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Colonnade November 12, 1928

Colonnade

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YOU NEED

THE COLONNADE

The Colonnade

THE COLONNADE

NEEDS YOU

Volume IV.

Georgia State College for Women, Milledgeville, Ga., November 12, 1928

Number 4

LYCEUM GIVEN TUESDAY NIGHT

Smith-Spring-Holmes Company Will
Welcome Student Return in
Auditorium At G. S. C.

To welcome students back from home is one of the purposes the Smith-Spring-Holmes Company is to fulfill. There will be music! That is sufficient attraction to G. S. C. W. girls.

The company is headed by Mr. Clay Smith, well-known American composer and musician, and Mr. Guy Holmes, whose musical composition have been widely published. The personnel is as follows:

Mr. Clay Smith was trombone soloist with the famous Fourth Regiment Band during the St. Louis Exposition, where he secured the trombone that took first prize for tone quality and finished, a beautiful instrument of 18 k gold.

Mr. G. E. Holmes has written musical compositions which were published before he was eighteen years old. His music is now used by most of the bands and orchestras on both sides of the water, including such celebrated bands—as Sousa's, Kilties, Banda Rossa, Weber's, and others.

Miss Coyla May Spring is a graduate of the Chicago Conservatory of Dramatic Art, and has done special work at the Columbia School of Expression.

Miss Lotus F. Spring has filled positions as cello soloist with some of the leading orchestras and musical companies in the country.

Miss Katherine Donald is a young violinist of some five years experience. She is a graduate on violin and piano of the Cincinnati Conservatory where she won signal honors on both instruments.

It is with enthusiasm and eager anticipation that the students and faculty of this college are looking forward to the performance of the Smith-Spring-Holmes Company.

STUDENT VOLUNTEERS MEET AT AGNES SCOTT

The fall council of the Student Volunteers was held at Agnes Scott on November 4th and 5th. The executive officers, who were present, were Marshall Lowell, President from Emory University; Mary Alice Juhan, Vice-President from Agnes Scott; David Simpson, Secretary for Columbia Seminary; W. R. Suddreth, Treasurer from Mercer; Loraine Portin, out of college Secretary from Barney, Ga.; Faye Sessions council member from G. S. C. W., and Harry Bryant, alternate council member from Columbia Seminary.

A number of group leaders and delegates from different colleges met with the officers Jean Cleakher from Shorter; Virginia Lewis from Brenau; W. R. Suddreth from Mercer; John Rutz from Emory; Sarah Thompson from LaGrange; and David Simpson from Columbia Seminary; John Seagar from Gammage.

(Continued on back page)

Plans For Home-Coming Week Have Been Perfected for G. S. C. W. Alumnae

Y. W. C. A. BUDGET IS SURE TO GO OVER

All The Classes In The College At
Work Means Certain Success
To Organization

A genuine spirit of optimism is felt by the four classes in the college, regarding the raising of the 1928-1929 budget for the Y. W. C. A.—which is the only all student activity on the campus.

Each class has shown that spirit and while the total has not yet been reached, the class officers feel reasonably sure that they will succeed.

The faculty were most generous in their pledges and raised over three hundred dollars. The students are very appreciative of the faculty support.

The Senior class has set an excellent example in that they raised their share of the quota on the day that the budget was presented. The fact has been an inspiration to the other classes. Cleo Jenkins, president of the Senior Class, states that her greatest joy is in the fact that not only the Seniors goal was achieved but that the spirit was so fine with real understanding of the spirit of giving and a desire on everyone's part to carry her share of the responsibility.

The following parody expresses what the Y. W. C. A. Finance Committee feel:

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,

But class officers with a chuckle replied

That maybe it couldn't but they'd be the ones

Who wouldn't say so til they'd tried.

So they buckled right in with a bit of a grin

And if they doubted or worried, they hid it,

They grabbed their pledge cards and took up their pens,

And the first thing we knew they'd begun it.

Will the readers of the Colonnade not be surprised when the next issue appears to read: "The last thing we know is, they done it?"

SMITH CARRIES G. S. C. W. FOR PRESIDENT

The straw vote on G. S. C. W. campus resulted in a victory for Gov. Alfred E. Smith. Following are the number of votes as cast:

Democrats 555.

Republicans 391.

Farm Relief 1.

Anti-Smith 2.

This campaign was exciting and interesting. Much pep and enthusiasm were shown by the entire student body.

The History Club and Government Class wish to thank Dr. Johnson, Mr. Thaxton, and the entire student body and faculty for their help in making the straw vote a success.

THANKSGIVING IS ANNUAL OCCASION FOR RETURN OLD G. S. C. W. STUDENTS

Enthusiastic plans are being made by the Alumnae Association and the student body for the "home-coming" of the Alumnae at Thanksgiving.

Each year, the old girls of G. S. C. W., return to their Alma Mater. This fall, it is believed that a larger number than ever before will see fit to visit here, the last week in November.

The Y. W. C. A. is formulating plans for special morning watch and vesper services. After the Thanksgiving dinner, Thursday, a number of the girls and their visitors will attend the football game at G. M. C. Chapel exercises Friday, will be devoted to the returned Alumnae. Friday evening, the Junior class reunion will bring together last year's Normal graduates.

It should be noted, too, that the week is also to be observed as "Appreciation Week," the idea of which was begun by Mrs. Nelle Womack Hines, a member of the faculty of G. S. C. W.

DAVID O. KENDALL SPEAKS AT CHAPEL

"The time has come," said Mr. David O. Kendall, in an address before the student body and faculty, Friday, "when our first allegiance shall not be to any one nation, but to mankind and the world. We see everywhere a growing social restlessness."

Mr. Kendall is traveling Secretary for the Student Volunteers. His address centered around the changes that are being made in the world relationships. "In reality," he said. There are no foreign people. They are foreign only insofar as you and I make them foreign. And in the realm of international relationships, we sometimes still insist on being barbarians.

The speaker mentioned the way in which the women of the orient are now taking active parts in the affairs of their countries. Napoleon said "There lies China—a great sleeping giant." China is today very much awake. Japan is passing through one of the greatest bloodless revolutions in history. The rest of the world is much alive.

"Until today, great statesmen say, Christian America has been a greater curse to China than it has been a blessing. David Lloyd George says that the greatest enterprise in the world is the Christian enterprise. We must bridge the gap between nations by friendship."

Mr. Kendall was introduced by Faye Sessions, the President of the Y. W. C. A.

Ruth Murray, '28, teaching at Kite, Ga.

Agnes Poole, '28, teaching at Dallas, Ga.

THE HOLIDAYS WERE GREATLY ENJOYED

Many Students Visited Their Homes
Leaving on Beauty Special
Saturday Morning

Several hundred students boarded the Beauty Special, Saturday morning, November 10th, and went to their respective homes, for the week-end. Each fall, the college gives one week-end in which students may visit their families, and this year a greater number than ever before took advantage of this opportunity.

The week-end began on Friday evening when two short plays were presented in the college auditorium. They were "A Case Of Suspicion," and "Parlor Tricks," coached by Dr. Amanda Johnson. They were given for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A.

Those girls who remained on the campus were not lacking in entertainment. Saturday afternoon, Dr. Beeson had planned a delightful outing to Bonner's Meadow. This was greatly enjoyed; a picnic supper was served. Saturday night.

Sunday afternoon, the students were allowed to attend the Armistice Day Exercises at the Georgia Military College, Sunday evening, there were special vesper services.

Monday afternoon, a large delegation of G. S. C. W. girls attended the G. M. C.-Madison game. Monday evening there was a special picture in the auditorium.

The town girls were allowed to get out of uniform. They enjoyed many parties and social events in Milledgeville.

PLAYS ARE PRESENTED FRIDAY

Two delightful one-act plays were given in the auditorium Friday evening. They were coached by Dr. Johnson and given for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A.

The first, "Parlor Tricks," was an entertaining comedy full of laughs and interesting action. The cast was as follows:

Old Maid—Mary Bohannon.
College girls—Nancy Heard, Robertine McClendon, Clara Carswell, Annie Jo Moye.

An old friend—Laura Lee Gibson. The second play to be presented was a sparkling comedy of college life. Those taking part were:

Professor—Julia Reese.
Kathleen—Fannie Goodrich.
Jones—Rachel Creech.

Tom—Kathryn Harris.
Bob—Nell Day.

Jack—Josephine Williams.
Miss Judkins—Dorothy Thaxton.

College girls—Antoinette Lawrence, Beverly Brantley, Josephine Proctor.

The orchestra furnished music for the occasion. It is directed by Miss Christine Cotner; Miss Helen Dasher is the accompanist.

Adrian Loskerman, '21, teaching at Newborn, Ga.

APPRECIATION IDEA HAS GROWN

Appreciation Week Originated by
Mrs. Hines Grows in Popular
Appeal. Plans Being Made

"Appreciation Week" originated in 1925 by Mrs. Nelle Womack Hines will this year be celebrated by the Atlanta City Schools with a special week's program carrying out the idea as set forth by Mrs. Hines when the first week was celebrated four years ago.

The idea of an Appreciation week, was launched by Mrs. Hines in Baldwin county exclusively. The second year the Tenth District Federated Clubs thought well of it and sponsored it throughout the district and last year Governor Hardman called the attention of the entire state to this splendid idea, and urged the people to enter into it.

This year the idea has taken another step forward and Mrs. Hines has been advised that the entire public school system of Atlanta has adopted the week and will carry it out with a series of programs.

The weeks program has been outlined as follows:

Nov. 25th, "Do you appreciate your Religious Environment?"

Nov. 26th, "Your Educational Advantages."

Nov. 27th, "Your Health and Home."

Nov. 28th, Your Work and Friends."

Nov. 29th, "Thanksgiving Day, Your Blessings."

Nov. 30th, "Your Town and County."

Dec. 1st, "Your State and Nation."

The Baldwin County Federated Clubs will co-operate with Mrs. Hines in celebrating the week locally.

