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The Inkwell

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THE INKWELL

Volume XI

ARMSTRONG JUNIOR COLLEGE, SAVANNAH, GA., MAY 22, 1946

Number 4

POPULAR DABNEY BACK IN SCHOOL FACULTY

The faculty and students are delighted to welcome back a former history instructor — William Minor Dabney, who served gallantly in the service of his country. Mr. Dabney was a Lt. in the Navy serving on the renowned destroyer U. S. S. Tattnall. His first assignment on this ship was that of torpedo officer. He performed duties in the Atlantic Caribbean when that section was so infested with German U-boats.

Later the Tattnall became a member of the Eighth Fleet and did its share in the invasion of Southern France and Elba.

When the eminent destroyer was transferred to General Halsey's famed Third Fleet, Mr. Dabney became her gunnery officer and participated in the invasion of Okinawa.



MR. DABNEY

Mr. Dabney is a graduate of the University of Virginia, where he received his A.B. and Masters degrees in social sciences. Before enlisting in the Navy, he taught here at A. J. C. Upon enlisting, he was sent to the mid shipman school at Notre Dame and Northwestern Universities where he received his commission.

The "Tall man with the pipe" is getting back into the "swing" of things by immediately starting to work with Mrs. Olson on the dance committee. In all probability, he will be contributing his share to other organizations, cause "yours truly" was told that he was quite popular when here before!

Dean's List

Students for Fall Term are: Sophomores: Emmalyn Downing, Mrs. Elsie Lawing, Isadore Schwitz, Elsie Smith, Janet Spillane, Anne Wernicke, and those with "A's" are: Virginia Schanpp and Elizabeth Waters.

Freshmen: Suzanne Vaughndorf, Anne Williams, Anne Woodward, Beverly Beacham, Elizabeth Brewer, Jane Brown, Barbara Cowan, Rose Roffman, Leslie Snead, Helene Ungar, Lorraine Crovatt, Mary Ann Dupont, Frances Haile, and those with "A's" are: Charles Williamson, Edna Hutchins, Patricia Kenline, Everett A. Lee, Mary Ellen Montgomery, and Harvey Morgan.

BROWN AND MORGAN ELECTED FRESHMAN SOVEREIGNS

STUDENT FORUM ELECTS AUSTIN TO TOP OFFICE

With the graduation of Monique Davis, the Student Forum held an election for a new president. Donald Austin, former vice president, was elected the new president.

At the same meeting an interesting debate was held on a subject selected by Mr. W. Orson Beecher, Faculty Advisor. The topic was, "Resolved that the United States shall or shall not keep the secret of the atomic bomb." A very lively discussion was held with Charles Michal Williamson, Margaret Claghorn, and Leila Ann Nease on the affirmative and Donald Austin, Jane Brown, and Jeannette Glynn on the negative.

Leila Ann Nease was elected to represent the Student Forum in the Beauty Contest at the Valentine Dance.

The Student Forum is starting a campaign to get all students 17 1-2 years or older to register for voting. Mr. Beecher, Donald Austin, and Jane Brown promised to donate their cars for the purpose of taking students to the courthouse to register. Everybody will please make an effort to keep the above students busy.

Hats off to Emily Buckner—one of Armstrong's most outstanding sophomores. Among her many interests Emily is a member of Beta Lambda, Dance Committee, the Inkwell, the Geechee, and was on the Homecoming committee.

Her main interest lies in social service work. She is majoring in sociology and plans to continue work for her degree at the University of Georgia.

THE SEA

Have you ever stood on the golden sand
And heard the waves crash on the shore,
Felt the touch of the cooling breeze
And watched the gleaming Seagull soar?—I have.

