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CAMPUS CRUMBS

Freshmen at the University of Kansas suffer dire consequences when they fail to salute the University colors. So many colleges are under a reign of imperialism now you know.

A letter to the student body of Mercer begins thus: "Would you die for your alma mater?" However, the writer hastens to explain that "Possibly it has been done, but of course you will not be asked to do so." What a relief it must have been to the student body.

One of the current effects of the depression is the existence at Tech of the largest junior and senior classes in its history, according to Registrar Caldwell. It is easier to find a way to go to college than it is to find a job, he said, and this fact accounts for the return of many students who had dropped out of school in the past year. This year's senior class will number nearly 400. The freshman class, on the other hand, has decreased in size, numbering slightly over 600.

Eighty-one per cent of the students at the University of Kentucky are unemployed.

Seventy per cent of the men in "Who's Who" are college men, and only one in a hundred goes to college. Thus, one college man out of every forty achieves distinction.

The announcement recently made by that philosopher that all who whistle are morons has had a very desirable effect on the editors. The office actually gets quiet enough to permit thought.

One of our girls won third place in the beauty contest in Tupelo, which goes to show that there is something to a college education after all.

Princeton University sent out questionnaires to its alumni body just to find out how they were getting along, and discovered that the average alumnus owns one and nine-tenths automobiles, six and a half suits of clothes, and has one and five-eighths babies. That's pretty good but Wallie wonders just how the parents solve the problem of that five-eighths of a baby. The logical answer is to dress him in the half suit of clothes, pack him into the nine-tenths of an automobile, and send him to Harvard.—Boston University News.

Edna Ferber, novelist and Pulitzer prize winner, says that the youth of America is permanently twelve years old, and their reactions to serious topics of the day is summed up in the expression, "Oh, yeah!"

We beg to disagree with Miss Ferber on that point because only last week we heard an extremely bright person comeback, quick as a flash, with the brilliant retort, "Sez you." That just goes to show that there are potential possibilities in the youth of America, and the right opportunity to spring a "fast one" is all that is needed to unleash who knows what upon the world.—Clem-

(Continued on back page)

The Colonnade

Volume VII.

Georgia State College for Women, Milledgeville, Ga., November 23, 1931

NUMBER 6

Large Audience Greet Second Lyceum Number

Don Blanding, noted author, poet, artist, painter, vagabond, gave a lecture on his travels in Hawaii to the students of the Georgia State College for Women, Wednesday, Nov. 18. This was the second number of the Lyceum program planned for this year. Don Blanding is under the management of the Alber Bureau, Cleveland, O. He has the power of making vivid word pictures and he illustrates his feelings with his own poems. He is an American, born in Oklahoma, of foreign descent. He began his wanderings at the age of fifteen and has travelled overland, undersea, in the air and every other way there is to travel. He is six feet tall, weighs 190 pounds, speaks many languages and is one of the most interesting human beings in the United States.

WELCOME ALUMNAE AND THANKSGIVING

Home coming! — Thanksgiving! Whee, it won't be long. Won't it be great to have the old girls back—and what a useful clause "do you remember" will be. You'd be surprised at when a number of these young flapper teachers graduated—take notes in alumnae chapel and soon—if you are a good "math" student you'll know the exact age of your pet teacher—however don't let on that you're interested because she might not be so liberal with her information—would be a good way to make some of the speeches shorter maybe. Just another hint—this especially for the freshman—if you'll creep up meekly and innocently during one of the alumnae "ball sessions" you won't be important enough to be "shooed" away at that particular moment and you'll certainly get an earful for your pains.

To hear them tell it the G. S. C. Alumnae have played more mischievous tricks than Peck's bad boy—everything from "biffing" Dr. Beeson (or maybe it was Dr. Webber) with a snowball to hiding in the matron's closet while cutting church.

DORMITORIES TAKE ON NEW HOME-LIKE APPEARANCE

We have had campus improvements of every sort in the last year and now all of the dormitories have taken on a new home-like appearance by having new furniture, ornaments and rugs added.

Mr. Fowler gave to each matron money to buy new furnishings for the parlors are they have purchased just what they think the girls in their dormitories will like best.

Each of the matrons and Mr. Fowler want the girls to enjoy the new furnishings and to be proud enough of them to take the greatest care of them so that they will remain beautiful.

Bi-centennial Celebration of Washington's Birthday

Approximately two hundred characters will participate in the Bicentennial celebration, sponsored by the History Club, of Washington's birthday. Although some of the groups taking part have not been completed yet, the main characters have been named.

From the nominations given by the students, Dr. Johnson has selected a girl to represent each club and also a girl to represent each class, for the main characters.

