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Spring 1-15-1937

The Inkwell

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"Three-Cornered Moon," Is Comedy of Family Life

Set Designed By Ernestine
Cole; Louise Oppen Is
Assistant Director; Callie
Morris, Stage Manager

The grand opening of the Savannah Playhouse, the college theater, will be held Thursday and Friday evenings, February 4 and 5, with the presentation of the modern three-act comedy, "Three-Cornered Moon," in the college auditorium. According to present plans, the premiere will be a gala occasion with both local and out-of-town notables in attendance.

The play has now been in rehearsal for over a month under the direction of Stacy Keach, professor in dramatics and director of the Savannah Playhouse. Mr. Keach has had wide experience in the theater, and the cast is rapidly developing under his capable leadership.

"Three-Cornered Moon" deals with the life of the Rimplegars, a rather extraordinary family of Brooklyn, whose antics are, to say the least, rather peculiar and are decidedly funny. However, the characters are all every-day people with whose counterparts we are all familiar, and in this lies the humor of the play. The play enjoyed a long, successful run on Broadway and has been made into an equally successful motion picture. The plot revolves around the lost family fortune, and the way in which the various members react when they become poor after a long period of moderate wealth. Many of the situations are laughable to the extreme, and clever lines are found throughout.

The cast is one which as a whole has had considerable experience on the local stage. It is composed entirely, with the exception of two persons, of students at the college. Mrs. Rimplegar, mother of the family and one of its most extraordinary members, is portrayed by Elaine Monroe, who has appeared in many of the Town Theatre productions. The part of Elizabeth, her daughter who can't quite make up her mind as to which man she loves, is played by Carolyn Oliver, who is well known for her numerous performances with the Savannah High School Dramatic Club. William Blythe-wood, who assumes the role of Dr. Stevens, the only practical person connected with the Rimplegars, has also had considerable experience in acting and directing. Other members of the cast include, "Kenneth," Bertram Cooper; "Ed," Robert McCuen; "Donald," Robert Hull; "Douglas," Hugh Taylor; "Kitty," Celia Stevens; "Jenny," Mrs. Ann Goldberg.

"Three-Cornered Moon" is the first of a series of four plays which will be presented by the Savannah Playhouse during the present scholastic year. Dates and names of the other shows will be announced shortly. The college theater is the first amateur theater operating for the good of the community since the disbanding of the old Town Theatre, and the enthusiastic support of the entire city is expected by those in charge of the productions. Students of the college, who will benefit more than any other group from the founding of an active college theater, should co-operate to the fullest in making it the greatest possible success, declares the college administration.

Scenery for the play is being constructed in the scene shop by groups of students under the direction of Mr. Keach and James McCreery, Savannah Playhouse technician. Part of the work is being done by students in the Play Production classes.

A play making use of only one set was chosen for the first production because much of the stage equipment has not yet arrived. In the future, shows requiring more than one set and embodying fea-

(Continued on page 3)

Lanier Captains Basket Squad

Jack McLaughlin Is Assistant;
Both Have Fine Records
Among City's Best Basket-
eers; Starred In Opener

Robert "Bunny" Lanier was recently elected captain of the Armstrong Junior College basketball team and Jack McLaughlin was chosen as alternate captain. This is the first time that any inter-collegiate sport has had a captain as last year no captain was chosen for the basketball team.

Both boys are fine "fellers" and players. At the present "Bunny" is the ace guard of the team while Jack is one of the boys who packs a scoring punch at forward.

Bunny should make a fine captain and leader for the boys as he is a very capable person and should be able to get the boys to working together. During his career at Savannah High School Robert was on the basketball squad, but it was not until after he graduated from there in 1934 that he began to show his outstanding ability which has made him one of the most feared and respected players in the city in this sport. In '35 and '36 Bunny played with the Medical Detachment, champions of the City League, and was chosen "all-city" guard. Last year he played with Armstrong's basketball representatives and was the mainstay and guiding spirit of the team. At the end of the season he was selected on the "all-city" team composed of players of high school, Benedictine and the Junior College. This year Bunny showed that he had lost none of the outstanding ability during the year by turning in a sparkling performance in our first game of the season against South Georgia Teachers College of Statesboro, and it is expected that he will enjoy his best season of his career.

Jack McLaughlin has already proven by his brilliant performance in our first game that his selection as alternate captain of the team was justified. Jack is an experienced player, having played for two years on the basketball team at Benedictine from which he graduated last spring. Jack is not very large but he makes up for his lack of height by his remarkable ability to get around the court and in handling the ball. In our first game he was high point man and it can be relied upon that in every other game that Jack's name will be mentioned in the scoring.

With these two boys to lead our team this year, the outlook for the future is very bright and if the leadership that these two boys display has anything to do with putting out a fine team it can be said now that we are going to have a "swell" ball club before the season is over.

Who's Who On The Team

For the students' information and interest will be found below a short description of each of our basketball players and their uniform numbers so that in the future you people who do not know the players will be able to know the players' names.

No.	Name	Pos.	Ht.	Squad	Yrs. on
1	Edward Morgan	C	6.1½	1	Jersey
2	Edward Dufour	G	5.10	1	
3	Nathan Karnibad	G	5.10	*2	
4	John Dupont	F	6.1	1	
5	Robert Miller	F	5.6	1	
6	Tom Carr	C	6.1	2	
7	Woodrow Breland	G	6.1	1	

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Editor Stalked In Native Lair

Shrewd Reporter Arms Him-
self With Peanut Butter -
Cracker On Approaching
News Den; Will Get Raise

Having absolutely nothing else to do, I turned my footprints toward *The Inkwell* Office, Lane building, third floor rear.

The editor saw me first and grew red in the face. "Where are all those articles you're supposed to turn in?"

They are home, I lied, home in the typewriter.

"Well, when are you going to get them in, next year?" I threw a book at him and sat down, full of sympathy for his hard life.

Then I got an idea. "Why don't you raise my salary from two pats on the back to four? Then I would put my whole heart into my work."

"Yeah," he replied, shamelessly, "aorta do that!" Then his jaw set and he continued: "By the way, what about that article and that story and that book-review?" Sure, sure, said I, and subtly drew some peanut-butter crackers from my pocket. He rose with dignity and snatched some of them and then a quieter air pervaded *The Inkwell* office.

After some more pleasant chat, a good idea, or well, an idea, came to me. "Editor, suppose I interview you? You are so famous and you have so fooled people into thinking you have a brain, that at least five people would read the blame thing."

"How do you figure such a high average?"

"Well, our family ought to read it, if we insist on it. 'OK then,' he said gracefully, 'shoot me the questions.'"

I stared at the ceiling for a spell, then the Editor said: "You are supposed to ask me questions, like, Do you like blondes or brunettes?"

Me: Do you like blondes or brunettes?
Editor: Sure.

Me: Do you like blondes or brunettes?

Editor: Yes, uh, no no! You must ask me other questions. Don't stay on one subject all the time! You got to have variety.

What about study then?
Editor (trembling): I . . . I, don't know.

What about love?
Editor: Love is a worry and a bother.

Do you like newspaper work?
Editor: No!

What do you plan to do when you finish college?

Editor: Newspaper work.

What about the younger generation?

Editor: They need more sunshine and security.

Do you think country boys are better off?

Editor: Yeah, they have more time to reflect.

Ha-ha.

Editor (turning red): What do you mean, SIR!

Have you got any opinions?

Editor: No, Nietzsche said convictions are prisons.

Is Nietzsche editor of a school-paper?

Editor: No, of course not, you dummy. He works on the Ladies' Garment Trade Journal.

What about success?

Editor: Preparation is ever the seed of success.

Listen, you creature, don't hand me no platitudes!

Editor (putting his feet on the wall): The ladder of life is full of splinters.

Your head is also full of splinters.

Editor (throwing book at me): I work and slave on this paper, and look what I get! Just for your insolence, you got to hand in 6,000 articles, 3,500 dramas, and 1 poem by next week!

Me: In quarto?

Editor: No, pronto!

Comprehensive View of Past Year Is Reminiscent

Cash Prize To Be
Given For Best Name

Hinckley Murphy, Alva Lines
To Publish Modern, At-
tractive Annual At The End
Of Next Quarter

A prize of one dollar will be awarded to the student who selects the most appropriate name for the yearbook, it is announced by Hinckley Murphy, editor of the annual. The student body will sit in judgment of the names submitted, and will choose, by voting, the name which seems most appropriate.

A box will be set up in the lobby of the Armstrong building near the bulletin board, and students will be expected to drop suggestions in for naming the annual.

Several names will be selected from those submitted and presented to a student assembly to be voted on at one of the regular Friday sessions.

Mr. Murphy informs *The Inkwell* the main emphasis of the book will be put on this year's graduating class, with lesser accent on last year, night school, and other activities of school life, both scholastic and extra-curricular.

