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COLONADE

VOL. 46 NO. 10

GEORGIA COLLEGE AT MILLEDGEVILLE

JANUARY 15, 1971

Student Advisors Hold Meeting

The January meeting of the Student Advisors Council to the Board of Regents was held Monday, January 11, 1970, on the campus of Georgia College. The Council is made up of Student Body Presidents and College Government Presidents of the University System of Georgia. This council is in its fourth year of existence. It is divided into committees to deal with different problems of the University System.

The purpose of this council is to make proposals and recommendations to the Board of Regents. Some recent accomplishments of this organization include obtaining a holiday for all students on National Election days. Many more things are now being discussed that later might be advantages for students.

One of the needs of students being discussed involves sex education. The council realizes that there exists on Georgia's college campuses today a clear and present need for health

Environmental Interest

The Milledgeville Environmental Interest Group met on January 12, 1971, at Chappell Hall Auditorium with a brief business meeting at 7:00 p.m., and the program at 7:30 p.m.

Mr. Allen C. Hart, Executive director of the Georgia Conservancy, spoke on "You and the Environmental Protection Act."

The National Environmental Policy Act was signed on January 1, 1970, as the first official bill of 1970. Mr. Hart says that the decade of the 70's will be "The Decade of the Environment."

This act states that the government will use all knowledge available to create an environment which is useful for succeeding generations. The goals are to make sure that what is here now will be here for future generations, to consider the aesthetic value of areas, to know what the consequences of our actions will be, and to balance population and resources.

The next meeting of this group will be on January 26, 1971 at 7:30 p.m. in Room 116, Herty Hall.

services in the area of sex education, contraceptive service, and abortion counseling. The council is proposing plans for informing students of these things, especially incoming freshmen.

Other items being debated involve drug education, legal aid for students by College Government Associations, and nursery schools for children of married college students. They also are discussing the formation of a uniform calendar for all schools in the University system.

The morning meeting here at Georgia College started at 10:00 A.M. in Lanier Hall. It was presided over by the Chairman, Quinn Hudson from Georgia State University in Atlanta. A luncheon was held at noon in the mansion with an afternoon meeting following.

Elections Scheduled

A special election will be held on Monday, January 25 for Senate vacancies. The day students must elect 2 new senators, Bell Annex has 2 vacancies, while the Honors Dorm will need one new senator. petitions for candidacy may be obtained at the Post Office window starting Friday, January 15 and must be placed in the ballot box there by Wednesday, January 20 at noon. The Day Student Election will be held in the Day student Lounge from 8:30 to 2 on Monday, January 25, while Bell Annex and the Honors Dorm elections will be held on the same day from 5 to 6 in each of the 2 dorms.

On February 3, the election of the officers of College Government Association will be held. At this time a president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, a male and female Chairman of Honor Council, Editor of the Colonade and Editor of the Spectrum will be elected. Candidacy forms can be obtained at the Post Office window starting Tuesday, January 19 and must be placed in the marked ballot box there by 6 o'clock Tuesday, January 26. There will be a meeting of all candidates at 5 o'clock Wednesday, January 27 in Parks 201.

Showboat Is Christened

Madame Effie's Floating Palace, the Showboat to top all Showboats is now in the planning stages. The show to be held on February 23, 1971, at 7:30 p.m. at Russell Auditorium, is being held for the benefit of the American Cancer Society and will be the product of a joint effort of Georgia College, Baldwin High School, and the Milledgeville community.

The show will include singing, dancing, music, and an amazing array of talent of all kinds. Effort will be made to re-create the atmosphere of a showboat one hundred years ago. This will include the appearance and crowds of the time.

Russell Auditorium will be decorated outside and inside as closely as possible to resemble a real showboat and a river wharf. The people working at the show will be dressed in costumes of the era, and they will attempt to be reincarnations of the people who frequented the wharfs. There will be something for everyone to enjoy, and there are plenty of jobs for anyone who wants to help.

All the chairman for the show are from Georgia College and the co-chairman are from Baldwin High. On Tuesday, January 19, at 7:00 p.m. there will be a meeting in Ennis Rec Hall of all people interested in performing, working, or lending moral support to the Showboat. Everybody who wants to help will be welcomed and put to work. For further information contact Vickie Fincher at any time, and she will attempt to explain what you want to know.

GC Theatre Produces

Erskine Caldwell's Tobacco Road, as adapted by Jack Strickland, will be performed in Russell Auditorium the third week in February 1971.

The cast of Georgia College students are: Harris Young, Sandy Della Guistina, Thomas Hicks, Mem Moore, Brig Simmons, Masee Bateman, Barbara Lord, Carole Lawrence, Jimmy Edwards, Cindy Hudson, and Bob Goddard.

Peace Corps Degree Extended

Brockport, N.Y., Jan. 4, 1971-The State University of New York, College at Brockport is looking for students who want to earn college credit while preparing to teach mathematics and science as Peace Corps volunteers in Latin America.

Peace Corps and college officials announced today that the unique Peace Corps College Degree program at Brockport will be extended to the admission of a fifth group of candidates in June, 1971.

The decision by the Peace Corps to extend the four-year-old program, was made after a comprehensive evaluation in which graduates of the program serving as Peace Corps volunteers in Peru, Colombia, El Salvador, Honduras and the Dominican Republic were interviewed along with their host country counterparts and overseas Peace Corps staff.

The program is open to students who are in good standing at any accredited college or university and who will have completed their sophomore or junior year by June, 1971.

Applications must be made to

Six Flags Team To Hold Talent Auditions

Want to spend this summer on stage? Whatever your particular talent might be, an audition team from Six Flags Over Georgia will "give a look" when it tours Georgia Colleges during the week of February 1 through 6.

The Six Flags team will be searching for dancers, vocalists, instrumentalists, and all kinds of group and individual variety acts. Performers will be selected for productions at the park's Crystal Pistol Music Hall and for on-grounds entertainment.

The first audition will be held in Macon on Monday, February 1, at Mercer University's Connell Student Center, Room 314, at 3:00 p.m.

The audition team will be in

the Peace Corps College Degree Program; State University College at Brockport; Brockport, New York 14420 by March 1.

