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THE JOHNSONIAN

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1923

WHAT'S RIGHT ABOUT WINTHROP?

What's right about Winthrop?

We may well ask this question, for there is a pronounced tendency to criticize Winthrop adversely. We are always discussing how faculty rules may be remedied, how courses may be improved. We are always considering the disadvantages of going to Winthrop. We seldom consider the advantages.

It is our statement concerning Winthrop, however, that help the people we meet to estimate our school. We can not expect these people to have a high opinion of Winthrop when we students are constantly discussing faults we see in the institution.

Yet we believe in Winthrop. We appreciate the opportunities for development Winthrop offers. But we simply take these things for granted, and seldom speak of them.

We need not become walking advertisements of Winthrop. We need not gloss over the faults of Winthrop.

We need only to show Winthrop as she is.

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

At least once in the life of each college editor there comes a time when he promotes The Box.

Having reached that stage in our development, we have obtained a box and placed it below Bulletin Board A, where administrative notices are posted.

If you have a party, entertain a visitor, get a proposal, or are on the receiving end of a nice-sized check from home, then, you have NEWS for THE JOHNSONIAN.

We want want such items, and the box is for your convenience in getting the facts to us. Write legibly, sign your name, and slip the note into the box before Wednesday noon of the week it should appear.

Even if the idea isn't new, it's good.
Use the box.

PUT AWAY CHILDISH THINGS

We are always objecting to being treated like children; but as long as we persist in acting like children, it is only natural that we be so regarded.

Our conduct, or rather our misconduct, make it necessary for mimeographed notices to be placed on every table in the dining room. These notices requested that students keep their voices low, refrain from loud outbursts of laughter, and try to be particularly orderly whenever there are guests in the dining room.

Such a notice as this should be entirely unnecessary. Hardly any student here is less than sixteen years of age; and, certainly, in sixteen years everyone should have learned well enough the proper conduct at the table.

Not one of us would do anything unruly at our table at home, for such an act would cast discredit on ourselves and our parents. But we have realized that such an act at Winthrop casts discredit not only on ourselves and our parents, but on our school as well?

Consider these facts next time you feel inclined to be bisterous.

CONCERNING PICTURE SHOWS

Try to choose a picture show each week that will please thirteen hundred girls!

Our point is, of course, that Mr. Graham, who picks the shows, has an unenviable job if pleasing the students is the only consideration. But it's not—for he must deal with the distributors as well. And the distributors tie his hands legally in the matter of variety of choice.

We sympathize with Mr. Graham when we think of the thirteen hundred girls waiting to be entertained, but for the moment a congratulatory spirit prevails. The bursar has succeeded in getting contracts which will allow the best of the newer pictures to be shown at Winthrop.

We appreciate Mr. Graham's efforts to satisfy us.

The disturbances that go on during the chapel hour are not necessary. Did you notice how attentive and well-behaved the audience was at the Vespers conducted by the Clemson students?

The University of Minnesota offers a course in student leadership. There are fifty-two students attending this course, which consists of lectures by prominent campus leaders and discussion of campus problems.



WINTHROP DAY BY DAY

Diary: The room mate and I decided that waffles (cooperatively used) was the best the morning and Miss Erskine had to offer, went to Miss Es' for waffles. Several girls with visiting mothers and their friends dropped by to extend extended greetings to the room mate. The folks from home must have gone to the mountains this Sunday, or maybe they're just stopped dropping by. Trying of existing conditions in the room and seeking escape from the screaming oots and oots, I happened into the library—laid at dogs and furniture in House Beautiful and American Home. Devoured the last issue of Life, and sure we can never be decline in taste again. The other doesn't include the "Are You Sure" column. Maybe the new publication under Tim's direction will be food for even more thought. Han across this little bit on the magazine rack and find the underlying principle rather amusing:

"When you're away, I'm restless, lonely, Wretched, bare, dejected; only Here's the rub, my darling dear, I feel the same when you are near."

Concluded "me, too" and went to bed.

Martha Moore, the Modern Language enthusiast, has a real find in Caroline Sand, freshman from Long Island, who speaks German and French fluently. Spanish partially and Italian passably. She, too, is a Modern Language enthusiast. For murder mystery fans, Eric Tingling Gardner's "The Case of the Stuttering Bishop" will doubtless prove exciting, if not exciting ...

Thoughts while strolling and crunching scores: Dr. Keith would make a good Santa Claus.

Mary Libba Welch could never be described as working at a thing gingerly.

What not a comic debate between Mr. J. W. McCain and Miss Sheila Bradford?

Some of the seniors are rather inclined to be bisterous with dignity, with the sophomores cracking almost too wide. The freshmen and juniors will come into their own 'ere long.

The "swell" doesn't add enough to any sentence to warrant its existence. A Winthrop fire drill in news reel would be surprising, to say the least.

Recommended for week-end pastime: Ping-pong party in the gym.

Books In Brief

Mr. White, The Red Barn, H. E., and Bridgewater, by Booth Tarkington.

Four short stories—projections of the idea that "we might be less fools had we suspect we might be immortal." Not very like Booth Tarkington.

Songs From the Sleme, Toyohiko Kagawa.

Written when he was a consummate boy living in the shams of Japan, surrounded by filth and disease. Full of pity and hope.

In the November issue of Esquire there is an article about the experiment that Jasper Doest is making with the Hedgerow Theater. This group has played at Winthrop for the last two years.

Figures Don't Lie

If the Freshmen should win the Peep Meet again this year, instead of hanging our heads in silent embarrassment, we'll come forward with an excellent reason why. Look at the figures showing the number of students in the various classes:

Seniors	229
Juniors	238
Sophomore	343
Freshmen	498
Specials	8
Total	1,068

Personalities



Dickie Williams . . . president of Freshman Class . . . from Charlotte . . . majoring in Commerce . . . four year course . . . unexpectedly tall . . . brisk . . . friendly . . . with a swing . . . power at Menninger High last year . . . president of Student Body . . . salutatorian . . . etcetera . . . pledged to Omega Gamma Delta social club.

