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The Inkwell

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Dyer Writes On Vocational Problems

He Outlines Tasks Of Modern
College Professor; Says
"Rah, Rah" Days Passed In
Modern College Life

BY DR. J. P. DYER

What vocation or profession should I take up? How can I decide upon the field of endeavor in which I will be happiest and have the best chance of success? Where can I go for adequate advice upon my vocational problems?

These and countless other questions of a similar nature are being asked by serious minded students today as never before in the history of higher education in America. The depression and the consequent unemployment problems have made the youth of today "job conscious" and have placed a tremendously important new task upon the shoulders of educators. No longer can the college professor be content to spray his classes with a little information and at the end of a specified period turn them out on the world as being capable of meeting life situations and problems. The college professor who does his job well must be able to offer the student sound advice on vocational choices. The old time professor with his goatee and his absent-mindedness is being rapidly displaced by a young and energetic type which knows student problems and is capable of lending a hand in their solution.

Too, the "rah-rah" period is passing for the student. Gone are the days when the great majority of students attending an institution were there merely to spend a few years of pleasant associations before taking up the stern realities of life. They are realizing that college life is not much of a preparation for living as it is a process of living—a period when choices must be made. Modern conditions make this mandatory. The demand today is for *trained youth*. Somewhere along the line,

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International Relations Club Is Forming

It is the intention of the Social Science Department to petition the Carnegie Foundation for a local chapter of the International Relations Club, within the near future, Dr. J. P. Dyer stated today.

The International Relations Club is sponsored by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and has as its purpose the promotion of international understanding and good will among the college students of the world.

Practically all outstanding colleges and universities in America and in many foreign countries have chapters, Dr. Dyer declared. Membership is largely based on scholarship and interest in the field of the Social Sciences, he said.

Delores Cowart Arranges Song For Glee Club

The Glee Club has made rapid headway this year, and has an entire program of new songs.

Delores Cowart has written an original arrangement of the popular song, "The Way You Look Tonight," which the group has started work upon, and they are also practicing a song by Teresa Del Rico called, "Homing." Soon work will begin on "Phyllis," by Brahms.

The quartet sang for the Rotary Ladies' Night Hallowe'en Party, and will sing soon for the B. Y. P. U. They are at present singing "None But the Lonely Heart," by Tchaikowsky.

Miss Spencer wishes to get up an instrumental ensemble of all the available instruments in school later on in the year. She also wants to do radio work as soon as possible.

Attention, Freshmen!

Freshmen will be interested to learn that the results of the placement tests are available and students wishing to know scores and meanings of scores can call by Dr. Dyer's office between the hours of 2:15 to 4:30.

Dr. Dyer says the tests have a direct bearing on possible vocational choices, and are otherwise important to students.

Armstrong Players Will Produce Four Plays

The Theatre Board of the Armstrong Players has announced its plans for the coming season. Four plays are scheduled for production, the first to be presented in February of next year.

One of these plays will be a children's play, "The Emperor's New Clothes," which will be given for the Junior League on Saturday, March 13. There will be two performances on this date, morning and afternoon.

The first play of the year, to be presented during the first week of February, will be "The Three-Cornered Moon." Tryouts were held and the cast selected the beginning of the week. The play will go into production in a week or two. Present plans of the board are for two additional productions later in the year.

The equipment for the stage and the scene-shop is ordered and has begun coming in. Labs will begin next week for the students of the classes in Play Production. All scenery for the plays will be made by these students.

Raiford Wood Talks To Humanities Class

Raiford Wood made a very interesting talk to the Humanities class Wednesday, November 11. The class had been studying the different types of architecture during the middle ages, and Mr. Wood gave the finishing touch to the subject by projecting in the basement of the Armstrong building pictures illustrating Gothic architecture.

Mr. Wood pointed out that Gothic architecture was used not only for cathedrals, but for schools, libraries, museums, and galleries. He showed the exteriors of several noted French cathedrals including Saint Chappelle, Notre Dame de Paris, Rheims, and Amiens. Famous cathedrals in Germany, Italy, Spain, and England were also shown. Mr. Wood pointed out that the cathedral in Seville, Spain, the largest church of Gothic architecture in the world, is about four times as large as Westminster Abbey in London.

The class showed great interest in the picture of the interior of the Chapel of Edward VII of England, where most of the kings of England are buried. Mr. Wood remarked that Queen Elizabeth and Mary, Queen of Scots, were placed side by side there, and that it is probably for this reason the wall between the two tombs sometimes cracks.

Mr. Wood added much to the interest of his subject by giving small details.

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Potential Housewives To See Sites

A new feature in the curriculum of the Home Furnishing Class is the institution of study tours. Several delightful trips have been scheduled for the class.

On November 21, the class is going to Milledgeville, where it will visit places of interest and go through many old homes, among them the home of Miss Ennis, instructor.

The class also plans to go to Charleston and then perhaps to St. Augustine. On these trips a guide will be provided. Members of the class are looking forward to the tours with great interest, and they have declared their intention of inviting any students in school who are interested, to go along.

Armstrong Circle Woman's Missionary Society Is Formed

The Armstrong Circle of the Woman's Missionary Society of St. Paul's Lutheran Church has been formed by a group of young women of that church attending Armstrong. All Armstrong girls of Lutheran denomination are invited to join.