Those selected from the nominees of the clubs are as follows: Home Economics Club, Evelyn Poole; Health Club, Beulah Meeks; English Sophomore Club, Miriam Lanier; French Club, Mary Belle Gibson; Literary Guild, Nell Carroll; Sophomore Commission, Evelyn Turner; Glee Club, Louise Jeans; Education Club, Susie Dell Reamy; Chemistry Club, Julia Bolton; Commerce Club,

Mary Stanford, Classical Guild, Martha Calloway; Mathematics Club, Louise Hatcher; History Club, Theo Hotch; Y. W. C. A., Vera Hunt.

The Faculty representative is Annie Joe Moyer who will appear as the Statue of Liberty. Mary Mildred Wynn and Dorothea Scott will represent the College of Arts and Sciences and the College of Education, respectively.

Margaret Rucker, of the senior class, will take the part of Mary Washington. Marion Keith, from the juniors will be George Washington, Grace Paulk, Sophomore, is to be the Herald of the Ages, and Mervin Lord, freshman, is to be the young Washington.

Martha Washington will be portrayed by Nell Edwards and the young Martha (Martha Bainbridge) by Virginia Daniel.

DR. McSWEEN TALKS AT VESPERS

Dr. John McSween, president of the Presbyterian College, Clinton, S. C., gave an inspiring address to the students of the Georgia State College for Women at their regular vesper services, Sunday evening, Nov. 15. This was the concluding program of Education Week, sponsored by the Education club of the college. His subject was "God's Call

on the Youth of Today." The program opened with a chant, "Dux Fiat," by the Y. W. C. A. choir. Dr. George Harris Webber lead the audience in prayer. This was followed by a violin solo by Miss Horsbrough violin teacher of G. S. C. W. The program was concluded with another chant "In Corde Mio," by the choir.

"Cross the Campus"

By Phillip Space

Dear people:

Say, who told Prof. McNutt that love was so sweet? If that's his idea of love I'd like to get a lesson on it. And by the way, I spent a whole afternoon down at the Library trying to find some of his short stories and couldn't find a single one. What's wrong with our library?

That's a good idea, Woodja Lactuno, about extending sleeping hours during the winter months. Another good one 'bout the history of the world—with a platform like that and a little "opposition" you could be president of U. S.

I've been waiting all week for some of those Colonnade reporters to interview me 'bout that vital subject of seniors knowing less than freshmen. Since they haven't come around—probably due to lack of time—I shall be forced to give my opinion anyway. After much careful thought, I have decided that the best and most promising solution to the problem in hand would be to work the other way and start the new girls off in the senior class! Another remedy would be to use the figures from intelligence tests as golf scores, thus making the seniors superior.

You know Virginia Tanner don't

you? Aw, everybody knows her. Anyway somebody said of her that she looked at life thru rose colored glasses. (Can you imagine anything worse than eating pink grits!)

I tell you we really have some deep thinking people on this campus. Beth Taylor said "College is a matter of give and take—Give money and take exams." Sarah Talley—freshman—states that "one should be crazy to go thru college." Dot Anderson—senior—says "one is!" Listen Folks, the Corinthian is out and it's only 50c a year. It may not be worth it, but better get one. Think how nice those little magazines would be to put over "True Story" and such on inspection days.

What's this about the 23rd? Aw, please, Dr. Beeson, don't make us stay that long. If we do I'll have to mail all my own Christmas cards—and I'm broke! Let us take that December week end on the 19th! How 'bout it?

Who is "Gwen Dale?" Any relation to Polly Dale? Who's Polly Dale? Never heard of her. Just wondered.

Speaking of perfection—when we weren't—how about G. S. C. W.'s perfect young lady? If there were

(Continued on back page)

LOTTIE MOORING CURL, B. S. 1925, GUEST OF HONOR AT CHAPEL FRIDAY

History of The College to Be Feature of The Program

Lottie Mooring Curl chose to work on a history of Georgia State College for Women as her thesis toward her Masters Degree at Peabody. She will tell more in detail about it at Chapel on November 27, but in the preface she writes:

"The purpose of this thesis has been to present a history of the Georgia State College for Women.

The method used has been one of historical research. Practically all the material in the thesis has been drawn from original sources, such as newspapers, acts of the Legislature, Senate and House Journals, Annual Reports of the State Treasurer, the Comptroller General, and the Department of Education, College Catalogs and bulletins, and personal interviews.

Very few college records were available, due to the destruction of the Administration building by fire, December eighth, 1924, and the loss of all records in the offices of the president, bursar, and registrar.

The college was founded by the state for the purpose of giving a practical education to the girls of moderate means in Georgia. Economy and efficiency combined with enthusiasm for scholarship have been emphasized in administration and instruction, and the rapid growth of the college testified to the popularity of this program.

The history of the college is traced from the introduction of the bill in 1889 to establish it, through the year 1930-1931. An attempt is made to show the expansion of the curriculum, the growth of the material resources of the college, and evolution from a small normal school into the first state college for women in Georgia."

STUDENTS ORGANIZE JUNIOR FRENCH CLUB

The French 11 students met on Tuesday afternoon and organized a club for the purpose of studying French customs, plays, poetry, etc.

