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Improvements Planned For Campus

Floors Of Buildings Will Get New Finish; Reception Room Will Be Made

Several improvements have been planned for the college buildings and campus by the administration, it was announced this week.

First is the refinishing and treatment of all hardwood floors in the Armstrong Building so that they will be preserved and will remain in their original shining beauty in spite of the hard wear given them by the students. If present plans are carried out, the floors in the library and in President Lowe's office will receive first consideration; and then all floors in the classrooms of the Armstrong Building and those in the new Auditorium will be scraped, cleaned, packed, and covered with a new transparent "gymnasium" finish that is guaranteed to protect them indefinitely.

Next on the list of worth-while improvements is the conversion of the stately, marble-floored entrance hall of the Armstrong Building into a comfortable and attractive reception room. It is the desire of President Lowe to equip this hall, as soon as possible, with a huge plush rug and comfortable easy chairs for the use of both students and visitors.

Students who are worrying about the present rusted condition of the fence surrounding our "domain" will be pleased to learn that the College Commission has also noticed its state of deterioration and authorized Mayor Gamble to submit to the WPA a project for its repair and repainting in the spring. The spring will also bring about the beautification of the grounds surrounding the new auditorium and the Lane Building. According to President Lowe, Mr. William H. Robinson, Chairman of the Park and Tree Commission, has already given his promise to plant shrubbery around these buildings in order to make them more attractive.

As for the expansion of the physical property of the college, Mr. Lowe has no plans for the immediate future. He declared that instead of spending money on new additions, he wants to develop further the things we already have—he hopes to enlarge the biology and the science laboratories and make them more complete in every way; and he wants to fully equip our new stage.

Average Student Reads Twelve Books

Since the opening of school on September 22, the Average Student at Armstrong has read approximately 12 3-5 books. Of these, eight books were on the Social Sciences, three on Biology, and one on the Fine Arts (used by the girls taking the Home Furnishings course). Such widely varied subjects as the Cultural Sciences (this includes Humanities and Play Production), Philosophy, Religion, Language, and Biography made up the remaining 7-8 book for the Average Student.

Apparently the Average Student has not been doing very much reading. However, this can probably be explained by the fact that adult students taking the courses offered in the night school have much less time for reading than the average day student. Therefore, if one has read his quota of 12½ books, he is rather below the average for day students, although above that for adult students in night classes.

There are a few more interesting facts that can be learned from the library records about the reading habits of the student body. Evidently on Monday the Average Student starts building up for an awful let-down. Reading on this day is moderately good. By Wednesday it has built up to a peak; that is the day on which most of the Average Student's learning is gained. Thursday starts

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New Sororities Are Formed

Cowart, Cargill Head Delta Chi and Alpha Tau Beta; Rules For Membership Outlined

In accordance with rules laid down by the Faculty Committee on Student Activities, two more sororities have been organized. These are Delta Chi and Alpha Tau Beta. Both of these organizations, as well as Phi Delta Mu, mentioned in an earlier edition of the *Inkwell*, are now writing charter and framing by-laws so that they can proceed to take in new members and otherwise become active early next quarter.

The officers of Delta Chi are: President, Dolores Cowart; Vice President, Marguerite Morrow; Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret Wright.

The officers of Alpha Tau Beta are: President, Pauline Cargill; Vice President, Margaret Egloff; Secretary-Treasurer, Anna Weeks.

The Faculty Committee on Student Activities announced that students may be pledged to social clubs after the first three weeks of their first quarter at Armstrong. The invitations to membership should be written and should be accepted or declined within three days of the time they are received, through the Chairman of the Faculty Committee on Student Activities, Miss Fortson. No student can become a full-fledged member of a social club unless he or she has earned four honor points during the preceding quarter, but any student may become a pledge after three weeks residence at Armstrong.

Home Ec. Meets; Members Enjoy Trip To Milledgeville

At the meeting of the Home Economics Club on December 3, there was a candlelight service for the installation of officers. Nelle Laughlin spoke on Consumer Education and Geraldine Monsees told of her trip to Chicago which she won in a 4-H Club contest.

The girls in the Home Furnishing Class left Savannah about 6:45 a. m. November 21, for Milledgeville and were accompanied by Miss Fortson, Mrs. Hawes, Raiford Wood, and Hugh Stevens. It seemed to them that in Milledgeville there was no end of colonial homes, and beautiful, and in many cases historic, antique furniture. Some of the outstanding places they visited in addition to the homes were: the room in which Sidney Lanier stayed in Oglethorpe Sanitarium, then Oglethorpe University, the Home Economics building of G. S. C. W., and the main building of the Sanitarium. Marion Ennis, Miss Ennis's brother, was an invaluable guide at all of these places. Mrs. Wells, Dr. Wells' wife, gave them a luncheon at the old Governor's Mansion, and Miss Ennis's mother served them a delicious buffet supper in their lovely colonial home. They left Milledgeville at about 7:30 p. m., and the four girls with Miss Fortson reached Savannah at about 11:30 p. m., but the rest did not return until considerably later. Mrs. Hawes had the ill luck to have four bearings burn out in her car and had to leave it in Swainsboro, so eleven of the party packed into a five-passenger car and rode back ninety miles this way (with Margaret Egloff on the floor, and somebody in everybody's lap). They finally reached Savannah at 2:00 a. m.

Will Survey Nearby Industry

After Christmas, Mr. Hawes' Chemistry class plans to visit various industrial plants of the city. These plants will probably include the Southern Cotton Oil Company, the Sugar Refinery, Dr. Herty's laboratory, and similar places which are of particular interest to those engaged in scientific studies.

A Christmas Message To The Students

I sincerely hope that the Christmas season will bring to our happy family—the student body and faculty—the joy and good cheer which you so richly deserve. I am deeply sensitive to your loyalty and thankful for the spiritual values which our student body represents.

I am especially grateful at this time for the spirit of helpfulness which has been displayed on so many occasions this fall by freshmen and sophomores alike. It seems to me that this institution has been most fortunate in its selection of students. I can say with truth that not one of you has disappointed me when responsibility was placed in your hands.

It is proper for me to mention the splendid services of the several student organizations and boards and the fine success which the student body as a whole has made of our social occasions. Individuals have so many times tendered their services to the College and its program of development that I am reluctant to mention the number of instances which at once come to my mind.

I wish you God's richest blessings during this Christmas season and hope that I shall see each of you early in the new year.

Ernest A. Lowe,
President of the College.

No Poetry News, So Reporter Makes Some

The editor sent me out to get an interview with Miss Fortson on the subject of "Poetry Class and Oral Reports." Miss Fortson seemed reluctant to say anything beyond the remark that it was very nice to sit back and let the pupils teach the class. When asked whether they did so creditably, she replied that they did very well, were quite original, and that the whole idea had worked out nicely. This last was a little muffled, coming as it did from the depths of a typewriter. It seems that the key B on her machine had gone a little temperamental. She was endeavoring to find out what was the matter.

"Ah!" she cried suddenly. "Here, hold this," giving me a hairpin. She was fishing delicately under the "d-d thing," trying to get the key up through the key shafts. It was a ticklish business. She couldn't push it up from under and pick it through at the same time. Vainly I tried to help. I stuck my head down in the middle of the hole, cutting off all the light. I poked my finger at the offending key, causing her to drop it right in the middle of an almost successful maneuver. Then I gleefully grabbed at the shafts that were in the way, making the B key stiff and immovable.

"I think that if you let go, I can get it up," she said gently. Reluctantly relinquishing my grip, I stepped back. With a sudden desperate lunge and quick balancing with the hairpin, she got it through. We all sighed gratefully.

I found that at last I could be helpful.

"Hold these up now, while I fasten it in," said the lady I was interviewing. "What was it you wanted?"

Mentally tearing my hair, I asked her if she was going to tell me anything about the oral reports in the poetry class.

"Oh, yes," she said. "They are fine."

That is absolutely all I could extract from the master machinist, now very proud of her accomplishments as a first rate machine fixer.

Quartette Gives Fine Program

On December 5, the quartette sang at the 50th Anniversary of the Winthrop Daughters at which the President Emeritus, Dr. Kynard, was present. They were well received and stayed to lunch.

Basket Season Opens Tonight; Samsons Versus Teachers

"Professor" McNeill Grants Interview

Mr. McNeill, one of our very newest "professors" (he dislikes being called professor) from the "Buckeye State," who has been the indirect cause of floods of sighs and ohs and ahs from the fair sex at Armstrong, teaches a course called Commerce.

Your inquiring inquisitor, wondering what it's all about, called on Professor McNeill for an explanation.

It seems that Commerce is a sequence of work in the business field. The course begins with Business Management and requires three years for completion. Included in the course are Accounting, Money and Banking, Corporation Finance, Study of Investments, Statistics, Insurance, and Marketing, which, incidentally, doesn't mean the kind your mother does every morning. This course will enable one to enter the field of business much more qualified from an executive standpoint.

