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Colonnade

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## Colonnade January 19, 1932

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# The Colonnade

Volume VII.

Georgia State College for Women, Milledgeville, Ga., January 19, 1932

NUMBER 9

## Courses Offered in Economics and Sociology Spring Semester 1932

**Economics 12—The Consumer in Every-Day Life.** This is offered for all Students. 8-9, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

**Economics 31—Modern Industry.** Course deals with modern industrial problems with special reference to the period since 1860. Open to juniors and seniors and others who have previously had work in the department. 8-9, Thursday, Friday, Saturday.

**Sociology 2—Community Problems.** This is an elementary course which discusses several community problems. The social problems connected with health and disease, play and recreation, immigration, delinquency and crime, and other subjects will be discussed. Open to any student. 9-10, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

**Sociology 22—Modern Social Problems.** Here we discuss problems of population, deaths, infant mortality, the woman's problem, immigration, the Race Problem, and others. Open to sophomores, juniors, and seniors, and, in general, to any one who has had work in the department. 3:30-4:30, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday.

**Sociology 28—The Family.** This is general on the family as a social institution from the beginning until the present. Open to juniors and seniors. Sophomores may come in only by SPECIAL PERMISSION. 9-10, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Another section will be created to accommodate those who have unavoidable conflicts at this hour. We believe the above mentioned courses will prove as profitable as they will practical, general, and interesting.

The Sophomore Commission, 'Y' Cabinet, and the Freshman Council cordially invited the student body to a series of exam teas to be given January 21, 22, 23, in the 'Y' room between 4 and 6.

### FRESHMAN COUNCIL ENTERTAINS FACULTY ADVISORS.

The Freshman Council entertained the faculty advisor of the happy groups at a delightful tea, held in the school tea room, Monday, January 11th.

The guests, on arrival, were greeted by the councilors and were served punch.

An "orchestra" composed of Margaret K. Smith, pianist, and Dorothy Cleper, violinist, enlivened the spirit of the affair with popular songs. Skinner Brannon and Laura Lambert also sang several snappy songs to the accompaniment of a uke.

Miss Polly Moss, Secretary of the Y expressed appreciation for the interest shown by the advisor, and introduced Mary Rogers, student advisor, and Lillian Dillard, president of the council who both gave a short word of greeting to the faculty advisors and councilors, Vera Hunt president of the Y, and Mrs. Ireland, who, as advisor of the membership committee spoke of her interests with the group and the Refreshments of sandwiches and work.

The advisors of the hobby groups who enjoyed the occasion were: Miss Bigam, Miss Nelson, Miss Pyle, Mrs. Dorris, Miss Annette Steele, Miss Helen Green, Miss Louise Smith, Miss Burch, Miss Laura Lambert, Miss Frances Branham, Miss Mary Snow Johnson, Miss Frances Thaxton, Miss Sutton, Miss Susie Dell Reamy, Miss Helen Barron, Miss Hall, Miss Austelle Adams, Miss Lorena Riles, Miss Vera Hunt, Mrs. Ireland, Miss Jones and Miss Tait.

Thursday afternoon the Sophomore Commission will entertain; Friday, the 'Y' Cabinet; and Saturday, the Freshman Council. Each tea will be carried out in an entirely different and original idea

God bless you merry gentlemen  
Throughout the coming year.  
May every hour of each short day  
Bring happiness and cheer.

May true things ever guide your  
paths  
Good fortune linger near.  
And may I wish to you, my friends,  
A joyous, happy year.  
Hortense Jones

## History Club Presents Comedy

Lady of the Moon, a two-act comedy, directed by Dr. Amanda Johnson, was presented Saturday Evening in the auditorium.

The play was presented in order to raise funds for the Georgia History Museum.

This play, as well as the many others directed by Dr. Johnson previous years, was one of the most delightful entertainments of the year.

Jimmie Winslow, age 16, Eunice Chandler, had failed two subjects in his previous school term. His mother, Mrs. Winslow, who always had terrible headaches caused by Neuritis, employed as his governess Anne Kirkpatrick alias Anne Prescott, a very attractive young lady, Bessie Lewis. Mrs. Alice Macon, a friend of the family Mervyn Singletary, came to visit the Winslows. With her she brought Robin Winslow, Dot Allen, his roommate, Philip Morley, Bernice Johnston and Robins finance, Augusta Mason, the clinging vine type, Clara Holloway. Nancy Winslow, an extremely athletic girl, immediately falls in love with Phil.