WHO'S WHO CHOSEN

The nine outstanding girls in the Senior Class were chosen by the student body, last week. The election, sponsored by the Spectrum, is an annual affair, and it always creates much excitement. The Senior Class of 1929 is represented by the following:

Miss G. S. C. W.—Caroline Cheney.

Best-all-round—Caroline Cheney.

Most popular—Cleo Jenkins.

Prettiest—Elise McCrary.

Most capable—Frances Christie.

Happiest—Florence Rogers.

Wittiest—Kathryn Harris.

Most athletic—Dorothy Little.

Most stylish—Nelle Combs.

Most intellectual—Dorothy Thaxton.

NOTICE

Thanksgiving is Home-Coming time for G. S. C. W. Alumnae. Alumnae, we are looking forward to seeing you—make your plans now. You'll find a royal welcome awaiting you at the finest college in Georgia! The next issue of The Colonnade will come out on Thanksgiving Day, and will be an Alumnae Edition.

THE COLONNADE

PUBLISHED TWICE MONTHLY BY STUDENTS OF THE
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OVER-ORGANIZATION

"Our campuses are over-organized; we are caught in a cross traffic jam of activities with no red and green lights." This is what one insider thinks of the inside of college. What do we think?

We are willing to admit that there are many things to occupy the time and energy of the average college student. But, somehow, we are not of the opinion that collegians are "caught" in a jam of activities—we do not think there is any dominating force in the universe which sweeps up college students and compels them to take part in the various activities, regardless of whether they want to be caught or not.

Who creates student activities, anyway? The students, themselves. If there is over-organization, it is the students who have caused it; and if it is the students who have created the problem, the logical persons to solve it are the students.

What shall we do about it? We shall first bear in mind that we are responsible for the beginning of the many organizations on the campus. In the case of almost every club, it is the students who have suggested the organizing of it. And the college authorities would not have sanctioned them if they had not thought such affairs best for the students and the college as a whole.

We shall remember too that membership in the organizations of this campus is not compulsory. If we belong to half dozen clubs it is because we choose to do so. Participation in all student activities is purely voluntary.

We, the students, are the ones to solve the problem—provided there is one—of over-organization. And the only apparent way of abolishing the trouble is for each girl to apportion her time so that each activity will have its rightful place in her schedule, and to try to be happy in working in those organizations of which she is a member.

TODAY

Yesterday is but a Dream,
And Tomorrow is only a Vision;
But today well-lived
Makes every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,
And every Tomorrow, a Vision of Hope.
Look well, therefore, to this Day.
("Salutation of the Dawn"—From the Sanskrit.)

What shall we do with a day? Twenty-four hours, of sixty minutes each—and sixty seconds for each hour! What a lot of time—a day in which we are to live.

How shall we spend it so that every second will be well lived, so that when the day ends we can say: "This day has been so spent that it has added twenty-four hours of happiness to my life and the life of the people whom I met on the way?"

No one has defined the routine of a perfect day; no one will define it. We are each living different lives, and it is for us to decide how we shall live them. We can only try, thoughtfully and deliberately, to act as we see best. We can only strive to so live that every day will be the best day we can make it, and if every day is happy, the collection of days—our lives—will be happy.

But there are few of us who do not say "I will begin tomorrow." However, the day is here and it is one day of our lives. Time waits for none of us; we must begin today, because today is as much a part of time as yesterday or tomorrow.

Longfellow, in the Psalm of Life, has given us the following:

"Not in joy and not in sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each tomorrow
Finds us further than today."

Exchange

The Mercer Cluster featured an interesting Alumni page in the recent edition. Dr. M. L. Duggan, the state superintendent of schools, is an alumnus of that institution, as well as many other men who occupy state offices.

Last week was Senior Week at Bessie Tift, in Forsyth. The Campus Quill, paper of that college, is filled with accounts of their activities during the week, including the granting of Senior privileges and the Senior banquet.

A "Welcome Service" was held last Sunday evening in Clinton, S. C., in honor of the Reverend Dr. John McSweeney who came from Anderson, S. C. pastor to accept the presidency of Presbyterian College of South Carolina.

Monsieur Desclos, distinguished French educator, recently spoke at Agnes Scott College. The address was in French, and his subject was "University Life in Paris." This was he said, something of an ancestral subject for American students since the University of Paris has deservedly won the title of "Mater Universitatum." Last year, according to The Agonistic, Monsieur Desclos was special envoy of the ministry of Education in Paris. He was a member of the committee of four Frenchmen sent to America for a study of American Universities.

The Colonnade acknowledges receipt of the following:
The Emory Wheel.
The Technique.
The Florida Alligator.
The Red and Black.
The Mercer Cluster.
The Blue Stocking.
The Stormy Petrel.
The Davidsonian.
The Campus Quill.
The Watchtower.
The Mount Berry News.
The Reflex.
The Pine Branch.
The Piedmont Owl.
The Agonistic.
The Periscope.
The Modern Knight.

The Emory Wheel gives an interesting account of the Plivver Race held at the Methodist University last Monday afternoon. The Automobile Association, the newest organization at Emory, sponsored this unique affair.

Rules for the race were very strict, the most important being that no car valued at more than \$50. could enter. Each car had a sponsor, but she was not compelled to ride in the race.

The race was won by the "De Palma Racer," a decrepit college Ford, with "For-get-me-not" coming in second. A beautiful galvanized garbage can served as a loving cup. Five dollars in cash and a cartoon of cigarette were also given the winners.

"A country girl has come to town To get some education. Thought she'd take some physical Ed. And now she rules the nation." So says The Alchemist student publication of Brenan. The girls at that college are taking great interest in physical education.

Swimming is one of the biggest things Brenan has in the line of physical Education. It is also one of their most popular sports.

(Continued on back page)

Letters to the Colonnade

Dear Editor:

Being as how I am the baby in my family, to stay nothing of being the only child as well, I more than hesitated to seek Learning so far from home. (I live 'way down in South Georgia.) But I'll just have to hand it to G. S. C. W. officials and faculty and the matrons and the Y. W. C. A. and—oh! just everybody for being so sweet to the girls. I honestly believe that the aforesaid people lie awake at night trying to think of nice things for us to do. Before I came up here I had been on hikes and hikes, but never on such cute ones as the annual and came hikes proved to be! What about all that food they gave us on the annual hike! I've never been quite so divinely full unless it was when I chewed eight and one half stalks of cane on the cane hike. (The cane up here is just as good as it is in South Georgia too!)

I hear that Mr. Thaxton books the pictures for us. He must have the uncanny faculty of divining what kind of pictures appeal to a bunch of college girls most. I do enjoy them so much. My five freshman room and suite mates and I never miss a one and we get a big kick out of the one and two reels during the week too. Lyceums are the high class entertainments, aren't they? Gee! I can't wait for the next one. I didn't know they had regular chatagans at G. S. C. W., but I'm glad they do.

Morning watch and vesper programs are the best ever. They're what I call good for what ails you! And another thing, Miss Editor, I surely do like our college paper—the Colonnade! My home folks think it's the stuff too.

Yours,

—A. RAT.

Dear Editor:

I want to express through your kindness of publishing this letter, a hardy welcome from the library to all G. S. C. W. students. We want every student on the campus to feel that the library is hers, and that the assistants will give, with a smile, the desired information.

Students, ask where the card catalogue is and how to use it; ask what books are on special reference and how to get them; ask where the current magazines are and how to get to the magazine room; ask where the readers' guide is and how to use it. All these and other questions will be answered gladly by the librarian or by the library assistants.

Students, when you come to the library, come quietly to study and not to chat. Avoid extra work on your part by either leaving the books you use on the table or by bringing them to the librarian's desk. Please, everyone, don't put the books back on the shelf. "A book out of place is lost." Don't be guilty of losing library books in this way.

There are few pocketbooks at G. S. C. W. which are burdened with extra change. If you have one of these, don't choose the library as your place to spend it. To keep a book out over time is not only an expensive but also a careless habit. When a book is checked out for the night, have it back before nine o'clock by the "Library clock." Notice, too, that there is a large new clock just over the card catalogue that keeps correct time.

Everything in the library is put there for public use and not abuse. Don't let a G. S. C. W. student be accused of tearing a picture from a magazine, or a map from a history

book, or a game from a health book. We are above such belittling acts.

Come to the library; ask what you want to know; use what you want and feel that it is part yours; know that you are welcome and expected back.

Thanking you for all considerations shown.

JUST A LIBRARY ASSISTANT

Dear Editor:

You have said that you would grant me a space in the Colonnade. I wish to mention a matter that is disturbing most of the student body.

A visitor to our campus judges us by the way we act—the visitor notices us more than we notice ourselves. What do you suppose a visitor thinks of the G. S. C. W. student body after attending one of our Saturday night movies?

Such sighs when the hero dashes in. The sighs for the hero's good looks seem to me unnecessary—for are not all heroes handsome? Isn't it time we became accustomed to a fine looking hero or a pretty heroine?

And the screams when the villain enters! One would think the villain actually about to stab the actor. We act as if he is about to kill us. It is silly.

And what, pray tell, is the use of applauding when the hero dashes in to save the heroine? Everybody who has ever been to a movie before should know that the hero always comes at the right time—and what is more, the hero is only a screen hero after all, and screen actors can not hear the applause—which may, or may not be, for their miraculous acting.

Are we eight year old children at a wild west show—or are we college-bred women? If we were in a large city theatre, would we suddenly burst into such violent applause?

Thanking you for printing this, I am,

A FRESHMAN

FALL BEST OF ALL

I dunno, I may be different from the Common run o' folks,

I sometimes fail to laugh at what are said to be fine jokes,

And then I can't help laughing when there seems to be no call

For laughter . . . say I'm happier than ever in the Fall.

Some poets rave about the Spring and give us lots o' gush

About the birds and flowers in their early May-time flush,

They soar to heights o' rapture on the zephyr-winds an' all

That lighter sort of thing . . . But I—If I'm crazy 'bout the Fall.