Mr. McNeill has hopes of offering several courses later on not offered in the University System, such as: Factory and Office Management, and Personal Procedure.

In our chat we could hardly escape mentioning the night class, and I can't say that we really wanted to because, after all, it is composed of some of the city's most promising young bankers. The professor says he is of the opinion that the night students, from the necessity of a more complete education, take their work more seriously than do the day students. Well, time will tell about that.

Mr. McNeill is co-operating with the American Bankers' Association in teaching courses offered by the American Banking Institution. This is outside of the college credit work, but is helping train the bankers for their field.

The professor expressed his views on the muchly cussed and discussed question of fraternities and sororities. He favors fraternal organizations, but he thinks that the Junior College has no need for fraternities and sororities as the objectives of such organizations are already in existence at Armstrong.

He gives the age old advice, "Work hard when you are working, because it is much easier to form the work habit now, and play hard while you play because you are only the college age once."

Student Opinion On Movie Idols

Dolores Cowart's acme in the way of a good actor is Spencer Haeg—she thinks he has a certain straightforwardness that is very appealing and to her he always seems so earnest and sincere. She says that his ability as an actor is unsurpassed and that even though he isn't good-looking, he represents those qualities which might well be emulated by the American man.

Miss Cowart places none other than Clark Gable on the very lowest strata of actors. To her, he is very self-conscious, artificial and conceited. She thinks he always portrays a shallow character and does not represent qualities which are beneficial.

John Tyre's favorite actress is Katherine Hepburn. He says that she is everything an actress should be, and he likes her especially because she is not typed but is equally capable in every part she plays, no matter how different it may be from the last. John says that our girls should observe her intelligence and refinement.

An example of the type actress that John does not like at all is Patricia Ellis. "In the first place," John says, "she is in no way an actress." He thinks that she gives

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McLaughlin, Dupont, Cranman, Lanier, Karnibad To Start; Strong Reserves Are Pre- pared To Back These Men

By Arthur Jeffords

Tonight at the Municipal Auditorium Armstrong Junior College opens its basketball season against the strong quintet from South Georgia Teachers College at Statesboro. The game will start promptly at 8:30 and will break the lid on the basketball season in Savannah.

The Teachers are coming here with the reputation of having always had excellent basketball teams and it is reported that this present team will be up to that standard. The Teachers' coach is "Crook" Smith, who is well known for his ability to put out "cracker-jack" teams.

The game tonight will be the first intercollegiate contest for Armstrong under the coaching of "Chick" Shiver, a former all-American football player. Coach Shiver has been putting the boys through their paces for two weeks and he says that he is ready to shoot the works tonight so that Armstrong can start her season off with a win. Last year Armstrong played the Freshmen from S. G. T. C., but this year our Junior College is taking on the varsity, so it would be a great start for the season if our team can take these boys from the inland city.

Coach "Crook" Smith is bringing an experienced bunch of players here with him. Regulars returning from last year include Jeff Golden, Paul Robertson, Ned Warren, George Abelson, a Savannah boy; Jeff Stewart, and George Carter. Also on the squad this year are Miller, Sowell, and Thigpen up from the Freshmen squad of last year and Riggsby and Thompson, two experienced players now in school. The remaining members of the team are Bagley and Stephens, two freshmen, who, according to Coach Smith, are the two most promising freshmen to come to the college in some time and are good enough to make the varsity squad their first year there.

Jeff Golden was one of the leading scorers for the Teachers last year and is expected to star this season but according to reports he may not be able to see much action in this first game due to an injury received in football.

Armstrong will be able to put a strong team out on the floor this evening due to the fact that several experienced men have come from the freshmen class to bolster the sophomores who remain from last year. The squad this year is composed of sixteen players and all will be on hand for this night's game. The lettermen returning from last year are Robert Lanier, "All-City" guard last year; Nathan Karnibad, a wise-cracking and clowning guard; George Leon, a bundle of energy and arguments; and Coleman Mopper, a quiet fellow but a steady, dependable player. The experienced players from the freshmen class are Jack McLaughlin, Arthur Cranman, and John Dupont. Ed. Morgan, an experienced player and sophomore who last year broke his arm at the first practice and was out all season, has been looking well in practice. Other members of the squad include: Stockton Dreese, Tom Carr, Douglas Richards, Woodrow Breland, Herbert Leigh, Robert Miller, Reuben Kronstadt, and Edward Dufour.

A large crowd is expected for tonight's game as this is one of the few times during the year that a college team appears in Savannah. Also it is hoped that all the students of the college will be on hand to support their team when they take the floor this evening. A cheering section will be set aside for the students of the college and it is hoped that the students will sit together so that they can cheer their team on.

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Pictures in this issue of *The Inkwell* are used through the courtesy of *The Savannah Evening Press*.

At a recent meeting of a downtown civic club, Mr. Boyd was introducing Dr. Dyer. "Gentlemen, I promised to bring a big man up to talk to you today, so let me introduce" . . .

Christmas '36

In the social readjustment which the world has recently entered, a decided emphasis has been placed on the rights of the individual. There has emerged also a consciousness of the individual's responsibility to his fellows. These are facts and cannot be overlooked; they are apparent in industry, in social life, and in legislation.

Reality cannot be escaped. It sweeps into a selfish enclosure like a gust of wind into a hollow tooth, pain, causing remorse. Those who would hide from it cause themselves to be pointed out, sneered at, ostracized.

No longer can we ignore poverty and its disciples, for they are in our midst. No longer can we pass by the penniless man in the streets; he may be our brother; no longer can we forget the hungry and helpless children; they may be our kin.

As intelligent citizens of our community, men and women with educational advantages, we must assert ourselves in the described situation. We bear a greater responsibility for our college training. Too long have capable and honest men refused positions of service; and even those who have deigned to commit themselves have not been supported by their own group. Such a condition is deplorable. We know how to lead: let us lead.

Christmas in 1936 must be a real Christmas. Real in the sense that we have done away with falseness and false values. And when we assign true value to truth itself, we shall find that, after all, the commonplace is the glorious.

The student body is urged, then, to subscribe to the spirit of Christmas Day by advocating peace and good will to mankind.

The Game

Tonight when the Armstrong warriors take the floor at the auditorium for their first game of the season, let there be cheering and singing, and let the players feel that they are beginning the season at home supported by the home rooters.

Let us all turn out for the game and help in the cheering section. It does mean something to the team and to the spirit of the college to root for Armstrong.

Steady dribbling and well placed shots deserve recognition from the gallery, and in time of despair nothing encourages more than support from the student body.

We are fortunate in having so able a coach and so excellent a team; let us go out and give them a hand. After all, they are playing for the college.

Hasty Exits

The thoughtlessness of students' preparing to exit before a classroom lecture is over has been brought to our attention. It appears that in certain classes students begin to leave just as the instructor is getting wound up, or just as he (or she) launches out on the concluding paragraph.

It has been said that students close their books, put on their hats, and even spur their horses at the sound of the bell, even though the professor is still talking.

As we write this, there comes to our mahogany desk (where we keep our feet and important papers) a letter from an old and cherished friend, Lord Chesterfield. Ches hasn't written to anybody since his son died, and so we deem it a distinct privilege to present the following dispatch from his lordship

Dear Mr. Editor Inkwell:

I wish to comment on those ill-mannered, savage, brutal, abnormal students who leap up like mountain goats at the end of periods before the teacher can finish his lecture.

Let no such people be trusted: for they are a plague, a scab, a fly-in-the-ointment, an itch, irritation, nuisance; they are discourteous, low-minded, rumbustious set of Cucurachas.

Against their backward natures, I suggest that they remain seated and quiet until the professor indicates that the lecture is finished, by word or gesture.

If they don't, then I will move that they be called to hand by an outraged student opinion. If they are ill-mannered, then let them hide it, and give the semblance of intelligent Armstrong students.

It will become them like rosy cheeks and honesty, and will prevent them from appearing to be clods.

Very truly yours, Lord Chesterfield.

We don't know how Ches came to write such a letter, but it is quite timely. He seems to think that maybe students should wait until they are dismissed from class to begin carousing, and he is known to be a man of sound judgment and (as you can see) candid expression. Perhaps we should ponder his statement.

We Reprimand

We take this opportunity to request students please not to misuse the information desk in the lobby of the Armstrong building. Congregating there is no help to the student in charge and interferes greatly with efficient use of the desk. Students who leave messages there to give to other students and conduct trivial business via the information desk are also no boon to the administration of official business.

Students are asked not to use the college telephone in the office. It is for college business only.

More On Horses

After all that was said in our last issue, we are still on the subject of riding breeches. We have never refused any opportunity to engage in student controversy, especially this one, which has been our delight. And if we had not received this letter below we should have thought the students were about to forget our ranting and tearing our hair over horses. (It all dates back to that time we were kicked in the head and have not been the same since.)