At the end of the play Phil and Nancy set the date of their wedding and Robin and Anne, rather than Augusta, who throughout the play had tried to monopolize all the men regardless of the methods she used, find that they really love each other.

## THE COLONNADE

The Staff is justly proud of it's dress. Their best efforts are spent to make it an attractive messenger to the girls of other days and we may be pardoned in saying that we think it worthy of your support. Our time, restricted as it is, by scholastic and campus activities, is given freely and gladly, yea, joyously to make the paper an asset for G. S. C. W. and frankly we feel that it justifies a more loyal support than we are now having.

Old Rip Van Winkle in dismissing an old arch enemy told Gretchen his wife to give him a cold potato and let him go.

**PLEASE STAND BY THE WORD OF YOUR ALMA MATER.**

Don't dismiss it with a cold potato.

## Sock and Buskin Met Thursday

The freshman dramatic club, met Thursday afternoon at 5:30 in Dr. Hunter's class room.

One of the most interesting programs of the year was presented. It consisted of a fascinating discussion by Miss Crowell on the recent Maude Adams "Comeback."

"The Merchant of Venice" was presented by Miss Adms on Jan. 1, 2, 1932 in Atlanta.

Miss Adams was severely criticised for attempting to play so youthful a role as "Portia." However, it is felt that the superb acting of the star made up for any incongruities in age.

Miss Crowell spoke in detail of the lighting effects, the stage setting, the music and the costuming. One almost felt one had seen the play itself in its beautiful staging and exquisite acting.

## Pi Gamma Mu Honors G.S.C.W. Professor

Dr. George Harris Webber was honored at the Third Annual Convention of the National science honor society, Pi Gamma Mu, held in New Orleans by being named first vice president of the society. He is a member of the board of directors of the Social Science Publishing Company. He is also associate editor of the national publication, "Social Science." Dr. Webber made the final address of the convention, speaking on, "The Social Mission of Humor."

During the speech of Charles A. Ellwood, Professor of Sociology at Uke, who was made President of the society said, "Our students hardly know what hard study means the Spirit of true scholarship. There is too much truth in the European criticism that our colleges and universities train in skill along practical lines but impart no true culture."

## CROSS THE CAMPUS

By Philip Space

I suppose it would be the proper thing to wish every body a happy new year and all that, but it probably wouldn't do any good. We've been wishing it every year since somebody got the idea, and every one, year I mean, has been just as bad as the one before. People are funny, aren't they?

Say! Did you know that the annual is going to be one of the best this year? And to think, the cover design came from a stocking box. But K's in a dreadful fix. Honest she is. She's figured out the number of freshmen and the number of pages, and she has to put 19 and 4-5 of a freshman on each page. Now where did that 4-5 freshman get? And who is she? Sounds queer but figures don't lie.

Margaret Henderson wants publicity. On the way back to school she was asking for a reporter. Nell Edwards was along so guess Nell got the job. Ought to make a good story!

Styles are changing—even here. Yes! It seems to be the latest to wear hats in the library. Maybe they're going to serve the tea Frances Wells was asking about last Fall. Anyway, see Liz Morgan about the type of hat suitable for library wear. Mary Snow is the new editor of the Colonnade. Sorry to see Margaret go but just leave it to Mary Snow. I believe she knows how to do anything! Margaret is business manager or some sort of manager, I don't know what. And there's some new furniture in the staff room! I believe that's some of the Corinthian's work. Wish somebody'd put a bunch of flowers in there. But I guess that there are lots of things I'd

wish in place of that if I got a chance.

Oh, I almost forgot to tell you. Everybody be sure to get a Union Recorder this week. It's being edited by the journalism class. Anita Cox is "Sir Boss," and some of the other budding reporters aren't so bad. It really should be a rare edition. I said rare and not raw!

Bobbie Burns was questioning a group of girls to see who was the laziest. Lucy Hern spoke up with "not me, not me" (using the American form of "I") Bobby replied, "Be careful Lucy, remember "Hit dog hollows" "Ump," says Lucy, "not if you hit 'im hard enough."

I hear history students are getting rather familiar with certain historical characters, familiar in the sense that one of them was calling Mr. Aaron Burr by his first name. Oh, to know all of 'em well!

Now, just for a matter of variety, stand on your head to finish this:

Phillip Space?  
tion is to hand in the physics or  
my physics experiment. The ques-  
this page is written on the back of  
P. S. Have just discovered that  
Phillip Space  
Hurry! Yours,  
tired. I am,  
Well, you must be getting pretty  
No need for everybody to wor-  
the teachers.  
it 'worry' but that—leave that to  
to worry about but exams? I would-  
Everybody happy?—With nothing  
must have had a terrible time.  
and—the printer down town—he  
my standing on my head to type it.  
in the monotony of things. Imagine  
time it took to fix this little break  
And remember what a terrible

## WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

Are you going to some little town, get you a teaching position and ten years later retire as an old maid?

