural Schedule

October 15, 8:30

October 14, 2:00

Lorin Hollander, pianist
Cincinnati Music Hall

October 14, 8:00

October 15, 7:30

"Spoon River Anthology"

Mees Hall, Capital University, Columbus, Ohio

October 19, 8:30

Premier concert of the Columbus Symphony Orchestra
Veterans Memorial Auditorium, Columbus, Ohio

October 21, 22, 8:30

Byron James, pianist
Cincinnati Music Hall

October 23, 8:30

Antioch String Quartet

Antioch Auditorium, Yellow Springs, Ohio

October 27, 8:15

John Canaday, art critic of The New York Times
and author of "Mainstreams of Modern Art," discusses
"Artist, Critic, and Public"

Kennedy Ballroom, University of Dayton

October 27, 29, 8:15

"As You Like It," the Otterbein College Theatre group
Conan Hall, Otterbein College

October 28, 29, 8:30

Isaac Stern, violinist
Cincinnati Music Hall

CHRISTIAN SERVICE

"Jesus loves the little children, all the children of the world."

This familiar song teaches that Jesus loves the children; and teaching children to love Jesus are twenty Cedarville students. Each Sunday this Christian Service group travels to the Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphanage in Xenia.

Arriving early, the Cedarville group has a time of prayer before going to meet the children in the auditorium. Beep, the group leader, opens the morning's activities with chorus singing and Scripture reading.

The young people break into groups of a dozen according to age. Each Cedarville student, while teaching a class, attempts to make personal contact with the children. For example, Eunice Anderson and Irene Millikan told their class about the Senior Sneek. Dan Nevit grew to know his boys better by walking around their campus with them.

Although the Home is called an orphanage, many of the approximately 600 children come from broken homes. They desperately need attention and understanding. Beep welcomes anyone interested in going to the OSSO Home for Christian Service. In the future, Miss Jean Fisher will be instructing this group in teaching.



BOOK REVIEW

THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS

by C. S. LEWIS

Down in the depths of Hell, in one of the numberless offices of its vast bureaucracy, sits one of Satan's legion, a devil named Screwtape. He is writing letters to his nephew Wormwood, a Junior Temptor working on Earth with a "patient," a human being who recently has become a Christian. As Wormwood encounters the problems and challenge of leading a person away from the Lord ("the Enemy," Screwtape calls Him), his uncle sends advice. A few examples of Screwtape's advice:

"There is nothing like suspense and anxiety for barricading the human's mind against the Enemy. He wants men to be concerned with what they do; our business is to keep them thinking about what will happen to them."

"You must bring him to a condition in which he can practise self-examination for an hour without discovering any of those facts about himself which are perfectly clear to anyone who has ever lived in the same house with him or worked in the same office."

Leading a soul into sin takes strategy, and Screwtape shows himself a master of human psychology. Most of us think of sin as large, dramatic, and very explicit. But Screwtape knows better. The most successful (for him) sins are the subtle ones.

Perhaps Screwtape's cleverness would be appealing to the reader, because the "patient" is no match for him, were it not for the constant countermoves of the Enemy. Greater than all of Hell's strategy is the grace of God. This is the implication of C. S. Lewis as he shows a fascinating picture of temptation as well as a humorous portrayal of a demonic personality.

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Cross Country

Cross country is a seven man team effort. At the end of the race, the numbers of the places of the first five men are added together to determine the score. In track the team with the highest score wins; in cross country the lowest score wins.

After the seventh man on the team finishes, the others are not counted. If the team takes the first ten places, the other competitor would automatically get eighth, ninth, and tenth places. Obviously, the team with the first men to complete the course will have the lowest score.

The first meet this year for the Yellow Jackets was the tri-state relay meet at Defiance, Ohio, on September 17. Each school was allowed to enter five two-man teams, of which the best three would be counted. The race was a four-mile relay over the cross country course in which the teammates alternated miles.

As Cedarville's last anchor man was cut off at the finish line, the Jackets just missed winning the runner-up trophy. It would have been the first cross country trophy in the school's history. Aquinas College took first and second place. Cedars was third.

A four-mile meet between Cedarville, Defiance, and Ohio Northern was held at Defiance on October 1. Scoring for Cedarville were Bruce Lucius in second place, Doug Yoder in third, Bill Taylor fifth, Tom Morrell sixth, Don Cooper eleventh, and Ron Fisher in twelfth place. Cedarville won its first cross country decision in two years with a total of twenty six points. Ohio Northern placed second and Defiance last.

The team consists of the following members: senior Marty Hartsel, juniors Bruce Lucius and Don Cooper, sophomores Doug Yoder and Tom Merrill, and freshmen Bill Taylor and Ron Fisher.

Rich Davis, who was voted the Most Valuable Runner of last year's squad, is not able to run due to an operation on his knee last spring.

PAJAMA GAME

Continued from Page One

bottom drawer—blue and white stripes. I grabbed them while number 4 lifted every piece of underwear Mr. Reed owned. The dastardly deed was done.