Miss Turner was chosen for faculty advisor. The officers elected were:

President—Beth Taylor;
Secretary—Eleanor Smith.
Vice-President—Lois Carter.
Treasurer—Helen Ennis.
Reporter to Colonnade—Maud New Shepard.

Plans for future lectures and programs were discussed. Various kinds of entertainments will be given from time to time. The meetings are to be held twice each month on Tuesdays at five-thirty o'clock.

If time is money—these unemployed should not be kicking.

If school spirit's dead, knocking has killed it

WELCOME G. S. C. W. ALUMNAE

THE COLONNADE

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ANSWER TO MR. MCCONN

When Mr. McConn was showing that seniors are dumber than freshmen, it possible, he forgot some important points. We don't go to college to learn a lot of mechanical stuff—that's not what we're getting out of it either. All the Latin and Math formulas and chemical equations are just plain process—O that's all. If you want to see what we really get—look to the finished product. See how our original thinking is increased. See how our ingenuity is developed. Don't ask us a lot of "yes, no" questions. We've been answering those for four years. Put us out in the world side by side with a fellow who hasn't been thru the machine and see how we can compare. Test us there. Ask a soldier all the fine techniques of war—see how many he knows. Put him under fire—watch him fight! Perhaps the college plan is all wrong. It probably is. Perhaps it could be changed from "credit course" ideas for the better. But don't judge us too hastily. Don't shut us up in a cage of hard figures and conventional intelligence tests when we've hardly yet begun. Give us a chance!

SHOES!

Shoes talk! Of course they do—And I mean besides squeaking and stamping up and down stairs and all the other funny noises people make. That's not shoes, that's feet. But the other day I was sitting at the round table watching people pass and they really talked to me—the shoes, I mean not the people. Want to hear what they said? Well, the first pair that passed were uniform shoes—or at least they were meant to be. Black—yes, with patches of lighter color—that were simply crying for polish. The heels were run down so badly that the poor shoes were slanting sideways. This pair seemed to be pleading for mercy. It told me what sort of girl was wearing them. It seemed to say,

"She's careless all right. Pulls me off at night and throws me on my old place. See this bruise on my toe? That's where the table leg rested on me all night. And she didn't even bother to put a little shoe salve on it. Besides being careless she's over-enthusiastic. She doesn't care a bit what she looks like. She's that way about everything. Just doesn't care!"

The next pair that passed were polished—extremely polished. They were pumps, neat, yes, but high heels. They were a proud pair who seemed to say, "Look at me! Look at me! Did you ever see such fine looking shoes? See how small! See how shiny! I'm hurting her feet, but what does that matter?" Poor silly little shoes—sacrificing comfort, and, taste, to a false vanity. And this is exactly what they told me of any girl who wore them with a simple, sport uniform to classes.

The next pair of shoes were truly comfort built. They passed almost silently on rubber soles. But even in their swift movement I heard their message. "We don't have much time to spare. We're busy as can be. But we don't mind. We're comfortable and well kept. We don't make much noise either and can pass up and down the hall without breaking up classes. Efficient! That's our middle name. And good taste!"

Shoes going this way—Shoes going that way—pointed shoes round toed ones—all carrying their message every where they go!
Yes, shoes really do talk!

YOUTH AND JOURNALISM

From the daily papers issued by the larger universities down to the semi-monthly publications edited by members of smaller institutions you may find any and all types of journalism. Turning from the personal viewpoint of the situation we feel that the youth of today has developed a type of work which is to be highly commended. Some papers, though they may appear to

be rather amateurish efforts will show, nevertheless, a great amount of effort and thought. Taking into consideration the fact that the staff of these mirrors of college activities and opinions operate their respective papers as a branch of extracurricular activities, it is surprising that so many worthwhile publications can be found.

In a group with as close associations as are found in the average American college, the paper must play the part of the supreme diplomat. There must be policies which will please the entire group and there must be special policies which will pacify the groups which support the paper. Personal prejudice must be cast aside within the college. No direct accusation can be made on any group with the exception of a few half-baked suggestions which will pass by with little comment and little aftermath. The average college is a store-house for tradition and the student shuns any change, even if it be of a progressive vein. Each editor has a delicate problem to deal with, and for this reason we believe that there is much to be commended for this successful maneuvering of policies. It is not an easy task, but in taking a job of this nature over, these men realized exactly what they were getting into and have entered it for the sake of the results which may be obtained from a clean and honest paper.

We believe that if college journalism continues to progress in the future as it has to this time, then our colleges will continue to produce men and women who will face life with a clear and unbiased outlook.—Plainsman.

