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The Inkwell

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THE INKWELL



Armstrong Junior College

APRIL, 1947

Jules de R. Bacot
47

The Glendale Shop

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Millinery Shop

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226 West Broad

Savannah Morning News

SAVANNAH EVENING PRESS

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feet to spend the summer!

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Alan Barry's

26 WEST BROUGHTON ST.

St. Patrick's Day Parade

William L. O'Worrell

Mama, where are we going today, huh? Why Junior, you know where we are going. Today is St. Patrick's Day and we are going to the parade. What's St. Patrick so famous for? Did he make the Dean's List. Of course he didn't, he was only the patron saint of Ireland. Come on now, or we will be late and you won't be able to see anything. I remember the last parade, I had to look through that fat man's legs the whole time.

Mama, when is the parade coming, huh? I want to see the bands. Just be patient, it will be along in a minute. Here come the motorcycles now. Mama, will St. Patrick be in the parade today? Certainly not! Why do you ask such a foolish question? I don't see why not. Santa Claus is always in his parades. Well, St. Patrick is too busy trying to get some of these Irishmen into Heaven to be bothered with parades. Look out, Junior, or that motorcycle will hit you! Stand back here with me! Oh look at the horses Mama. Who is that on the big white one in front? Why, that is Patrick O'Goldberg, he always leads the St. Patrick's Day parade. The Irish just couldn't do without him. Mama, what's the horse doing? Junior, you're not supposed to look at that! Here comes the band. (Goodness I wish that horse had gone a little farther along.) Gee, here comes the girls with the band. Who is that one in the middle? Boy, is *she* something for the Irish! Junior! Where did you learn to say such things! That is Paulette Fitzhendrix. Is that the girl Daddy said he wished he had seen before he married you? Listen here, you shouldn't repeat anything you hear that father of yours saying. (Just wait until I get my hands on that man.)

Boy, that bandleader jumps around just like a monkey. I wish I had such long legs. That's Dabney O'Reilly doing his usual exertions. Is he drunk, Mama, or just having some kind of a fit? I don't think it's either, Junior. It's just too hot for such things and they itch.

Here comes Daddy! Look, Mama, Daddy's stumbling all around, is he drunk? No, Junior. You know your father is just cutting up. A Murphy never gets drunk. Come on now, we had better get home and get the coffee and aspirin ready. Daddy will be tired when he gets home.

(Note by the faculty advisor: Begorra, and where's me shillalegh?)

Editor's Comments

(Note: This magazine welcomes suggestions and contributions in the form of letters to the editor or written articles to be used for publication. The views expressed in contributions or in this column do not necessarily reflect those of the Armstrong Publications).

Not many moons ago the Veterans Club brought a motion before the Student Senate to place a soft-drink machine in the auditorium, in order that it might be used as a convenience for thirsty dancers. Before the motion entered the secretary's book it was announced that a member of the faculty had decided not to allow it. Someone please tell us what excuse is there for a Student Senate if student proposals cannot be accepted or rejected by the Senate and then reach the faculty?

There is no doubt in our minds that the minstrel show in February was excellent, and that it was a success. The cast and others worked hard . . . assuredly they demonstrated that there is potential student spirit here at Armstrong. The Inkwell Magazine wishes to extend its wholehearted congratulations to all members of the minstrel . . . you deserve it.

Whatever became of the enthusiasm for a school cafeteria, radio workshop, and a gymnasium? Latest rumor has it that bids have been received for a student building to be constructed behind the Hunt Building, and that some benevolent citizen is willing to donate the money necessary for construction. Savannah people would probably be interested in knowing that the school might have the playhouse back in circulation next September if President Hawes' present out-of-town search for a new director is successful. The gymnasium? Well, it is nice to dream!

The staff of the Geechee tried hard, but, sorry to inform you customers, the annual won't appear until July or August. And then it will take a good prayer!

And here are encouraging results from the recent Student Senate meeting. Come June, during the Sophomore-Alumni Luncheon, eight keys will be awarded to the most outstanding members (excluding elected editors) of the staffs of the Bulletin, the Geechee, and the Inkwell Magazine. A special committee will decide upon points, to be given to the minstrel show members, for the Silver "A" award. The Bulletin was granted a charter. Glad to see the Senate functioning!