And some go wild 'bout Summer with the fullness o' the earth,

And some take on 'bout Winter with the hearth-fires and the mirth,

And some like this and that, but of the seasons each and all—

I'm bound to say I like the best this busy, bounding Fall.

—D. G. Bickers.

The faculty and students of G. S. C. W. sympathize with Mrs. W. E. Ireland and Dorothy Banks in the death of their father, Mr. O. O. Banks.

G. S. C. W. Club News

FRESHMAN CLUB ORGANIZES

If anyone thinks the Freshmen are lacking in good old class spirit, she should have been at the first club meeting, which was held in the auditorium Friday afternoon, October 26, 1928.

The Palladian Club, the name chosen, is the first club of its kind ever organized on the campus. Dr. Hunter and Miss Steele are the sponsors.

The object of the club is to offer opportunities to all Freshmen for better and greater self-development, and to help the Freshmen cooperate with college authorities in every way possible.

The following officers were elected: President, Dorothy Piper; 1st Vice-President, Elizabeth Tucker; 2nd Vice-President, Kathryn Farmer; Secretary, Elizabeth Guiley.

SPANISH CLUB ORGANIZED

The Spanish Club has been organized, and interesting things are being planned for the term's work.

Dr. Kressin is faculty advisor, and the following are the officers: Frances Morgan, President; Edith Macken, Vice-President; Mildred O'Neal, Secretary and Treasurer; Edith Tarpley, Chairman of the Program Committee; Nanadelyn Hall, Chairman of the Social Committee.

BALDWIN COUNTY GIRLS MEET

The Baldwin County Club was organized last week. Antoinette Lawrence, the retiring president, had charge of the meeting, and presided.

The officers for the semester are: President, Dorothy Parks; Vice-President, Carroll Butts; Secretary, Nelle Day; Treasurer, Mary Parr. The advisors for the club are Dr. Beeson and Mrs. Sara Terry.

MERIWETHER CLUB

The Meriwether Club held its second meeting Thursday night, November 1st, in Terrell parlor. At this meeting Evelyn Carroll was elected reporter for the club. A very interesting program has been planned for this year and the club is looking forward to a very enjoyable year together.

DO YOU LEVEL BEST

You may not do just what you thought
When first you started out,
And many things you would have wrought

Have met with utter rout.
But be the matter what it may,
Fail not to meet the test,

And every hour and every day
Just do your level best.
Though oft you fail and hope depart,

Despair assail you sore,
Forget the sting and aching heart.
And try the thing once more.

Despair is as a viper which
Bites when clasped to your breast.
Thump, arouse! Take heart once more

And do your level best.
The flooding crowded out the nest
Would slowly starve and die

Did it not try its very best
To flutter and to fly.
But soon its wings grow swift and strong—

It flies nor stops to rest.
So, too, your battles you may win—
If you but do your best.

TO THE CLUBS

The Colonnade wants each of you to have some representation on this page. In order that we may get news of your activities, we are asking you to appoint a reporter to furnish us with accounts of your meetings, parties etc.

If you will be so kind as to do this, we feel that we can be of service to you and you will be helping us. Please remember too, that if at any time you wish to make announcements through the pages of the Colonnade, we shall be glad to publish them. The paper comes out on alternate Mondays, but the next issue will be released on Thanksgiving day.

Send your articles to Cleo Jenkins, the Club Editor, or mail them to The Colonnade, Milledgeville, Georgia.

GIRLS DO YOU WANT TO GET THIN?

Just ask any member of the Health Club how to do it. She can tell you if she attended the last meeting of the club, November the third, and saw the play "Gym and Jerry" which was presented by some of the members. Jerry, the over-plump heroine, found out how she could be thin and beautiful and happy all at the same time. And, sh-sh-sh she did not have to give up chocolates entirely, either. It must be wonderful!

But that's not all we learned at the Health Club. The talk on "Food Fads and Fallacies" given by Miss Eloise Green taught us a great deal more. If you are not sure about what's good for you, always remember that if you have plenty of green vegetables and milk, you'll be safe.

The social committee took charge of the meeting then and served bananas and smiles. How do you suppose they served smiles? Well, now that may be a secret, but I'll tell you—if you will just hand a smile to the person next to you, she will hand it to the next and soon everybody will be smiling. Try it.

A boy was asked by his Sunday-School teacher to write a short essay on Elisha, and this is what he brought next Sunday:

There was a man named Elisha. He had some bears and he lived in a cave. Some boys tormented him. He said: "If you keep on throwing stones at me I'll turn the bears on you and they'll eat you up." And they did, and he did, and the bears did.

SENIOR GLEE CLUB MAKES PLANS

The Senior Glee Club has been organized for the year, 1928-1929, under the efficient leadership of Mrs. Helen Longino, who gives willingly of her time and talent every week to the club.

The membership includes about fifteen seniors. Officers were recently elected. They are: Florence Rogers, President; Dorothy Park, Vice-President; Helen Cochran, Secretary and Treasurer.

JUNIOR GLEE CLUB BEGINS WORK

The Juniors had their first glee club meeting last Thursday afternoon and officers were elected for the year.

Mrs. R. E. Long is to be the teacher of the club and very interesting work is being planned under her supervision.

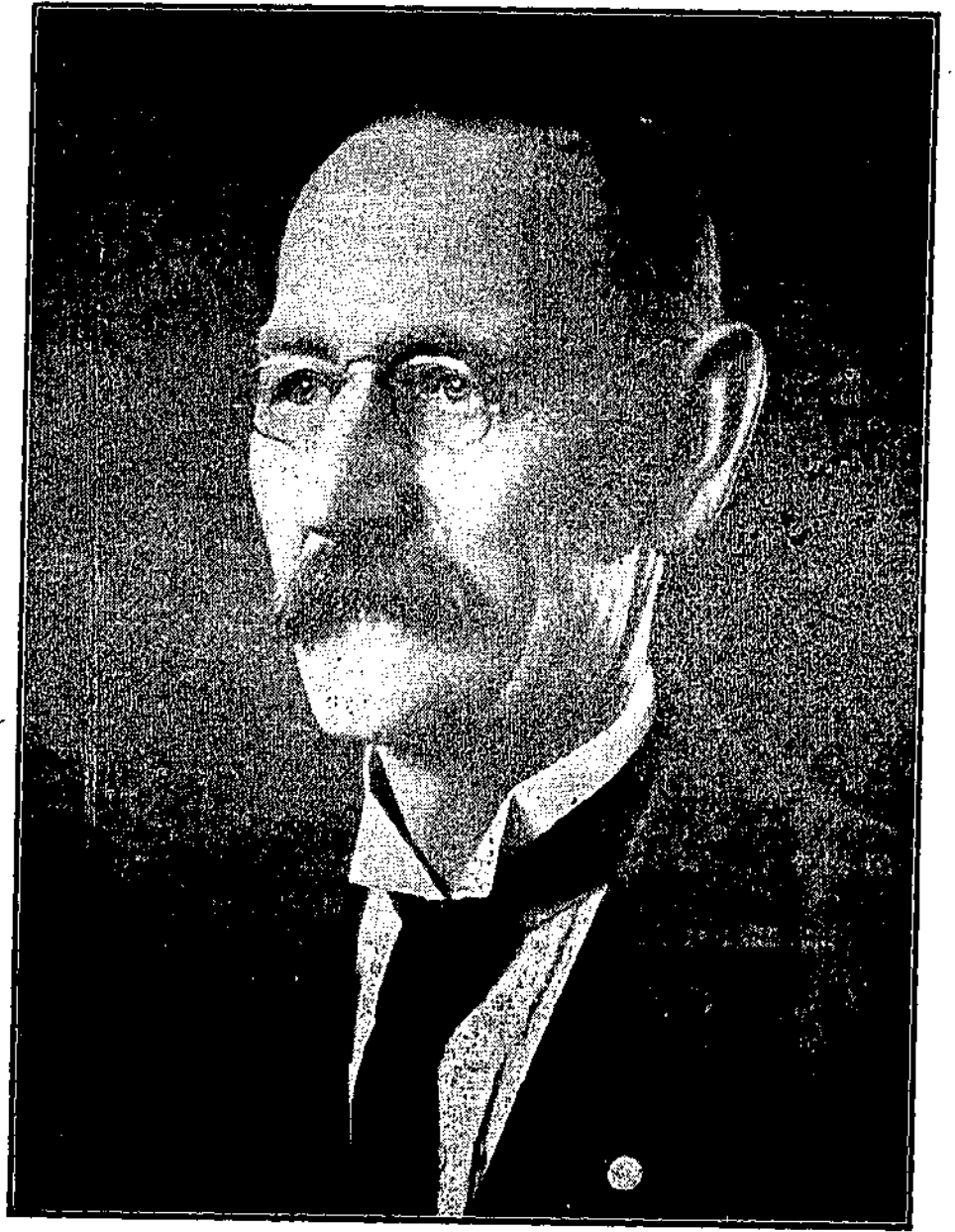
Beatrice Howard is President, Irma Vaughan, Vice-President, and Mildred O'Neal Secretary and Treasurer.

SUCCESSFUL MATRON OF GIRL'S SCHOOL BELIEVES IN MEETING GIRLS HALF-WAY

Mrs. Key, a successful matron of G. S. C. W. states, "The best way to gain respect from girls is to treat them with respect. Show them from the beginning that you believe in them and do not expect them to do anything but the right thing."

She further declares, "Always in a large group of girls there are a few who fall below the standard. Do not let these girls think you believe them total failures. Show them wherein they are wrong, but give them another chance, and in most cases they will improve."

Mrs. Key for several years has been a favorite matron on the campus. Her understanding and tactful management of the girls have proved her capability. Mrs. Key says, "As a rule my upper classmen cause me less trouble than my new girls. After they learn that I am going to treat them fair in all things, they will try to be square with me in return."



