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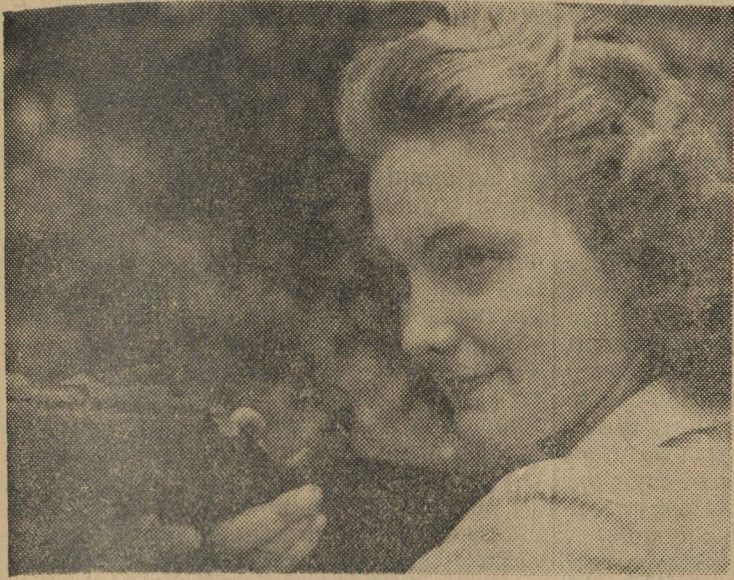
THE INKSPLOTCH

Volume IV

ARMSTRONG JUNIOR COLLEGE, SAVANNAH, GA., FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1939

Number 5

Hell's Bells! Inkwell Turns Over



MAREE HELMKEN

Letters Compliment Life's Cover Girl, Helmken's Photo Attracts Fan Mail

Maree Is Surprised, Says Story Still Hard To Believe

"I was quite surprised, and I still don't believe it!" was all that the pretty girl with wind-swept hair who appeared on *Life* magazine's cover last week had to say about herself.

Maree Helmken was too busy modestly going about her regular routine as a sophomore at Armstrong to discuss her picture on *Life's* cover, or to talk of anything but college topics and graduation in June. Only after much persuasion did she agree to tell us of the cover's portrait and the fan mail she has received.

Miss Helmken, who modeled cotton dresses for *Life* with two other Savannah girls, said the first she knew her picture was to appear on the magazine's cover was when she read it in the paper. "Of course I was surprised!" she retorted smilingly. Her mother had learned about it before this from James Cobb, secretary to Mayor Gamble, she said, but kept the secret from her.

Early after she had first posed for the pictures, Miss Helmken said she received a "lovely bag" from the magazine and its photographers. It was in reply to this that she penned part of the answer published by *Life*: "I hope the time and energy you spent trying to make an amateur resemble a pro-

(Continued on page three)

Sweet Plea Has Keach Going Out To Texas

Answering the plea of several hundred girls at Texas State College for Women at Denton, Texas, Prof. Stacius Keach, director, corrector, and inspector of speech and the drama, has accepted an offer to teach speech and dramatics at the summer course of the college, said to be the largest women's school in the country. Mrs. Keach will go along as chaperon.

'Bad News' Heralds Close of Season For Playhouse

Kacy Steach Directs Public Premier Of Musical Comedy

Although it is hardly anything but good news, the Savannah Playhouse closes a most successful season this week-end, when for three nights, it is giving its final production in the form of the musical comedy, "Bad News." This is the premier showing of "Bad News" before any audience, any time, any place, anyhow.

Many celebrities were among the first nighters, including Sinclair Lowe, president of Armstrong Refining Co.; Ivey M. Shiver, president Strong-arm Football Equipment Co.; Miss Frances Tennis, manager of the famous cocktail lounge known as the "Kernel"; Reuben W. Hollar, who has controlling interest in one of the largest finance corporations in the city; and many others.