Discussion has arisen concerning the plans for graduation. This year, it is hoped that the Sophomore-Alumni Luncheon will be scheduled as a dinner on the Saturday night before graduation. The Sophomore-Freshman Dance would follow . . . and the wonderful thought is that both affairs would take place in the Hotel DeSoto. Now is the time to start planning, Sophomores!

For the rest of the year the Inkwell Magazine will operate upon a meager budget. With that thought in mind the quality rather than the quantity of material contained herein will be improved by an all-out, honest effort of this staff. If the monetary figure was encouraging, a magazine of professional scale would be produced. There would be more art, photography, and written material in the publication. However, the rosy glasses don't belong to the magazine, and readers should consider that when perusing. It is hoped that this magazine will reach a high standard with what it has now, and that by next year the college will have a publication which will be known to the community of Savannah.

. . . Harold Goldberg

DESIGN FOR PEACE

James A. Wood

From out of the night comes a call for help. From out of the darkness which has engulfed a world comes a cry for relief. From out of a land devastated by war and ignorance comes a plea for assistance.

It is of little value to mention the conditions under which a fighting China arose victorious. It would be sheer folly to say that in Asia there are over a billion people who are tired of the world as it is; that they live in such terrible bondage that they have nothing to lose but their chains. It is folly to say this; but it is true. They are so cramped by ignorance and poverty that to write down a description of their daily life would make an American reader disbelieve the printed word; but believe it! It is the truth. Believe it so much that you will be willing to help in this hour of need.

This call for help, this cry for relief, this plea for assistance can be met if we, as students, realize that it might just as well have been us on the other end of the scale.

There is a program through which aid can be administered to those in need, and the program of aid strikes at the very heart and core of China's problem. Students are the foundation upon which a new Asia will rise. And this foundation can only be built with the help received from students of the world. The World Student Service Fund is the channel and program through which students can participate in this great enterprise of mutual aid from student to student; the building of the peace of the future.

The Design for Peace is the story of the World Student Service Fund from the beginning until now and the continuation of this program is in your hands and mine.

If sharing among the students of the world continues steadily during the long and painful period of reconstruction, and if relief and rehabilitation are supplemented by a number of creative programs in the world university community, great contributions will be made to the intellectual and moral attitude and commitments that are essential for the achievement of the rational, humane society.

When the call for help, cry for relief, and plea for assistance is presented to you at Armstrong Junior College in the form of a drive for funds for relief, give as a student of the world.



The Cover

(An interpretation of Mr. Bacot's interpretation of Faust)

Art in Armstrong is coming of age. Mr. Bacot's drawing seeks to interpret the romantic German drama *Faust*, of Wolfgang Goethe.

When the drawing first appeared, the thought occurred to me that many would question its meaning. I knew we would be overwhelmed with questions.

One might see in the Olympus-bound road the upward yearning of Faust, and in the dramatic, up-thrust hand the pathetic tragedy of Margaret. The serpent might be the evil purpose of the devil, or it might be (from a Freudian standpoint) Faust's tortured conscience and feelings of guilt.

Or one might prefer not to interpret the drawing so closely. Perhaps it would be better to say that it is a very good drawing and we are pleased, Mr. Bacot.

H. A. Murphy

THE INKWELL

of
Armstrong Junior College
Savannah, Georgia

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When The Long Trick's Over

William Bird

William Swanson had been working all day; eight straight hours of standing behind a counter, walking back and forth, waiting on first one customer and then another. "Give me a bottle of Fineley's Liver Extract, please!" . . . "Do you have Dr. Minker's Run-Down Syrup?" . . . "Young man, would you wait on me?" . . . day in and day out, it was the same old thing. Run here for this, run there for that. Do this . . . do that . . . run . . . run . . . run. That's all he ever did.

The day passed slowly, but now it was over and he was waiting for his bus. He smiled as he thought of the bus and the seat that it contained for him. No more standing up until tomorrow. He would settle back in one of those uncomfortable seats of the bus and wait to be taken home. Home . . . just that one word and the thoughts that it contained for him were enough to cause him to smile. Home . . . it wasn't much, just one room with a dresser and a bed . . . what a mattress, soft, springy . . . what dreams . . . what air castles . . . what happiness.

