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THE JOHNSONIAN

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1935

MAKE COLLEGE DAYS COUNT

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is an old, old adage that we have all heard. Every college student knows, for a fact, that the greatest part of a college education comes, not from books, but from the friendships and associations therein formed. Wintthrop offers very little social life; therefore, the value of our few gaieties is greatly enhanced, and our absences from these affairs makes our individual loss inherently greater.

Please do not misunderstand us. We do not recommend a so-called "society life," and the utter abandonment of text-books. We are urging only a saner distribution of our time while in college. Four years from now—possibly less—it will be too late to turn back the clock, however much we may wish to do so.

We should begin today to help make the college social functions the gayest possible. Those of us who put the most in a thing are the ones who are going to get the most out of it. If you don't believe us, wait and see!

EDUCATING THE FRESHMEN

Everyone knows that the first term at school is a hectic one for Freshmen. According to an article recently printed by The New York Times: "He (she in our case) is torn from the familiar setting of home and high school. He is set down in a strange town and lives with strangers in a dormitory. The educational plant is larger than any he has known before. Many of the faculty seem, at first, unapproachable."

It is out of a situation like this that machinery for aiding the freshmen in adjusting themselves has slowly evolved. Wintthrop, like other schools, has realized the need of a freshman's becoming well-acquainted with his new surroundings, and with himself in his new surroundings. Realizing this need, she has set aside two days at the beginning of school in which Freshmen "learn the ropes." Freshman Counselors and a few other upper classmen are at Wintthrop to advise them at this time.

When the upperclassmen return to the campus, the freshmen are not so green as they might have been without their two days alone. They have gained a knowledge of the school and its ways. They have been kept busy; they have learned the rules and regulations; they have had physical examinations; and they are ready to begin the school year in a normal way.

A DICTATOR FALLS

"The kingfish is dead; long live the king!" seems to be the view which many people hold of Senator Long's death. When we look at Louisiana, however, we wonder.

There is little justification in the comparison of the death of Huey Long with the death of Abraham Lincoln, except on two scores: first, that neither left a capable successor; second, that Louisiana is now left in somewhat the same position as was the South after Lincoln's death.

Dictators found no dynasties. They hold their power through force of arms or force of personality, or both. When they cease to be, their successors and imitators fail to maintain the nicely balanced structure which they have built. Thus it happens with the Long dictatorship in Louisiana. Though the extent of the dictator's control was small, his death has left the field writhing with lesser contenders for his power. That these survivors are neither so strong nor so capable as their predecessor is witnessed by their declaration that they will uphold the "Share the Wealth" program, but will discontinue the fight against Roosevelt.

But what benefit is to be derived from the untimely death of Huey Long?—aside from the fact that his followers will now consider him martyred? No national menace has been removed, for Long's power at Washington was lessening; it could be classed as that of a general nuisance. No state menace has been overthrown in Louisiana, for sooner or later the people of the state should have taken Long's measure at the polls. In the meantime, he was building good schools and roads and other public works in that state.

Most certainly no advance in good government was made through Long's violent death. His passing threatens chaotic conditions for Louisiana. Far better for that state had Long lived, while a system of government was growing up to overthrow his dictatorial power, than that the state be left in a crisis with no real leader and no order.

EVENT AND COMMENT

By Julian S. Miller

(Ed. Note: But he sat at the guest table!)

It was unique and pleasurable as an experience to have dinner the other day with the students of Wintthrop College in their eating emporium of such immense dimensions, more than 1,200 of them.

That's a lot of girls and there was a lot to eat, strange as it may seem to boarding school students in some institutions who write home to send them some rations by plane.

It was for a fact an engaging menu—you could go to your favorite hotel, pay a dollar and get no more, if not fare worse. For one thing, there was no turnip greens nor spinach nor roughness or forage of any sort.

It was such good things as the human body was intended to have, done up in a tasteful fashion and in an abundance that all but swept an outsider off his feet, but not his feed.

Such an outsider who for multiple years in his own vine and figtree has had to fatten on necks and legs when fried chicken semi-occasionally visited the domestic table was just about ready for the smelling salts when his plate was brought in bearing two luscious bosoms of as many chickens.

In addition, to go through with this narrative of so sensational a spread of victuals in a college dining room, there was excellent-ly-cooked mashed potatoes and such.

There is a sort of mashed Irish potatoes, as some of you may know, unfit for a respectable Anglo-Saxon appetite—the sort that is overwhelmed with saturation and lack in the fluffiness to stand up in their own name and right and be devoured.