Imported from Broadway especially to produce this show is Kacy Steach, who is responsible for the success of such productions as "Day Must Break," "Those People Downstairs," and "Dusty Chalk." According to Mr. Steach, "Bad News" is the greatest show he has ever put on because he

(Continued on page three)

Sophs Save Shipwreck Until Storm's Over

Because they felt that the student body would really feel shipwrecked after final exams, the sophomore class has postponed its dance to June 2. Costumes will depict people supposedly shipwrecked on a deserted island. And life preservers will be thrown all of those who feel they sunk on the finals.

Savannah's Government Totters Under Yoke Of Greatest Practical Joke

Gen. Oglethorpe Plays Prankster Role By Founding This City On Big "Bluff"

That Savannah is operating on a colossal "bluff" which may suddenly throw the city government into turmoil and even involve the King and Queen of England was the startling disclosure made by The Inkwell Research Bureau this morning, following a lengthy research. The research, which is founded on definite historical fact, reveals that Gen. James Edward Oglethorpe, founder of this city was the greater practical joker of all times.

A careful compilation of historical facts, according to the Bureau, discloses for the first time that Gen. Oglethorpe's original founding of this city on a "bluff" was but a comical gesture on his part to provide the mother country with humor. However, he evidently forgot how long it took the people back home to catch a joke, for they have yet to realize the "bluff."

Two major catastrophes are now feared from the discovery. The local city government may crumble, and the English sense of humor, which is said to be the slowest in the world, may catch the joke at a time when that nation cannot afford laughter. Either of these would be serious.

It is pointed out that uncertainties have long existed locally, as to Gen. Oglethorpe's real intent in founding Savannah on a "bluff." Recent examples of this is the fact that the city's last administration

(Continued on page four)

Grave Disaster Claims Heavy Damage, Contents Strewn About Hopelessly

Disaster struck full blast late yesterday afternoon at the Chatham Printing Company office when *The Inkwell* was negligently set down in a perilous position and accidentally turned over. Damage was of such a terrific and costly nature that a complete estimate of the loss is still pending.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Due to the general disarray of copy in this issue of *The Inkwell*, we assume no responsibility for what has happened after it turned over. Any misquotations, errors, or otherwise, humorous references are merely the result of a stupendous accident.

Luckily, the story about Maree Helmken remained intact better than any of the other stories, so that we've still got "Life" in this issue.

Also, all damage suits must be mailed to our London agent, J. Thomas Askew.

Spring Fever Cure Is Discovered By Andrew L. Ingles

Boston Institute Will Publish His Treatise On Seasonal Disease

Professor Andrew L. Ingles, instructor in biology, in an exclusive interview Monday, disclosed that his experiments of the past year have come to a successful conclusion with the discovery of a cure for spring fever. The Institute of Seasonal Diseases (Boston, Massachusetts) will publish about July 1 his Treatise on the Cause and Cure of Spring Fever.

In this first public announcement of his discovery, Prof. Ingles said: "*Filariae vernarium*, or spring fever as it is commonly called, has

(Continued on page three)

A cursory examination this morning showed that *The Inkwell* had run itself quite dry, but its contents was strewn over the print shop in an appalling fashion. In a hasty effort to bring the paper out on schedule, the editors scraped together the spilled contents. And although the latter was in great disarray, the paper was locked in its presses and run off in time for distribution this morning.

Versions of the serious mishap were varied. Some lay the blame upon Lawson, the printer; others remember having seen a dog resembling Prof. McNeil's "Siggy" run from the shop at about the fatal hour; and still others contend the make-up department is responsible. Informants say Prof. McNeil and his dog will be investigated.

Besides several entirely unaccounted for stories forming when *The Inkwell* was finally reassembled, it was discovered that typographical errors were rife, stories were twisted about in opposition to their original form, a number of names were backwards, and the paper was generally jumbled. Most mysterious happening of all was the turn of words which led to the Roundabout column being written by the sports department with the girls taking over the sports writing. The editorial page is almost beyond recognition, and the paper is splotted throughout with humorous blottings.

The total damage will be announced upon final compilation of investigators.

Council Fears War; May Rescue Askew

Invite Planned For World's Bad Boys

Means to rescue Dean J. Thomas Askew from London in case of a European war and a solution to the international situation were the principal topics discussed by the Foreign Relations Council, which met last week at the home of Mary Crisfield, its president.