Dr. J. L. Beeson

OH, LITTLE CROSS IN FLANDERS

By Agnes Lockhart Hughes

Upon the fields of Flanders the
scarlet poppies creep,
And kneel about the tufted mounds
where countless heroes sleep.

White gleam the ghostly crosses that
mark each humble bed—
While star-kissed night, soft bathed
in dew, glides by with sandaled tread.

Upon the fields of Flanders, where
sleep these soldiers brave,
Lies buried all my heart held dear,
within one narrow grave.

So short the years since he, my lad,
put by his soldier toils,
Then came war's call—and forth he
went to join the gallant boys.

Upon the fields of Flanders a cross
its vigil keeps,
Above the misted mound of earth,
where still my laddie sleeps.

The blood-red poppies o'er his bed
their silken petals fling—
And winds, low tuned, in minor key,
a solemn requiem sing.

Upon the fields of Flanders, that I
may never see,
Are myriad mothers' sons, like mine,
who died for you and me.

Hark! Hear their voices calling:
"Weep not," the brave lads cry—
"We helped to win the bitter fight
that freedom should not die!"

Ah, little cross in Flanders—deep
graven on my heart—
Christ carried His to Calvary; mine,
then, to bear my part.

When war's forever silenced, and
combat grim shall cease,
My boy and I will meet upon the Lily
Fields of Peace.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF SCHOOL

The ancient sundial takes no heed of
clouds and showers.

On its broad face one only reads
the golden hours.

And so to look again at a few scraps
and rhymes
Brings only sunlit memories of happy
times.

The sundial's shadow stretches long,
The golden hours are flying.

Yet close the happy moments throng,
Each one too full for sighing.

And as at sunset all the sky
Glows with a brighter glory,
So, radiant hopes and courage high
Will end our school day story.

NOVEMBER

The sun has turned his face away
And hid behind the clouds of gray.
Gone bright September

The winter's chill is in the air;
Dead leaves are flying everywhere.
And nature seems lost in despair—
November.

Th' esodden fields in stubble lie.
Lone birds unto each other cry,
Who spring remember
And ling'ring 'round their summer home,

Seem loath to leave abroad to roam
Where waves on coral dash to foam—
November.

The day is dark and dull and drear,
The very sun has lost its cheer—
A smould'ring ember.

The winds a sad requiem sing
O'er memories of leafy spring,
A pall is over everything—
November.

O! month o' fskies so dull and gray,
What bitter memories hold sway—
Do you remember
The halcyon days of summer day

Your sombre brow grows grave and gay,
November?

—JAMES WELLS

GOD'S WORLD

Oh world, I cannot hold thee close
enough!

Thy winds, thy wide gray skies!
Thy mists that roll and rise!

Thy woods this autumn day, that ache
and say

All all but cry with color! That gaunt
crag

To crush! To lift the lean of that
black bluff

World, world, I cannot get thee close
enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this;

Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart. Lord, do I
fear

Thou'st made the world too beauti-
ful this year.

My soul is all but out of me—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee let no bird
call.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

FEATURE PAGE

KATHRYN HARRIS, Editor

NINE MONTHS OF SUNDAYS

To the laborer Sunday spells rest. To the devout Sunday is a day of peace and quiet.

To the joy-riders Sunday is the best day of the week for frolicking. But to the poor conductor and to us, what is Sunday?

We go to bed Saturday night still thrilled over the antics of the screen hero and heroine, and just before we bat our eyes for the last time we snuggle down deeper in the bed, with the glad thought that we can sleep a whole hour longer the next morning.

But fate deals us a cruel blow. Promptly at seven-twenty Sunday morning we awaken—habit proves too strong for us. Then, all in vain we endeavor to sleep those last few minutes before we must get up. We dare not close our eyes tight for fear we will sleep too late, but we doze off again and awaken with just two minutes to dress for breakfast. Then we do have a royal scramble. We rush out of bed, fling on a few garments and rush madly into breakfast, gasping for breath, and looking, for all the world to see, like a Fiji Islander.

Then we go to Morning Watch, and never get there in time to get a chair, but are forced to sit cross-legged on the floor until our feet go to sleep, or somebody sits or stands on them.

But the day's work has hardly begun—we go to Sunday School, and of course are late, and yes, we have forgotten our collection. After this class is over, we dash over to our rooms, endeavor to put on our perky brown hats and resemble something human.

Then, giving our skirts a jerk downward, we fly over and get in the church line; everybody, of course, tries to lead the line. Then comes ten minutes of severe agony while we try to dodge the eyes of a watchful matron—with a breath of relief we realize that she has gone on and left us free to breathe again.

We go to church—counting the minutes, craning our necks to see the Jimmies, and listening to the sermon all at the same time. There is another embarrassing moment when the collection plate is passed around and again we have forgotten our money.

Home again at last! No mail! And no mail on Sunday is almost a crime and certainly a disgrace. So we sit cheerfully (?) around while our friends read all their letters—and of course they get two or three each.

Then dinner and ice-cream! A bright spot in the day's history. Quiet hour begins right in the midst of an interesting gossiping bee. We settle down to write letters and find that we are out of stamps. We start to outline the lesson and remember that we forgot to check out the library book needed. We at last decide to go to sleep but our dear room-mates begin to giggle—banish all thought of sleep!

When quiet hour is over we decide to go to work. We dress and venture out. One glance at the bulletin board "Positively No Cards For Walking" changes our mind. We resign ourselves to boredom and sit on the porch, watching people ride by—and ride they do.

But the crowning blow is yet to come. We go to supper to get our lunches, trusting that we will have

THE SENIOR PARADE

Anyone who accidentally dropped into chapel the other morning would have met with an unusually queer procedure—or rather it would seem queer to an outsider, who, poor thing, was not well acquainted with the why and whereof of the Senior Parade.

Now it may seem queer to the stranger, and it may seem amusing to the underclassmen, but to the Seniors that trip across the stage is anything but a pleasant sensation!

But in order to satisfy the mirth and curiosity of the underclassmen and also to undergo the watchful eyes of the faculty the Seniors take an annual pilgrimage across the stage.

Every Senior came to chapel that morning pretending to be supremely indifferent, but we can't help noticing that each one was "primed

Kitty" sandwiches. This is too much—we throw them in the waste basket.

We go to vespers, but the sweet talk, soft music, and dim lights, makes us homesick. We return home in a tearful frame of mind which is not helped any by the expression of the Freshman roommate. We play comforter for an hour or so, and go to bed with a feeling of thankfulness—another Sunday is gone!



A small boy from Chicago, who was sent to the country by the United Charities, and who had never seen a windmill before, exclaimed: "Say, mister! That's some electric fan you've got out there cooling the hogs."

Teacher—Don't you know that punctuation means that you must pause?

Willie—Of course I do. An auto driver punctuated his tire in front of our house Sunday and he paused for half an hour.

"Ice cream helps the complexion," says a doctor. Sundae's child is fair of face.—The Campus Quill.

An eminent astronomer explained in a lecture that a certain star looked no bigger than a threepence a hundred miles away. After the lecture one of his audience said to him: "Are you not a Scotchman?"

"I am," said the famous man proudly; "but tell me how you knew that."

"I knew it because nobody but a Scotchman would worry about a threepence one hundred miles away."

FOREMAN—Yes, I'll give ye a job sweepin' and kep'in' the place clean.

APPLICANT—But I'm a college graduate.

FOREMAN—Well, then, maybe ye better start on somethin' simpler.

to kill," and each girl secretly thought she looked fine.

Dr. Beeson read the announcements and then cleared the stage for the big show. The Seniors lined up. There was a rustling of skirts, as the poets say, and a great deal of powdering of noses. And then the show began. Each Senior filed across the stage, slowly and supposedly gracefully. What a feeling, with the eyes of the faculty on one hand and the smiling, grinning faces of the underclassmen on the other. It was almost as bad as the Spanish Inquisition.

Each Senior had to tell her name, address, and the degree she hoped to get (if she still held out hopes.) We will have to hand it to the Seniors, though. All of them acted as though they were stage professionals—but I heard more than one of them say "I'd rather stand an exam, or go before the entrance committee than parade across that stage."

"Aren't you the boy who was here a week ago looking for a position?" "Yes, sir." "I thought so. And didn't I tell you that I wanted an older boy?" "Yes, sir, that's why I'm here now."

These week-end visits home may not be the deciding factor in any great event; they may not go down in the pages of history; but in each G. S. C. W. girl's life there is a specific place for them.

LIFE SACRIFICED ON CAMPUS Since the new science course has been introduced by Miss Mabel Rogers the following story may often happen on the campus.

A uniform girl may be strolling along, and to all outside appearances may be reflecting on vital studios problems on which college girls usually direct their minds. If momentarily she springs aside to an unsuspecting bush to stomp on a hidden stone and go ka-plump on the bush in a most ungainly fashion, then she lies there. When a crowd of interested friends group around inquiring if she is injured, where, and why, she will probably get up slowly, clutching a mass of leaves in one hand and proudly exclaim that she "got him."

In a few moments another hero goes to "bug-heaven" for the cause of the new science appreciation course at G. S. C. W.

THE WORM'S ABOUT TO TURN If things keep on as they have been, it won't be long before the person who flies across the ocean will not be half so famous as the one who refuses to do so.—The Watchtower.

"Now," said the Principal, to one of the pupils at the close of the lesson in which he had touched on the horrors of war, "do you object to war, my boy?"

"Yes, sir, I do," was the fervent answer.

"Because," said the youth, "war makes history an I jest hate history."

"Now tell us why,"

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GOING HOME

Feature page Tag In olden days "all roads led to Rome" because that was the terminus of majesty and beauty. Today all G. S. C. W. girls calendars point to November 10th, that being the day of pent up joys and desires—the week-end home.

