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THE INKWELL

Volume VI

ARMSTRONG JUNIOR COLLEGE, SAVANNAH, GA., MARCH 31, 1941

No. 6

Playhouse To Present "Ladies In Retirement"

Appearance Here Will Mark Its First Non-Professional Showing

"Ladies in Retirement", a play by Edward Percy and Reginald Denham, will be presented at the college April 1-5, appearing on our stage in its world premiere as far as non-professional groups are concerned. This exciting mystery drama has been released to the Savannah Playhouse only through special permission.

Estuary House, the scene of the mystery, is an old pre-Tudor farm home situated below the town of Gravesend in the Thames marshes made so famous by Dickens in his "Great Expectations." It stands at a small height above the level pastures which reach out to the massive stone walls bounding the great river.

It belongs, in this year 1885, to a Miss Leonora Fiske. This role of a retired lady of easy virtue will be played by Mary Eyler. She has had good friends—one or two of whom pay her small quarterly allowances—and she has saved money. She has chosen to spend the last years of her life in rural retirement; and she occupies this lovely old house with her friend and housekeeper-companion, Miss Ellen Creed, who will be known on our stage as Ruth Christiansen. The two sisters of Miss Ellen Creed, Emily and Louise, will be characterized by Gene Burroughs and Josephine Hirsch. Their nephew, who is an impertinent little cockney, will be portrayed by Sam Hopkins. Lucy Gilham, who is the pretty little cockney maid of the household, will be interpreted by Maude West. Mary Hinely will be the jolly red-faced old nun from the neighborhood priory.

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Spencer Talks To Job Club

Speaks on Youth and Jobs

At the last meeting of the Job Club Captain Frank V. Spencer, prominent figure in Georgia education and welfare, was the guest speaker. Armstrong's welfare is of especial interest to him, and he always manifests great pleasure in participating in her activities.

Captain Spencer's talk centered generally on the subject of Youth and Jobs. He stressed the point that youth should not be tempted by easy jobs or mercenary rewards. Greater rewards are to be obtained by one's advancement and accomplishments in his job.

He praised the occupation of the machinist, saying that due especially to the present defense program the machinist is now the most important figure in this country. In connection with that he stated that we in the United States must realize that we are in a Mechanical Age.

The high light of Captain Spencer's address dealt with welfare. He said that the United States could never become a great nation until the underprivileged of this country are raised to a decent level.

After the meeting an informal discussion was held at which time the members of the club met the speaker.

Captain Spencer also addressed the student body the next day in assembly on the subject of the vocational school which is soon to be built in Savannah.

ERROR IN INKWELL POLL

In the last issue of the Inkwell, it was erroneously stated that Emma Clemens was chosen as the Duchess of Wit in the Inkwell poll. This should have been Mary Hinely. The staff of the Inkwell wish to apologize for this error.

Several New Students At Armstrong

The student body at Armstrong has been increased by several new students who entered at the beginning of the spring quarter. Most of the students are from Savannah High, but there are a few from out of town. The complete list is as follows:

From Savannah High School: Edward Bennett, Milton Bradley, Watson Cordes, Harvey Ferrelle, Jr., Orville Heckman, Milton Hymes, Jr., William Jordan, T. L. Kohn, Bernice Kravitch, Irving Levin, Samuel Marshall, Robert Miller, Nancy Nichols, Marguerite Warner, and Mary Wheeler.

From St. Vincent's: Mary Jo von Waldner.

From Middle Georgia College: Jean DeLoach.

From Savannah Air Base: Theodore Deffner and Von LeVan.

Alpha Tau Beta Elects Officers

Plans Made for House Party And Dance

The Alpha Tau Beta Sorority recently elected new officers. The officers are as follows: Betty McMillan was reelected president, Helen Schley was reelected vice president, Alice Louise Hamlet was reelected treasurer, and Dorothy Newton was elected secretary.

The following pledges became members: Julia Ann Marshall, Caroline Smith, Jo Elliott, Alberta Robertson, and Frances Bruce.

The Sorority is planning a house party later on in the spring, and arrangements are also being made for the annual banquet and dance.

Painter Offers New Course In Invertebrate Zoology

Field Trips Planned

In an effort to provide equally interesting and educational courses, a new course in invertebrate zoology has been introduced, with Dr. Ben T. Painter as instructor. The course is essentially an introductory one and provides, among other things, a medium by which further studies in the biological sciences may be contemplated.

