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Plans For New Buildings Drawn

Industrial Arts Department Gets New Equipment

An electric potter's kiln has been added to the equipment of the industrial arts department. This kiln is capable of producing heat of 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit, according to those in charge of the new equipment.

Mr. Kenneth L. Bing, who has been elected to fill the vacancy left by Dr. H. H. London in the industrial arts department, is doing work on his doctorate at the University of Missouri, it has been announced. Mr. Bing comes here with a number of years experience in the industrial arts field as a teacher. He received his bachelor of arts degree from Nebraska Wesleyan College, and his master of arts degree from the University of Minnesota.

GLEE CLUB PLANS TO GIVE CONCERTS

The Glee Club plans to give a concert here in December, according to Mr. Ronald Neal, director. There are fifty-five members in the club now; the officers would like to have more men join since there are too few men for the number of girls.

Officers elected for this year are: Sara Kate Scarborough, president; Fay Foy, vice-president; Jewel Vandiver, secretary and treasurer; Gladys Thayer, accompanist.

SCIENCE GROUP TO STUDY FOUR TOPICS

A. S. T. A. Affiliate Will Sponsor Study Groups Among Students This Year.

The local affiliate of the American Science Teachers Association will sponsor four study subjects among the students of the college, according to Dr. B. H. Carleton, sponsor of the club.

The association has been divided into four groups, each of which will consider, at a series of fourteen meetings, one of the following topics: "How to Study," "Photography," "Aquarium Building," and "Chemical Gardening."

The first-named group will discuss note-book organization, the use of the library, and proper preparation for examinations. Harris Rape is chairman of this group, and T. A. Bacon is secretary.

The second group will study press photography which will include taking, developing and printing photographs suitable for marketing. This group will make a photographic survey of activity work in representative Georgia schools. Eugene Heckle is chairman of this group and Johnnie Maud Kelly is secretary.

The third group has begun work on a bulletin on the subject of "How to Build Aquaria for School Purposes." It is the intention of this group to distribute one hundred copies of the See SCIENCE, page 4

Johnny Cox Is Elected President Of Rosenwald Club

Johnny Cox has been elected president of the newly-organized Rosenwald Club, it was announced here last week. Other officers are as follows: Thad Hollingsworth, vice-president; Sue Snipes, secretary, and Byrd Ives-ter, treasurer.

Objectives of the club are:

1. To provide an opportunity for sharing experiences within the group.
2. To study some of the rural educational programs in Georgia.
3. To provide for programs which will give the group an opportunity for professional growth.
4. To gain a better understanding of the problems of the helping teacher.

The club has a membership of thirty students who are here on the Rosenwald scholarships. They are receiving specialized training here.

I. R. C. LIBRARY GETS NEW BOOKS

The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace has contributed the following books to the library of the International Relations Club: "An Atlas of Empire," by Horrabin; "Raw Materials in Peace and War," by Staley; "Third Reich," by Lichtinberger; "The Empire in the World," by Wilfert and others; "Peaceful Change," by Dunn.

The next meeting of the club will be held Thursday evening in the Administration Building.

WATER SYSTEM WILL BE BUILT

Girls' Dormitory, Library, and Laboratory School To Be Erected.

Architects have been selected and plans are being drawn for three new buildings, a library, a girls' dormitory and a laboratory school, to be erected here on the T. C. campus.

The new library is to be erected on the site now occupied by the science hall, which will either be moved to a new spot or torn down. The dimensions are to be 120 feet in width and 90 feet in length. There will be two large reading rooms and ample space for storage. The architects are Tucker and Howell, of Atlanta. The building will be valued at \$35,000. The present library will be used for classroom space.

The girls' dormitory will be situated just to the west of West Hall in the dormitory circle. The building is to have a capacity of 100 students. The drawing is to be made by Cletus W. Bergen, of Savannah. The cost of the dormitory will be \$60,000.

The new laboratory school will be located on the ridge southwest of West Hall, just back of the present practice field. The building will accommodate the needs of over 400 children. The architects are Edwards and Sayward, of Atlanta. The cost is \$80,000. The old laboratory school See WATER, page 4

Student Council Announces New Regulations Concerning Socials

Students who do not attend social functions held in the city of Statesboro by college organizations on Saturday evenings will be privileged to fill social engagements in the parlors of the girls' dormitories, in accordance with a regulation recently passed by the student council, it was announced by Willard Cartee, president of that body.

Also, Cartee stated, a regulation has been passed which gives any group the right to have social functions in the city of Statesboro, provided they comply with certain rules. One of these rules states that no function may be held on Saturday evenings when the student council provides for a general entertainment in the Gymnasium. Another rule concerns chaperones and still others are

SENIORS PLANNING TRIP TO NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON

The senior class voted last week to take a trip to Washington and New York during the spring holidays, which will begin March 18.

The idea was suggested by Roy Rabun, president of the class, and a vote was taken as to whether the trip should be made during the Christmas or spring holidays. Plans for the excursion will be arranged at a later meeting of the class.

Rabun stated that the trip would probably last about ten days.

designed to prevent abuse of the regulations.

These new regulations are part of the program outlined by the present student government which was elected last spring.

Carl Collins and Professors To Play For Dance at Douglas Friday

NOVEL PARTY IS TO BE STAGED BY JOINT "Y" GROUPS

A combination party will be given by the YW and YMCA in the Gymnasium Saturday evening.

This party will be an attempt to supply entertainment to all the students on the campus. For those who dance, there will be dancing; for those who do not dance, there will be all kinds of games and fun events.

Every person on the campus is urged to attend this novel affair, which is being staged jointly by the two religious organizations.

Present plans call for music to be furnished by the nickelodeon which is located in the little store. Arrangements are being made to have a change of records for the occasion.

Carl Collins and His Professors have been booked to play for the Kappa Delta literary society dance at South Georgia State College, Douglas, Friday evening, November 5, according to Carl Collins, manager of the orchestra.

Collins further states that the Professors have already been engaged for two dances during the Christmas holidays. They are to play in Valdosta Christmas night, and in Bainbridge New Year's Eve.

The Professors will have charge of a chapel program during the winter quarter, and Collins stated that they would be glad to play any request numbers on the program.

The personnel of the orchestra is as follows: Ted Booker, Macon, first saxophone; Everett Loosier, Thomas-ton, tenor saxophone; Bob Stripling, See COLLINS, page 3

The George-Anne

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Eloise Mineey, Robert Miller, Marjorie Mattox,
Homer Blitch, Almand Roach, Nicholas
Dunbar, Harris Rape.