PERSONALITIES

No, I can't begin to go into the depths of a technical discussion of personality—and if I did about three out of 1300 you'd read more than the first five sentences. I sometimes wonder if you read these editorials anyway. What I want to talk about now is personality as shown here on our own campus. It's queer how much one can tell about a person from little things isn't it? Little things like voices and friends and manners. One hardly realizes the effect a voice has upon his listeners. Not all of us can sing, of course, but all of us must talk. Have you ever missed the point in an excellent speech because the tone of the voice of the speaker played upon your nerves like chalk scratching against a blackboard? Have you ever enjoyed listening to an otherwise uninteresting talk because of the soft, slow, clear, pronunciation of words? I remember hearing a Freshman give an hour's lecture, and staying thru the whole hour because, in spite of the fact that I knew not one word of French, I like the speaker's voice.

And "friends"—You know—"Birds of feather." That's a rather complicated subject. After all what is a friendship worth which chooses so carefully for its own good? And what is it worth when given indiscriminately? These are difficult questions to answer. Friendship, really is that relation between individuals, which tends to create happiness and understanding for both. How high are your ideals of happiness?

Manners and mannerisms are indeed important. It is of so little apparent consequence whether you rise at the entrance of an older person, whether you introduce your room mate, whether you beg another's pardon for knocking against her in the hall; and yet it is by these you are judged. And this is especial-

SOPHOMORE COMMISSION INITIATES FRESHMEN

Monday afternoon November 16, Nesbit Woods was the scene of strange happenings. It was here the Sophomore Commission conducted the Freshman Council to entertain them with a treasure hunt and all manner of games and frolics.

The treasure hunt began before leaving the campus and the clues led to Nesbit Woods. The treasure, a huge balloon in the shape of a cat's head, was discovered in a tin can placed in the ashes of one of the numerous outdoor stoves.

The search ended, each Sophomore introduced a Freshman to the group, stating her home town and the first impression she had received of her. Following the introductions, everyone sang to the accompaniment of a hike, and entered wholeheartedly into the business of having a rousing good time.

When the fun was at its height, refreshments were announced. At once all else was forgotten in the excitement created by the advent of food. And what food! Club sandwiches, crackers with red devil sauce, hot coffee and cakes—a feast for the gods. After the "pause that refreshes" things began to happen thick and fast. The Freshmen were herded behind the log cabin to await initiation. One by one they were led, blindfolded, down the "hot-line," kicked and beaten heartily all the way. At the end of the line they were told to take off the blindfolds.

Anticipating freedom, the unsuspecting Freshmen eagerly snatched them off, only to have the left-over red devil sauce smeared over their faces and hair, filling eyes, nose, ears and mouth.

After the damage had been repaired, shirttails poked in, and part of the red devil sauce removed, the party returned in high spirits to G. E. C. and separate hot water.

The members of Commission and Council enjoying this outing were: Julia Bailey, Viola Carruth, Emily Cowart, Miriam Craig, Gwendolyn Dekle, Lillian Dillard, Margaret Edwards, Melba Holland, Frances Holsenbeck, Kathryn Johnson, Otera Jackson, Anne Jones, Frances Knox, Maria Martin, Ruth McClatchey, Mary Helen Mitchell, Emilie Noa, Jo Peacock, Jo Redwine, Julia Rucker, Jackie Rhoden, Elizabeth Shapiro, Kathryn Shepper, Dorothy Thompson, Ruth Vinson, Grace Webb, Mary Frances Wike, Margaret K. Smith, Anna Everett, Smile Mansfield, Louise Hatcher, Virginia Tanner, Grace Creel Kat Lawrence, Mildred Connell, Betty Watt, Evelyn Turner, Annelie Burrus, Eula Lee MacDowell, Hattie Carter, Marie Parker, Vera Hunt Y. Pres. Kay Vinson, Mary Rogers advisors, and Miss Annie Jo Moye, clapperone.

And to the freshmen—Freshmen, do you know that it is a matter of politeness to respect upper classmen? Do you know they are sizing you up as future leaders and followers here? It is simple custom, courtesy for you to allow an upperclassman to pass thru a door first, that you speak to them politely, that you ask their opinion and respect it. They've been here a long time. They know what it is all about or they wouldn't be upper classmen. And don't forget they're marking you down as the personality you seem to be.

And to all classmen—It never is bad to be one's best self. One never knows who may be watching.

YOUR TALENT

I have heard, and am inclined to believe that for everyone there is some one thing he can do best. It may be paint the best picture or write the best poem or make the best impression on a teacher without doing any work. Nevertheless it is a talent. What is yours? Do you analyze your characteristics? Do you tear them apart and seek your likes and dislikes. Do you try to determine the "why" of them? Do you consider your background—what you have been trained to do? Do you consider your inheritance—what would seem the natural tendency in you toward a certain line? What do you expect to do when you finish college? What do you expect to do while you are here? Put these questions to your self and answer them honestly. Then borrow a dime and go to the tea room—you'll need refreshing.

BICENTENNIAL REPRESENTATIVES SELECTED

Representatives from each club and class on the campus have been selected for the George Washington Bicentennial Celebration to be sponsored by the History Club.