Among the means of escape for Dean Askew as understood by observers were: charter the U. S. S. Savannah for a rush trip; have the dean swim several miles out with the bathing suit presented him by Mr. Keach, and then use A. A. C. H. hitchhiking methods; or hire Douglas "Wrong-Way" Corrigan to fly over after the dean.

As a solution to the international situation, it was suggested that Hitler, Mussolini, and several other trouble makers be invited to drop in for a chat in front of Miss Crisfield's home. She lives facing the White Bluff River.



Tomochichi and Oglethorpe Meet to Discuss the Latter's "Bluff."

THE INKSPLITCH

Member Georgia Collegiate Press Association

Published monthly during the school year by the students of
Armstrong Junior College, of Savannah, Ga.

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Vol. IV April 19, 1939 No. 4

Pictures in this issue are through courtesy of
THE SAVANNAH EVENING PRESS
THE SAVANNAH MORNING NEWS

!!!!!!

On authority of the historical facts uncovered by the Inkwell Information Bureau, the corporate city of Savannah is hereby declared to be dissolved, the office of the Mayor null and void, and all municipal and governmental functions suspended.

It is of the utmost necessity that the citizens of this city maintain a calmness of mind and optimistic outlook on the future in this entirely unexpected and chaotic situation caused by General Oglethorpe's unfortunate sense of humor. It is not our intention to condemn the general; we must accept the past as it is, and take immediate steps to remedy its errors.

Undoubtedly, upon hearing of the bureau's startling discovery, the city fathers will meet to determine the proper action to take. At this crucial moment we entrust to their hands the fate of our beloved city, which, we find, isn't a city after all.

ME AND MAREE

"You Ought to See Little Me and Maree by the Old Sea Side!"

It's hard to estimate just how many were thinking of this tune when Maree Helmken's picture appeared on *Life* magazine's cover last week. But all of Armstrong's campus was agog. In fact any number of us went ga-ga, because we know what *Life* had almost left unsaid. This is the fact that Miss Helmken is really a regular all-around girl, who is held in high esteem by the students of Armstrong.

Believe it or not, the picture of Miss Helmken seen on the front page was to be used this issue before it was even known that she was to enliven *Life's* cover. Gosh! How that gun did backfire! Never was it dreamed that *The Inksplitch* would be "scooped."

Our worries weren't exactly over with the publication of Miss Helmken's photo by the picture mag. As student organ we hail the fan mail, but thumbs down on any proposals. We have our own proposal, and that is, "Stay as sweet as you are, Maree."

MANKIND'S BENEFACTOR

Congratulations are certainly in store for Professor Andrew L. Ingles in recognition of his successful research on spring fever.

Choosing a subject which many people might scoff at, he worked quietly with no other purpose in mind than love of his work and the desire to win another battle against man's ancestral enemy, disease. So quietly did he work, mostly at night, that only a few students knew of his experiments.

It is such men as Andrew L. Ingles who account for the progress of science, and with it, the happiness of humanity. Through their efforts we may envisage a world in which not only the deadlier diseases are eradicated and controlled, but also the less serious diseases which often prevent life from being as enjoyable as it might.

ILLEGITIMATE LOVE

Those who know tell us that the cave man didn't care for the printed page. He liked to see the handwriting on the wall. As a result, the walls of his abode were used to write those stories which weren't passed on by mouth. Fancy a cave man going over to his neighbor's house to borrow one of his elaborate unspoken stories. He had to take the side of the house with him. No doubt, that was cave man tactics.

Nowadays the printed page has simplified borrowing books. They're easily transported and many believe in making books their companions. Lately, many a good companionship has sprung up between students and books in the library. Evidently some of these companionships have evolved into illegitimate love affairs—that is, without proper sanction students have been taking library books into their homes. Please get a quick divorce is all we ask! In other words, you who have borrowed library books without permission are selfishly tearing down Miss Henderson's walls. Give your conscience a break and help plug up the holes in the library shelves by returning these books at once.

Isn't this a lousy way to say what you mean? But we bet the title fooled some of you.

Pffvse xaclop dod uhsnozpozvzzz momba-
bagum du whoooooze!