Are you going to marry the day you receive your degree, settle down in a little white cottage with roses rambling 'round the door?

Are you going into Social Science Work?

Are you going into Scientific Work?

Are you going into Politics?

Regardless, of where you are going, what you are going to do, there is no better time to start preparing than right here on the G. S. C. W. campus.

Norman Thomas, Socialist leader says, "The best experience for the political future of any college student is to begin work right on the campus.

If students contemplate a political career they should begin by agitating wholesome reforms at the

University."

Mr. Thomas continued "Few students talk about anything of great importance. They limit their conversation to parties, dates, football and the like. College camuses are cursed by the idea that thoughts such as this should make up the general program of discussion." Ten years from now you'll wish you could come back to college even if it was just a year so that you could take advantage of the numerous opportunities offered here on the campus.

The library has sufficient literature on any subject in which you might be interested.

Your classmates have information that might be of value to you, if only you would discuss your plans with them.

It doesn't make so much difference where you're going but how are you going?

# THE COLONNADE

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## WHAT I HOPE TO GET OUT OF COLLEGE

It's like traveling a long, long road—and at the end what have you? Once, while I was in Virginia, I rode for five miles back into the mountains. It was a lovely ride. October had been spilled over the woods like an upset rainbow, coloring the leaves with a million rich hues. Red berries and wild asters lined the bridge path with crimson and deep purple. From the summit of a cliff I could look down upon the world—down upon the city, the river, and the cornfields of Virginia. It thrilled me and filled my soul with something which can only be described with a divine vocabulary. It is beyond the power of human beings to put it into words. To me college is like that. You can't tell one who hasn't been there what it is, or what you expect to get out of it. It is too deep. They see only the outline—like that of far away mountain forests. One must penetrate their depths to get the beauty, the color, and the greatness of it all. In the depths of a college education I think there must be two component parts. There is one part which is fact—pure fact. That which the world calls knowledge—something one can learn from books. I want this. I expect to get it in my college course. I want to know about men who have lived before—and what they have done. Men like Caesar and Napoleon, men like Aristotle and Boyle and like Washington and Wilson, and like one of our own—a mind which has just passed—Thomas A. Edison. I want to know why they being dead, yet live; why we, living, live richer lives because of them; what part they played in laying the foundation for 1931.

I want to know persons, too, who have lived in the mind—creations of Poe and Kipling, Thackeray and others. I want to dig into their

thoughts, their ideas and ideals; to receive bits of their lives to know better how to live my own. I want to know the why and how of things; why forces act and their results; why energy and how it is used up; why elements and all their many combinations. I want to understand the laws of science and as they have been worked out by masterminds. I want to know what I can do when I have finished school; how I can work and give my best to something. I want to learn all that college can teach me about a certain subject so that I shall have a background for further work along that line. I want to know a little about most things and most about one thing. This I hope to get in college.

This and more—There is another side to education. The side that has baffled pupils and doctors alike—that something that is so vital in the shaping of a personality. It turns like an undercurrent through college life, like a hidden stream beneath tangled wild grape vines; the unseen, sustaining the seen. The invisible, building up characters that shall rule the world. It may be result of association—association with many who are older and wiser than we; association with hundreds of others more nearly the same age, who come, bringing from different sections of the country and even from different countries, the background, the little peculiarities of their homes, who are all striving for one thing—a college education.

Perhaps it is the associations of or with things. In college, I expect to find the books, the music, the material substance which lead one to a higher life. I expect to find independence; living in a crowd, and yet alone; planning for oneself and acting for oneself, yet respecting the close contact of others. I hope to find the meaning of "will", and its power. Another and perhaps one of the

most important parts of unwritten lessons in college, as I have found it, is a wonderful sense of humor; an ability to see little human weaknesses and laugh at them; an ability to laugh in spite of an aching heart. I think so often the small tragic side of college life is overlooked in literature and in reality. Those who have graduated seem to have forgotten; those who are coming in do not know; and those who are here do not wish to talk of it. But it is necessary. It is a part of this thing we call education.

These are the things I want and hope to find in college—culture, knowledge, the ability to earn my own living and fit into the great machine of humanity, independence, an understanding, humor, and that unexplainable something which will enable me to live my life with service and with charm to its richest, fullest, most beautiful limit!