Several themes are being considered for use as a basic form of the book, and it will be divided into appropriate sections dealing with various subjects of permanent interest to students, to be useful as a compact memory of their stay at Armstrong.

Arrangements are being made to have individual photographs of students by a professional photographer. A reasonable fee will be charged each student for his picture.

The annual will be predominantly pictorial in its approach, and will be large enough to include all aspects of campus life.

Alva Lines is business manager of the book, and it is expected others will be appointed to staff membership right away.

Smith, Dreese Court At Pooler; Make Big News

Two sturdy Armstrong Romeos, Sidney Smith and Stockton Dreese, have been cavorting with Cupid out at Pooler lately, *The Inkwell* is informed by its operative in that metropolis.

It seems that a large crowd had gathered at a local railway station to greet a young lady on her arrival home from school for the holidays, when Sidney and Stockton conceived the bright idea of driving out to Pooler and heading her off. They planned to motor back to Savannah accompanied by their fair friend, thus putting one over on the expectant group waiting at the station.

Our informant says when the train pulled into Pooler, Sid climbed aboard to rescue the maid from the fiery dragon; but the conductor, who was evidently an unromantic fellow, thought Sid was just another passenger and waved the train on to Savannah. You, dear reader, can imagine the amazement of the welcoming committee on seeing Sidney, who had so recently been a member, step from the train when it stopped at the Savannah station.

Stockton meanwhile, also amazed at the turn of events, had to drive all the way back to Savannah alone and unwelcomed. Reliable sources allege he appeared to be mad as heck.

Remember The Dedication,
The Plays, The Building,
Romances, Tests, Games,
And Then The Freshmen?

By Ann Gibson,
Staff Writer

Gone With the Wind is just about the best epitaph for 1936. While Talmadge, and Landon, and King Edward were all doing it, here's what happened at Armstrong.

Early in January Mrs. Moltz dedicated the school. Remember the baby pulling the cord to unveil the portrait; and how many people jammed the stately, palm-decorated hall; and the pride with which we sang the school song; and how many times Mr. Jacobson's "music went round and round"? January brought our first public sport participation. We lost a thrilling game to Savannah High. That was when we led all game until they tied us at the whistle and then won the play-off. Remember how inspiredly Battle and Billy and Bunny played? how many sore throats we had the next day? and how grand the dance was afterwards? and Mr. Boyd's advice to the lovelorn? The workmen were tearing down the quaint old stable and digging up the back yard then—coming events casting their shadows.

In February Mr. Lane donated the Cann house to the city for the Finance and Commerce College. Gosh, but we were excited about it, that day *The Inkwell* announced the gift. We eyed the house speculatively over the wall.

Construction on the auditorium had begun in March and we realized at the beginning of the third quarter that the serenity of the past two quarters had vanished into limbo for us. Fencing time came around, and we got to school at eight every morning for Mr. Gignilliat. The azaleas in Forsyth were so plentiful and interesting that you could find anyone window gazing, even the profs. Remember how many romances blossomed forth also, in April? *The Inkwell* published an editorial on how to study! And the scandal column was longer than ever.

Oxford has a custom of celebrating the coming of the May with a traditional service at Magdalen Tower, all the students gathering at the foot to catcall and jeer at the singing choir boys on the top. We did that every day in May, catcalling or such at that red-faced man who used to ride the top rail on the steel frame of the auditorium. May is the month of feverish activity on the campus. Everyone seems to be making the most of the little time left in the school year. Do you remember how black Summery was in "Boy Chillun"? and all the fun we had at the mock trial; getting our picture took; voting with Australian ballots for the Annual editor? Will you ever forget that incessant noise, a peculiar rasping screeching repeated at intervals all day? Or the warm May sun filling the hall? The inspiring sight of our faculty capped and gownned? Or Dr. Paty's wonderful address at commencement exercises? Or the strange feeling an empty school gave when you came in on a hot summer day, to find the auditorium bulking, shadowing the hall and the staircase?

With September came the first quarter of the second year, enrollment in the new night classes, and four new profs. Hearty complaints were raised at the physical examinations, and sororities, and freshmen rules. Still noise for the first two weeks, then we began to enjoy our actual auditorium. Strange sight it was to see Freshmen caps and stranger to feel class consciousness, as we sat, not in our old rooms, but the new. We found a Play Production Group had arisen along with Finances and Objective tests. The whole outlook had

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THE INKWELL

Official Student Organ,
Armstrong Junior College
of Savannah, Georgia

Published Monthly

Member Georgia Collegiate Press Association

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VOL. II JANUARY 15, 1937 No. 4

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

Congratulations are due Bob McCuen, who made such a splendid scholastic record during the past quarter. Bob is an alumnus of *The Inkwell* staff, having been editor last year.

Samsons

It was quite surprising that the student body didn't turn out en masse for the opening game of the basket ball season. Nathan Karnibad's performance alone was worth the normal price of admission; but as the game was free to students, we just can't comprehend the reasoning of the majority which stayed away.

Besides the interesting individuals who strove for Armstrong, the excitement of the game warranted full attendance. Point by point the contest was doggedly carried up and down the court, and thrills aplenty were experienced.

When Reuben Kronstadt shot a perfect foul with the whole auditorium quietly tense, the subsequent emotional breakdown was really classic as a piece of drama. Robert Lanier turned in his usual stellar game, always in the lead when the teams swept down the court toward the opposition's basket. Coleman Mopper, in his cool manner, was a mainstay in the Armstrong clan, working hardest when the going was toughest.

Arthur Cranman and Jack McLaughlin, late prep schoolers, gave the team that punch that put it ahead each time the visitors scored. It was this inevitable recovery that brought victory.

The need for organized cheering was evidenced at the game. The small crowd which turned out was quieter than when in the classroom, until the Samsons worked up point by point to battle furiously during the last few minutes of play.

In the fast moments, the gallery showed spirit and excitement; and that was the time for well practiced yells. Augusta Oelschig and Frank Sanders, two willing cheer leaders, made an excellent showing, despite the lack of organization.

The suggestion to hold regular pep meetings at assembly is, we think, a great idea. As timely as the proposal is, it is even more desirable for its psychological effect. You know, molding the old school spirit, etc.

New Term

Now is the time for all good men to make resolutions for the new year and for the new term. It so happens that under our system, the second quarter of school work is coincidental with the beginning of a new year, making resolutions on our part doubly apropos.

The late quarter has been one of progressive development. It has seen and sanctioned the advent of new elements into the faculty, the student body, and the institution proper. It has noted the blending and adjusting of the elements in preparation for the term now incumbent. It has witnessed a good start.

In passing, it might be well to say that student organizations and organized student activities haven't developed as far as they might have. Besides social fraternities, student clubs in such special fields as music, social science, literature, debate, dramatics, and athletics have not become active. It is hoped that these or similar clubs will be formed among the students. Somehow student clubs seem to tie the knot of allegiance more securely to one's alma mater.

Last quarter, like the first quarter of school last year, was a crucial time for the college. Last year the college met the strongest test in firmly withstanding all obstacles it encountered in establishing itself. This year it has demanded additional respect by doubling itself and carrying on in the high scholastic vein in which it was conceived and fostered. It has taken its place as the center of Savannah's cultural activity, developer of its youth, balancer of its mental budget.

Yearbook

Naming the yearbook is, of course, a rather serious problem. It is necessary that the student body become fully conscious of its actions as precedents for future classes. In years to come, what students are doing will be news, and what we have done will be history. We must be especially careful, then, in establishing those things which will be carried on in tradition, and under which future students may proudly work.

In this day of modernism and changing styles, we are consciously or unconsciously reverting to older styles. Simplicity in dress, in household objects, in printing, and scores of other things once held sway because they were raw and undeveloped. Then it became the style for fanciness and for dressing up. Millions daily searched for something new or different; and so confusing and uninteresting have patterns grown, that simplicity is now in vogue again.

It is funny to look back on styles of ten years ago. They were gaudy and unnatural. Yet, older, plainer things are now more pleasing. Simple and dignified themes last through periods of change and changing styles.

It is with the idea of simplicity, dignity, in mind that we suggest *The Armstrong Annual* as a name for the yearbook. In making the suggestion, we realize that many will disagree: it is to be expected, and even desired. With clashings of opinion, we shall be certain to have a tested name, one that will stand the gaff.

Our suggestion is only made as a lead for the student body to follow up, giving more suggestions and criticizing those already submitted.



Miss Margaret Spencer

Issue Dedicated To Margaret Spencer

Miss Margaret Spencer, executive treasurer and assistant professor at Armstrong Junior College, is a product of the home town, having been born in Savannah.

As a little girl, she claims she was quite horrible, usually getting into a great deal of mischief and being a tom boy. Her main enjoyment was reading books and practicing piano; the latter she has done since she was ten years old. Incidentally, Miss Spencer says she has not been able to find time to practice in the last three years.