Dr. Painter has worked energetically in planning the course in a most interesting way. Of particular interest are the field trips to be undertaken by the class during the spring quarter.

These field trips, or exploratory expeditions, are designed not only to obtain valuable specimens for laboratory work, but also to find out what this vicinity offers in the way of invertebrate animals.

A number of expeditions will extend to Tybee and surrounding regions where marine animals can be procured. Starfish, varieties of the jelly fish, and other sea forms lie in abundance at Tybee, an inexhaustible source of specimens.

The forms obtained around Savannah and its vicinity will be studied not only in the light of learning and education, but also with the idea of the relationship of certain forms to life as a whole and to the community.

A familiar example is the earthworm, which plays an important part in the soil. It feeds on leaves and decaying matter, and the substance excreted by the earthworm is a great asset to rich soil.

An invitation has been extended to the zoology class by the U. S. Department of Interior to take a trip along a trail blazed near Fort Pulaski on Cockspur Island. The class was asked to study and identify the foliage and vegetation in this region and assist the department in marking them. The singular advantages from such a trip lie not only in learning the plants, but also in observing the plants and animals in their natural habitat.

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HINESVILLE AND CAMP STEWART

By Emel Blair

Editor's Note: Emil Blair, associate editor of the Inkwell, recently made a trip to Camp Stewart, the new anti-aircraft center at Hinesville. The following story represents the impressions he received of this new project:

The first impression I received upon entering Hinesville was that of an old decrepit spinster primped up in a hurried and inexperienced manner.

It is a typical country town sprawled in a lazy indifferent manner in the midst of winding roads. It reminded me of the town, Grover's Corners, in the play "Our Town".

I was walking along the dirt sidewalk, when suddenly I seemed to step into a modern avenue of a large city.

Glaring neon signs of huge dimensions blazoned in a paroroma of lights from modern stores. Restaurants and cafes were equipped with modern fixtures—streamlined chairs and the like. There is a theater called the Liberty Theatre that is equal in all respects to the Bijou Theatre here in Savannah.

An occasional hog sauntered up the road or a remorseful cow glanced at me. My friend, whom I was visiting, explained that before the construction of Camp Stewart the streets of Hinesville were literally filled with lazy cows and grunting hogs; but now the animals have been driven away by the noise and confusion of mechanical apparatus.

Hinesville was settled about 105 years ago. Up until the time of the construction of the anti-aircraft base the population was about 800. Since that time it has sprung to approximately 15,000. The town is about 1½ miles square, the residential section winding around the highway.

The town is the county seat of Liberty County. It boasts of a beautiful court house, which was erected commemorating the Confederacy.

The people in this small town are genial and friendly. One can easily tell which are the original inhabitants, for they extend greetings, while the others cast curious or

suspicious glances your way.

Continual expansion and building is progressing both in the business district and in the residential section. Modern bungalows are springing up on the outskirts of the town. A large Coca-Cola bottling plant is being erected. The "boom" period is about over, and the town is settling down to more or less normal prosperity.

There are, of course, large numbers of uniformed men in the town. The situation that usually arises with soldiers in town is well in hand.

Camp Stewart

Camp Stewart is situated about two miles from the city limits of Hinesville. The first thing I encountered while heading for the Camp was a guest post; but fortunately regulations are not as yet strict regarding entrance into the Camp, and I had no trouble in getting past.

The Camp itself is in a "V" shape at the base of which is a huge theatre and the hospital center. Each of the "V" arms extends about three miles. On the left arm next to the lats encampment is the 101st F. A. of which Battery "A" used to be the Georgia Hus-sars.

Proceeding from the base of the "V" along the left arm, there is a huge water tower. Further on I saw a modern sewage disposal plant, insuring sanitation in the Camp. Still further there is a large laundry plant, to the left of which there is a railroad serving the Camp.

The permanent buildings are occupied by the Ordnance, officers, the Post Exchange, of which there are eight scattered throughout the Camp, and the Civil Service.

The soldier's housing consists of a tent having a wooden base. Each tent is about eighteen feet square, housing from six to eight men. The tents are screened, have electric lights, and a stove.

