Commencement Recital

The following is the program of the Commencement Recital to be given Saturday, May 28, 1927, 8:15 P.M.


Reading, The Great Guest Comes—Markham—Hettie Dunn.


Reading, Meeting of Katherine and Petruchio from The Taming of the Shrew—Shakespeare—Nelled Childs.

Corus, Moon of the Springtime—Woodcock—Choral Chorus.

Favorite Hymns

Study personality through individual songs:

"When do rubber is called upon to sing" and when asked why love to sing that particular song so often, replies, "Ah just sings it 'cause it seems to fit the kitchen.

The favorite hymn of the Prayer Hall Zoal. Our Watchword: "Never a false cheer when the old fellows sing "Break Thou the Bread of Life." The Dean and Faculty

Weave a rope around with "Onward Christian Soldiers." The whole student body join in the chorus "Father, We Thank Thee for the Word." The Favorite Hymn of the "Zeal, Our Watchword.

The Favorite Hymn of the Piano, Polonaise—MacDowell—Deryl Manning.

The Favorite Hymn of the Choir, Moonlight Sonata—Arthur C. Johnson.

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Editorial Staff

Mary Teyoule—Editor-In-Chief
Willie Mae Mangham—Assistant Adv. Mgr.
Mary Radford—Bus. Mgr.
Katherine Wheeler—Alumni Editor
Carolyn McLendon—Joke Editor
Mary Radford—Business Manager
Mary Frances Wiggin—Catherine Cheatham, Maestra Hall, Leila Leslie
LaGrange College

Class President—Elizabeth Hodges
Senior—Luna Lifey
Junior—Shirley Sumter
Sophomore—Mary McDaniel
Organist—Miss Frances Phillips
Irene—Frances Woodside
Mantrefiel—Myrtle Cannon
Y. W. C. A. President—Mrs. S. C. Dobbs
Student Body—Mary Frances Wiggin
Athletic Athlete—Lois Cassels Quid, Quid, Quid—Miss Elizabeth Cheatham

Editorial

Alumnae and former students, welcome! Yes, your records and your accomplishments are great assets to LaGrange and she loves you as much as you do her. She has been kind to you and you are expected to come visitors, from far and near. This occasion is an all-school reunion, and each girl again the year you were a few years ago—a student of the "Hill."

We, the students of LaGrange, extend to you a hearty welcome, too. We are eager and ready to do everything we can for you, and we hope you will return to your alma mater as often as possible. We are glad you are here, and we want to return errands for you, to talk with you, to show you the changes that are taking place on the old hill, and to beg your forgiveness, to be one of your own contentment.

"The moving hand writes, and has written, on how long a scroll you will extend it, should it be the wish of the hand that did not leave a glorious story of experiences, of tasks accomplished, and hopes fulfilled printed on the pages of the heart of the Senior as she is allowed to stray away from the protection of her Alma-Mater into the world to combat the forces of poverty and injustice and acquire the dignity of success.

LaGrange's open door policy is manifest at commencement, for LaGrange always has come visitors, from far and near. She has extended the mission to both sexes but now she has been as usual to open her doors to come visitors from far away, but to wish them to return, whether you are a woman or a man, for nine long months. The young ladies are happy to know that there is a place of rest for them in LaGrange, a broad outlook as to the opportunities open to them for a few days visit. In fact people of all ages are permitted to settle on the Hill during the last days of the month of May. Many are expected to come in and to ask for admission which will be given gladly, because the inhabitants have a desire to impart new ideas and a new civilization to join in enjoying the celebration.

Vacation

The day crept in stealthily, as if fearful of her greeting. What a surprise to find a group of women impatiently awaiting her! At daybreak, they were waiting cars and sped away to the scene of that men were, in a camp beautifully situated among the foothills of the Blue Ridge. They were near by into which a jolly little stream flowed from down the mountain side.

What! Another camp near by! And boys, too! What results will this bring! It seems the going was right—youth will be youth.

Day passed. The coming of night brought in more joys, as groups rowed upon the lake, ears keeping time to the strumming of the guitar, and others expected after a camp fire. Then the night came round, to the excitement of the campers, and the moon, a far off world, or an occasional a stare, from some of the night watchers.