The problem of the Southern negro is one of the topics to be discussed by the circle.

Officers elected at the first meeting held November 9, at the home of Mrs. R. L. Gnann, adviser, are: Elizabeth Gnann, president; Ardelle Waldhour, vice-president; Georgia Anna Hill, secretary; Frances Coats, treasurer.

The following are members of the Circle: Frances Coats, Elizabeth Cobb, Elizabeth Gnann, Mary Jane Gnann, Georgia Anna Hill, Geraldine Monsees, Augusta Oelshig, and Ardelle Waldhour.

Who Is Elmer, What Is He?

Elmer, Jenny Wants To Tell You About A Faculty Trip In The Wilds Of South Georgia

Dear Elmer,

We have been having the most glorious weather here—warm and sunny days with colder nights. Last week-end, Miss Fortson and Miss Ennis took an overnight trip to Fargo (it's a little village down near the Florida border where there are real natives, you know) and they came back full of enthusiasm about it. They really tell the wildest stories.

It seems that they went down to a cabin out from the village where swamp guides put up their parties. The road out was nothing but six feet of sand and it was the most excruciating agony to get the cars through it. When they got to the shack they couldn't find Lem. Miss Ennis, none daunted, roused out the neighbors, who said, "Lem's gone to a Hallowe'en party, but you folks go'n and make yourselves at home." So they went in and found the electric lights, (Miss Fortson says there was nothing there but beds, pigs, and the electric lights.)

There were the beds, made up with clean unironed sheets and army blankets; but on the wall over the bed was a large sign hand painted, which ran thus: "Don't lay on any bed unless you're going to sleep in it you must pay 50c for

Students Not In Favor Of Fraternities

Surprising results Revealed By
Inkwell Poll; Many Types
Ballots Cast, Giving Arguments
Pro and Con
On Frats

Results of a student opinion poll conducted by *The Inkwell* indicate the majority of students here are not in favor of social fraternities. A scientific method of tabulation reveals that 54.4% of the votes were against fraternities, and that 45.6% favored these organizations.

The poll also shows that 50% of those voting gave reasons for their opinion on the subject. Of this number 33 1-3% gave negative opinions, and 16 2-3% of the opinions were expressed in the affirmative. One student thought nature should take its course, "and let those who would, form fraternities; and those who would not, leave them alone." Of those who voted for fraternities, 21.5% definitely stated that the clubs should be made to conform with proper regulations.

There were various expressions in both affirmative and negative ballots. Over 6% of the voters could "see no harm in trying it out for a year or two, but see no need for fraternities."

Many of those who were against the social clubs favored organizing clubs along lines of interest. Over half of those voting in the negative were of the opinion that social organizations might crumble the school spirit, and this opinion seemed to be the main argument of the group against fraternities.

Those favoring fraternities explained that they thought students gained something from clubs organized along social lines that was absent in organizations which they referred to as "studious." Another argument advanced in favor of fraternities pointed out that many students here will not attend senior college and will, therefore, be deprived of the opportunity of joining such clubs as social fraternities. Only one of the votes

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Wells' Historic Tour Is Reported

Many Interesting Phases Of
This Trip are Told; All Day
Jaunt Enjoyed by Students
and Faculty

BY CALLIE MORRIS

"All aboard! We're off!" (It sounds like a combination of horse race and a railway station, but it is just the beginning of my report on the South Georgia tour taken one Saturday morning by a nomadic group of students and members of the faculty from Armstrong at the invitation extended by Mr. E. D. Wells.)

The populace on Ogeechee Road were puzzled looks as six cars whizzed by at 7:00 a. m., each car packed to capacity and one right behind the other. The first stop was at the old Indian Trail, thought to be the one used by the Indians to get to Charleston, S. C. Across the road, Mr. Wells, the host, took the party into the Bamboo Farm. He explained that here Asiatic plants and trees are raised exclusively. Incidentally the bamboo was brought from Asia, too. It grows and spreads very rapidly, growing as much as eight to nine inches over night. Inside, the grove gives the impression of a shaded, cool glen and takes one into an entirely different atmosphere.

Farther down the road, having left the Asiatic Plant Farm behind, the group could be seen gazing at the only Austrian pine in this

country besides the ones found in Mr. Henry Ford's botanical gardens. Later one could have seen them picking Ogeechee limes. These limes are the only ones of their species growing anywhere in the world except along the Ogeechee road near the Altamaha River.

Reaching Liberty County, the party disembarked at Freedman's Grove and almost re-enacted the scene of the negroes gathering to be proclaimed "Free." Then from Civil War reminiscences, the next stop was at scenes dating from 1792, the Congregational Church at Midway. There is an old graveyard beside the church. Alva Lines looked for graves of his ancestors who were buried here. The graves were numbered and the names of the entombed were written on the blueprints of the cemetery found tacked at the entrance of the old church. This church was founded by the descendants of an English Colony that went first to Massachusetts in 1630 and later migrated down the coast, finally settling in Georgia in 1752. It was built on the spot of the church which was burned by the British in 1778. Viewed from a distance the structure stirs within one memories of something mysterious and unfathomable.