Margaret Rucker was chosen to represent the Senior class, taking the part of Mary Washington; Marion Keith will represent the Juniors as George Washington; for the Sophomores Grace Paulk will take the part of Herald of the Ages; and Mervyn Lord, a Freshman, will be young Washington. Nell Edwards will be Martha Washington and Virginia Daniel will represent the young Martha.

Miriam Lanier was selected from the English Sophomore club; Mary Belle Gibson, from the French club; Nel Carroll, Literary Guild; Evelyn Turner, Sophomore Commission; Louise Jeans, Glee Club; Susie Dell Reamy, Education club; Julia Bolton, Chemistry club; Mary Stanford, Commerce club; Martha Calloway, Classical Guild; Louise Hatcher, Mathematics club; Theo Hotch, History club; Vera Hunt, Y. W. C. A.; as a faculty representative Annie Joe Moye was chosen to act as the Statue of Liberty; College Arts and Sciences, Mary Mildred Wynn; College of Education, Doretta Scott.

Thus far Dr. Johnson has met with good cooperation from the clubs and individual students.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW?

How to do the "angel dance." Ask Maxine R.

How it feels to make 32 on a mid term exam when you think you're an "A" student.

How to gracefully mount the top deck of a double deck bed.

How many peans Dr. White found Saturday afternoon.

When Ruth W. will get a letter from Sam.

How long the "blond craze" will last.

How many more Sundays we'll have ice cream.

Why a "reputable" clock isn't put in the library.

Why "Goodnight Sweetheart" is so popular on the campus when the last person we usually see is the study hall keeper.

The identity of the young lady whose true love recently informed her that "kissing is the language of love" and then asked her why she didn't say something.

Whether an earthworm has more love affairs than the average modern maid even if he does have ten hearts.

How far a river runs before it gives out of breath.

Who on campus is so generous concerning her numerous swains.

G. S. C. W. For The Alumnae



THE ALUMNAE For G. S. C. W.

OFFICERS AND STANDING COMMITTEES OF ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION FOR 1931-32

Officers
Gussie H. Tabb—President.
M. J. Banks Ireland (Mrs. W.)—1st Vice-President.
Brooksie S. Well (Mrs. W. F.)—2nd Vice-President.
Annie Harper—Secretary.
Sara Nelson—Treasurer.

Executive Committee
Gussie H. Tabb, M. J. Banks Ireland, Annie Harper, Sara Nelson, Mary Lee Anderson, Katherine K. Scott.

District Chairmen
Mary Lee Anderson Director
Jimmie Deck 1st.
Frances Thaxton 2nd
Mary Burns 3rd
Austelle Adams 4th
Helen Hagan 5th
Edna DeLamar 6th
Mary Moss 7th
Katherine Weaver 8th
Decora Adams 9th
Katherine Butts 10th

Out of State Committee
Euri Belle Bilton Chairman

WELCOME

Yesterday, you were a student within the walls of your Alma Mater; today, you are the full-fledged representatives of her and are back bringing to us your enthusiasm and inspiration. We welcome you back and always feel renewed because of the good cheer that you impart to us.

Many years ago, the Alumnae Association adopted as its motto, "Freely ye have received freely give." How joyous it is to feel that as we graduates of the Georgia State College for Women have that reputation. Let us all renew again together our determination to uphold the standards of our college and to stand for "the true and beautiful" always.

LOTTIE MOORING CURL GUEST OF HONOR

All Alumnae are cordially invited to attend chapel Friday morning, November 27, at eleven o'clock in the college auditorium. Lottie Mooring Curl, '25, will present her history of the Georgia State College for Women to the college.

Come and renew friendships and meet the student body.

G. S. C. W. ALUMNAE TEA

The Executive Committee of the Alumnae Association is entertaining at tea Friday afternoon, November 27, from 5 to 6 o'clock, in the college tea room, in honor of the visiting Alumnae.

The Baldwin County Alumnae and members of the faculty are cordially invited. Please consider this your invitation.

ALUMNAE TEA ROOM COMMITTEE FOR SCHOLARSHIP FUND

Sara Nelson, Chairman; Helen Southwell—Terrell C; Ruth O'Kelley—Ennis; Louise McDaniel—Terrell; Evelyn Poole—Bell Annex; Anese Holliman—Terrell B; Lucy Martin—Mansion; Laverne Thompson—Terrell A; Jennie L. Cooley—Atkinson; Neva Fletcher—Atkinson; Alice Binson—Bell.

ALUMNAE HOSTESS COMMITTEE FOR HOME COMING

Lucile Harvey—Terrell C; Mary Fort—Mansion; Nell Carroll—Terrell A; Josephine Pritchett—Atkinson; Josephine Hogan—Terrell B; Margaret Medlock—Bell Annex; Dorothy S. Paschal—Terrell; Mary Baker Black—Ennis; Eugenia Lawrence—Bell; Clara M. Holloway—Town.