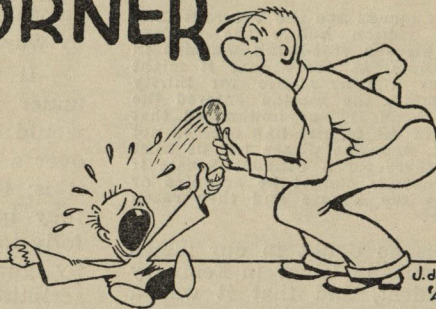
William's thoughts were interrupted. The 50th Street bus had pulled up to the curb. He entered and took a seat near the back. There was a reason for this. He had found from experience that if he took a front seat, some woman would get on, find all the seats taken, and stand staring at him with murderous eyes, and until he arose and gave her his seat, she would thank him; usually, she would just let out with a grunt and sit down. Yes . . . the back seat was by far the most desirable.

William's nerves jangled as a heavy object struck his toes. The bus had become quite crowded. A large robust woman was sitting beside him, trying vainly to hold several large packages which kept slipping from her lap. He wished she would get off soon, but she sat there, perfectly contented. He tried to attract her attention; she looked the other way. He tried to get up;

(Continued on page 4)



KILROY'S KORNER



J. de R. B.
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Hal Greene and Bill Brown

KILROY'S KO-EDS. Alan's lass: "How do you like college men?" Bill's chick replied, "Well, I find that Princeton men are charming, Harvard turns out scads of perfectly gorgeous dancers, but for goodness sake don't they teach anything at Armstrong but blocking and tackling?"

The quiet, little freshman frill from the country was on her first date with an Armstrong stude' and thrilled beyond words. She didn't want to appear countrified and had, therefore, put on her prettiest dress, got a sophisticated hair-do, and was all prepared to talk understandingly about music, art, or politics. Her hero took her to a movie, and then to the favorite college Inn. "Two beers," he told the waiter. She, not to be outdone, murmured, "The same for me." Overheard . . . Hal: "You dance wonderfully." Hal's gal: "I wish I could say the same about you." Hal: "You could, if you could lie as I do." Once a beautiful deb from another school confronted me with this question: "Are they very strict at your college?" And thinking of my World Literature, Chemistry, and History teachers I replied quite assuringly, "Strict? Why once a guy died in class and they propped him up until the lecture ended." "Baker, what are the names of the bones in your hand?" Allie: "DICE." 'Jukie' and date at a basketball game: "See that big substitute down there playing forward? I think he's gonna be our best man next year." Date: "Oh, darling, this is so sudden" . . . Ed. note: any resemblance to this script and good jokes is purely a point in our favor!

LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE we find one of our brainiest (and I use the term advisedly) students confronted by his old man: "Howard, after four years of college, you're nothing but a drunk, a loafer, and a nuisance. I can't think of one good thing it has done." Johnson replied, "Well, didn't it cure ma of bragging about me?" Two young spooners were parked gazing at the beautiful view of the moon beaming over Pape 'kindergarden,' when she looked up (or down) at him and said, "You remind me of Don Juan." Reggie gulped and said, "What do you know about him? He's dead." She sighed and replied, "Yeah, I know!" "Stay," 'Irish' said, with his arm around her waist, as she turned her face expectantly toward him. "Shall it be the kiss pathetic, sympathetic, graphic, paragraphic, Oriental, Occidental, intellectual, paroxysmal, quick and dismal, slow and unctuous, long and tedious, devotional, emotional, or what?" She said perhaps that would be the better way.

ON TIME WITH A RHYME

Beneath a shady tree they sat;
He held her hand, she held his hat,
I held my breath and lay right flat—
They kissed . . . I saw them do it.

He held that kissing was no crime;
She held her head up everytime
I held my peace and wrote this rhyme,
While they thought no one knew it.

ZOUNDS IN THE NIGHT. Someday someone is going to commit a zound that is printable . . . Yes, yes, another month of weekends, another batch of lip-stick-stained handkerchiefs and more school . . . Yessiree, all were there to celebrate the "wearin' o' the green" at the St. Patrick's costume ball sponsored by the Vet Club . . . Report from a fortune teller: Bill Brown and Alan Laird singing their theme song at one of the "3-S" frat's socials—"Woof." Remember that love is like an onion-you can taste it with delight—and when it's gone you wonder whatever made you bite! Congratulations and all sorts of luck to Grady Dickey on his engagement . . . the best cure for a man in love is to get married. If that doesn't cure him . . . nothing will! Whether it is cold or whether it's hot, we must have weather, whether or not . . . Editor Green carries his babe's picture in his watch, 'cause he's got the idea she will love him in time . . . Flash! In the words of big Bob Harmon, "Baaaa."