Panic gripped us. We bolted for the door. CRUNCH! Oh, well. Maids come cheap. We hoped she would not fink.

Several hours later the victim discovered the absence of the stolen items. He began racing about the Cumberland hills bellowing for his pajamas. No one would confess. It was a clean getaway. The remainder of the evening, the stolen treasure was carefully hidden behind number 3's bed. The four comrades blissfully slumbered while Mr. Reed nervously paced the floor of his cottage barren of thought and night clothes.

CHAPTER TWO

Down through the history of man, many strange things have been served for breakfast. Number 3 was up half of the night planning Mr. Reed's. At 7:15 I hustled to the dining room with the pajamas. Arrangements were made with Number 5, a willing waitress. Eight a.m. Everyone was present in the dining room.

Our meals were brought out of the kitchen on covered dishes. Mr. Reed received his. His mouth was watering for the delicious sausage and eggs he knew would be under that lid. He lifted the cover. Astonished silence broken only by snickers. Neatly folded on the plate, topped with a sprig of parsley, were the you-knows.

EPILOGUE

To my three partners in this hideous crime I say, "Well done, thou good and faithful thieves. Well done." To Mr. Reed I say, "Be kind to me, sir. I may walk off with your whole house next time."

* * *

SENIOR SNEAK '66

I awoke with a start. It was here—Thursday, September 29—S Day. My mind flashed ahead to the events of the day. I reviewed—for perhaps the five hundredth time—my part in the drama of the 1966 Senior Sneak. Then my thoughts were invaded by the old nagging doubts. What if we were caught? I glimpsed a sudden vision of driving the long trip to eastern Kentucky with derisive taunts of triumphant juniors in my ears. The bed was no longer comfortable. I dragged myself out and the day began.

At 10:00 a.m. the seniors met for their regular class meeting. Tim Timmons gave number three of a projected ten lessons on "How to Have a Successful Senior Sneak." When he mentioned putting 75 seniors on the stage for "his skit" during Senior Skit Night, a ripple of laughter crossed the room and knowing smiles were exchanged. I remem-

bered when we had actually entertained the notion of having the sneak meeting in just that way.

The class meeting was over. Grand Wizard Jim Stockwell, alias C. E. Prince, alias Tony Hatcher of the Professional Bowlers' Congress (with reservations beginning Sept. 29 at Jenny Wiley State Park), met with a group of seniors under the pretext of organizing a radio program that would feature them. In reality they were the contacts who would carry the sneak alert to the class. As the seniors spread across the campus one after another received the message: "Today is Sneak Day. We will meet on the stage of the high school gym at 3:22 p.m. Start moving toward the school at 3:17 p.m. Go in on the north side past the school buses while the public school kids are coming out."

Now it was simply a matter of waiting. If there were no security leaks, we stood a good chance of making it. Then it was three o'clock. I walked up the stairs, kidded with Judy Crow and Tim Warren for a moment, dropped my brief case outside the room and went into my Fundamentals of Speech class. Suddenly I realized that Judy Crow was not in the room. I searched my mind for a recollection of her class standing. Was she a junior? Was she on the catch committee? I didn't know. I looked out the door and there was Judy at the other end of the hall star gazing. I walked over to her and asked her if she would like to join us. She couldn't remember where the class met—so I took her there. By this time I was almost certain that she knew something about the sneak—surely Tim Warren was not that dazzling. (I learned later that she is a sophomore—so is Tim.)

I tried to listen to the two speeches that were necessary to run the clock to 3:15, growing more nervous by the moment. Then the time had come. I asked my class to excuse me so that I could make a forgotten phone call. They were very gracious. I promised to return soon and left. Outside the Ad Building I met Ted Oakley. We exchanged

comments about the weather and he walked on toward the high school. I glanced around and saw seniors all over the campus. Then I drove my car through the established routine of picking my children up from school. I stopped behind Faith Hall after driving by two seniors making their way to the meeting. Inside the building seniors were everywhere. The time arrived. The stop watch started—silence—count down—and then a rousing victory!

When we rushed back to the campus, we met Jim Phipps, the gallant leader of the junior catch committee. He had been waiting for Jim Stockwell to go golfing. He ate his humble pie graciously and admitted that he had stood by the post office and wondered where all the seniors were going. Remembering how we had felt the year before when the seniors walked away right under our noses, I sympathized with him.

Jenny Wiley State Park was all that we had expected—for the most part the weather was fine. (Would you believe twenty seven holes of golf on Friday?) We built a host of memories: ample rooms—plush carpets—splendid food—beautiful Kentucky hillsides—ping pong at 3:00 a.m.—other events even later—the spiritual uplift of Saturday night testimony meeting—Sunday services at the lodge, with elderly ladies from Cincinnati wandering in and out of morning worship—testimonies to these ladies and to workers at the lodge—the beauty of Breaks National Park in Virginia after a hard drive through the mountains across the "weak bridge" (we even saw Cedarville, Ky., pop. 200)—sudden plunges in the icy water of the swimming pool—glad they didn't get me—Ha!—cooks' parade—"You children are the nicest group we've ever had."—climbing to the top of the Natural Bridge—tired—happy—in love with Jesus Christ who made it all possible and gave us such a bond of fellowship in the spirit of peace. Surely Senior Sneak '66 was a rousing success.