TWO LYCEUMS DON BLANDING "MERCHANT OF VENICE"

The students of G. S. C. W. and a large number of the people of Milledgeville were taken on a visit to Hawaii Wednesday night when Don Blanding, vagabond, author, chartered a word ship and invited the audience to take a trip with him to Hawaii.

With vividness he told of Hawaii's reception. Instead of a reception committee, a group of diving boys welcome visitors. They follow a coin flung in the water by one on board. The ship goes so deftly and easily that few coppers and silver pieces are lost in the water.

This is the reverse of the first white man's visit to that island. Tradition has it that in the Hawaiian religion, it had been prophesied for ages that a white god would some day come to their island, so when the first man landed on the shore of Hawaii, gifts of all kinds were offered to him.

Immigrants of other lands which make up a large proportion of the people of Hawaii dress as they did in their native countries. Japanese and Chinese wear loud kimonos and satin jackets and trousers. Mr. Blanding made the statement that Portuguese and Loreans wear more conservative dress often green and yellow with purple and red touches. Native Hawaiians wear loose fitting garments and leis of flowers and often the Hawaiian girl has a flower tucked coyly in her black wavy hair.

Flowers are characteristic of Hawaii. Plants grow in gardens lavishly and profusely. As there is scarcely any difference in season, flowers bloom all the time but in May and June, the trees come in the full beauty of blossoming.

The so called Street of Flame is one of the most striking landscapes in Hawaii. On each side of the street is a row of umbrella shaped Porsiana trees whose branches meet above forming a magnificent arch. The vermillion blossoms of these trees shed their petals and make a blood-red carpet for the passer by.

The Street of Gold has trees with such butter yellow blossoms that it looks as if it had been touched by Midas of old. One may feel like Rockefeller when one walks down this street for it is covered with gold flowers.

Mr. Blanding writes in his poem "My Hawaiian Garden."
"When you are passing do look in Or if you will drop in and see TH's garden which belongs to me."
Surrounding one of the most historic buildings in Hawaii is a stone wall on which are interesting cactus plants. This garden is a Mecca for tourists who are in Hawaii when the plants bloom. When the plant

which is of the cactus family is not in bloom it is a mass of gray dusty sticky stems crawling and interweaving over stone walls. Twice a year tens of thousands of fat buds swelling begin growing from these stems. The gardner watches and when it is time for the buds to burst open, he passes the news to the papers.

The night that the flowers are to bloom the gardens are filled with people to watch the magical bursting into beauty. Night falls and there is a pause and as a moon glows the buds burst and alabaster white petals of the magnificent flowers seem to catch and hold the glow of the moon. Each flower has very little odor but there are so many thousands of flowers the scent is overpowering. All too soon, day breaks and within a few hours the sun has withered all the flowers leaving glorious memories of one night of beauty.

Mr. Blanding says, "The main products of Hawaii are sugar cane, pineapple and babies. Maybe the reason for the profusion of babies is because there is no frost to nip them, and no heat to well—what ever heat does to babies."

Inspiration for his poem "Baby Street" was furnished by a walk down a street which seemed to be a day nursery for the Genemert district of town, for there are all nationalities of babies there. In "Baby Street" he says,

"Walk down Baby Street—
Walk very hesitant
One of the babies
May become president."

A characteristic of Hawaii is its hospitable attitude. It is said that a man got off between ships to have his laundry done and stayed there in Hawaii twenty years.

Mr. Blanding gave a fascinating account of a Hawaiian feast. Fish, breadfruit, pig and other delicacies were wrapped in leaves and cooked in a pit of red hot rocks. On the table is a lacy cloth of fern fronds which form a herring bone pattern.

At sunset, a chant accompanies the village Patriarch as he says grace. Then the honored Patriarch uncovers the food which is cooked in the pit. Chicken cooked in coconut milk, bananas, crabs, lobsters, fish, poi, and roast pig are arranged about each guest. The shell fish salad is rather restless and is liable to stray from the salad dish.

Hawaii is fascinating but there is a time when one must leave. Leis are presented to the departing one and confetti is thrown to the boat from the dock. As the boat moves away from the dock, the streamers break and as the last streamer breaks, the Royal Hawaiian Band which is waiting for that signal, plays "Aloha" and "Farewell to Thee."

The leis are thrown from the boat one by one as the passengers lose sight of Hawaii.

Mr. Blanding concluded by inviting each of the audience to his house.
"West of the sunset stands my house."
"West of the sunset stands my house."
There—and east of the dawn;
North to the Arctic runs my yard;
South to the Pole my lawn;
Seven seas are to sail my ships

To the ends of the earth—beyond;
For I am a vagabond."
"For I am a vagabond."

Mr. Blanding's vocabulary and beautiful description held his audience spell-bound from the first word of his lecture to its close. Not one person left the auditorium without a desire to visit Hawaii.

