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**"Count and Co-ed"
Is Sparkling Musical**

Stanley, Quint and Randall
Star; Play to be Repeated
Tonight and Tomorrow Night
In College Auditorium

By Hinckly Murphy,
Staff Writer.

It is the virtue of a play to perform within the limits of its theme: the virtue of the "Count and the Co-ed" was its light, sparkling naivete. To get that quality Director Keach became a benevolent despot for many weeks, and finally gave a well-turned performance.

High-lights of the play lay not so much in its dramatic logic as in the individual, well-performed songs and dances and group expressions. The balancing of chorus with principles, the careful bringing out of the farce, and the development of light and witty situations was well done. The action was a loose framework for these situations.

Individual mention is due George Stanley for his witty performance of songs, and his animated youthful interpretation of his youthful part; Amelia Quint as stern Agatha Lockstep (who will probably be seen more frequently); with tops for song, Hugh Taylor, Evelyn Randall and William Bythewood. Louis Givens turned in a very prexy-like performance, and had at least enough dignity for Oxon. Sara Joyner blended her "O, he's wonderful," with Eddie Davis' rhythmic footwork. Meta Crawford, experienced in musical affairs, sang several songs, enjoyably.

No one could complain of dullness in the life of Marden Campus. Love was in the air, on the benches, in the Prexy's parlor. Songs became duets. Incidentally, the music ought to get a big hand for Margaret Spencer, who worked with chorus, principles, orchestra. Dolores Cowart accompanied so competently that you never thought of her, which is a compliment. She was one of the best actors in the piece. The scenery was realistic, and made you almost smell the college exams.

The plot of the piece concerns the difficulties of Marden College with its finances. In order to get a large endowment, they must match fund of the Alumni Association. As the dramatic deadline approaches a dismal amount still remains unsubscribed, so the college pins its faith on the expected visit of a furrin Count to the school. The whole point is that the Count has a tendency to give money to American colleges. Snooze Andrews, with his gift for feckless activity, gets into a situation in which a policeman pursues him. The time for the Count's visit arrives and Snooze (disguised) is mistaken for him. Finally all comes out, and the quiet helpfulness of Snooze is mentioned in a letter that the Count writes to send a check, for \$50,000. Prexy and the students see in a burst of light the halo around Snooze's modest head, and Prexy gives Snooze all that he could, his daughter. (Ed. Note: In marriage we hope), and the play ends in approx. 50 clinched romances which give the impression of happily ever after plus singing. The play will be performed again today and tomorrow.

The play was a successful climax to the season's plays, nearly all of which were produced under difficulties: infinite work, most of which is not evident to the public, yet is essential to smooth performance. Director Keach and his Theatre Board deserve high compliments for their performance. Awe enters the picture when it is remembered that Mr. Keach does all this in addition to his regular scholastic work. When does a director rest?

It is to be hoped that the Savannah Playhouse will occasionally include efforts of a more thoughtful nature, to round out its plans. There is no reason why it should not attain a good reputation for high quality productions. It has begun well, anyhow.

TO EDIT GEECHEE

Miss Dora Lee Harmon

**Catalogue To Be
Out Next Week**

The new Armstrong catalogue will be out next week, it is announced by Dean J. Thomas Askew.

New items in the catalogue request freshmen to register for next year on September 20, sophomores on September 23.

Dr. Charles H. Herty, director of the Savannah Pulp and Paper Corporation, is formally listed among the faculty as lecturer on chemistry and chemurgy.

**Editors Elected
For Next Year**

Elected on Friday, the following will direct Armstrong publications next year: Betty Lynes, *Inkwell* editor; Dora Lee Harmon, *Geechee* editor; Evelyn Nathan, *Inkwell* business manager, and Douglass Richard, *Geechee* business manager.

Approached for a statement, Miss Lynes gracefully retreated with the plea that the election was a total surprise to her, and she was not prepared to discuss her policy.

Miss Harmon said, "We are going to create new interest in the annual and make it a part of every student in Armstrong, and every student in Armstrong a part of it."

Some time ago the board of publications named Evelyn Nathan to the managership of *The Inkwell* for the remainder of this year and for next. Having high school experience, Miss Nathan stepped in and began to work on the same day she was elected.

