The Colonnade

G. E. C. W.

Volume 5. Milledgeville, Ga., April 22, 1930 Number 12
EDITORIAL

FRESHMAN CLASS

FEARLESS in the battle of right against wrong;
RELIABLE in each task, be it great or small,
ENDURING greetings and encouragement to all.
HONEST in dealings with fellow men;
MAGNANIMOUS in observing the Golden Rule,
ALERT in playing Life’s Game to the end;
NEIGHBORLY rendering pached lips cool.

COURAGEOUS in defending principles of old;
LOYAL in high ideals to uplift;
AMBITION to attain the highest goal;
SAGACIOUS as Solomon with the greatest gift.

SYMPATHETIC in sharing another’s load.

What to write? That’s a question that is asked in the best of regulated colleges, (especially on exam). An editorial it happens to be this time and on an editorial at that.

There is but one way that I know to write an editorial and that is simply to write an editorial—when the Freshman Colonnade is at stake one must collect one’s wits (what a collection) and make a gallant attempt (what a witt!).

An editorial is the bane of an editor’s existence, a fly in his ointment, a blot on his escutcheon, and a wart on the nose of his world. Finding no more smiles in the editor’s cranial region, we’ll leave it at that, hoping that from this description yours, gentle reader, would recognize an editorial were you to meet one on a dark night.

In concluding this editorial I again ask “what to write?” No one seems to know, I, least of all, so we’ll abandon the field to the enemy, and beat a hasty retreat.

SCIENCE CLUB

The next meeting of the Science Club will be April 23 at 6:30 in the Biology Lecture room. Miss Martin, who is faculty advisor for the club, has charge of the program which will be on “Organic Chemistry.” All Freshmen who intend to major or minor in Chemistry are urged to come and join; all those who are taking chemistry or are interested in anyway are invited to come and join.

THE SOFOMORE-SENIOR CLASS TRIP

The Sophomore and Senior Girls on Trip to Charleston, S. C.

Tuesday morning at 7 o’clock A. M. a group of excited girls left for Charleston to enjoy Middleton Gardens at the height of their beauty. The trip was a very delightful one. Lunch was served on the train in the rather unique Dutch style. An excellent and happy group of girls arrived at Charleston about 1:15 where they were conveyed to the Fort Sumter Hotel. During the afternoon a rather queer and old-fashioned city was explored by groups of interested and curious girls. Evening brought the girls to that long anticipated class banquet which was an affair of rare enjoyment and which brought the day to a suitable close.

Morning saw the girls at the port of their dreams. They were carried in automobiles to the Middleton gardens which were indeed a thing of beauty never to be forgotten. The flowers were a maze of many shades and hues, reflect in the lakes and ponds, pictures of sheer beauty. The plans so beautifully worked out, were fragrant of the lovely, old-fashioned gardens of yesterday.

The girls strolled among the flowers and trees entangled with the silver mass, bringing back with them a whiff of something quiet and mystical and sweet.

In returning to Charleston many sites of historical interest were visited. After luncheon the girls left for old Fort Moultrie and the Isle of Palms. Shots about Fort Moultrie were visited and then the girls with rather neglected bathing suits set out for the Isle of Palms where the girls were very crowded by many childish girls in their gay colored suits.

A full day was spent, tired but rejoicing, the students returned to Charleston where they left at 5:00 o’clock for the familiar little city of Milledgeville. Arriving at Milledgeville about 12:30 A. M. with happy hearts, pleasant memories and wet bathing suits, Morpheus claimed them all. Freshmen and Juniors! The best is yet to come! Next year has its promises.

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Perhaps some of us who've never been here during music week also wonder about the practices it is in a different way. The second question is just what kind of programs will there be. In answer to this a general outline of Music Week will be given.

Music Week will begin on Sunday, May 4th, with a program given by the "V".

Monday the Glee Clubs will present their operetta, Yokohama Maid.

Tuesday morning at chapel there will be a program consisting of orchestra, pianos, violin, and voice numbers.

Wednesday! The day the Freshmen have been practicing for so long. In the morning and afternoon will be recitals but that night the Freshmen will shine. It is a tradition that the Freshmen do shine on their night more than anybody else before or after them during Music Week. Why isn't known, but it is known that when the five hundred and nineteen Freshmen of 1930 are assembled in one large body on the stage May 7th they'll do their best to outshine even the Freshmen who've gone before.