Orchids to Mr. William Deal and the college band for its fine showing Friday night at the football game. Taking almost an entirely new group of musicians, Mr. Deal has organized a band that is a credit to the college. After the performance which they gave Friday night, no one need have any misgivings about their going to Cochran to play for the Teachers-M. G. C. game. So the George-Anne would like to propose an "On-To-Cochran" movement, not only for the football team, but for the band and the student body as well. Let's go over there and show them what a real college can do.

NEW PLAN

With this issue of the George-Anne, a new plan is being tried. Formerly, the George-Anne was printed on book paper. This issue is printed on regular newsprint. We believe that the change is advisable, since a literary supplement is circulated along with the paper. Some distinction should be made between the two publications which are essentially different in content and make-up.

There is very little difference in the cost of newsprint and book paper. The saving from that standpoint is negligible. The sole reason for the change is the appearance of the George-Anne and the Literary Supplement.

We hope you like it.

A FORWARD STEP

The Student Council, by new regulations regarding the social activities of the students on the campus, has made a good start toward making of this college a truly democratic institution.

These regulations are an attempt to equalize the opportunity of all students in having social functions on and off the campus.

The first regulation provides that, on nights when fraternities, sororities, or other organizations on the campus are having dances or social affairs in the city of Statesboro, those students who remain on the campus will have the privilege of filling social engagements in the parlors of the girls' dormitories.

The second regulation provides that when the Student Council does not arrange for any general social engagement in the Gymnasium on Saturday evenings, any group of students may have social functions if properly chaperoned.

Thus it is that one of the main causes of dissension among the students is remedied. We congratulate the Student Council on its good work, and hope that this forward step will be followed by others which will make the social life on our campus one in which every student feels that he is an integral part.



Diggings

Where was Red when the lights went out? Hm. Setting with Scrappy. Where was Scrappy? Hiding from John.

Admiral Byrd has been seen at the Carruth cottage several times. Wonder who it could be?

What blonde freshman (that resembles a movie star) was Nattie Allen seen with at the game last Saturday.

B. H. and Anne seem to be doing fine after their little spat. Like the old saying, "The path of true love never runs smooth."

Some of the Part line on the campus would like to know whom Carolyn Powell was talking to about three weeks ago last Sunday nite.

Sara Kate, who is the freshman?

Watch out girls, Billy Goode is on the loose. He found that his girl lives seven miles out in the country, therefore he's looking around.

Last year Marion Carpenter played "Pennies From Heaven" and dedicated it to Carol Jones. Well it seems that it gave her a start for she really caught a Mr. Penny, but he's from Florida, not Heaven.

We hear that our student council president has decided to learn to truck. We suggest that he take lessons from Dr. Pittman.

Did you know that we saw Frances Cone all alone the other day. Len, where were you? Maybe he's decided to take Dr. Pittman's advice and play in the band.

The Woman's Club was lit up for the Delta Sigma dance Saturday night. Among the gigos of T. C.'s former elite were: Hobson DuBose, Jake Smith, Fred Paige, Lehman Franklin and Deanie Bell.

Maxine Griffis turns her intriguing charms on "Cope" while Carol turns green with envy.

Johnnie must have had some revolting in his love affair. He is exhibiting a large bandage over his left eye. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

What would happen if—

William III bought a package of cigarettes?

Only one song was sung in chapel?

Admiral Byrd should lose his appetite?

Jeanette Willets made an unsatisfactory?

"How much" Ramsay gave anything away?

Alice Hue grew up?

Miss Zulieme did the "Big Apple."

Fay Foy failed to make her daily trip to town?

Wanted—Another "Kenneth England" master of ceremonies in chapel. A few good jokes would add interest to our chapel program. They certainly would promote the social development of some of our faculty members.

Someone told me that Jo Simmons "fell" for John Cromley on the library stairs the other night. Wonder if she got star dust in her eyes and couldn't see?

What'll Abie Green do Sunday night? Froggy is a freshman.

Will Rigsby never make up his mind?

Mr. Sneed must think that he can cut in on anybody at anytime without any trouble. Well, maybe.

Isn't Bragg going to sing Carolina any more minus the A? He says definitely not, but . . . I doubt it.

Sure John Allen could have a steady girl on this campus, couldn't you, John?

Well boys, looks like Ted Booker is still going strong. More power to you, Ted.

Did you know Irene Borland had traded her pugilist for a clarinet player?

COLLEGE HUMOR

SHADY POME

The shades of night were falling fast,
When for a kiss he asked her.
She must have answered "Yes," because

The shades came down much faster.
—N. Y. U. Varieties.

Bragg says: I call my liquor dealer "Circumstances," because he alters cases.

Sheik: "Do you know the difference between right and wrong?"

Co-ed: "No."

Sheik: "How about a date to-night?"

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

Caution is a most valuable asset in fishing, especially if you are the fish. (How about it, Sneed?)

Delta: "Why don't you keep your money in your stocking any more?"

Gamma: "I'm afraid of a run on the bank."—Kitty-Kat.

"Has your roommate returned your coat yet?"

"No, but he gave me the pawn ticket."

Mr. —: "I'll give you three days to pay your board."

Freshman: "All right, I'll take Fourth of July, Christmas and Easter."

BRAND

Beneath the moon he told his love—
The color left her cheeks,
But on the shoulder of his coat
It plainly showed for weeks.

—Varieties.

Columnette

By C. D. SHELEY

DEFINITIONS:

Publicity is something you want until you get it.

Once there was a fellow who came to college and learned to follow the crowd.

Satisfaction is a point where when you have reached it you aren't satisfied.

Superstition is something you haven't got when somebody is looking at you.

College is a place where if you say "Good Morning" to a professor you are likely to be accused of bootlicking.

Co-operation, like the weather, is often talked about but never accomplished.

A person without morals is someone we are jealous of.

An enemy is a former friend who had it in his power to do a favor and didn't.

A person is without manners when he doesn't eat his soup as I do.

Should one be convicted of heresy who believes that spirit alone cannot defeat a fifty-pound weight advantage?

We all love the good earth. Proof: Everybody reads the dirt column.

JEFF STEWART
Sports Editor

.. SPORTS ..

SPORT SLANTS



By STUFFY STEWART

Coach Smith had just finished telling some very important plays of the Douglas offense to be watched.

A bride party composed of Betty McLemore, Marguerite Mathews, and Dean Anderson rode by.