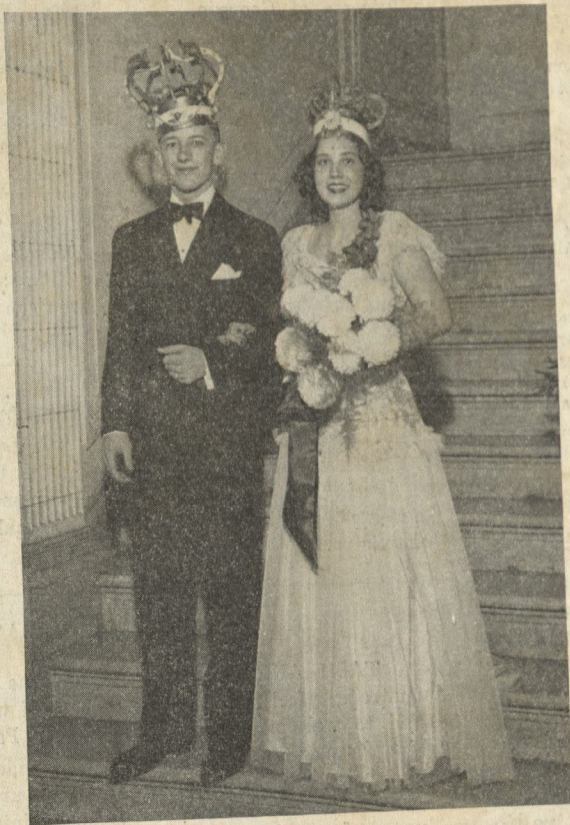
Do you ever stroll by the edge of the sea
When the moon makes a path through the night,
And the water's alive with the phosphorus
That's sparkling diamond-bright?—I do.

A Chaplain and a Medic had to share a jeep while on duty so they compromised on the name. They called it "Body and Soul." Exchange.

Hold that line!

Favorite admonition for hams who hog all the lines in a motion picture: "They should remember, that Mason and Dixon, only one line, and they're as popular as ever." Fred Allen.

Sign on the wall of a Naval Research Laboratory in Washington: "Consider the turtle—he doesn't make any progress unless he sticks his neck out." Readers Digest.



Meet the new King and Queen! Mr. Harvey Morgan and Miss Jane Brown (pictured above) were chosen to 'reign the halls' of Armstrong, Jr. College by popular vote of the students.

MEET THE FACULTY

DR. FAY

Regardless of whether or not you think it important to know how many flagella the euglena has, you will find that even stuff like that can be made interesting with Dr. Fay as teacher. She is at her best on the lecture platform spealing off words that would stump a quizz kid, or in the lab explaining the "why's" and "wherefore's" of those cute little wiggly things you see under the microscope. You may even think that the scientific facts about these things are pretty cut and dried but Dr. Fay has a quite unique way of putting them across.

This little jingle explaining the phenomenon of division in an amoeba seems to have made quite an impression.

"An amoeba named Joe and his brother
Were drinking toasts to each other.
In the midst of their quaffing
They split their sides laughing
And each found that he was a mother."

It is said that the best things come in small packages and knowing Dr. Fay, we are convinced. In addition to her many admirable qualities from her impressive record and from our own personal experience we know her as a competent teacher.

She received her A. B. degree from Rockford University in 1935 and her M. S. degree from the University of Illinois. The "Dr." was just recently added when she received her Ph. D. in genetics from the University of

(Continued on Page 4)

MISS FEAGIN

Who would guess that behind that "high school girl" appearance of Miss Feagin there lurks the brain of a mathematician and physicist. She is one of the Armstrong girls who made good as it was only a few years ago that she was giving the answers instead of asking the questions.

Miss Feagin returned to Armstrong in 1943 after having finished her last two years at the University of Georgia where she received her B. S. degree with majors in Math and Physics. Incidentally if any of you need a pep talk on the idea of going to Ga., Miss Feagin is just the one to convince you. She gets that convincing look when she starts talking about going horse back riding in the spring time, the green fields and red clay hills that you find around these parts. Anyway it really sounds wonderful and it seems that Savannah missed a good prospect for the Chamber of Commerce.

While at Ga., Miss Feagin was a member of Phi Kappa Phi, President of Phi Mu Epsilon, and the honorary fraternity in physics, Sigma Phi Sigma. She was an active member of the Hunt Club. It would seem that she is quite the accomplished athlete as she enjoys tennis, swimming and just ask Cecile Harris about her basketball playing.

Since it was only a short while ago that Miss Feagin was a student herself, she can readily understand and appreciate our problems and has come to be considered a friend as well as a teacher.

Announcement Made At Christmas Ball

Miss Jane Brown and Mr. Harvey Morgan were crowned freshman king and queen of Armstrong Junior College at the annual Christmas Ball on Friday, December 21. The couple were chosen by popular vote from five other boys and girls. The names of the two winners were withheld and announced at the middle of the ball when the royal couple paraded up to the stage where they were crowned by Miss Jane Middlebrooks and Mr. George Moore, last year's king and queen.