Asked to comment on poiley, she was too busy straightening out the editorial desk and throwing away all the present editor's treasures to say much more than, "Co-operation will be greatly appreciated by the business manager in putting out the paper."

It is understood Mr. Richard plans to begin work on the yearbook early next fall so as to have full time to work out the business problems of the annual.

The elections Friday were conducted by the Armstrong board of publications, of which Alva Lines is chairman and A. M. Gignilliat is faculty adviser.

HEADS INKWELL

Miss Betty Lynes

**McCuen Named
Valedictorian**

Robert McCuen, former editor of *The Inkwell*, was recently elected valedictorian of the graduating class from among the six students having the highest scholastic records.

Mr. McCuen has not confined his activities to the scholastic, however, for he has been manager of the basketball team, member of the fencing team, student council and theater board.

**Commencement Program
Is Outlined**

Friday To Be Honor Day;
McCuen, Dr. Solomon, Bishop
Barnwell, Dr. Anderson will
Speak To Graduates

By Ann Gibson,
Staff Writer.

Gentlemen of the Class of 1938, we who are about to die salute you! We intend to die in high style while we are about it, taking a long week-end to prepare for the final shearing, the final reaping of the reward.

We shall finish with things scholastic on Friday, June fourth. At eleven o'clock in the morning in our own new auditorium we shall assemble for the Honors Day Program. High spot will be the address from our chosen Valedictorian, Robert McCuen. He will be followed by Dr. George Solomon, who, we know from past experience, will give us a very inspiring talk. Then will come the Dean and the honors. The upper twenty per cent of each class will be honored, then . . . the great moment. The Dean will announce who made high score in his course on Contemporary Georgia and thereby receives the beautiful gold medal awarded by the Exchange Club, most coveted honor of this year to the thirty students of the course, five of whom run neck and neck with A as their final grade.

As a direct antithesis to so much rewarded effort will be the lovely Sophomore Reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Lowe in the Armstrong building from eight to ten that evening. There is no house in town which lends itself to receptions with more dignity and beauty. The reception last year was the most successful ever held for the college. No doubt this year's will surpass it in enthusiasm, for everyone will want to see the graduates and certainly the number of our friends has grown in the past year. Thus we shall begin the round of purely frivolous activities which will be a part of our week-end.

Next on the calendar is the Sophomore Luncheon at the Savannah Hotel on Saturday at one o'clock. This is sure to be an occasion of great jollity and perhaps even discomfort for some, for the kidders will be busy and the sentimental already sorrowful. This is only a start. In the evening is to be the great festivity with a dance at the College Auditorium. Here we shall have one last mad whirl (or swing) to carry through the years as a fond remembrance of the school. So shall we wind up the frivolities, gather our lavender to cherish in future, and turn our minds to the serious business of leaving the halls to become citizens—for having been here two years, better citizens—of our town, our state, our nation.

The first Baccalaureate Sermon is to be delivered by the Rt. Rev. Middleton Stuart Barnwell, Bishop of the Diocese of Georgia. At eleven o'clock on Sunday morning we shall come to the college auditorium once again, this time "with even step and musing gait," to hear the eminent speaker who has been chosen to give us inspiration for our coming battle with a sometimes harsh and disinterested world. Then, we reach the end. We don our dark blue caps and gowns in the (we hope) bright sunshine of Monday morning to file up for the coveted certificates from our president and friend, Ernest A. Lowe. Dr. Dice R. Anderson, president of Wesleyan College, will give the graduation address.

The lambs will then be sheep. Who shall become famous alumni? Who shall fall by the wayside? Who shall return to the halls, perhaps to teach, perhaps to the twentieth class reunion to see among the members of that year's class his own son or daughter? Only in time can we know. Meanwhile, the Class of 1937, first, historic, united, will pass to the limbo of pleasant memories.

Program of Press Meet**Drewry, Ashmore, Eleazer, Nunn Will Participate In Round Tables**

After registration at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon, delegates to the Georgia Collegiate Press Association will assemble in the college auditorium to be called to order by their president, Robert E. Ashmore, of Emory, at 3 o'clock.