Coach finished with, "Now, boys, this play will run all over you Friday night unless you watch it closely."

At this time, the horses, unseen by Coach, started neighing very loudly. Coach, thinking some of the boys were giving him the horse laugh, got mad until he saw the real thing coming along.

There was a general burst of laughter at the appropriateness of the thing.

Serappy Smith and Tom Vandiver, after being out for three and five weeks, respectively, are back in full harness and ready to ride.

"Bootsie Wootsie" A belson said, "One of those fellows kick-me in the face with his foot."

The Teachers' blocking has improved considerably in the last two weeks. Do you notice anything but the ball carriers? Watch some of the other players sweeping the opposition so the tail backs can run with the ball.

"Scoop" Sheley was really on a rampage after little Fussell was delegated to date Anderson last Wednesday. He offered everything from set-ups to clothes to get a reprieve for her. Maybe he loves it.

A toast to a cheer leader:

"There was a young lady named 'Red,'
Who mistook a curb for a bed;
When she got up and smiled,
After squirming around for a while,
She found she was 'Yellow' instead."

That's all until after the Gordon game. I hope the crowd can have a little more pep in pep meetings. They need it.

COLLINS, from page 1

Albany, third saxophone; John Austin, Beaufort, S. C., first trombone; Sam Wiggins, Wadley, second trombone; Carroll Beasley, Statesboro, trumpet; Marion Carpenter, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., second trumpet; Frank Rushing, Statesboro, piano, and Carl Collins, Statesboro, drums.

TEACHERS DEFEAT TIGERS 25 - 6

TIDE OUTPLAYS
DOUGLAS TEAM

Golden, Stewart, and Ozier Score Touchdowns for First Victory.

South Georgia Teachers College defeated the South Georgia State Tigers from Douglas here Friday night by a score of 25-6.

The Teachers scored early in the game after Ozier's punt was fumbled by a Douglas back and recovered on their 30-yard line by Robertson. By line bucks and end runs the Teachers forced the ball up to the one-yard marker, where Golden crashed through the line for the score. Vandiver's placement for extra point was no good.

Near the end of the first quarter, Ramey's punt to the Teachers' 35-yard line was fumbled and recovered by Hudson. Banister, Douglas half-carried the ball to the Teachers' two-yard line from which point Fullback Ramey went over for Douglas' only score of the game. Clifton's try for extra point was no good.

The second quarter was featured mostly by the punting of both teams, neither side threatening to score, and the half ended with the ball in the Teachers' possession in midfield.

The Teachers' second score came in the third quarter when a fumble was recovered in mid-field by Hamil. Halfback Joe Battle then faded back to the Teachers' 40-yard line and heaved a 50-yard pass into the arms of little Jeff Stewart who was standing on the 10-yard line. Stewart went over standing up, making the score 12-6 in favor of the Teachers.

Battle then shot a long pass to Left End Rigsby for the extra point, and the third quarter ended with the Teachers leading 13-6.

In the fourth quarter, the Teachers edged the ball down to Douglas' 20-yard line from which point Jeff Stewart went around right end for another touchdown, bringing the score up to 19-6. Stewart's try for the extra point failed.

A few minutes later, the Teachers obtained possession of the ball in mid-field and Tom Vandiver threw a pass to Copeland Ozier who raced 35 yards for the touchdown. Vandiver's try for extra point was no good and the score remained 25-6.

The fourth quarter saw three Douglas passes intercepted by the Teachers' linemen. Woodard, center, caught one and ran it back 15 yards. Besides playing a jam-up game at guard, Paul Robertson did himself proud in this quarter by intercepting two passes.

Jeff Stewart and Copeland Ozier starred in the backfield as far as ground gaining was concerned, being ably assisted by the blocking of Hack

GORDON GAME WILL GIVE TEACHERS
CHANCE TO AVENGE UPSET LAST YEARTOUCH FOOTBALL
TO BEGIN TODAY

Playing with either six or eight men teams, the intramural touch football tourney gets under way today, according to Jim Wrinkle, who will have charge of the games.

Five teams are being organized at present and several more will probably be formed this week. Pat Colquitt, I. W. Bragg, Woodrow Mixon, the Delta Sigmas and the Iota Pi Nus are rapidly getting their teams lined up.

Games will be played on the practice field back of the tennis courts, in the area which was formerly the first hole of the golf course. Games are to begin at 4:30 p. m., and should be over by 6 p. m.

Wilson and Douglas Strickland. Wilson also stopped Douglas several times for no gain.

In the first half the Teachers gained 71 yards on runs and the Douglas team gained 72. The Teachers gained 114 yards on runs in the second half to 30 yards for Douglas. Total yardage gained on running plays: Teachers 185; Douglas 102.

Douglas had a slight edge on punting, having in Fullback Ramey a consistent kicker. Douglas punted ten times for an average of 35 yards, while the Teachers punted 13 times for an average of 30 yards.

The Teachers made eight first downs to five for Douglas.

Douglas tried 14 passes, completing two for a net gain of 15 yards. The Teachers tried nine passes, completing three for a total gain of 65 yards.

The line-ups:

Teachers	Douglas
Rigsby LE	Garnto
Brantley LT	Smith
Estes LG	Bradley
Woodard C	Adair
Robertson RG	Hudson
Hill RT	Dillard
Hamil RE	Barnes
Ozier QB	Clifton
Golden HB	Banister
Strickland HB	O'Quinn
Wilson FB	Ramey

Officials: Johnson, Army, field judge; Blair, Mercer; referee; Corbin, Mercer, umpire; Porter, Mercer, head-linesman.

BLUE TIDE BEATEN
IN SURPRISE FINISH

Cadets Have Defeated Two Of Tide's Rivals This Season.

The Teachers are running into a grudge fight Saturday when they play the Gordon military college team here, according to Coach Smith, and should provide one of the most interesting games of the season.

The reason for the grudge is this: Teachers had never lost a game to Gordon, and were leading 7-6 up to the last three minutes of the game last year, when Gordon upset the "apple cart" and wound up the fray 13-7 in favor of the cadets.

It was a hard pill for the Teachers to swallow, and from all reports they are planning to get revenge and plenty of it Saturday.

This game should give some idea of how the Blue Tide stacks up against Armstrong Junior College and Middle Georgia College, since Gordon has defeated both those teams this season; Armstrong by a score of 20-13, and Cochran 13-6.

GIRLS' SPEEDBALL
TOURNEY PLANNED

Teams Not Yet Chosen; All Girls Still May Try Out.