The other contestants for queen were the Misses Jane Wheeler, Leila Ann Nease, Lynn Barker, and Joanne Durrance. Others contesting for kingship were: Clarence Lucas, Edward Seig, Baxter McCreery and Wiley Kessler.

The gala Christmas ball was held in the school auditorium, beginning at 9:00, beneath a glittering canopy of white and silver.

Mr. Donald Austin, master of ceremonies, on behalf of the freshman class presented Miss Brown with a lovely bracelet and a bouquet of chrysanthemums. Mr. Morgan received a watch chain.

The music for the occasion was furnished by Jackson's orchestra. A very large crowd attended the ball including the military and naval personnel invited from Savannah and surrounding area.

BULLETIN!!

Geechee Editor Announces Sponsors For Valentine Dance

Miss Elizabeth Denny, editor of the Geechee, announced the sponsors who have been chosen to represent the different clubs at the Valentine Dance on Friday, February, 15th. During the evening a beauty queen will be chosen from the sponsors. The judges for the occasion are: Alexander Brooks, the famous artist; Bill Harris, city editor of the Morning News and Mrs. William Dunham, noted civic leader.

The girls and the clubs each are sponsoring are: Virginia Schaupp, Home Economics; Lorraine Crovatt, Geechee; Jane Middlebrooks, Inkwell; Catherine Bliss, Dance Committee; Mary Clark, Alpha Tau Beta; Jane Wheeler, Delta Chi; Jane Brown, Music; Leila Ann Nease, Student Forum; Ruth Mullis, Radio Club; Mary Montague, Basketball; Elizabeth McGuire, Sophomores; and Lynn Barker, Freshmen.

Henrietta Kicklighter is the chairman of the Dance Committee and all in all it ought to prove to be quite a big affair.

THE INKEWELL

Member Georgia College Press Association

Published monthly during the school year by the students of

ARMSTRONG JUNIOR COLLEGE
SAVANNAH, GA.

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ARMSTRONG STUDENTS HOLD RADIO FORUM

On April 26, through arrangements made by Mr. Orson Beecher, Dean of Students, and the Georgia Citizens Council, Armstrong students held a radio forum on the subject, "What Youth Expects from the Community?" Dean Kenneth Williams, Dean of the University of Georgia, acted as moderator. The forum originated from the Armstrong Junior College Auditorium and was broadcast through the services of radio station W.T.O.C. Students participating were: Cecile Harris, Jane Brown, Donald Austin, Louis Reisman, George Upchurch and Charles Williamson. An open discussion with the audience was held after the broadcast.

EDITORIAL

Upon entering the portals of A. J. C. one can notice a miraculous change which has taken place in the past few weeks. To turn a little light on the subject, I am speaking about the improvement of the lobby and the Faculty Room. At the beginning of the year, as one entered the administration building, there appeared first of all a mountain of books, coats, and similar belongings, carelessly distributed in every possible nook and corner. On the tables one could not help but notice much the same array of possessions, with additional coca-cola bottles and overlaid ash trays. It seemed a disgrace and an insult to the name of Armstrong Junior College.

Only by cooperation of the students or by drastic measures, as a last resort, could this deplorable situation be corrected.

At a meeting of the Student Senate it was decided that certain rules must be made in order to bring about a change. With open suggestions, finally a list of regulations was drawn up, and, all in all, it has proved to be a great success.

Now, in comparison to the former situation, as one steps into the lobby a noticeable improvement meets the observer's eye. Immaculate and orderly is the first impression of the lobby, although there exists an air of informality among the students. Through the willingness and efforts of the students and faculty this has been brought about. Let's continue this fine spirit!

Conserve Food



it Saves Lives

SOPHOMORE PERSONALITIES

SARAH FAWCETT

The neat, trim, dark-haired girl we see hurrying about the halls of old A. J. C. is none other than Sara Fawcett, Business Manager of the Geechee. Her main interests are: swimming, knitting socks, and working in the chemistry "lab."

Sara is also a big Church worker. She is President of the Young People's Association for the Diocese of Georgia.

Some day she hopes to follow on her sister's footsteps and become a "lab" assistant. Our hats off to you, Sara. Keep up the good work.

NELLE HEWETT

Nelle, or "Grandma" as she is known to some, is one of our most outstanding sophomores. She is president of the Music Club, a member of Beta Lambda and Chairman of the Decoration Committee for the Homecoming dance this Christmas.