About twenty-nine miles from Darien, the students passed Cedar Hill Plantations or the site on which it stood in 1770. At Sapelo Sound, they visited the Spanish Missions. The host explained that here all the plants mentioned in the Bible are found growing wild

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any bed that is mussed up." Well, you can imagine how much better they felt about the whole expedition after the laughter that caused. They explored the next room, cautiously, and found another sign: "We don't have any roaches, mosquitoes, bedbugs or insects. If you find any see Lem for a spray."

Just about the time Lem arrived from the Hallowe'en party, Miss Ennis insisted that they should get an early start so Lem promised to wake them at the "crack of breakfast." What was the crack of breakfast? "Oh, very early," Lem said. So they went to bed, half dressed, at two o'clock in the morning!

Needless to say, Lem had had too much Hallowe'en party to rise and shine the next day. It was Miss Ennis who woke everyone at six-thirty. She went over to Lem's house and woke him by shaking on every window. "What about breakfast?" Lem informed her that he would have it ready in about an hour and a half. With all that preparation they had only ham and eggs, and coffee (all you could see was the grounds, and the milk was blue). By that time they had decided Lem was their bitter enemy.

Then they walked down to the Swanee river—did I tell you that the whole trip was to see Okefenokee swamp?—in about an hour. They spent the afternoon exploring the swamp, seeing egrets and "neva-wet" lilies, and floating earth, and alligator holes, and ripe 'Geechee limes or "Tupeloos." They went about ten miles looking for

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Joan

We go to press this issue without the valuable assistance of one of our most beloved and highly esteemed staff members. Never will this paper nor Armstrong College suffer a more distinct loss than it did at the passing of Joan.

Gifted as she was, with countless qualities, her friendship was dearly treasured by all who knew her and much sought after by others. A more loyal and truer friend could not have been found. Her pleasant disposition and incomparable personality won her a host of warm friendships. Her progressive and vigorous spirit, together with her love and interest in the college, placed Joan among the leaders of this institution. Her leadership had much to do with the establishing of the democratic spirit so characteristic of Armstrong.

Possessed with a keen mind, her activities were widespread. In the classroom she was a scholar, and on the campus a center of attraction. In athletics she excelled in whatever sport she undertook, clean, calm, and cheerful always. Highly commendable was her efficient and faithful service to her church.

In Joan, this paper had an ardent supporter and an outstanding writer. Her column was the most popular feature of this paper since the first issue of the paper last year.

That place Joan won in the hearts of so many of us is evidence of her sincerity. No tears can wash away, nor can time erase the impression left on us of her graciousness, good nature, friendship and loyalty. To eulogize further on such a personality would be to detract from a beautiful memory.

Fraternity

The subject under discussion on the campus today is that of fraternities. The advisability of organizing fraternities for social activity is being debated by doubtful students; those students who favor social fraternities are already forming their respective groups, and those students who are definitely opposed to the fraternity movement are saying that social fraternities will tear asunder the prevailing democratic spirit which now characterizes the Armstrong campus.

The opinion of *The Inkwell* on this subject is that there is no specific need for social fraternities among the small and congenial student body here. However, we should be the last to discourage or to condemn social fraternities, for they represent an aspect of college life that is sometimes a great deal more important to an individual than a study course consuming the same amount of his time.

Let us enlarge on our statement. In the first place, we think any social fraternity should be affiliated with a national organization; and we are dubious that a national fraternity would establish a chapter in a junior college entering its second year of existence.

The Inkwell is not afraid that the student body will be offensively divided against itself if social fraternities are granted charters by the faculty committee. The regulations laid down by the administration are sufficient to govern any organized group on the campus. These regulations expressly stated that social fraternities would be permitted, not urged. They also specified certain qualifications which every applicant for membership in a fraternity must meet. It seems to us that the administration, when asked to allow fraternities, dealt quite fairly with the student body by approving the request for official recognition of social fraternities.

If the fraternity movement continues, *The Inkwell* will greet each organization with cordial interest; but if we were asked for a suggestion, we should say, "Organize fraternities along lines of interest and leave social activities to the discretion of these groups."

Horsy Pants

Comment on the riding breeches which are being regularly worn to class by women students is widespread. The liberals say, "Yes, yes, it is a fine thing." And the conservatives say, "Nay, nay." The horses say, "Neigh, neigh," too, but we don't count them.

The Inkwell, always a liberal journal, says the riding pants are very attractive, and the young ladies in them are very attractive; but that they should not be allowed to come to class without their horses, which are as much a part of their attire as the jodphurs.

The opinions of several students, as expressed in letters to the editor, follow:

To the Editor:

Too many uncomplimentary remarks have been made about the girls at Armstrong parading all day in school while still in riding habit. Something must be done to keep such talk from continuing. It is unladylike to be swathed in trousers constantly in the presence of the male faction. They don't appreciate the apparel when it is not needed within the class room. Riding clothes are necessary and attractive while at the Riding Ranch, but ridiculous on city streets and in the corridors of a cold institution. The girls have been accused of small-townishness for not knowing when enough is enough, and just what to wear in the proper places. And where is their dignity and modesty? Knowing that it is annoying to men to see the ladies in trousers, why do they loiter around in school all day still arrayed as when on a horse? They claim they haven't time to change. Why do the girls in the gymnasium find time to change their uniforms?

Mr. Editor, I have merely expressed a few remarks that have been flying around town. I don't think I need go into the others for I know you will see my point of view and try to correct this ridiculous error.