The Camp as yet does not have any appreciable equipment, the construction having just been com-

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Armstrong Co-ed Is Chatham County Paper Festival Princess

Miss Dorothy Newton Chosen From a Field Of Nine

The Stork, winging his way toward Moultrie, Georgia, and the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Newton, could hardly have realized the significance of his tiny bundle. On that windy 28th day of March in 1923 entered into this world the Princess of Chatham County for the 1941 Paper Festival, Miss Dorothy Newton. Then scarcely distinguishable from the thousands of other babies who share her birthday, she has now attained through her personality, soft voice, and pulchritude the highest honor in recognition of her beauty her community is able to bestow upon her, a metamorphosis unparalleled even by Ovid.

The personal opinion of one Mr. Seig Robertson was publicly confirmed when Miss Newton was overwhelmingly acclaimed as Armstrong's choice for Princess. A

second confirmation came when an awed silence fell over the room as her picture was presented to the judges. The third, the final, and all conclusive proof was the final selection of Miss Newton after only seven ballots from a field of nine contestants, each a princess in her own rights. However, the judges proved themselves true Southern gentlemen in their acknowledgment of each contestant's charm and true conneisseurs of beauty in selecting Miss Newton.

At last the circle of Miss Newton's admirers will be extended to the size which such perfection deserves. Armstrong is proud to sponsor one who will bring so much praise to herself and prestige to the institution.

Congratulations, Dottie, and Happy Birthday.

THE INKWELL

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COLLEGE NUT

All colleges have their what may be termed as "hang-out". Armstrong is not lacking in this respect, boasting of the Nut, in charge of Ellen Cory.

For well known reasons the Nut is not visited as it should be. Designed not only to afford a lunch room, the Nut is also supposed to be a center of recreation and relaxation.

Student co-operation is not lacking. The reason lies in the fact that the Nut does not possess the amusement facilities of other places.

An appeal is extended to the administration to allow the Nut be supplied with those things that seem not only to attract students but also members of the faculty. An appeal is also extended to the student body to patronize the Nut. Remember it is your Nut and it as at your disposal.

In the event the thought should arise that a thrust is being at any other particular place the Inkwell wishes to state that it has no such intention, but is simply trying to show that the Nut is a part of the school and as such it deserves the students' patronage.

HIGH SCHOOL HABITS

When students enter from high school into college, they are supposed to carry some things with them; and, also, they are supposed to leave some things behind—high schoolish habits.

Upon entering a college the student attains an entirely different semblance from that which he had possessed in high school. By retaining these high schoolish habits the student not only hinders his own progress, but is also a nuisance to the instructor and a boor to his friends.

Here at Armstrong we are proud that we do not have a rigid list of "do's" and "don't's". A student is on his own here and all that is requested of him is that he conduct himself like a gentleman.

So pause a moment and think just how silly and out-of-place those things that were all right in high school appear in a college. Just a little consideration is necessary, and that atmosphere necessary for the cordial and efficient functioning of a college group is easily obtained.

Armstrong from the Balcony

Whether or not Spring has arrived, we couldn't help but notice that Spring romances are already here.

If our dear editor will let this pass, we might mention that we heard M. Hinely at the Sophomore Spring Prom singing "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie".

Whoever wrote "La Donna Mobile" should have addressed his brain-child to the opposite sex (men!) and fondly dedicated it to one Jimmie Davenport. Never mind, Jimmie, they say variety is the spice of life . . . but we heard too much spice isn't good for little boys.

You may have heard I. Sklansky braggin' about his "wimmin". Well, don't let him fool you. Oh, he had the usual "associations", but he is really as timid as they come.

Tea dances are fun, but we wonder where certain lads got the idea they are doing the girls a favor by dancing with them. Maybe they haven't noticed that Savannah now has a surplus of men.

"He's in the army now!" But that doesn't keep "Frog" from returning to our little Songbird, Helen Kibler.

Furthermore, certain of our girls have threatened to join the army. Did you really mean it, Eloise?

What's all this idle chatter about Blue-blood? I always thought good red blood was most important. If it isn't, then a lot of spinach has gone to waste, and we do mean Waist!

Tom Adams has gone in for bowling in a big way. We won-

der if Pearl could be the attraction?

It looks as though Cleve would like to have Dav, back again. Did you notice them at the tea dance?

Dick Jackson has switched women again. This time it's Emily Webb of S. H. S.

"Beautiful" Schwanebeck is feeling just fine these days. Anita Fennel was loose for the Spring holidays.