Nelle's favorite sports are horseback riding and swimming and she loves dancing.

She plans to major in some field of chemistry.

GEORGIA ANTONOPOLO

The person you see running around the campus with apparently nothing to bother her is Georgia Antonopolo. Georgia seems to have nothing to worry her even when exam time was fast approaching. How about giving us your secret so we, too, can stop worrying.

Georgia is a member of the Radio Club, Alpha Lambda, Student Forum, and she is also a member of the Business staff of the Inkwell.

Georgia's favorite sport is dancing. Everybody has heard about how "gracefully she falls down in ballet."

Son: "Papa, I want an encyclopedia."

Papa: "Son, I walked to school, you can too."

Exchange.

Junkman: "Any old beer bottles you'd like to sell, lady?"

Old Lady: "Do I look as though I drink beer?"

Junkman: "Any vinegar bottles you would like to sell?"

—Theo Rose

INTERVIEWS

TASH ANESTOS

Armstrong feels proud and honored to welcome to its membership former Captain Tash Anestos, who has just completed five years in the Army. Tash graduated from the Field Artillery School at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and attended Parachute School at Fort Benning, Georgia. He saw action in the European Theater of Operations.

Upon finishing Armstrong, Tash plans to enter the College of Charleston, where he intends to major in Chemistry.

He is the proud father of two fine looking boys.

BILLY BRUNNER

Throw out the welcome mat for a "regular guy" from the Navy — Billy Brunner. Welcome, you "gob" you!!! Bill served as a Seaman First Class Gunner in the Armed Guard.

He was in service 21-2 years, part of which was spent in action in the Pacific.

I understand from an "outside source" that he has a profound interest in red heads with green eyes. He redeems himself by informing "yours truly" that he is interested in Chemistry, English, and History but intends to major in Bacteriology at the University of Georgia.

ALAN LAIRD

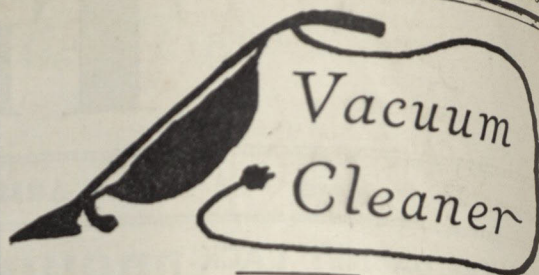
Alan Laird, recently returned veteran, spent three years and six months of active duty in the army attached to air-sea rescue. He traveled in the North and South Atlantic doing rescue patrol duty and testing and delivering crash boats.

During this time he was attached to the first, third, and sixth air forces.

WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS!



JANE MIDDLEBROOKS
SUE COX



Censored!

"ROVING REPORTER"

Words and Music by

Mary Montague and Jo Ann Durrence

The other night we went on a spree,
To find the kids of A. J. C.
So we went to Dugger's
And we went to Al's
And 'round the bar sat
All our pals.
They looked so sober and sublime

We asked—How do you have a good time?
The answers were very wide and sorted
But we print them here without any fear
And some we found a little distorted,
For we are sure you'll understand
And get the most from them you can.

Now we'll end our little rhyme
Here's how the A. J. C.'s have a good time!

Hal Green: awkwardly; Lynn Barker: Hammin!
Fred Segman: anything, anytime, anywhere, and much of it; Anne Woodward: sleeping—principally;
George McGraw: eating, sleeping, dancing; Anne Werrick: depends upon whom I am with; Jimmy Mallory: drinking beer; Pattie Cook: I haven't learned how yet; P. D. Hamilton: I never have a good time. I'm always sad. (That's a joke, son); Lillian Greyson: I'm allergic to it.

Irvin Konter: doing things I shouldn't do; Ruth Foster: Tybee!; Charles Williamson: keeping up with Mrs. Olson's Sociology class; Barbara Saseen: cutting the fool; Hampton Paine: writing insulting poetry; Angela Ryan: by laughing; Jack McGinn: just looking at Kitty; Kitty Heyman: listening to Jack lie; Paul Petris: do as I darn please; Catherine Bliss: same way Jo Durance does; Harold Goldberg: watching ballet classes; Jo Durrence: same way Catherine Bliss does; Ed Sieg: unquotable; Ceil Harris: it's none of your business.