The program is designed to fill the need for mathematics and science teachers in developing Latin American countries. It includes one academic year flanked by two summers of fully subsidized and integrated academic courses and Peace Corps training.

Graduates receive either an A.B. or B.S. degree, secondary school teacher certification and an assignment overseas to a binational educational team, as a Peace Corps volunteer. While they are serving overseas, volunteers may earn up to 12 hours of graduate credit.

Unique features of the program include: Academic credit for Peace Corps training; two fully-subsidized summer sessions totaling 30 semester credit hours; in-depth Peace Corps training which is fully synchronized with a liberal arts education; specialized professional preparation; individualized programs; intensive audio-lingual Spanish training in small classes; opportunity for double majors, and supervised overseas graduate work.

According to Peace Corps officials, the Brockport program is the only one in the country to grant full academic credit for Peace Corps training.

Rome on Tuesday, February 2, at the Choral Rehearsal Room of Shorter College at 3:00 p.m.

On Wednesday, February 3, an audition will be held in Athens at the University of Georgia Student Union Ballroom at 3:00 p.m.

Savannah State College's Student Center will be the site of a Six Flags audition on Thursday, February 6, the Six Flags team will be at Georgia State University in Atlanta at 3:00 p.m. Auditions will be held in Assembly Rooms 3 and 4.

A final Georgia audition will be held in Atlanta on Saturday, February 13, at the Holiday Inn-Six Flags at 1:00 p.m.

Introducing a new addition-

The Egg And Eye

See page five

This is a literary page. It is for YOU. It will be as long, or as short, as you the students want to make it. Contribute your literary creativity to the Colonnade office (Slip it furtively through the mail slot); to Vicki Fincher or to Thomas Hicks.

This Side Of The Mirror

by Charlie Sudderrth

My body has to be the only case of total mismanagement of materials in existence. From the top of my neatly cropped head to the tip of my second toe (I say second toe because it is longer than my big toe.) I am a limping, coughing flop.

Perched atop shoulders that should belong to a half-back, rests my head. It is an unusual object which periodically causes me to lapse into fits of hysterical laughter. Perhaps a morsel of description would help to clarify my insanity. Were it not for the fact that my hair is at least seven different colors I would say that it is the only normal thing in the near vicinity of my skull. But since it isn't, I won't. My hair also presents another problem which becomes very irritating twice a month. I have a straight hair line, no window's peak, and my hair gradually thins out until it thickens once again to form my eyebrows. Unlike most girls, I don't pluck my eyebrows; I merely pluck my forehead. At times, when I've been too lazy to thin my facial hair, I vaguely resemble County Dracula's second cousin, twice removed.

are, but I think that bruised bloodshot, blue-gray describes them fairly well. They are of little use to me until I put on my other eyes I don't have trouble

seeing without glasses except, of course, when I look at something. Out of this exception has grown my total dependency upon my second set of eyes which are poised precariously on my off-sized nose.

There is nothing wrong with my nose. But its shape is of questionable hereditary origin since all my relatives have snouts. Either the size and shape of my nose is a recessive trait from way back or one of my close relatives isn't closely related to me at all.

Connected to my evolutionary marvel of a nose by the arms of my glasses are my ears. They in themselves are an oddity. Being neither too large nor too small, they present only one problem. The left ear is attached to my head slightly lower than the waist. This would not be a major dilemma if I didn't wear glasses, but since I do, the frames tilt about ten degrees to the southwest.

Located almost directly beneath my unique nose is my mouth. It is relatively normal, having lips of similar size. These are usually parted wide to afford room for easy exchange of fee.

Unfortunately, my body doesn't end with my head. I now move on to a much larger problem.

The area between my

shoulders and waist is somewhat undistinguished, lacking the outstanding qualities usually associated with the female form. To say that I am flat chested is a understatement. Be to dwell upon this would be a waste of time since there is nothing there upon which to dwell.

Moving down my image, I encounter my waste-line (more properly a W-A-S-T-E-line). It can be best explained as a slight indentation on each side of my body, used solely to hold up my skirts. I choose to ignore this area and the area just below it as much as possible, but this is difficult to do, especially when I look down at my shoes. I can honestly say that I have a firm foundation.

My feet are another problem altogether—especially the left one. They bear the weight of my body's defects. They dangle quietly and take the punishment I give them. The left one is more outspoken in its grievances, however. It is this poor appendage that has borne the brunt of my accident prone nature.

As I look in the mirror, I see my image, and I am reminded of a conversation a friend of mine and I held. It went something like this: "Charley, you are the greatest." "I know it, John but size isn't everything."

Study Abroad In Spain

The English language will be outlawed for a group of Georgia college students selected to study at Spain's University of Valencia this spring.

But those who are chosen for the University System's "study abroad" program will use half of Spain as a classroom to study Spanish language and culture.

Interested students should contact Kalivoda in Baldwin Hall at the university by Feb. 15.

The overseas study is to be directed by Dr. Theodore Kalivoda of the University of Georgia.

Students will be housed in private homes during their stay in Sapin, and a 10-day tour of major points of interest is included in the study agenda.

Interested students should contact Kalivoda in Baldwin Hall at the university by Feb. 15.

Solitary Confinement

I wonder how big this room is, it's dark in here. Someone is outside. I can see his shadow in the crack under the door. This bed is hard.

I remember that Joe said a guy could go crazy in here. Maybe if I talk to myself, I can keep my mind off the darkness. I know—I'll walk off the floor, One. Two. Three. Three paces wide. No wonder it's called the hole.

I wish I knew what time it is. What day it is? I came in at six o'clock Monday evening and I've been to sleep five times. So this is Saturday. Saturday—today we get ham and eggs.

I wonder if those are Malone's feet. I'll bet he'd talk to me if I'd yell under the door. God, this floor is cold. I wish they hadn't taken my clothes. I'm too smart to crack up and hang myself.

"Malone. Is that you Malone?"

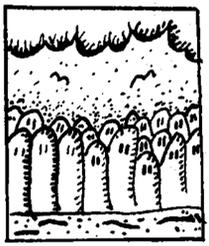
Talk to me, Malone. Just say you're out there. Malone?"

"Barnes, you and Jones get him off the floor and take him over to the infirmary."