The girls' intramural speedball tourney will begin Tuesday, November 16th and continue four days, according to Miss Susie Hammack, who is sponsoring the affair.

Four teams will be entered, three freshmen teams and one composed of upperclassmen. None of the teams have been definitely chosen, according to Miss Hammack, so all girls still have a chance to make a team.

Two game will be played each day, according to the set-up, and each team is supposed to play every other team twice.

The public is invited to see the games, Miss Hammack stated, and urged that all girls be on the field ready to play at 4 p. m. on the days they are scheduled to play.

COLLEGE STUDENTS

SAVE YOURSELVES MONEY AND A TRIP TO TOWN.

WE CARRY A LINE OF
COSMETICS, DENTRIFICES, SHAVING CREAMS, ETC.

BING'S COLLEGE CRESCENT.

GULF GAS AND OILS

"A Little Store That's Behind the School in a Big Way"

SOCIETY

IOTA PI NU

The Iota Pi Nu fraternity will pledge the following boys at its regular meeting tonight: Herman Wrinkle, John Cromley, Howell Perrymon, Joe Brinson, Bob Stripling, Ted Booker, Willard Clanton, Homer Blitch and Horace McDougald.

L. T. C.

Guests of the L. T. C. sorority at an informal out-door breakfast Sunday, October 17, were: Elizabeth Zeagler, Margaret Remington, Betty McLemore, Marion Lanier, Vera Rabun, Sara Morris, Jo Simmons, Mary Ellen Alderman, Frances Hughes, Claire Bryan, Katherine Gainey, Frances Breen, Anne Slade, and Sarah Attaway.

DELTA SIGMA

Members and pledges of the Delta Sigma fraternity and their dates for the tea-dance and formal dance which was held last Saturday, are: Johnny Deal, Eloise Mincey; B. H. Ramsey, Ann Breen; Gerald Groover, Lil Baldwin; James Deal, Sybil Strickland; Albert Green, Hazel Benton; Cecil Waters, Sara Tillman; Johnny Thayer, Lenora Holloway; Jimmy DeLoach, Merle Davis; Bill McLeod, Lestina Stanley; Robert Walker, Carolyn Powell; Tom Vandiver, Frances Breen; Frank Zetterower, Tommy Gray; Frank Aldred, Maxine Griffis; Chatham Alderman, Kathryn Gray; Joe Joiner, Frances Deal; Albert Braswell, Betty Smith; J. Brantley Johnson, Margaret Ann Johnson; Harold Houston, Panke Knox; Bill Hicks.

BACHELORS

Members and pledges of the Bachelors Club and their dates for the banquet and dance Saturday evening are as follows: David Proctor, Vernice Bacon; Paul Robertson, Virginia King; Willard Cartee, Anne Felton; Jim Wrinkle, Julia Reese; Harold Rigsby, Tommy Gray; Copeland Ozier, Catherine Gray; Bill Ware, Priscilla Prather; Eli Hill, Thelma Harrison; Roy Rabun, Nettie Claire Bryan; Ed Zachert, Sara Morris; Hugh Hodges, Frances Breen; Leroy Roughton, Doris Wallace; Oliver Fussell, Clara Brewton; Howard Waters, Vera Rabun; Willard Clanton, Frances Hughes; Jeff Stewart, Kitty Gardner; Glynn Sowell, Eloise Mercer; Bobbie Carroll, Jo Johnson; Tom Vandiver, Ann Breen.

Miss Marie Wood, sponsor, was escorted by Mr. Mark Scully, and Miss Ruth Bolton, sponsor, was accompanied by Mr. Henry McCormack.

SUNDAY SCHOOL PARTY

On Wednesday evening, October 27, the college class of the Baptist church was entertained at an informal party at the Woman's Club by members of the Baptist church.

The Hallowe'en idea was carried out and the guests were entertained by spooks, goblins and fortune tellers. The Philathea class served chicken salad, tea and cookies.

The following students attended this delightful affair:

W. R. Alexander, T. A. Bacon Jr.,

Repairs Are Being Made On Three Bath Rooms in Sanford

Three bathrooms of Sanford Hall are being torn down and rebuilt under the direction of the construction department of the Board of Regents.

The repairs became necessary because of inefficient architecture and construction, according to Dr. Marvin S. Pittman.

Dr. Pittman stated that the defect in the drainage system which is causing foul odors around Sanford Hall would be repaired also within the next two weeks.

WATER, from page 1

building will be used for a science hall.

In addition to these buildings a \$15,000 water system is to be constructed. It is to have an elevated tank and an eight-inch well. The college will no longer be dependent on the town for its water supply when the system is constructed and it will greatly lessen the danger of fire.

SCIENCE, from page 1

bulletin among the schools of this region. Agnes Hodges is chairman of this group and Juanita Thomas is secretary.

Plants are being grown in water cultures by the fourth group in a study of the chemicals necessary for garden plants. Their plan is to consider Georgia soil surveys and discover what chemicals should be added to allow proper growth of plants. Eddie Najjar and Bobbie Brinson are chairman and secretary of this group, respectively.

Toney Benton, Earle Boyd, Ted Booker, C. W. Graham, Willard Greene, J. A. Gardner, Groover Holland, D. W. Harrison, Tom Hodges, Ben Jones, Charlie Jeremia, Everett Loosier, Len Lastinger, Lee Malone, Owen McKenzie, Alvin McLendon, Edwin Perryman, Marvin Perkins, Harris Rape, Roy Rabun, Ted Strickland, Cohen Taylor, Ernest Trowell, Emerson Woodrum, Bob Stripling; Misses Nancy Anderson, Margaret Boddiford, Lorraine Brockett, Mary Brigman, Julia Carroll, Frances Cone, Eva Flynt, Ann Groover, Ouida Glisson, Louise Hollingsworth, Laura Hodges, Evelyn Hodges, Anita Hammond, Eloise Mincey, Dorothy Perkins, Vera Rabun, Margaret Remington, Rebecca Shearouse, Margaret Shivers, Corrine Usher, Sara Upchurch, Cherry Waldrep, Jeanette Willets, Dorothy and Janette Caldwell and Ceciline Swinson.

NOWELL SHOE SHOP

Old Miller Place on West Main St.

"WHERE EVERY JOB IS A BETTER JOB"

Representatives:

ROY RABUN
PAUL ROBERTSON
JUANITA THOMAS
ARDELIA MOBLEY

Vesper Choir Has Program With Theme Of "Helping Others"

"Helping Others" was the theme of the Vesper Choir program arranged by L. C. Lee, Tom Vandiver and Dorothy Cromley for last Sunday evening services.