Other officers of the association who will participate in the annual spring convention being held here today and tomorrow are Frank Eleazer, Mercer, vice president; Miss Frances Nunn, Brenau, secretary; John E. Drewry, University of Georgia, permanent faculty director.

The two-day program, as announced by the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism, University of Georgia, follows:

Friday, May 21

2:30 p. m. Registration.

3 p. m. Convention called to order by President Robert E. Ashmore.

Address of welcome: President E. A. Lowe, Armstrong Junior College.

Greetings from the Savannah newspapers: W. G. Sutlive, editor, Savannah Press.

Announcements: President Ashmore.

4 p. m. Automobile tour of Savannah, with stops at places of historical and other interest. To be led by Hoyt Ware.

6:30 p. m. Dinner, to be given by the Savannah Morning News and Savannah Evening Press. Presiding: H. V. Jenkins. Speakers: Mr. Jenkins, J. P. Miller, and W. G. Sutlive, executive editors of the host newspapers.

8:30 p. m. (Armstrong auditorium). Theater party by Armstrong students. Musical comedy, "The Count and the Co-ed," produced by Savannah Playhouse—Armstrong Junior College.

Saturday, May 22

9:30 a. m. Convention called to order by Vice President Frank Eleazer.

Address: Dean J. Thomas Askew, Armstrong Junior College.

Address: W. Kirk Sutlive, president, Georgia Press Association.

Address: D. B. Turner, editor, Bulloch Times, Statesboro.

10:30 a. m. Sectional round tables, on subjects and with participants as indicated:

Room 102—Round table of editors, managing editors, and news editors, discussing assignments, staff organization, and make-up. Leader, Mr. Eleazer.

Room 103—Round table of business and advertising managers, discussing advertising rates, solicitation, writing, layout, etc. Leader, Mr. Ashmore.

Room 104—Round table of wom-

en's and society editors, discussing society pages and items of special appeal to women readers. Leader, Miss Nunn.

12:30 p. m. Election of officers. (The constitution provides that the retiring executive committee shall offer two nominees for each office and the one receiving the highest vote shall be declared elected. Positions to be filled are president, vice president, and secretary. No institution shall have more than one office and no institution may have the same office for two successive school years. Voting is by institution.)

Selection of place for next annual meeting. (The constitution provides that the retiring executive committee shall report all invitations received, with a recommendation, subject to the approval of the majority of the voting schools, as to the place of the next meeting.)

1 p. m. Luncheon to be given by Armstrong Junior College and its paper, *The Inkwell*. Presiding: Hinckly Murphy.

Announcement of the winner of The Cobb County Times trophy: Mr. Chess Abernathy, editor.

Announcement of the winners of The Savannah Morning News-Evening Press cups: Mr. Herschel V. Jenkins, president and publisher.

2:30 p. m. Visit to Savannah Beach.

THE INKWELL

Official Student Organ,
Armstrong Junior College
of Savannah, Georgia

EDITOR - Hoyt Ware
ASSOCIATE EDITOR - Sidney Smith
BUSINESS MANAGER - Evelyn Nathan
FEATURE WRITERS - Ann Gibson, Hinkly Murphy
SOCIETY EDITOR - Selma Solms
REPORTERS - Georgia Anna Hill, Eleanor Murphy, Frances Coats,
Isabel Warner, David Robinson, Wesley de Valinger, Douglas Richard
TYPIST - Margaret Schuman

Published Monthly

Member Georgia Collegiate Press Association

VOL. II

MAY 21, 1937

No. 5

Welcome

We are hosts today to the Georgia Collegiate Press Association. This is indeed an honor, and we are rather flattered that Armstrong, the state's youngest college, was chosen for this convention.

Convention delegates will find the background of the college, this historic city, a place of infinite delight for the visitor. Savannah is unique in layout, and it publishes its autobiography along its main street.

Amusements also have their place, and what city can boast a better springtime sport than surf bathing? Then tonight delegates will be guests at the musical comedy, "The Count and the Co-ed," which opened last night.

With a minimum of time out for business, visitors will be taken on a tour of the city this afternoon to visit representative Savannah industries and other points of interest. Delegates will find local citizens cordial and well informed on Savannah history.