WE MISQUOTE YOU:

Stacy Keach: "Of all the lousy shows we've put on, 'Good News' is, I think, the lousiest. Such screeching and yowling, such hamish acting, and such a hackneyed plot, even I haven't seen or directed before."

Dr. Dyer: "What this country needs is less of this socialization poppycock. We must return to the rugged individualism of our forefathers."

Mr. Ingles: "Ah, cats!"

Miss Henderson: "I don't know why our students are so unsocial. They sit in the library and quietly study, and nothing I can do will make them converse and laugh and play together."

Mrs. Stephens: "We've got to have more specialization. Let's do away with all liberal arts and other such trash."

Mr. Hawes: "Science is making a monkey of the theory of evolution."

Do you know 'arry Collins? Just ask any male member of the *Good News* cast.

PROGRESS THROUGH DEATH

Probably the saddest loss to the college world last year was the death of a decrepit old fellow known as "School Spirits." His ailment was chronic dyspepsia, as you no doubt know. He became overwrought with the woe of attending and belonging to more than his share of this and that, and succumbed, returning to the other world from whence he came. Now his body lies a'mouldering in the grave. But from his memory there arises a thought: How can we better the Armstrong campus without shouting Mr. Spirits' name in vain?

You've heard us mention Big Duke before. It's the city's historic fire bell, which has been dismantled and rests at the city lot. This bell is in absolute disuse, whereas if it were presented to Armstrong it would add much to the college campus and continue in its sentimental values. Ringing of "Big Duke" would of course be a discretionary action. It would be used only after victories, on holidays, and other carefully considered occasions. In our opinion there's absolutely no god reason why Armstrong should not have the bell.

As part of *The Inkwell's* program to obtain the bell, we are placing a petition in the hall of the Armstrong building today. Everyone is asked to sign it, so that we can go after "Big Duke" with full force before the school year ends.

The most popular thing about some students is a car.

One important question left out of the Freshman Attitudes Test is: Do they believe in Santa Claus?

—Trail Blazer

than I am."

But, Lord knows, you are stronger

You will have to use force,

"To kiss me, of course,

Who said to her lover young Kiam:

Siam

There was a young maiden from

—Gumcock

She daily doesn't.

The reason is

How fat she is.

—Piedmont Owl

The lady that's known as Flin...

light in love

And watching his pulses was his

Sat dangerous Ack-Kerchoo,

Back in the teeth in a solo game,

Were jazzing a rag time tune

Two bugs on the edge of the larynx

In the bronchial saloon,

A bunch of germs were hittin' it up

Dangerous Don M'Crabe

—D. F.

BLANK VERSE

—D. F.

This is humor—believe it or not!

But one thing is worthy of praises:

Nothing is left but a blot.

Gone are the well-ordered phrases;

"Twere better the well had run

ure

"Oh, rather than wasting its treas-

ure

For we have betrayed them, they

The muses are sad beyond measure

ing job wasn't done so well, for

bing off the ink well. For a mo-

ly, we were "dog-tired" after rub-

getting splotted with ink. Frank-

There's very little pleasure in

they beheld the damage.

readers will shout even louder when

we're betting five to one that our

the printer hollowed, we yelled, and

momentous calamity were sighted,

everything was in! Just when the

over in your direction. What a mess

with you if *The Inkwell* turned

It would probably be the same

You bet we're all wet!

ALL WET

BY BOWYER and RICHMAN

The Editor's Pain All

Don't Find Us

Oh, what has become of our

journal?

The well that was formerly filled

With knowledge and wisdom eter-

nal

Its marvelous contents has

spilled.

Now cluttered are all of its pages

With foolish and trivial talk

Where are the words of the sages—

Of Richman and Bowyer . . . and

Falk?

