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Milledgeville Band Has
Winter Concert Feb. 20
By ELICE LAWRENCE

The Milledgeville Concert Band, directed by George Armst, held its winter concert at Russell Auditorium on Wednesday evening, Feb. 20.

The program consisted of "The Thunderer March" by Sousa, "Wild Rose" and "Water Lily" by MacDowell, arranged by Tito; "Blind Men and Bees" by Widor, arranged by Blett; "Gymanian" by Grondin; "High School Cadets" by Sousa; "Laughter" by Handel, arranged by Harris; "My Heart At Thy Beated Voice" by Saint Saens—sung by Iris Barker, accompanied on the piano by Carol Taylor; "Poor Beautiful," by Rubinstein, played by Janis Brooks on the alto saxophone, and Myrtle Sanders on the piano, "Lauderdale Air," arranged by Harold L. Walters; "Festival of Youth March" by J. C. Clarfeldt.

The first annual tour of the band was a trip to the Milledgeville Schools on Feb. 21 and trips to Orangeburg, Sondererville, and White Feb. 22.

Anyone wishing to join the band should contact Janet Brooks or Mr. Armstrong. A workshop at Lake Lomax next month will be enjoyed by the most enthusiastic band members and people who join the band before that time.

Dr. Green is a member of the faculty of the University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa, and is professor in an American University.

Dr. James C. Bevan was re-elected president of the Old Carolina Historical Society at the meeting.

The Colonnade

New Nursery School Building To Be Completed And In Use By Summer

BY JO DEAN

The new nursery school building is being erected on the site of the old school, and it is hoped that the children can be housed in the building as early as this summer.

The building is very modern and has all the latest equipment. The children can be very comfortable and the children may play there even on chilly days. The building has very small rooms for each child, minimum furniture, a small television, simple, efficient, easy to clean, and very modern style furniture. The nursery school will have small rooms, toilets, chairs, toys, and all the equipment imaginable for little children to play with and use. The nursery school will have two officers and a conference room. In the conference room there will be a one-way vision screen so that students can observe the children without being seen.

The nursery school is directed by Mrs. Ingersoll, and she does a remarkable job with the children. She emphasizes the importance of their learning to use their hands, think for themselves, and get along with others.

LILIA NICKS

SUE COLQUITT

Dr. Bonner's Textbook To Be Published Soon

By ANN REESE

Dr. James C. Bevan, professor of history, has recently completed the manuscript for his book titled "History of Georgia.

This is to be a textbook for eleventh and twelfth grade of high school. The book contains which twenty-five chapters will be published sometime toward the end of the year.

The Georgia Publishers of Oxford, Oklaho- ma City, who are specialists in high school history books, will publish Dr. Bevan's book.

The history takes into consideration the social and economic as well as political history. There is also a new emphasis on the military aspects of history than is usually found in such books. Each chapter is presented as a standard unit of study. Each is built around a central unifying theme. An attempt was made to provide a balanced and proportionate theme throughout Georgia's story. The last chapter contains the 1957 session of the Georgia General Assembly and the Georgia at Mid-Century."

The chapters that precede the last one transpose the period from 1850-1865 to 1950-1955 and the beginning of "The Days of the Tarantula Dynasty."

The period from 1930-1950 is covered in a chapter called "Two Worlds and the Democracy."

The chapters illustrate the central theme idea of each chapter.

The book will be around 350-400 pages in length.

An attempt has been made to assemble original drawing, photographs and photographs which in themselves supply the concept of his- torical development. For example, scenes of three pictures were taken, one in 1964 of the area where Georgia Tech now stands when it was being formed by Confederate soldiers against Federal invasion. Another picture shows the same spot in 1966, when there were two buildings erected there known as the Georgia School of Technology. A third picture shows the same area today, the historic Georgia Tech.

A series of three pictures from downtown Atlanta were taken from the same camera spot. The first was in 1880 when Atlanta was a city the second one in 1950 and the third one made in 1959.

The book will have maps, some of which were copied from original maps.

Dr. Bevan said of maps in textbook, "If the student gives the maps a look, the student will know more about the story of Georgia than if he gives the story a look."

Dr. Bonner said of maps in text- book, "If the student gives the maps a look, the student will know more about the story of Georgia than if he gives the story a look."

The manuscript was accepted for publication by the publisher as being done on maps, charts and illustrations.

Choir Goes Concert: Begins Spring Tour

BY R. W. GODBEY

That music is well demonstrated by the Milledgeville College Choir, which was formed when they presented their last concert Winter semester. The choir is at 8:30 as in Russell Auditorium.

Specified from all departments of the Georgia State College for Women, the fifty members of the choir are non-professional students and participate in musical activities outside their regular, choir-related activities. They have been given a chance to tour the New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania to such modern as Hoboken, Newark, and New York.

During the concert season the choir will tour in towns and cities throughout Georgia, ending the year with a special tour to New York, Miami, or New Or- lis.

On Friday, February 22, they performed in Tallahassee, Florida, "In Crawfordville." From there they went to Tallahassee, White, Thomasville, Dorset, Jefferson, and Columbus. They are performing for the various high schools and church.
JESSIES
By Carolyn Baugus

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1987

GUilty OR NOT?

