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The Middler's Elect Officers

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student body as a unit unhesitatingly stamp an "O. K." upon the new Dean.

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The Middlers Elect Officers

On Friday, October 10, the Middlers convened for the first time in this scholastic year. Each member seemed desirous to make this year more beneficial in every way than last year.

Several new faces were present, but it was not long before their possessors had imbibed, by contact, the spirit of the class and became as enthusiastic as if they had been members of the class from the beginning.

The object of this meeting, as is the object of the first meeting in every year, was to elect officers for the first semester.

The following list of names is the result of the election: N. Cannon Brooks, President; Miss Gladys Whitmier, Vice President; Miss Irene B. Lee, Secretary; Miss Grace L. Evans, Assistant Secretary; D. L. Woods, Treasurer; D. D. Mattocks, Chaplain; J. Robinson Jones, Journalist; W. S. Hayling, Critic; Miss Beatrice Jones, Custodian; G. B. Russell, Sergeant-at-Arms.

A Hallow'een Experience

We had often heard mother say, "Boys, don't go over into Claysville after dark;" but it was not because she was superstitious, for, indeed, she would hear nothing of superstitious talk. Claysville was a suburb of Salem, N. J. Between the two towns flowed the Christiana River, over which was a long covered bridge. Approaching the bridge on either side, like a platoon of soldiers, were willow shade trees, which presented no pleasing aspect to the belated, twilight traveller, as the whip-like branches swayed to and fro in the breeze.

One day, disregarding our mother's advice, my brother and I rode our motorcycle through this avenue of willows, past Claysville, to Woodbury, where there was a circus.

Here our motors hummed with delight as we reeled off mile after mile until I noticed that it was fast getting dark. James, my brother, suggested that we return, remarking that, as we had left our searchlights at home, Carney, the motor cop, might fine us. So we turned back.

The moon came up and shone on the circuitous pike, making it a long, silver thread winding, ever winding, as it approached the Claysville bridge. We passed over this and through the bridge safely, but on the Salem side of the bridge James' motor stopped. While re-