## WORLD AFFAIRS

In a recent article "Manhattan Mischief" by James Asivell, published in the January College Humor gives the startling advice, "Don't come to New York City." "The columnists, preacher's, novelists and parents who have so long intimated at the dark iniquities of Manhattan should be ashamed of themselves. They are sending armies of young men into the town every year under false pretenses."

A. Burke Harmon, president of the Harmon Foundation declares that the number of students who fail to pay back college loans after graduation shows that the average student comes out of college today without an appreciation of the actual situations he will have to meet in his business or professional affairs.

Chinese students, like European students, are very politically minded. The Manchurian situation has given them another opportunity to express their political consciousness. Government officials dare not oppose them. Large groups of students seized the municipal buildings in Shanghai, and when in complete control forced the mayor of the city to grant their demands.

## BERETS AT LAST!

An announcement received with great enthusiasm by all uniform students at the Georgia State College for Women was that made last week by Mrs. E. C. Beaman representing the uniform committee, which declared the wearing of berets with the uniform on cold and rainy days, now permitted on this campus.

This privilege which is granted temporarily, carries with it the understanding that girls are not to abuse it by wearing the berets on all occasions, but only during inclement weather. The result of this test will determine whether various colored or uniform berets shall be worn, or whether either kind will be allowed. This step on the part of the uniform committee is typical of the efforts being made constantly by that body to make every possible improvement and change for the good of the student body.

## WHY CAGE THE RADIO?

The latest requirement of the Education Department is a cage for the radio, but for a most unexpected reason. Some have offered the explanation that the enclosure was to prevent too much human interference, but we're glad to say, such is

not the case. As a matter of fact, the screen was put up as a study in controlling the magnetic influences set up by the organ and moving picture generators. The screening prevents electrical waves from entering the apparatus, thus abolishing a great deal of the static. By putting condensers on the motors, it is possible to ground the arcs which by interfering with the waves cause static.

Since the organ and moving picture machine cause a great deal of noise in all Milledgeville radios, the success of the screening will make for more enjoyment to radio fans, especially on Saturday nights. And who knows but what a fad for caged radios may be the result.

## LOST—AN IMAGINATION

"Remember, how long we used to play Lady in the apple trees? Remember, when the trees were all covered with pink and white, how they were our castles and Ann was King Arthur and I was Lancelot, while you were Guinevere?" It was that—that recalling of childish fantasies—in a letter that set me thinking about imaginations. Yes, I remembered. And I remembered the locust grove where we were Indians, wrecked sailors, Africans, in turn. I remembered the hut we built, the sticks that served as horses. So long ago it seems. How nice it would be now to turn sticks into horses, trees into castles, chairs into ships. Idle fancy! Impractical daydreams! I said to myself. But really impractical? And then I began to realize that this old world might be a better place to live in if most of us hadn't put away our imaginations when we put away "The Bobsey Twins" and "Robin Crusoe," if we hadn't laid away our imaginations in a dusty old trunk in the attic and then forgotten we'd ever had one. Imaginations, I mean, not trunk or attic. Imaginations—lost? I have the greatest respect for reality but right now I'm discovering a respect for unreality that I thought I had used up. How many of us are simply living lives of cut and dried patterns. Getting up, eating grapefruit or what have you, going about the daily routine in the same matter of fact way that we have been doing every other day of the year. Of course, there are exceptions—some great mind that has seen beyond the real—some imagination that has grown up—And we call that genius!

## DO YOUR EXAM STUDYING EARLY

"Just two more days 'till exams."  
"My goodness!"  
"I'll declare I don't know one thing."  
"Me neither."  
"How far back do we review in French?"  
"To the reign of Henry VIII—I think that's his name. Isn't he the one that beheaded Queen Mary?"  
"Not as I know of, I don't even remember him! That just goes to prove I don't know one thing!"  
Then, girls, it's about time you started. All this gabbing and complaining isn't going to help you on exams. But plain old-fashioned study! Do you know what this is? Well I'll tell you. A long time ago people actually concentrated on what they were studying. Yes sir! sometimes they could sit as long as two whole hours and not one time think about Harry or Jim, their new dress, the hole in their stocking or the different methods of teaching

# Lafferbit

They called him Daniel—he was such a boon to his family.—Watanagan.

She—who gave the bride away? He—I could have but I kept my mouth shut.—Indiana Bored Walk.

The ultimate in women's clothes is when they can feel the coolest and look the hottest.—Rammer Jammer.