Then there was a red-candied half-apple, creamed asparagus, a refrigerated salad, the identity of which it would be highly dangerous for a layman to go into save to say that its heredity could not be questioned. It was to be numbered among the best families in the salad society.

Then came delectable ice cream and cake and coffee—what more could one expect or ask for outside of a Belshazzar banquet? The plenitude of these provisions and which the girls of Wintthrop luxuriate is only exceeded by their culinary excellence.

There, after all, is the supreme test of food excellence—the way it is treated over the coals and dashed with the this-and-that which makes for palatable news.

Gastronomically, Wintthrop is a whale of a success.

Then the recently-acquired President of the institution, Dr. Shelton Phelps, informed that the whole bill per month for these more than 1,200 boarding students of the institution is \$21, room, laundry and a few what-nots thrown in.

If the average father had some process by which he could sit down and quietly compute the cost of tending his girls at home, he would probably be appalled to find that Wintthrop could do that job more cheaply.

It is, for a reality, no mean accomplishment that this institution has worked out in being able to so moderate a cost to deal so abundantly with the creature necessities of its students.

Furthermore, the economies extend throughout the entire realm of a student's mandatory cost at Wintthrop which is, for everything, \$503 the whole year.

Of course, if your girl is not of South Carolina origins, the bill will not be quite so convincing as to its reasonableness. They double up on the outsiders because Wintthrop is primarily South Carolina's institution of higher learning for South Carolina girls and they get the first call as well as all of the advantages, the propriety of which will not be reasonably questioned.

And Wintthrop is equally as proficient in the instruction of its students as in its care for their corporeal interests.

One hundred able teachers are in control of the mental exercises.

They cover the range of a modern collegiate education, not only assisting in providing these girls with a finger-tip efficiency if they run off into the practical pursuits, but in the area of scholarship the same excellent achievements are being registered.

Girls emerging from Wintthrop, as has been discovered in the experience of this and other North Carolina counties, hold their heads up as school teachers with those of any other institution to be named.

The student assembly of this institution is a fair cross-section of the girlhood of our South, perhaps of our entire nation.

As such, one is given a hope for the future that one does not pick up from the giggling girls of the workaday world, for there is in their expressions an eager expectancy of a worth-while life awaiting them over the brow of the hill.

A little while ago I asked a doctor whose practice ought to be informing, what he thought of the younger generation.

"I think they are going headlong to hell," he said, just like that.

I think nothing of the sort. At least there is no evidence among this vast acreage of girls at Wintthrop that they have any such notions. In their faces is the utter antithesis of so much as cheapness and coarseness and vulgarity.

As for these and for their types in our world, they are going assuredly in the other direction at a magnificent gait.

—From The Charlotte Observer.

MUSICAL NOTES

Wintthrop College Glee Club sang "I Lay My Sins on Jesus" (Bonar), at Vespers Sunday evening, September 26, in the amphitheater. Anna Marian Busbee directed the Glee Club, and Julia Warren accompanied.

The sextette and string ensemble will take part on the program of the meeting of the State Library Association, in Rock Hill, October 4.

The sextette will sing at the district meeting of the State Federation of Women's Clubs in Conway, October 9 and S. Mrs. G. Fred Lawrence, of Rock Hill, will drive the sextette to Conway.

The week's book report in brief: Dictionary—a bit plodding, but a splendid vocabulary.

Modern Collegian.

Diary Of A Maid In Uniform

Sept. 20:
 Have been asked to entertain the poor defenseless freshmen at a party tomorrow night. Am amazed when told that I am to sing in a quartet. Have always held the private opinion that my voice is good—a little uncertain on pitch, but quite clear and sweet—yet never before has anyone else concurred in this opinion.

Go immediately to music hall and practice scales, grills, etc. Proceed to rehearsal prepared to warble them with my Tone Quality. Am informed upon arrival that I'm not expected to sing; the other three will do that. No, I am to be the Concho Element.

Quickly readjust myself to this and decide I'd rather have my arms of humor appreciated than my voice, anyhow. Perhaps I am the wit I've always considered myself. Go into the act with great enthusiasm. Start with a perfect gem of a drunken reeling stunt, and as the spirit of the thing begins to get me, manage to produce some fine graces and delightful little "moves."

Am just swinging into my stride with varied amusing gestures when I am told that they don't want me to DO anything. I am just to stand there and look funny.