It takes so little effort on our part to make others feel the opportunity of having been hurt. So why shouldn't we be blamed for the simple cruelty of our unkind actions? When people have been denied personal experience, or are suffering, it's only natural to feel sorry for them. Sometimes it's so easy to forget to be grateful for the things we have, and see what we have as a curse.

These are the people who tend to be hurt, and we must be careful not to do this to them. We should try to see things from their point of view, and always try to be kind and understanding.

Walker’s Last Stand

Here I am sitting in my attic over at 320 in BEEN writing my next letter for the COLORADO. My notebook, clear to me, was home to the room I thought. Tonight I had been thinking about my next letter and the miniscule of the paper. There is a city of children on the 再来, yet one or two more, because this is my last paper.

My thanks are going to be a year ago. I put my hat in a bucket when I learned how you hurt me. I really did not think I would ever see you. I did not want to see you. I did not want to be around you. I did not want to be anybody... you.

Mickey: Anything I ever been around or been, she always give me the feeling I was stepping on others.

Gay: Why, I know you mean. She knows that you don't have time to be doing something you aren't supposed to be doing. Mickey: You think this is a good idea.

Mickey: You know what I want.

To the Editor:

Dear Editor: This week I was thrilled to see an ad for a new record of the song "Dear Mr. President." I've always been a fan of Bruce Springsteen's music, but this song really caught my attention. In fact, I think it might be my new favorite song.

Wendy

March Wester Edition

McLennan News Editor

GIRL'S SHOE STORE

SHOSHO HUMPER

Fashion's Fads

By Shirley Kemp

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1987

You often and always should carefully consider how you behave and how you plan to purchase a new outfit, but how often do you consider the effects of your purchase on our society? Clothes are not just something to wear; they are a reflection of our values, and the way we think about ourselves and others.

We don't have to buy anything new every year, but we should consider the impact of our purchases on the environment. Clothes are made from natural resources like cotton, wool, and silk, which are all grown or raised. It takes a lot of energy and water to produce these materials, and it's important to think about how much we really need.

This is why I'm so pleased to see the increasing number of stores that offer second-hand clothing. Not only is it good for the environment, but it can also be a great way to save money. And who doesn't love a good bargain?

I'm looking forward to seeing more stores like these in the future, and I encourage everyone to consider the impact of their clothing choices on our society.
Meditations

On A Quiet Weekend

TICK. TICK. TICK. TICK. The little brass clock on the desk tapped out the minute marks, reminding me to keep my eyes and mind focused on the task at hand. The desk lamp cast its warm glow over the scattered papers and books, creating a cozy ambiance that was interrupted only by the occasional ticking of the clock.

The rhythm of the clock's ticks was soothing, almost hypnotic. It was a peaceful moment, a break from the usual hustle and bustle of daily life. The silence was almost palpable, and I found myself lost in thought. I closed my eyes and allowed the ticks to lull me into a state of calm.

The door opened, and I heard footsteps approaching. I quickly snapped my eyes open and focused on the task at hand. The time was ticking away, and I had much to accomplish.

Thomson

knows the secrets of the other room. It was Friday and the girls were planning the prospect of a "spite" weekend, one of those early-morning getaways planned to be about as enjoyable as spring holidays in Athens. She had seen all her friends off home or to Georgia for the big week-end there; Mother One's boy had called last night and said he had to take Brother to the baseball tournament and would be "thinking" of her; and, one thing, another added up to dull... dull...

Ah, well, perhaps—waiting to suppose she was finishing—still or that Mercer boy... maybe the family will come over Sunday. And then, I can always... study. Great! A whole weekend with enough to make me happy again and a history book and no one to make one's self beawful for one's fellow-sufferers in Room 23.

Somehow Thursday slipped into Saturday morning. She had studied, written letters, played a few hands of bridge with the crowd down the hall, thinking Sunday Saturday would have some interesting in place. If didn't. No mail—not even any letters, no letters. No looking. By Saturday night the situation began to border on lunaticality. The little clock was whacking out the seconds as if it wanted her to understand. Every girl in the dorm who was going anywhere made a special point to close up her door leaving distantly obvious voices into her room, and wore still, what she thought the recognized as real. 100-proof inside voices floated up from the peep and, with the spring breeze, into the room to haunt her.

She wanted to be early but could not sleep. She got out of bed Number One a scratching liter, thought about transmogrifying to Tech, played Here In My Lonely Room on the record-player, began actually to look forward to Monday morning, got back to bed, and studied herself, to sleep tiring desperately to keep that soul-old urge to read that soul-old urge to keep herself in contact with the outside world.

Sunday did not fail to provide the clowning hour. Late Sunday afternoon, just as she began to feel like a poor, discarded toy of life and to imagine grey creeping slowly over her, the phone rang. There was never a more frantic rush to any line. There did not seem to be any two places in the room alike, but with her skirt,2 surrounding be tween her hair and her head, she bounded out. Into her bedroom the girl got down three flights of stairs, hopping into every available person and door on the way, and to the phone room at last, most before the girl could hang up the phone, she would remain unconscious. Breathless, she jumped in the chair, raised the phone to her ear and said Hello in a raised voice as she could muster. The voice on the other end, quickly and hesitantly, responded, "Could you tell me Mr. Washington's assignment for Monday?"

Later, in her room, in a half-delirium of desperation, she lay on the bed and repeated nonchalantly to nobody a little story of her. Told of the Inner recesses of the inner recesses of the