The girls in Mansion are very religious. Everytime Dr. Beeson has a reception they stick their heads out the window and say "Ah men!"—G. S. C. W. Special.

A Scotch was engaged in an argument with a conductor as to whether the fare was 5 or 10 cents. Finally the disgusted conductor picked up the Scotchman's suitcase and tossed it off the train, just as he passed a bridge. It landed with a splash.

"Man," screamed Sandy, "isn't it enough to try and over charge me, but now you try to drown my little boy?"—Puppet.

Semi-final examinations have been scheduled for the week of January 18. There will be an examination in each subject during the last hour the class meets in the week.

This schedule marks a departure from the usual program for final examinations. Heretofore, the student has been to set aside three days for exams.

Under the new plan the examinations will be only one hour in duration.

## ON RECEIPT OF A LETTER

I have had a dream  
Come back to me today;  
A dream I thought was torn to shreds  
Or if perchance it were still whole,  
Would never find the way.

I am oh, so glad  
to take you to my breast  
(So young a dream for wandering  
You must be weary of it all.)—  
And give you peace and rest.  
I've no fear of skies,

Nor ought that they can bring—  
And sorrows past and scarlet sins  
Are as the wind, accompaniment  
For songs I now can sing.

Now I thank thee, Lord  
Although I cannot see  
The high blue shining guiding star  
That from some unknown hell afar  
Brought back my dream to me.

My little dream come back—  
And yet so big it is  
That it can hold the sky and sea,  
And fill a heart with ecstasy,  
And rift life's mysteries. —M. A.

used by their teachers. But that was in the good old days when college rooms weren't galleries of the mole species the girls had but one dress a year and they wore cotton stockings so holes were scarce and had only one teacher whose method they thought was the world's best.

Here I've taken up two good minutes that could be spent on studying.

# G. S. C. W. For The Alumnae



# THE ALUMNAE For G. S. C. W.

## 1931 ALMUNAE

Elizabeth Yearly, Cochran, Georgia, Summer School A. B. is teaching the fourth grade at Duluth, Georgia.  
Eka Childs, Omaha, Georgia, Summer School B. S. in Education; is teaching at Dearing, Georgia.  
Kathleen Derrick, Atlanta, Georgia, Summer School B. S. in Education; is teaching in Atlanta.  
Minnie Mae Grant, Leslie, Georgia, Summer School B. S. in Education; is teaching in Milan, Georgia.  
Nannie Laville Greenway, Bartow, Georgia, Summer School B. S. in Education; is teaching in Winterville, N. C.  
Pearl Hackett, Macon, Georgia, Summer School B. S. in Education; is teaching in Lumber City, Georgia.  
Julia Heisler, Thomasville, Georgia, Summer School B. S. in Education; is teaching at Wrens, Georgia.  
Martha Deloache is teaching at La Grange, Georgia.  
Mae Drew, Ellaville, Georgia, is teaching in Florida.  
Ella Thompson, Milledgeville, Georgia, is teaching the second grade at Ocoee, Georgia.  
Katherine Fenn is teaching at Sycamore, Georgia.  
Myrtle Morris is teaching the second grade at Norcross, Georgia.  
Katherine Farmer is teaching the first grade at Mitchell.  
Edna Tigner, Greenville, Georgia, is teaching French at Shiloh, Georgia.

Margaret Strong is teaching in the primary grades near Murrayville, Georgia.  
Frances Yarborough is working with the Wesson Oil Company.  
Wylene Collins, Marietta, Georgia, Summer School Normal Course, is teaching at Marietta.

Irene Elliot, McDonough, Georgia, Summer School Normal Course; is teaching the fifth and sixth grades near McDonough.

Julia Laura Harper, Waycross, Georgia, Summer School Normal Course; is teaching at Waycross.  
Estelle Elizabeth Hendry, Ludowici, Summer School Normal Course in Home Economics; is teaching the second grade at Ludowici.

"Where are you from?" I finally interrupted desperately, hoping to stem the tide, stop the leak in the dike, find a storm cellar, or what have you?

She told me, and fool that I was, I mentioned that I had a friend there—and she was off again!

"O he's a good old guy. Fact, I had a date with him the night before I came down here. He's a ratin' kid around home. By the way, did you hear about me organizing the Noodle Club back home? Yeah, I hated to do it, seemed like pushing myself, but they kept insisting. The trouble with them is that they haven't got enough pep. It takes a person with plenty of pep to put a think like that across. Now I'm not bragging, because the rest of the girls are absolutely stagnated, but I have got more pep than they have."