The soliciets for the occasion will be Mr. A. Foster Barnes, of Duke University, Mr. Solom Drakenhiller, of Griffin, and Mrs. Long and Mrs. Longino from our own campus.

Thereby the Sophomore will present their opera which is looked forward to especially because of their previous splendid chorus week.

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INTERCLASS DEBATE BIG SUCCESS

Gertrude Gilmore and Katherine Visona Declared Winners

On Saturday night, April 5, a large number of students, faculty, andfriends assembled in the auditorium to await the final judgment of the debate, which is an annual event on our campus. The question voted on was, "That China was right in insisting that all nations give up their extra-territorial privileges in China on January 1, 1904."

Gertrude Gilmore, Senior, and Katherine Visona, Sophomore, defended the subject. Norma Dunnaway, Junior, and Helen Henley, Freshman, took the negative side of the question. Both sides put up such diligent arguments that it was difficult for the competent judge, Dr. W. T. Wynn, head of our own English Department, Dr. A. G. Harris, the Presbyterian minister of Millwoodville, and Mrs. Ed Harold, General V. Secretary of Mason, to decide that the affirmative side was the winner.

Never has there been so much enthusiasm and class spirit displayed on our campus Music as well as colors filled the air at the beginning of the debate. Also, during intermission, there was great rivalry between the classes, proving to each other that their class was supporting her by singing songs. Finally, the controversy was quelled by Mildred McWhorter, who presided for the evening. Mary Elliot was the time keeper.

If for any reason this edition of the Colonnade seems worthy of praise, be it rightfully due to many Carolina Scholarship, the regular editor, who, during the past few days, has been the most popular girl on the campus, judging from the number of Freshman whom she has been obliged to initiate into the paper business, telling us just what to do, how to do it, and when; upon Rebecca Markwater, Pauline Reynolds, Daisy Neil, Elizabeth Cott, and Mary Snow Johnson, who threatened more than once to get together and set the dormitory on fire if necessary to have something to write about; upon the reporters who have perished to and fro like nobody's business, but—incidentally—always inspiring in everybody's business; upon Beulah Rowan and Virginia Lance, who have continuously fought over suggested material. Beulah always insisting that it would make a first-rate new story, and Virginia never failing to pounce upon it as a prospective feature for the news section. "A T S" Sheahan, Emily Sanders and Ermaine Pate, whose artistic abilities make us all green with envy; upon Eunice Chiendent, who added ad to ad till we almost had to get an adding machine to add them; upon Catherine Garrin, and her dormitory assistants, who have circulated the Freshman Edition for end wide; and last of all upon the

FRESHMEN SELECT CLASS SONG

The song, written by Miss Mary Snow Johnson of Atlanta, to the tune of "Road to Mandalay," has been chosen for the class; song of the Freshman class.

Five songs were presented to the class Saturday morning, March 29. From these five the class song was chosen. The Freshman Glee Club introduced the songs to the other members of the class, after which selection was made by secret ballot.

The songs from which the choice was made were:

Tune—March of the Men of Hilitary—written by Miss Mary Snow Johnson of Atlanta, and Miss Theo Hatch of Brunswick.
Tune—Melody Is—written by Miss Sara Morgan of Macon, and Miss Nell English of Griffin.
Tune—Relighting—written by Miss Ross Rowen of McDonough.
Tune—Road to Mandalay—written by Miss Mary Snow Johnson of Atlanta.

This song submitted by Miss Johnson won the highest number of votes.

Tune: Road to Mandalay.
There's a college in the Georgia,
And its name is G. S. C.
There's a class there in that college,
It's the class of '93.
It's the class that has a spirit
That nowhere can be surpassed
Now we'll boost our Alma Mater
And uphold the Freshman class.
And uphold the Freshman class.

CHORUS.
We're the Freshman class in college
And as proud as we can be
We'll stand by the green and white
And boost the G. S. C.
We will never do thee honor
And we'll always try our best
And we'll never forget the school we love
Our dear old G. S. C.

