

**Test Your Knowledge**  
Can you answer seven of these ten questions? Turn to page Four for the answers.

**Charlie McCarthy**  
Radio Announcer,  
Says Purdue Pupil

Lafayette, Ind., Jan. 27—(UPI)—Several hundred education students at Purdue University know their big apple but are a little vague on names like War Admiral and Charlie McCarthy.

In an informal test on identifying names recently prominent in the news some of the outstanding faux pas were:

Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen's dummy and radio's "man of the year,"—"a sports announcer, machine gun style."

War Admiral, one time Kentucky derby winner—"ship sent by Japan to the United States."

Glenn Frank, chairman of the new Republican program committee—"A leftist leader in Spain."

Howard Hughes, millionaire speed flier, "An aged member of the supreme court."

The students were all correct on Amelia Earhart and Shirley Temple but no one could identify Col. George D. Aiken of Vermont, who proposed the Republican reorganization.

Joe Louis, Myrna Loy and Coronation were identified correctly by all but one student in each instance.

The average answer was 43 right out of a possible 100.

**TODAY'S COMMON ERROR**

Never pronounce accessory—ak-ses-er-ry: say, ak-ses-so-ry.

**Dixie Howell To Coach In Arizona**

Tempe, Ariz., Jan. 27—(UPI)—Millard (Dixie) Howell, former university of Alabama halfback, today attained the first of the two major ambitions, when he became head coach of football at Arizona State teachers college here.

**Student Ministers Busy**  
Fort Worth, Tex. (UPI)—Student preachers from Texas Christian University travel approximately 25,000 miles each month filling pulpits of Texas churches.

**Buy your footwear while prices are low. Big sale now going on.**—Nichols Shoe store.

Trade In A Good Town—Decatur

**"GIVE HER WINGS" by MARIE BLIZARD**

**CHAPTER XXXI**

What she thought was going to be a heavenly holiday had turned into an endurance contest.

Julie admitted the sad truth that she wasn't having a good time.

She was like a character in a smart society novel, a house-guest in the kind of a house she had dreamed about in her romantic dramatizations.

There was a maid to press her clothes, serve her breakfast, run her tub. She had attractive men to pay her attentions, to plan good times for her. She had better clothes than she had ever had before.

If she wanted to play tennis or golf, she could play against a background that surpassed anything she had ever pictured.

If she wished to swim, she could swim in a private pool or at a private beach.

It wasn't fun.

In her honest, analytical way she admitted that she simply didn't belong.

There was no friendship, no ties of mutual attraction between her and Nancy. It was Nancy's house and Nancy had been as kind as she was casual about inviting Julie, but the lack of Nancy's interest—for all her politeness—was deeply felt by Julie. She felt that she was there under sufferance, knew that she should have left after the weekend.

Angry tears tipped Julie's lashes into starry points and she jammed her fists into the pockets of her tweed skirt.

Just wait until she got back to Fayette! Thinking of the effect she would create there, her thoughts veered off to another effect she meant to create some day. She gave herself up to vindictive dreaming.

She saw herself in a beautiful black gown—all her clothes would be beautiful, would be created for her by the Parisian couturiers—

meeting Elsa at parties, smiling at her with an amused smile. Julie would do the smiling then. She'd invite Elsa to her various homes where Elsa would see what a perfect wife she made for Paul, see Paul's devotion.

Her thoughts returned to Paul. He was not obviously devoted to Elsa but there was an intimacy between them that her sharpened sensitiveness was quick to feel.

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