The muses are sad beyond measure

ing job wasn't done so well, for

bing off the ink well. For a mo-

ly, we were "dog-tired" after rub-

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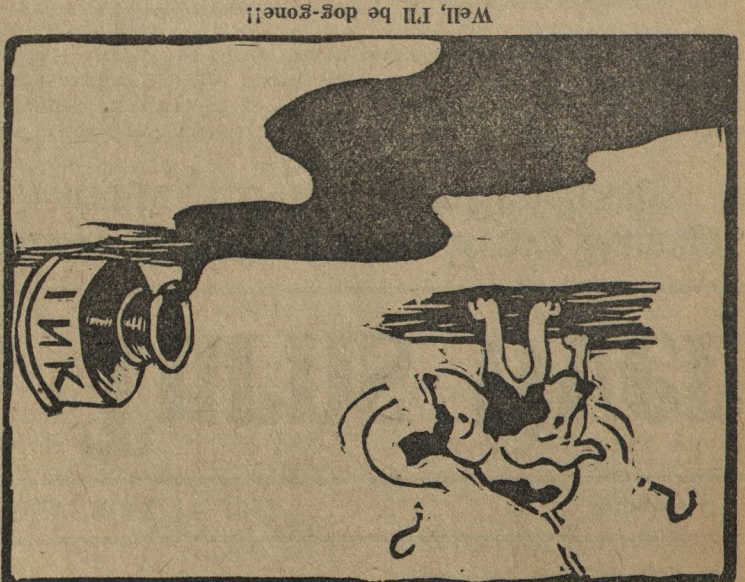
with you if *The Inkwell* turned

It would probably be the same

You bet we're all wet!

ALL WET

BY BOWYER and RICHMAN



Miss Helmken, attractive Geehee marksman, made a bulls-eye last week when her target was the cover of *Life* magazine. Naturally, when *Life* heard Miss Helmken's picture would appear in *The Inkwell*, it also wanted to make a hit with its readers.

The Roundabout



By the Sports Department
Batter Up!

After writing sporting chatter all year, our teeth are chattering this issue as we realize where we have drifted in *The Inksplotch*. So with two strikes already called on us, we march out to the batter's box to take a sock at this silly gossip column in our own jargon. Things would be even worse if it weren't for the censors. Every time we tried to steal second (figuratively, of course) we were thrown out.

Baseball Bull

By now the females must be fed up with this baseball bull, yet we find a lot of doubles being hit around Armstrong these days and we're not alluding to softball. We wonder when "Burrhead" Woodward is going to pull up on second base. Billy Glass is batting close to 1,000 with "Hash" Davis and Tommy Price is McPeter's star . . . Geneva and I. B. still like to sit on the sidelines . . . Our fans also tell us that Bill Guest isn't quite himself when he hears the tune, "Where Are You Going Billy Boy?"

Little Ping Pong Here

We don't exactly know what's what, but if Frank Ivey would stop playing ping pong for a second, will somebody find out why he can't make his mind up? We thought he made a hit . . . Prof. Gignilliat proved you only have to mention Booby, and Frances James appears to have some sunburn on her face . . . David Odrezin, when not paddling at ping pong or losing with the frosh softballers, would like to play first fiddle in Charleston.

Water Sports

Dr. Dyer seems to be so glad that they've built a fence on the waterfront at Isle of Hope. Now Doc, is that good psychology? . . . And while we're on the waterfront we inform you that Meyers played the "Three Little Fishies" six times in succession at the "Dump" the other day.

The Missing Wave

This has nothing to do with water, but who wouldn't gurggle (or is it giggle) when they learn that we've been requested to give a brief history of Gibby's new-fangled haircut . . . She tried on her Chinese pajamas, and discovered her appearance had no characteristics of a Chinaman . . . The most easily altered thing was her hair, so Gibby now has bangs.

Squeaky Business

"Taint exactly our business, but won't somebody bring a can of oil for those squeaky straw shoes being worn by the fairer sex? . . . Elise Wortsman doesn't like her's as well since her recent walk through the park, when a bunch of negroes passing-by her all stared at her feet . . . One said, "Bedroom slippers." . . . Another replied, "Yeh, \$1.98."

You're Out!

We are happy to whiff at the air for a third called strike, because we can't wait to get *The Inkwell* turned right side up.

Grads Wear Classy Sophs Elect Turner As Valedictorian

Prof. Dutch Changes Annual Costumes

Several important changes in dress for the annual June graduation exercises were announced this morning by Prof. Reuben W. Dutch, destructor of romance languages, who has been in charge of the measurements for graduation costumes.