Mr. Beecher: anything but grading papers. Anything; Sara Leon: eat, drink, and be merry; Dot Linton: thinking how it might be if . . . ; Gloria Scott: doing most anything; Jack Durrence: chinin' the bar (Ed. Note—Hm); Dot Johnson: I'm not going to tell you; Louis Reisman: when there are lots and lots of women around; Nick Simon: at the bar; Marie Bright: oh, I just have a good time; Bill Harmon: tinkering with cars; Leila Ann Nease: collecting money; Lorraine Cravatt: cutting up cats; George Upchurch (Senator Claghorn, that is, suh!): listening to my own jokes.

Mrs. Olson: tea dances and Our House.

Mr. Dabney: tea dances and Our House!

ALMA MATER

Alma Mater, through the ages
Singing thy undying fame
Will thy sons and daughters cherish
And defend thy golden name.
To each heart thy noble story
And thy calm and stately grace
Herald thine immortal glory
Armstrong, hail, all hail to thee!
Alma Mater, those before us
Left thine honor great and strong,
We who follow take their banner,
Raise it with a fighting-song.
Consecrated is thy teaching,
Sacred is thy marble height.
Glorious thy spirit reaching
Ever upward to the light!

Under The Cover

Now that exams are over and done with, many of us can at long last read just for pleasure.

Among the recent arrivals in the library, **Three O'clock Dinner** by Josephine Pinckney is of particular interest to Southerners. The scene is contemporary Charleston during a few tumultuous summer days that changed the lives of the members of two of the city's families. The Charleston atmosphere casts its charming spell over the book, another distinguished contribution from the South to the literature of our day.

Another fiction favorite is **So Well Remembered** by James Hilton. This novel is the story of a plain man of our times. The period of the novel is both before and after the Second World War; the scene is briefly a small industrial town in the British Midlands.

Two novels by Evelyn Waugh are **Vile Bodies** and **Put Out More Flags**. The former is a slashing satire of London's pre-war smart set; the latter is a novel of wartime England full of merry wit.

A current best seller is Frances Winwar's **The Life of the Heart; The Story of George Sand and Her Times**. This is both an individual biography of George Sand and a group biography of her entire circle. Her friends and intimate associates appear in full-length portraits, from Jules Sandeau and Sainte-Beuve through Alfred de Musset, Chopin, Lamennais, Leroux, Balzac, Tlanbert and many others.

Another new book in our library is **The Best Plays of 1944-45**, edited by Burns Mantle. Among the plays chosen by Mr. Mantle for this volume are **The Glass Menagerie** by Tennessee Druten; **The Hasty Heart** by Williams; **The Late George Apley** by John P. Marquand and George S. Kaufman; **A Bell for Adano** by John Hersey; **I Remember Mamma** by John van John Patrick; **Soldier's Wife** by Rose Franken; **Dear Ruth** by Norman Krasna; **Harvey** by Mary Chase; **Anna Lucasta** by Philip Yordan; **Foolish Notion** by Philip Barry.

For a review of the war years read Francis Trevelyan Miller's **History of World War 2**. One of the most monumental works of our time, this great narrative story of the second World War has been in preparation four years. Two hundred editors working in thirty countries helped Dr. Miller make this volume complete, authoritative and definitive. Over two hundred photographs form a graphic pictorial and chronological history of the war. Many maps add to the value of the text.

Of interest to all Americans is **A Nation of Nations** by Louis Adamic. Challenging the idea that the U. S. is exclusively an Anglo-Saxon country, Mr. Adamic has produced an exciting new kind of history based on seven years of research. This book, readable as a novel, is one that Americans of all national, racial, and religious backgrounds will be reading and referring to for decades to come.

Those of you who are interested in home planning should certainly read **Planning Your Home For Better Living** by Clarence W. Dunham and Milton D. Thalberg. The authors of this book have presented their ideas and

suggestions in a clear and understandable manner. Over one hundred photographs, drawings, and floor plans add to the value of the text.

Of interest to all is the library's collection of **Books on the United Nations** from the University of California Press. This collection includes books on Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Poland, and the Netherlands.

A good biography to read is **Orid: A Pot Between Two World**. This book tells the story of Orid's life and work. It is studded with hundreds of passages in translation that lend substance and color to the observations made. Many of the subjects touched on are further discussed and documented in the ample notes at the end of the volume.

Two delightful new books are **Being of the Bones** by Byron Herbert Reece and **The Yogi and the Commissar** by Arthur Koesler. The first is a collection of poems by one of America's younger poets; the second is the first collection of essays by this leading novelist.