"Malone. Malone. Talk to me Malone."

"See if you can turn him off. Who is this Malone he keeps asking for?"

"I think he's the guard who has night duty, Warden."



Silent Sharing

We walk side-by-side,
Not talking, not touching;
Listening to the wind,
As it whistles by.

Ears and eyes opened wide,
We walk from spring to spring;
Alone on a road with no end,
No one is here.

Our eyes, our only guide,
We walk remembering;
Listening to the wind,
As it whistles by.

Charlotte Sudderrth

The Pebble

You're just a pebble in the stream of my life
You're big enough to be a stepping stone
Yet you're just a pebble
You're a pebble that will change in many different ways
You will flow in the currents from stream to stream
Until someday you'll come to rest in someone's stream rather than mine.
But you will always remain that pebble I love
You're just a pebble
Where did you come from
where will you go . . . ?

by Dopp

The Bear

Dancing bear
Burned feet bastard
Bashing in the stupid skull;
pirouetting, planning off the corner
Of the square human head;
Being noble, graceful perhaps,
Though not knowing, or giving a damn,
One way or the other,
Just an animal, impeding progress.

By David Payne.

Affirmation

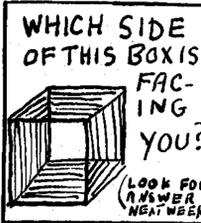
At 6:15

The black ooze of night slurs by the window as my train slices through the night. I can't remember how many times I've ridden in this car, sat in this seat, looked at these sign, or stared out this window. Too many, I guess.

I have seen the faces of these people for years. But I've never known the name of even one of them. Only the signs plastered on the sides of the car are familiar, unforgettable acquaintances.

Tired faces hide behind newspapers and magazines, afraid to look at the faces across the way. The only smile that greets me is paper hanging on the wall.

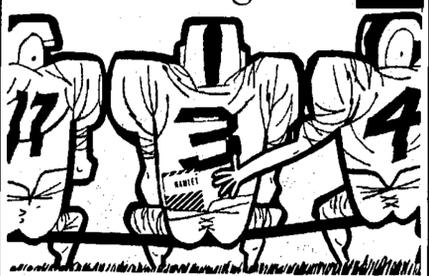
Only the conductor's hand punching tickets breaks the silence. His sad, anxious eyes look at the world through a myopic haze. He comes and punches. Then he goes back to his magazine he left on his chair under the Salvation Army posters



HARROLD'S



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Last Words Check It Out

I take one last, long look around:
All eyes are focused on me,
The faces all wear condemning frowns.
No one will set me free.

The parson climbs rickety stairs;
All eyes are focused on me,
To see that I have said my prayers.
No one will set me free.

My hands are tied behind my back;
All eyes are focused on me
No one gives me a blindfold black.
No one will set me free.

Over a beam a rope is hung;
All eyes are focused on me,
The latch that holds the trap is sprung.
No one will set me free.

My body's limp, the rope is tight;
And no one looks at me,
They let me hang all thru the night
Beneath the hangin' tree.

Charlotte Sudderrth

The old man sits alone
and ponders the paper hats
on the strained voices
at the Auld Angzine piano
and shadows
of the years gone by
climb through his eyes
onto the sculptured ceiling
and he sighs full and long
for his life has been
drawn out and stretched
by the sun and the rain
and by society
he no longer claims to be his
and wisdom
sits deep by him
curling around his head
along with the smoke
from his pipe
and he sits alone
pondering his own
and the paper hats on the floor
now
with the broken balloons
of the New Year's
celebration
of alcoholic togetherness
and confetti

TJH

Answers To Questions

- 1- Bulgarian peasant women are best at it.
- 2- It's not very likely.
- 3- It should happen again in twenty six years, seven months, and three days.
- 4- I don't know.
- 5- Five gold rings, four calling birds, three French hens, and a partridge in a pear tree.
- 6- Salt, which gives urine its characteristic yellow color.
- 7- December 6, 1941.
- 8- It's characterized by rhythmic contractions of the stomach.
- 9-A film most girls see in the fifth grade.
- 10- Juicy Fruit.

If you're a male undergraduate who admires girls with full figures, but slender legs, you're probably a campus swinger.

If a hefty girl with ample legs appeals to you, chances are you're a loser in the college environment.

A preference for a moderate build may mark you as an academic ascetic-conformist, abstentious, generous, non-self-seeking.

Three University of Illinois psychologists Jerry Wiggins, his wife Nancy, and Judith Conger Cohen, reached these conclusions after showing silhouettes of different female figures to 95 male undergraduates. The silhouettes varied in the size of the various parts. Undergraduates with certain personality traits as revealed on standard psychological tests tended to pick a certain type of figure as their favorite.

The results of the study appear in "Who's Beautiful to Whom—and Why?" in the January issue of SCIENCE DIGEST.

In two groups, what seems like a small difference in figure

preference indicates a significant difference in personality. A group called "The Winners" by the psychologists prefers an ample bust, moderate to small mid-section and moderate legs, an only slightly different configuration than that admired by "The Swingers."

"The Winners," however, are much more well-organized and career-oriented than their swinging colleagues.

In a similar study, Psychologist Nancy Minahan of Wisconsin State University showed three-quarter profile drawings of females to 200 high-school girls. All the faces were exactly the same, but the figures varied in the size of their bust, hips, and legs. Few of the girls could pick out a figure similar to their own. The prettier the high-school girl's face was, the less able she was to match a drawing to her own figure.

Older teenagers with pretty faces were particularly apt to think their figure was better than it really was, a misjudgment Dr. Minahan thinks is due to their years of successful interaction with boys.

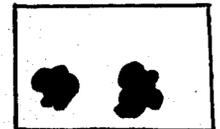
Fairy Tale

A moulted knight in jewels
armour
Riding astride a great white steed
Blindly towards a goal
unknown.
The emerald forest of crystal green
Around them rises with splendour great.
Sober now in least success in -
quest for damsel in distress,
Quietly he rides.
But hark! What voices doth he hear?