Because so many odd sizes are necessary this year, with regard to caps and gowns, Prof. Dutch said the college will be unable to get the usual outfits used. Therefore, in order that there by uniformity of dress among the graduates, they will appear at commencement in nightgowns and nightcaps. Accordingly, the faculty will wear uniform bathrobes, in order that they may be dressed correctly for the occasion.

All graduates must see Miss Frances Tennis immediately, as the sewing students will make the nightgowns.

There have also been rumors that the alumni will present individual gifts to each graduate. These will consist of a flashlight, road map, and headache powder to aid them in finding another school to attend or to get jobs.

Luncheon Plans Shift Swell Lawn Affair To A.J.C. Campus

A slight change in plans for the Sophomore-Alumni luncheon to be held June 3 was announced today by Miss Myrtice Yawn, chairman for the occasion.

Instead of the original plans for the Hotel De Soto, she said, arrangements will be made to have a picnic on the lawn of the Armstrong building. Each student will bring his or her own lunch, and beer will be served by the campus sororities.

Reservations may be made by contacting Dave, the janitor, who has been placed in charge of the program.

Ingles Discovers

(Continued from page one)

always been taken for granted, and often is spoken of in a light and joking manner. My research has shown that it is a more serious disease than is commonly suspected, especially in low regions where malaria and the natural climate may aggravate the condition.

"After my arrival in Savannah, I found that the atmosphere of this city was especially favorable to a study of the disease. Furthermore, the physical examinations given to all students at the first of the school year disclosed that some possessed the symptoms of this disease, and a few carried it in a chronic condition. I wish to thank these latter students for their willing co-operation, without which the success of my experiments would have been impossible."

Questioned as to the nature of *filariae verarium*, Prof. Ingles replied that "it is in many ways similar to the common cold, its virulence being unusually effective at certain seasons, and the disease is, in fact, a very mild form of the fatal sleeping sickness."

Due to ethical reasons, Prof. Ingles declined to announce the process of his cure in print at this time. "However," he said, "I will be glad to reveal it to all students who care to ask me."

Men Dominate Honor Posts This Year

Leslie Turner, the young man having highest scholastic averages for the sophomore class, has been elected to deliver the valedictory address at graduation exercises in June. Mr. Turner will be remembered for his sparkling play on the football team last fall, and also his brilliant scholastic record.

For the first time in Armstrong's history five young men were candidates for the valedictory. They were Leslie Turner, Conrad MacFeeley, David Falk, Gene Hyman, and Phil Kravitch.

"If I am in voice," Mr. Turner said upon being contacted yesterday, "I intend to sing my address instead of speaking it."

A large audience is expected to offend.

Helmken's Fan Mail

(Continued from page one)

fessional will not have been wasted."

Meanwhile, because of *Life's* wide-spread circulation, Miss Helmken has received a host of fan mail. The letters are addressed in care of Armstrong, since this is the only address given by the magazine, and still continue to arrive from various parts of the nation. Their contents vary from a marriage proposal to offers of a job, and Miss Helmken graciously consented to permit us use of a typical letter sent from a small town in South Dakota. It follows in original form:

Aberdeen, S. Dak.,
May 6, 1939.

Miss Maree Helmken,
Savannah, Ga.

I see your picture on the cover of May 8 *Life Magazine* & I think it very nice also the other two girls. I work in a grocery store also live here to as I am an orphan & have no relation whatever. Dont go out much as I save up for vacation trips have been to Calif. twice & Canada once but am planning next year to take trip down through the south if you receive this letter I would be pleased to hear from you.

Yours truly,

Among the other interesting letters received by Miss Helmken were: a student at Ohio State College who models clay and would like to send her a trinket for her nick-nack shelf, an offer from a commercial photography and professional model concern in New York, and a letter of congratulations from Carl Semon, founder and charter member of the pictorial photographers' organization of America.

As for the marriage proposal, Maree says she believes it's a frame-up from a boy friend she knows at the University of North Carolina. She also has received considerable mail from her many friends, and letters continue to come.