CALLIE MORRIS.

To the Editor:

Regarding the discussion pro and con of the girls' wearing riding habit, I should like, as one of them, to give their side of the question.

Horseback riding is a part of the physical education program for the year and those who chose it for their P. E. credit ride twice a week, either from 7:30 to 8:30 or from 1:30 to 2:30. The girls who ride in the morning haven't time to change before coming to school—indeed they often worry about making it on time! Those who ride in the afternoon must meet at the school dressed for riding in order to have a way out to the academy, as the one who takes them could not be expected to go by the house for each girl.

Most of the criticism, undoubtedly, has been good-natured ribbing which we girls can take, but if anyone objects in all seriousness, we are open to any better plan he might suggest.

GEORGIA ANNA HILL.

Diogenes' Lamp

Editor's Note.—The opinions expressed in this column are entirely those of Mr. Diogenes, and have no connection with the editorial policy of this paper.

Japanese poets have a saying about the "eternal sadness of things." One night I was gossiping with a storekeeper after business hours, when we heard the front door rattle open, and a short, red-faced man shuffled in. He did not say a word but came towards us and sat down despondently in a chair.

I recognized him as a man who was chronically out of work, deaf, half-sick, and usually half-drunk. His brother had just died, and he had been walking the streets . . . He came in because he had to express his grief to someone, but when he came near, there was nothing he could say.

We stopped talking and waited awkwardly, the shopkeeper mumbled a word of sympathy. I remembered having seen him once on a crowded excursion train, sitting next to a window staring out, paying no attention to the noisy, squalling children, nor their patient parents and the singing youngsters. He seemed to be alone, and I wondered what he was thinking about, of things he had intended to do, of an untroubled life? I looked at him, a hunched figure, silently crying. Grief.

When I buy music or books, I cannot bear to have the clerk wrap them, because I like to look at them while going home. I knew a boy once who would always carry new books around with him for days after he bought them, because he only bought fine books and he wanted to get acquainted with them.

Modern Art is at last leaving the Ivory Tower. Daisies, tet-a-tets, etc. At last, the best artists are learning that Man's fate, that pathetic, hopeful, perplexing fact . . . is a live thing. History is moving, history is man.

These good strong men belong to the immortal line of Goya, Franz Hals, Rembrandts, and Daumier, O Lord what men, and what furious colors they fling on canvas! Daumier, sneering at mentality in politics. Goya, weeping over the wretched.

On Sunday you pick up the brown supplement of Sunday papers, and you are confronted with the utmost reality of the world moving . . . moving . . . where? Tanks, big guns, Mrs. Chillingworth, the people of Paris, London, Berlin, Tokyo dodging underground in newly built caverns designed to keep their lungs from being gnawed by deadly war-gas. In Tokyo, that city of hardworking, aspiring, hopeful people led by what? You see monks being drilled with guns, and tiny school children being taught to wear gas masks, and being taught not to think, that they will be more docile sheep.

Look at the pictures and think. Don't turn the page over to the fashions or to the horserace section. If you are Grozz, a German now exiled to America, you reflect bitterly on the meaning of such pictures, and you go draw angry, frightful pictures of human beings being impaled on barbed wire, of Christ in a gas mask, of humanity weeping over its wounded and dead. You think: "Is this what we are to learn?" Grozz was exiled from Germany because too many people were seeing the truth in his acid drawings.

Dear Mr. Palmolive:

I bought a tube of your shaving cream. It says no mug required. What shall I shave?

Yours truly,
OSCAR ZILCH.

A bulletin board outside a church announced: Do you know what hell is? Underneath was printed in small letters: Come and hear our organist.

Dyer Writes On

(Continued from page 1)

preferably as early as the junior college, student and faculty must get together to discuss life situations. It is a double obligation. One group must realize its need for guidance; the other must be prepared to offer sound advice.

Exchange

Grace Bounds, Editor

The Woman's Glee Club of Phoenix Junior College is planning a tour into Mexico this year. If the trip is made, the college would be the first school from the United States to send a musical organization into Mexico. The Mexican Government has sent numerous musical concert organizations to the United States this past year.

Bear Tracks—
Phoenix Junior College.

From *The Normanlite* we have the following "proverbs" which might be of assistance in these days of melancholy. They are:

A bird in the hand is bad manners.

Success has turned more heads than halitosis.

A fool and his money are some party.

If you want to remember a thing, tie a string around your finger. If you want to forget things, tie a rope around your neck.

The Normanlite—
West Georgia College.

An editorial in *The High Hat* urges that all students study suggested improvements in student terminology, and to correct their expressions in so far as they do not coincide with the proper terms. The request cannot be stated in too imperative a manner, because of the need to eliminate undesirable terminology now frequently heard about the campus.

POOR

My Math teacher.
Children or pupils.
Boys and girls.

BETTER

My professor of Mathematics.
(College) students.
Men and women (for we are such).

The High Hat—
Norfolk Division of the College of William and Mary.

The Hibbing Junior College is on the verge of forming a Camera Club of all those interested in photography. They want something new and different for the college annual, so it is up to the students to carry out this ideal by contributing pictures.

(We seem to be keeping right along with them with our amateur photographers.)

The College Cardinal—
Hibbing Junior College.