After graduating from Savannah High School, she attended Converse College, where she received a B. Mus. degree. While at Converse, her favorite pastime was collecting pictures of ships, which she hung on her side of the room, because she had a roommate whose hobby was collecting baby pictures, which were draped on the other side. Miss Spencer declared the two contrasts made a lovely sight.

She then spent two years at the University of Georgia, obtaining an A. B. degree. Her decision to become a teacher came after being offered a job teaching French at Savannah High Summer School. Miss Spencer found the work so interesting that she decided to give up her first love, music, and become a mentor.

Thus far, Miss Spencer has spent an eventful life, due to her many occupations and activities. Having played the piano in a number of recitals in Savannah, Spartanburg and Athens, she declared the most outstanding performance she ever gave was in Savannah when she played the Concerto in A Minor by Grieg at the Municipal Auditorium, presented by Savannah Symphony and Choral Society, and received a great ovation and a headline in the morning paper the next day. At this point, Miss Spencer became very excited, because she declared this event was the most thrilling of her career and the only thing of importance that she ever did in Savannah.

Her first job was obtained when she completed her junior year in college. Mr. Dunning, Customs Collector, took her to Atlanta to act as his secretary while the legislature was in session during the summer.

Miss Spencer is quite an unusual person, and is actually much pleased with what she is doing, considering teaching the most fascinating profession possible and has an ambition to be a professor of very high standing. She likes to read books, particularly good English and French literature, and of course music plays a great part in her life.

Asked what she did in her spare time, Miss Spencer replied that she had none; but if she did, she would read.

Bridge is her pet aversion, as is any occupation which is neither constructive nor highly enjoyable to her.

Miss Spencer is an active participant in social organizations, belonging to the Zodiac, which consists of ten junior girls at the University of Georgia, who made the highest averages in their sopho-

Exchange

Grace Bounds, Editor

North Georgia College is making a drive for a football team. The school paper is sponsoring a poll to determine the interest of the students concerning this phase of sport activity.

The Cadet Bugler—
North Georgia College.

In eight years the *College Chatter* has developed from a joke sheet into a ranking Arkansas college newspaper, known in college circles over the United States. The *Chatter* has received high rating in the state college journalism circles for the past five years.

College Chatter—
Little Rock Junior College.

Social tact is making your company feel at home when you wish they were.

Germans name their battleships after jokes so the English won't see them.

A "sugar daddy" is a form of crystalized sap.

Who said it first?

"Come up and see me sometime?"

—Cleopatra to Anthony.

"Be yourself." — Priscilla to John.

"You nasty man." — Caesar to Brutus.

"Step on it." — Walter Raleigh to Elizabeth.

"I hope you choke." — Jonah.

The Students Prints—
Middlesex Junior College.

The Bucknell Beacon has an interesting feature each issue. The paper presents two well known students, a girl and a boy. There are clever pen portraits drawn of the persons presented and a sketch of their life before and at college.

The Bucknell Beacon—
Bucknell University Junior College.

Her mind is like a railroad time table: subject to change without notice.

Some people cause happiness wherever they go; others, whenever they go.

A woman's best asset is a man's imagination.

The Princeton cheering section rose as one raccoon.

The West Georgian—
West Georgia College.

Blue eyes gaze at mine—vexation.

Soft hand clasped mine—palpitation.

Fair hair brushing mine—expectation.

Red lips close to mine—temptation.

Footsteps—damnation!!!

The West Georgian—
West Georgia College.

We Who Watch Death

We who watch Death, abstract and cold,
And in calm fingers weigh and hold

The naked scalpel swift to slay,
The cryptic forceps, taut to fray
Life's last bewildering thread now old,

We know Death's presence, casual, bold;

The straining pause as clock ticks fold,

We guide his touch, observe his way,

We who watch Death.

To Death, our comrade, we have told

The idle hopes blind friends have sold,

But we who kill, quench life each day,

To what strange God for mercy pray,

To what faith could we cling consoled?

We who watch Death.

—Cecil Reid Reinstein.

more year. She is also a member of the Kappa Delta Sorority and the A. A. U. W.

A popular member of the faculty, Miss Spencer leads the Glee Club and is interested in many student affairs and activities.

We Who Are About To Die

—An Idea for a Play—

The stage is set as an ordinary living-room of a middle class family. In it, there is a piano, two upholstered chairs, and other undistinguished furniture. The room is vulgarized by several ugly pictures.

A sound as of machine-guns is heard. Sonny, Johnny, Billy (small boys) swagger on stage, one by one, carrying toy guns, etc.

Sonny: Boy, that was a swell movie!

Johnny: How 'bout when the hero was wounded and his pal crawled out and rescued him, under fire.

Bill: That saved his life! Gee, that was brave.

Sonny: And then they were able to beat the enemy.

Johnny: Yeah, that was good, but it was real scary when the submarine kept torpedoing the convoy.

Sonny (contemptuously): You wouldn't be much of a soldier if you get scared all the time.

Johnny: If it was real, I wouldn't be scared.

Bill (acts tough): And besides, them submarines ain't nothing compared to this baby. (He aims his toy machine-gun. Sonny and Johnny run and hide behind chairs, and they pretend a big battle. The machine gunner hides behind the street door, and sweeps the room with his gun). Sonny jumps up suddenly and, as if wounded, staggers, dramatically clutching his chest. The machine-gun stops, and Johnny creeps from behind his chair, and pretends he is rescuing his pal, like in the movie. Then the machine-gun starts again, and they both are wounded again. Sonny rises and pretends to go "wild" and then falls dead beside his pal. The machine-gun stops. They all lie still a moment, then a voice is heard, backstage:

Mother (backstage): Sonny, did you get those groceries?

The two lying down raise themselves on their hands, sheepishly.

Mother: Sonny? (Looks in at right door).

Sonny: I was just going for it, mama. (Gets up, sheepishly).

Mother: What on earth are you doing?

Sonny: Oh, nothing.

Mother: Well, hurry; supper is waiting. (Goes out).

Sonny: Come go to the store with me?

Bill: Nah. You never go with me when I ask you.

Mother's voice: Hurry with the groceries, Sonny.

Sonny: Well, I'll see you (sings) "when the moon comes over the mountain."

Johnny (imitates): Moo . . . !

Bill: Last lick! (hits Sonny and they run out).

About one hour later: Virgy, a young, but rather mature girl, enters the living room, and tidies up the room, folding the newspapers, etc. Then she goes to the piano and practices a five-finger exercise. Her mother comes in.

Virgy (impatiently): O, Mother, over tonight.

Mother: His parents are coming, too. Try not to make too much noise; you know Mrs. Brown is so nervous.

Virgy (impatiently): O, Mother, you talk as if I were a child.

Sonny enters room, eating a piece of bread.

Mother: Now, Sonny, you must study early tonight, and don't go out!

Sonny: Aw, I haven't hardly any more lessons.

Virgy (shouts): Have hardly, not haven't hardly!

Sonny: I'll ask Bill what the history lesson is for tomorrow.

Mother (reading newspaper): Telephone him.

Sonny: Please mama, I won't take long.

Mother (firmly): Go study, Son.

Sonny: Please?

Mother (raises voice): No!

Sonny: Aw shucks, I can't ever hardly do anything around here.

Virgy: And why don't you make him wash his face; he never looks halfway decent.

Sonny (thumbs nose): Blaah! (Goes out, kicking chair).

Mother goes out also, reading newspaper. Virgy returns to her practice.

Hero Worship

Long ago I had a friend,
Who was a hero in my sight.
Whatever he did, so did I;
I mocked his walk,
And took on his expressions.

Then I met such another.
He, too, left his mark on me.
Whenever he spoke, I listened;
And what he said I pondered over,
For he was wise (he said so).

Years later we three met.
Number One was awkward, vulgar;
And Number Two spoke in idioms,
Which, translated, meant nothing.
They said, How you have grown!
—H. N. W.

Sonny tries to creep across living room without being seen. Halfway across, Virgy plays more softly, and speaks: "All right, big boy."

Sonny: Aw come on, Virgy! I'll come right back.

Virgy: You can't kid me! You better come back quick.

Sonny (runs whooping): Oh, I love my hiss hiss, history! (Runs out).

Virgy (laughs): You little devil! (Resumes playing).

A knock is heard. Virgy answers the door.

Virgy: John!

John: Hello, Virgy. How's everything?

Virgy (joyfully): Better! Everything's better when you—

John: Golly I'm glad to be back, too. They nearly worked us to death up at school.

Virgy takes his coat, and they sit on the sofa, cosily.

Virgy: Gee, you look well!

John: You aren't so bad yourself!

Virgy (menacingly): Who said I was bad! (They laugh).

John: I'm going to like this vacation.

Virgy: I wonder why? (Coyly).

John: Oh, I'm going to read the Rover Boys, sill! What does the paper say about the war-scare?