A maiden fair to be won by him
from some great evil?
Oh, now he sees her, guarded by
a dragon great.
The fire and brimstone cast an
omen on the scene,
But drunken now in great
success in quest for damsel in
distress,

He lowers his lance and charges on.
He strikes the tree and crashes
down
Stricken with death.
Air.
Flowers.
Trees.
Grass.
And only quiet reigns.
A moulted knight in jewel'd
armour
Riding astride a great white steed
Blindly towards a goal
unknown.

W.E. Clary



We've got to stop meeting like this.

To The Lady Waiting Soft

To the lady waiting softly on the
moonlit night I come,
I come to care, to share thy
great love bursting in my
breast.
I hear her footsteps nearing as
she lightly trips the path
I smell her sweetness-I feel her
warmth beside.
We meet-we kiss-we linger.

For the few bright shining stars
that filter through the trees
which meet high overhead,
I lavish praise.
She drifts away and softly
speaks; her voice is soothing
balm
to ears that ache from silence.
The words are misty; the tone
unclear,
And I in innocence am slow to
comprehend.

Once again we touch, then we part-
For I am alone-I stand alone
The mighty oak before the wind
I must not fall.
But oft when I wake with the
moon still high,
I stand by the window in hushed
silence.

Ad for the many fainter stars
which bend to meet my gaze,
I have no praise.
And once again I hear her voice
I feel her softness all around
me.

We meet-we touch-and then we part.

For as I said before
I am alone-I stand alone
The oak, the mighty oak
beneath the wind
I topple down.

W.E. Clary

It's Mike's

The greenest of velvet greens

And hallways made by
The boughs of overhanging
trees.

The simplicity of the softly,
subtly

Spoken whispers of the wind
As it glides through the wood.

Thoughts of places cool and soft
And the richness of being there

With you.

Preparing always

The crystal halls of my heart
For your spoken footfalls

Of love.

Always I wait,

Tiring sometimes of the anxiety

Of sitting.

Always waiting,

I hope patience is rewarded,

With your smile.

Simpson

Time has come for all or us

To think for just a while,

And time has come for all of us

To think upon a smile.

I say hello

I love you so

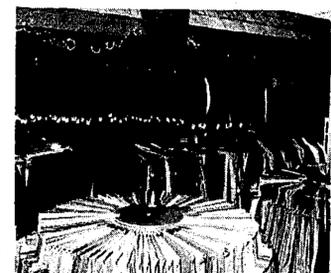
It's been a lonely mile.

But now you're here

To quell my fear

I hope you never go.

Simpson



Shop Nash's Squire Shop for your clothing needs. We have an excellent selection of permanent pressed flares and dress slacks, shirts, sweaters, ties, & belts.

Come by and let our sales staff help you with your clothing needs.

NASH'S & Nash's Squire Shop

V L F

For personal reasons of her own, our editor-in-chief of the past three quarters, Pat Ellington, has found it necessary to resign from her position. In a meeting of the Publications Board for the Colonnade I was asked to take over as acting editor for this quarter. I accepted the position and will petition for the position and run later this quarter in the election.

I felt it may be necessary to inform the readers of Colonnade of what I have gotten myself into. First of all, the editor of a college paper can be held liable for anything printed within the pages of the newspaper. Hopefully, I will be able to convince my staff of this strange circumstance to insure that I will not be forced to sell all of my clothes and friends to pay off any law suits. I must make one thing clear, if an article is printed that offends someone, it will be printed with my knowledge. If you don't like it, I'm sorry, but keep in mind that I, being full, aware of my legal status would not print anything that would not necessitate being printed. I am supposed to screen all copy submitted to me and it is left to my discretion as to what I feel like printing. If anyone is dissatisfied about the paper in any way, I will request that they see me. It is my full intention to keep my staff happy and working. I have taken it upon myself to protect them from all persecution.

I will appreciate and openly recruit anyone interested in working on this paper. Please keep in mind that I said work; I don't have room for dead wood. I would really appreciate some typists, Proofreaders, and additional staff members for my editors. If you want to work

but don't know what you want to do, come on and I will find you a job.

The editor represents the staff and the school at the functions that require representation in my capacities. (We will not elaborate on just what my capacities are). The editor is chairman of the aforementioned Publication Board. I had fully intended to tell more about the Board but having lost the sheet containing the information that I needed to write something intelligent about it I am forced to put off any elaboration until later.

One good objective of the Board is to sponsor sorely needed journalistic seminars for the benefit of the Colonnade staff. Although I hate to admit it, the Colonnade will never be what it could be until some form of journalistic instruction in the classroom is instigated here.

All letters that are submitted to me are supposed to be published. I will not publish the letters unless the name of the author is signed to the letter. I will not publish the name of anyone who wishes that their name to be withheld unless I find it necessary, in which case I shall notify the author of my intentions. We have incorporated a literary section into our paper and as you can readily see we had a good response from students who wished to submit their works to us. We have an abundance of material this issue because we had plenty of room to fill but we think that the quality is fair. Art work will also be accepted but only if done in black ink.

I suppose that this wraps up all that I have to say this week about the workings of Colonnade. From now on I shall try to present the best that my staff and I can collect for your information and enjoyment.



Intimations Of A Psychotic Cartoonist

Four years at the University of Georgia and good old Georgia College, in addition to educating, can make a cynic of anyone, even a religion-turned-psychology major named Alfred Thigpen. Having personally experienced virtually every one of his cartoon plots, Thigpen, with that psychotic art ability which is only his, creates distorted, yet essentially true to life cartoon stories.

A psychoanalyst's dream, "the Egg" is a Georgia College freshman. Bottled fed in childhood, he became orally fixated, remaining in his shell for life.

Egg's all seeing friend, "eye," makes up for his own purile questions with quest for his one goal in life-the securing of an English 101 card three days after Fall registration.

Take a schizoid journey with the Egg and the Eye as together they search for the fabled Wizard of G.C., the Howard Hughes of the academic world, the world's only holder of English 101 add cards.