Already, there is the tang of Thanksgiving, in the air. Many a turkey will lose his head two weeks before Thanksgiving because our holiday comes when it does. If we come back with feathers in our hats, the campus will know that several hundred turkeys gabbled their last in order to afford a feast for us.

Down from their hiding places dusty hat boxes fall—days before the final day. A faint memory of the summer lingers about these faithful partners and they thrill us with thoughts of the future holiday.

Even in the midst of exams we rush around in an excited manner counting the hours, yes, even the minutes.

When Saturday, November the 10th, comes, eager girls will rush to breakfast and be off at an early hour. There will be the usual good-byes and the wishes for a joyous trip—then quiet will reign where excitement has held sway.

The excitement has not ceased but has just shifted its course. In our homes we will enjoy for two whole days the love and warmth found only there.

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To the Dictator

Wednesday Nov. 7, 1928. Dear Mussolini, Just as soon as I got your wire I sat right down to write you a letter so the next time you put on a campaign for supremacy in Italy you will know how it's done.

We have just put on the biggest presidential campaign in the history of the Southland, especially of G. S. C. W.—You know the History Club has just finished the "straw ballot" and since it was such a success may-be you would appreciate a few points on "how it is done" so here goes.

The first thing we did was to arouse interest in the campaign, well this was not at all difficult as everybody on the campus—from the maids on up—were hot on the trail—you have never heard such "stump-speeches" in your life—arguing, and even an occasional blow.

We opened up the registration polls a week before election—each day was to signify a month so as to make the election appear legal. What a rush for registration—each girl registered under the party she stood for. You should have seen the ages they registered under. If they were really as old as they pretended they were, this college would be an "old maid's home." If I were you I would suggest that you allow all the school children to vote under assumed names and ages—then you would be sure of re-election.

The next thing done was the "presidential rally." You should have seen the pep. It was superb. Really Mussolini, you could profit by the spirit shown in our school. This great event occurred on Friday night in the G. S. C. W. Auditorium. What splendid speeches by all the presidential nominees. The house went wild over the Hoover and Smith speeches and it was only with great difficulty that the chairman, the famous Josephine Proctor, was able to quiet the enthusiastic, cheering audience. The ALFRED SMITH DELEGATION AND THE HERBERT HOOVER DELEGATION was very remarkable. Such cheering and hissing combined. Really it was very nerve racking. The other delegations from Varney, Foster, and Thomas, were met with warm applause and enthusiasm. All in all it was a very spirit and enthusiasm of the campus in the affairs of our GOVERNMENT.

The crowning event came on Tuesday, November the sixth. This, of course was election day as you know even away over the broad Atlantic ocean. Polls were arranged in Parks Hall with official ballots and everything else. The Australian ballot was used. Nearly every girl on the campus voted. There was a rushing business all day. That night a committee counted the votes and who won. That great man of the people—ALFRED SMITH of New York—Democrat and friend of the people.

So you see Mussolini, what you are missing in Italy. Just visit G. S. C. W. and you will learn how to carry on a government through a wide awake, alert, and responsive student-body.—In other words G. S. C. W.

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G. S. C. W.

For the Alumnae!



The Alumnae
For G. S. C. W.

Plans Are Being Made for Home-coming Week

A MESSAGE TO THE ALUMNAE CLUBS

WHAT?—A. G. S. C. W. club in every county in the State of Georgia, as well as the formation of a club in any locality where three or more G. S. C. W. graduates or former students may live.

WHEN?—Immediately. Just as soon as a meeting can be arranged. Make the invitation the strongest appeal you have ever made. It is your duty to once again call forth the true G. S. C. spirit and enthusiasm.

WHO?—Every person who is a graduate or a former student of the college is privileged to become a member of a G. S. C. club. May we help each to realize the great opportunity of belonging to a group of more than 10,000 alumnae. Not alone does the opportunity lie in numbers but once the love of our Alma Mater enters a heart it can never be forgotten.

HOW?—By the expression of a willingness of attitude to do all that is possible in securing members, in standing by the aims and projects of your club, in upholding our ideals that to serve is to work, and to perpetuate an undying loyalty that means progress and good will for our college.

It's not the individual Nor the 'Alumnae' as a whole But the everlasting team work Of every blooming soul."

In order that we may have "team work" it has been necessary to have some type of organization whereby plans be made to work effectively. The organization for this particular phase of our Alumnae work is as follows:

Director of District Chairmen—Rosabel Burch.

District 1—Gertrude Anderson. District 2—Maggie Jenkins. District 3—Sara Jordan Terry, (Mrs. J. T.)

District 4—Louise Smith. District 5—Mary Joyce Banks Ireland (Mrs. W.)

District 6—Mary Burns. District 7—Clara Morris. District 8—Blanche Hamby. District 9—Ruth Stone. District 10—Euri Belle Bolton. District 11—Lorene Teaver.

The executive committee of the Alumnae Association are very helpfully serving as advisors of the work undertaken by District chairmen. Any information regarding your club will be gladly received by the chairmen of your district whose address is Milledgeville, Georgia. If we can serve you, we are just as glad to communicate with you. The Colonnade Staff is most happy to receive any contributions possible which speak of our alumnae or of their work.

WHY?—Because there are many thousands, who through their love and interest in our college, wish to have a means of strengthening and enriching those experiences of their college days as well as helping the present student body to realize the great opportunities which lie before them. We are proud of our G. S. C.

ALUMNAE INVITED TO ATTEND MORNING WATCH

Thanksgiving is just around the corner and as our thoughts turn to this day they turn also to the "old girls" whom we love, and hope to see on our campus at that time.

We feel that you are a part of us, and greatly desire to make you feel that you are still an influence here. The Alumnae Committee is planning a special Morning Watch Alumnae service, to be held Thanksgiving morning. We extend to you a most cordial invitation to be with us at that time.

With greetings and best wishes to each of you from the Y. W. C. A. MARY FRANCES COWAN, Chairman Alumnae Committee.

PROGRAM FOR HOME-COMING TIME

THURSDAY MORNING, Nov. 29—Alumnae Y. W. C. A. Morning Watch Service. Tour of the campus to see the new buildings. Noon: Thanksgiving dinner.

THURSDAY NIGHT 8:00—Bell-har's Play Company, presenting a comedy. This company made a hit with us in "The Family Upstairs" last year.

FRIDAY 11:30—Chapel. Do not fail to come.

FRIDAY from 4:00 to 6:00—Alumnae Tea.

FRIDAY NIGHT—1928 Sophomore Normal Class Reunion.

Augusta Methvin, '26, teaching at Edison, Ga.

and we want it known that we are proud to belong to such an organization.

Organization means unity and strength, that is why we want organization. The association must keep you and everyone inviolate touch with each other while obtaining the power to accomplish worthwhile tasks for our Alma Mater.

Can you give us the permanent addresses of the following Alumnae?

Miss Leona F. Glass

Miss Julia K. Little

Miss Rosa C. Brown

Mrs. Clarence Martin

Miss Lucille Anderson

Miss Irene McCollum

Miss Lola Dekle

Miss Bessie Galloway McMillan

Miss Edna Lynn

Miss Elizabeth F. Collins

Miss Grace Connel

Miss Evelyn Grider

Miss Louise B. Harrison

This information will be greatly appreciated by the Association.

ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION WILL WELCOME OLD GIRLS

Thanksgiving Day will be home-coming day for alumnae of G. S. C. W. Years ago, this day was designated as homecoming day, and every year since large numbers on former students have returned to pay their respects to their Alma Mater and to renew old friendships. It is most fitting that at such a glad season of the year, students of years gone by should show their appreciation of and loyalty to the college by returning to catch again the inspiration that it bestows, and always have associations that favorite faces and places on the campus call forth. Present students of the college look forward to the visits of "old girls" at Thanksgiving time, with great joy.

Members of the Alumnae now on the campus, the students, and the Y. W. C. A. always plan for the entertainment of the visitors at that time. It is during the Thanksgiving season that the Junior class and members of the preceding normal class hold their annual banquet. A special alumnae service to be held Thanksgiving morning is being planned by the Y. W. C. A.

All girls are welcome, always, but are especially urged to visit their Alma Mater during the Thanksgiving season.

One of the most interesting features of Home-coming which will be observed on the G. S. C. W. campus during Thanksgiving Holidays will be the reunion banquet of the Sophomore Normal Class of 1928. The banquet which has become a custom on our campus, will be held this year on November 30, which is the Friday after Thanksgiving. Approximately, three fourths of the Normal Class of 1928 are out in the state engaged in various fields of activities. A large number of these are expected to return to the campus and be present at the banquet. Dr. and Mrs. Beeson will be the guests of the class on this occasion.

Writing in memory books has always been a fad at G. S. C. W. It seems that it has in other times and places too. The following message written by a great aunt in an autograph album of Annie Moore Daughtry's mother in 1872 still sounds to the alumnae president like a worthwhile bit to pass on even in this hurried twentieth century. "Dear Jennie, Persevere against discouragement. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work on hand. Be punctual and methodical in business and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self possession and do not be talked out of conviction. May you be supremely happy is the fervent prayer of your affectionate."

Jan. 12th, 1872.

OUR G. S. C.

Governed by Kindness

Safe and secure

Carved by the noblest

Worth to endure.

All will proclaim thee

Loving thy name

Un-changed in spirit

Mighty in aim.

N-ever forgetting

A-n old pledge to thee

E-ach will remember

(Her G. S. C.)

1—Why are we proud of our college?

2—What has it given us?

3—What will it give us?

4—What ideals does it foster?

6—What links the aims of the new and old girls?

7—Why do the Alumnae so love the College?

8—What are the ideals of the Alumnae Association?

9—What is the Alumnae doing for the College?

10—Is there a G. S. C. Club in your town?

11—How many G. S. C. graduates and former students are in your county?

12—Have they made an organization?

13—What can each one of us do now to help our College?

14—What do loyalty, sincerity, and truth mean to us?

15—What do they mean to the College?

16—Are we loyal? Yes, we are.