John W. Reed

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Lost Opener

The Yellow Jackets opened their 1966 soccer season at the University of Dayton at 4:00 September 20.

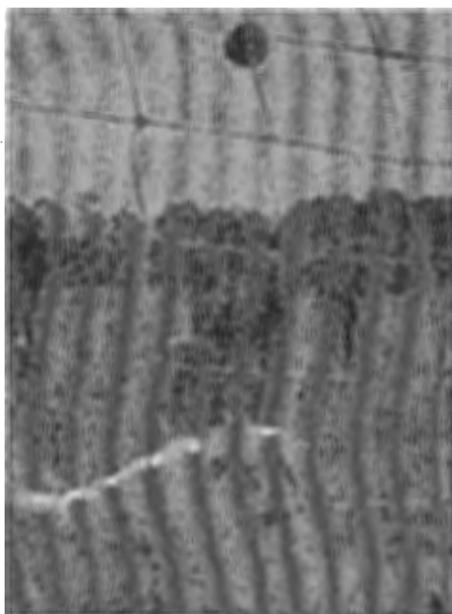
As the referee blew his whistle for the start of the contest, little specks of H₂O began to fall from heaven. As the game progressed, so did the rain, and the match was played in a downpour. The Jackets seemed able to fly through the mud and rain during the first quarter, but were unable to push the waterlogged sphere into the nets. Never count the Flyers out in any athletic contest. More experienced, they came to life toward the end of the first period. Dayton was out for blood.

Dayton rammed home two goals in the second and third periods and added another in the fourth. They seemed able to control the ball in the downpour. Many times the Jacket fullbacks had the ball squirt past them to spell trouble for goalkeeper Mark Trimble.

Cedarville had many scoring opportunities but could never find the range. Their lone tally came in the third period when a U.D. fullback committed the unpardonable sin. "The Chucker," Randy Ross, booted in a penalty kick.

The most outstanding feature of the game was the rain. Rain that would not quit.

WHISPERING CEDARS would like the opportunity to publish poetry and essays by the faculty and student body. Anyone interested should send his work through intramural mail addressed to WHISPERING CEDARS.



Kenyon's goalie moves to guard against one of the many shots to bombard his goal area as Cedarville won 2-0.

Wilmington Tied

Again the Jackets had to play an opponent on a rain-drenched field. Two out of their three games had been played in mud up to the knees. By September 28 the squad had almost become adapted to amphibious tactics and could have completely overpowered the Wilmington Quakers, except for the lack of spirit on both the individuals' and team's part. Although Cedarville was the stronger team, they spent much time playing at the wrong end of the field.

The Jackets stung the Quakers in the first period with a goal by left inside David Gregory, but the enraged Quakers swatted back and pinched in two goals before halftime.

The Jackets managed to strike again,

Ohio Wesleyan Romps

The PA quit crackling, and the starting teams took the field before the growing crowd of spectators at the Ohio Wesleyan soccer stadium. The crack of a small cannon split the air as the match was about to start.

A much stronger team, Wesleyan passed the ball skillfully and used every player attempting to set up a goal. They did score first, and then grabbed a 2-0 lead in the second period. It looked like a long night for the Jackets.

Down inside the hive, something was stirring. A "wild man from Borneo," Dave Gregory, charged all over the

field in an effort to start a Cedarville drive. He "out-hustled" the Wesleyan fullbacks and tied the score at two all with his first goals of the season. No cannon was heard as the teams went to the dressing rooms at half time.

Wesleyan had scored in the third and was leading 3-2 when they reached into the medicine chest and out came the Raid. They scored twice in the first two minutes of the fourth quarter. Then Mike McCullough blasted a cross from John Rueck past the goalie to revive the fading Jackets. The defense held until the closing minutes of play when Wesleyan ripped the Jackets with two more goals. The final score was 7-3.

LaFemme Hockey

The girls' interscholastic field hockey team played its first match of the season at Wilmington on September 28. With the new coach Mrs. Moore cheering on, the eleven-girl team, including many new members, fought an exciting battle. Half-time score was 2-0 with Cedarville in the lead. Wilmington took the offensive the second half, and scored three points, winning by a close point.

Field hockey, a sport better known in Europe and the eastern United States, resembles soccer. It has the same positions, the same size field, and approximately the same rules.

The differences arise from the use of a small hard ball instead of a large soft one, and the propelling instrument being a long curved wooden "stick" rather than the feet of the players. As in soccer, skill and endurance are necessary.

While soccer is played mostly by men, hockey has become a women's sport. In Europe a girl acquires prestige for her hockey skill, much as an American girl is admired for being a cheerleader. Only in India is field hockey popularly played by the men. The Indians are unique also for playing in their bare feet.

If you want further knowledge of this sport, come and see the girls play the next time they are scheduled at Cedarville.

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