Nov. 23, the Avon Players will present "Merchant of Venice" in the G. S. C. Auditorium. Joseph Selman, who formed the company will be Shylock in the performance, and Miss Elizabeth Hembree of Macon will play the part of Portia.

The entire cast is made up of experienced players who for the past two months have been staging performances in North and South Carolina.

The Avon Players are representative of the many people who are attempting to keep alive an interest in Shakespeare; since the moving picture and the radio tend to cause a loss of interest in Shakespearean drama.

The repertoire of the company is made up entirely of the most popular of the drama, which are the ones studied by college students in courses of Shakespeare.

The cast of characters as they will appear follows: Duke of Venice, Frank Heast; Bassanio, Frank Lester; Antonio, John Galloway; Gratiano, Harold Selman; Shylock, Joseph Selman; Salanio, Harry Piele; Lorenzo, Robert Selman; Duke of Morocco, Robert Selman; Tubal, Thomas Hurt; Launcelot Gabbro, Harold Gabbro; Portia, Elizabeth Hembree; Nerissa, Mary Martha Kyle; Jessica, Marjory Dunaway; Balthazar, Eugene DuBois.

Extra members of the cast who will play the parts of Old Gabbro, and Salarino are to come from Atlanta.

The poet has sung of the house by the road
Where the races of men go by.
An answer was made to plead for the horde

Who reach not the house, but fall with their load
With no one to answer their cry.

But I sing to the man who chooses to stay
In the house—it is close to the road
And the mass of humanity passes that way

Woary travelers may stop at his gate everyday,
To them it's a "hallowed abode."

Why should he rush out seeking roads that are new
When thine work to be done by his own?

He'd find much adventure, but help, perhaps, few
If he closed up his rouse to seek tasks to do

While his own callers go on alone.
So why sing to the man who goes out in the way

While, in vain, at his gate with their load
The crowd knocks to enter his house every day

Praise, then, the man who is willing to stay
In the house by the side of the road.

SUCH IS LIFE

Sue Fann had never in all of her nineteen years felt quite so down in the dumps. There was no immediate cause for this case of blues, but things had been leading up to it gradually for the past week. There had been the disappointment about going home; the cool note she had received from Sam; the five semifinal exams in two days; those three added pounds; and now this paper to be handed in tomorrow.

"I've never been so thoroughly disgusted," she told her freshman roommate as she threw her books on the bed.

"Disgusted? About What?" her roommate asked pleasantly.

Sue Fann had not meant for anyone to ask her questions, especially unnecessary questions, but you could always count on Sydney to ask questions. She was only trying to be pleasant, Sue Fann knew, but Sydney had had nothing to disgust her beyond words.

"About everything in general", Sue Fann responded crossly, but mostly "Thanksgiving."

"Thanksgiving? Gee, that would have any kind of an effect on me, but a disgusting one," Sydney murmured with a dreamy, far-away look in her eyes.

"I never get any breaks. I can't write this paper because I simply haven't time to stop and think what I have to be thankful for." Sue Fann made her tone disagreeable because she wanted Sydney to realize that she was disgusted and that nothing a freshman roommate could say would help matters.

"Suppose we weren't gonna have turkey and all that goes with that for Thanksgiving dinner; suppose you had to pick turkeys as freshmen do; suppose we couldn't go to the football game Thanksgiving; suppose Sam wasn't going to send you flowers; suppose you didn't have a new outfit for the game; suppose we weren't going to have a holiday on Thursday—what kind a Thanksgiving would we have?" Sydney asked as she continued to gaze into space.

"Those are the ordinary things Thanksgiving wouldn't be Thanksgiving without them," Sue Fann informed her.

"That is true nevertheless. We should be thankful for those ordinary things. Thanksgiving is a day set aside to give thanks for both the ordinary and the extraordinary things in life."

"I had never thought of it in that way."

"Why don't you write about the ordinary things you have to be thankful for," asked Sydney as she went whistling out of the room.

Sue Fann had received the necessary inspiration to write the paper. She had misjudged Sydney for after all she was not a bad sort. You had to understand her. She was grateful for the help and just to show to what extent she was grateful she would make Sam ask her for a "no-break" at the Thanksgiving dance. Life could be much worse—much worse and as for Sam—well, she could fix things up with Sam.

**READY WRITING IN SEVEN
LESSONS PROFESSOR
McNATT McNUTT**

Poetry

There are two types of poetry which I shall discuss today—that which can be understood and that which can not. To put yourself in the proper frame of mind for that which can be understood go out and look at a sunset, think of your beaulover, then try to think of what rhymes with love, moon, roses, and you. A few follow:

Love: dove, above, and perhaps, prove, and trove.

Moon: June, tune, soon, boon, strewn, croon, dune.

Rose: those, foes, flows, blows, doze. You: too, few, true, flew, do, new, knew.

As you have probably observed by this time, the poems that can be understood are love poems. The reason for this is simple. Everybody is interested in love, and everybody understands a poem which tells anything about this all-important subject. The best scheme to use is a series of quatrains of eight syllable-lines. This keeps the rhythm even and the rhythm work out easily. By all means, put in a line about Cupid's darts, a line about a lover's despair, and end with "I love you."