The spirit of this song is the true G. S. C. W. feeling—the spirit of co-operation and loyalty to the college. As songs in the past have lent a helping hand to other girls gone before, and as other songs are now doing, so this song falls in line, to guide a Freshman College of six hundred and five girls through Field Day in May, through a Sophomore year and a class trip, not only through the four short years of college here, but it is probably will guide the class of thirty-three through life.

—Martha Parker

THE FRESHMAN'S SOLIQUY

To study or to not study; that is the question.
Whether it is noble in the mind to suffer
In brain-racking awe of outrageous assignments,
Or take up arms against a sea of proofs
And so opposed end them?

To study; to sleep no more; though by a sleep
We say to end the contemplation of the thousand
cursed fum's that students fall hark to.
'Is contemnably devoutly to be wished.
To sleep? To study?—perchance to pass
Ay, there's the rub.

For in that clucking through the hours of night
What profanity might be given voice must give us pause.

There is the dread of the Calamity of the Christen soul.

But who would have the heart of bowling out,
The chester's wrongs; professor's contumacy.
The page of despised exam the insolence
And spurns that patience condescension of teachers' misunderstandings.
When he himself might his quizzles make
With a good time, and many flax
Upon his record card?

Who would have the patience to groan and sweat
Under a weary, irascible, college life,
But that the fear of something—
('Tis the dear—
That undiscovered realms from whose bourns
No student ever returns as happy as he went—)
Punish the will, and makes us bear those ill we have
Tham fly to others that we know not off
And thus profusors do make slaves out of us all.

—SELECTED

TALKING PICTURE AT G. S. C. W.

It has been the efforts of the administrative body of the college to give to the girls the best and the most up-to-date things that can be had. The result is that there is to be a talking picture machine installed at the Georgia State College for Women.

On April 28 there will be a try-out picture at the Auditorium, according to Mr. O. A. Thaxton, director of amusement on the campus. "The picture," Mr. Thaxton said, "must have color, song, and something thrilling."

This picture is purely an experiment, but if it is a success, a machine will be installed in the auditorium.

TRAINS AT NIGHT

I love trains.
I love their chug-chug-chug.
I love their bold whistle.
I love their black locomotive engines—Glaring, one-eyed monsters.

I love their rumbling speed.
They do not frighten me.
Trains make me want to shout
And laugh and run.

I hear a train away, way off
And then I see a great yellow eye
And a voice like all the voices of Hell at once
Blows the sky up higher than it was
Then while the clouds are still suspended
My mouth hangs open
And my eyes are very wide
As the wonder of this devil with its one huge eye
And hellish voice
Passes by.

Some day I shall follow you,
O damsel.
I shall run screaming down your track
And follow you.

SARA LINDA MORGAN.
HIGHER LEARNING

I have learned from past experiences that higher learning does not come to one suddenly. It develops by degrees and is a painful process.

When I was a "freshman," I was the "greenest" freshman who landed at G. S. C. W. the fall of 1917.

On the night we arrived in Milledgeville, I was a true picture of distress. My white shirt, limp, dirty, and wrinkled from a day's travel, I had buttoned up to my chin. The uniform black tie hung disgracefully around my neck, and my brown skirt trailed the floor nearly gracefully in vain attempt to hide my black slippers and hose.

To tell the truth, I let the taxi driver pass the Mansion three times before he ever discovered that I was sliding bunched up in a far corner of the taxi; and I was in school two weeks before I ever registered.

Not so with my classmates. I reported to every class the very first day classes began. It doesn't matter that I sat through one whole hour in Dr. Johnson's Latin class. I was never discovered that I should have been in a section of History of Education until the period was entirely over.

I wore my hat to the first picture we had in the auditorium, and when I discovered that I was the only one who wore a hat, I ran all the way across the campus and left the unnecessary hood gear in my room.

Daily I learned things, and daily the feeling grew that I must know something, or my brain would rot. One day I had to write out a card for cutting supper, and even though my room mate had told me that we didn't need supper on Sunday nights, I didn't tell the matron my mistake for I would have written out ten cards rather than tell her that I didn't know any better. After that time I did try to reason things out more than usual.