CHOICE TID-BITS

FUN PERIOD

My parents told me not to smoke.

I don't.

Nor listen to a dirty joke.

I don't.

They made it clear I mustn't wink

At pretty girls, or even think About intoxicating drink.

I don't.

To flirt or dance is very wrong.

I don't.

Wild youth chase women, wine, and song.

I don't.

I kiss no girls, not even one, I do not know how it is done, You wouldn't think I had much fun.

I don't.

I'm done with dames!

They cheat and they lie,

They prey on us males,

To the day we die.

They tease and torment us

And drive us to sin.

Say look at that blonde

Who just ankled in!

Not a chord of music has been found

To even equal that sweet sound Which to my mind all else surpasses

The clink of ice in crystal glasses!

"You're the first girl I ever kissed, dearest," said the senior as he shifted gears with his foot. (Brings back memories.)

"What's the matter with your finger?"

"Oh I was down to Walgreen's Drug Store yesterday getting some cigarettes, and some clumsy fool stepped on my hand."

She was only a contractor's daughter, but boy, how she was built!

A story: Once upon a time there was a little girl. She had many boy friends. They asked her: "Do you love me?"

She answered: "Yes," to each one. This went on for many years, but she still died an old maid. Moral: Do not love everybody. Leave that to God. Spec-ialize!

Of Mice and Women

A little mouse ran up her leg
And made her shriek with terror
Which scared the mouse so much
He couldn't enjoy his error!

A mint julip is a depth bomb
with a southern drawl.

Dedicated to George Upchurch:
"There is only one thing wrong
with me, blondie I'm color blind."
"You all sho' must be, mistah!"

Reminds me of George McGraw:

She: "Mmmmm, that popcorn
has a heavenly smell!"

: "Hasn't it? I'll drive a little
closer."

These (?) were appropriated
from the "Alabama Rammer-
Jammer!"

Submitted by "TOM" Collins.
"It isn't every week the 'Ink-
well' can have a distinguished
individual to submit such excel-
lent copy."

Jim Anderson: "So you're
working your way through
school? How do you do it?"

James Anderson: "Well, don't
tell my mother. She thinks I'm
peddling liquor, but I'm really
editing the humor magazine."

Susan: "Yes'm, I've getting
everything ready for my wed-
ding. Is I happy? Why ma'am
could anything be happier than a
bride preparing her torso?"

Found: A new director for our
singing assemblies! Hubba!
Hubba!

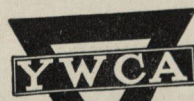
Wanted: More cooperation on
the Inkwell Staff.

PHOBIA

By George Upchurch

(Continued from last issue)

The next morning I suddenly believed that all my fears were gone—that I now knew the experience of falling from a building and would not care to repeat it. I went to Bobbie's house; we went up town—to the office building. What better way to prove the end of your troubles than to go to the original source? We rode the elevator, climbed the stairs, and reached the roof. "Watch this, Bobbie," I said. I climbed the ladder. Then I stood on the platform and gazed about. The city with its trees, cars, and buildings had a new interesting light. Everything was beautiful; the wind blowing my hair, Bobbie laughing and cheering me, and the smoke from the ships in the harbor. I felt like the captain of a ship, standing at the wheel. High above the stores, parks, and people, I was on top of the world—I was master of the city. My mind was as free as the breeze about me; I had conquered my phobia.



Lamas Bros.

DRY CLEANERS AND
HATTERS
44 BULL STREET

INTRODUCTION TO A NEW UNIVERSE

Glancing at the front page of our daily newspaper, I began to take note of the many article headings in heavy black print: "Plans are ready for the capital's first all-glass office building; the army's talking to the man in the moon; trolleys with neon lights are gliding down Pennsylvania Avenue right by the White House office building where President Truman wants a broadcasting studio with a rising stage; the navy's piling up some atom bombs to turn ninety-seven ships into strong-smelling smoke; the marines are wearing flexible armor-plate of spun glass."

Sad, sad day.

And worse is yet to come. My investigations have indicated that two-way television is around the corner and soon will be installed. There's to be a push-button in the boss' office, and he can, by simply touching it, observe me while I'm thinking. The idea appalls me.