Well, anyway, the letter (for there was only one) came in on the pony express only last week. Now, dear reader (s?), we present our all-esteemed letter:

To the Editor:

What do you think about the girls' wearing jodphurs to class? It seems to me that they look a little informal. Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer says that on the streets of Paris a pretty girl in outlandish riding togs remains just another pretty girl. Of course, we ought to be able to match the casual attitude of Paris. However, I venture to say that on the streets of Paris that pretty girl had on grand-looking riding clothes. If we could persuade the young and oh so fair equestriennes to put on ties and to wear brown tweed coats, tan breeches, and brown calf jodphur shoes instead of going coatless and sporting such flaming colors as Rima wears, then we would feel that they added distinctive atmosphere to our classes.

—Ann Gibson.



Mrs. George M. Miller

Issue Dedicated To Mrs. Miller

Mrs. George M. Miller, who established the now flourishing library at Armstrong Junior College, was born at Elkhart, Indiana, but was adopted by the South from her first school days.

Her first memory of this part of the country was a cold drizzling winter day when her family descended on a Texas farm to raise oranges and figs. Here she spent her early childhood, where she found books a main enjoyment, her favorite ones being fairy tales.

After graduating from high school she attended the University of Oklahoma, but transferred to Oglethorpe University in her sophomore year, when her family moved to Atlanta.

It was at this time that she made the momentous choice of a vocation. She decided to be a librarian because she liked to read, liked people, and liked to know a little about a lot of things.

Mrs. Miller's hobby is collecting children's books, and she is particularly fond of the ones illustrated by Arthur Bracham. She enjoys collecting poetry books, and among her favorite authors are Emily Dickinson and Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Asked what she liked to do best, she laughingly replied, "trim Christmas trees, look at the ocean and read and eat—"

Upon getting her B. L. S. degree from Emory University, Mrs. Miller was offered a job in Savannah, which she accepted because of the attractiveness of the position. After working in the children's department of the public library, and in the capacity of visiting librarian, where she applied her knowledge of fairy tales to the delighted children, she was given a pioneer job of establishing the now well equipped Savannah High School Library.

In 1935, no sooner had she finished laying the foundation of one library that she became librarian at the newly born Armstrong Junior College which place she now holds.

One of Mrs. Miller's main characteristics is her peculiar, but delightful accent due to three English grandparents and contact with inhabitants of eleven of the forty-eight states. Her favorite expressions around school are "break it up," and "take it outside."

She is noted for her usual cheerfulness and her willingness and efficient manner in obliging students.

Her pet aversion is talking in the library, and chief offenders have been known to find themselves "out in the cold" for a few days when her wrath descended on them.

Mrs. Miller has taken an active part in the community since coming to Savannah, belonging to the Pan-Tellenic Group, and the Poetry Society.

The most outstanding event of her already eventful life was her marriage to Mr. George M. Miller in 1933, and perhaps of all her positions she is fondest of and holds this one the best of them all.

Helen of Troy was the first woman to get her gowns from Paris.

Joe: Some score. 53-0.
The sweet young thing: What's par for this stadium?

Exchange

Grace Bounds, Editor

Dr. Ellwood P. Cabberley, Professor Emeritus of Education at Leland Stanford Jr. University and former president of Vincennes University, recently presented Stanford with a new half million dollar is engaged in collecting books for the departmental library.

The Trail Blazer—
Vincennes University.

Consolation to the baldheaded—
Heads are made for knowledge and not for loafing hairs.

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

The Bay Window," the Muskegon Junior College's Newspaper, is proud to announce the co-sponsorship of a new project, "Linking the Motion Picture and the Classroom." The purpose is to correlate the movies and the studies pursued by the students and in this was engender in pupils a keener appreciation of the cultural worth-while dramas.

With the aid of a local theatre owner, a column of movie reviews will appear in every issue of the *Bay Window*!

The Bay Window—
Muskegon Jr. College.

A college student is like a kerosene lamp.

Not very bright,
Smokes,
Often goes out at night,
And usually gets turned down.
The Flat Hat—
College of William and Mary.

The Stephens-Oglethorpe Literary Society of the South Georgia Teachers College at Collegeboro, Georgia may within the near future debate with nearby colleges. Invitations were sent out to Armstrong Junior College and Middle Georgia College, by the Literary Society to debate with them. Both colleges replied that they would be glad to debate the Stephens-Oglethorpe Society if they could plan it in their program. Invitations were sent out to other colleges that might be able to debate.

The George-Anne—
South Georgia Teachers College.

As the Little Rock Junior College points out, their freshmen ought to realize how lucky they are in escaping the many penalties that would be inflicted upon them were they to attend some four year college. They give an example of the University of Arkansas. The following rules are inflicted on poor and rich freshman alike:

1. No freshman may walk on the senior walk.
2. No freshman may enter the main entrance of University Hall.
3. No freshman may have dates for football games.
4. Freshman boys must wear green caps, black ties, and black cotton socks at all times. Freshman girls must wear arm bands and no make-up on Monday.
5. Freshmen must sit on the east side of the football field.
6. Freshmen must learn the Alma Mater.
7. All freshmen must come to attention when asked to by upper classmen.
8. Upper classmen have the privilege to "even" the bottom of freshmen's ties.
9. No freshman may have a mustache or wear a pocket handkerchief in his coat.
10. No high school insignia may be worn by freshmen.
11. Freshmen must not loiter in front of the library, in the basement of the main building or in the cafeteria.
12. Freshmen having dates at sorority houses must wait at the door until properly admitted.
13. Freshmen may not drive automobiles on any of the campus drives.

In conclusion the article entitled "Bow Down, Freshmen," states that any violation of the rules will be subject to serious penalty.

If all the letters written by college boys to girls back home were laid out together they would form a line—an awful line.

Marriage is a mutual partnership, with the husband as the mute.

Students and Stoooges

Seasonal Thought: Winter brings Xmas and Final Exams. Every blue sky must have its clouds. Our student of the month is William Bond. Only studies those subjects of which he is fond. Our hero of the month is George Stanley. He says a fellow can sing and still be manly. Our gentleman of the month is Bob McCuen. He takes out a girl and refuses to spoon. Our lady of the month is Jeanne Victor. She was polite to her horse until he kicked her. Our philosopher of the month is John Hodge. The greatest of problems he refuses to dodge. Our vamp of the month is Rachel Keever. She holds the boys so they just can't leave her. A guy we like is Hoyt Ware. He refuses to be frightened by the red scare. The winner of our beauty contest is Miss Caroline Oliver. It is easy to see why all the boys follow her. A girl we like is Miss Fannie Oast. All she orders is coffee and toast. This month we send our orchids to Miss Gumble. She does her home-work and doesn't grumble. A lady of determination is Miss Louise Oppen. When she makes up her mind no one can stop her. Meanie of the faculty is Mrs. Dorothy H. Miller. Refuses to buy us detective stories 'cause they don't thrill her. Prof. Gignilliat has surely missed his calling. He should have been a "preacher" because of his bawling. Orator of the month with votes to spare, Is Senor Edward Seig and His Hot Air. We are real proud of President Lowe. He never jumps on us with "I told you so." A satisfied customer this month is Hinkley Murphy. He didn't say a word 'cause he had plenty of TURKEY. STOOGE of the month is Robert Lanier. His puns aren't even half way "fair."

The Christmas Gift Craze

—Article—

Christmas-gifts are those peculiar, awful expressions of love and tenderness which none of us can escape; every year come the cravats not the right color, with soul-shaking dots and dashes, and women are hounded by pocketbooks too loud, and hose too dark. But worst of all, is the great Electric-train outrage. Parents always pretend to buy toy trains for the benefit of their youngsters, but anybody can see that they get more pleasure from them than the children do. The day before Christmas, they "test" the train for hours and hours just to make sure it will run. Once I saw a business man in one of the downtown offices set out his son's electric train on the floor, and in five minutes the whole floor population was on the floor watching. They "tested" it for five hours, until the train was nearly worn out! By actual count there were seven stenographers, one accountant, one architect, three lawyers, an elevator-man, and three salesmen, all on their knees. A relative of mine saw a Lionel Train advertisement, and he said he was sorry we did not have a child in the house so we could have an excuse to buy a toy train! Christmas spirit? Bah!

He drank the nectar from her lips As by the kitchen fire they sat, And wondered if any other guy Had ever drunk from a mug like that.

Fashion note: There will be little change in men's pockets this year.

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.

I note that Editor Ware is getting horse about not being responsible for what I write herein. I said to him the other day, You got a nerve, etc., etc. Matter of fact, I receive many beautiful, perfumed letters saying how fine this column is. A lady writes from Elmira (blonde, 5 feet, eleven inches, 278 lbs.) and says: "Your prose has a gleaming, coruscating iridescence which sparkles like the eyes of a cow. By the way, please send me a subscription for the foreign missions." Then there was a letter from a friend. "Your prose has the dignity of a goat, the grace of a pelican. By the way, please pay me that money you owe me." Of course there were other letters not so favorable, but there is no more space to print them. One of them opened with, "Why don't you go somewhere else?"