ORCHIDS AND PINCH BOTTLE TO (Ed. note: one of the things this column has lacked in the past is a taste of some good, down-to-earth (Irish) humor . . . so in an effort to remedy this situation we have submitted (in view that St. Patrick had his day not long ago) the following Irish witticism.) "Sure the Irish are the best fighters. They can lick any one in the world," stated 'Red' Fogarty (becoming eloquent). Dewey Prince replied, "Oh, dey not bame such good fighters . . . me an' mi buddies. Yates an' Isley an' Deloach an' two udder fellars, ve lick vun of dem yesterday." (Where was Goldberg?) Clem Williams is the type that admires women who walk gracefully . . . 'cause he saves cabfare . . . Now rumor has it that his 'ill de-icer' gets paralyzed from the hips down everytime she spots a taxi. 'Red' Colquitt and Fred (what's he got that I wouldn't know what to do with) Sigman, that well-known pair, find everything foolish these days . . . even the dollar hasn't the sence it used to have . . . why only last week this pair was found sitting on a red-hot radiator asking everyone what was burning. Big-time operator Julian (Cecil B. DeMille) Silver never talks about anything he doesn't understand . . . he has a great reputation for silence . . . his only and one keeps telling him to hang his head on a Xmas tree and get something in it . . . she has a heart like a hotel . . . room for everybody . . . **KILROY.**



"Who thwaid I thwas twied-twongue!"

J.
B.
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Moscow Conference

Charles Williamson

The Moscow conference marks another opportunity for obtaining greater U. S.-U. S. S. R. co-operation . . . an opportunity that should not be wasted in idle argument and talk. In previous conferences the Russians and their allies have seemed bent on wasting time by means of idle, protracted discussions which do not lead to a solution and merely increase international diplomatic tension. This must not be allowed to impede the work of the conference.

Previously, the Russians have been delaying the signing of treaties because this process is to their advantage. The longer the treaties remain unsigned, the longer will Russian troops stay in the occupied countries. The longer the troops remain in Rumania, Hungary, etc., the better the Communist regimes in those countries will be entrenched with the aid of Russian-trained secret police. Hence, the obvious reason for the delay. This process cannot go on. The economic system of the occupied countries cannot stand being drained by Red troops for any additional time.

The treaties must be signed now; the troops must evacuate so that reconstruction of the European continent can begin.

On The Bookshelf

Faye Hancock

To Booth Tarkington fans, his last novel can be disappointing for only one reason . . . it is unfinished. "The Show Piece" is typically Tarkington in that it is smooth, chuckling prose up to the last punctuation mark (which, ironically, is a question mark).

Irvie Pease is the graceful, charming dear in a herd of dull, obedient sheep. At eight, to get attention, he writes fragrant poetry, which everyone declares is "touched with genius." At sixteen, he cuts his cigarettes in two and smokes them so that it appears that he has smoked 60 cigarettes within a hour, which nearly drives beautiful Mary Reame mad. At 19, he is the hero of a storm rescue, quite by accident. No one suspects that this genius who had "inherited himself" gets his only real ideas from his cousin, the simple Edgar Semple. Edgar is Irvie's insurance policy against oblivion, although not even Irvie is aware of it. Then Sylvia Stelling appears. Sylvia wears her unbelievable fortune more proudly than Helen wore her beauty. And Sylvia decides that Irvie would make an interesting addition to her long list of ornaments.

Although the essentials of the story are there, the author's plot and notes are included so that the reader can see what would have happened. Some of the sketches leave the impression that the best was yet to be. Still, this last work of Mr. Tarkington's does not suffer by comparison with his perennial favorites, "Alice Adams" and "Seventeen."

Sparkman's Sport Slants

Jack Sparkman, Sports Editor

From all appearances it seems as if varsity sports are to be forgotten at a time in which they could serve as the best advertisement this school has ever had. A group of students have taken to heart the present dilemma. They are trying to revive sports and also the means of financing such in later years. The least we can do is to aid this group if asked, and talk of the need of a gymnasium and other facilities . . . let your parents hear about it, let the Savannah public hear about it!