17—What do we strive for? A grander G. S. C.

18—What are our aims? G. S. C. for the Alumnae.

THE ALUMNAE FOR G. S. C.

ALUMNAE PERSONALS

Margaret Hightower, '28, is working Museum at Charleston, S. C.

Marie Hancock, '27, teaching at Lizella, Ga.

Louise Goodman, is teaching in Swainsboro, Ga.

Evelyn Sessions, '26, teaching at Edison, Ga.

Evelyn Hubbard, '25, teaching at Morgan, Ga.

Margaret Cooper, '26, teaching at Morgan, Ga.

Alline Ryals, '26, teaching at Perry, Ga.

Dorothy Sigman, '27, teaching at Meter, Ga.

Bonnie Sansome, '28, teaching at A. & M. Barnesville, Ga.

Clifford Gignilliat, '28, teaching at Jesup, Georgia.

Frances Holland, '28, teaching at Scotsdale, Ga.

Susie Mayes, '28, teaching at Roberta, Ga.

Cornelia Ledbetter, '26, teaching at Austell, Ga.

Mary Clark, '25, teaching at Ty Ty, Ga.

Have we Your Permanent Address?

PLEASE SEND IT TO

Personals

Miss Frances Cotton, of Macon, visited on the campus, last week-end.

Miss Beatrice Mullins, of Pontfield, an old G. S. C. W. student visited Mary Lou Barnhart.

Miss Lillian Walker was the guest of Louise Cobb and Rossie Mae Eaton, this week.

Miss Frankie Raines, of Macon, spent the week-end here.

Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Jenkins, of Sandersville, visited Cleo Jenkins Sunday.

Miss Frances Carlton, from McIntyre, spent Sunday at G. S. C. W.

Sara Miller's sister, from Statesboro Normal, visited her last week-end.

Margaret Travis had as her guest recently her father, Mr. W. G. Travis, of Jonesboro.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Smith and family, and Mrs. Joe Smith, of Greenville, were the guests of Frances Smith, last Sunday.

A visitor to our campus last week was Superintendent Little, of Louisville. He is Superintendent of the Jefferson county schools.

Miss Kathleen Flynt, who is teaching in Danbury, spent last week-end here.

ALUMNAE PERSONALS

Monah Whitley, '28, teaching at Bolton, Ga.

Merle Collins, '27, teaching at Birmingham, Southern.

Alice Averill, '27, teaching at Sycamore, Ga.

Annie Claud Fokes, '25, teaching at Quitman, Ga.

Ruth Butts, '24, is Mrs. Floy Stevens.

Beatrice Fokes, '21, teaching at LaGrange, Ga.

Imma Lockerman, '27, teaching at Polatka, Fla.

Anne Boswell, '27, teaching at Polatka, Fla.

Clarice Batson, '27, teaching at Polatka, Fla.

Lila Boswell, '28, teaching at Union Point, Ga.

Winnie Mitchell, '28, teaching at Hollinsville, Ga.

Caroline Heath, '25, teaching at Albany, Ga., is now Mrs. James Aultman.

Carol Smith, '27, teaching at Maulk, Ga.

Camilla Hill, '27, teaching at Reynolds, Ga.

Julia Alfriend, '28, teaching at Swainsboro, Ga.

Doris Steed, '28, teaching at Chatsworth, Ga.

Mattie Musselwhite, '28, teaching at Chatsworth, Ga.



HALLOWE'EN PARTY IS GIVEN BY MISS TEAVER'S BIBLE STUDY CLASS

Saturday afternoon, November 3rd, from 4:30 to 6:30, the members of Miss Lorine Teaver's Bible Study Class enjoyed a Halloween party in Ennis Recreation Hall.

The receiving line was composed of a solitary ghost, who greeted each of the twenty-six guests with an icy cold hand shake. He, she, or it, which ever of these terms may be applied to this ghost, then escorted the guests into a small room where they might have their fortunes told, and also get a glimpse of the only "Petrified Lady" in captivity.

After the group had assembled, it was divided into two classes, half belonging to the cats, and the other half to the witches. The team participated in clever contests, each one showing a great amount of enthusiasm. When the games were over, tea and cakes were served by the members of the social committee.

This Bible Study Class is one which is wide awake through and through. The members have chosen for a class name "The Loyal Class"; for their song "Loyalty to Jesus," and for their motto, "We Live to Serve." As a class project it has taken up a study of the Gospel of John, each Sunday having a program based on the most important lesson gained from the chapter studied.

The class officers are Lillian Hardin, President; Doris Bush, Vice-President; Marion Harrison, Secretary and Treasurer; Janie Maddox, Chairman of Program Committee; Frances Hardeman, Chairman of Social Committee; Martha Deloach, Chairman of Membership Committee; and Jo Hogan, Chairman of Infirmary Committee. Each member of the class has been placed on a committee, and it is hoped that the work of the class will be an inspiration and a challenge to every girl who is affiliated with it.

HIKE IS ENJOYED

Monday afternoon, November 5th, Miss Miller's Bible Study Class and a few invited friends enjoyed a very delightful hike.

Every one was full of pep and energy; happily they hiked to Nesbit Woods. Around the campfire, weiners and marshmallows were toasted and coffee was made.

Those going on the hike were: Miss Miller, Jewell Daniel, Exa Childs, Louise Boyd, Ella Wahlitz, Bertha Childree, Annie Ruth Mauldin, Elizabeth Tipples, Frances Hardeman, Rosalyn Bransillon, Annie C. Hayes, and Rachel Harrington.

NELLE SWINT HOSTESS

Nelle Swint entertained a number of her friends with an informal feast in Terrell last Sunday night, October 28th.

During the feast, the guests sang songs, told jokes, asked riddles, and talked about going home. Most enjoyable was the salad course, cakes and other good things to eat.

Those who enjoyed Nelle's hospitality were: Sara McGhee, Carolyn Shrouse, and Helen Miller.

ELIZABETH STOVALL ENTERTAINS

Elizabeth Stovall entertained with a most delightful dinner party Sunday night in Ennis Hall. Covers were laid for Martha Strange, Dorothy Jay, Willene Jolley, Doris Watkins, Mary Farmer, and Elizabeth Stovall.

The main course consisted of baked chicken and dressing, cranberry jelly, date cheese and brown bread sandwiches. Bonbon dishes filled with stuffed dates were placed at intervals. The second course was Bavarian cream served with cakes. Unique features of entertainment were enjoyed throughout the evening.

Dumb Supper Celebrated At G. S. C.

Halloween was celebrated on the campus Monday night, October 29th, by a dumb supper. All were arrayed in ghost costumes, and masked. For once the "brown and white" was changed for another uniform. As it would be expected, the supper was not at all dumb, for there was an air of mystery prevailing most interesting. No one was recognizable. After the dumb supper each guest was presented with a surprise Halloween favor. The ghosts were not at all ghost-like in manner. Strange! For they laughed, ate, snickered, and tripped over their newly donned costumes, in a manner much like a group of college girls.

Class stunts were given around a bon-fire on back-campus. Quite different from the usual manner and deeds, the seniors gave a backward stunt. One member of the class had the super-natural power of seeing at a glance the past life at G. S. C. W. The juniors followed with an inter-class apple contest. The sister class of the seniors—the sophomores—performed another series of miracles, offered by a renowned philosopher. A one-act tragedy was sponsored by the freshman class. Singing ended the festival of ghosts.

HALLOWE'EN FEAST IN ENNIS

On the last Sunday night in October, an attractive and enjoyable feast was held in Ennis Hall. The scene of festivity was Room 57, which was gaily decorated in orange and black. In the center of the room was a large pumpkin surrounded by fruit, nuts, and candies.

Amusing and entertaining games were enjoyed throughout the evening, at the close of which delicious refreshments were served.

The guests and hostesses included: Margaret Cunningham, Nan Hamby, Josephine Proctor, Annie Kate Malton, Josephine Williams, Dorothy Anderson, Jessie Wood, Dorothy Lawson, Annie Sara Brooks, Frances Morgan, Emily Shepherd, Alice Elder, Marjorie Neal, and Mary Poole.

GIRLS HONORED WITH BIRTHDAY FEAST

Frances Smith, Mary Ona Shearhouse, and Edna Tigner were honored Sunday night with a surprise birthday feast given by Mary Williams, Mary Mitcham, and Carolyn Tigner.

The first part of the evening was

TREASURE HUNT

On Monday afternoon the G. S. C. Bible Study Class turned to pirates and went on a treasure hunt. About thirty members of the class met in the Bible Study room where the first clue was found. This clue led them to the fountain out in front of Atkinson Hall. There a clue was found leading to the palm trees out in front of Chappell Hall. This clue led to other points on the campus. Finally a clue was found which led them to Nesbit Woods. There on a tall, stately pine was a large white cross and every one knew that the cross meant the treasure was not far. After much scrambling the treasure was found by Juanita Kennedy. The opening of the treasure was awaited with eager anticipation and much to their joy they found that it was something that could be devised, for it was two large sacks of kisses!

After much smacking they decided to play. They had played several very interesting games and were right in the midst of a very interesting game when a call was heard. Everyone stopped and listened and this is what they heard. "Come this way to roast your hot-dogs and to get your coffee!" After everyone had roasted their hot-dogs they sat down in a circle around the fire. For a few minutes everything was real quiet. What was the matter? Why everybody was busy eating of course.

Just as the fire was dying down someone started to sing and everybody joined in. After much singing and laughing the familiar strain of "Show Me The Way to Go Home" was started, and as it was getting dark and the fire was almost out, everyone took the hint.

Before parting everyone assured the social committee that they had had a grand time. They all parted with the wish that they would have a chance to become pirates again real soon.

ALUMNAE PERSONALS

Evelyn Swann, '28, teaching at Chatsworth, Ga.

Willie Helen McCommons, '21, teaching at Montezuma, Ga.

Nell Sparrow, teaching at Fitzgerald, Ga.