It is our sincere hope that all visitors during the convention will find Armstrong and Savannah such an enjoyable combination that they will return again. Cheerio.

New Leaders

We are pleased to congratulate the new executive officers of Armstrong publications for next year. Wise choices have been made in the election of Miss Lynes, Miss Nathan, Miss Harmon and Mr. Richard.

Miss Nathan has already taken her place as business manager of this paper, the very appearance of which is evidence of her ability.

Miss Lynes is well known for her vivacious personality. In fact it was that and her red hair that got her elected editor of this organ. She comes to the staff as an outside recruit, but (we are told, mind you) with plenty of pep.

Miss Harmon is to be editor of our dear rival, the annual *Geechee*. We expect her to produce a yearbook of originality and worth.

Mr. Richard, who will be business manager of the annual, is quite capable of handling that job. He comes highly recommended by one Alva Lines, which is about as much as you can say of business managers.

May you, '38, carry on what we have tried to establish in the way of Armstrong tradition.

Thanks

The editors take this opportunity to thank both the student body and the administration for the generous way their policies have been received throughout the year.

The student body has been patient and forgiving. New ideas have been given a fair trial, and mistakes have been overlooked. Never has an editorial board had such acclaim and so little fault-finding from its public.

We thank the administration for the complete freedom allowed in the management of the paper. Not one word has been censored, no dictation given. This confidence, we hope has not been wholly unjustified.

At the request of the editors, individual members of the faculty have given sound advice at times to steady the enthusiasm of youthful pens. This is now fully appreciated. Another, whose fatherly counsel is much esteemed, gave experienced consideration to our editorial problems.

Personal mention goes to Ann Gibson for the splendid way she handled several of the biggest news stories; to Hinkly Murphy, for his feature stories; to David Robinson, who kept trying; to Georgia Anna Hill for her willingness to work, and to Wesley de Valinger, who did a thankless job well.

Time marches on, but the *Literary Digest* has to run.

There is a movement afoot to change the style of roll call. Call it at the end of class for the benefit of late-comers.

Funny Faculty
Isn't It?

—Monologue—

Knock! Knock!
Are you busy, Jane? Well, if you aren't I want to come in!
Oh, that's all right if you are busy. I'll come back another time—

Yes, what I want to tell you can keep, but some is mighty interesting.

Well, if you insist I guess I can come in.

Guess what I want to ask you? Oh, I knew it, you can't guess—I want to know, if you know any pet saying of the teachers. You do know plenty, well tell me.

Wait let me tell you one first—It seems as if one of the young men professors has more pet sayings than anyone in college. I don't know if he knows it or not, but his pupils really try to take everything in he teaches them and also take in his pet saying, too.

Oh, you know who he is before I get started. He uses "my conscience."

Well, my goodness how did you know? Oh, yes took a subject under him and that sort of stuck in, eh?

He uses "Goodness, Gracious, no" a lot too.

Yes, he is noted for promptness. Doesn't he get you when he says "I want you at 2:30 and not 2:35." Must get monotonous when you are on time, doesn't it?

Oh, you don't know—you're never on time.

He's awfully patient, isn't he when someone says "I don't understand, and I don't think I ever will"? He says, "Well, look here" and if you don't look, you don't understand, and if you do look you understand a little more than you did before don't you?

Oh, you don't know, you are very dumb anyway.

Oh, I'm so sorry—I didn't mean to hurt your feelings—you know I didn't, just for that I'll let you give me a pet saying.

Of course I heard someone popping out in the Humanities class with "Let there be more love—more happy love for young people." Oh, you wonder who she was thinking about.

Oh, I don't know, maybe Romeo—Oh, she was, but she didn't know him! "At any rate"—that gets off the subject—doesn't "at any rate" remind you of someone?

Oh, you don't know—Think real hard.

Here's another one of her pet expressions—"was that the way it was"—after she tells a story she always ends it with "was that the way it was." Of course, she knows she is telling it right, but she always answers her own questions.

Did I hear you say something, then she is sure she is telling the truth—isn't she!

Oh, no the music from upstairs don't help us with the poetry we are reading—the music is swing-time where the poetry is pure old waltz time and you know you can't mix them, can you?