Jeanette Willets and L. C. Lee are program chairmen, and would appreciate any student's voluntary assistance in planning the Sunday evening program.

Sue Zetterower, Dorothy Perkins, Louise Hollingsworth, Josephine Simmons, Elliot Boswell, D. R. Barber, D. W. Harrison and Fred Hansard, were appointed a committee to arrange a picnic for the choir Saturday afternoon. The plans were to go to "Lovers' Hill," near the campus.

Agriculture Class Visits Stock Yard

The agricultural class of animal husbandry, under the direction of Mr. M. C. Gaar, observed the classification and sales of livestock at McLemore's stock yard in Statesboro last week.

Plans are being made to go to the Georgia State Fair in Savannah next week for the purpose of studying some of Georgia's finest livestock and other farm products.

The class was represented at a meeting of local farmers on October 27th. The discussion centered around the problems of the county's three major products, cotton, corn and tobacco.

NORTHCUTT'S MASTER CLEANERS

BUSTER BOWEN, Prop.

Agents:

JEFF STEWART
HAROLD RIGSBY
MAGARET DENSON
PRISCILLA PRATHER

THACKSTON'S DRY CLEANING

Agents:

"GOAT" OLIVER
BILL GERKEN
VIVIEN GRIFFIN

Quality Cleaners

"I always laugh at my professor's jokes."

"They must be clever than usual."

"No, I am."

IDEAL SHOE SERVICE

Agents:

"GOAT" OLIVER
BILL GERKEN

"We Save Your Soles."

Georgia Thatere

MONDAY-TUESDAY

Jack Benny in

"ARTISTS AND MODELS"

Also News—Shorts

WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY

Barbara Stanwyck in

"STELLA DALLAS"

Also Selected Shorts

FRIDAY

Fred McMurray, Frances Farmer, Charlie Ruggles in

"EXCLUSIVE"

Also Comedy—Cartoon

SATURDAY

"LANCER SPY"

With Dolores Del Rio

"CHEROKEE STRIP"

Starring Dick Foran

Also Selected Shorts

MAKE YOUR HEADQUARTERS AT

THE COLLEGE PHARMACY

"Where the Crowds Go"

OYSTERS, Any Style SHRIMP

DEVEILED CRAB FRIED CHICKEN

SANDWICHES OF ALL KINDS

CECIL KENNEDY'S

Literary Supplement

The George-Anne

VOL. 1

COLLEGEBORO, GA. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1937

NO. 1



INTRODUCING—

An attempt at a versatile literary vehicle.

Within these pages is an assortment of poems, serious and not so serious, short stories, shorter stories, essays, and book reviews. In addition to these there appears on this page a block print done by Miss Mary Small, instructor in art.

The Literary Supplement is the official literary organ of South Georgia Teachers College. Its purpose is to publish literary creations which will reflect credit upon the college and its students.

This first issue of the Literary Supplement begins in a modest manner. It is hoped that the students and faculty will accept it in the spirit in which it is intended—a serious attempt to provide an outlet for literary expression among the students. In the future a larger publication is intended. For the present we must be content with the resources which are available.

Most of the contributions in this issue were made by members of Dr. T. B. Stroup's creative writing class. This does not mean that other students are to have no part in this publication. Anyone who has an article of a literary nature is urged to submit it to the editors. It will be judged on its merits and, if deemed worthy of publication, it will be published. Students are urged to submit manuscripts as soon as possible since this supplement must be prepared several weeks in advance of its publication.

JENNIFER JANE

By JEANETTE WILLETT'S

Once upon a time, Jennifer Janes went to college. When she left home her mother kissed her good-bye, and said, "Now, Jennifer Jane, remember to be polite, and always say, 'Good morning' to your teachers."

"I will, mother," promised Jennifer Jane.

Now on the college campus was a gruff old teacher, who had a method: When he met a new student, he always asked, "What do you consider the most beautiful word in the language?" If the student gave the word the teacher was thinking of, it was right.

So on the first day in the first class, the teacher said, "Jennifer Jane, what is the most beautiful word in the language?"

"Good morning," replied Jennifer Jane.

"Wrong," said the professor.

Then Jennifer Jane wrote her mother a letter. She said:

Dear Mother:

My teacher asked me the most beautiful word in the language. You told me always to say "Good morning," and that was the wrong answer. What shall I do?

Your loving daughter,
Jennifer Jane.

Her mother wrote back:

Dear Jennifer Jane:

You should have said "Beautiful," that is the correct answer.

Your Loving Mother.

When Jennifer Jane received this letter, she thought to herself, "I must remember that 'Beautiful' is the correct answer."

She went to her second class.

"Jennifer Jane," said the professor, "two men work for ten days on a piece of work which one of them could finish in seven. What is the answer?"

"Beautiful," replied Jennifer Jane.

"I have no doubt of that," said the professor. "Wrong."

This was quite surprising to Jennifer Jane. She wrote her mother the whole story, and asked her what to do. Her mother wrote back, "I am afraid you are not using your head, my dear daughter. You should have known the answer was government money."

"I must remember that," said Jennifer Jane.

She went to her next class, repeating her mother's words over to herself. The teacher thinking Jennifer Jane was saying the answers, asked her a question.

"A man was walking down the street. He had very nice clothes, tall hat, long coat, nicely pressed trousers, and shoes well shined. But two blood hounds were following at his heels. What do you think was in his pocket?"

"Government money," said Jennifer Jane.

"This is a state institution," the teacher roared. "No such remarks are allowed, you will apologize at once."

Jennifer Jane was perplexed beyond measure. This time she sent her mother a special delivery letter. Her mother wired in reply, "Hamburger meat of course stop Do not be stupid dear Mother."

So she went to her next class feeling well prepared. Surely anything her mother took the trouble to wire her must be right. She would try once more, at any cost.

But this time, Jennifer Jane escaped notice. She sat on the front row, and teachers invariably look over the heads of the people on the front row. However, she remembered her mother's advice, and determined to use it at her first opportunity.

That night the college gave a dance. Jennifer Jane, being very beautiful, was much in demand. At last she slipped out on the balcony

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Pilgrimage to Parnassus

I WOULD LOOK EAST

I would look east at evening, never west.
With some high hill behind me, some tall tree
Beside, and not a moving thing to see,
On grass, sweet to my idle lips, I rest.
A cardinal calls—his color is not seen;
The distance thunders, with no flash of light;
And only clouds with echoes gold are bright
Against the greying blue and blackening green.