A varsity club well-represented our school this year, and an attempt on the part of the students should be made to further a varsity program. Thanks to Waldo Spence, Sports Editor of the Savannah Evening Press, the program received in a well-written paragraph some sorely needed and welcomed publicity.

Upon the graduation of Alan Laird the position of Intramural Manager was left vacant. Coach Torrie has announced that Bob Harmon will succeed Alan. The Intramural program continued during the past week as all teams finished their schedules in the softball tournament. Tennis, water polo, a swimming meet, and table tennis (tentative) remain on the program. The first softball game saw the Loafers win by an overwhelming measure of 15-5. Howard Johnson, playing for the defeated Gators, scored the first homerun for the league.

Spring and tennis seem to go together; maybe that is why coach Torrie is always surrounded by a group asking for a team. He has agreed to it but wants it understood that if the team does not progress as well as it should he will not enter it into tourney competition. At present there should be no fears . . . ten promising candidates have been reporting for practice in the Park Extension.

Intramural managers met last week and decided to get together more often . . . all were present! To do them justice they are: Charlie Clanton, Terrapins; Ronald Varn, Gators; Paul Petris, Loafers; and Daniel Deloach, Eager Beavers.

Cloud Flight

Climb! climb! get up there!
Tear away from the shroud of mist
To burst free, a bright star,
Into the dazzling beauty of it all.

Circle the billowy white peaks,
Then dive! into the canyons
And again up over the precipice,
Catching a part of its softness and
whirling
It into infinity.

Dip into an abyss
And go singing down
An avenue with pearl-white
Windowless buildings on either side.

Then up past a great cathedral,
Pausing only to catch the
Echo of a beautiful hymn
Ringing from it.

Now plunge! plunge! through that
Cool, green, hollow space,
And into the dark depths
Of reality.

. . . Haskell M. Heller

Reader's Indigestion

Wm. B. Jones, Jr.

America, beware!

I am suffering from indigestion . . . reader's indigestion! I cannot digest a full-length book or article. My illness is so acute that I can no longer read even a synopsis without acquiring sharp pains; just a glance at the table of contents gives me complete satisfaction. It is not safe to go further.

At the library I am drawn to the digest section as an inebriate is drawn to the corner saloon. There may be nothing there in which I am interested, but the word "digest" has a magical attraction. It may be a law digest or a condensed paper on "The Succulent Euphorbae of South Africa," but my hand reaches out despite my wild attempts to restrain myself. In its most acute form, the malady drives me to pictorials.

America, beware! Your publishers have ruined the pleasure I derived

On The Inside



Popular among reading circles at Armstrong is a lively article written by the magazine's feature editors Bill Brown and Hal Greene. "Kilroy's Korner" is the brainstorm of these two energetic lads who have seen the battles of the U. S. O. and of overseas.

Bill became a member of "The melting pot of all nations" twenty-two years ago, in a little town named Chicago. The world has first introduced to Hal during 1926, here in Savannah.

from curling up in front of the fireplace with a good book. Now I am giving your musicians and composers fair warning: Leave my music alone! I love good music, and if you try to shorten Beethoven's "Fifth," or give me a ten-minute version of "Carmen" or "Die Meistersinger," I am really going on the warpath! If Beethoven could spend months on a symphony, I can spare an hour to listen and enjoy it.

Mountains from Molehills

Arthur J. Chandler

The effect of Karl Marx upon the nineteenth and twentieth centuries can only be contrasted to the influence of Voltaire or Rousseau upon the eighteenth century. In Russia, Marx is almost a god, where his pattern of dialectical materialism is accepted not only as a foundation of economics but as a test to which Science and Philosophy must conform. Nearly everywhere the growth of socialism has been a vital influence in furthering the enactment of social insurance, minimum wage laws, and promotion of incomes and inheritances for the purpose of redistribution of wealth. Socialists have generally lent their support to the cooperative movement (T. V. A., etc.), government ownership of railroads and public utilities, and to innumerable schemes to protect workers and consumers from the power of monopolistic capital.