Henry Thoreau, noted for down-rightness, once refused to pay taxes to a government which permitted slavery. When Emerson visited him in jail, he said: "Thoreau, why are you in jail?" Thoreau replied: "Emerson, why aren't you in jail?"

What do I think. The meaning of an act, or an idea. I wrestle with it. I think about children, what are they for?

A boy studies his lesson, a girl shyly gazes at a man she loves; a man writes a book, a child selling newspapers pauses to press his nose against a windowful of toys, a thief runs out of a store after shooting a man! Dark red blood drips from the man's body onto the floor.

What is the crazy pattern about? I eat, sleep, go to a movie. The panorama of life moving swiftly, fatefully. Why does a cynic bother to live? Why does a cynic laugh at a filthy joke?

Children, new, awkward, stumbling into life. The loving eyes of parents follow its life, and what will happen when the cradle is left, when the house is left, when school is behind?

I weep to think that if the child is stupid or dull it will slip and fall, it will cry and be laughed at, it will be swindled, denied happiness, it will be cruelly exploited.

If the child learns to think, will it learn to see the hidden forces of life, the disorder, the morality of reality, the unseen forces which control our happiness more than our own wills?

What are squirming, lusty children intended for? Will there come a time when parents can stop worrying, when children will no longer be swept into a cruel torrent of war, poverty, brutality?

What do you think?

"I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views when they appear to be true views."

—Abraham Lincoln.

Freshmen, fool your friends: Buy Indian Joe Snake Oil, guaranteed to make you look human. Simply rub it in your head at night and you will know your lessons in the morning. No study necessary. Diogenes' exhausting 900 page Vol., The Human Body and So What, says: "Snake oil transforms the most backward Freshman, so they resemble other people. Snake oil may some day eradicate the Freshman as we know him today. This would be a great blessing." Buy Snake Oil, Freshmen, make your family proud of you, look like happy, normal Sophomores.

—Diogenes.

Wearing of athletic letters of other schools is extremely bad taste and poor college spirit.

The tombstone of a genial host bears his name and the simple epitaph: "This is on me."—Chaparral.

Reporter: "Here's a story that just came in anonymously."

Editor Ware: "Who wrote it?"

Armstrong Fashions Are Noted

By Mac

Did you happen to notice Tom Carr's sporty checked jacket? Green sweater and socks combination on no less than five of our better known headlights (or is it lighthouses?)? Murphy's navy blue outfit for the office? Frank Henry's gloss, no matter what the hour or the deed? The Dean's brown, beige, and orange outfit, mostly pinchecks? That natty white silk tie with blue dots worn by the new class president in chapel the other day?

Army-strong regulations: Matching tie and socks; checked pants and a bright sweater; thick crepe rubber soles on bucko shoes.

Faculty Fashions: A Phi Beta Kappa key to twirl on the vest-chains—one double-breasted suit to button up when cracking down on the poor Sophomore—also a single-breasted one to open up when expanding at length—shoe shines—jokes—a desk to sit on—and windows to open and shut—and disconcerting curiosity—O yes! new automobiles.

Positively co-educational: A suit, a plaid skirt, a bright sweater, bucko shoes; scarf knotted in front, or else pearls; bows in the hair; class dates.

Did you see on the campus—all the gray shoes? McIntire's white silk shirts? The brogues and the ghillies? Coats' weskits over her convict blouse? Miss Fortson's "crusades" redingote? These hand-made sweaters: Jo Logan's white, Gracie's bright red, Mary Garrard's yellow brooks, Janis' cherry jumper of bunny hair? and Miss Spenser's watermelon pink bunny socks for bicycling? Eleanor Murphy in a lovely blue silk dress which accentuated that famous "Madonna" look? Short curls on 90 per cent of the freshmen and long straight hair on most of the sophomores? Miss Ennis' green postillion hat from Paris? And our assistant editor working in a gray business suit?

I vote for low heels, lipstick; short swing skirts, sheer stockings; chocolate bars, Camels.

(Continued from page 1)

the impression of being sarcastic and of having a mean disposition. Her usefulness on the screen is for nothing more than a clothes-horse, as he sees it.

On The Library

—Article—

To me, the library is the most enjoyable feature of college life. It diffuses an atmosphere which breeds quiet thoughts and worthy purposes. The personalities of men like Dante, Wordsworth, Keats, Porter, Lewis, and others are unconsciously felt as one walks among their works. The rows of books upon the shelves lend an air of quiet dignity and give a feeling of security. A well kept library is the acme of order and it inspires logical thoughts.

The smiling librarian, the beautifully arranged covers, and the mute companionship of class-mates are features to be appreciated and enjoyed. Even the diffused odor of ink, paper, and leather act as a quieting stimulus; it makes one eager to explore what Keats called "the realm of gold."

The silence and serenity of the rooms and the lofty aims of the people who work therein, make it almost a sanctuary. To me, there is something unexplainably lovely and decidedly noble about our own library.

—Celia Wall.

You made hay

While the sun was bright; I sowed wild oats By the moon at night. Your hay is stacked in bundles neat, But the lingering taste of oats is sweet.

—Texas Ranger.

And then there's the sad case of the Scotchman who sprained his ankle squeezing a tube of tooth-paste.

NEWS OF THE MONTH

Condensed from the Local Daily Newspapers

Alliance At the meeting of the Alliance Francaise on November 11, several students from Armstrong, under the direction of Mr. Holland, presented a playlet.

Dedication On November 13, the College Commission met in President Lowe's office. It was decided at this time that the formal dedication of the two new buildings would be postponed for some time. Bronze tablets will be purchased for the buildings. It was also announced that stage and scene shop equipment for the auditorium will be ordered during the coming week.

Geraldine Monsees Miss Geraldine Monsees, freshman at Armstrong, won a statewide 4-H Club meat identification contest, and won a free trip to Chicago to attend the National 4-H Club Congress. She is the first Chatham County representative to win the annual contest. She went to Atlanta on November 28, from where the Georgia delegation left for Chicago.

College Commission It was indicated on November 17 that preparation of an amendment to the city charter designed to reduce membership on the Armstrong Junior College Commission will be undertaken.

Straight On Council George Straight was elected to membership on the Student Council on November 18, and he will represent the Intramural Athletic Association. On this same day the weekly tea dance was held. The occasion marked the first public appearance of the college orchestra which has just been formed. The members are Bill Bond, Harry Truchelut, Dolores Cowart, Arthur Phillips and David Robinson. The dances are held under the sponsorship of various groups in the school.

Talk On Poetry November 19, Miss Isabel Fisk-Connant, a well-known poet, made an informal talk to the English 4 class. She spoke concerning poetry and how it should be written. She also read some of her own poetry. Miss Fisk-Connant is a member of the faculty of Coker College and has addressed the Poetry Society of Savannah on a previous visit.

Thanksgiving Article An article by Dean Askew, expressing appreciation for the support that the public in general had given Armstrong appeared in the Savannah Press on November 19.

Dr. Guy H. Wells Dr. Guy H. Wells, President of G. S. C. W. in Milledgeville, spoke at the chapel exercises Friday, November 20. Dr. Wells chose "Beauty" as his subject, and stated that it was an essential element for a successful life. In reference to beauty in religion, he declared the new idea was that "one can approach divinity through beauty," and that beauty was necessary to one's well-being.

Average Student

(Continued from page 1)

him on the downward path, and by Friday he is completely depraved and hardened to the demands of conscience. This conscienceless state of mind exists until Saturday afternoon at closing time, when our personification of the Armstrong student decides that he really must get some studying done over the week-end, so he checks out a book which he probably takes home and forgets till Monday morning, when he finds he must rush to get it in by 8:30 to avoid the overtime fine.

"This match won't light."
"Whasha madda with it?"

"I dunno—it lit all right a minute ago."

3-Cornered Moon "Three - Cornered Moon" was selected as the first play to be produced by the Savannah Playhouse of Armstrong Junior College. The play will be presented in the auditorium of the college on February 4, 1937.

Chris Murphy Christopher Murphy, Jr., outstanding artist, spoke to the Humanities class on November 23, concerning Renaissance painting and sculpture. He stated one should enjoy a painting for its own quality, such as color, humanness, dignity or majesty, not merely because it is referred to as a great picture.

Pilgrimage to Milledgeville. The home furnishing class made the first of its scheduled study tours November 21 to Milledgeville. They saw many historical sites, and were entertained at lunch by Mrs. Guy H. Wells, wife of the president of G. S. C. W., and visited Miss Ennis's historic home for dinner. They have planned a trip to St. Augustine later in the year.

Dyer at Exchange Dr. John P. Dyer spoke to the members of the Exchange Club on vocational guidance December 1. He stated that the problems of the schools and colleges today is to help the individual find his proper place in the world. He declared that during the past few years the physical aspects of colleges had grown to tremendous proportions.