Then (happy thought) I remembered that there are men's clubs that through the years have been a sanctuary for hard-working citizens like me. Here we could recline on soft sofas, shutting out eyes—in accordance with the best psychological principles—to think about our work unobserved by the boss. Here we could refresh our minds and our parched throats, free from prying female eyes except on ladies night. Here the machine age has not intruded.

I sought refuge in my club. I reclined; I shut my eyes; I refreshed my mind and my thorax. Nothing had changed. Then it happened. Six huskies, who probably came direct from Mars, placed on the left side of the fireplace in the main lounge a large, ugly, and dangerous-looking apparatus. They fiddled with the dials, the green lights flashed, a square screen in front began to flicker, and—you know what?

A female in very few clothes appeared in this device and sang of a certain Western Railroad called

"The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe." (Never heard of it, wonder where it goes?) Then she looked me in the eye, sang a song of "Hubba Hubba Love," winked at me—and disappeared!

* * *

The army can communicate with the moon all it wants by radar, and if it discovers a new supply of green cheese, I'll just read a dispatch about it. I don't care how many warships the navy vaporizes, and, if the Yellow Cabs must have telephone service in each car, I'll take the street car—even though the neon lights hurt my eyes. These improvements I can ignore.

I'll enter the glass office building at least one (I won't carry bricks, either). If Mr. Truman really wants a broadcasting studio in his office and can persuade Congress to let him have the money for it, that's all right, too.

I'll even go along with the idea of broadcasting the proceedings of Congress. That won't bother me. (Give me a radio and a screwdriver and I can stop Congress, all right.)

But that television business has me stumped. When a lady enters my club, sings that she loves me, gives me the eye, and vanishes like a ghost in a spangled evening-gown, then, so help me, science has gone too far!

Hal Greene.

Milk for the kiddies
Irradiated Vitamin-D
Annette's
Milk for the Kiddies

Varsity Town Clothes

Exclusive at

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Quality Clothing for Men and Boys
T. Tuten — Carl J. Kraft
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Dine . . .

Dance . . .

Romance . . .



New
Sapphire Room

HOTEL DE SOTO

A Southern Paradise

College Tag every

Friday Night

SPORTS

BALLET

Have you heard "balance, balance, arabesque et point"? No, it isn't Mr. Holland's French classes, but the ballerinas of Armstrong and the future ballerinas of the "Met."

We students were deprived of seeing our dancers' abilities until one gay day in May. The event was the crowning of our May Queen. The auditorium was packed and the big moment came after the Queen and her court stately walked in. As the dancers "tripped the light fantastic" they were snapped from all sides by eager photographers. (We are pretty sure there was a talent scout in the audience although we haven't heard from him yet!) The girls, all dressed in white, looked especially charming and graceful as they performed the daisy chain dance without a flaw. After the performance one appreciative person asked every girl for her autograph—Mrs. Olson.

The ballet was under the excellent instruction of Mrs. Ebba Olson Thomson.

"Days and Nights"

A memorable book to have come out of this war is "Days and Nights" written by Konstantin Simonov. So far as the publishers know, this non-political novel came out of the Soviet Union. The characters are simple, believable, human beings, whose souls belong neither to Dostoevsky nor to Karl Marx, but to themselves and to their country. The setting is the massive and terrible struggle for Stalingrad, where Russia turned the Nazi tide. The story is a simple one. It is the tale of seventy days and nights in which a young Red army officer seized and held three apartment houses in Stalingrad, learned the skills of house to house fighting, and fell deeply in love with a Red army nurse.

I hope that you have found one book here that you would like to spend an afternoon reading. Choose anyone and say with Shakespeare "Be Gone! Dull Care."

Sinclair Lewis' "Cass Timberlaine" is a novel of husbands and wives. Cass Timberlaine at 41 was sober, thoughtful, and respected by the Minnesota town in which he was a judge. This story of Cass's second marriage to a girl in her early twenties is punctuated by stories of the married lives of many of his friends. This novel, I am sure, will interest greatly the married folk of our college.

Radio Announcer: "The three minutes' silence on your radio ladies and gentlemen was not due to a technical breakdown, but was sent to you by courtesy of Noiseless Typewriters."

—Theo Rose

Alice: "My dear, those cakes of Mrs. Smith's at tea were hard as iron."

Alicia: "Yes, I know. I suppose that's why she said 'Take your pick,' when she handed them around!"

Theo Rose.