Outcome Of Concert-Dance

by Randy Whitfield

On Saturday, January 10, the Trinidad Tripoli Steel Band played for a concert and dance at G.C. The turnout at both of these functions proved exactly what kind of drawing card the band had. Everyone who heard them seemed to agree that these people were talented musicians and put on a good show for the concert. The dance, to say the least, was a complete flop. These guys may be talented and different, but so are thousands of other people in the world and they definitely were not \$3200 material. From all the information I could acquire I found there was not a dance committee last year and Miss Donahoo contracted the "Trinidad; Tripoli Tin Can Band" at that time. Such people as Mason Williams, Classics IV, Carpenters, and many others like them could have been contracted for the price paid to the Steel Band.

So far this academic year the students have been presented with nothing but flops such as this one for dances and as long as they keep bringing all these well known bands they can continue to expect wuch turnouts as the last one. Cheer-up though, I hear that a flute playing family has been located in Yugoslavia that will present a concert and dance for the college for only \$4.00.



Why is this woman laughing?

What if, no it's too late for that, what if's are regrettable pasts. A different, more direct approach, one closer to reality than the rubbish of today must be made to say man, himself, one's self. Will ignorance of real things continue to defend man's destroying his environment, his individual mind? Can the plastic and blindness continue to spread, enveloping everything original, creative and beautiful? What other questions can I ask; there's a million of them and all are true but questions aren't solving anything. Every second more laws are made, more propaganda screwed into the

mind. My own questions aren't original-men throughout history have asked the same; some had solutions, but why weren't they listened to-another question and questions aren't solving; anything.

Hell man, I can see what's going on around here and so can my friends, but we're far and few between. Do people think being one's self, being free, being happy are that terrible; another question and questions don't solve anything-they are scared.

It's on the rise, brother-talk to someone, they'll listen; but who cares?!

"College Degrees Have Got To Go"

What would happen if B.A.'s and B.S.'s were somehow abolished tomorrow? Douglas Mathews, Harvard Law student, investigates the "odd-ball" proposal with serious and sound reasoning in his feature, "College Degrees Have Got To Go!" in January MADEMOISELLE.

"Over the past 30 to 40 years, college degrees have metamorphosed from being something that mattered only to an aristocratic-intellectual elite, filling the relatively small number of jobs that required post-high-school training, into the most important cast-sorting mechanism in society," states Mr. Mathews. In the MADEMOISELLE article he brings out that the degree has been forced to assume artificial economic and social value far out of proportion to the education it represents. Columbia sociologist Ivar Berg has found that graduates and non-graduates do the same routine jobs equally well. The country is turning out many more B.A.'s than justified, considering the "mix" of jobs add the "mix" of educational attainment, while employers keep redefining and relabelling the jobs that formerly did not require a B.A. As a result, the absolute value of the degree is diminishing and the disadvantages of not having one is increasing.

In addition to the economic discrepancies, Professor Alvin Bloom of Cornell has found there to be a "great

disproportion between what students study and the lives they want to lead." The American degree hang-up produces "someone who knows a lot about a little and a little about a lot," deducts Mr. Mathews.

How can all this be overcome? In his MADEMOISELLE article Mr. Mathews suggests an ideal situation wherein young people could work for a while, experiment with different arts of trades, decide on some branch of knowledge they could profitably investigate and then return to college for a few courses. Over-crowded universities would no longer edist, because the full-time compulsion to be there would be gone. "Most important," he says, "society would be freed from this insane pursuit of paper credentials instead of education. . . and institutions would rethink their personnel requirements to emphasize prowess rather than paper."

Thanks
Pat
We'll Miss
You

Trivial Questions And Answers

- When being checked for hernia, why do you have to cough for the doctors?
 - Because it makes an even bigger ass of you.
 - It spreads disease germs to men otherwise weakened by hernia, thus providing more patients, more money for doctors.
 - true
- Who played Joan on the T.V. series "I married Joan"?
 - Joan Rivers
 - Joan of Arc
 - Joan Crawford
 - Earl Squatlow
 - Harriet Crotch
- What does DDT stand for?
 - Diethylmaic Dietromepon Triphosphate
 - Diurgen Dotardic Testudiana
 - Dialing for Dollars Today
- What is Lester's middle name
 - Bartholomew
 - Jacob
 - Elijah
 - Joshua
 - Houdini
- Why don't Americans eat horsemeat?
 - Because it is all packed and consumed as K rations
 - It is packed and consumed as dog food
 - Both a and b
- Reasons for U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia
 - None of the above
- What is a cubit?
 - It comes after square it
 - Noah probably didn't know; why should I
 - Measurement system used by U.S. Army
- Spell word for sharp-headed wooden item handed out by Lester
 - ax
 - axe
 - I'll try ax because if I'm wrong I'll be misspelling a three letter word. Otherwise...
- To treat an injured person for shock
 - Lower legs, raise head
 - Lower head, raise legs
 - Lower both head and legs
 - If answer is c-Lower spinal break victim into six foot hole
- A Coke bottle is stuck on a child's finger. How do you remove it?
 - Break it
 - Rip it off
 - Lower legs, raise head
 - Damn it!
 - finger
 - Finger
 - Lower legs, raise head
 - Damn it!
 - bottle
 - Bottle
 - Other
 - Other
- Why is it cold here?
 - The heater is off
 - The air conditioner is on
 - The window is open
 - It is winter
 - Hell froze over
 - It is three a.m.
- Who is on the Colonnade staff
 - One dirty, no good, Commie rat pinko
 - Welfare hippie
 - Outside agitator
 - Inside agitator
 - Chuck Oberlightner
- Who is Golda Meire?
 - Golda Meire and I'll follow you anywhere
- Do you know it's four o'clock in the morning?
 - No, but if you hum a few bars I'll fake it

Send completed copies of exam to box 770. Highest scorer will be photographed for appearance in next issue.



The Worker

by David Payne

The worker sits, the dreaded walls held back by movement posters wait, the phones and typewriters lie still within their morning-after glow, undirected, unused. They are all in jail, all but one left hanging by chance and the law's good grace to wait meaningless for another movement, another time and place to be martyred. It is his moment to do nothing but breathe and smoke, to check the clock that it be time for something, to sharpen pencils,

remember demonstrations past, people known and lost, to try to fill this room with himself.

The birds, dogs, passersby, all the incidental beings of nature go past, living out their now-confirmed belief that there was no such emotion, rebellion, righteous juggernaut of outraged belief in the divinity of men, each all-convicted; the worker shuts the drawer, sweeps, locks the door; and in leaving proves them right.