In the nineteenth century the followers of Marx split into two factions, the Marxists and the Revisionists. Marx had advocated the overthrow of the government by force and that the working class gain complete control. The working man would be in complete control of all industry and would direct payment in accord with the amount of labor products of all industry, in socialism. But socialism is merely the transition to communism, the goal of historical evolution. Communism will mean the classless society, where no one lives by owning but by earning. The state would have disappeared and be replaced by nothing but voluntary organizations to operate the means of production. The wage system would be abolished, and all would share equally in the common property. The Revisionists advocate the attainment of socialism by peaceful and gradual means, whereas the Marxists are strict revolutionists.

Let us then turn back and find out what religion is based upon. There are six basic fundamentals found in all religions; namely, (1) a body of ceremony or ritual, composed largely of relics or magic; (2) attitudes of fear, awe, reverence, devotion and self sacrifice; (3) a set of commandments; (4) a theory of the meaning of life and of man's relation to the unseen powers; (5) an interpretation of the universe; and (6) a structure of organizations for the conservation of values and the enforcement of beliefs and prohibitions. It is to be noted that the essential element of religion is the belief in the supernatural. This distinguishes it from magic, philosophy, social and political idealism. Social and political ideals such as communism are often referred to as religion, since they involve attitudes of mystic devotion, self-sacrifice, and worship of heroes or ideals. But supernaturalism has no place in communistic ideals so it is rigidly excluded by communism.

Upon analysis we find first that communism is closely linked to religion inasmuch as some of its teachings do strive for the common good of all people. Unlike religion it advocates the state as the Supreme Head with no relation to the supernatural. Again we find, that some of the basic precepts of the constitution could be construed as being communistic, for example, the guaranty of the Bill of Rights as to equal rights for all. The Pilgrims who settled in the New England States practiced communism—they worked together, worshipped together and shared equally in the products of their labor. Today many religious organizations practice communism in that the needy are provided for, and follow the precepts of Christ that demand that every laborer receive his just due.

I think that the prevailing stigma on the subject of communism is entirely overated. I believe that if the subject is understood, the stigma will be removed. What we have misnamed communism in America today is in reality Anarchy or Socialism. Communism, its basic ideals of everyone working and sharing equally for the common good of all, would not be unlike the democracy we are now living in. I believe that our present democratic government is the finest type of government in the world, however, to follow our own Constitution we must be tolerant of every race, creed or religion. The right of free speech must be upheld. There are at present about 100,000 communists in the United States. They are but a small minority in a land where the majority rules. Let us then realize their right, as well as ours, to free speech, even though their ideas and ideals may not coincide with ours. Don't make a mountain out of a molehill!

More On Dabney

I can't stand ole' Dabney's Class,
Although it seems I always pass;
But he's not fair to other teachers...
They don't compare with him, poor
creatures.

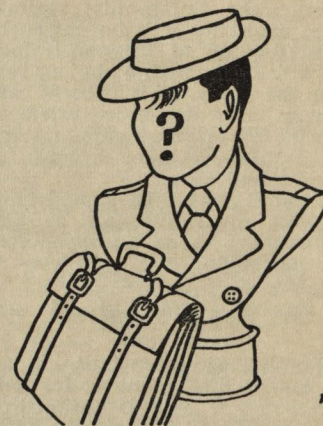
I go to History and I mean
To study English if not seen;
But Dabney's discourse interests me
I sit in class attentively.

And if by chance my interest wanes,
And with my English I make gains,
Mr. Dabney cracks a joke,
And I again in History soak.

That's why I hate ole' Dabney's
class,

And though in other things I pass,
If Dabney wasn't so darn good
I'd make the kind of grades I should.

... Anon



"THE HAT"

J.
R.
B.
47

When The Long Trick's Over (Continued from page 2)

she disregarded his efforts. After a while he resigned himself to his fate. His toes would take a beating, but that was better than risking an embarrassing situation.

The bus pulled up to the next stop... another woman. When would they stop getting on the bus? My God... before long he would have to get up and give one his seat. Women... you'd think they were the only sex in the world... you'd think the world couldn't get along without them. Women... bah! They'll love you; they'll hate you. They'll defend you; they'll condemn you. They'll step on your toes; they'll mend your hose... women, my gosh, what creatures. All man's troubles began with them.

William started. The next street was his. He was almost home... almost to his lovely, soft, spring mattress... what a day! What a world!

He stepped off the bus and slowly made his way home. This was it; this was what he had been waiting for. No more orders; no more running from one counter to another... no more waiting for busses... no more women. This was it; this was home and his lovely, spring mattress. A thousand dreams awaited his call.

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