I face the east. The glory of the sun
Dying its bloody death, I do not know.
I feel the dark; I see the daylight go;
I seek no cause, content, and needing none.
At evening I rest quiet, and turn my sight
To east—and make a miracle of night.

—JEANETTE WILLETT'S.

CHERCHEZ LA FEMME!

Flip the cigarette from your finger tips,
Wipe rose and vermillion off nails, cheeks and
lips,

Wash from your hair the scented glues,
And the tinted copper hues.

In spite of clicking heels and skirts that swing
You are only a primitive, female thing.

—ERNESTINE CHAVOUS.

MY WISH

I wish I were a tabby cat
With soft and yellow eyes,
Then if I heard a school bell ring,
I'd never have to rise.

I'd want some one to rub my neck
And stroke my soft, deep fur.
I'd curl my tail around my back
And purr, and purr, and purr!

—RUBY LOIS HUBBARD.

PROPHECY

The spring will come again one day,
A dash of rain, a scrap of song,
A spot of blue to break the grey,
A freshness where the wind is strong.

The spring will come again
To warm the frozen earth,
To wake in rose and wren
The miracle of birth.

The spring will come,
But not until
Some voice is dumb,
Some heart is still.

The spring
Will not betray
One faithful waiting thing;
The spring will come again one day.

—JEANETTE WILLETT'S.

THE KEY TO SUCCESS

What can bring success in life,
That men may call us great?
Our hoarded gold?
A stout heart, bold?
Or just some trick of Fate?

What will place us on the top?
Will courage, brawn, or pluck?
A premonition?
Sheer ambition?
Or just plain faith in luck?

Helps though these are, we must have more
To reach a higher level.
It's the combination
Of determination
And working like the devil.

—MILTON FINDLEY.

THE QUESTION

A VIGNETTE

By

James Bartow Hussey

Marie watched the moon rise above the pines. As she watched, a faint sigh escaped her lips. She murmured to herself, "I do wish Larry would hurry." She glanced at the tiny dial on her arm. "After ten." Again she sighed. Minute-long seconds slipped by; hour-long minutes.

She stood, first on one foot and then on the other. As this failed to ease her anxiety, she stumbled towards the stone garden seat, mumbling . . . "Perhaps he couldn't get away. Aunt Clara's getting awfully strict on the boys in Emerson Hall."

Her heart quickened as she heard a twig snap under a cautious footstep. "Larry!" She breathed between clinched lips. With that word, Marie seemed to melt inside. The name had come to mean so much to her in the three years at Glenwood.

Larry appeared from behind some shrubbery. A faint smile flitted across his face as he saw the lovely figure silhouetted in the moonlight. "You did come!" he breathed presently.

"You expected me to, didn't you?" she asked gently.

Larry gave no answer, but grasped her small hand and led her down to the narrow flagstone walk to the lake. The moonbeams danced across the tiny ripples.

"Shall we ride?" Larry asked, indicating a canoe that splashed the water.

Marie shook her head, "Let's sit here on the bank and watch the moon and stars." She sank to the grassy ledge.

Larry sat on a small knoll at her feet. "Marie . . ."

"Don't, Larry. You'll spoil the beauty of the night. Let's enjoy the silence."

The silence continued until Larry seemingly could bear it no longer. He began but was again interrupted.

"Look, Larry," Marie called as she pointed to a falling star. "Say 'Money, money, money' over your left shoulder, and you'll get some."

"I don't want money now," he said, tightening his grip on her soft hand. "May I ask you something now?"

"If you're sure you won't regret it later."

"I know I'll never be sorry."

"First, be sure; then go ahead . . . Who was it said that?"

"I don't remember. Now for the question. Marie I . . ."

"Wait Larry, darling." With a sweep of her hand, she smoothed the wrinkles in her dress. Snapping open her compact, she vigorously dusted her nose. Marie looked tranquil even though her heart was beating like mad! "The moment I've waited so long for," she murmured to herself. Holding her breath, she gave Larry a signal to continue.

He reached inside his leather jacket. Marie panted for breath.

"Do . . . er, do you mind if I take a smoke?"

"Oh, no . . . no . . . no. Go right ahead. Go right ahead."

"PECIOUS TAT"

By LOUISE BENNETT

In the yard "Pecious Tat" was running up and down and mewing loudly. Buddy was sitting on the bannister watching her. It was such fun to see a cat go mad.

Sissy was sitting on the front steps crying. "Pecious Tat" was her's and they weren't going to kill him. She'd kill them first. Daddy had given him to her, and now Daddy was gone, and Mamma was sick, and Buddy was laughing. And then that lady all in white came to the door and said they'd have to be quiet. Buddy had said he was going to kill the cat, and the lady had gone to call Granddaddy.

"You couldn't keep her, no way, Sissy," said 'Buddy, consoling. "She's mad, and if we don't kill her someone else will."

"I don't care," sobbed Sissy, "She's mine."

When Granddaddy came, he took Sissy in his arms and kissed her.

"You aren't going to do it, are you?"

"Well, if she's mad, you don't want to keep her, do you?"

"But she's not mad. Least, not like you're talking about. When I'm mad, I yell and kick, too, but I don't hurt nobody."

"You might not hurt with the yelling, but you shore can kick," said Buddy, thoughtfully rubbing a shin.

Granddaddy set Sissy down and went to the bannister. Sissy, watching him, saw him take up a brick and drop it over the bannister. The sound of the brick on the pavement was muffled. Buddy laughed 'till he almost fell over.

Sissy remembered the day Mother had her Lady's Aiders there, and Buddy stepped on his kitten's head. The blood had run out on the floor, and Buddy had laughed.

She didn't see why boys were born. Sissy cried.

FASHION NOTE

I'm sorry dresses grew so short, Although I think them clever— Because the style in petticoats Is just as long as ever!

—JEANETTE WILLETTS.

NEW PAINTED ROOM

Oh, room, they say you have a sheen Of putrid, gray-bilious green. But since your hue I have not seen, On you I will not vent my spleen.

—ERNESTINE CHAVOUS.

SHATTERED ILLUSION

Green meant these things to me: An oak, an elm, a pine, A shapely cedar tree, A clinging ivy vine.

But now a green that smells, And sticks, and stings my eyes A sadder story tells: Has the administration gone native?

—JEANETTE WILLETTS.