Confessions Of A Loud Mouth Bore

by Charles Oberleitner

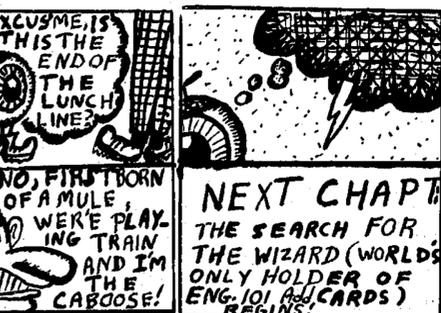
This column will no longer appear under the title "re View". My old position has been done away with and for the time being I am a columnist at large without a title for his column. All suggestions are welcome.

One thing must be said for Georgia College, it gives the student who partakes of it a full sense of his own history. I know my last three years feel like thirty. While this may sound like a grand ego trip, I feel I am one of the best known students on campus, (easily the most infamous). By too many I am considered an authority on everything from qualifications for House Council to what one of the Deans may have had to drink at the last faculty party.

I hold some firsts on campus; the only student ever to be burned in efigey, (from what I heard it didn't look at all like me), and the all time throw-out and getting-back-in champ, (five the last time I looked). I have a fan club of some twelve odd faculty and staff who make a recurrent practice out of visiting first floor Parks and demanding my removal. On three separate occasions I have been told by three different city officials that I am a known communist sympathizer, that they have proof I alone insighted two of the last three riots on campus, and that once I even laid down on the drive of GMC to prevent Lester Maddox from coming in. As far as sympathy goes no one gets more of mine than me, some how I missed all three of the riots and the closest I ever got to Lester Maddox was watching a rerun of the Dick Cavett Show.

Today I start a new trend. No more crusades or campaigns (I'm too young to get old before I'm 25). I have exposed myself, I am not Commie, or a dope feind or trouble maker. I don't even know who I am! From now on this column will be devoted to people, life, the way I would like to see life and most of all, ME. Perhaps it will not be formal journalism but atleast it will be written in English. (I hope).

To those of you who have never heard of me, please disregard the preceding column.



Athletic Supporter

So-called student activities pop up every quarter and usually no one even notices that they were there. Last week the Trinidad-Tripoli Steel Band, who was paid \$3,200, played to a partly filled Russell Auditorium. In attendance were administrators, faculty, CGA officers, officers of the respective classes, and a few of the little people. Everyone came away with the same feeling: "They were good, but weren't really outstanding entertainment." Being only a third quarter freshman, I can

hardly speak from experience, but from the experiences I have had I do know student activities aren't controlled by the wishes of the majority of the student body. Early next week a survey will be taken of the student body to show the trend in preferences of types of concerts and dances. This survey may be of little consequence, but it could become ammunition in the battle for a little decent entertainment on this campus. Oh yes, after the Trinidad Tin Can Band concert there was a dance, but we won't go into that since no one else did.

Intramurals Become Big Project

The G.C. Men's Intramural Program, under the supervision of Director Larsen Z. Bosserman, has finally developed into a well planned activity. With the printing of the first Intramural Handbook came the realization of a well organized athletic program. The Handbook's purpose, which is "to set forth the rules and regulations and procedures necessary to conduct an efficiently run and effective intramural program... and to stimulate increased intramural participation and to clearly state the structure of the organization and the regulations governing the activities which it sponsors, "It is hoped that this along with student participation can-

produce an enjoyable intramural program. The staff would like to express our appreciation, as a division of student activities, for Coach Bosserman's and the Physical Education Department's interest in the student body. Later this quarter, along with C.G.A. officers, Intramural Officers will be elected. These officials along with Coach Bosserman, will govern intramurals; choosing activities, making by-laws, and revising the Handbook.

Locker Room Facilities Needed

Speaking from a boy's point of view something definitely needs to be done. The locker room in the gym is pathetic to say the least. All lockers are claimed early in the year with padlocks placed securely on them. The remaining lockers are unlockable and for the most part inoperable. After a swimming class the floor becomes a dirty, fritty river with excess gym equipment and in all probability mosquito larvae floating around in it. The between class rush is just a mass of sweating, pushing bodies all fighting for their clothes.

A school of this calibre should

Help Wanted

Until recently at Georgia College, school spirit was virtually unknown. Class spirit exists to some extent, but only for a short time. All that has changed now, with the school's first basketball team. To date attendance at home games has been excellent and support for the Colonials has been great. This kind of support has to continue in order for the Colonials to keep winning. Tonight at Baldwin Georgia College takes on the Warriors from Middle Georgia. Our fine basketball team needs your support. Please come. Tipoff time is 7:30 p.m.

The first women's gym meet is this Saturday. Darlene Darst's ladies take on Furman University at 2:00 p.m. in the big gym. Coach Darst hopes to repeat last year's winning season. The Colonials host five teams and compete in four and possible, five away meets.

War On The Warriors Colonials

Student Stats

As Out Last Playboys

The Ennis A's took a very cold shooting game from the Ennis Playboys, 37-31, in the opening game of the 1971 G.C. Men's Intramural Basketball season. The game was characteristic of a premiere showing in that there were many fouls made, floor mistakes encountered, and loose lips thrown at the more than able officials. The Playboys jumped to an early lead, 1-0, on a free throw by Mike Pizzano, but were unable to ever regain the lead after Don Rauscher scored a field goal for the A's. Neither team was up to par on the offensive end, but many outstanding plays took place under the boards. The two team's captains, Gordon Benson (Playboys) and Jerry Seymour (A's), both expect better play now that the ice has been broken.

defeating an extremely disorganized Ennis team. Hot scorers for the teachers were Dr. Warren and Dr. McHale.