Ise Kennedy, '21, is now Mrs. E. D. Pitman, of Carrollton, Ga.

Edna, Jenkins is now Mrs. Sidney Howell, White Plains, Ga.

ROOK PARTY IN TERRELL ANNEX

An outstanding social event of the month was the Rook Party given by a group of girls in Terrell Annex B and C. The parlor was beautifully decorated with vases of yellow and white chrysanthemums.

During the game, Mildred Merrell entertained with music, afterwards serving a delicious salad course.

Those enjoying the afternoon were: Katherine Shivers, Donnie Lee Sommerour, Helen Cochran, Julia Clements, Jeanne Feeman, Margaret McCutcheon, Gwynn Brooks, Eugenia Scroggin, Aubrey Oliver, Spencer Darden, Lilla Wood, and Evelyn Biggers, who won high score.

taken up with many interesting games and contests. A salad course was served and the final feature was the cutting of the birthday cake.

Those present were: Frances Smith, Mary Ona Shearhouse, Edna Tigner, Agnes Jones, Edna De Lamar, Vivian Roberts, Dorothy Anderson, Mozzelle Chamblie, Alice Brinson, Mary Williams, Mary Mitcham, and Carolyn Tigner.

AROUND OUR CAMPUS

(By The G. S. C. W. Wayfarer) Hurrah for the weekend! Hurrah for the trip home! Three cheers for no Saturday and Monday classes! The room-mate brought back such good food and such thrilling accounts of the happenings in the old home town, that I'm all excited, too.

And Thanksgiving's coming! My Freshman room-mate is preparing to pick a turkey. And won't it be glorious to have the old girls back? By the way, you'll remember Mattie Musselwhite—she was one of the most popular girls to receive a degree last year. The Colonnade had such a delightful letter from her last week, when she sent her subscription for the paper. Mattie is teaching in Chatsworth, Ga., and coaching basketball. She says she wants to come Thanksgiving, and those of us who know her are just as anxious to see her.

Speaking about being glad to see somebody, isn't it just too good to have Mrs. Hines back? She says not worry about the crutch, because she had to have something to show she'd spent three months in the hospital. And she looks so well, we'd never believe it, either, if she didn't shake the crutch at us and say "You see, I am home with three feet!"

I wandered into Dr. Scott's office, last week, and noticed that something looked powerfully strange. I glanced around to see if they had moved one of the desks out, or put in an extra typewriter, and then it dawned upon me! Mrs. Hair was not there. I asked for her, and was told that she had gone gallivanting off to Washington, D. C., where Mr. Hair has a position on the Washington Star. We've become so accustomed to seeing her that we'll miss her more than an outsider, (who'd never been bothered with "credits") would imagine.

But Miss Boineau is so lovely, and Monte Crawford's so accommodating, that we'll soon not hesitate to burden them with the task of advising our credits, etc. I think G. S. C. W. has the very nicest "office folks" of any college, don't you?

Have you heard about the joke a Freshman pulled in one of the science classes? It seems that they were studying the length of days and so forth—whatever the technical name for that is—and the teacher said "Miss S—can you tell me why the days are longer in summer?" Miss S—was a bright young lady but she didn't know—so her room-mate, who was sitting back of her, said "I know. It's because the heat expands them."

Weren't the plays Friday night fine? Mary Bohannon makes such a cute old maid and Julia Reese such a fetching professor they ought to get together. And didn't Dot Thaxton make a nice matronly looking masquerader? I think both the casts were fine, and of course we're all unanimous that Dr. Johnson is just the best coach in this state! Every play she has ever presented at G. S. C. W. has been a huge success.

Yours for the success of the whole college, and no more mid-terms.

JESSIE W.

He—May I hold your hand?
She—It isn't heavy, I can manage, thank you.—The Agnostic.

"Doesn't your choir sing at prison any more?"

"No, some of the prisoners objected on the ground that it wasn't included in their sentence."

—The Davidsonian

The V Column

WORLD WEEK OF PRAYER NOV. 11-17

Since the first Armistice Day ten years ago the idea of a world free from war and free to attempt world unity has emerged. Members of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. throughout the world have united in the second week of November, in expressing themselves for a world where all mankind may feel at home. Personal and group prayers have helped them to understand better the relationship between nations. And recent events, such as the multilateral treaty to renounce war, give a deeper meaning to the observance of this week than usual.

On our campus the World Fellowship Committee is sponsoring the week of World Fellowship and Prayer. Beginning with Sunday November 11th, Armistice Day, and lasting through the following Saturday, lovely Morning Watch and Vesper Services have been planned. The first one, Sunday, will be a short Memorial service, held in front of New Dormitory around a tree which a matron of Terrell Hall, Mrs. Anderson, planted in memory of her son who was killed in the war. No more fitting service for Armistice Day could be observed than this.

Sunday night, Dr. Amanda Johnson, will bring a message on "The Tie That Binds." Tuesday, Morning Watch will be held in every dormitory with the thought centering around reconciliation between nations.

Wednesday night, Mr. White will talk to us. Col. Erwin Sibley, of Milledgeville, promises an inspirational as well as educational talk. Thursday night, on the multilateral treaty to renounce war. On Friday night the Student Volunteers on our campus will present a program on reconciling ourselves with our neighbors.

Shall we not join with the other "Y" members throughout the world, and observe this week of fellowship and prayer?

FANNIE MCLELLAN,

Chairman World Fellowship Committee.

VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

IS PRESENTED AT VESPERS

A dramatized version of "The Vision of Sir Launfal" was the Y. W. C. A. Vesper program presented in the auditorium October 28th. Miss Katherine Scott was in charge of this program. She read the poem while Mildred Merrill pantomimed the part of Sir Launfal falling asleep and dreaming of going in search of the Holy Grail. Mary Bohannon and Kathryn Harris also took part of Sir Launfal, one being the red cross knight as he started on his quest for the grail and the latter as his returned, old and worn out from his search, to find that had he looked, he might have found the grail in the beaver at his door. Carolyn Cheney took the part of the beggar at the door.

Throughout the entire service music was played softly by Frances Christie. Special vocal numbers were given by Irma Vaughn, Dorothy Colquitt, Gladys McMichael, and Beatrice Howard. Aughty Oliver and Miss Christine Cotner gave several violin selections.

This program composed one of the loveliest and most inspiring Vesper programs given this year.

Elizabeth Rape, '28, teaching at Brinson, Ga.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

The bulletinboard committee of the World Fellowship Department of the Y. W. C. A. is placing interesting material from the New York Times and other sources on the boards near the stairs on the first floor of Parks Hall. This material deals with events of national and international importance, and therefore it is of concern to every student on the campus at G. S. C. W. Pause a moment to read the articles. They will entertain you, interest you, enlighten you. WATCH FOR THEM.

COMMITTEE MAKES INTERESTING PLANS

Plans for this year's work of the World Fellowship Committee were made at the first business meeting, held in Mansion parlor at 7:00 o'clock October 30th. During the week of prayer, November 11-17th, the committee is to have vesper programs on Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights. Faculty members and other interested people will give talks on the different phases of Reconciliation between the Nations, the subject for the week. Morning Watch will be held on Sunday, Tuesday, and Saturday mornings. Permission will be asked of Dr. Beeson to allow the committee to have given one important current event concerning world affairs each day during chapel.

The bulletin board work is under the direction of Carrie Frank Crute, who will see that every day news items of interest are placed on the boards. Look for them.

Fannie McLellan is chairman of the committee; Josephine Proctor, co-chairman; Marie Long, secretary; Miss Alice Napier is the faculty adviser.

RED CROSS NURSES AID IN HURRICANE DISASTER

In addition to their year around work in the Public Health field, the Public Health nurses of the American Red Cross have answered a number of calls to combat epidemics, and in disaster work during the year just ending, the Red Cross states.

Their greatest task was in the relief following the West Indies hurricane when 20 nurses were despatched to Florida and 32 to Porto Rico, to assume charge of the health work there. Epidemic conditions were especially grave in both places, and inoculation of several hundred thousand persons had to be arranged in order to prevent spread of contagions. Nursing the injured, the sick, aged and young and caring for the newborn were heavy tasks in both areas.

The Red Cross nurses also were called upon for work in epidemics in communities, including the serious septic sore throat epidemic in New England and a typhoid epidemic in New York state.

More than 550 Red Cross chapters throughout the nation operate nursing services which they support altogether or in part.

We are placing the college papers which this publication receives in the library. The Colonnade wants everyone to enjoy these papers. All we ask is that they not be removed from the library.

Book Review

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY—WILDER

(Albert & Charles Boni, Publishers) Price \$2.50

The fact that there have been nine printings of The Bridge Of San Luis Rey is proof of its popularity. The fact that it was the Pulitzer prize novel of the year is evidence of its enthusiastic reception in the literary world. But one must read the book, and reread it, to fully appreciate it. One says "reread" it, not because it cannot be comprehended by one person, but because its fascination increases with each new reading.

In The Bridge Of San Luis Rey, Thornton Wilder has presented an interesting story and a no less interesting philosophy. It is an appealing theme which he has chosen, for have not all human beings wondered at the "why and wherefore" of life and death? "Some say that to the gods we are like the flies that the boys kill on a summer day, and some say, on the contrary, that the very sparrows do not lose a feather that has not been brushed away by the finger of God."

Five persons were hurled to their death when the finest bridge in all Peru broke. Brother Juniper, a Franciscan monk, searched into the lives of these victims for a revelation of God's intention in thus casting them at that moment into eternity. The story of these five persons forms the plot of Wilder's novel.

The book is composed of five parts. It is sheer genius on the part of the author that he could make each division so complete a story and yet so vital a part of the whole. The same can be said of the character studies: each life had some influence on the other four, but it is five distinct individuals that Wilder has woven into his story. One writer has said that "When you have finished the last page, the five characters remain in your memory, more deeply etched than any five of your closest friends."