Bobby Blake's new girl friend is "LaConga", but he was disappointed because she didn't come to the tea dance.

Dick Hart was feeling his best this past week. Could it be that Leslie Turner was home?

We wonder how the Colonel is progressing with his dubious romanticisms? He was recently warned that he couldn't bull-doze two women at one time.

The last time "Sufferage" went to Columbus he had a mayor's daughter to explain. He's sure going to have a "Cleve" time to explaining when he goes back.

It grieves us to see Cupid have setbacks, but such are inevitable. Well, the "long and short" of the problem is that the Clemens-Baker relations have become strained to the breaking point.

Harvey Gordon is another A. J. C. stude bemoaning the absence of his fair one. Yep, Vocational School got her, too.

Ethel can't seem to decide whether it will be Joe or Oscar. It must be nice to have two on the string. (Note: To us it seems Joe is lagging a bit to the rear).

Stu Lebey has no complaints to make and is looking forward to a cheerful and eventful Spring.

Bound To Be Read

Joe Livingston

Hello again! We'll start this month's trial with the most important item first.

A certain group had a little discussion at the Sophomore Spring Prom, and I wish to convey this thoughts to you in my own words. The names of these persons will not be disclosed but they are of some prominence, representing a majority at Armstrong.

Here it is! A certain organization made up of Armstrong boys saw fit to boycott the Sophomore dance. The name of said organization isn't worthy of mention in this paper. It is the same one whose principals were denounced by President Lowe in the Savannah Morning News.

It seems they had a dance on the Friday night of the last Playhouse production (an unwise choice on a date you can see), and because the Armstrong people in attendance at their social efforts were in a minority, they have chosen to take it out on the leading unit at A. J. C. Such actions create dissension among our ranks and are a detriment to school spirit, if they were done by anyone of importance (and we do mean importance) In this case it is immaterial. The dance was certainly a social success, and the presence of any of these "mutineers", singularly or collectively, would not have added to the affair in that respect.

Proud are we to say that only one of them (excluding Frank McIntyre, who attended and was very nice about the whole thing) is a bona fide, acceptable (and we do

mean acceptable) member of the second year class.

Two of them are (or were) members of the student senate. Fine, upstanding spirit and co-operation from one in such a position.

From all appearances, in conclusion, no one was hurt but the culprits themselves. We know the student body is glad they showed us their true colors. We repeat, gentlemen, the only damage was done to yourselves. As for the rest of us we have no regrets.

Personally, gentlemen, I like the general idea of your organization. I know you're sore about a "certain incident", and I can see why you would be. I can also appreciate your attitude about that—but your method of revenge is unreasonable and that of a childish mind. As it stands you hurt yourselves both socially and, I believe, conscientiously.

PHILOSOPHY

An old friend of ours, unknown in Savannah, sent us this following philosophical poem from Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill., where he is in the Air Corps. If anyone at all interested in this bit of literature, we beg of you to treat it seriously. Understand it isn't the usual ballyhoo found in these columns:

"Blessed is she who wears her beauty wisely; she shall not be made a fool.

(Continued on page three)

Unearthed in Exchanges

Lub: Why is that man over there snapping his fingers?

Dub: He's a deaf mute with the hiccups.

Man (getting a shave): Barber will you please give me a glass of water?

Barber: What's the matter? Something in your throat?

Man: No, I want to see if my neck leaks.

—Bay Window.

Livingston: Gosh that woman gave you a funny look!

Middleton: Huh? What woman?

Livingston: Mother Nature.

Joe: What happens when a body is immersed in water?

Noe: The telephone rings.

—Baldwin Broadcast

Roses are purple,
Violets are pink,
'Specially after the 13th drink.
—Cadet Bugler.

Coon: Gosh! I've locked the car and gone and lost the key.

Brite Chile: That's all right. It's such a beautiful night. I won't mind riding in the rumble seat.

Proud Englishman: The sun never sets on the British Empire.
Irishman: That's because the Lord is afraid to trust ye in the dark.

PARODY ON TREES
I think that I shall never see
A girl refuse a meal that's free,
A girl whose hungry eyes are fixed
Upon a meal that costs two-bits;
A girl who doesn't ever wear
A lot of do-dads in her hair—
Girls are loved by fools like me,
'Cause who the heck would kiss a tree?