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Phone 4286 Alida Harper

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Ill Will Promoted With Tea Dance

Delta Chi Cuties Serve No Tea

In accord with its aim of promoting ill-will among Armstrong students, the Delta Chi Sorority entertained the student body and faculty with a tea dance in the Armstrong auditorium recently.

Although it was a tea dance, the majority of the students and faculty waited around two hours before they found out that no tea was to be served. However, there were refreshments for which everybody ran when intermission was announced.

The sponsors of the club, Mrs. Stacy Keach and Mrs. John McNeil, stood guard over the punch bowls. Oh yeah! A good time was had by all.

Despite the reams of publicity in the casting of Scarlett O'Hara, there remains considerable doubt as to who will play the Wind whom Scarlett's Gone With.

—The Triangle

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Entrance Fee A. A. C. H. Members Reduced

Collegiate "Thumbsters" intending to visit the World's Fair in New York or the San Francisco Exposition will have a much easier time if they are members of the American Association of Collegiate Hitchhikers, according to national headquarters of the organization. The Armstrong entrance fee has been reduced to fifty-five cents, which entitles the members to their membership cards and arm-bands. Anyone interested in joining must see Joe Richman as soon as possible.

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Passing the Buck

By the Society Editors

The new two year ruling on junior college athletes is going to cause Coach "Chic" Shiver to lose quite a few of the brawny bunch who have been wearing Armstrong's trim uniforms of maroon and gold. We anticipate with dread the outcome of next year's teams, though we could suggest Coach select his men from the team appearing in "Good News," which boasts of he-men from way back (in the bleachers). But if new qualifications are the current vogue, we advance the pleasant opinion that Coach should require dancing ability, at least one date a week, a taste for tomato aspic, peppermint breath and Dean's list grades. After all, nothing ventured is nothing gained.

Furthermore, we are definitely in favor of injecting more color into our athletics. Why have all of Armstrong's men dressed in somber maroon and gold? Why not have each player select his own color, preferably something flattering to his own peculiar type of beauty. "Buck" Stevens, we think, should profit greatly by dribbling down a basketball court in a sky blue suit. And why not have a spectrum of color in the towels used? For more variety, also, we suggest the use of BEER MUGGS in place of the usual milk bottles carried by the water boy at games. . . . more natural, anyhow.

Swinging mean tennis rackets at opponents safely across the broad expanse of regulation-size tennis courts, with nets strung in the middle for the balls to go over (or catch midrifts), Armstrong's tennis team has been doing simply marvelous things at their matches. We think it was adorable that they again finished in first place this year at the annual state junior college tennis tournament. Don't you? We breathed a fervent prayer of hope for our boys before they left, and the team composed of John DuPont, Arthur Cranman, Jesse Moore, Cecil Mason, and Donall Tyre, Didn't disappoint us in the least.

The team carried new wardrobes for themselves on the trip, DuPont wearing a chartreuse shirt with cyclamen shorts, with Cranman, his doubles partner, sporting a black-and-white striped playsuit boasting pleated shorts. Tyre was attired in a creamy butter yellow outfit with a low, square neck, while Moore confined his selection to a new sunshade to match his racket. Mason entered the courts clad in red and white checked gingham with a fashionably lowered waistline. Maybe all of this was just to get the other teams' minds off the game; we can't be dogmatic.

We can hardly blame the freshmen girls for becoming fed up with their masculine classmates. It's shameful the way those boys have been upholding the honor of their class when it comes to playing softball. The sophomores have practically been using them for batting practice for the past several weeks. Perhaps the only thing for the Frosh girls to do is to take things into their own hands. At least when they strike out or make errors they would do so gracefully.

every step of its progress. "In fact," we quote, "some of Georgia's statesmen have tried to emulate Oglethorpe's 'bluff' to this very day."

Geechees Win State Tennis Honors For Third Season

Shivermen Attack S. G. T. C. Netmen Here Tomorrow

After leisurely annexing the state junior college tennis title for the third successive year, the Geechee netmen will favor the netmen of South Georgia Teachers' College with a game tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 at the Daffin Park clay bowl. Reservations for seats must be made early, and no spectator will be seated before intermission once the "love" matches get started.