Did you say "for various and sundry reasons"? Those are the exact words that are used everyday—you mean to tell me you don't know who uses them? Shame on you—he also compares his "old shoes to the Georgia Constitution"—How do I know what he means?

Oh, you think he means the Constitution is true, like an old pair of shoes—Well, I really don't know you can ask him what he means, and I bet if you do he will say "it may be stated in this manner" and end up with "get the point."

Of course, you know who he is. If it hadn't been for him you wouldn't have gotten a pink slip—

I give up—you certainly do know him well, don't you?

Have you heard about the amoebas that came the other day. What, you want to know who they are—

How should I know—Oh, no dumbell, they aren't new students, they're like the protozoa, paramcium,—don't you know? If the professor heard you say that, he would most likely say, "uh, 'incidentally,' Miss Jones you don't read enough outside of class, a little more reading in the library will do you good."



Dr. John P. Dyer

Issue Dedicated
To John P. Dyer

This issue of the *Inkwell* is dedicated to one of this year's arrivals on faculty row, Dr. John P. Dyer. A native of Tennessee, Dr. Dyer received his Ph. D. at Vanderbilt University after several years as assistant history professor there. He came to Georgia as head of the Social Science department at South Georgia College at Douglas and resigned there to accept the post of Economics and Social Science professor at Armstrong.

Since his arrival here he has been very interested in helping students to find their best place in the college, in promoting the fairest and most uniform possible method of giving and grading tests, and in giving his classes a roused and militant social consciousness.

Dr. Dyer is one of a prominent group of Southerners who choose Agrarianism for their philosophy. He is also author of a new book on Gen. Joseph Wheeler, one of Tennessee's Confederate Army heroes. An enlargement of his Doctor's Thesis, it will soon be ready for the University of North Carolina Press.

Did you say you wish you knew what was so interesting about Columbus?

What Columbus do you mean? Columbus, Georgia?

Oh, Columbus, Ohio. I get it, some professor uses that as his pet expression, eh? He always says "now up at Columbus!"

Yes, he is interesting to talk to and he seems up in his subjects too—Even the boys at the bank find him up to his neck in figures and finance.

"Not on your life"—doesn't that drawl tell you right away who this is?

He certainly looks like a good sport, doesn't he?

You say he knows plenty about the American Government—

Of course, he ought to—what do you think he's been studying for all these years if he can't teach you, dumbell, something about our policies and platforms of today's government.

His way of answering a question really shows when he means yes, and when he means no, doesn't it, because he says, "oh, yeah — uhuh!" "oh, no — uh! uh!"

Oh you know a teacher that draws real well and puts over his paints by making drawing on the board and still says he doesn't consider himself an artist — if he doesn't think he can draw—wonder what he thinks I do when I can't even draw a straight line and—

He certainly does know his subject and how to get the facts over to his pupils doesn't he—What are his favorite expressions—

It seems as if—"Is that clear?" and "any questions" are his.

Do you know how to paint a flower?

Not a real flower, but use paint? You use three dabs of paint and "you get a very interesting effect"—Of course, it gives an interesting effect—you couldn't do it though—it wouldn't look natural—oh, yes it would look natural at a distance.

Well, anyway, you aren't an artist and we don't expect anything of you, or don't we?

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.

After two years at Armstrong, and on the last issue of *The Inkwell*, I am entitled to a little bathos. Not that I'll get the typewriter rusty, but the swell times we have had keep coming to mind. Flipping our ears at speakers, being undignified and lousy, beating our brain cells to get something a little better for the paper. Editor Ware comes in for comment: he pursued us everywhere including our boudoir, dining room, and once I found him during my date, waiting on a promised article.

Woist of all was the times when we ground out stories for laughing purposes, poems for puzzle-purposes, and articles for making the students think we were profound, and Ed. Ware would not print them. He would say no to his own Grandmother. End to end, these articles would form a rope of dullness reaching around the world. But at the critical time, when you have just finished beating your brains to improve the thing, and then the churl turns up his editorial nose, you felt like getting holt of a stick.

* * *

And after two years . . . we ought to look back on our mental history. It would be like a mental diary, only it would not be "Dear Diary, today I met Lulu—"—but Today I thought so & so. Diogenes cheerfully gives his worthless opinion that we have advanced considerably. Maybe we have lowered our taxes of vanity and haste and lack of techniques.