GIRL'S VERSION—
I think that I shall never see
A boy who quite appeals to me;
A boy who doesn't flirt or tease;
A boy who doesn't ever wear
Aslab of grease upon his hair;
A boy without silly grin;
A bay who keeps his shirt-tail in.
These fools are loved by girls like me.
But I think that I prefer a tree.
—Hyphen.

New girl (writing home): I weigh 125 pounds stripped for gym.
Mother (writing back in haste): Who is Jim?
—Lawrence.

First stude: Gee, look at all the electricity in my hair.
Second stude: Sure, it's connected to a dry cell.

They say she used to be the belle of the town.
Sure, but somebody "toll'd" on her.
—Periscope.

"I shouldn't have eaten that missionary,"
Said the cannibal chief with a frown;
"For I've often heard the old proverb
That you can't keep a good man down."
—Alchemist.

Bound To Be Read

(Continued from Page 2)

Blessed is she who realizes that beauty comes from God, and who acts accordingly; her beauty shall never fade.

Blessed is she who gives beauty only to true love, for she shall know honor as well as joy.

Blessed is she who keeps her mind and heart as beautiful as her face and body, for no harm shall touch her."

THE DEVIL

By Frederick Reiser

His Majesty the Devil
A rotten old sot was he,
Lived with his wife
A devil also was she.
In Hades they lived
These two of a kind,
But old Mr. Devil had a Devil of a time.

He tried to rule the place,
But 'twasn't very long
Before she had him singing quite a different song.

After many years
There came this certain day,
When the devil decided
This was a helluva place to stay.

"Goodbye", he shouted
To his glaring old flame,
"I'm gonna get another
And she'll not be the same".
Now let this be a lesson
To those not on the level.
Be careful to your boy friends
When you play the devil.

Me— owwww!
Once I had a little bird
And his song—
Was the sweetest ever heard;
He is gone—
Some cat got him!
Once I had a white pet mouse,
He was great—
Wiggly dancing little mouse;
He is ate—
Some cat got him!
And I had a lovely beau,
He had a little bus—
Lots of cash to spend you, know.
Some cat got him!
—Ski-N-Mah.

TEXT BOOKS AGAIN

With the advent of the Spring quarter there came the changing of one or two more text books. Yours truly was already set but for some of the squawks heard hereabouts everyone wasn't. We would appreciate an explanation from someone in authority to set us right. The way it stands, the general consensus of opinion is that someone's being inconsiderate.

EPITAPHS

Following are three epitaphs which perhaps aren't new to some of you. The first one is suggested for the demoniacal demigod, Adolph Hitler:

"This is positively my last territorial demand".

The second is self-explanatory:
"His cross unseen,
His coffin bare,
Here lies the little man
Who wasn't there."

And the third:
"Here lies an atheist; all dressed up and no place to go."

FACULTY:

We notice in the Morning News that Mr. Keach finally has obtained a new cut. We sincerely hope that the old one has been destroy-

ed, for it was hardly recognizable. We will say the new one is a much more handsome example and comes nearer to doing justice.

Small boy: "Dad, is Rotterdam a bad word?"

Dad: "No, son. It's the name of a city."

Small boy: "Well, sister ate all my candy, and I hope it'll Rotterdam teeth out."

—Jack-O-Lantern.

From a member of the annual staff we get the following ditty:

Kiss me, darling, kiss me.
Hold me very tight.
I want to get in practice
For that date tomorrow night.

Anyone who has ever traveled out of Chatham County and stayed overnight will know that such lyrics didn't originate in conservative Savannah. (Did we hear an "amen" from the back of the room, Senors Victor, Tyson, and Reynolds?)

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Sure and it was a fine day for the Irish with the Murphys, O'Learys and Babanats all celebrating. Have you heard the song "God Made the Irish"? Babanats and I will sing it sometimes.

BLONDES AGAIN

Those of you who saw the last Playhouse production "Our Town" couldn't help but notice with more than casual glances the attractive, delightful, vivacious blonde with the sparking personality in the character of "Emily" as portrayed by Miss Helen Kibler. In our books the actress must fit the part to get such stirring results. (Who was that person who said gentlemen no longer preferred blondes? Perhaps, but) From all appearances Miss Kibler will be the current student queen of the Playhouse as was Miss Ruth Christiansen last year

To Mr. Kestler goes the blue ribbon for being the best-natured and for displaying the most wit and best sense of humor (with all due respect to Miss Bain and the Messrs. Williams, Holland, Hawes, etc.)