However, learning to be a college student was a serious task for me, and a hard one. Often times now I forget. Just last Tuesday I forget that it was April Fool's Day and that girls enjoy a joke. Tears were in my eyes and a salty taste in my mouth before I discovered that some one had put salt into the sugar dish and that I had called my coffee.

If any one asks me a new joke, I always "hit." Just yesterday a girl asked me: "Do you want to see something swell?" Naturally I said "Yes," and then when she bade me on the nose and it began to swell I couldn't say anything even though it hurt terribly.

Why do I always have to learn? I wonder if other girls have as hard time as I did trying to gain the "higher learning" which all collegiate students want gain.

SOMEBODY TOLD ME AT G. S. C. W.

THAT the students do not love and respect their Alma Mater—
THAT G. S. C. is not the best school in the state—
THAT the Faculty are not the most learned folks in the world—
THAT the Sophomores do not think they know better than the Juniors—
THAT the Juniors are not optimistic—
THAT the Sophomores are not the best in the bunch—
THAT the teachers are never sarcastic—
THAT students do not sleep in classes—
THAT YOU never gain in weight at G. S. C.—
THAT the Freshmen are not green—
THAT G. S. C. girls never get homesick—
THAT G. S. C. girls do not appreciate all that is done for them—
THAT the campus is not the prettiest in the state

BUT I DIDN'T BELIEVE IT, DO YOU?

DEBUTANTES

Who's here? What are those men doing on our campus? What's happening? Amidst these interrogations and the howls of their mother, Miss G. S. C. W., and little papa made their debut out from under the blackbrier one Wednesday morning.

Miss Freshman made her debut first with the assistance of George and a shawl, which was attractively decorated in red mud and freshly cut grass. Since Miss Freshie (since Freshman class was so long a Freshman I didn't get all the inside fun on wearing white and having the green blackbriers as a background, we immediately decided that she was our pup. And there after the last bell had rung for ten o'clock classes, we christened her, using as water a heavy downpour of rain.

The next young lady to make her debut was Miss Sophomore. Since she was covered with red mud when she made her appearance and was covered with huge black spots, the Sophs immediately decided that put was theirs. Now since I am not a Soph but a Freshie I didn't get all the inside dope as to how they carried out their ceremony. The next debutantes were a yellow for that attractively trimmed in black; as without further debate she was christened Miss Junior.

Now this is a secret, folks, but really I think the Juniors expected their debutante to be adorned in lavender and purples, but when Miss Junior proudly made her debut in tan and white, all signs of disappointment were shown, but peals of enthusiasm went out from behind the Juniors.

During the debut of her four young daughters, Miss E. S. C. W. was acting her part as hostess by dancing around and hailing.

THE EAR MARKS OF A TEACHER

BY VIRGINIA LANIER

The question has been asked a countless number of times just how some people distinguish a teacher from any other person of an ordinary profession. And it is really simple. I as arible, in behalf of the Freshman class shall enumerate the signs.

Have you ever seen a teacher who wasn't hurry ing, and who didn't seem to be trying to rise with time? Yes, the teachers of G. S. C., as well as the pupils, have been forced to acknowledge that, "Time and tolls wait on no man," and that it is better to be an hour too soon than a minute too late.

Teachers usually have that "knowing look." They are that much akin to Shakespeare. They seem to be able to pierce the outermost recesses of one's soul! Mind readers! Pointing eyes! A smile, the victim of whom would cheerfully die of the spot, but no such luck! She soon awakes to find herself right where she always was—at the mercy of a teacher.

It is universally acknowledged and has become a grounded fact that teachers do work, and are more and more consulting eye specialists, however there in one thing in which we women will always be equal to know. That is, if she is so nearly blind, how can she see a little thing like chewing gum in the remote corner of one's mouth? Teachers surely must use their third eye extensively.

Our teachers at G. S. C. are blessed with the great gift of patience—possess some of the ear marks which brand them as teachers.

One is among us, attractive and magnetic, who could certainly be blamed by his cross examination, which he gives unreservedly with his eyes. After being bounced down a bit or two by the eyes, a pupil feels that she was being weighed in the balances and found wanting.

Those eyes of the mind, certainly, can alone see the little nooks working but when a student is called on by one of these "or i ental" gifts of divinity, yet to cause functioning.