Basketball Practice Basketball practice began at the Chatham Artillery Hall, Monday, December 7, under the direction of "Chick" Shiver. The opening game will be played December 18. Several members of last year's team are back for practice and other players who have had experience at High School and B. C. will be on the team.

Talk By Mrs. McIntire At the regular assembly December 4, Mrs. Frank P. McIntire spoke to the student body on "The Adventure of Living," and declared that "most of the tragedy, failure, crime and unhappiness in the world can be traced directly to fear." Youth should accept the challenge of life in order to enjoy the adventure of living.

Also on the program was George Stanley, who rendered several vocal selections accompanied on the piano by Miss Margaret Spencer.

Dr. Stiles Dr. C. W. Stiles, an eminent biologist, addressed the student body at a special assembly on the third of December. He told of the differences between the North and the South from a biological view. In speaking of the negro situation, he stated that in time the South would be all white or all black.

Up or Down? "Open Door"

The main bone of contention in Mr. Askew's 10:00 Social Science class is whether the windows are to be up or down. It is quite a fascinating subject and every time Mr. Askew throws up the window the front row casts agonizing glances at each other and down the window is pulled—however, as soon as no one is looking, Mr. Askew puts it up again.

He maintains an "open door" policy.

Placements Tests Are Tabulated

Dr. Dyer requests all students who have not called by his office for their percentage ratings on the placement test to do so immediately.

Executioner (to Marie Antoinette): "Pardon, may I cut?"

Merry Christmas

'Twas the night before Finals
when all through my mind
Ran scen'ry and poems and dates
of some kind.
Brain Trusters were safely all
tucked in their beds,
No vision of flunking exams in their
heads.
The warm open fire cast such a
soft glow
That I must have gone off to sleep
then, I know
For what to my wondering eyes
should appear
But a miniature school house,
familiar and dear,
With a little old prexy, a lively old
cuss,
I knew in a moment it must be
"Rastus."
And into the school house his
teachers they came
And he smiled as he greeted and
called them by name:
"Now Margaret! now Arthur! now
Dorothy and chick!
Come Frances! come Reuben! come
John and Kolgie!
To the top of the porch! in the
door to the hall!
Now come on in! school's begun!
come on in all!"
As old friends who together have
seen the time fly
When they meet again after the
years have gone by,
So into the school house the teach-
ers they went
To determine the fate of us stu-
dents all bent.
They got out the papers and
chuckled in glee
"We'll give them a present for
their Christmas tree!
It will not be candy, nor is it fine
toys,
But gay little pink slips for bad
girls and boys."

—Ann Gibson.

Interpretive Study
Of New South
Is Reviewed

Benjamin B. Kendrick. The south looks
at its past. Alex M. Arnett. University
of North Carolina Press. 1935. \$2.50.

—Book Review—

This book gives a thorough and
complete picture of the economic,
social and political life of the
South from the days of the "Old
South" until the present time." As
the author plainly states "it is
not a history of the South, but an
interpretive study of those
phases of the South's past that
seem most pertinent to a fresh
orientation in this age of dilem-
nas."

The first chapter gives a color-
ful description of the "Old South"
as pictured by tradition and as it
really was. The cultured plant-
ers, the "poor whites" and the
negro are all fully discussed. The
reader gets a clear insight into
the true character and lives of
these people, of their relations to
one another, and of the conditions
that existed in that time.

The next phase discussed is the
origin of "The War Between the
States;" the economic and political
forces which brought about the
great conflict and the economic,
climatic and geographic differences
between the North and the South.

With the War the "Old South"
disappeared never to return. The
long struggle began to restore
order out of the chaos which re-
mained. Political power passed
from agricultural to business
groups. All groups collapsed, but
the ruin of the farmers was most
complete. This phase of the havoc
wrought as a result of the war is
clearly pictured.

The emergence of the "New
South" came only after a long,
hard struggle. An account of this
emergence of the New South, its
"striving to follow the national
pattern," and the progress made
since the War is found in the
fourth and final chapter.

This book gives a sincere and
comprehensive study of the South
that is well worth reading.

—Margaret Rawlings.

The doctor was visiting Rastus'
wife to deliver her twelfth off-
spring. While riding along with
Rastus he saw a duck in the road.

Doctor: "Whose duck is that?"

Rastus: "That aint no duck.
That's the stork with his legs wore
off."—Punch Bowl.

Holy Night, Silent Night

—Fiction—

Yes the newspapers were right:
all over the country it is a cold
Christmas, cold and windy. All day
it has been gray and chill, and
now in the crowded city streets
and far back in the country, it is
Christmas night.

Many things happen at one time
in the world: people running,
walking, laughing, fighting, and
on this night we think about them,
"and how strange are our lives
upon the earth!"

At dusk a young man slams the
door of the office in which he has
been working all day; "I love a
youthful charming girl," says he,
as he hurries toward the town bar-
bershop. It is funny how men al-
ways wait until the last minute to
get a haircut and then they look
slightly bareheaded with a new
haircut.

When the young man got to the
barbershop there was someone
ahead of him, so he sat upon the
bench. Instantly the man in the
barber chair sat up and shouted,
"Move boy! Move away from my
coat. And don't you dare try to
pick my pocket!" Then the barber
came over, and with a wink, he
moved the coat.

Holy night, silent night: the man
is a wary old goat, suspicious of
everybody. Obviously he must be
in the picture of Christmas night,
if we are to see it truthfully.

Holy night, silent night: Far
over the sea, England lies hidden
in its perennial fog. Its people
throng the streets in search of ex-
citement; we think of Dickens' poor
little children, and Scrooge, and of
Priestley's stupid clerk in search
of excitement. People trying to be
like children again, and the only
way to forget is to drink until they
can say: "Come on, let's dance, let's
laugh, I'm singing inside."

But fearsome rumors cloud the
holiday air. Elderly statesmen
sunk in cynicism see the inevitable
result of their double dealing and
insincerity, and they wonder wheth-
er a little money invested in mu-
nitions might not bring them a neat
return. They think about the
cloudy situation this time: The
war won't stay in the trenches, but
will even threaten us at home!
Why we won't even be able to make
money without having our houses
bombed! Meanwhile, Hitler says,
"I want the Ukraine." It is the
first time imperialism has been so
artless, and will the wonder-child
get his Ukraine in a sea of blood?
All over the world, the young men
wait, to be used, and excreted from
this earth like so many hogs.

All over the world, expert news-
paper men thumb their noses at
guards and slip inside iron fences
to get the news. There is bad news
for sailors of the King's Navy: all
leaves are cancelled. Come on back
to your ships, sailor boys, come
back from your sweetheart. "So
long, baby, wear the wristwatch,
and I'll see you later."

In the dreadnoughts and destroy-
ers, the fire-rooms roar, the en-
gines click in rhythm. At sea the
wind roars above the white foam-
ing waves. If the wind had a
voice, what tales it could tell, for
it has seen everything from a lazy
official in a trading post, to a pe-
asant in Poland walking barefoot
through the snow, and it has seen
a party in Paris among the hobe-
mians, thumbing their noses at
convention.

Great crowds of people throng
the movies; they sit in darkness
and gaze at the newsreel, mickey
mouse. Civil war in Spain, fight-
ing in the streets, how frightful
that is. In all the great cities
troops march, dictators salute and
we think, How stupidly we solve
our problems, with bullets, instead
of brains!

Holy night, silent night, but it is
noisy on 57th street in New York.
All day long the ambulances race
down this street carrying sick and
dying people to the hospitals,
where the doctors calmly await
their delicate work. Five million
lives make strange happenings in
the city. Argument between taxi
drivers. They get out and let their
fists fly, they curse and fume, to
the immense amusement of the
crowd. There are saints and sin-
ners and sirens on the street: Hel-
lo, kid, wanna be my little piggy?
Watch out for the cops. A young
man snuggles up to his lover, and
they stare at each other while the
taxi drivers argue.

A hundred miles away there is
another pageant; call it a folk-
song. In the town hall, the chil-
dren have just performed their
awkward program, their parents
are pleasantly proud of them; sud-
denly a man runs into the hall and
whispers to the sheriff that a brawl
is going on in the saloon down the
street; the sheriff hurriedly goes
out, and several young men follow
to see what's up. Out in the fields,
a tiny field-mouse is roused from
its hiding place in the grass. It
looks around, nervously alert; it
hears a tremendous crunching
sound, but how can the field mouse
know that it is only a young man
taking a short cut, hurrying to see
his youthful charming Chloe, and
that the young man is thinking to
himself, "How good it is to be alive
and happy." He is pleasantly con-
fused when he thinks of her and
looks in her eyes: It is known as
love.

Holy night, silent night, and ev-
erywhere such strange things are
happening; if only you could un-
derstand all this hate and love!