We do believe that he (Mr. Chips, pardon, Mr. Kestler) has had more cracks or high schoolish outbursts in his classes than any other instructor. In return, as calmly as you please, he offers an archaic "piece of Humanities", applied in a 20th century manner that more than evens the score and puts the situation well in hand.

At the prom the other night Mrs. Kestler started to give us some inside dope but thought the better of it "since she had to live with him."

To Miss Henderson we give credit for the prize mistake (politeness forbids our saying boner) of the month. She ousted several students the other day from the library who were entirely innocent of any breach of rules or etiquette. As far as we know none had so much as a thought in mind which would have been detrimental to her policy. Among those banished were the following: Misses Marcelle Pierce, Adeline Ralston, Emma Clemens, and the Messrs. Alfred Schwannebeck and yours truly. There is no ill-feeling, Miss Henderson. Thanks for the diversion. Hasta la Vista! Bye now.

The Colonel

Keach And Holland Receive Honors

Armstrong Instructors Elected Heads of State Organizations.

Two members of the Armstrong faculty have recently achieved state-wide honors. Stacy Keach, popular instructor of English and dramatics, was elected president of the Georgia Association of Teachers of Speech at their annual convention which closed several days ago in Atlanta. Mr. Keach was unable to attend the convention due to the fact that he was busy on the forthcoming Playhouse production "Ladies in Retirement."

Reuben W. Holland, instructor in French, was elected president of the Georgia Chapter of Teachers of French, at a meeting held recently in Macon.

The Inkwell joins the entire student body in congratulating Mr. Keach and Mr. Holland on their attainments.

CAMPUS CUTOUTS

Genone isn't very big,
And he certainly isn't Gable—
But when he necks, we hear, by heck,
He's ready, willing, and able.

Babanats should be shipwrecked
Out on a desert isle—
He'd see how boring he really is
If he talked to himself for awhile.

Howard Hughes things he's Romeo;
He thinks he's really a wow!
He tries to capture the girly's hearts—
But does he fail? AND HOW!

Dr. Painter tries to make
The pupils think he's meek—
But if he is, then why the heck
Is lipstick on his cheek?

A giggle gal is Fannie Bruce;
Her giggles can't be beat—
If ever she reaches the "Pearly Gate",
She'll giggle with old Saint Pete.

Mr. Williams seems immune
To Armstrong Co-eds' wiles;
They try to capture Charlie's heart—
But he merely nods and smiles.

—Anonymous.

Sophomores Hold Spring Dance

The sophomore class sponsored a spring prom on Friday, March 14, in the auditorium of the college, the first dance of the spring quarter. The ceiling and doors were decorated with crepe paper in pastel shades to carry out the atmosphere of the "spring swing".

The young ladies appeared in strapless evening gowns and the boys in white and brown shoes, a true sign of spring. The music was furnished by Max Sutker and his orchestra whose selections were clothed in all the new spring shades, "Blue Room", "Blueberry Hill", and even "Star Dust".

The committee chairmen for the dance were: General chairman, Jack Tyson; Decorations, Eloise Parker; Tickets, Emil Blair; Publicity, Joe Livingston.

"IF WINTER COMES..."

The flowers that bloom in the spring tra la have nothing to do with the case. While azaleas bloom riotously on every hand the weather man continues to predict "temperature near freezing for Savannah and vicinity."

Two schools of thought seem to prevail on the campus in regard to spring. One group prophesies with Shelley, "If winter comes can spring be far behind?" The other group tersely replies that it not only can, but in this case actually is. The members of group two, being more practical than the idealists of group one, have advanced a theory accounting for the delay of gentle zephyr and kindred phenomena.

The theory is, to-wit: The ground hog, upon leaving his burrow, was confronted with a sight unprecedented in the annals of the ground hog, upon leaving his burrow, was light, this timid little fellow beheld Mr. Williams attired in new saddle oxfords. Consider for a moment the effect this sight had upon the students of Armstrong who reputedly have an intellect almost twice that of the ground hog. With this in mind, what would you expect this creature to do but retire to his burrow, a nervous wreck? Ever practical, the aforementioned group two has appointed a committee to petition the replacement of the new shoes by the relics of yesteryear, which have become such familiar landmarks on the campus.

pus. Nevertheless, spring clothes are much in evidence. In fact, almost everyone you see has clothes on, spring clothes that is in an effort to ascertain whether or not the American youth of today was evincing a retention of the hardness of our pioneer forefathers in the wearing of these frills and chills, it was found that out of ten persons interviewed, nine revealed that the light spring garments were merely a decorative exterior over a far warmer foundation, the long woolen underclothes. The tenth avowed that today was his brother's turn, but he would have them tomorrow.