May we offer these simple suggestions for the betterment of civilization:

1. Lubricated peanut butter so that it doesn't stick to the roof of your mouth.
2. A revolving fish bowl for tired fish.
3. Text books without print for those who can't read.

He: "Please!"
She: "No!"
He: "Just this once!"
She: "No!"
He: "Aw Ma, . . . all kids are going barefoot."

Old Lady: (to librarian): "I would like a nice book."

Librarian: "Here's one about a cardinal."

Old Lady: "I'm not interested in religion."

Librarian: "But this is a bird."

Old Lady: "I'm not interested in his private life, either."—Log.

Who Is Elmer, What Is He?

(Continued from page 1)

"pu-rare-ies." They saw Billy's Island where the Indians used to live, and they got out, parched, to look for a spring or a natural well. They quenched their thirst at an old pump, then they pressed bravely on and on and on—but no prairies.

"Just the same it was lots of fun," says Miss Fortson. "We're going back next spring and take a party."

So Elmer if you come around for the week-end about the middle of April, maybe we can go. It sounds good, doesn't it? I'll send you the pictures when they have the negatives developed.

Here's hoping,

JENNY.

Oscar And The Unknown Soldier

— ARTICLE —

Once there was a wild lad name of Oscar, very good boy, promising, et cetera. He was all set to enter the produce business when the war broke out, so instead of buying chickens, he bashfully spoke to a recruiting officer name of No. 3.

No. 3 gracefully accepted Oscar's services, and told him all about honor and duty and how the flag had just been insulted, et cetera. Oscar asked him Wouldn't it be all right if he joined with the artillery on account of his feet being flat? OK with me son, said the sergeant.

Thus it was two days later Oscar found himself in a uniform and in a big camp with 20,000 other in-sultees. Oscar learned to scowl at everybody so they would think him tough, and he even used bad English to heighten the effect, yet at bottom he remained a soft-boiled youth, still thinking of produce and profits. It was very exciting on the boat going to Europe to defend America. Oscar asked a lot of questions about the engines, and about how they know which direction to go. He asked a man that looked kind of technical: Why don't we stay in America and defend our country at home? but the man only laughed, and said, You're crazy! Oscar was offended, but what can you do when a man looks technical?

Pretty soon Oscar found himself wedged into a trench, with mud and rats at his feet, dirt at his elbow, and bullets over his head. Oscar thought the water might give him a cold, but what can you do, when it is war? Once Oscar felt a hard lump in his knapsack, and when he drew it out, he found that his mother had hidden a copper plate for him to put over his chest to keep out bullets, et cetera. Well naturally Oscar was ashamed of it, so he threw the copper plate far into the No Man's Land, and nobody ever saw it.

Some weeks later, Oscar found himself a corporal, because everybody was getting shot. Oscar pinned the double stripe on his arm but a machine gun bullet clipped it off, so he thought maybe he was not intended to be a corporal. He made friends with a young man who had lied about his age so he could get into the big adventure. Oscar discovered that the lad was a farmer and knew all the prices at wholesale. They enjoyed talking all they could when the war slackened up, and they became fast friends. That was before the big battle.

In the big battle, a colonel made a little mistake about ordering Company A into a wooded area, and naturally not all the company arrived, and among those who did not arrive was Oscar's young friend. Oscar worried about it, and a tough sergeant asked him, Was he worrying about his health? so Oscar said no, he was worried about the price of eggs, and the sergeant laughed heartily, but Oscar could not laugh.

From that time he was gloomy and could not longer fight with elan. He made no grimaces, his grammar improved; and the noise, the filth, the whole awful meaning of war began to oppress him, with every thought centering on his missing comrade. One day when it was raining and the shooting was terrific, he began trembling all over, and his eyes began twitching, so he secretly turned around and crept secretly away down the connecting trench and went away from the war. A military policeman caught him more than three miles from the front sitting on a tree stump.

The authorities tried to question him, but he would not answer a word, despite threats. Then they understood that the delicate tissue of his brain was not working, he was crazy or shell-shocked. They tried to make him work, but he would not lift a finger, so they put him in jail. Oscar got into arguments with a fellow in the next cell about war. Oscar said he did not see where they would ever benefit from war, and he personally, was not insulted, nor did he think that was the real cause of the war. After awhile, the armistice was signed and they shipped Oscar back to America with the other

NEWS OF THE MONTH

Condensed from the Local Daily Newspapers

CONCERT USHERS Thirty of our students will act as ushers for the All-Star Concert Series, which is presenting: Lawrence Tibbett, Sergei Rachmaninoff, Nino Martini and Gladys Swarthout, and the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Vladimir Golschmann, with Albert Spalding, soloist.

Most of the boys were chosen from the Glee Club, and the remainder from the student body at large. The first of the concerts took place Thursday, October 22, and it was generally agreed, not only by those connected with the college, but also by the general public, that the boys made a fine showing in their tuxedos.

FRANK HENRY IS PRESIDENT Frank Henry was re-elected president of the Student Council at a meeting held in the office of Mr. Lowe, on Wednesday, October 21. Eleta Robertson was elected vice-president and Robert McCuen secretary-treasurer. A room in one of the college buildings will be assigned to the council as its office.