* * *

After struggling with various ideas for years, Diogenes now (May 18th) is aware that there is a continuity in things which is not always recognized in social thinking: the crime and the tenement, ignorance of government and bad government, false issues and lack of interest.

* * *

Texas Guinan either coined or used a very vulgar, expressive word: Sucker. Hello sucker! It was frank, Rabelaisian and to the point. Being laughed at is a humiliating thing, but it has therapeutic value: the roentgen ray of criticism. If we have laughed at ourselves, it does not (as Pegler would say) take the fuzz off our peach. But sometimes it also does not take away the dumb suckerism. One is aware of cultural vacuities and Hollywoodisms.

* * *

The news that we shall probably have an Alumni assoc. organizing very soon, gives pleasure. The worthwhile, free atmosphere of Armstrong has been a fine thing. We hope that it will not in future have to be overrun with stuffy rules, which so stifle zest, and creative ambition. Think of the pleasant, unauthorized times we have had: we can't find a thing to regret in our stay, and we feel a genuine pride in being associated with Armstrong, and hope that the association will continue.

Who always addresses his classes with "Gentlemen" oh, you know—

Why doesn't he address the ladies too? Well, I really don't know—maybe he will say "well, of course you know you don't find two democrats with a republican in the same party, and maybe the ladies are supposed to be republicans so he is too much of a democrat to address us—

Well, you tell him to address the ladies—I can't do it—

Yes, there are two teachers that don't seem to have any pet sayings, or at least if they have them we don't know them.

Well, I know one would be "parlez vous en Francais," and the other would be "Be sure and take a shower; you need it to close up your pores after this exercise."

"Young man, are you the teacher of this class?"

"No, Sir."

"Then don't talk like an idiot."

AT B Initiates, P D M Has Tea

Alpha Tau Beta had its first pledge service a few weeks ago at Armstrong. Pledge pins were given to the pledges, and refreshments were served after the service. Formal initiation of the two new members, Amand Palmer and Frances Coats, took place the same night.

Phi Delta Mu entertained with a tea yesterday afternoon, from 4:00 until 6:00 o'clock, at the home of Walton Purse. Those invited were the graduating class of Armstrong, the members of Alpha Tau Beta and Delta Chi Sororities of Armstrong, the members of Quis Qui and Entre Nous Sororities, and also the graduating class of Pape School.

Armstrong Covers The Waterfront

Although the official opening date for Savannah Beach is still several weeks off, Armstrong descended on the island in full force last week-end and started things humming. Witness the slightly red noses and sore muscles.

Largest single group down last week was the Delta Chi house party at Gussie Oelschig's. Chap-erone Spencer declined to comment on the party for publication, but she did describe her red lastex bathing suit sprinkled with white daisies.

Besides regular parties, dates and singles were seen on the beach. An impromptu dance at the Brass Rail Saturday night included several Armstrongians and dates.

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Geechee Staff Is Entertained

Editors of *The Geechee* entertained the staff Wednesday night with a supper party at the Pink House. Miss Frances Coats, Fred Simpson and Alva Lines were the committee in charge.

Guests were the Misses Ann Gibson, Elizabeth Levy, Josephine Traub, Walton Purse, Grace Bounds, Jeanne Victor, DeAlva Hodges, Eleanor Murphy, Margaret Schuman, Georgia Anna Hill, Mary Garrard, and Frances Coats.

Also present were Hinkley Murphy, Alva Lines, Fred Simpson, Robert Heriot, Herbert Traub, David Robinson, Solomon Sutker, Robert McCuen, Hoyt Ware, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lowe, and Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Gignilliat.

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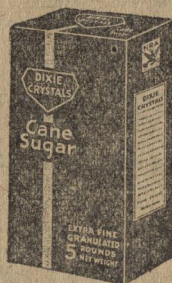
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Armstrong Wins State Net Title

Dumping S. G. C. in the finals, Armstrong Junior College smashed its way to the tennis championship of the Georgia Junior College Conference last Saturday at Douglas. Armstrong triumphed over S. G. C. to the tune of 4 to 1 in the finals. Armstrong was the class of the tournament. This is the second time this year she has beaten S. G. C., who had not lost a match, except to Armstrong, in over two and one-half years and who had dominated State Junior College tennis circles for three straight years, winning both State title and S. E. Championship.

