WC Is Scene Of Five Days In May

Miss Bertha Wholt
New Dean of Students

Dr. C.J. Bonner
Writes All-Time Best Seller

Dr. C. J. Bonner is the author of a new book, "Daisy girl" which is the heartwarming story of Erminette Peeler, Georgia's famous heroine of the streets and champion of women's rights. The story is told in Miss Peeler's own words in tenos cantabile, and could not be a better record of a heroine. The book illustrated by Mr. LeMon, has appeared on the bookstands soon, and it promises to be an all-time best seller.

John Claud, Poetry editor of Saturday Review, claims that it is the most superbly written literature since Dannie's trilogy. Time magazine critics called it "Widely readest!"

Roo Crook Takes Over CGA

As a result of the recent coup in the Dean's office, Roo Crook, a formidable personality on the campus, has assumed the responsibilities of the Dean of Students. Mrs. Crook, the new Dean, is a woman of much experience, and her appointment has been generally approved by the students. She has taken charge of the dean's office and is working hard to improve the college's discipline and academic standards.

Choir Unanimously Names
Dr. Noah Year's Note

Poster Auditorium was the scene of a most joyous occasion for the Woman's College A Capella Choir. The entire week was filled with many festive activities for all the group members and music majors. As a final round-up for the preceding weeks that had been featured plans to select the most outstanding choir member, the competition was fierce. Finally, Miss Selma Betel was chosen as the outstanding member.

Dog Bites Woman

This occurrence may not seem out of the ordinary to most people, but the circumstances and the character involved made it an item of major interest at this college. Miss Selma Betel and her adorable spaniel-poodle, Pincole, have always been the best of friends. The old saying, "A dog is a friend to all and a sister to every other girl scout," never rang truer. These two were inseparable.

But now, alas, all that has changed. Miss Betel, a devoted girl scout, was struck down by her beloved companion the other day. With warning and without provocation, Pincole suddenly attacked him and his leg was injured. The shock was too much to bear. The whole college was thrown into a state of confusion. The police were called, and the matter was investigated thoroughly.

Dr. Blue Rides Again!

Shortly after midnight on the night of May 27, the Millville City Police were called to the scene of a KK.K riot and cross-burning on the Marion Laws. With nightsticks, brass knuckles, rocks, and shotguns, the policemen finally succeeded in stopping the riot. The Klan members were lashed, tried, and left without their masks. It was then discovered that all the Klansmen were members of the faculty of W.C. With great difficulty the policeman dragged the Klansmen down off the hilltop and removed the masks, revealing the identity of that person to be Dr. Blue. The leader of the History Department, Dr. Blue and her fellow Klans members were escorted into the paddy wagon and taken to jail. It is reported that the trial will be delayed for some time, and they will be in jail a long enough for final exams.

Sure to be a hit, this is an admirable sequel again.

Dr. Jacobs Quits P.E. Department

A tremendous blast shook the campus last week when Dr. John B. Jacobs, head of the Physical Education Department, suddenly resigned. Dr. Jacobs has been an outstanding inner conditioner and is now working on a study to leave this department, Dr. Jacobs, who has really been an asset to our college in the field of athletics, turned in his resignation with only one reply: "I don't want to be an English major!"
Dear Editor,

I have noticed a trend which has become progressively worse on the year last week has worn on. Problems have been happening more frequently—perhaps from some students who have been visiting Georgia State—just the purpose of coming to college. I have just had a basic principle in good southern American life. They have广播电视 addicts who have gotten a little harsh. They're forgetting that college is not a place to wallow in the best principles. Those professors here don't realize that college is a goldfish. They're forgetting that college is the education is the platform for the masses. If you want to make the masses better, you must have the education that you can be better.

Dear Editor,

I wish to protest the removal of Paul Adler as Editor of the Column. Our school has a rich tradition of excellence in its academic and extra-curricular activities. The removal of such an influential figure from the leadership of theColumn is a serious setback. Paul Adler has demonstrated his commitment to excellence, integrity, and the well-being of our community. His leadership has been instrumental in shaping the values and traditions of our school. We urge the administration to reverse this decision and reinstate Paul Adler as Editor of the Column.

Sincerely,
[Your Name]
Miss Prichard Goes Berserk

The entire campus was shocked last Monday when Miss Sadie Prichard, a physical education instructor, savagely attacked the bees in front of Albatross with her bow and arrow and then turned on her class. Parts of the story are as yet incomplete and the cause of this mad sprees remains for all practical purposes undetermined.

Witnesses first suspected that all was not as it should be when Miss Prichard arrived for her archery class wearing Sherwood Green instead of the usual white. They were also somewhat taken aback when she called to her "Merry Me" to line up for roll call. But the final turning point occurred when Miss Prichard, after demonstrating a particularly difficult backward shot involving a mirror retrieved her arrow and reportedly shrieked "'Bout Seven with one bow?" She was referring to bees, of course.

After this surge of triumph came the last for more blood. Witnesses report that her eyes flashed as she began hurling arrows at the bees with her hands as well as her bow, missing her victim right and left. So utterly wild were her actions that she accidentally wound a meadow, five birds, and three GMC cadets in addition to the 936 (we counted them) bees, for whom even the sky was no refuge.

Somewhat astounded with bloodshed for the moment, Miss Prichard sat down on a bench, assuming the pose of The Thinker. Then she rose slowly, muttering some- thing on the order of taking from the rich and giving to the poverty program. Suddenly she aimed her last arrow in the direction of a group of astounded architecture students. An eyewitness report, "It would have been a sad picture indeed if Miss Lacoste McEwen hadn't come dashing to the rescue from theiberine court like the White Knight with her Visor gleaming in the sun," Miss Prichard was finally subdued and taken away.

Later upon viewing the bench where the 936 casualties, Dr. Ross Lawton of the English department sighed, "Alas, poor bees! The very pit of their hearts cleft with the low-boys' butt-shaft!!" Dr. H. R. Fricks of the psychology department diagnosed Miss Prichard's madness as spring fancy.

WREC's RUMBLINGS

A CHANCE TO BE LIKED

"NO-SLEEP" BUY YOUR
FOR FINALS

AT Evans

PHARMACY

The Future At WC

This charming circle is a hole

CONT. FROM PAGE 4

Ung Ung's Vice Column

Dear Ung Ung,

I have trouble beating my way through the S.U., at night to S.U. garganites or other products. Can you? I have a plan of action?

Dear Rear Admiral,

I'm trying a dress.

Dear Rear Admiral,

I'm too losing weight awfully fast these days. Pretty soon I will dry up and blow away. Do you know a solution?

Dear Rear Admiral,

This whole quarter has been fun, fun, fun. Now I think that I'm going to flunk my exams. If I don't flunk, I'll just die. Is it too late for me?

Dear Rear Admiral,

If you can't find a friend in the duplicating office, better call a lawyer or a florist.

Dear Rear Admiral,

I live in Tellie. We girls are having trouble with peeping tom. What should we do?

Dear Rear Admiral,

We are very rude of people who leaves chapel rule after the role is called. We think maybe we over next minute or two minutes (or is it minutes)? at all the whore. Does anyone know what to do?

Dear Rear Admiral,

I have a very much for you writing letter.

Dear Rear Admiral,

My boyfriend and I are planning to elope the night before finals. How do we go about it?

Dear Rear Admiral,

My housemother must have a grudge against me. She glares at my boyfriend and me as we kid goodnight every night. She even proceeded to separate us one night. I am becoming rather hostile to her. Help!!!

Dear Rear Admiral,

If your girlfriend will cooperate, share benefits with her to relieve her frustration.

Ung Ung