JUST LINES

Dear Mother,

Bull-sessions has been the chief occupation and only amusement this week, and I've come in for a full dose. I don't know if it's the weather or what, but everyone has been in a chafing mood—or maybe it's that everyone is just finding out that I'm a sympathetic soul.

The room mate went home for the week-end and I've had my first experience at sleeping out. What with its being Halloween and my hostess in a mischievous mood, my hostess and I had a number of fun (that word doesn't look right but if I am good in grammar as I think I am, the construction is right) exciting adventures.

The latest stroke hit on me yesterday, dumb dummah is on the girl who came to her Freshman Adviser to ask her for some information on the Ethiopian question. She'd looked through all the books in the library and at last decided that her Adviser would be the best person to get some help from.

Love,
SALLY.

About The Gym

Seen here and there about the gym: Visitors last week-end Physical Education instructors from G. W. C. . . Misses Post and Hammack . . . Miss Hammack's first pep talk

in the place where we "go and get it" three daily . . . new batch of gym suits adding color to activities . . . New books and material being catalogued for the P. E. Library . . . Senior majors teaching corrective exercises in Therapeutics.

Just imagine! "Scotie" and Kinsey—two of Winthrop's best tennis players—take beginners' tennis! Hockey games just two weeks off! Club rivalry will again be dragged north from the moth balls assuring plenty of excitement, while the winter colors play the Sophie and the French team is given a baptism of fire by their heroine helping sisters—the rugged Junior outfit—in the first games of the youthful 36 series.

Tips on teams: Elma Pearson is slated to serve as goalkeeper for the Seniors—the bouquis to her! Muted question among said group: exchange teaching conflicting with tournament week. Juniors along with each other class aspiring to the cup. For prettiness keeping an eye on Julia Thomas Personal nomination for improvement goes to the Sophie. Girls are under the injury list—Dee Clark, fullback, is absent maybe for the sake of the season—damaged ankle keeping her out of action.

Leading up to the tourney is the annual pep meet—Friday, November 12—amphitheatre! Sophas are spreading the news that they're out to win the cup again this year.

The Olympic movies purchased by the Athletic Association have arrived—shots of the cycling, truck events, riding, swimming, and diving! The Athletic board will preview the films within the next week soon after they are received so that each club will be given a chance to take a viewing trip to the 1932 Olympic Games.

2. The five arches on the porch of the gymnasium are all equal.

4. A door opens on to a little balcony at the back of New Dining Room.

5. There are 15 terraces in the amphitheatre.

'The Hui Manu, or bird society, imports songbirds yearly to stock the Hawaiian Islands.—Boston Evening

Canvassing Campuses



We stole this yell from THE IOWA STATE STUDENT so we could give it to Clemson before their next game:

Rab, rab, tool, tool!
Farmer boy's Institute!
Moosoooseoooseooose!
Swish!

We're grateful to The Davidsonian for supplying us with a toast with which to begin our column—and having read their paper through, we find a few others we think you'd like.

Toad . . .
Here's to the girls—the good ones!
But not too good.
For the good die young
And nobody wants a dead one.

Here's to the girls—the old ones!
But not too old.
For the old die, too.
And nobody wants a dyed one.

Bration . . .
For you, my love, for you
I'd bathe snow and ice.
There's just one thing I'll never do.

N. Y. A. paid \$24,270 to 940 students at Iowa State University on November 1. The payroll for November is expected to total \$10,000. This amount was not available for paying the entire costs for students, but distributed so as to help to maximum number needing some aid.

If we hadn't seen this in The Wellesley College News we would have written one just like it, after noticing the energetic letter-writing of the past week-end. But since Wellesley has already done it . . .

Victor Circle
Write to Mary, Sue, and Jane.
Though they give a healthy pain;
Send your letter envelope will rain
With supplies by boat or plane.

John and Walter, Herb and Ray,
At their best can both you grieve;
But your flattery will pay,
With a letter every day!

Stale and stale—still you write—
Getting answers just as trite.
Buddy, just a note to spare;
Keep my box from being bare!

Squander stamps from coast to coast,
Let the profile to your boast,
Till your soul gives up the ghost
And departs by parcel post!

Have you been disillusioned with your uniforms? If so, read what THE COTYLINE brings: we from Armenia:

At Phoenix, Arizona, high school girls have to wear middies and skirts, and if proposed rulings go into effect, all make-up will be barred.

We wonder if The Los Angeles Uni. Collegian sent a reporter to the Hollywood party to get this bit of information:

At the annual nudist colony masquerade party, the first prize went to the lady with the varicos veins who represented a road map.

Because one student (one out of more than a thousand) up here happens to know a "Puff Brush Man" who has asked that The Johnsonian reprint the following verse from The Yellow Jacket, Ashland, Virginia. We said we probably wouldn't.

The Thinker
What is she thinking, the girl I love . . . which,
Of her man far away, willing Puff brother?
He left her flat broke, with the seven-year itch,
But she loves him to death and the dreams and gushes
About his technique and his dreamy eyes,
Yet, "Woman is fickle," the poor crea-

The man who said that is a dirty bum.

For woman's not fickle; she's just plain dumb.

Series thought for today:

The student point system at Boston University, which allows a student to carry no more than 18 points has just gone into effect. However, it does not apply to Juniors and Seniors.

We think that here it has proven very effective in the Junior and Senior classes as well as the Freshman and Sophomore, for under this ruling no student participates in too many extra-curricular activities, and no student monopolizes the coveted Senior offices.