SPORTS

The Girl's Basketball Team has just finished a relatively successful season. The "A" team wound up in the third slot while the "B" team came in second.

On March 9, both teams went over to Charleston and played the College of Charleston team. Although the A. J. C. sextet was defeated, it was a very fast and exciting game. It is hoped that next year the teams will be able to play more out-of-town games.

The girls will have their banquet at Johnny Harris' on Wednesday night, May 15, at which time letters will be awarded to the following people: Sara Leon, Dot Linton, Betty Walsh, Billie Sue Munden, Mary Lou Hoffman, Joanne Durrence, Mary Montague, Lynn Barker, Julie Yarley, Sue Cox, Irene Branch, Betty Buntyn, Betty Forman, and Helen Devere. Stripes will be awarded to the following: Marjorie Chapman, Leolene Gaudry, Mary Gilchrist, Jane Middlebrooks, Margaret Claghorn, and Cecil Harris.

Aren't You Lucky

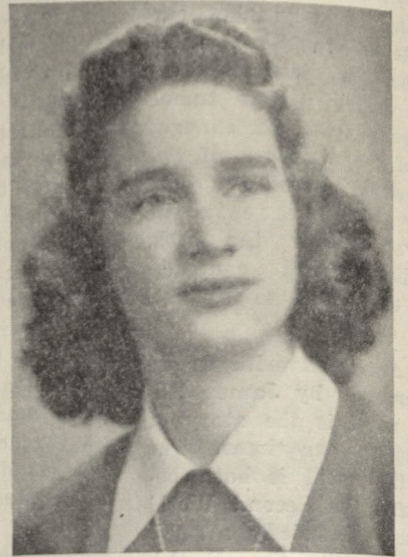
Just in case any of you "Rats" have complaints about Rat Week, here is a letter from one who shared your experience. After reading this perhaps you will be somewhat consoled and think you are lucky to be an "Armstrong Rat." This description of Rat Day at G.S.C.W. was written at the "request" of an upperclassman.

Here are some of the happenings of the day, as told by one of the lowly rats. Quote: "I think, perhaps, our costume will be of utmost interest to you. Our hats are paper sacks which cover all our hair but leave our ears out. One side of our face is chalk white while the other side is black. No other make-up is worn. Our black skirts make the suit complete. A white apron (towel) breaks the monotony of color. Our beautiful black hose are made even more attractive by low-heeled black shoes. Our only jewelry is an onion tied on a string and put around our necks. We carry our books in a box all day. Every time a lowly rat sees an exalted Junior, they have to kneel half way, place the right hand on the left shoulder, hang their head and repeat this creed: 'I, a subservient acquiescent Freshman, with the utmost delectation and sincerity, avail myself of the privilege of proffering my admiration and my services in servile humilitude on this momentous occasion in reverence and adoration to the most exalted earthlings within the confines of my aspirations. In unfathomable gratitude, I acknowledge my indebtedness to you, my benefactors, for vouchsafing me, the most object individual on the surface of this planet to approach the abode of the Almighty.' Thus —Rat Day."

"Cats, my dear," said the spinner, I hate the very sight of them. I had a little canary and some cat got that. I had a perfect parrot, and some cat got that. I had an adorable fiancee, and — oh, don't mention cats to me!"

Theo Rose.

DR. FAY AND MISS FEAGIN



MEET THE FACULTY

(Continued from Page 1)

Illinois last year. Now when her husband calls, it sounds like double talk when he says "Hello Dr. Fay, this is Dr. Fay."

Before coming to Armstrong, she did research work in cytogenetics with Dr. C. W. Metz at the University of Pennsylvania and at Carnegie Institute in Baltimore. If there is any skepticism left about her ability we might add that she is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Sig-

ma Xi, Phi Sigma, and Sigma Delta Epsilon.

The Fay family is definitely scientifically inclined and Dr. (Mr.) Fay is an Entomologist (look in Webster) and is doing research work in connection with the U. S. Public Health Service. Speaking of Dr. (Mr.) Fay, Dr. Fay says that her hobby is keeping up with him—in research work, of course.

Incidentally, have you noticed they cut a pretty figure on the dance floor?

A dashing young driver named Bill, drove recklessly down a steep hill. Said he:

"I'm renowned for covering ground."

But, alas, now the ground covers Bill.

Theo Rose.

Brief newspaper editorial:

The atomic bomb is here to stay. But are we?

Readers Digest.
Gelett Burgess)

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