THE GREEN ROOM!

Oh, see the pretty Green Room! I'd as soon be in a tomb As to have to hear a lecture Given in there. Have a care, Ye who perpetrate such a horror, Or no one will be in class tomorrow.

—LEROY ROUGHTON.

When I Was Young and Foolish

By RUBY LOIS HUBBARD

Preaching bored me when I was a child. The ceiling of our church had a square hole in it for the stove pipe. Now round pegs do not fit into square hole any better than square pegs into round holes, but here was a round stove pipe fitting beautifully into a square hole—because it was cemented in. I imagined weird groans and knocks coming from the loft, especially while a layman prayed and the pastor "amen-ed." This supernatural phenomenon puzzled me so much one day that I slipped out of the church while my mother was singing. Crawling into our model-T parked near the church, I sat down on the horn intermittently during the remainder of the service. My mother's scarlet face emerging from the church door was the prelude to an episode I shall never forget.

This blistering experience reminds me of many other childish antics. My family would probably wonder why I don't write in the present tense and narrate "blunder-bussing" on a large scale.

I was told that if I touched a well windlass with my tongue on a cold frosty morning, it would stick. Being of the opinion that if a little of a thing would work well, a great deal would work better, I stuck my tongue to a steel post that held up the roof of a porch. The only way to get my tongue loose was to tear down the porch or peel off my tongue. The porch remains standing today.

My father once gave me a little calf to tend. The animal was always determined to stay in the stable when I tried to get it out, but loathe to be persuaded when I wanted it to go in. I have a vivid picture of getting it near the door, only to have it give me the slip and wave its tail in triumph as it kicked up its heels and frolicked away. If I did succeed in snatching the most accessible part of its anatomy, which invariably was its tail, it just as invariably slipped from between my fingers as I pulled back, uttering imprecations upon it. The ground always rose mighty fast as I took a sudden and uncushioned seat in no select spot.

What a fool I was! And even now, I am just as foolish, just as unreasonably persistent, just as bull-headed as I was when I wanted to break the calf's tail and teach it a lesson.

I used to declare that when I was old enough to decide for myself, I was going to bed with dirty feet just once. I can almost feel my mother's firm, kindly grasp on my shoulder and the words arousing me from my chair, "Ruby Lois, go wash your feet—and don't forget to put your hands in the water to do it." It seems that even a barefoot brat of six would have attended to that nightly ritual before nodding.

Meddling with lovers' or family quarrels isn't safe, I've discovered. I merely agreed with a young wife once that her husband was a big brute and barely escaped, losing my front teeth and a goodly portion of my hair.

I was being cunning and counting a teacher's "er's" once when she called on me. Then I said "er" and "ah" and "umm."

I once gave an agent eight dollars for the glorious privilege of trying to sell books in the city of Atlanta. I wore out a pair of shoe soles, to say nothing of my tongue, and sold one book. An old man said to me recently, "I make it a rule to sleep over a trade."

I recall being teased on the way to school one morning by my brothers and sisters. Becoming furious, I began singing in order to drown out their voices. This might have proved a

Reviews

"GLORY OF EARTH," by Anderson M. Scruggs, Oglethorpe University Press.

By JEANETTE WILLETTS

In his introductory sonnet, Anderson Scruggs says that he wishes to say things that never can be said, to sing the note that never could be sung. From the earth comes his power to do this. The pages that follow show, if not the actual word and song he sought, at least an echo of their presence.

The earth is a definite personality to Mr. Scruggs. It is the eternal dream, the supreme lover, the handiwork of God. It cries out against mutilation by man and his machines; yet the distress is only temporary, for at last

You cannot shut your heart forever more
Against the siege of laurel from a hill:
A sparrow note will batter down your door
In that last hour when all but thought grows still.

Definite people, in the opinion of this poet, are most closely associated with the earth. The old mountain caretaker, the primitive preacher, and the forgotten poet are pictured as being close to it that parts of it become parts of their character. For example, he says of the caretaker

His thoughts are tinged with sunsets and he wears
The patience of deep forests in his face.

When Mr. Scruggs uses the natural world as a source of his poetic figures, his artistry is quite good. A quietly beautiful picture stands out in his poem, "Willows":

Women have had their sorrows like dark wine
To dull their hearts to lethargy and dream,
But there has been no hunger like the fine
Passion of willows for a lonely stream.

Any attempt at applying the figures to moral or social problems, however, proves too great a descent into the common. It leads the poet into a definite triteness that spoils the purpose of his theme. Such poems as the one to a prospective suicide, in which he tries to moralize the man back to sanity, somehow ring false in a natural setting. They are unworthy of the thought behind them. At other times, in the series of beach poems, for example, there is a straining for additional meaning to what should be simple description. The picture is spoiled by an effort at moral teaching. For this we can only recommend to the poet that he leave social and moral problems to other people, and let it be said of his poetry as he said of death:

There is no friction here—only smooth motion
Of flesh merging into the earth and feeding the grass.

Mr. Scruggs is a Georgia poet of some repute. An autographed copy of this book, "Glory of Earth," is in the S. G. T. C. library.

very wise procedure had I not closed my eyes also, to exclude their taunting grimaces. The next thing I knew, I was plunging into a ditch beside the road, my heels in the air, my lacy trimming and scalloped edges fluttering in the public eye, books and lunch going in all directions, and my big red apple rolling down the ditch. Needless to say, the howling of my adversaries was not suppressed. I am reminded of this humiliation even now by my family who refuse to forget what should be forgotten.

My more recent—and more foolish—experiences I omit. Perhaps I'll tell them some day—when I can laugh at them, too.

STUDENT SYMPOSIUM

SOCIAL LIFE ON THE CAMPUS

By LOUISE BENNETT

A well-rounded life should be concerned with mental, physical, spiritual, and social development. Too many of the college students stress only one of these. The extremely studious and intellectual person is not a joy to other people unless he knows the art of being sociable. The extremely religious person offers a life of sacrifice and service, and often forgets that Jesus entered into the social life about Him. The athlete does not always seem to realize that some people do not care primarily for sports. The extremely social person does not always care for the purely intellectual or religious sides of life, and is not interested in other people. Too often his comment at the end of a party, "I enjoyed myself," is the absolute truth.

Some part of each day should be spent in social activities. Only a few formal gatherings should be held because the majority of the students enjoy the social life as a release from exacting duties. The students should get away from the idea of planned and commercialized entertainment. They should understand that talking, walking in groups, informal games, and impromptu parties may be very enjoyable. Most people are fundamentally simple, and get pleasure from fundamentally simple things.