Play Boy's Victorious

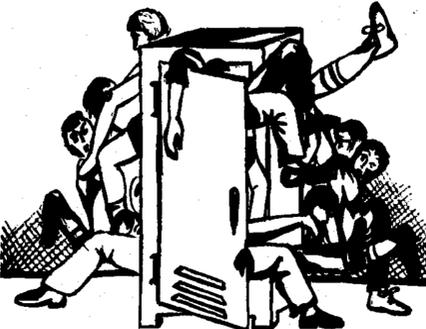
The Beeson Bum's took it on the nose from the day students today in the first game of Wednesday's double header. Turnovers led to Beeson's downfall as the day students cashed in on most of Beeson's mistakes due to erratic play. In the second game the Playboys beat Ennis B by a score of 44-56. A cold first half by Ennis B gave the Playboys an early advantage which they never lost. Keith Jones, of the Playboys, once again led all scorers.

Ladies Intramural's Planned

G.C. Women's Basketball Intramurals will start November 26, 1971 at 4:15 p.m. Miss Taylor urges all teams interested in participating to submit their team rosters to her on Marty Carnes by November 22 at 5:00 p.m. The co-editors of the sports section of the Colonnaide would sincerely like to see these intramurals become a big success.

Student's Learn Lesson

In the second game of intramural play, the faculty put it to Ennis B by the score of 43 to 20. The faculty, looking like their fingertip panels were sagging, controlled the ball throughout the game. With good defense and excellent offense, the faculty had little trouble in



Visiting My Valley

by Charlie Suddeth

I topped the rise and looked down through the spongy clouds to the valley below. Beneath it lay landscape tinted with colors that an artist's palette could not equal. I inhaled deeply, hoping to capture the unspoiled air. Reluctantly, I exhaled. I closed my eyes, eye-like; Then I opened on in a squint to see if the vision still unfolded before me. It did.

I grabbed my pack and swept through the underbrush. Catching glimpses of mosses, ferns, trees, and flowers, I sprinted downward. With the leveling of the ground, I slowed, paused, and turned. The mountain loomed over me austere. Its sun-bleached peaks and green-trimmed slopes fell like a robe to the valley floor.

My heart exploded. Feet moved under me, tearing my eyes from their gaze. I leaped over fallen pines and skirted patches of piercing thorns. I ripped through the calm until I came to the brook that glided along its snake like bed and cut the valley into uneven halves. Breathless, I sank to my knees and gulped the sweet, sparkling water.

Refreshed, I trudged along the narrow path by the water's edge until I came to the twin rocks nestled in a thicket. I slid between them and prepared for my vigil.

As the sun glided westward, I scanned the opposite bank. It was not yet time. I waited. I stared and peered. I waited.

I looked at the sun. would the time never come? Then, I heard it, a crunch of leaves and a swish of long lying limbs—then nothing. I sat, afraid to breathe. My heart tore at my chest with each pound. A bush moved. A doe emerged—then her fawn. Motionless, with her nose in the wind, she sniffed. She took a few wary steps toward me, while her fawn followed indifferently.

They paused at the water's edge. A trout flipped his tail and splashed the fawn who lost his balance and plunged into the water. The doe stepped into the brook and drank. The fawn poked his nose under the surface and jerked his head back. He shrieked, suddenly aware that turtles bite.

Having drunk her fill, the doe nudged her wetter but wiser fawn, and they loped back to their woody sanctuary. The limbs parted. They were gone. I sank back to my perch. Again, I waited. Silence surrounded me and tickled my ears.

A hellish squawk broke my reverie and drew my eyes to the sky. A kingfisher circled overhead. He dove and scooped a trout from the stream. When the bird had disappeared in the trees, I looked back to the water splashing and lapping the rocks.

The sun touched the tree tops and colored the sky orange and purple. I was reminded of the return climb and began to move from behind the rocks. I took one last sip of water. I cupped my hand and squeezed the wetness, letting it drip through my fingers. Sadly, I looked at the trees where the doe and her fawn had disappeared. I searched the sky for the

kingfisher-nothing. I plodded back across the meadow and up the slope. When I reached the top, I looked down at the thread-like brook in the now dimly lit valley. I vowed to return. Moving away, I raised my head like the doe, and I sniffed the air. It smelled of rain.

The Bath I

Charlotte Suddeth

If you don't quit splashing, I'm going to clobber you. What's gotten into you? A little soap and water isn't going to hurt.

Let me see your ears. Hold still. No fleas. I guess that spray worked, huh?

Come on, lay down so I can rinse you off. That's a good boy. Be still now. Thanks a bunch for the shower. That's all I needed—a mouth full of cat hairs and flea soap.

Stand still, and I'll dry you off, you dummy. Feels good, huh babe? Don't give me that "I-don't-know-what-you're-talking-about" look. I hear your mother running. O.K. You're dry.

Now that I'm through, you can go bathe yourself. Crazy cat.

The Bath II

If she thinks I'm going to stand still in this tub of cold water while she smears that stupid soap all over me, she's nuts. I hate water. And that cruddy soap stinks.

Let go of my ear, you idiot. There's nothing in there but a little wax and an ear drum.

I'll get her when she starts to rinse me off. I'll sling soap in her mouth. I can't stand to have water poured on my head.

O.K. Now, I guess that'll teach you. Soap doesn't taste so hot, does it?

Now I suppose she expects me to stand still and get rubbed with that scratchy towel. O.O. Oh, that feels good. Wonder if that's one of her new towels. Mmmmmmm. A little more to the right. That's good.

Down Home

"Christmas at Grandma's hasn't changed," I thought as Dad pulled the car up to the smoke house. By the time that we stopped, Grandma and Grandpa were already on the porch, all smiles.

After we unloaded the trunk, we spread the packages under the gigantic spruce. Then Dad and Grandpa retired to the fire side to discuss men-things. Grandma, Mother, and I went into the kitchen to prepare the mounds of food that would be consumed before the following night.

By nine o'clock, the whole tribe had arrived, thirty-four in all.

Grandpa threw another log on the fire. Grandma popped the corn, and we decorated the tree. Johnny still didn't know the words to "Silent Night."

All too soon, it was time to go to bed. Not to sleep, to bed. I knew that I would have to sleep with "cold-toed Connie." Seventeen Christmases and seventeen nights with her. I would be glad when the night was over.

When breakfast was finished, the tribe converged on the spruce laden with homemade decorations. Presents hid its lower branches from view. A teddy bear, pen, and pencil sets, shirts and blouses, bath oils; the whole department store was under the tree.