The Geechees took time out from a holiday week-end of vacationing at Cochran to stop off by the Middle Georgia courts where they made short work of Middle Georgia College of Cochran, and North Georgia of Dahlonega. Because the Armstrong netmen had dates at rather early hours, they took special interest in winning both of their matches by mere single play so that they would not be bothered with doubles.

Coach Shiver is supposed to have told his charges: "There's no need to be high strung; this is an old racket game. You've got to have guts though—you know, the cat kind. Get out there and zip the balls for alma mater. Yipeeeee!"

Savannah's "Bluff"

(Continued from page one)

developed a Hitch, and now it's taking a Gamble. Whether the city will now be appropriately re-founded without the mark of Gen. Oglethorpe's humor, is yet to be ascertained.

Perhaps the most striking effect of the discovery would develop if the English people finally catch the joke. Realizing that national unity might surrender to side-splitting laughter if the "bluff" is exposed, Prime Minister Chamberlain has already taken steps to keep the entire matter a secret. It is also rumored that he insisted upon the coming visit of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth to the United States. "Appease those Americans at any price!" he is reported to have said, as he handed over his worn umbrella to the King.

Part of the research shows that Gen. Oglethorpe first thought of his standing joke on the mother country upon arrival with 35 families at Yamacraw Bluff on Feb. 12, 1733. Hauling up rocks which had been used as ballast in the good ship Anne, the colonists splashed them into the muddy Savannah river, while the inspired Oglethorpe composed the new colony's first anthem, "Here's Mud In Your Eyes, Georgie!"

Records show that the founder's tune was published by a musical firm known as Wilson and Baggs. Later it was abandoned upon the request of Tomochichi, Indian friend of the colonists, who preferred "swing" music.

Other examples of his humor still remain, the most prominent of which is "Bull" Street, named in a manner that would provide hints of his "bull shooting."

From this humble origin, according to the Bureau, Georgia evolved as a state, with the story of Gen. Oglethorpe's "bluff" overshadowing

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Great Celebrations Loom As Ping Pong Kingdom Draws Near Coronation

Ball At City Market And Fine Pageant Part Program

Elaborate coronation ceremonies for the Armstrong King of Ping and the Queen of Pong are expected to take place before the end of next week. Identities of the royal sovereigns will remain a secret until completion of the ping-pong tournament now raging on the third floor of the Armstrong building.

The King and his court attendants will be chosen from those now in the quarter-finals of the tournament, these being Dupont, Woodward, Lamas, Odrezin, Gordon, Ivey, Stoughton and Stevens, with rumors acclaiming the likelihood of "Drip" DuPont or "Little Bob" Gordon being crowned as monarch.

Observers say that choice of the queen will come from among Evelyn Nathan, J. Walker, or Betty Bainbridge, who are paddling away in the last round of competition among the young ladies.

As yet the site of the coronation ball has not been decided upon, but city authorities are anxious for the affair to take place in the city market, which, they say, will be decorated with fish, vegetable, and meat stalls. A colorful pageant "The Saga of the Ping-Pong Dynasty," written by G. U. Paddle, will be given the night before the coronation at the Municipal Auditorium.

Free! Free! Free!

Miss Frances Ennis has requested that the following announcement be inserted: "Due to an oversize of candy bars, beginning today 'The Nut' will offer with every five cents purchase made a free bar of Hershey's chocolate, Milky Way, or Three Musketeers until the present stock of these candies is depleted."

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Frosh Search For Softball Subs

Ihley Threatened With Breakdown

Following their annihilating defeat at the hands of the sophomores to the tune of 24-4, the frosh softball chasers are having no end of trouble bolstering their weak lineup, and it is seriously feared that "Nothin' Ball" Ihley, frosh manager, will have a nervous breakdown. The upper classmen need one more victory to clinch the series, the last game of which will probably be played this week-end.

"Little Bob" Gordon, frosh draw back at first base, has ordered a new bat for himself and his team mates, which he says will give them more power. The new bat will have a round paddle on the end.

Should they not get ten new versatile players in a hurry, the frosh plans to visit its farm club, which they say is on the White Bluff road, to gather some new softball material. The name of the farm club, which is now leading the Black and White Stripe Loop, is Mr. Brown's Farm.

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