Despite the fact that the mornings are cold as yesterday's biscuits, the more hopeful among us have uncovered some infallible signs of the approach of spring. One keen observer reports that he noticed tender green buds sprouting out of his grandfather's wooden leg.

One sure sign brought to the attention of all, but apparently not heeded by all, was the Sophomore Spring prom. Never has our auditorium been the scene of a more enjoyable evening for a more congenial group. Even spring would not dare to incur the wrath of these revelers by delaying for long her appearance which was heralded so festively.

CHEAP

A college freshman drove up to a toll bridge in his Model A. Ford. "Fifty cents," called the gate-man.
"Sold," cried the boy.

SAD BUT TRUE

Marriage is like a drug to some women; they just take one dope after another.
Education is the only commodity on the market that people pay for and then try their best not to get.

DAFFYNITIONS

Trees—A bunch of bushes made famous by Joyce Kilmer.
Bore—A person who talks about himself so much you don't get a chance to talk about yourself.
Carbon—A place where street-cars are kept at night.
Puncture—A little hole in an automobile tire, usually found at a great distance from a garage.

CUT RATE

Betty—"Why does that new boy in your class act so aloof?"
Bobby—"Oh, him! He thinks he's a bargain because he's half-off."

SHUCKS

A young theologian named Fiddle, Refused to accept his degree, For he said: "'Tis enough to be Fiddle,
Without being Fiddle, D.D."

SWIPED

It's a wise cannon that knows its own fodder.

PLAIN IGNORANCE

Add to the list of the height of conceit the student who refused to take an eraser to his math exam.

HOME RUN!

If you don't succeed at first, try second base.

UNKNOWN

Son—It says here in this book that in some parts of Africa a man doesn't know his wife until after they are married.
Father—Why single out Africa?

WHY WASTE THE MONEY?

"Lighthouse no good for fog," says a Chinese. "Lighthouse he shine, whistle he blow, fog bell he ring—and fog he come in just the same."

HINT TO THE WISE

Gather your kisses while you may
For time brings only sorrow;
The girls who are so free today are chaperones tomorrow.

PLAYHOUSE TO PRESENT

(Continued from page one)

"Ladies in Retirement" offers chills for the mystery lovers, dramatic action for theatre-goers, and entertainment for the whole family. The curtain rises on "Ladies in Retirement", the worlds first in Retirement", the worlds first non - professional performance, April 1 to run through the fifth.

PAINTERS OFFERS NEW COURSE

(Continued from page one)

A rather unusual text book is being used by the class. The name of it is: "Animals Without Backbones", by R. Buchsbaum. The book is a field book and a text combined, containing many beautiful photographs and microphotographs of living invertebrates, some in their natural habitats.

The students of Armstrong may visit the lab sessions when they wish, and they are assured that they will not have to experience the disagreeable odors encountered in the Comparative Anatomy course last quarter.

The Lowe-Down

By Walter Lowe

FINAL BASKETBALL QUIPS:

It was the end of the first half, and the score stood Armstrong 25—G. M. C. 25. Well, all the critics who had picked G. M. C. to win the tournament were not worried about their predictions. Twice before in the regular playing season when the Geechees and the Cadets met, Armstrong held a lead at the half, but G. M. C. won by comfortable margins.

Armstrong was believed a strictly first half ball club that couldn't keep up the killing pace of a whole game because of lack of reserves. The Shivermen were determined to win this one although they knew it would be tough. The Geechees came out for the second half and completely baffled the high riding Cadets to the amazement of a house-full of fans and a few of the wise boys (coaches, scouts, etc.) The final score was A. J. C. 54, G. M. C. 45.

No, Armstrong did not win the tournament. They ended up in fourth place, but not until they had given the eventual champs the scare of their lives. For three-quarters Armstrong was within the grasp of the coveted title, but the five tired Geechees could not stand up against the Middle Georgia reserve forces.