Feelings are definitely hurt now. Spiritually decide to do just as I'm told. Not a move will I make in the horrid little skill. Then they'll be sorry!

Sept. 21:
 Go through performance as before resolved, standing motionless and solid throughout. Yet somehow the freshmen think I am hilariously funny. When I sneer disdainfully at their mirth they laugh immoderately.

Spent rest of night thinking of ways and means of retting the entire freshman class singlehanded.

Sept. 22:
 Receive terrific blow today. A letter from the Trustlove informs me that something terrible has happened to us. It seems that for years he has suffered from horizontal stagnation and has never seen things their proper width. He has now acquired glasses which widen objects horizontally. Although he promises never again to look at me, I fear the worst.

It will at least be consoling to think that I've fooled him all these years.

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 Who slipped on a peel of banana,
 More stars she spilled
 As she lay on her side
 Than are found in the Star Spangled Banner.

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Masquers Play Given Wednesday

"The Miracle of Our Lady's Chapel," a one-act play, was presented by the Masquers, under the direction of Miss Florence Wilks, at chapel Wednesday, September 26.

The scene for the play was in a nursery in the late afternoon and the cast was as follows: Novice, Madeline Haynsworth; Nun, Florence Richbourg; Mother Superior, Catherine Hunt Phillips; and Madonna, Mary Glover.

Dimple Thomas, Dorothy Thackerson, and Madeline Pedgett were in charge of properties. Miss Roth and Miriam Speights of music.

"Dat an astun'g a hot W' liver you got dere, George."

"It sho is baby, and I've gonna take you out in it as soon as I gets my 'centious plates.'"—Punch Bowl.

North Central District Of Alumnae Will Meet

North Central District of the Winthrop Alumnae Association will meet in Rock Hill on Saturday, September 28, at the home of the Alumnae Building Johnson Chapter of the Alumnae.

Mrs. E. O. Hobbs (Mary Johnson Woods, '20) is president of the North Central District, which includes the counties of Chester, Chesterfield, Fairfield, Kershaw, Lancaster, and York. The invitation for the district meeting was extended by the Susanna Rutledge Johnson Chapter at the annual conference held in Rock Hill in 1934.

Delegates to the meeting will assemble in Johnson Hall at ten-thirty on Saturday morning. Speakers for the occasion will include Dr. Shelton Phelps, Mrs. John Hargrove, president of the Alumnae Association, and Miss Letta Russell, executive secretary of the Association.

Susanna Rutledge Johnson Chapter of Rock Hill, of which Mrs. Lorraine Sizer (Louise Evans, '18), is president, aided by the Winthrop College Chapter, of which Miss Gladys Smith, '18, is president, is the cause of the entertainment for the meeting.

New Members Chosen By Beta Pi Theta

New members were chosen and committee chairmen were elected at a meeting of Beta Pi Theta in Dr. Elizabeth Johnson's classroom Friday, September 20, at 12:30. Mabel Browne will head the Social Committee; Elizabeth Plesco was elected chairman of the Initiative Committee; Catherine Hunt Pauling will serve as chairman of the Publicity Committee; and the Program Committee will be headed by Susie McKown. Bids for membership have been sent to Elizabeth Stony, Katie Ann Brubham, Elizabeth Tealer, Elizabeth Barry, Winifred Caldwell, Elizabeth Cochran, Sara Evans, Mary Gallman, Bobbie Jane, Martha Moore, Hattie Green Stewart, Jessie Teague, Mary Catherine Omer, and Virginia Walker.

Social Service Club Hears Rock Hill Nurse

Miss Kathleen Malone, Rock Hill City nurse, was guest-speaker at the first meeting of the Social Service Club, Monday, September 23, at 4:15 at the home of Dr. Helen Macdonald.

At the conclusion of the program the hostess served doughnuts and coffee. New members to be taken in are: Doris Lockhart, Margaret Reid, Alpha Cooper, Mary A. Stone, Sara Schumpert, Sara Armstrong, Helen Estes, Dorothy Pitt, Harriet Morgan, Louise Prossolo, Mildred Pace, Adelaide Beer-Brook, Elsie Hammond, and Carolyn Estes.

Macbeth a la Winthrop

The laundry:
"Out, damned spot!"
""
Leaving the post office at 9:00 a. m.:
"I take my leave; 'twill not be long ere I'll be here again."

Any student receiving a "pop" test:
"Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had t'wixt a blessed time."
(Note: "False face must hide what the false heart doth know.")

To the drug-plucker:
"There's no art
To find the mine's construction to the face."