Virgy: Do you think it's serious?

John: Yeah. I guess I'll soon be cannon-fodder.

Virgy: Why do people fight, anyway?

John: From ambition, anger, and to make enormous profits. A great war is different from a private fight. War is organized, cold-blooded.

Virgy (seriously): John, they can't have you.

John (laughs): Oh, they'll have me!

A knock is heard. Virgy goes and opens the door.

Virgy: Why good evening. Come in!

Mr. and Mrs. Brown (John's parents): Good evening, Virginia!

Mrs. Brown: We just saw Sonny playing outside. (Laughs).

Virgy (takes their wraps): Yes, he is studying history. (All laugh).

Mother will be down in just a minute. (Goes out).

John (to his parents): Hello.

Mrs. Brown (not unkindly): John, we hardly see you at home any more.

Mr. Brown (sarcastically): We'll have to invite Virginia over to see us, so you will stay home.

Mrs. Brown: Oh, we understand, John. It's alright. (Smiles).

Virgy enters with mother, and at the same time, a knock is heard at the street door. John answers it.

John: Why, hello, Huckleberry. I haven't seen you in a coon's age!

Huckleberry: Oh, everything's been fine, John. Good evening, everybody.

Virgy: Let me take your coat, Huck.

Mrs. Brown (to mother): Mary, I've just been telling John we never see him except over here, lately.

Mother: Isn't it so? But don't you mind, John. I hear you've made a wonderful record at school.

John: Oh, it's nothing to brag about.

Mr. Brown: Yes, what about that D in Chemistry? (Grins).

Virgy: Well, he is so interested in history, he has no time for the other studies.

John (embarrassed): Oh, let's change the subject. (Awkwardly).

"Three-Cornered Moon"

(Continued from page 1)

tures of the experimental theater will be produced. The set for "Three-Cornered Moon" was designed by Ernestine Cole.

The stage equipment of the auditorium is somewhat limited as yet, but will beentirely adequate for the successful production of a realistic play of the nature of "Three-Cornered Moon." It will be built up as time goes on, and it is planned that the Savannah Playhouse will eventually possess equipment which will equal or surpass that of any amateur group in this area. According to Mr. Keach, special attention will be paid to the lighting factor in the theater, and electrical equipment will be of the finest type so the Savannah Playhouse might present to the Savannah audiences productions of a nature never seen here before, but which are coming into increasing prominence on the professional stage of this and other countries.

Work on the technical and production phases of "Three-Cornered Moon" is being handled by crews of students in the Play Production Class of Mr. Keach. The crew assignments are as follows: Stage Crew: James McCreery, Technician; Ernestine Cole, Nairn Ross, Margaret Mustin, Zenobia Heins, Walton Purse, and Verdery Roberts; Property Crew: Gene Bur-

Huckleberry: Well, what about the war-scare, Mr. Brown?

Mrs. Brown: Isn't it dreadful?

Mr. Brown: It surely looks serious.

Huckleberry: I can't understand how we got into that trouble over there.

John: Why, it's imperialism.

Mrs. Brown (a little puzzled): I just don't understand it all.

John: Sure, imperialism. Extend our markets, fight to protect our foreign investments.

Mr. Brown: Why . . . (a loud knock is heard, then Uncle Ned bursts into the room, waving a newspaper).

Uncle Ned: Say! War is coming! Everybody remains silent for a moment, and Uncle Ned reads on, a typical inflammatory propagandist article.

Uncle Ned: Our troops have landed, and will protect our interests. Our consul reported tortured by bandits.

John: I haven't any interests in China.

Virgy: Well?

John: Imperialism! Isn't that clear?

Uncle Ned (stupidly): Why, the article don't mention imperialism.

John: Of course not.

Mother: Oh, I hope we won't have another dreadful war.

Mrs. Brown: I can't believe they will be so foolish.

John: They? Who is they?

Mrs. Brown (confused): They? Why—whatever it is that, why, the war department, of course.

Huckleberry: We young men don't get anything out of war.

Mrs. Brown: Oh, it's all so complex.

Uncle Ned rattles the newspaper; acts annoyed.

Mother: Virgy, suppose you get out the card table; we can have a nice little game of bridge. (Virgy and John get the table). Hasn't it been cold lately? (Virgy and John set up the table).

Mr. Brown (carrying on the argument): You young men are a bit idealistic.

Uncle Ned: What's all the argument about, anyhow? We got to protect ourselves from them dirty bandits.

John (fiercely): Protect ourselves? Five thousand miles from home? That doesn't make sense. I'm willing to protect our shores, but why should I stretch my guts on barbed-wire over there?

Mrs. Brown (shocked): John! Such language!

Mr. Brown: Be more moderate, John.

John (keeps on, excitedly): You know it is true!

Virgy: But do you have to go, John?

John (ironically): That's the idea.

Virgy: Why?

John: To protect some investment, that's why.

Mr. Brown: This is not philosophy, John, it's reality.

Evening

As a breath from a censor,
twilight rose
Into an ethereal lake
Of saffron scented waters,
Drifting to sea.

Abstractions

I
(Philosophy)
Beneath the waters I can see your glow
As you lie in my azure bowl,
Strange—
That I cannot touch you
Lost little star.

II
(Beauty)
I do not know why Jasmine petals fall
Or where their life has gone,
Yet I
Their star—wide fragrance drink,
Need I know more?

CECIL REID REINSTEIN

roughs, Property Mistress; Emily Clarke, Margaret Wright, Nelta Beckett; Make-Up Crew: Mary Eyler, Head of Crew; Louis Opper; Publicity Crew: Robert McCuen, Chief of Staff; Victoria Jenkins, Elsie McIver, Robert Lanier; Costume Crew: Janet Rushing, Chief Costumer; Celia Wall, Cathryn Byers; Lighting Crew: Wendell Hardwick, Chief Electrician; Wray Potter, and Mary Farr.

Callie Morris is stage manager for the show, and Louise Opper is assistant to the director.

John: Reality, or a stupid custom? Why not protect our own shores, and let the rest go?

Mrs. Brown: Don't be impertinent, John. You forget yourself.

John: I'm sorry.

Mr. Brown: You'll go alright.

Uncle Ned: You want to live forever?

John (angry at the stupid fatalism): No! I want to die. I want to wallow in a mudhole. I want the glory of lice and filthy diseases! (Fiercely) Can't you see? Can't you?

Uncle Ned (after a pause): Well, I fought in the Spanish war.

Mr. Brown: Yes, son. I think I'm beginning to see.

Uncle Ned (shrugs shoulders): Besides, you might not even get hurt.

John: Somebody will.

Uncle Ned: Don't be crazy, worrying about other people.

John: Is our final law to be hate?

Mrs. Brown: Oh, it's all so complex.

Virgy: But why should you go and be killed?

John: Don't make me laugh. You can't change it by wishes. You have to blot out the causes.

Uncle Ned: That's impossible.

John: Not if people act together. The trouble is, you've never really thought about what lies beneath all this propaganda.

Mrs. Brown: John, don't be so impertinent.

John: Oh, I'm not blaming mother. But how can you worry about the world after you have worked all day? (Changes manner). But we must think, and act, too.

Mr. Brown (slowly): Yes, we must try to see through their mean tricks.

A cry is heard backstage, at first soft, then louder.

War! War! Extra! All about de war. Extra!

John jumps up.

Uncle Ned: Here, let me get a paper. (Runs to door). Here, boy! (Returns, shouting): Enemy reported entering American concession. Great property damage. War expected hourly.

Virgy: We don't want war.

Uncle Ned: See? I told you so. John (decisively, impudently): I told you!

Mr. Brown: Maybe it won't last long.

Uncle Ned: Yeah, and besides it will help business.

Virgy: And ruin lives?

Uncle Ned (loudly): Citizens brutally murdered!

John: How do you know that is true?

Uncle Ned: There it is in black and white. All I know is what I read.

Winter Fashions Are In Full Swing, Says Connoisseur

By Mac

Did Santa bring Grace Bounds that swanky porkpie hat? all the new scarfs the girls are sporting? Louis Givens that blue-striped tie? Augusta Oelschig her cherry vest and grey shirt? Eleanor Murphy her black suit? Selma Saminsky the svelte bangs and grey fur coat? Miss Ennis the perky green knit cap? Nelta Beckett her spaniel? Janet Rushing's Springish plaid skirt? Cecelia Travis the bright red sweater? to Pete Cargill her rainbow gauntlets? Billy Mann's striped socks?

Dancing divinely the first tea dance of the new year were Sara Henderson in a two-piece navy wool suit dressed up with a gold kid belt. Coats in green taffeta full skirted and great shouldered. Augusta Oelschig in lovely Eleanor blue velvet with rhinestone buttons and Irish lace for a military neckline and a cap of three twists of the velvet over a net skull; more velvet for Mary Virginia Blackwell's tiniest of full peplums on a black one with lace collar and cuffs, and for Miss Ennis brilliant orange with a swing skirt, very full.