Bob Blake, the Armstrong player of the year, and Harry Eubanks, freshman guard, were given second berths on the all-tourney team. Missing from next year's squad through graduation will be three first stringers: Joe Genone, Bill Sweatt, and Walter Lowe. However, the Geechees have a great nucleus and a good bunch of freshmen coming up next year, so watch out from them, they're going to be tough to beat.

NO JOKE

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The school gets the fame,
The printer gets the money,
The staff gets the blame.

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Girls' Sports

By Julia Storer

BOWLING

The Girl's Bowling Team is in third place in the Scholastic League, having won 42 games and lost 24. They hold the record for high team single game with 481 pins. Miss Lucretia Edwards, and Margaret Dooley have the highest averages, Miss Edwards averaging 91 and Miss Dooley 83.

The other members of the team follow these closely. The team is composed of Margaret Dooley, Lucretia Edwards, Rose Barnes, Alberta Robertson, Georgia Wynn, and Doris Wise.

BASKETBALL

The Geechettes went to Augusta, Ga., last week-end and played Augusta Junior College. Although losing by a score of 33-15, The Armstrong girls showed marked improvement and a fighting spirit. Lucretia Edwards was the high scorer for Armstrong with ten points, while Dot Fulcher and Betty Marriott starred for Augusta.

The Geechettes were entertained after the game by the Augusta team. Those making the trip were: Lucretia Edwards, Julia Storer, Sara Owens, Regina Altick, Mary Ann Hood, Kitty Harms, Debs Bernstein, Mrs. Don Swanson, and Coach "Chick" Shiver.

A banquet is being planned at which time letters will be awarded.

TENNIS

The Girls' Tennis Team will have a Round Robin Tourney, starting Thursday, March 27. Those competing are: Kitty Harms, Julia Storer, Elsa Schweizer, Gladys Feagin, and Rose Ann Hamilton. Each contestant will play every other contestant four games. The contestant winning the largest number of games will play No. 1 position, the next No. 2, etc.

The Geechettes will carry five singles players and two doubles teams. Kitty Harms has been named captain and Julia Storer, manager.



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HINESVILLE AND CAMP STEWART

(Continued from page one)

pleted. However, I was very much impressed by the number of trucks there. Row upon row, seeming without end they stood, large vehicles and small ones.

I came rather early in the morning to the Camp in order to see what activities go on there at that time. The weather was overcast and visibility greatly limited. I heard sharp commands and perceived a detail of rookies marching through a blanket of fog.

One particular detail had some very tall awkward men in it. Sharply contrasted, a short stout sergeant was in command, bellowing in a throaty voice: "LEFT, right! LEFT, right! HEADS up! CHEST out! STUMMICK in! LEFT, right! LEFT, right!"

While wandering more or less aimlessly through the Camp, I observed the various activities occurring in a typical training camp. Some men were gathered around an A. A. mounting, which an officer was explaining. Further on others were being instructed in the use and care of the rifle. In another part of the camp men were engaged in recreational activities.

A car turned down one of the cross-roads, full of jabbering women. A weary sergeant suddenly came to life.

"Women! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!", he yelled, and started galloping after the fastly disappearing auto.

Night Raid

There isn't very much to do in Hinesville in the way of recreation except to go to the show or read. I was lounging around town, preparatory to returning to Savannah. At about eight o'clock a

number of trucks tore out of the Camp and at a high speed raced through the town into the surrounding countryside. Suddenly a long beam of light shot up into the dark sky.

In the distance the faint roar of an airplane motor was perceived. It grew louder and louder, until it was almost directly overhead, filling the quiet air with thunder.

A large number of searchlights were turned on, their long slender fingers probing the darkness. The roar of the plane was deafening as it circled the town.

The plane flashed into view, but quickly disappeared again. Then it was caught in a beam once more. All the rest of the lights were immediately focused on the plane, until it could be seen plainly, a glaring spectre against a dark sky. Now that the plane was caught, it was "shot down", and the "game" was begun again. Thus I experienced my first "air-raid".

Doc Dyer: What three words are used most among college students?

Sklansky: I don't know.

Doc: The answer is correct, absolutely correct.

"You're the first girl I've ever kissed, dearest," said the Sophomore as he shifted gears with his foot.

"Professor, do you think it is right for me to sit on your lap when you explain your theory of reincarnation?"

"Why not? We live only once!"
—Stanford Chapparral.

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