I took advantage of a brief breathing spell to put in more desperately than ever, "Your hair looks very pretty."

"Ha ha," her full, rich laughter rang out, "That's a joke. I never waved it in my life, just push it around a bit every now and then."  
"Well, goodbye, I'm going to the library to look up a book or something. I'll see you later."

"To the library?" shrieked little Merry Sunshine, "Well, I'll just go along with you, I haven't anything else to do."

And that it a true story of why I am in a padded cell today. They wonder why I bite people who come into my cell grinning cheerfully, but they have never met her.

Have you noticed a copy of "The Golden Book" lately? It seems to have cut off some of its interest and most of its dignity when it cut down its size.  
When we were home Christmas.

## MAY I PRESENT

There are certain people in the world who are interesting as individuals. But there are also people who characterize a type. In the last few years there has been an increasing tendency to emphasize type. However, there are some who, without effort, fall into a certain class.

Yesterday as I started across the campus, a rather small girl with a broad grin—I beg your pardon—a broad grin on a rather small girl, came bouncing up beside me.

"Hello, Kiddo," she shouted, and slapped me on the back with such force that my knees almost gave away.

I managed a weak salutation, but it never reached her consciousness for she was off on some odd subject. After a second of trying to gather my wits against her bombardment of words and phrases, rare sentences, I discovered that she was trying to tell me of some course she was taking. According to her, the course was the "nerfs." It so happened that I had had the course, and I told her so, but that only served to make her think she had a sympathetic, understanding audience.

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All the little boys were running around saying, "Boy, you ain't got grain one!" or "I'm sorry, but my car doesn't have brake one on it." or suchlike expressions. We haven't heard the expression once since we've been back at school. Is it too undignified, or too old, or what?

What's become of the fall yo-yo crop?

The next person who comes up to us and says, "Which would you rather do or go fishing?" is going to get a sock in the nose. We've heard that one before.

Ditto the idiot that warbles, "If exam time comes, can Spring be far behind." We also know the answer to that one.

Mr. Benjamin Gump, who recently underwent a broken heart may be seen following a certain good-looking blonde around.

You're right, Maria, there is no need following a certain good-looking blonde around.

Open letter to Phillip Space: Dear Madam:

Will you please reprint your formula for walking on the paving block path? I got wonderful results when I used your recipe but I have mislaid it and am now on the verge of a nervous breakdown trying to remember it.

Gratefully yours,  
Y. C. O.

## "I DREAMED LAST NIGHT"

Did your room mate sleepily roll out of bed this morning telling you about that insane dream she had last night? Of how she went down town Friday and right in front of Bell's she met this strange young man? Getting closer to him she saw that it was "ole" sweet thing" himself! About that time the whistle blew and the dream was gone like all nice dreams go. You told her that the very opposite of her dream would come to pass, didn't you? And she went through the whole day wondering what that dream meant anyway.

Our generation is not the first to wonder about dreams and their meanings. In fact some of the oldest songs and stories in every language tell of dreams and visions, which have played an important part in the history of the world and of individuals.

You can readily call to mind many famous dreams of the Bible—the vision of Jacob's Ladder—the dream that Pontius Pilate's wife had, warning him to have nothing to do with the trial of Jesus—the dream in which God told Joseph to "take the young child Jesus, and Mary, his mother, and go into Egypt." And you remember that Joseph and Daniel gained much of their power through their clever interpretation of dreams.

Then it is said that Columbus saw his discovery of America in a dream, and that Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar and Joan of Arc were foretold of their deaths in dreams.

What did you dream last night?"

## PCEM IN MAIN BUILDING FIRE

In 1924, soon after Dr. Daniels came to teach at G. S. C. W., he wrote a poem entitled "Georgia's Loved State College" in tribute to our college. Dr. Daniels tells the story of the poem as follows:

"This poem was composed a week or so before the fire that destroyed the Main Building on December 8, 1924. It was handed to Miss Tucker a few days before the fire, and the morning after the fire I found the poem, scorched and stained by water near the piano that did not burn in the basement adjacent to Parks Hall."

Georgia's Loved State College  
From valleys where twine the scuppernon vine and the jasmine in garlanding festal;  
From forested hills where rollicking rills aye mirror shadow and sheen,  
And magnolias sow their roses of snow as chaste as the breast of a vestal,  
And from mountain-wolds where the pine unfolds his plumes of perennal green;  
From lordly plains where King Cotton reigns and carefree darkies are sunning,  
And the billowing corn fills Plenty's horn with its store of nuggets of gold,  
And the peach is a flush with a lureful blush like a maiden coy in her cunning;—  
From this Georgia land as wealthful and grand as a fabulous region of old:

Right in your own family you know instances of dreams which have been thought to have warned of unexpected joys, of danger or of death to some loved one.