At a second meeting of the council plans were discussed for the coming year, and several committees were chosen, among them a committee to choose a class ring and one to handle social functions.

AUDITORIUM ACCEPTED Mr. Lowe, president of the college, Henrik Wallin, architect of the Auditorium, and W. H. Artley, contractor, made a final inspection of the Auditorium Thursday, October 29th, and on October 30, it was formally accepted. P. W. A. officials were also present at the inspection.

STUDENT COUNCIL Monday, October 19, the members of the Student Council and the class officers were elected in an assembly of the student body. Nine members was the number decided upon for the Student Council: five from the Sophomore class, three from the freshman class, and one from the intramural athletic board. The council members from the sophomore class are: Nairn Ross, Billy Mann, Frank Henry, Robert McCuen, and Miss Eleta Robertson. Jack Schley, Miss Elizabeth Pierce, and Woodrow Breland were elected by the freshman class. The representative from the intramural athletic board will be elected at a later date.

The officers of the sophomore class are: Mark Johnson, president; Grace Bounds, vice-president; and Elizabeth Cobb, secretary and treasurer. Those of the freshman class are: Frank Barragan, president; Georgia Anna Hill, vice-president; and Ruby Hollis, secretary and treasurer.

JOAN DODD On November 7 a tragic automobile accident occurred, in which the life of Miss Joan Dodd was taken. The students of the college attended the funeral in a body.

criminals. When they arrived, Oscar was given a paper which said, "Dishonorably discharged," and naturally he lost his temper. When he got out of jail, he threw back his head to the sky and cursed: "Didn't I do my share of the slaughter, didn't I maim with gas, didn't I throw grenades?"

What is more, business was flat, and Oscar lost his money in a bank failure, so Oscar had to take a wretched job as an elevator boy in a tall building with marble on the hallway and brick on the outside. A couple of years later Oscar read in the newspaper that the government was putting up a monument to the memory of the "unknown soldier," so the idea came to him, "Is that my friend?"

At seven o'clock, Oscar asked off, though he usually had to work his full twelve hours till eight. He walked toward the Memorial where the unknown soldier was buried, and he arrived when it was dark.

E. D. WELLS E. Descombe Wells was the speaker at the regular Friday morning assembly, October 23. Mr. Wells was introduced by Stuart West. He spoke about the opportunities and advantages of this state.

MIRACLE OF A DAY The Reverend Samuel T. Senter, D. D., pastor of the Wesley Monumental Methodist Church, was the speaker on October 30. Mr. Senter used as his subject: "The Miracle of a Day." He illustrated his talk with a poem of Robert Louis Stevenson.

TWO SPEAKERS On November 6, Angus Fletcher was presented to the students. Mr. Fletcher had been the speaker the preceding night for the Savannah Chapter of the English Speaking Union. Mrs. B. S. Barnes was the principal speaker of the day. She spoke in behalf of The American Association of University Women. As she herself said, she was speaking primarily for the girls, but nevertheless the boys found her talk enjoyable.

DANCING DEPUTATION On "Friday the Thirteenth" a most interesting program was presented. Miss Ennis had her girls perform the dance numbers that they were going to take to Athens the next day. There were three dances: A Grecian, a "soft shoe" dance, and a Spanish dance. After that the program was turned over to a delegation from the Womans College at Valdosta. Miss Anna Richter was the first speaker. She told the students that every year their college sent a group to some college in the state to put on a program there in order to create better spirit between those colleges. She then introduced Miss Louise Bennett, who sang, "O Come to Me," by Beethoven. Miss Bennett was accompanied by Miss Virginia Zippies. Miss Richter then presented Miss Eleanor Ogle-tree, who gave the principal address. Music was given by some of the student body at the assemblies. This music, by the quartet and other talented individuals was well received.

ARMISTICE Capt. Robert M. Hitch addressed the student body on Armistice Day. He emphasized that Armistice celebrations were glorifications of peace.

Miss Marietta Cook, a student, entertained with several selections on her violin.

Heard At A Soda Fountain "Why don't you use the other straw?" "Oh, this one's not empty yet." —The Cornell Widow.

"I shall now illustrate what I have in my mind," said the professor, as he erased the board.—Punch Bowl.

All the way there, he kept thinking only one thought, "My poor friend, my poor friend. You were a simple lad, full of life, not insulted, not angry, not mean, and why can we not live and be in business, or even just live?"

When Oscar arrived at the place, he found it was just a square block of stone, and there was a soldier walking up and down, making like he was guarding it, so Oscar was ashamed to walk up close, but sat down on the steps near by. It was so dark he could not make out whether it said anything on the monument, so he just sat, and while he was there, his simple mind kept flying back to his friend, and his mind was overwhelmed with hatred and grief at the useless slaughter, the useless war; his mind reeled with anger at the scoundrels who cause war, and he was mumbling a song of bitterness, "My friend, my poor, unknown friend." H. M.

Korean Missionary Makes Impressive Talk Here

At the last meeting to the Home Economics Club, Mrs. Lloyd Boggs, a missionary to Korea, was the guest speaker.

She spoke about "Home Economics in Foreign Lands." She told many interesting facts about life in Korea. She said the women in that country have a very low status, and are treated practically as slaves.

In describing the homes Mrs. Boggs declared the largest rooms, even among the nobility, are only eight by eight! and consist of one room. On one side there is a fire for cooking with a channel underneath which catches the steam that heats the house.