We know there is one who has great calculation, for, to see her pass people on the street we know what the thought is in her mind "to miss them an inch is good as a mile."

Teachers usually have tempers, which is natural, having their nerves frayed by the everlasting student. But who would be an indignant authority, who didn't act human ones and a while? Never the less, their lapses are often bigger than their hits, and teachers are hard to beat. Look around you in the coming years, if you haven't in the meantime a few marks of a teacher.

And as a final word, in spite of all their "ear marks" we can say from our hearts, "Haven bless the teachers, we love them all!"

PERSONALITIES ON OUR CAMPS

Of course everyone of us is familiar with the care which are parked on our campus for the majority of the time. No doubt we've all expressed our impression of them to somebody at one time or another. I'll wager that no one of us has ever stopped to think that they have a name other than their maker's name. Miss Daughtry's Ford is called "Tizjar" by his intimate friends. He was named for Tizjar in the Japanese myth, who, you remember took much death-defying life trips in the moonlight. Miss Regur's Nash is known as Levi. You know it is quite a new car. When Miss Regur first saw in she thought it looked as big as the Leviathan, hence Levi. Miss Pyle and Mrs. Dorts are the proud owners of a new Ford, but their old car has not yet been forgotten by most of us. His name was Christopher Columbus, and like his namesake, he, too, set out to discover the world. Fordes surely seem to have the most popular place with the faculty members. Miss Horsburgh has a Ford, but hers is far different from the rest. She wanted to name the car for her cottages at camp which was Ganerva. She thought of Gerry certainly was not dignified enough for this Ford. At last she decided that the most dignified name which could be derived from Ganerva was Geraldine, and so she is. Geraldine is not the only dignified car on the campus; those His nose goes by the name of "Lady Nabby." The writer, however, is under the impression that she has seen "Lady Nabby" when she was not looking like a lady.

-RUTH WILSON.

SPRING RUNNING

What is the secret of success? asked the sphinx, "Push," said the button, "Take pains," said the window.

"Never be led," said the pencil, "Be up to date," said the calendar.

"Always keep cool," said the len. "Do business on the tick," said the clock.

"Never lose your head," said the barrel.

"Make much of small things," said the microscope.

"Make light of everything," said the light.

"Never do anything off hand," said the glove.

"Spend much time in reflection," said the mirror.

"Aim at great things," said the nutmeg.

"Do a driving business," said the hammer.

"Do the work you're fitted for," said the file.

"Get a good pull with the ring," said the doorbell.

"Be sharp in your dealings," said the knife.

"Treat the past, and the right," said the clock.

"Strive to make a good impression," said the seal.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the glass.
SOCIETY NEWS

Among the students in Bell having visitors Sunday, April 15 are Misses Elizabeth Byrd, Mary Lettrich, Bja Jour, Vera Cobb, Frances Cagel, Blaise Gilles, Joanne Sue Mottley, Louise Green, Marvis Holcomb, Frances Glover, Ettie Down, Carolel Swift, and Christine Deake.

A part of the crowd seen in front of Atkinson Sunday were the guests of Miss Thelma Slade, Frances Reaves, Fannie Harrison, Nanie Lou Wadson, Miriam Gordon, and Jenny Rivers.

Miss Helen Southwell of 711 Terrell B was hostess at an ice cream supper Sunday evening.

Among the students in Terrell Proper having visitors during the weekend are Misses Marie Dew, Della Ray, Carolina Combe, Marion Jones, Frances Carr, Beth Thornton, Anise and Louise Lifford, Marguerite Howell, Mary Turner, and Mrs. Anna Worthington.

Misses Judith Williams, Sue Strickland, and Sara Hiles entertained a number of friends with a feast. For entertainment the "Preshas" ambled the "doofus" by singing choruses from their opera and vire verse.

These girls in Terrell Assistant B and C fortunate enough to have guests over Sunday are Misses Dona Shaine, Elizabeth McElroy, Margaret McElroy, Mary and Sara Jejungan, Julia Walten, Marion Napoleon, Virginia Smith, Kathryn Taylor, Louise Harfield, Vera Johnson, Lorrie Harvey, Sara Tuton, and Margaret Brown. That accounts for many of the empty places seen in the dining room at dinner.