"Horsay" Cooper:
"I dare do all that may become a man!"

Attitude toward theme-writing:
"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly."

On betting the baseball:
"That's this blow
Might be the be-all, and the end-all here."

The seniors during second semester:
"If we should fall!"

Miss Anderson:
"How came she by that light!"

The end of a light-out:
"And she goes down at twelve."

Call to the dining room:
"The bell invites me."

One of the current ails:
"Ray it is not so."

Walking to town since our new rule passed:
"Woe you this afternoon!"

Going home at light-bell:
"And let us not be dainty of leaving;
But slitt away."

Dining room assembly:
"Now, good digestion, wait on appetite."

At the picture show:
"Here is a place reserved."

BLUE SPECTATOR

First it's work and now it's more work! We've been up here about two weeks and except for a few changes in completions and a host of new and inquiring faces, there seems to have been no vacation . . . which goes to prove that Training School has a lot to do with these circle-eyed Seniors who are already turning grey with their problems of discipline and personality. . . .

The girls in Bancroft had an unusual experience the other morning; ask them about the line of locked doors just before breakfast . . . which reminds us of the rare sides-views in said dormitory . . . lucky for Catherine Hunt and Bob! . . . From all we hear this course in natural dancing doesn't leave one feeling quite natural . . .

While Ada Evans forgets that gym meets twice, not thrice, a week . . . Did you see Lillian Hogarth this past weekend? She looked nutty at home . . . and aren't vesper services in the amphitheater grand? . . . One freshman wants to know where are the apple trees for so many pies . . . All these little slivers this year are quite interesting . . . somebody said "Put" looks more like "Put" than she did herself. . . . But Miss Orr and Miss Sanbury still can't understand why we must wear new shoes as soon as we return, sometimes after two and even three years' experience. . . . What is this we hear about the prospective new member of the Business Department who was quite young, unmarried, and a man—and such being the case, a feminine instructor is being considered instead? . . . Dear, doesn't what will the girls in South do next! Better move your trunk in if it's near the stairs! . . . Did you happen to hear Mr. Gibson slip up and use the good old South Carolina pronunciation of "cabby"? . . . And now for the Clin, our weekly Stories of the week. (Editor's Note: There are at least two witnesses to testify to each one of these stories).

One freshman asked Mr. Tutwiler if she could listen to Guy Lombardo, and then quite innocently inquired how long he was going to take! . . . Another dear little soul, discovered by Miss Deane, in the library at 1:15 A. M. the other morning, naively remarked that she was taking her light out! . . . Another innocent "freshie" went down town, entered a "block" and paid \$1.50 deposit on it before she learned better. . . . The Wheeler hair has been christened Marquis Mowbray Wheeler, and Dr. Wheeler says he had nothing to do with the selection. Dr. Phelps says it's the mother's privilege to name a baby boy, anyhow. . . . And one of our young literary geniuses was inspired to the following poetic struggle by the untoward happenings on third floor South last Saturday night:

A physical ed. major named "Dodo" With her roommate cut many a diode. One night a vampire Peaked through the screenwire— And now she drinks only weak cocon.

Psychology Club Initiates Pledges
Initiation of new members into the Psychology Club took place Thursday afternoon, September 28, at 8 o'clock in Johnson Hall. Before the formal initiation the pledges stood in tribute psychological tests in order to prove themselves worthy of membership. The new members are Miriam Speights, Anna Louise Henzler, Mary Elizabeth Berry, Ruth Betler, Mavra Joyce Bryant, Louise Howe, Minnie Greene Moore, Virginia Scott, Carolyn Estes, Mamie Rose Clawson, Mary B. Ratcliff, and Jo Russell.

Dr. W. W. Rogers, head of the Psychology Department, is sponsor of the club; Nansie Wilkerson is president, and Elizabeth Byars, secretary.

Aileen Reed Wins Prize For Poem
Aileen Reed, a graduate of last year, has been awarded the prize offered by Dr. Paul M. Wheeler for the best sonnet submitted by a member of his class in poetry last semester. The prize is "Untermeyers' Modern British Poetry," and it is spoken of by Dr. Wheeler as "the most enjoyable text on poetry."
Dr. Wheeler has announced that the award will be given this semester for the best contribution of any type of poetry made by a member of the class in poetry.

The Jarrells Hold Open House Tuesday
Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Jarrell held "open house" on Sunday afternoon to members of The Journal and Teller staffs.

A COLLEGE PROFESSOR DISCOVERED

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