Rice straw is of importance in Korea as it is used for practically everything, even for the dresses which are pasted together with it, the speaker stated.

Wells' Historic Tour

(Continued from page 1)

together with the same myrtle used by the ancient Greeks. The mission ruins are in one of the most beautiful natural spots in the Southeast. The serene wildness of Nature's caprice has engulfed man's long-forgotten invasion. The ruins are of tabby. (Editor's note: Tabby is a substance peculiar to this section of the country. It is a mixture of water, sand, oyster shells, and lime made in the early days by burning oyster shells and salvaging the ashes. Tabby is comparable to concrete as regards properties.) There is a controversy at present whether they were used and made for sugar-houses or whether they were actually Missions. (There are arguments for either opinion.) In this territory there have been found many Indian relics, making some wonder if there could be an Indian Happy Hunting Ground in the vicinity. One of the boys became inspired and gave his respects to the red-men by saluting with a genuine war whoop.

Thus, the merry group then motored to St. Mary's, Georgia, passing on the way the famous bulb growing section at Butler Island, and farther, Lanier's Oak, at the "Marshes of Glynn." At St. Mary's the center of attraction was Orange Hill, the oldest home in this part of the country. As far as it is known, it was built about 1780—a genuine colonial home. The Santa Maria Mission was visited next, four or five miles northwest of St. Mary's, supposed to be the largest of the Spanish Missions. A beautiful ruin in the heart of Georgia's

Caller: "I wonder if I can't see your mother, little boy. Is she engaged?" Willie: "Engaged, hell!! She's married." —Grinnell Malteaser.

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Students Not In Favor

(Continued from page 1)

favoring fraternities attempted to refute the idea that social clubs tended to break up the student body into "small, offensive groups" as was charged by those against fraternities.

A small percentage of the voters definitely specified that any fraternities organized locally should be chapters of national organizations.

Only two votes were entered anonymously, one for and one against. Neither of the votes was counted.

Over half of the voters were sophomores; four members of Student Council voted; three class officers voted.

Publication of voters' names is omitted by request.

woodland, this is a remnant of a past civilization, yet still alive and rich with tales of things we will probably never know. The mission was built of hand-made timbers for the framework and lime poured over it. Today oak trees have grown within its walls and plants grown wild cover its floors. One could ramble around for hours and never tire merely trying to picture the original of long ago.

With obvious reluctance, the party left to continue on its tour which ended after miles and miles of old country roads starting at Kingsland, Georgia, to Coleraing Plantation on the site of the old town of Coleraing where the treaty of peace was made in 1796 between the President of the United States and the kings and chiefs and warriors of the Creek nation of Indians. The beautiful home and ground with St. Mary's River winding in the backyard was awe-inspiring—but alas! the spell was broken when Scarborough began smoking a big, black cigar!

It was a tired and dusty group that returned to Savannah about 8 o'clock that night, happy and contented with plans for future motorcades.

Chaff

"Pardon me, Miss," stammered the Bible student, "but could you tell me where I could find something on Adam?"

The modest young lady librarian blushed, then inquired coyly, "Before the Fall, or after?"

—Selected.

Stude (on farming field trip): "Do insects ever get into your corn out here?"

Farmer: "Yeh, but we just fish 'em out and drink it anyway."

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SPORT CHATTER

The freshmen are fighting hammer and tongs, tooth and nail with the sophomores in football George Leon was elected captain of the sophs and McLaughlin was elected captain of the frosh Ask Robert Miller how it is that he keeps his sweatshirt so immaculate and never gets it torn during one of the games Can you imagine little Lukie Bowyer laying out John Tyre in a football game? That's exactly what happened when Tyre's elbow caught Bowyer on the jaw It seems that our referee ought to learn to count when on inflicting a five yards penalty he marks off six Have you noticed how careful Tyre and McCreery are in order to keep from hurting each other in a football game? They are worse rivals than the two classes Its no wonder the freshmen win when they have such tough players as Charlie Adams on their team. He's the boy who chews tobacco and spits all over the ball when it is in the sophs possession Nice fellow! It seems that Adele Ketchum ought to be adopted as the boys locker room mascot after she has shown such interest in that place You ought to see the girls in P. E. take their exercises and roll on the floor We bet they're cute Have you noticed Crooner Taylor playing end for the sophs? He's quite the stuff If the team would be the winner who had the best arguer on their side the sophs would easily get that with Leon on their team To close this rambling, did any of you notice that the first game between the sophs and frosh was five quarters long?

Riding has become quite a sport up here if the number of girls and their interest has anything to do with it. About thirty girls are participating in this activity and according to all reports are having a swell time. Their lectures are being conducted by Walton Purse, one of the students and incidentally assistant sports editor of this paper, who has been lecturing on the different parts of the horse.

The girls in Physical Education this year have been devoting their time mainly to the learning of dances to be presented for Miss Fortson's humanities class. They are learning a classical and a folk dance of fifteen different countries and have been practicing them regularly. If you see any girls running around the building in shorts, don't be surprised but just take it for granted that they are going to P. E.

A cup has already been ordered for the winning football team and will be retained by that class for a year. Separate cups will be awarded in each sport to the winning class as each sport will be participated in intramurally as well as intercollegiately.