Cavorting on the campus: Nellie McIntire in bright green wool with brown laces up the front; Libby Gmann in the first print; Jeanne Hipson in a startling and immaculate white tunic; Felie Park with a ring, a sweater, and the buttons on her fur coat all a lovely shade of peacock blue; Dolores Cowart looking like the visiting Prima Donna in a black fur coat and two high waves in her hair. Mann again with a large bouquet in his buttonhole.

Huckleberry: And that ain't too much, Uncle Ned.

John: Up at school I knew a fellow from that very country we will fight. He could not understand why we must hate each other at a command. He knows that the people of his town are a lot like us, they have to worry and struggle every day, paying bills, earning their bread! He cannot understand why. Just think! I may actually pour out liquid fire, to sear the flesh off his body!

Uncle Ned: Yeah. That's one case. But there are people over there who want war, don't forget that.

Virgy: Why can't we find them out, here and over there, too, and fight them; they are our real enemies. The beasts; they don't care about us!

John: In a few months I may fire a rifle at his head . . . I, a civilized,

Mr. Brown: It is hard to believe!

Mother: It is terrible.

John: I who have laughed and talked with him!

Outside the house (backstage), Sonny and the boys begin to make noises imitating machine-gun fire, rat-a-tat . . . Inside, everybody remains tensely quiet. Mr. Brown rises, unsteadily bracing himself on the sofa. Mother rises distracted.

Mother: Virgy, tell Sonny to stop that noise and come inside . . .

Mr. Brown: I can't bear that noise, it is so cruel! (Goes to window and shouts): Sonny, stop that noise, Sonny! Stop! (Noise flares up, and then stops suddenly). Mr. Brown leans wearily against the window.

John rises and gives an excited nervous laugh.

John: Look at me. I am free. Free! (Laughs crazily). To die! Cannon-fodder!

Mother: John!

John: Let me kiss you, mother, before I forget the meaning of love. (Laughs). Let's dance; this is our last chance! Ha-ha. We who are about to die!

(Curtain)

—Hinckly Murphy.

Do you want concentrated adventure?

Across the storm-swept plain The rider urges on his horses,

In squalls of wind and rain.

Kiokusui.

The Story Of San Michele

—Book Review—

"The Story of San Michele" by Axel Munthe is a remarkable of his own life vividly portrays his character. Dr. Munthe wrote his story while in great mental agony. He was on the verge of blindness and helplessness. However, in writing he seems to have gained some measure of relief and even a great deal of pleasure.

Dr. Munthe relates the events in his rapid rise in the medical profession. Everything he undertook seems to have been successful. He attributes his success to luck—the goddess of fortune smiled on him, autobiography. It is the story of he said. It seems, however, that a great man whose simple account there was some greater force that guided him in his work. He must have been a man of high intellect with a sympathetic and understanding nature. His keen insight into human nature is amazing.

The patience and steadfastness of Axel Munthe are best demonstrated by his years of toil in the construction of his home, San Michele, which he designed and built with his own hands on the site of the ancient Villa of Tiberius in Anacapri. This beautiful house was constructed of marble fragments, priceless treasures unearthed in the location of San Michele. It is said that those who know the history of San Michele of today have never been able to understand how such a magnificent structure could have been built without the aid of an architect, without proper drawings of plans, and without any exact measurements ever having been taken.

Dr. Munthe in his autobiography displays a wealth of knowledge of numerous subjects. He wrote equally well of art and psychology, of folk-lore and of medicine. In fact, his knowledge, gained through experience and keen observation, is amazingly widespread. There are pages of his book that could be set apart as essays on certain subjects which are interesting from a standpoint of literary value as well as sources of information. There are some pages that the reader should read slowly in order to appreciate the real beauty and significance of his thought and ideas.

In the unique and dramatic conclusion of the book, the writer tells of his own death and his trial by the saints before gaining entrance to heaven and how when his case looked most hopeless he is saved by the intervention of St. Francis of Assisi who appears in his usual tattered clothing followed by his ever-attendant flock of birds.

Dr. Munthe, who is known in Europe as the "Modern St. Francis of Assisi," used the royalties of "The Story of San Michele" to found a bird sanctuary in his native country, Sweden.

—Margaret Wright.

Autumn Scene

The wind is a lover, dashing, gay
(As down the path alone I go).
He teases autumn leaves that sway.
The wind is a lover, dashing, gay.
Twisting crimson, yellow, grey.
In Arabesques of endless flow.
The wind is a lover, dashing, gay,
(As down the path alone I go).
—Louise Oppen.

Eve Plucked The Fruit

Eve plucked the fruit
And the world grew wise;
As the Devil's Recruit,
Eve plucked the fruit.
She stood quite mute
As she opened her eyes.
Eve plucked the fruit
And the world grew wise.
—Edith Beery.

Mistress: "It's pretty cold tonight, Sara; you had better put an iron in your bed to warm it up."

Mistress (next morning): "How did you sleep last night, Sara?"
Sara: "Pretty good, ma'am, I had the iron almost warm by morning."

A man is like an egg; he can be kept in cold storage—but just a little intensive warmth and he is spoiled in a week.

Penthouse, A Story

—Fiction—
i.

Inside a pert little bungalow a young man is talking to his wife. He is telling her of the oddities of his fellow workers in a brokerage firm. She listens patiently, although she has heard the stories before.

"Now you take old Smith," the young man says, "he wears a wig, and every morning when he comes down to work he has to smooth his hair down before he takes off his hat, or his hair will fall off."

The young man talked on, telling of his business day; and his wife went about preparing the evening meal, all the while remaining attentive to his narration. These two were average people, but not trite; they had some independent thoughts, spoke sometimes in more than platitudes. They were of what has been called Upper Middle Class, and Young Married Set Which Does Things.

In appearance they were somewhat better off than the average person. In fact the wife was quite remarkable; she had never tolerated her hair with the curlers, and she used the paint with discretion. She was small of stature, with fine features; fair, with a nice smile. Her husband was of medium height, more slender, darker than she.

Marjorie and Gilbert were very happy in their little home, concerned mainly with two things: Marjorie's health and the prospect of some day living in a penthouse. Marjorie's health was their more serious problem. She didn't look frail, but she was never hardy. Gilbert often had to turn down invitations because Marjorie was ill. The penthouse, on the other hand, was their ideal, their dream. Marjorie had always wanted one; and Gilbert, more than once, had promised it to her. They had figured it up and the results told them they might, in a year of frugality, move into the smartest penthouse in town.

It was the mention of a penthouse now that brought Marjorie to full attentiveness of her husband's remarks on the way he had spent his day. She stopped scraping a celery stalk, brushed her hair from her forehead with the back of her hand and actually looked at Gilbert. On his part, the subject had been reserved as a climax, a surprise. He had planned to be talking along and casually mention "penthouse," just to watch her reaction. That she ceased scraping celery to listen to him was pure flattery and he was justly proud. However, he was as anxious to get to the point as a newspaper reporter, but he clothed each detail in chit chat like a space paid correspondent. Thus he managed to go several paragraphs before telling his wife he had floor plans of a new penthouse, shortly to be put up for sale.

"Oh, Gilbert, let's look at them before we eat, shall we?"
"Well, if you're so impatient as that . . ."

And so things went. Then, like a bombshell, there exploded in the midst of their petty joys and worries, tragic news, which so often takes one unaware, unprepared.

One evening Gilbert came in sadly and took Marjorie's chin in both his hands. "My dear little wife," he began, "I must tell you that we have lost everything. This morning we received word that the company is going under and we're all losing our jobs."

It was so sudden and so inconceivable that Marjorie was unable to speak. He had lost his job, they had lost everything: what was left but emptiness? Then she saw the light of defeat in her husband's eyes, and she (rare creature that she was!) did the unexpected. She smiled.

ii.
They took a modest apartment in a not-too-fashionable section and began all over again. It was hard at first, but they accepted reality and settled down to make the best of an unfortunate situation. They were real people, willing to wage a real battle.

It wasn't so very hard for Gilbert to get a job selling automobiles on commission; the agency

Calling All Males

Do you like to see the beauties
With the honey-golden hair?
And perhaps the lovely auburn locks,
Adorning foreheads fair?

Oh, of course! there are the blondies
With those eyes of dreamy blue,
And the curls so black and shiny
That will thrill you through and through.

So you say that you enjoy to sit
And watch their limber feet
As they dance to rhythmic measures
In a fashion very neat?

If you want to see the cuties
With attractive forms so trim,
Better cross the sea to gay Poree;
Don't peek in the college gym.

—Ardelle Waldhour.

Comprehensive View of

(Continued from page 1)

changed to include many things impossible for the smaller college of the early days. Had come tea dances, tours, and touch football, along with bull sessions, biology labs, and again basket ball grown strictly collegiate. The cycle was complete.