The girls in 501 and 502 Terrell B expressed their regard for Mary Leete Bennett by giving her a lovely birthday feast.

Misses Sue Hogan, Margaret Darragh, and Caroline Beggs were hostesses at a feast Sunday night. Club sandwiches, chocolate milk, ice cream and cakes were served to the six guests.

Miss Helen Whitted was welcomed with a feast given by the girls in 501 Terrell C. A delicious salad course was served.

One of the most delightful feasts of the pre-Easter season was given in 700-10 Terrell C. The room was beautifully decorated with Easter lilies and ferns. The central decoration of the table was a large Easter basket. The favors were miniature Easter rabbits. Covers were laid for ten.
FRESHMEN CAPTAINS OF INDIVIDUAL EVENTS CHOSEN

The freshmen captains for the field day events have been elected. They are as follows:

Charles race—Sophie Camp
Throwing—Richardson
Four Corners—Emmy Colby
Over Under etc.—Elizabeth Morgan
Hop race—Emma Adams
Jump relay—Sue Zehbren
Fist Relay—Caryn Green
Baseball—Mary Fort
Tennis—Ruth Chenier
Basketball—Margaret Stirling
Potato race—Janie Redfern
Stop relay—G. Carolyn Garvin
Limbo Jumping Jack—Amelia Green
Bean setting—Mary Anthony
Sword—Rita Watson
Flamboyant Sword—Agnes DeVore
May pole—Lavina Newman
Butter Fly—Marion Power
Klapdop—Lee Hickox
Crested Hen—Mary Lyle Davis
Ace of Diamonds—Billie Jackson
Glow Worm—Elizabeth Jones
Gathering For Code—Rose Tashnik
Minnow—Jean Brown
Hop mar Anika—Eveline Stiles
Hiking—Quoile J. Moffit
Marquis—Frankie Becht
Bohemian Polka—Lucy Dewy

If any of these freshmen who have not signed up for one or more of these events do so immediately, as practices have already begun.

WOW! HOW IT HURTS TO FALL!

Time: Any Singing class.
Paces: On the stage.
Setting: Around lots of other girls and a teacher.

“Gee, Lib, there goes the bell! I just did get here in time. Oh, I almost forget to tell you. You remember the adorable boy you met and fell for when you were home? Well, I saw him when I was home last week-end and he asked me to tell you—Ooh! that looks like your Galen will look for her. Here—he said to tell you—I answered ‘here’ once. Oh, I can’t find that page—‘Happy and Eight of heart are those who in each other faith repose,’ Lib, can you hear me? Well he—oh, gosh, I’d better sing again cause she’s coming back here.—Who faith repose,’ Lib, maybe I can tell you this time. He—there goes the bell and I’ve got a test next period. I’ll have to hurry like everything! Oh, I’d better tell you what he said. He had his dice Sunday ‘cause he got married yesterday.”

OUR ARRIVAL

Why hey there, hi here! How are you? I’m so glad to see you. I don’t know what to do. These remarks aren’t meant for us. We didn’t care all the time. The upper-classmen kissed and smiled. And hit each other on the back.

We Fresh stayed by, Looked on with pain. And wished to be At home again.

Two months later, We smiled outrageous; The disease of “hays” Became contagious.

We knew each other, And spoke always; But we will not forget Those first few days.

—MARY SNOW JOHNSON.

FRESHMEN COUNCIL HIKE

Any one who happened to be standing in front of Terrill Hall Monday afternoon, the twenty-fourth of March, might have wondered where in the world such a happy band of girls were going—and it was true! On inquiry, our friend observer would have found that these attractive girls were none other than the Freshmen Councillors who were just before going on a hike. The busie carried them to Fort Wilkinson. On arrival there their fun was at its height; but who could help but have fun when such people as Miss Draughton, Annie Jo Moyo, Dorcas Good and Robbie McClendon were along.

After the strolling, picking flowers—which were very numerous, taking pictures and enjoying life in general, the Councillors assembled for a real old-fashioned picnic. After this delicious treat these attractive girls were none other than the Freshmen Councillors who were just before going on a hike. The busie carried them to Fort Wilkinson. On arrival there their fun was at its height; but who could help but have fun when such people as Miss Draughton, Annie Jo Moyo, Dorcas Good and Robbie McClendon were along.