We have quite an athletic faculty. Mr. McNeill is a tennis and golf enthusiast; Coach Shiver likes to hunt and play golf; Dr. Dyer enjoys a game of golf; Dean Askew finds pleasure in tennis; Miss Fortson, Miss Ennis and Mr. Keach all are riding addicts; and Miss Spencer participates in cycling. Mrs. Miller, our librarian, rides but it is in an automobile.

In moments of abject despair
I grit my teeth and pull my hair
And think that Life is most unfair.
With talent, genius, everywhere
I somehow didn't get my share.
I didn't even get a "flair."
So Lord, hear this, my constant prayer—
Soothe my feelings, dry my tear—
Let me dance, once, with Astaire.
BETTY LYNES

Father: "And to think that I mortgaged the house to send my boy to college, and all he does is go out with girls, drink, and smoke."
Crony: "Do you regret it?"
Father: "Yes, I should have gone myself."

SPORTS

Arthur Jeffords, Editor

Walton Purse, Assistant

Frosh Defeat Sophs In Classic Battle

On Wednesday, November 4th, the freshmen football team smothered the sophomore team into defeat by a 6-0 score. The score does not indicate how badly the sophomores were outclassed as the freshmen ran up first down upon first down while the sophomores did not even make one. With a heavier and more experienced team the freshmen kept pushing the sophomores back until on the last play of the third quarter, they finally scored by virtue of a short pass from McLaughlin to Cranman.

This game was the first of a five-game series to determine the winning class which will be awarded a cup to be kept one year.

The game had not been under way many minutes when McLaughlin, the freshmen's sterling fullback and captain, intercepted a pass and ran it back to the soph's 2 yard line where he was chased out of bounds by Leon, the soph captain. There the sophomores dug in and repulsed every effort of the freshmen to score, and after battering down a pass over the goal line on fourth down, took the ball over on their own twenty yard line.

The running of Miller, diminutive halfback, and the punting and passing of McLaughlin, were the features of the first half and the freshmen were always threatening to score but the sophomores managed to stave off every attempt.

However in the third quarter the superiority of the freshmen began to tell on the sophs and as a result the frosh worked the ball finally down to the six yard line, where on the last down the sophs were offsideds and were penalized to the one yard line and giving the frosh a first down. The sophs held on the first down but with a short pass directly over the center of the line from McLaughlin to Cranman, the frosh's huge end, the freshmen finally scored with the touchdown that later proved to be the winning points.

Fren then on the game was more equal, with the sophomores being held at bay by the superb punting of Captain McLaughlin. Three times in the last quarter he punted out of bounds within the sophomore's ten yard stripe. The game ended with an interception of a sophomore pass by DuFour, frosh quarterback.

The lineups for the two teams are:

FROSH.	Pos.	SOPHS.
Waite	L. E.	Taylor
Hyne	L. T.	Truchelut
Adams	L. G.	McCreery
Tyre	C.	Jeffords
Amos	R. G.	Scott
Sanders	R. T.	Smith
Cranman	R. E.	Dreese

Many Lettermen Return For Basketball Teams

Basketball practice will begin on December 7, announced Coach Shiver recently. The place for holding practices has not yet been determined, but it will be announced in the near future. This was the outstanding sport of the college last year, and much enthusiasm is being wrought up by the knowledge that basketball is to start soon.

This sport is participated in by girls as well as boys and both have teams which represent the school in intercollegiate contests. There are lettermen returning for both teams. For the girls the returning lettermen are Edith Beery, Walton Purse, Nell McIntire, Ann Gibson, Carolyn Meadows, Janet Rushing, Pauline Cargill, Martha Lee, and Carolyn Oliver. For the boys, the lettermen are Lanier, Karnibad, Leon and Mopper. In McLaughlin, Cranman, and Dupont the freshman class has furnished some fine material for the boys' varsity.

Basketball will also be played intramurally by the girls and boys. Those who do not make the varsity squads will be on regular teams who will compete among themselves. The varsity squads will practice in the evenings while the other students will report at their regular P. E. periods.

Coach Shiver announced that games have been tentatively arranged with the varsity at South Georgia Teachers College at Statesboro and Glynn Academy at Brunswick. Games are also being sought with the freshmen at the University of Georgia and the University of Florida at Gainesville and with Georgia Military College at Milledgeville. Also the college is intending to enter the team in the annual Georgia Junior College tournament. Last year the school was invited to participate but it was thought inadvisable as the college had not gotten sufficiently organized but this year it is a different story, and the college is expected to enter a team in this tournament.

DuFour..... Q. B..... Hardwick
Miller..... H. B..... (C.) Leon
Dupont..... H. B..... Carr
McLaughlin (C.) F. B. Mann
Substitutes: Sophs: Kronstadt, Morgan, Ross, Brooks, Bowyer, Mopper.
Frosh: Innecken, Richards, Ellis.
Referee: Bob McCuen.

We always laugh at the Prof's jokes,
No matter what they be;
Not because they're funny,
But it's darn good policy.
—Phoenix.



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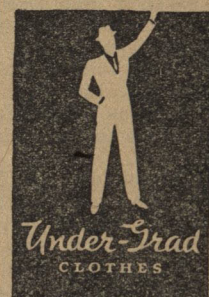
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