Our team won its first two matches by default and on Saturday morning shut out Young Harris College 5 to 0 in the semi-finals. They were not extended in the least in scoring their third love victory of the year.

John Tyre, number one man and captain of Armstrong, showed his ability in defeating Harper of Douglas, singles champion of conference, by the score of 1-6, 6-3, 6-3. Robert Lanier was the only Armstrong player to suffer defeat, while the other three Armstrong players decisively defeated their respective opponents.

This is the first year that Armstrong has entered the Junior College tournament and the victory was a fine climax to an undefeated season.

According to the scores of students in other states, Armstrong did considerably well, and ranked fairly high.

Judge: "How many children have you, Mirardy?"

Mirardy: "Well, judge, I has two by mu first husband, one by my last husband and then I has two of mu own."

Professor: "You missed my class yesterday, didn't you?"

Unsubdued Student: "Not in the least, sir, not in the Least."

History Professor: "Can you tell me what makes the Leaning Tower of Pisa lean?"

Self-conscious co-ed: "I don't know or I'd take some myself."

Professor: Fools ask more questions than a wise man can answer.

Freshman: Maybe that's why I flunked that last exam.

She: "Why in the world did women even take up knitting anyway?"

He: "To give them something to think about while they talk."

He took her gently in his arms And pressed her to his breast. The lovely color left her cheek And lodged on his full dress.

Some girls are blondes and some brunettes.

Some are beautiful and wise; Some, they say, are clever, too— But I guess they go with other guys.

Undertaker: "Come, come, where is the sixth pallbearer?"

The Minister: "Pardon, sir, he's proposing to the widow."

—Texas Ranger.

Baby Ear of Corn: "Mama, where did I come from?"

Mama Ear of Corn: "Hush, dear, the stalk brought you."

Traffic Cop: "Don't you know what I mean when I hold up my hand?"

Old Lady: "I ought to; I was a school teacher for thirty-five years."

—Hi-duel.

"What have you done?" St. Peter asked, "That I should admit you here?"

"I ran a comic," the editor said, "Of my college for one long year."

St. Peter pityingly shook his head. And gravely touched the bell, "Come in, poor thing, select a harp. You've had your share of hell."

—Witt.

Athletic Banquet Honor Lettermen Next Week

The annual athletic banquet will be held next week, and varsity men will be presented letters for this year.

Lettermen are:
Basketball (women), Purse, Rushing, Meadows (c), Cargill, Lee, Leon, Wallace, Beery, Pierce, Cone, Morris, Robertson, C. Mayhew, L. Mayhew, and Oliver (m).
Basketball (men), Cranman, McLaughlin, Dupont, Lanier (c), Mopper, Karnibad, Leon, Kronstadt, Morgan, Miller, and Jeffords (m).
Tennis (women), Nathan, Purse, Robertson, McIntire, Oliver.
Tennis (men), Cranman, Tyre (c), Lanier, Dupont, Haines, Morgan.

Boxing, Cranman, Tyre, Mopper, Breland, McLaughlin, Miller, Roberts, Stokes, Ross, and Smith (m).
Golf, Jeffords, Barragan, Sanders, Carr.

Arthur Cranman, freshman, takes off top honors with letters in three sports.

Conductor: "I'll have to charge you full fare for your little brother; he's wearing long pants."
Young Brother: "Gosh, Sis, you ride free!"

"If the Dean doesn't take back what he said to me this morning, I am going to leave college."
"What did he say?"
"He told me to leave college."

Old Lady: "I suppose you have been in the Navy so long that you are accustomed to sea legs."

Sailor: "Lady, I wasn't even looking!"

"See that guy there? He's going through college by caring for a baby."

"He's lucky. I got kicked out for the same thing."

A professor who comes two minutes early to class is very rare—in fact, he's in a class by himself.

—Epitome.

"Do you think we can squeeze in here?" he asked, as he entered a crowded bus with his big date.

"Dear," she whispered, "I think we'd better wait until we get home."

—Yellow Jacket.

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