THE NEW “Y” SECRETARY

Although everybody is happy to have our present “Y” secretary, Miss Draughton, leave us, we are glad that someone like Miss Mary Miss, better know as the captain a. ‘Folly,’ will take her place. Miss Miss graduated here in 1927. She was a favorite about the campus—In fact presidents of the “Y” end of the senior class. She taught history here at G. B. C. W. for two years. She was an Eastman College, and this summer will go to the Y. W. school to study the technical part of being a "Y" secretary. Those who know her are "hitting it rough" on the campus. Those who do not know her have a treat in store for them in the form of meeting a most magnetic personality.

THE COLONNADE

INSTITUTE OF CITIZENSHIP ATTENDED BY FACULTY MEMBERS

Miss Rogers, Miss Stone and Dr. Johnson attended the third annual session of the Institute of Citizenship at Florida. It will be on April 8 and 9, by appointment of Dr. Reeser.

They report helpful information regarding the problems faced by all. Dr. Reeser, Miss Small, Dr. Stewart Roberts and Miss Roberts Hodges, all outstanding speakers of the state. Mr. Polyezides and Mr. Robert Lethan, editors of prominent newspapers, emphasized the place of the press in regard to public welfare.

The Round Table Conference provided opportunity for everyone to have a part in the meeting by asking questions of the speakers.

Governor Hardman has proclaimed the week in which the Institute was in session as "Good Citizen Week."

HISTORY CLUB

The members of the History Club enjoyed a party in Ennis Recreation Hall March 10. After a short business session St. Patrick’s games and contests were played. The color scheme of green and white was carried out in the decorations and refreshments. About fifty members of the club were present.

The monthly History Club meeting was held April 9, in Dr. S. D. Stripling’s class room. The meeting was called to order by Littleton Brown, President. After a short business session a most enjoyable program was given consisting of a book report on "Hailland," by France: Jackson, Basie Murray, Helen Hagan, Theo Hotch, and Virginia Rods.

The History Club is planning to have a Georgia History exhibition during Commencement. All the girls were asked to bring in any old things on Georgia they could find.

MARGARET LINKUS FRESHMAN FIELD DAY CAPTAIN

At a recent meeting of the freshman class, Margaret Linkus was elected field day captain. She is a very capable and energetic worker and we feel sure that she will do her best to lead our class on to victory. But the captain can’t win field day all by herself. Did Joan of Ark win the battle of Orleans alone? Of course not—it can’t be done. Field day isn’t a one man game, it will take every single girl to make it a success. So come on freshmen and back Margaret up! We’ll show the upper-classmen what the "College bakin’" can do.

BIBLE STUDY CLASS PICNIC

The members of Dr. Webber’s Bible Study Class spent last Saturday afternoon in Government Square park. A picnic supper was thoroughly enjoyed. Those going were Dr. and Mrs. Webber, Misses Elma Parton, Martha Archer, Emily Campbell, Lottie Coox, Louis Cobb, Ida Collins, Frances Fordham, Alveretta Kana, Celia McCull, Robertine McCandliss, Blancha McIntyre, Vesta Merritt, Kathleen Shodl, Ford Staples, and Helen Holcomb. The officers of this class are president, Frances Fordham; secretary, Alveretta Kan; treasurer, Emily Campbell.

WHY THE SENIORS ENVY US

By VIRGINIA LANIER

They have already climbed the ladder. Why should they turn back and say, "Oh! I envy the Freshmen?" Yet many Seniors feel that they would be glad to be a green little freshman again.

Just think, the Senior can’t have "rest on their own." Many of them will be teaching school in a short while, and we can drift along with the multitudes, wearing the same uniform.

The Senior is wise. Oh! so wise! When she meets anyone on the street, the latter is forced to say, "and still she wonders what that small head could carry all it knew." But oh, the joy of being green is quite different; and since "Ignorance is bliss" let folly be wise.