There is too much importance attached to *affaires de coeur* on the campus. Healthy, normal boys and girls of college age enjoy being with small groups of friends. They do not always care to hunt dark corners. Offered a comfortable, home-like atmosphere, with a small group of special friends, students are frequently more happy than paired off in forbidden retreats. They usually do what is expected of them and often do things they shouldn't because someone has forbidden them, when they were not thinking of the matter in question.

The enjoyment of social life is lost in crowds. People are happier when they are with people of their own kind, and can feel themselves as a part of the group. In a large crowd, the individual doesn't have a definite part, and he is not entirely at ease with the others of the crowd. This feeling is lost when a group of friends of similar tastes are together.

The social hour should be a pleasure to those participating in it. If this be true, the program of activity should be varied. Dancing, as the only form of entertainment, is very monotonous to the person who does not dance. Novel parties, when repeated, tend to become anything but novel. The social life of a person should be spontaneous, and should come about through an enjoyment of the company of others.

JANNIFER JANE, from Page 2
to rest and breathe the fresh air. Suddenly she found she was not alone. A pair of strong arms went around her, and a voice whispered in her ear, "Jennifer Jane, my darling, tell me what you love most in all the world."

"Hamburger meat of course. Stop. Do not be stupid, dear," replied Jennifer Jane, sure she was right at last.

The arms dropped. The voice muttered something about "dumb icebergs." Jennifer Jane went back inside, and wondered why her partners gradually diminished to the point of leaving her a wallflower.

She went to her room and wrote her mother. When her mother received this letter, she was exasperated. She sat down immediately and wrote:

Dear Jennifer Jane:

Will you never learn any social decency? I

For a More Varied Social Life

By JAMES BARTOW HUSSEY

The social life here on the campus is entirely too selfish. Although unsuspectingly, the clannishness of the social groups cause many students who are not socially inclined to turn away from the activities in which every normal student should participate.

It is true that sororities and fraternities are, supposedly, exclusive groups. I understand this and I am not censuring these. I am censuring the social life of the student body as a whole.

The first question arising is that of dances. True, we do have dances occasionally. But the point is, How many students on the campus dance when they attend? I would say a minority. Count the number of your friends who do not dance and are not interested in dancing. The result, I am sure, would be surprising.

Since dancing is an activity of the few, it remains for us to find other activities that will stimulate the students' interest.

The barrenness of the social life is directly attributable to the barrenness of the cultural life of the student body.

First, let us turn to the field of music, the social past time of millions. What we need is more musical appreciation. For example, a young man once heard the explanation of Bizet's opera, *Carmen*; then, by chance, he heard a presentation over the radio. Before the conclusion, the young man cheered with enthusiasm. We need more cases like this—more students who can appreciate music.

Secondly, we want more students trained to appreciate art. It is impossible for the college to graduate every student as an artist; but it is not impossible to introduce to everyone to the greater masterpieces and their principles.

But a lack of appreciation of art is not all. Today, it is practically impossible to spend an evening with friends without being asked to play a hand of bridge, a game of chess or backgammon. Yet only a minority of the students understand these games.

A recreation room, moreover, would prove a great benefit to the social life of the student body. A game of table tennis, billiards or cards would tend to develop the students' interest.

The thing we need most is more social contact for more social outcasts and outlaws. It is the duty of the social committee of the college to acquaint the students with these social obligations.

really fear you will be an old maid. For Heaven's sake, tell your next boy friend, when he asks you such a question, "You, my dearest." Can you remember that?

Your Distracted Mother.

I can remember that, I am sure," said Jennifer Jane to herself. "I simply must, for I will not die an old maid."

But Jennifer Jane had to wait a long time. Her teachers avoided asking her questions, because they did not wish to be forced to flunk such a ornamental person.

Her chance came one day when her boy friend of the dance was reading poetry in class. In his greatest oratorical manner, he began:

"What is fresher than the dawn?

What is fresher than a rose?

What is fresher than a spring?"

Jennifer Jane, hypnotized by his melodious voice, said quite distinctly,

"You, my dearest."

The class roared with laughter, and the pro-

A UNIQUE PARTY

By JEANETTE WILLETTTS

Judging from the activities on this campus, social life has two definitions: Having everybody in the same place at the same time for dancing; having a small exclusive set organized for the purpose of dancing. Nothing else seems to matter. Under such circumstances as these, one frequently hears the remarks, "I'm just not socially minded," or "social life doesn't attract me," or "social life to me is anything but a pleasure." Man, however, is a naturally social being. He is endowed with senses through which he may communicate with others. Is, then, our definition at fault?

One of the most enjoyable occasions ever to have been on this campus was a spontaneous, original Indian party. It was a dismal day. Several girls, feeling the twinges of home-sickness coming on, decided to pass away an afternoon by being Indians. They pulled down the shades and turned out the lights. With two beds, whose covers were pinned over the head and foot pieces, pushed together for a tent, the scene began to look realistic. Somebody wrapped a flashlight in a red shirt to make a campfire. The girls costumed themselves as Indians, war paint included. A more original one tied a red scarf around her head and collected all the tooth brushes on the hall to stick in it for feathers. Then all the girls crowded into the "tent" to tell stories and sing songs about Indians. Indian songs were not plentiful enough, so they began one of their own, to the tune of "Pop-eye, the Sailor Man." It included such gems as:

I'm Hawkeye, the Injun chief;

I'm Hawkeye, the Injun chief;

I kill the big mooses

To feed my papooses;

I'm Hawkeye, the Injun chief.

All this does not mean that every student should turn his room into a Happy Hunting Ground every time it rains. But can't we manage to have more occasions at which the people who enjoy being together and doing the same things, may do so? Even conversation, which nobody seems to undertake any more, is social, and creative as well. Social life can mean something besides sandals and swing tunes. Why not prove it?

Oh, "methods" room of sweet-pea green

To censure you is quite obscene.

I think we should be content

With Georgia Power's experiment.

Times ever change, and tastes do too,

So, green room, I think you'll do.

JAMES BARTOW HUSSEY.

fessor gave Jennifer Jane an A on comprehension. Then the boy, because his poem was responsible for the mark, decided to marry Jennifer Jane, just to keep the A in the family. So they were married, and the school contributed as a wedding present a handsomely bound copy of "Forty Thousand Answers to Forty Thousand Questions."

Jennifer Jane used the volume to press a rose from her wedding bouquet.