One can easily realize, however, that this is true because the characters are such exceptions to average persons. Dona Maria is very ugly, but very clever; Esteban is very quiet, but very loyal. Thornton Wilder deals in superlatives; but, one dares not find fault with the fact, because it is possible that this affords an explanation for the "superlative" rank of his book. Who shall say?

Nevertheless, the writing is not as "far-fetched" as might be supposed. The author has given his characters some human traits—if it be only Jaime's liking for coins to jingle on his sleepless nights, or Dona Maria's selfish nature. And the Peruvians of 1742 were as human as modern men and women. "The moment a Peruvian heard of the accident (the falling of the bridge) he signed himself and made a mental calculation as to how recently he had crossed by it and how soon he had intended crossing by it again. People wandered about in a trance-like state, muttering; they had the hallucination of seeing themselves falling into a gulf."

The minor characters are almost as interesting as the major ones. Brother Juniper, for example, is a kindly soul, and one wonders if he could have been altogether selfish in his motives. The reader can not forget the years he spent in collecting

his material and at knocking at doors—to what myriad troubles he must have listened!

And although he is never brought directly into the story, the son-in-law of Dona Maria is food for thought. He is undoubtedly interested in literature, and must have some knowledge of it—but how does he regard his mother-in-law, and does he really love his wife? One wonders.

And the Abbess! It is she who holds the story together; and it is she, poor soul, who seems to have the troubles of all Lima on her shoulders—which, by the way, are not stooped. One reads about the Abbess and is then moved to contribute a quarter to the next charity organization soliciting it.

But an author can accomplish nothing with characters only. The characters must have a background. In this instance, the setting in unities. Strange to say the twentieth century is interested in the eighteenth century, and North America manifests a not indifferent attitude to South America. The scenes vary: one finds himself in the castle of the rich, of hut of the poverty-stricken; now in the dressing rooms of the theater, now in a lowly inn, or in the "sick ward" of the eighteenth century convent.

Characters and setting would have been no use had not Thornton Wilder known how to picture them—and he does know how! His style is his own own and one of which he may justly be proud. It has been described in various terms, but suffice it to say here that it is "different." And in this day of writing and writing and more writing, this is something. In The Bridge Of San Luis Rey, it is everything. One agrees with William Lyon Phelps that "This book is written with such beauty of style, with such depth of insight into human nature, with such tenderness and spiritual beauty that I regard the author as having attained to the front rank of living novelists."

But the beautiful part of the book is the philosophy. Long after the reader has closed the book, will there be in his mind the thoughts of the concluding paragraph. "The love will have been enough. All those impulses of love return to the love that made them. Even memory is not necessary for love. There is a land of the living and a land of the dead and the bridge is love."

How can one describe such a book? Or shall one attempt to describe it at all? It is like a beautiful autumn day—one knows that it is gorgeous, but one would not endeavor to picture it or say why it is lovely—one can only know it and love it, and keep the memory of it in that corner of one's soul where only the loveliest things are cherished.

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY

by Thornton Wilder is among the new books in the library. Other new books just received are:

SWAN SONG—Galsworth.

TRADER HORN—Lewis.

BROOK EVANS—Susan Glaspell.

ALICE-SIT-BY-THE-FIRE — A play by James Barrie.

FIREFLIES—A book of poems by Tagore.

A FEW FIGS AMONG THISTLES

—A book of poems by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

THE WINGED HORSE—Joseph Auslander.

These books will be reviewed in an early edition of the Colonnade.

WHAT SALLY SEES AND SAYS

Sally Ann Jenkins and I strolled up to Chappel Hall and sat down on the steps. It was about twenty minutes until time to go to class and the sunshine was nice and warm.

"How many miles do you suppose the girls down here walk every day?" Sally asked. "Sometimes it seems that I walk ten or fifteen miles myself. Did you ever watch people walk? The ways they walk are as different as their faces."

"You know, folks say, 'Tell me your thoughts and I'll tell you what you are,' or 'Tell me what you eat and I'll tell you what will be—or something like that. Suppose it could be said, 'Show me how you walk and I'll tell you what you are.' That's rather far-fetched but you can tell how a person is feeling sometimes by how he walks, and other things about him, too."

"Let's watch some of the girls who are passing. See that one who is navigating with that lumbering sort of step? That makes me think that she may be of a careless nature. Uh-huh," and Sally nudged me as the girl drew nearer.

After she had passed, Sally started again. "Did you see that spot on her skirt? And it was twisted two or three inches out of place. There was a button off her waist and it looked as though she's slept in it."

"Here comes another girl. Look what short easy steps she's taking. Now listen, while I philosophize. I was so nearly correct in that last case, that I have gained confidence in my powers of diagnosis. That girl's steps show a sort of precision but also gentleness. I imagine that if she should speak to me her voice would be soft and very pleasing. I don't believe that she would ever be in a hurry about anything—she does always gives to each duty or task an appointed time and never puts it off until tomorrow. In other words, I should be very surprised if I knew that she is not a very efficient person—Now how's that for a pretty speech? Do you think I'm right?" She asked me, and I had to agree for I had the same opinion about the girl who had passed.

And then Sally began to "rave" about the alert step and good posture of the self-reliant girl and the swagger of the conceited. Just then the bell rang and we had to go to our classes. Sally had to stop talking, but she did start me to wondering what people think about me when they see me walking around.

AFTER THE GAME

The football game was over, and before the parlor grate a maiden and a man were lingering rather late; They talked of punts and passes, things which were rather tame, Till Cupid put on his nose-guard, and butted in the game. He lined that couple up, then made them toe the mark. Soon he had them going with a scrimmage in the dark.

As they sat there silent in their new found bliss; The man thought the scrimmage ought to end with a kiss.

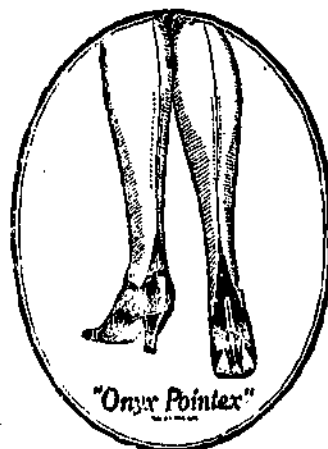
Thereupon he tried one, an amateurish affair, But he lost it on a fumble, and instead it hit the air.

The next one he landed on her ear, and the maid did shyly say: "You're penalized for holding, Jay, likewise for off-side play."

Fiercely he tried another this time succeeding fine For he made a touchdown on that warm five-yard line.

As they sat there in silence, communing soul to soul, The parlor door swung open, and father kicked a goal.—Exchange.

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MRS. KISER SEES BRIGHT FUTURE FOR TERRELL

Mrs. A. J. Kiser, matron of Terrell Hall stated in an interview at her office this morning that she was expecting great things of Terrell this year.

She praised very highly the Freshmen, who have shown such a willingness to co-operate in every way, and have so easily adapted themselves to the routine of college life. With the unusually attractive personalities and the qualities of leadership she has seen among "her" girls, she states that she can find no reason for the Freshman class president being elected from any dormitory except Terrell.

Then, too, there are a great number of old girls in Terrell this year, who are co-operative and ambitious for their dormitory and they are helping the Freshmen and teaching them the real G. S. C. W. spirit.

These girls together with the capable group of dormitory helpers give promise of a happy, successful and glorious year for Terrell, thinks Mrs. Kiser.

EXCHANGE

We read with interest of the semi-annual convention of the College Press Association of North Carolina, which met at Davidson College, North Carolina, last week-end. The Davidsonian was filled with accounts of the interesting plans made for the delegates.

In the Florida Alligator we find that The Seminole staff is working hard on the 1929 annual for the University of Florida. And G. S. C. W. is not the only college having photographs made this week. In the Red And Black, student publication of the University of Georgia, is an article to the effect that pictures for the 1929 Pandora are being made.

Wesleyans are following the example of our patriot, Paul Revere, according to the Watchtower. The Wesleyan girls now have horses at their disposal, and consequently horse-back riding is their latest and most popular sport. The riders are given proper instruction so that by the end of the term that college will have quite a few finished riders.

The Colonnade is happy to receive a copy of The Modern Knight, edited by the students of Central Night School, Atlanta. This is the first year they have attempted a paper in regular Journalistic style, and they have made a good beginning. All success to their paper!

Students at the University of Virginia shrouded the statue of Thomas Jefferson in black on election day. When it was practically certain that Virginia had gone Republican for the first time since Reconstruction, the students draped the statue, located on the University Campus.

Yale clears the decks for two big Autumnal days this year, (we learn from the Exchange Column of the Davidsonian.) Students will have no classes on Saturday, November 17th, and on Saturday, November 24. The first is the day when Yale goes to Princeton for the football game and the second day is the one when Harvard invades New Haven for the same purpose.

STUDENT VOLUNTEERS MEET AT AGNES SCOTT

(Continued from page one)

University; Sarah Alleg G. S. C. W.; Mrs. Turner from Newnan, Ga., one of the advisors for the Georgia Union, also met with the council.

The meeting was very inspiring and helpful. The council discussed plans for the coming state conference to be held the middle of February at Breanau, Gainsville, Ga. There were a number of discussions held concerning the plans for the rest of the year, budget, and recruiting of new members. The membership of the union was extended not only to regular volunteers, but also to those who were considering becoming a missionary. David Kendall, traveling Secretary for the movement, helped a great deal in leading the discussions. Dr. U. W. Alexander, who has works in the Interrelation Department of the Methodist church, gave a most interesting report on the Jerusalem Conference which he attended.

Jokes

Customer—I'd like to see some good second-hand cars.

Salesman—So would I.

—Exchange

A student failed in college all five of his exams, and he wired his brother:

"Failed in all five, prepare papa."

His brother wired back.

"Papa prepared. Prepare yourself."

—The Modern Knight

Manager—Well, how many orders did you get?

Salesman—Just two: "Get out" and "Stay out."

—The Modern Knight

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