The Seniors are struggling on with their duties, while we revel in planning our future. Perhaps, some of these dear upper classmen have long ago cast aside the idea of honors, and feel rather, that love is a duty, but we must enjoy our unique position; while the Junior is wise, the Senior is wise, the Freshman is wise. The latter is forced to say, "And still she wonders what that small head could carry all it knew." But oh, the joy of being green is quite different; and since "Ignorance is bliss" let folly be wise.

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Three New Members Elected to "Y\" Cabinet

Tuesday night after the election of the new cabinet members, the "Y\" found that it lacked three very important members. So Thursday night, a search was made for these three lost persons. As length they were found, and incidentally it didn't take much searching, because we really think that the "Y\" knew just where these three were situated. When found they were none other than Minnie Clarke Pandion, Mary Drinkwell, and Helen Barrow. Now the "Y\" will be able to continue its work, and we're all confident that next year will be the best that G. S. C. has ever had.

Rector Harding Delivers Palm Sunday Message

When Fannie McElhaney begins her announcement in chapel by saying, "We are always most delighted to have as our speaker..." we know then that the following Sunday one of our Milledgeville pastors is going to speak at Vesper. Miriam Elston introduced us to our speaker, Rector Harding, of the Milledgeville Episcopal church.

Rector Harding pointed out to us that we of the present generation should lay down our lives, since we are not able to show our love and devotion by palm branches, at the feet of Jesus. The choir gave a beautiful selection, "The Palms."

Famous \"Sea Devil\" Speaks

On Thursday night April 11, Count Felix Von Luckner spoke to a large gathering at the auditorium.

For two hours he held the attention of his audience, relating his adventures, and the story of his life seemed as romantically as any of the \"Leather Stocking Tales of Cooper.\" He gained the confidence and interest of the students early in his address by explaining that he left home at the age of thirteen on account of his dislike for examinations. His adventures in Australia, America, Norway, and almost every land and sea on the globe were as unique as the man himself. His particular admiration for the famous Buffalo Bill made him the object of deepest concern.

Count Von Luckner wears nine medals for life saving, and he stands today the only man of his position who entered the Navy in the lowest rank.

During the World\'s War he penetrated the blockades of the allies in an old clipper-ship and a fighter of her own kind ever to be used. His ingenuity in planning the exploits stands unexcelled. But in spite of the dangers that he waged for his country he took not one life.

"I have sailed under the \"Stars and Stripes\" too," says the Count.

MRS. HINES HONORS MISS DAUGHTRY WITH FAREWELL PARTY

On the afternoon of April 7, Mrs. Hines entertained with a lovely party in honor of Miss Annie Moore Daughtry. Mrs. Hines decided that there was need of a May queen—and who but Miss Daughtry was the very person? She was placed on a large throne and given a big stick of peppermint candy for a scepter. Now the queen still lasted a train, so a handsome train of cretions was brought out for her majesty. Then there must be movement, so Annie Jo Mayo and Mary Elliott entertained with a lovely dance. Now the subjects of the queen brought their love gifts, an interesting and ornamental assortment, each accompanied by a short poem. Then there was movement indeed when the courtiers cheered and cheered, and cheered for their queen. At length, Mrs. Hines invited the queen and her court out into the beautiful garden where, assisted by Miss Sara Bigham, she served delicious refreshments. Robert McLeannan chose this time to read his last will and testament, beginning to the newly elected president of the "Y\" her cans and joys as the president of the "Y."

Since the president, Vera Hunt was not present, Caroline Salmon, vice-president accepted the bestowal of honor with pleasure and appreciation. As a parting gift after her enjoyable entertainment, Mrs. Hines presented each of the guests with an autographed copy of her song, "The Log Catcher in the Pines." There present were Miss Daughtry, Miss Bigham, the old Y. W. C. A. cabinet, the newly elected oz., and Mrs. Hines.

Pre-Easter Morning Watch Services

Last Friday, Saturday, and Sunday mornings three very impressive pre-Easter sermons were held in the auditorium. The first was held at 6:30 Friday morning, at which Miss Rogers spoke. She told us of the last days of Christ and of the Resurrection. The following morning Miss Lorena Towey talked to us of the visit of Jesus' friends to the tomb. On Sunday morning Fannie McElheney presented to us Christ's victory over death, the resurrection of our Savior. All three meetings were inspirational and those who went enjoyed them fully.

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