Indeed, though much dream lore is clouded with foolish superstition, there are many interesting facts known about dreams. It is common knowledge that dreams are the impressions or thoughts that pass through our minds when we sleep.

Some scientists hold that we are dreaming all the time we are asleep, but, of course, we do not always remember because our waking thought overshadow the dream thoughts. It is an interesting fact that blind people do not dream of colors, or deaf people of sounds.

Helen Keller, after she was taught to speak, often talked in her sleep. The explanation as to what makes us dream about certain things ranges all the way from the purely superstitious to the scientific. Some think that we always dream of something we have seen or thought though we may not have been conscious of having seen or thought that particular thing. Psychologists say that these impressions have been recorded upon the "sub-conscious mind" but have been crowded out, or have been repressed by the will. To illustrate this one hears the story of the saintly old lady who could be heard by the neighbors "cursing like a trooper"—in her sleep! Quite the opposite of this is the poetic fancy that when a baby smiles in his sleep, "the angels are talking to him."

What did you dream last night?"

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What did you dream last night?"

## Refrain

We throng thy classic halls, we hearken unto thy calls, As shod with might, serene in right, thou bearest thy banner o'er us; While comradeship endears the nimble, fleeting years, Our grateful hearts ring out in joyful chorus:

## Chorus

Hail and all hail to thee, O Georgia's Loved State College! Proudly do we proclaim the glory of thy wondrous fame! Never forgotten shalt thou be, dear shrine of knowledge! Long shall our hearts of hearts adore thy name!

And in afterdays when memory strays with the loving companions present In those days of yore that forevermore will blaze in a glory sublime,

When the spirit was free as a boundless sea and the paths of our feet were pleasant, And life, agleam with a radiant dream, lay lapped in a magical clime;

Then a tender mist, while the heart is whist, will effuse from the tears that have started, And the love of our mates that never abates in its tender urge is our soul,

Will flash int flame at each cherished name, and the veil of the years will be parted, And once again as happy as when our feet first thither did stroll:

## Refrain

We throng thy classic halls, we hearken unto thy calls, As shod with might, serene in right, thou bearest thy banner o'er us; While comradeship endears the nimble, fleeting years, Our grateful hearts ring out in joyful chorus:

## Chorus

Hail and all hail to thee, O Georgia's Loved State College! Proudly do we proclaim the glory of thy wondrous fame! Never forgotten shalt thou be, dear shrine of knowledge! Long shall our heart of hearts adore thy name!

## A FORTUNE

How fortunate was I the day that you removed the wall That withholds the common lot of men, And allowed me to explore Your Soul.

Nobility of character like precious stones Is never fractured. And though I handled every one Thy brighter grew Until it seemed they would outshine The lights of iridescent sands, Yet not a stone there was Which glowed with self.

I marvelled How could it be? A soul so filled with love That self had been forgot. 'Tis a touch of divinity That gives the stones their light, And a tiny light is growing into mine Through the blessing of Your friendship.

How fortunate was I the day that you removed the wall That withholds the common lot of men, And allowed me to explore Your Soul.

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B. B.

**THE FIG LEAF**

Well, girlyes, for a very short while I want you to indulge me while I fancy a fanciful fantasy from a phatasmogorium.

The Scene: A dingy (unnecessary adjective) room in Penfield Hall.

The Characters: Uriah Thumtub, a student whose hobby is scientific experimentation with a supernatural twist; Your Correspondent; and the world at large with all its people.

As the curtain rises Uriah is seen bent over a queer looking contraption resembling a crystal radio set. Enter the Alpine Milkman.

Uriah: "Europa!" (snaps fingers in disgust) "Aw, hell, I mean 'Eureka!'"

A. M.: (grinning at his own wit) "Where do eureka, John?"

U.: "That's ancient Peruvian for 'In flew a dead duck' but you should see from the context that I have found it."

A. M.: "Found what?"

U.: "It! The soothsayer machine. I shall call it the Sophotube!"

A. M.: (remembering his own childhood) "What makes it tick?"

U.: "This delicate instrument will record any human speech, just like a phonograph, but it has the peculiar property of being able to translate the speech from the falsehood that it usually is to the naked, uncomprising truth!"

A. M.: (who has read Mutt & Jeff) "Interesting if true. Have you tested it?"

U.: "Not yet. That's where you come in. I have just turned on the current. Now tell the machine where you got that necktie."