Far in the south they sing
hymns in churches, "Ye that are
heavy burdened come to me, and
I will give you rest!" Unfortu-
nately this is a hymn, not a real-
ity: a song for Sunday, not for
everyday. Far in the south it is
not so cold, but people hurry home
with packages, or sit before cheer-
ful fires, or huddle in wretched
hovels on tenant farms; meat, meal
and molasses their diet. The Sal-
vation Army is busy on street cor-
ners, saving sinners, and taking of-
ferings.

Is the world asleep? It pulsates
with tremendous energy. The ra-
dio screams static. Mexico, Cuba,
Spain, France, Germany alive with
the silly voices changed into radio
waves. Germany sets static going
on the Russian wave-lengths, so
that they will not be heard.

In a lonely barn, some holy roll-
ers gather and shout Amen, amen!
Their pastor is giving them a fi-
nancial sermon, for he needs mon-
ey. "You all goes to parties and
you drink, but you don't come near
church! The good book don't say
drink, nor steal, nor gossip, but
it do say come to church! It says,
give ye freely to the Lord and He
will repay you. (Yes, Lord, screams
a woman). You all got to get back
to God. Now let us sing, 'Clutch
me to thy sweet breast, Lord.'" The
service proceeds.

Holy night, silent night, and it
is Christmas night, the day of
birth, justly celebrated, for the
child is lovely, and is our hope for
a new, purer, life. Do you remem-
ber what the wise man said about
mankind? "It was once a child." Yes,
the thief, the prostitute, and the
wizened old man in the barber-
shop so worried about his money;
but no matter, tomorrow morning
will be glorious with sunlight, and
perhaps it will snow even far in
the south, to cover the earth in a
clean white layer of snow.

Tomorrow is a day of rest, and
on the subway a man neglects his
newspaper to speak to a man next
to him: but the fellow only wants
to talk about business, and the man
thinks, "this fool cannot see the
tremendous beauty of us people on
the earth. He would not see our
moment of rare happiness! He
rubs his slightly bearded chin and
reflects, "Happiness is the purpose
of life!"

On a farm, five boys have been
happy, but during the night, one
of them has wet the bed, on which
they are sleeping. As James Joyce's
kid said, "first it is warm, and
then it gets cold." In the morn-
ing, the boys will have a great
squabble, and will accuse each
other; it is very funny.

Crowds in the streets begin to
thin, and the cities prepare to
sleep, but across the great ocean,
the lonely lighthouse-keeper dimly
sees the lights of many ships mov-
ing in one direction: can it be the
fleet on its way out to sea? The
ships move in slow stately motion,
and silently disappear in the haze.
Everything out here is dark, and
you feel that it is immense, this
world, immense beyond all imagi-
nation.

Holy night, silent night, all is
calm, all is fair, says the hymn.
And on the sea sails the fleet; in
cities the crowds have thinned out,
the quarrelling taxi-drivers have
forgotten their brawl; a policeman

The Lowdown

Robert Herriot, popularly known
as public enemy No. 1, uses his
winter sox as summer hankies—
Margaret thinks that vocal rendi-
tions should be Wright—maybe
that's why she favors George Stan-
ley—What girl went home in a
balmy state late one night and
crawled into bed with her grand-
father?—'Tis rumored that Tom
Carr has dropped from the ranks
of the Woman Hater's Club . . .
By the by, did you know that Woo-
Woo Mann and Woodrow Breland
were once members of a gigolo club
. . . Frances is all in a dither 'cause
the lighting system of her soul
(could it be Pratt?) is coming home
for the holidays . . . more power to
you Fannie . . . Who did Mr. Mc-
Neill take to the Bankers Dance?
. . . and why did Betty have to buy
his lunch the next day? . . . Who
calls Mr. Hull "Sugar Pie"? . . . does
he like it—hmmmm!!! . . . Mr. Traub
admits that he enjoys using both
Miss Victor and Miss Levy for
chasers. . . . Hugh, what Dolores
does not know will not tie Dolores
in knots! (?) . . . Where were you,
Carolyn, on the night of Nov. 26?
—Howdja feel, Honey? . . . Janet
has dusted off the ashes of her
shattered romance with Joe and is
now seen everywhere with Nairn.
. . . What about the insurrection
planned against the Play Produc-
tion test? . . . Electa and Arthur
are still seen around together . . .
the imps of infatuation have whis-
pered in Augusta's ear and she's
all in a dither again . . . Mary Jane
Gnann looks forward to the day
when a certain young man will
graduate from Duke . . . what boy's
heart doesn't skip a beat when he
sees pretty little Grace Bounds
coming toward him on the dance
floor? . . . Don't we wish we were
all named "Mary," girls — that
name seems to appeal to Mr.
Keach! . . . Carolyn Oliver and
Bertram Cooper walking down Vic-
tory Drive barefoot and acting
like performing fleas . . . Adele
making an exit from the boys' lock-
ers . . . George Stanley, the croon-
er, sleeping in the library . . . Ar-
thur Phillips and his current heart-
throb sitting on the curbing of a
lane and letting their souls thaw . .
Miss Otto's heart again beating
faster because of some Romeo . . .
Boy and girl walking home from
Johnny Harris' at 2 a. m. carrying
school books . . . Sol Gonchar and
John Hodge are close contenders
for Callie's affections . . . Rumor
of an engagement to be announced
at Christmas . . . News does
travel!!!

CHAPTER II

Was George sick at heart when
he had to leave school recently?
. . . What did you do to Cecil,
Meat???

What student was that who said,
"Aw, come on," in one of Mr.
Keach's classes???

We wonder if the boys like these
girl-break tea dances . . . at last
they're getting a taste of what the
girls go through with!!!

All the girls were jealous when
they saw Elbert Amos at the pic-
tures with Marietta Cook.

Speaking of slips! We wonder
what made Bette Williams fall for
Frank Henry at a recent tea
dance. . . .

Is it true that Mr. Keach is go-
ing to be "an old cow-hand" from
Texas???

Bunny can't afford to get serious
yet—but—when the mother-in-law
steps in—um um—

Did the "Terrible Turk" Carr
ever make that phone call???

The co-eds must not be what
they're cracked up to be . . . our

drops into a restaurant for a
warming cup of coffee, children
innocently sleep, and here is your
Christmas night, of many moods
and colors, and it makes you pause
to think, How do we live? By what
strange rules. Can all this crazy
pattern of love and hate, of beauty
and ugliness, can it all be com-
pressed into a simple law?

Yet the mighty universe moves
on, and children innocently sleep,
and far in the south, the wind
quietly stirs the grass above the
tiny field mouse, and all is dark and
silent.

—H. M.

Season's Greetings

—Fiction—

Scene: Anybody's kitchen just
after the evening dishwashing.
Knife Ware has settled down be-
fore the fire to read his newspaper;
and his wife, Fork, is returning
after having put the little spoons
to bed.

Fork: Knife, put that paper
down! I want to talk to you.

Knife: Yes, m'dear.

Fork: Don't think I didn't see
you flirting with that Tablespoon
woman tonight in the dishpan! Oh,
I'm not so blind!

Knife: Now listen, dear . . .

Fork: Don't you "dear" me, you
. . . you cad!

Knife: Not so loud, honey. The
children will hear you.

Fork: (Raising voice) Oh, so
you don't want the children to hear
me, eh? Well, I'm glad you're
ashamed of yourself. Imagine, you,
the father of three children, acting
like that just because you thought
the dishcloth was over my eyes.

Knife: Acting like what? Now
let me ex . . .

Fork: Explain nothing! Listen
to me, Knife Ware. Why, if I
didn't think it would break Iced
Teaspoon's engagement to Cork
Screw, I'd go home tonight.

Knife: Well, if you ask me, I'm
not so keen on that engagement
anyway. That guy is so crooked
he'd have to stand behind himself
to hide.

Fork: Why, Knife Ware, don't
you dare talk like that about your
future son-in-law!

Knife: Future pest, I'd say.

Fork: I am going home!

Knife: Well, go on. And when
you arrive at Frying Pan Manor,
tell that greasy mother of yours,
Mrs. Egg Turner, that she still
owes me 200 bucks on her new han-
dle. And you can tell that worth-
less brother of yours . . .

Fork: Why, you Brute! I was
never so humiliated in my life! To
think that my own husband, the
father of my children, would speak
to me like that! How can you be
so cruel? Boo hoo hoo, I'll take
the children, of course. Boo hoo.
(Exit.)

Knife: Well, I've done it now.
(Stares at fire 2½ minutes. Arises
and goes to door.) Sweetheart!
(¼ minute.) Sweetheart! (½
minute.) Sweetheart! (¾ min-
ute.) Sweetheart, what kind of
coat was that you wanted for
Christmas?

Fork: (voice offstage) Lustre,
darling! I saw it at Wm. Rogers
& Sons, and it's the darlings-
est thing! You'll love it, Sugar.

—H. N. W.

whole freshman football team was
seen at the pictures the other night
sans dates!!!

Overheard!! Do the girls go for
Mr. McNeill's sarcasm???