As soon as the big Christmas spread was on the table, Grandpa mumbled grace. Then the circle began. Grown-ups first, next the kids. Three meals. Four breads. Salads. Vegetables. Plates filled to overflowing.

When the mounds of dishes were clean, Mother announced that it was time to leave. Trunk loaded, backs patted, and necks well hugged, we drove out of the yard. Grandma and Grandpa waved from the porch and blew kisses.

Christmas at Grandma's hasn't changed. We still follow the two unwritten rules: no one is to get any sleep on Christmas Eve, and everyone is to eat until his stomach hurts.

Contest Of The Week

It's contest time again and if possible a new contest will be sponsored each week. This week we will witness the Mister Natural contest. To be qualified the contestant must be a) male b) Female c) unsure d) qualify as a natural of his own choosing e) Be willing to give endorsement for the prune juice advertisement in next weeks Colonnaide.

Name of the contestant _____

Statistics _____

Qualifications _____

25 words or less why this contestant should be our forst Mister Natural.

All entry blanks should be turned in by 5 p.m. Tuesday, January 19.

Good luck fellows and may the most natural one of you win.

Women's Gymnastic Schedule

Jan. 16	Furman University	Home	2:00 p.m.
Feb. 2	Univ. of Georgia	Away	4:00 p.m.
Feb. 6	George Peabody Coll.	Away	11:00 a.m.
Feb. 17	Tulane University	Home	7:30 p.m.
Feb. 23	Univ. of Georgia	Home	7:30 p.m.
Feb. 27	Winthrop College	Away	7:00 p.m.
March 6	University of S.C.	Home	10:00 a.m.
March 13	Southern Regional championship. S.E. Louisiana State Hammond, Louisiana		
April 3	Miss. State College for Women	Home	7:30 p.m.

Co-Ed Swim Meet

Miss Taylor casually let the news leak out that a co-ed swim meet is slated for February 3, 1971 at 8:00 p.m. Full details were not revealed but your reliable school paper should have all the information in a forth-coming issue.



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Earn Your Way In Europe

Luxembourg (Europe)- Earning a summer in Europe can be profitable in more ways than one. With a temporary paying job in Europe, any student is able to get out and see some of the world and gain a human insight into Europe while paying his way and earning some money besides.

Any student willing to earn his way can now see Europe without the usual expenses because of the availability of more temporary paying jobs requiring no previous experience or knowledge of a foreign language. The SOS-Student Overseas Services, with headquarters in Europe and offices in the U.S.A., screens and places every applicant before he leaves for Europe.

Temporary paying jobs available in Germany, Switzerland, France, Italy and Spain include resort work, hotel and restaurant work, factory and construction work, sales and office work, farm and forestry work, and camp counseling and governance positions. All jobs pay cash wages ranging from free room and board plus \$125 and tips per month up to \$600 a month for the highest paying jobs.

To assure everything goes smoothly, students get off to their jobs on the right foot by means of a 5-day orientation upon arrival in Europe. These orientation periods provide an excellent focal point in Europe as they are held through the summer in a 100-room, 17th century castle where the briefings, get-togethers and other activities are carried out.

Applications should be filed early as jobs, work permits, travel documents and other necessary papers are issued on a first come, first served basis. Interested students may obtain job application forms, job listings and descriptions, and the SOS Handbook on earning a summer abroad by sending their name, address and \$1 (for handling and airmail return from Europe) directly to Placement Officer, SOS-Student Overseas Services, 22 Ave. de la Liberte, Luxembourg, Europe. After receiving and reading the material, all personal letters will be answered.

I take it she's through. It's about time. Now I can go give myself a proper bath.

Stupid human. Doesn't she know that cats are clean animals and don't need the help of some spastic pawed human to take a bath?

Charlotte Sudderth

BIG DEAL you bet it is



OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE PHOTO. ORIGINALLY RELEASED IN NORTH VIETNAM.

No matter how you feel about the war in Vietnam, the fate of this prisoner of war is a big deal. To his wife and children. To his parents. To the signatories of the Geneva Conventions. To all rational people in the world.

The Red Cross is asking you to consider the matter of prisoners of war and those who are missing in action in Asia.

It is not asking you to take a stand on the war itself. It is asking you to ask Hanoi to observe the humanitarian provisions of the Geneva Conventions.

Ask Hanoi to release the names of men it holds prisoner. Ask them to allow prisoners to communicate regularly with their families. Ask them to repatriate seriously ill and wounded prisoners. Ask them to allow a neutral intermediary to inspect places of detention.

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News Briefs

Mr. David Northington will perform his second in a series of piano recitals on January 17, at 8:30 P.M. in Russell Auditorium.

PHI MU ALPHA ELECTS OFFICERS

After many months of preparation, the final steps have been taken towards a new fraternity on the Georgia College Campus.

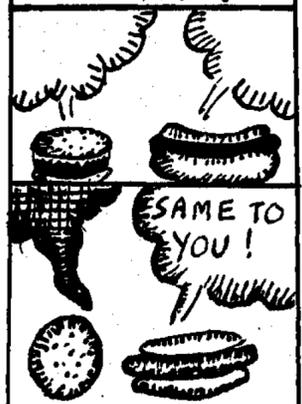
Phi Mu Alpha, Sinfonia Fraternity, is a fraternity

representing the music profession. Its purposes are to advance the cause of music in America, to foster the mutual welfare and brotherhood of students of music, to develop the truest fraternal spirit among its members, and to encourage loyalty to the Alma Mater. Phi Mu Alpha is a nationwide honorary fraternity whose membership includes such famous personalities in the music world as Aaron Copland and Leonard Bernstein.

At a recent meeting, looking ahead at the installation date, February 21, officers were elected. Those elected were:

President Jim Smith. Vice-President-Put LaBarre; Secretary-Treasurer-Howard Ertzberger; Program Chairman-Philip Newton; Publicity Chairman-Tim Walker; and Sargeant at Arms-Ken Powell. Faculty Advisor, Dr. Robert Wolfersteig was very pleased with the election results and is looking forward to the first year of the organization's activity here at Georgia College. Having been a member of Phi Mu Alpha for many years, Dr. Wolfersteig is very enthusiastic about making this a worthwhile addition to campus life here at the college.

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