A. M.: "That's easy. I borrowed it from a brother in the lodge."

U.: "Now I will reverse the current. Listen!"

The Sophotube "entered the room of a fraternity brother when I knew he was at class and took it without his knowledge or consent."

Your correspondent picks up a wrench without further ado and proceeds to make a valiant attempt at smashing the machine, but is restrained by the strong arm of Uriah, who used to play left tit on the tit-tat-toe team.

U.: "Wait! You and I are the sole possessors of this secret.

Let us see what we can find out with it. I promise you that no one else will ever know."

Your correspondent secretly pushes the lever that reverses the current.

Sophotube: "I will keep this secret unless I get hard up for cash."

Your correspondent and Uriah join hands over the Sophotube and repeat in unison: "All for one and one for all."

Sophotube: "Until one gets in the way of the other."

**Asbestos Curtain on the first act.**  
Well, girlyes, don't you think the Sophotube has possibilities?

In future installments we shall take the Sophotube into every conceivable nook and cranny, and get the lowdown on lots of things. I'm sure you will be interested. (At this points the Sophotube sticks its head from behind the curtain and blurts out: "It doesn't matter whether or not you're interested. I'm just writing this to take up space.")

The Alpine Milkman

**A ONE ACT PLAY**

Sh—Keep still and very quiet. The doctor is here and is in the patient's room to diagnose the case. I cannot believe the little one is critically sick, at least not so dangerous as we have been led to believe.

The doctor has been requested to make an exhaustive examination and submit his diagnosis.

We know that the little pet of

the school has not been exposed unnecessarily and has not had any contact with contagious diseases. How long he takes. We can only wait, wait wait, a woman's part. See, the nurse is beckoning us to come. Courage now; Hope only for the best.

The doctor raising his eyes from the bedside and calling to his aid his most pleasing and effective antidote, a genuine smile, said in his rich mellow voice "Well folk, I have made a thorough examination of your patient and am glad to report that I'd find no organic trouble. Her pulse is normal, her respiration just a wee bit below normal, satisfactory however, but ladies her CIRCULATION is bad, very bad. It indicates conclusively that she has been undernourished and underfed. I find a lack of the essential vitamins A. B. and C. interest, cooperation, and not a trace of money. She should be given a strong diet of personal interest on the part of her founders, an unlimited portion of loyalty from the student body and all the green food represented by greenbacks of the one dollar variety from Uncle Sam's garden.

I will leave a prescription composed of equal parts of Spirits of your Alma Mater, personal efforts to arouse the old alumnae unanimous support of the student body and the faculty, shake well administer daily during the remainder of the scholastic year. Ladies I think this will restore her and cure the little infection of indebtedness I found. If this is not corrected soon it may develop into something chronic.

Good morning ladies, I will drop in again when passing, good bye. Friends:

The patient is the ward of G. S. C. W. The child of our brains. The connecting link between the present personnel of the student body and those who have gone out into the highways and by-ways to live a life embodying the principles of true womanhood your Alma Mater has so faithfully striven to place upon a pedestal before you in your college days as an inspiration to each and every girl that has her way.

**ATLANTA CLUB**

The Atlanta Club of G. S. C. W. sponsored a dance December 30, 1931, at the West End Civic Club at Gordon Street, Atlanta. Miss Mary Snow Johnson, president of the club, was hostess and Mrs. C. A. Littleton chaperoned. The club was beautifully decorated in Christmas colors.

Among those present were Misses Elizabeth Proctor, Lucile Jones, Frances Holsenbeck, Helen Barnett, Elizabeth Center, Helen Ennis, Louise Butt, Mary Snow Johnson, Rosa Fannie Berman, Catherine Littleton, Margaret Huie, Evelyn Wheat, Estelle McDaniel, Lera Beth Brown, Dorothy Fugitt, Katie Israil, Pauline Suttentfield and Messers Paul Lucas, William H. Talbot, Jim Carroll, Clarence Terry, Harry Leadingham, Basil, Cochran Allen, Jr., McAva Allen, Ben Wengraw, Borden Wesley, Jack Quanles, Dick Aderhold, Dan Holsenbeck, H. E. Smith, James Reeves, Charlie Taylor Howard Holloway, Jack Lichtenstein, Jack Landers, Jack Clay, Ben Rogers, Jr., Cecil Peacock, Robert Hooks, Wayne Higgens, Bill Eskew, Bernard Ramsey, William Layton, Staunch Beens, Ed Johnson.

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