We wonder if "Nelson Eddy"
Stanley practices his love songs on
Elizabeth Cobb???

Did Lukie ever ketch Ketchum!!

We wonder if the frog still
croaks at Helene!!!

Has the "Blond Menace" stopped
menacing Sara? . . . Do Roslyn!!!

A thought for the freshmen: The
back door is quite an advantage in
rainy weather . . . the sophomores
seem to like the idea, too!

What play were Billy and Mary
Virginia rehearsing on the balcony
at a recent tea dance??? It had all
the earmarks of "Romeo and Juli-
et." (Or were they the earmarks?)

Is Odessa's permanent as per-
manent as her and Burnett's per-
manency???

Pat Dodd and Frank Barragan
are still seen together quite often.
Recently at a library lecture who
pleaded, "Don't go to England yet!
Wait a minute!"

Everyone had better keep out of
our way during the holidays if he
doesn't want to get writ up. . . .
Have a good time though, regard-
less!!!

A La Sandburg

Pile the bodies high in Liberal
Arts and Business ad.,
Shovel them out and let me work,
I am the Dean; I flunk all.
And pile them high in Forestry.
And stack them up in Fine Arts
and Home Ec.,
Shovel them out and let me work!

—Orange Peel.

THE AMEN CORNER

The Innocent Bystander

Call ROMance 851 and ask for Romeo.

The Inkwell knows Darn Good and Well that you can guess each and every one of these starry-eyed puzzles; therefore, no prizes.

What is it that laughs, talks, wears gray, likes boy's basketball, has red hair, likes rabbits, and likes . . .

A gent who walks slouchy, is bad-humored when deprived of cigarettes, works in the library.

What is it that is tall, willowy, and had contusions recently, and likes . . . Lean and lanky, droopy eyes, freq. quarrels, and got glue in his hair once?

Tell us who has two loops in back of her hair, serious, good feger, works on Saturday, and goes for . . . One who dances well, rides in Chevrolets, and is on stud. coun.?

No. 4 is a future doctor, has stomach trouble, talks slowly, has an Indian nose, and a wunnerful fizeek? and moons around . . . Tall, blue eyes, accused of being dumb, holds herself straight?

This one is easy: It wears glasses, is jealous of a blond, wears knee-length stockings, acts serious, but shows signs of gayety . . . And is squired by well-known crooner, recently had a haircut, wears an Esquire collar?

Apple-pie for born Guessers: Future scientist, known to work, indites poetry on the dreamy side, and respects, admires . . . A gal that likes HIS work, and also ham-

Facts On New Profs

Editor's Note—The demand for information on the instructors acquired at the beginning of the present term has warranted the following article, even though we have proposed to give a dedicatory personality sketch of each faculty member in subsequent issues.

—Article—

Dyer

John P. Dyer is a native of New Albany, Miss. He received an A.B. degree from Bryson college. He also received an M.S., and an M.A. from Peabody, and a Ph.D. from Vanderbilt. He was Professor of History at the State Teachers' College at Florence, Alabama. Dr. Dyer taught Social Science at Vanderbilt for two years, and for two years has been teaching at the South Georgia College (Douglas).

Dr. Dyer is a contributing author of "Studies in Social Progress," a series of syllabi which is used by the Social Science Department here in Armstrong, and in general in the University System of Georgia.

He is a member of the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences, the American Historical Association, and is past president of the Alabama Historical Association.

Dr. Dyer is professor of Social Science here, and is Director of Personnel. He is married, and lives at Isle of Hope.

Shiver Ivey M. "Chick" Shiver, Director of Athletics and head of Physical Education Instruction, was on the All-American football team in 1932. He graduated from the University of Georgia in 1928. He received letters in: Football, Baseball, Basketball, and Track. He was on the baseball and football teams all four years, and was captain of both during his Senior year.

He played professional baseball during the summers, and coached at the University during winters, from 1929 until he was called by this college in this year. During

burgers, and has repartee that stings . . . ?

Case 7: Tall, good dancer, has stopped driving fast, good-humored and adores the ground that Short and Sweet, curly hair, rides one horse a time, Sarcastic as H., rides on. (the ground, not the sarcastic.)

There is only one modest, demure, neat, mimic dancer, sweet, blushes (it's her pose), rolls hair at night, quiet, reserved, skittish, coy, constrained, and is idolized by a . . . Tall, original, is reputed to get drunk at Pooler, and would Winchell.

This charming youth is tall, big feet, cheerful, curly hair, good disposish, who puts up with . . . little Tabasco, who runs out of the library every ten minutes.

This Romeo is a baritone, likes cameras, has a sense of humor, and laughs with soprano, who has faith in Union Bag Co., petite, intelligent.

Big-eyes, slinky dancer, man-maker and distractor, admires . . . Out-of-town speed-king, fish-monger, dark eyes . . .

Tall, would appear British, writes passionate and adoring letters to Thomasville, Ga.,

Lives in Thomasville, Ga., looks like Kath. Hepb.

Sits unobtrusively in balconies at tea dances, with . . . another who sits in balconies at tea dances, black hair, shamrock.

his coaching at the University he produced two All-Americans. During his professional baseball career he has played with the Detroit, Cincinnati, Evansville, Indianapolis, Toronto, and Montreal teams. He is married and has two children. Keach

Stacy Keach, professor in the English Department, is a native of Evanston, Illinois. He received A.B. and M.A. from Northwestern University, in Chicago, where he majored in Drama. He was recommended by the dean of the School of Speech of NW. U. as one of the finest men turned out there.

He has been often on the professional stage while pursuing his college courses, and has produced and participated in over forty shows.

Mr. Keach will develop the college stage in carrying out the "Little Theatre" idea. His playing organization of students will be known as the "Armstrong Players."

Attention, girls, he's unmarried. McNeill

John Wilson McNeill, Professor of Commerce, graduated from Ohio State University, at Columbus, O. There he gained A.B. and M.A. degrees. He majored in Finance and Insurance.

Mr. McNeill has taught courses in money and banking, corporation finance, economics, insurance, and labor problems at Ohio State. He is a native of Kenton, Ohio, and is unmarried.

Mr. McNeill is in charge of the Lane School of Finance, a new addition to Armstrong, housed in the former Cann home, which was donated to the college by Mills B. Lane.

Ohio State is ranked as the sixth largest business school in this country, and had an enrollment of 2,250 last year. Mr. McNeill has had courses in Journalism at Ohio State and has much work in Education. He motored to Savannah from Kenton, Ohio, to take up his duties here.

—Wesley de Valinger.

Santa Claus, North Pole

—Article—

Dear Santa Claus,

Ridiculous as it may appear to you and everyone else I still believe in you. I am 20 years old and a college student, having imbibed all the accompanying smart aleckiness, sophistication, and modern ideas, but there's still a crazy streak in me—call it prudishness or old fashionedness if you will—that clings to your old robust figure. Yes, I know you're just an illusion. If you're not some imaginative child's daddy then you're a department store clerk padded and puffed up to toddle around shaking hands with the kids or stand on a cold corner and endlessly jingle your bell over the charity pot. With all the obvious cruel and disappointing facts mocking my childish remnants, I none the less—foolishly perhaps—write to you steadfastly believing that you exist and that you will understand me as you have ever done with your cheery wisdom and ruddy kindness. Does that sound wrong to you? It isn't, because to me your wisdom is tinged with cheeriness and your kindness is as ruddy as your rosy cheeks. Santa, when I was a kid I used to write to you and ask for dolls, tea sets, and brightly painted story books. Do you remember? I believe you do, regardless of the millions of duplicate letters you received. That's what made us kids believe in you—certainty that you knew each of us intimately by names and faces, that you were deeply concerned over our impossible wants, that you loved and worried over us all. You were like the old woman in the shoe except that you had a world full of children instead of just a shoe full. Then we grew up: we were grown people, not just children trying to imitate Mom and Dad. We had real big automobiles now rather than toy ones; we discarded our illusions our Indians suits, our dolls, and carriages, and stepped into the real grown-up whirl of living and laughed at our childhood fancies. Mind you now, Santa, I don't regret growing up. I love this business of doing things, learning things, thinking, and using every brain cell you have to keep up with the rush. It's fun wearing stockings, lady's clothes, pert hats and looking like our little dainty dolls. It's fun having opinions, using judgment, making decisions, and accomplishing things. It's all so much fun to be what we so earnestly strived to be when we were

"keree top." But, Santa, old dear, when Christmas slips around each year, a sort of nostalgia for you gets in my bones and I can't make myself believe that you aren't anymore. On Christmas Eve I can remember how we finally toned down our excitement enough to get in bed, but not to sleep. For hours we would lie awake listening for you, imagining you riding over the housetops with Winkie, Blinkie, and Nod, and squeezing yourself down narrow chimney tops. You were like an invisible spirit who moved among us dishing out your treasure but never actually seen. Finally came the day when we learned that you were just a myth, a nonentity, a wild illusion. It became our job to help create you for those after us but this was a rather forced duty which wasn't nearly so enjoyable nor will be.