To write the type that can not be understood, all one needs is a pen and paper and a willing mind. No rhyme scheme, rhythm or reason is necessary. There is no unnecessary bother about words. Merely choose a few words with snap, fizz, or excitement in them, and string them in rows. You may write about anything under high Heaven, but always be sure not to mix your subjects. If you mean to write about onions, don't mix them with garlic. If you write about gardens, don't mix them with houses. It isn't so important to say something, but the main object is to create an impression. Remember this and you're o. k.

One more thing, if you think you are becoming a famous poet, don't be photographed unless you look the part. If you weigh two hundred and have gained a reputation for writing tender love ditties, give the newspaper a picture of your little, slim, younger sister.

MODERN THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving is here, hip, hip, hooray,
Let's prepare for a glorious day.
Look at the car, are the tires all right?
We musn't be late to the dance tonight.
What time is the game?—You think it's at two,
Oh! Isn't it great, who's coming for you?
Jim! Will he be round to dine?
Bill's coming too, now isn't that fine?
I'm tickled that Aunt and Unk can't come,
Without them we'll have much more fun.
Oh! Here are the boys, we must away,
But, mommy dear wants us to stay.
Bah, Mom dear, we'll return at one,
To dine with you, and then, more fun.
Laughter and giggles all morning long,
Then home to eat, there's nothing wrong.
But there's no family talk in the afternoon,
For the children leave far, far too soon.
Berets and coats and pennants bright,

They leave to see the two teams fight.

After the game a tea dance fine,
Refreshments are tea cakes and wine.

At nine the Ball has just begun,
From nine 'till three there's heaps more fun.
Gee, but 'it's been a glorious day.

Thus Thanksgiving Day has passed,
Weary—to bed—not a single care;
Sailing on a sea of forgetfulness,
Sailing without a word of prayer.
"GWEN DALE".

**CROSS THE CAMPUS
By Phillip Space**

(Continued from page one)

such a thing wouldn't she have Margaret Candler's figure, Jimmie William's complexion, Annelie Hagan's eyes and hair, Liz Cowart's sense of smell, Mable Underwood's sincerity, Margery Ennis's sense of humor, Mrs. B's patience, Mary Jane Lane's mind, Frances Bone's clothes, Mary Baker Black's wit, Margaret Trappnell's neatness, Mary Roger's "pull", Evelyn Ragsdale's bravery, Jewell Ivey's modesty, Helen King Mathew's ambition, Lavonia Newman's voice, and teacher's privileges. If a girl had these she wouldn't need to come to school. Oh well, I don't guess anybody would like her either.

Just noticed that I've lost the stopper to the ink bottle and all the ink's evaporating. As it is all my room mate has, guess I'd better stop and find it. I might need some more sometimes. Besides that the air would be dreadfully stifling if it became supersaturated with black ink.

Love and Best Wishes,
PHILLUP SPACE.

CAMPUS CRUMBS

(Continued from page one)

son Tiger.

In reply to a questionnaire, 90 per cent of the students at the University of London expressed a disbelief in God.

The Daily Kansan reports that 279 students have applied for part time positions. Out of this number, 9 were placed.

The University of Oklahoma has announced that students objecting to military drill on religious grounds will be exempt.

That William Harlan Hale, a Yale graduate of 1931, looks back over his shoulder for Scribner's Magazine and concludes that the universities have forgotten their high mission of training for scholarships and responsibility in an adult world, and have become "vassals to the sewer-pipe industry and the ideal of mass production." Mr. Hale is now in Europe, where he is presumably refurbishing the education that his alma mater arbitrarily concluded at the end of four years.

The Institute of International Education announces that 144 foreign students came to this country for the first time on fellowships and scholarships granted by American colleges and universities and administered by the Institute for the Academic year beginning September, 1931. The group included nationals from the following European countries listed in the order of their numerical representation, Germany, France, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Switzerland, Austria, Spain and Italy. There was a delegation from

Latin America representing Costa Rica, Panama, Chile, Argentina and Colombia.

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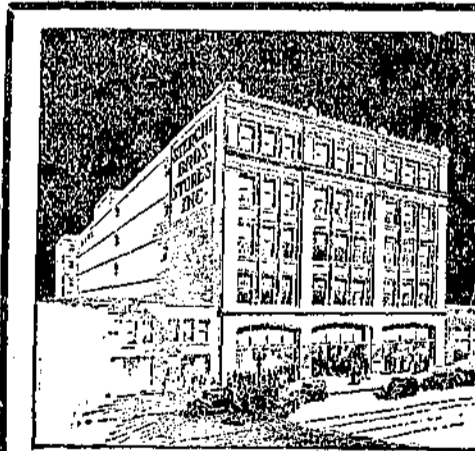
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