Here, with best intentions, with rosemary and rue, with love and affection, with fondest memories of an earlier day already our Past, and with deep regret at its going—we bury nineteen thirty-six. The year is dead. LONG LIVE THE YEAR!

was glad to get a man with so many connections (and one who needn't be paid a salary). The new work was not particularly appealing, you had to force yourself on prospective customers in rivalry with other high pressure salesmen who had also memorized the instruction book. You had to dog each prospect until he either told you to go to hell in so many words; or, in desperation, bought your car. To one who had so long dealt with abstract goods, represented only by figures in a cash book, this sort of employment was utterly distasteful. But what could one do, starve?

Marjorie elaborated the small duplex as best she could with what they could afford. A practical person, she substituted cotton for silk, margarine for butter, and executed other short cuts known only to discriminating housewives. Never once did she mention the old entertainments or the pretentious restaurants; she became absorbed in newer and simpler accomplishments, such as ironing shirts and darning socks. Her new neighbors soon realized her worth (as neighbors will) and were eager to help initiate her into the intricacies of the trade. They were amused at her first efforts, but they came to respect her for her bravery and to love her for her cheerfulness. She was a symbol of renewed hope for the discouraged, a model for the ignorant.

In between official domestic duties, she kept Gilbert from being downcast. She invited him to wipe the dishes at night, to paint furniture, to take walks, anything to ward off despair. Once, on his birthday, she blindfolded him when he came in after work and led him to their small dining table on which blazed a tiny home-made cake, resplendent with miniature candles. They would celebrate a big sale with a special feast and a movie.

Life was looking bright again; then the automobile agency, recognizing complaints from the salesmen that there wasn't enough business to go around, cut its force and let Gilbert go, as he was the youngest man.

iii.
"Need a man? I've had experience in . . . you don't? Thank you, good day."

Again they retrenched, this time into one room in a definitely unfashionable district. And again they adapted themselves wonderfully. Marjorie once more began to furnish her new home. She draped the rough windows with green chintz, more to hide their homely scars than to decorate them. As she tacked up the cur-

Trip To Chicago Was Enjoyed

—Article—

I spent a glorious week attending the Fifteenth National 4-H Club Congress in Chicago. There were 1,600 girls, boys and leaders from 44 states and four dominions in Canada. Only winners of state trips are eligible to attend and all expenses are paid. I won a meat identification contest sponsored by Swift and Company.

Upon registering at the National 4-H Club Headquarters, we were given knitted tams in the 4-H Club colors, green and white, bearing the national emblem, a four-leaf clover with 4-H's representing Head, Heart, Hands and Health. Each state wore an emblem. The 23 Georgia delegates wore red ribbons on which "Georgia Cracker" was printed in black.

Sunday afternoon we took a fifty mile tour of the city, stopping at the University of Chicago to view the beautiful chapel. Famous Maxwell Street interested us, also the parks and frozen lakes. Special church services were held in the evening in which 4-H Club delegates took part and the sermon was on our motto, "To Make the Best Better."

Monday — International Live Stock Show Day—the morning was spent viewing exhibits of stock, poultry, meats, foods, clothing and home furnishings. Sears-Roebuck Company were hosts at luncheon at the Stevens Hotel, largest hotel in the world. In the afternoon we were guests of Wilson and Company at a party and supper. This is an annual event honoring Mr. Thos. E. Wilson who started the 4-H Club Congress.

Tuesday — Science and Industry Day—we visited the Field Museum of Natural History and Adler Planetarium and were guests of Montgomery Ward and Co. for lunch in the Marine Dining Room of the Edgewater Beach Hotel, followed by a tour of their plant. The outstanding social event was Annual Banquet at Stevens Hotel.

tain rods, she muttered to herself, "The irony of beauty, hiding uncouthness with bright colors; many things are like that: many things are not what they seem." Her gaze wandered out the window and fell on another tenement across a narrow alley. A dirty, bedraggled woman was making coffee, she could see through a window. There were no bright shades on that window. Was green chintz the only difference between her and the woman who was making coffee? Then she wondered at herself, she was becoming philosophical. Was she growing old? Oh no, she was merely getting an education.

After numerous difficulties, including the hardship of overcoming timidity at approaching old friends for employment, Gilbert succeeded in lining up enough small jobs to keep them going. He clerked in a shoe store on Saturdays and worked three other days a week as timekeeper on a federal works project, fearful every day local officials of the alphabetical enterprise might discover his Saturday employment and cut him off the relief roll. He began also to have a feeling in the night, in the dark, that he was a failure, that his case was hopeless. He would watch Marjorie as she slept, troubled and trusting, and wonder how he could ever, ever be worthy of one who was so brave, so noble, so fine. Once he cried like a baby.

They were fairly adjusted to their new way of life when Marjorie became ill, seriously. Doctors came, frowned professionally, and exchanged glances with each other. They talked with Gilbert only outside in the hall and not at all with Marjorie.

One morning after a visit of the several doctors, Gilbert rushed in to Marjorie's bedside waving a telegram in his hand. "Guess what, my darling!"

"The old firm is reorganizing under a new name, and they want me as district manager, district manager!"

Marjorie was very weak, but it seemed to Gilbert that she smiled all over.

"Now," he continued, "we can take the best old penthouse in town!"

A Ballad

Oh, Patty, dear, and did you hear?
That Cupid was going around.
So watch your step, and don't stay here,
Or soon you'll be altar-bound.

But, Patty dear, if you are wise,
When Cupid lets his arrows ride,
Don't run away and hide your eyes,
But, pray that soon you'll be a bride.

—Josephine Logan.

In Love With You

Oh, when I was in love with you,
Then I was a fool in truth,
And miles around everyone knew
How blind I was in youth.

And now the spell is broken,
Bewitch me again, if you can;
Advice is my gift bespoken:
All that glitters is not a man.
—Louise Oppen.

Night

Night is a fairy in black velvet gown.

Her face is dreamy, her hair is like down.

Her sweet, clean breath is the cool evening breeze,

Her voice is the murmur'ing wind in the trees.

Her bosom my pillow, she holds me till dawn.

When the sun shines again,
My night fairy is gone.

—Marguerite Morrow.

Wednesday — Manufacturers' Day—included trips through International Harvester Company and McCormick Twine Mills and luncheon. At night the National Style Review was held.

Thursday — Educational Day—there were educational addresses by prominent agriculture people and Chicago Mail Order Co., were hosts at breakfast and Swift and Co. tendered their winners a luncheon at their plant. Final session of the Congress in the evening followed by dinner dance.

The Georgia delegation left Chicago Friday and were guests of the railroad for a side trip via St. Louis, Mo., where we visited the world's largest stock yards, Jefferson Museum, which contains the Lindbergh trophies, and other points of interest.

—Geraldine Monsees.

He was for moving right away, because he knew it was what she wanted more than anything else; so they made the change immediately. Marjorie was moved in an ambulance, handled by starched attendants, to her new abode, which was indeed the best penthouse in town. It was furnished in the latest mode from bookcases to carpets.

Gilbert, thought Marjorie, must have done a great deal of preparation. There he was, in his good suit, beaming, and pointing out for her approval the newest furnishings, the most recent electrical appliances; and explaining each item, describing when and where they might use various articles. She laughed inwardly because he looked like a frenzied merchant trying to detain a hesitant customer.

Marjorie was happy again. All she had to do was to get well. She never doubted but that she would get well; for in her mind she dwelt on the thought of recovery tenaciously, as a stout vine clings to an upright support. But three days later she died—of internal cancer.

iv.
She was not buried expensively; no, not even moderately so. She was given a pauper's burial, without even a pauper's ceremony. It was just a simple coffin lowered into bare earth.

It was perhaps too simple, reflected Gilbert, as he walked dejectedly away from the cemetery on his way home. Home, not to the penthouse, but back to his real home; the one-room flat where Marjorie had hung the bright green shades.

—Hoyt Ware.

A chiropractor is a man who gets paid for what any other man would get slapped for.

—Pel Mel.

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.

It was another murder trial. A short, ratty-faced man was testifying: "And when I started out the door, he reached into his pocket for his gun, and I . . ."

Judge Meldrim leaned forward and almost shouted the words: "Will you never stop cutting and shooting each other?" The court room was jolted out of its routine, the lawyers, the people in the balcony stared in surprise.

The naked logical question stirred them. They saw through the whole meaning of law: the restraint of man's selfish impulses, for the common good. When the words were printed in the afternoon newspapers, the public also was a little awed by the intense logic of the words; we had all forgotten to hope for something better than the drab Monday morning of the court room.

A few weeks ago, a noted criminologist said: "You must cure crime in its infancy of poverty and ignorance! America must learn to control crime, or it will be shot through with lawlessness!" This is simple and clear: worth thinking about. Poverty and Ignorance.