Now, Santa, I have returned to you with a child's belief but with a grown-up's request. Santa! bring me this Christmas, the ability to believe with a child's faith in thee.

—Louise Oppen.

A Harvard youth wanted a spree. To a waterfront dive dashed he.

And vehemently spat,
"Hey, waiter, you rat!
Bring me a stiff cup of tea."
—Voo Doo.

Gentleman: "Going around with women a lot keeps you young."
Second Ditto: "How come?"

Gentleman: "I started going around with them four years ago when I was a freshman, and I'm still a freshman."

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SPORT CHATTER

Football has come and gone but it leaves "sore" remembrances in regards to bruises. . . . The last game of the series was as muddy a game as any could have possibly been. It was nothing unusual to see somebody slip down and slide into a puddle of water two or three inches deep. . . . Tommy Stokes must be complimented on his fine punting considering the wet and muddy ball. In the other games his punting was the outstanding feature as his quick kicks averaged close to sixty yards per punt. . . . The freshmen can well be proud of their two sterling ends, Cranman and Waite, as they have proven to be the backbone of the defense. . . . The last game of the series got so exciting that little "Stinky" Miller actually thought that he recovered a blocked punt when in reality Verdery Roberts was lying on top of the ball. Miller afterwards realized that he had not recovered the ball. . . . Can Nairn Ross run or can Nairn Ross run? When Ross intercepted that pass in the last game and ran for a touchdown, he looked like a scared rabbit running. . . . Ask Dufour how it is that he can stand to have mercurchrome put on blisters on his feet and how he came to have a cigarette in his pocket after Coach Shiver had instituted training rules. . . . Coach Shiver sure knows his business about fixing boys' feet after a basketball practice. He works with the carefulness of an expert. . . . Now that cold weather has come, Armstrong letters and jackets are becoming quite prevalent. They look quite the "stuff" don't you think? This year quite a few letters will be given to the varsity of the various teams in the school. . . . Robbie Thomson certainly should make a swell boxing coach for our team as no other man in Savannah has had as much experience in coaching boxing teams as Robbie. You can expect a creditable team to represent Armstrong.

This year Coach Chick Shiver has instituted the custom of playing only Junior Colleges and college freshmen basketball teams. He has definitely decided not to include any high school teams on his schedule. This means that Armstrong will not play Savannah High and Benedictine but Coach Shiver wants to stay within the limits of college teams. Some of the schools that have been contacted in regards to playing them are: South Georgia Teachers College, Belmont Abbey of North Carolina, Georgia Military College, College of Charleston, University of Georgia freshmen, Middle Georgia College, Brewton-Parker Institute, South Georgia State College at Douglas.

Something new in the way of preliminaries for basketball games will probably be introduced this year at some of our basketball games. As soon as the boxing team gets under way, it is being planned to have a few of the boys put on several bouts before each game. Also it has been proposed to have one or two fencing matches between the halves of the games to provide entertainment for the audience.

This year Coach Shiver has laid down strict training rules for the boys out for basketball. There is to be no smoking and any violation of this rule will mean dismissal from the squad. Also there is to be no drinking and each boy is required to get eight hours sleep each night. However, during the Christmas holidays, while practice is suspended, these rules will not be enforced, but it is expected that the boys will be careful not to overdo any one of these rules. Coach Shiver said that the most important thing, in his estimation, in any sport is condition, and that he expects every boy to be in condition and stay in condition during the basketball season.

During a license exam, the cop rode out with a beautiful and otherwise girl. He asked, "What is the white center line for?" She thought awhile and then answered: "For bicycles, of course."

—Punch Bowl.

SPORTS

Arthur Jeffords, Editor

Walton Purse, Assistant

Bull Session- Coeds On The Pan

By Walton Purse.

It had been so rainy for the past three or four days that the horses had not been able to go out so the BRAT, the King of the stables, decided to have a bull session and find out what all the horses thought about the college girls who ride and this is the conversation that went on:

Pony (Running from stall to stall): "King Brat calls a bull session this afternoon."

(Session begins.)

Billy: "King, if you don't stop making eyes at Jo Traub, I am going to kick you out of the club."

Goodness Gracious: "It does seem to me that Egloff could hold her toes in by now. If she could only remember that one little point, she would surely be a nice rider because she has such nice form."

Funny Face: "Some women will never learn. The other day we were all going along so nicely when my escortess, Virginia Bryan, decided that it was time for her to go back to the stables, so she said, 'turn around, Funny darling, and let's go back,' but not on your life. I wanted to stay with the rest of the crowd."

Brat: "Well, there is one question that has to be decided and that is who gets Victor now that Beau is gone."

Flopsy: "I want Victor, I want VICTOR."

Harriet: "Pipe down squerp. I am going to have VICTOR."

Hazel: "You all can fight about her, but as long as I have Libby Levy I don't care. No matter how fast I go, she just doesn't fall off."

Billy: "Selma Solms surely must have a better boy friend than me because when she comes to ride me at 8 in the morning her hair is still rolled up. Looks good though."

Good News: "I surely do like Pat Dodd. She has the best form of any beginner that I have had in a long time."

Midnight: "Betty Williams should certainly go in the circus with her riding. She can do 72 on the home stretch. Sometimes I think I am TOP ROW or DISCOVERY."

Brat: "I have just heard from Lady and she declares she is gaining weight rapidly since she is not under such a nervous strain. You know poor Lady had to witness a near bloody battle between Pierce and McRae every time they came out to the club. Pierce declared that there was no canter like Lady's. McRae said even so that she didn't have to be so greedy with him."

Christie: "The other day Rosalyn Kravitch said that she would like to stop and get that pretty butterfly so I like a gentleman, stopped, knelt down for her to get off and what does she do but slide down my neck and over my head. Thank goodness she didn't get hurt. It only ripped her pants in the seam, but the way Jo Traub came to see if I was hurt surely made my heart beat fast. She's not so bad looking."

Good News: "If I don't want to hold my ears up I don't see why I have to. After all, they are my ears and not Jane Chapman's, but I shouldn't fuss because she is a nice rider."

Harriet: "When I came down the road the other day without Georgia Anna Hill, a man stopped me and said, where's the circus. Was I mortified!"

Midnight: "The way Rachel Keever turned me around the other day you would have thought she was driving that cute little 2 by 2 Chev'y around on a gold dollar, although Prof. Askew claimed there was no such thing."

Goodness Gracious: "You know that little Fannie Oast sure has got nice hands."

Brat: "Tell us more. I think she has a cute figure, too."

Billy: "I don't see why Virginia White doesn't like to ride me. I only tried to sit in a muddy pond with her once."

Brat: "I would like to have a word. I think it is terrible the way Virginia jumps over logs and turns corners on Good News. She



"Chick" Shiver, Coach

Basket Season

(Continued from page 1)

The probable line-up for the game tonight is:

Armstrong.	S. G. T. C.
McLaughlin, f.	Bagley, f.
Dupont, f.	Golden or Stewart, f.
	Stephens or
Cranman, c.	Abelson, c.
Lanier, g.	Warren, g.
Karnibad, g.	Carter, g.
Referees: Bob White and J. D. Purvis.	

Boxing Practice Will Begin

On January 5, boxing practice will begin on the third floor of the Armstrong building under the direction of Robbie Thomson, an outstanding boxing coach. This sport is a new activity in the extra-curricular activities of the school and is expected to prove very popular with the boys.

General practices will be held for several weeks in order that the boys may get into good condition and then a tournament will be held to determine the better fighters in each weight in the school. This group will constitute the varsity who will practice at different times from the remainder of the boys. The remaining boys will fight as the class teams and will participate among themselves. They will practice in the afternoon at their regular P. E. periods while the varsity will practice at night.

There are several boys in the school who have had experience in fighting. Among these are Miller, Cranman, Tyre and Mopper.

Matches are being sought with South Georgia Teachers College, Georgia Freshmen, and Georgia Military College. Three matches will be fought at home and three out of town.

goes so fast sometimes that she almost gets out of breath."

G. G.: "Whatcha say we have a club for all those who have bitten the dust."

Little Bit: "That is a good idea but there won't be many. Why, only eight have been off. Those who are eligible are: Virginia Quinan, Rachel Keever, Virginia Bryan, Bette Williams, Georgia Anna Hill, Rosalyn Kravitch, Adele Ketchum, and Virginia White."

Billy: "This woman, Sara Henderson, expects me to stop every fifteen minutes so that she can put on lipstick and powder. But she does look good, doesn't she?"

Good News: "The other day I saw a big bush in the road so I jumped out of the way of it, and Jo Logan went so high in the air that you could have studied astronomy with little trouble."

Brat: "Did anyone hear what those things were called that Victor had on the other day when it was cold. I am not talking about her woolen socks, either."

Well, it is time to eat our oats, so until another day, say good-bye and we hope you all will have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

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