Santayana: "A theory is not an unemotional thing. If music can be full of passion, merely by giving form to a single sense, how much more beauty or terror may not a vision be pregnant with, which brings order and method into everything we know?"

John Dewey: "Scholastic culture makes for snobbishness. Education should be conceived as a continuous growth of the mind and an illumination of life, rather than merely stopping at maturity. Schools in one sense can only give us the tools of mental growth, the rest depends on our absorption and interpretation of experience."

Diogenes is pleased to announce some important research on the Greek classic dance. For the last three weeks he has been digging in Greece (wherever they would let him) and he has discovered the exact form of the ceremonial dance to Dionysus. Some authorities say the dance was a combination of steps but he now has positive evidence, certified by the Athens chamber of commerce, that the dance was carried on in this manner: 1. Music of flutes and saxophone. 2. Satyrs jump forward on both feet. 3. Catch balance. 4. Song to Dionysus. 5. Music of flutes and washtub.

James Rorty happens to be a thinking man. He made his living in the advertising business until one day when his boss told him to take a walk: "Mr. Rorty, you are a good man, but you have too many outside interests; you don't keep your mind on business!"

And that's that. But James Rorty also happens to have some very efficient brain-cells, so he writes good books and articles. In the New Republic Anthology, he quotes Thoreau quotably. The whole point of his article is summed up in his quotation of Thoreau:

"I went to the woods (Walden Pond) because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and to learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I wanted to live deep, and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like, as to drive life into a corner and reduce it to its lowest terms, and if it proved mean, why then to publish it to the whole world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it."

Hm. That guy Rorty and that crank Thoreau must be crazy, acting like they own the earth and have a right to live like giants. Well, maybe they are giants.

—Diogenes.

NEWS OF THE MONTH

Condensed from the Local Daily Newspapers

Chinese Poetry Mrs. Gerald Chan Sieg spoke on Chinese poetry to the English 4 class on December 8th. She developed her topic by saying that Chinese poetry is characterized by economy of words and said the music of expression, pictures, and emotion, is given in remarkably few words and phrases, and is great among all efforts.

7-7 At the conclusion of the Tie touch-football season, the Freshman and Sophomore teams were tied 7-7, which was their second tie-game in succession. This predicament left the championship undecided, since neither team won the necessary three games to make a win.

Assembly On December 11, 1936, the program for the last assembly of the quarter was presented under the direction of the Student Council, and was accorded much praise. The students made up the program, exclusively. Enjoyed were Harry Truchet, Arthur Phillips and Will Bond, who played several encores trios, and George Stanley and Hugh Taylor, who sang, accompanied by Delores Cowart. Frank Henry presided.

Fencing Team The Fencing Team is making rapid progress under the capable direction of Frank Henry, and Nairn Ross, veterans of last year, and will begin matches with other Georgia teams this spring.

The team holds two workouts daily; one in the morning and another in the afternoon, in the college buildings. Bob McCuen is manager for the group.

Holidays Christmas Holidays were held from December 18 to January 4, inclusive.

Cheer Leaders A committee composed of Nairn Ross, Elizabeth Pierce, and Bob McCuen, selected Pauline Cargill and Frank Sanders as cheer leaders. It was also decided that each member of the student body would receive a free ticket to the basketball game which was played December 18.

Tea December 15 was the date of the last Tea Dance for the fall quarter. A large crowd attended, and music was furnished by the college orchestra. Christmas decorations added much to the personality of the occasion, and a brilliantly lighted Christmas tree was set up by the girls of the Sophomore class, who were sponsors of the dance.

Odd Science Facts

—Article—

Great winds blow in the atmospheres of the distant stars with which the hurricanes of the earth's atmosphere are mere zephyrs.

The stroboscope camera, operating without any shutter, can take a picture in one one-hundred-thousandth of a second.

Sodium-vapor lamps are being used on highways in Europe. One watt of electricity will produce the intensity of light that requires two and one-half watts in an ordinary tungsten filament incandescent lamp.

A gene, the unit of heredity, has a maximum volume of a cubic centimeter, according to measurements taken by scientists in Rockefeller Institute.

A recent discovery is that some cases diagnosed as true epilepsy are actually cases of infestation with tapeworm larvae.

—Sol Sutker.

You scoff at a minnor
For being mere bait.
But how did you feel
When after your date
There you were danglin'
To wait and to pine,
Left on the hook of
A very strong line?

New Frats Announcement was made of the formation of five new Sororities during the first quarter. The Delta Chi elected Delores Cowart as its president, and the Alpha Tau Beta sorority elected Pauline Cargill as its head.

First Game At the first basketball game of the season, Armstrong took the Teachers' College quint in an exciting, close game, 33-29. The game was full of thrills and laughs. Biggest laugh for the Samsons was the ruse of Nathan Karnibad, who playfully and craftily sneaked away the basket ball while simply running down the field with an opponent.

Registration Registration for the winter quarter began Monday morning, January 4, under the direction of Dean Askew. Long lines formed in the halls, and 212 students registered amid conversation and banter. Mr. Boyd, Mr. Shiver, Mr. Gigniliat, and Miss Spencer assisted Mr. Askew in straightening out students on graduation and entrance requirements.

Dean's List The Dean's list for the quarter was announced during the holidays. On the honor list were 12 freshmen, 22 sophomores. Topping the list for honors for this quarter was Bob McCuen, with the rare 3 A's. Noticeable is the increase of sophomores who made the list, and also the dominance of sophomores over freshmen.

Several students received A plus's, for special excellence in scholarship. The Dean's list includes, Freshmen: Helen Brennan, Christine Crawford, Wesley de Valinger, Samuel H. Freeman, Mary Garrard, Adeline Gumble, Nedra Householder, Georgia Anna Hill, Gere Jenkins, Josephine Traub, Sybill Orr, Edward Sieg. Sophomores: Grace Bounds, Nelta Beckett, Edith Beery, Sin Fa Chan, Elizabeth Cobb, Elizabeth Gnam, Helene Herndon, Marilouise Lockwood, Robert McCuen, Carol Mayhew, Augusta Oelschig, Odessa Poythress, Cecil Reinstein, Electa Robertson, David Robinson, Janet Rushing, Sidney Smith, Celia Stevens, Harold Sutker, Solomon Sutker, Herbert Traub, Harry Truchet.

"I'm trying to forget a beautiful, shapely blonde, but I'm afraid that only one thing will help me to forget."

"What's that, whiskey?"
"No, a date with a beautiful, shapely brunette like yourself."

Irish Emigrant (watching a group of gulls flying over the New York harbor): "But that's a foine flock of pigeons."

Sailor: "Say, buddy, that's gulls."

Irishman: "Wot of it? Gulls or boys, they're a foine flock of pigeons."

He: "I suppose you dance?"
She: "Oh, yes, I love to."
He: "Great, that's better than dancing."

—Humbug.

Epidemic Mrs. Eskimo: "Well, where have you been for the past six months?"
Mr. Eskimo: "My dear, I've just been sitting up with a sick friend."
—Log.

Teacher: "Conjugate the verb 'to swim'."
Pupil: "Swim, swam, swum."
Teacher: "Now conjugate the verb 'to dim'."
Pupil: "Dim,—say, are you trying to kid me?"

Bridegroom: "I thee endow with all my worldly goods."
His Father: "There goes his bicycle."

Wife: "What's the idea of poking the broom in the baby's face this morning?"
Hubby: "I just wanted him to get used to kissing his grandfather."
—Echo.

Amen Corner

Who was that bold creature we saw from Armstrong, in a big red Mae West hat, New Year's eve?

And what is Louis Givens coming to? Out with Peggy in a fur coat. And Reinstein going high-brow taking scientific Dora Lee to the Poetry Society Meeting? That ought to bring forth some sonnets!

* * *

Are Jeanne and Frank moon-gazing again? From all we hear, the railroads are burning up the tracks, carrying Elizabeth Wallace to Clina, and also Martha Lee to Albany, Ga., but the shoo-fly did not burn the tracks carrying Romeo Ware into Savannah to see his lady love (?)

* * *

Shucks. Is nothing enduring, and permanent, and all that sort of thing? We have it straight that Ruthie is showering glamour, and do bunnies purr when she's around? My, my: mama, there's that triangle at the door again!

* * *

And we don't think that George and Betsy were inspecting the beach erosion at Tybee. We nominate for the hall of infame: Coats, with 1 date, 2 dates, 3 dates New Year's eve, and couldn't make up her mind!

* * *

Is it strictly necessary for Sol Sutker to walk home in the stimulating company of Fannie?

* * *

Can Mr. D. Robinson explain his presence in the hot dog joint? Gossip says Margaret Egloff doesn't think a certain tall and dark and handsome Jimmie is so bad and vice-versa or whatever it is.

* * *

Bert Cooper defeated the AAA by sending Phelie a China Pig!

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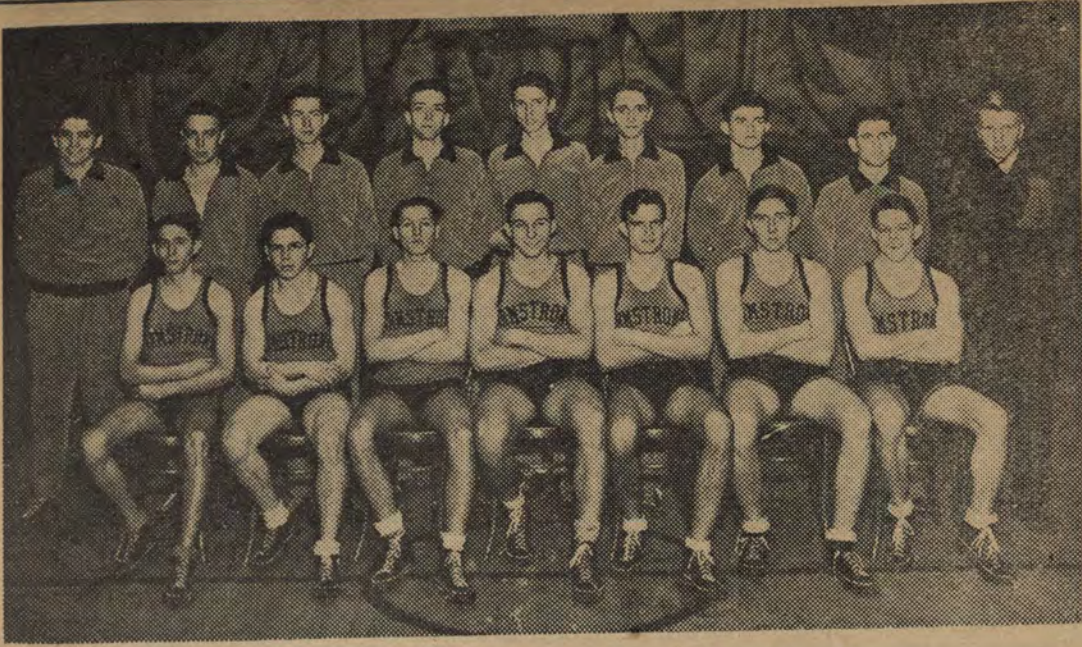
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"Samsons" Who Took S. G. T. C. 33 - 29

SPORT CHATTER

For the next two or three months our attentions will be devoted to basket ball and boxing primarily, with a little fencing thrown in. . . . Chick Shiver says that he sure wishes that there was as much interest in the boys' basket ball team as there is in the girls' team. All the boys on the boys' team have been asking Shiver if he didn't need an assistant or if they couldn't help in some way. . . . But the boys come back with the reply that at the first practice of the girls' team Coach was on time for the first time this year. . . . Ask Dreese who it was that thought he was such an "adorable" boy. That's what one of the Pape School girls said about him one day on the way to practice. . . . For the most comical and amusing player on the team it has been agreed upon that Nathan Karniad takes the cake. With his "flowing" hair and basket ball trunks that are too large for him, he is a very scream on the practice floor. . . . If you notice any of our boys running around the park, just pass it off because they are just getting their exercise for boxing. . . . Verdery Roberts and Paul Innecken were the first casualties of the boxing squad. The first day in wrestling one split his knee open and the other split his elbow. . . . Ask Eddie Dufour what Coach Crook Smith thought about his playing in the first game. The coach got Eddie mixed up with Jack McLaughlin and congratulated Eddie on his fine game.

There is a dire need for a basket ball court which the college could use at all times. This year with so many teams participating in this sport and with so few available and decent floors, something ought to be done about getting ourselves a court. Wouldn't it be swell if next year or maybe even year after next we could have our own big gym which could not only be used for a basketball floor but it could also be at the convenience of the boxers and fencers. Such a place would not be too very expensive and would certainly prove a valuable addition to the college. Right now Coach Shiver is having the hardest time arranging our schedule as every time he arranges a date there is no available hall to play in. So you can see how our own court would come in handy. Coach Shiver has said that his ambition and aim is that some day we will be able to arrange our schedule without having to worry over a floor and with a building that will be able to seat about a thousand people very comfortably.

Eddie Mazo, our basketball coach last year, is now at Benedictine. Eddie last year gave untiringly of his time and efforts in order to put out a creditable team. Faced with a shortage of experienced subs, Eddie went on to put out a team that was a credit to the school. To his efforts at Benedictine, Eddie has all our well-wishes and confidence that he will put out a swell team.

SPORTS

Arthur Jeffords, Editor

Walton Purse, Assistant

Boxing Practice Gets Under Way

On Tuesday, January 5th, boxing practices for the boys of the Junior College were begun under the direction of Robbie Thomson, a well known boxing coach. Practices are being held every day from 5:30 in the afternoon until 7:00 on the third floor of the Armstrong building. These training periods will be continued until the intramural boxing matches and all intercollegiate have been fought.

For the present Coach Thomson is emphasizing condition, and all his efforts are being devoted toward this end and to teaching the boys the rudiments of boxing. Every day each boy must run around Forsyth Park once, shadow box for two minutes, and skip the rope for four minutes. This is the exercise that must be taken outside of the regular training periods. Calisthenics are being given every day in order to strengthen the muscles of the body.

At present the following boys are out for the team: George Patrick, 112; Robert Miller, 118; Luke Bowyer, 119; Nairn Ross, 124; Paul Innecken, 130; Verdery Roberts, 133; Morton Haas, 131; Bill Norton, 138; Mark Johnson, 140; James McCreery, 150; Jack McLaughlin, 145; Thomas Stokes, 142; Tom Carr, 145; Arthur Phillips, 140; Stockton Dreese, 140; George Stanley, 158; Arthur Cranman, 179; and John Tyre, 183.

The team has some experienced men on it but there is a great lacking of light boxers and very heavy boxers. Most of the boys are centered in about three weights but it is expected that before the team has its first match that there will be more candidates for the squad.

There will be intramural boxing between the two classes and several matches are being arranged with out of town colleges.

For Sale: Good stomach pump. Formerly used by the Dekes. We don't need it any more—no stomachs left.

—Octopus.

The bright young pupil looked long and thoughtfully at the second examination question, which read: "State the number of tons of coal shipped out of the United States in any given year." Then his brow cleared and he wrote: "1492—none."

—Humbug.

The English language is a funny thing. Tell her that time stands still when you look into her eyes, and she'll adore you, but just try telling her that her face would stop a clock!

—Exchange.

—Or move over to the Alkali side.

—Pointer.

Girls To Have Basket Team

Basketball practice for girls got under way the first week of the winter quarter on Wednesday, January 6th, under the coaching of Chick Shiver. Practices are being held every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 3:30 to 4:30 in the afternoon at the Chatham Artillery court. At present no definite schedule has been arranged but it is thought that the girls will play South Georgia Teachers College, Richmond Academy, and probably several preliminaries to the boys' games.

No varsity squad has been chosen yet but there are about twenty girls out for the team. These include: Lettermen, Edith Beery, Pauline Cargill, Walton Purse, Mary Carolyn Meadows, Martha Lee, and Janet Rushing. Others are: Louise and Carolyn Mayhew, Elizabeth Pierce, Callie Morris, Elizabeth Wallace, Bette Williams, Electa Robertson, Grace Bounds, Nelle Laughlin, and Helen Breenan.

So far the practices have been devoted to the fundamentals of the game. The girls have been practicing foul shooting, passing, and dribbling. However as soon as the girls get in condition regular scrimmages will be held and plays will be taught them.

Who's Who

(Continued from page 1)

9 Reuben Kronstadt	G	5.7	2
10 Jack McLaughlin (ac)	F	5.10	1
11 Robert Lanier (c)	F	6.0	*2
12 George Leon	F	5.5	*2
13 Coleman Mopper	G	5.10	*2
14 Arthur Cranman	C	6.1	1
15 Stockton Dreese	F	5.11	2

(*) Letter men from last year.

Lives there a man with soul so dead

Who to himself hath never said: "Well, this one is different?"

—Punch Bowl.

I am a little prairie flower, Growing wilder every hour. Nobody tries to cultivate me. I stink.

—Widow.

I sneezed a sneeze into the air; It fell to ground I knew not where. But hard and cold were the looks of those In whose vicinity I snoze.

—Epitome.

Professor: "I won't begin today's lecture until the room settles down."

Voice from Rear: "Go home and sleep it off, old man."

—Gags and Giggles.

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To whom it may concern: I do not go with Jeannette Egloff, and will not be responsible for any debts contracted by her. (Signed) Robert Heriot.—Adv.

Shucks, Robert, anybody would pay her debts.—Ed.

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