Again day appeared, this time, impatiently. Again were eager the old campers, with fresh enthusiasm they entered into the excitement of the woods and hills, only to be disappointed in losing their way to a city, along with drifting people. Round upon the hill they started, in search of their dear ones to tire them. Day after day found similar conditions; then again they were gone.

Search revealed them scattered in various places, and in need of shelter. They were able to find the answer to the question: "Where are we?" Then with a gleaming smile of satisfaction could give day by day the appearance of having found a future and service intermingled, each day adding to the pleasure of others. Now one door was closed, another opened.

Bo-ee goes the alarm clock, and I hastily prance to stop its ringing, while I realize it has not been only a dream of the jolly campers, time, yet inexperienced.

But what a dream of promises of glorious things to the young girls whom they gave their scholarship this year.

Plans were perfected for the annual tea of the Sophomore class at LaGrange on Saturday, May 29. All of the Sophomores were invited. Among those who have accepted the invitation are: Miss Helen Walker, Miss W. A. Candler, Miss S. E. McConell, Miss M. C. Anderson, Misses J. Clarence Johnson, Missess S. C. B. McDonald, Miss N. W. S. Doobis, Misses B. T. Turman, Misses Eileen White, Misses B. T. McDonald, Misses N. A. Morris, Misses Ernestine Brown, Florence Foster, Mrs. W. A. Meacham, Mrs. James Moore and Mrs. J. E. Meacham.

The Atlanta Journal
May 22.

Welcome To The Club House, Seniors

Here—come the seniors—with south, small, dainty steps, delicately, like a shining lily, flushed with the flamed of triumph, footstep after footstep, who are great assets to LaGrange.

Imagine the pep and enthusiasm that prevailed among the seniors when we heard the announcement. "Today, ready to leave for the Country Club, and to our "sister" all the while. Gee! it was "heaven" to us.

After our appetites had been well satisfied we all sat down in a group, Miss Park with her guitar. Our spirits were all slowly and beautifully rising over the beautiful surroundings. We thought we dream in dreamland. Numerous old melodies were sung, some by Miss Park, Miss Lou Smith, and the whole group. When this was over we were served with pureed peanuts, and then we gathered for one of those "Marshmellow toasts" that we all enjoy.

All too soon came the signal to end the day, and we were all aboard (in automobiles) and Miss Park and Miss Crow, chaperoned by their most loved seniors, welcome! You, your races, and your accomplishments appeal again to the old hill. You can't make your Sophomore the year 1927-28. The year has been, and each girl is considered thoroughly capable and competent to fulfill the duties of her office. The following make the staff for the year 1927-28.

Editor-in-Chief—Miss Kate But, Wheeler of Chiloquin, Oregon, Assistant editor-in-chief—Miss Helen Walker of Carrollton, Assistant editor—Miss Mary Hays of Douglasville, Ga.

Business Manager—Miss Mary Hays of Douglasville, Ga.
Advertising Manager—Miss Alice Woodside of Atlanta, Ga.
Assistant advertising manager—Miss Mildred Tracy of Cordele, Ga.

Literary Editor—Miss Margaret Hall of Monticello, Ga.
Staff Photographer—Miss Lois Parke of Carrollton, Ga.
Class and Feature Editor—Miss Sara Floyd of Carrollton, Ga.
Art Editor—Miss Carolyn Mendenhall of Atlanta, Ga.

Circulation Manager—Miss Gertrude Johnson of Villa Rica, Ga.
Joke Editor—Miss Frances Woodside of Atlanta, Ga.

The Quadrangle Staff

L. C. is planning to have an annual again for the year 1927-28. The staff has been chosen, and each girl is considered thoroughly capable and competent to fulfill the duties of her office. The following make the staff for the year 1927-28.

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Sophie Entertain Seniors

It's great to be a Senior, (for having made it through the rough part of the road) but its still greater to have such ideal Sophomore sisters as we have. Because of these Sophomite sisters we Seniors have enjoyed times that even our parents. About two-thirds of the afternoon of May 14, Friday, the Sophomores and Miss Park and Miss Brown assembled in front of Hawkes Building. A few Misses were Mildred Phillips, LaGrange, and Misses were all abroad (in automobiles). After this, we drove to the Roadside Lodge, Deryl Manning, Alpharetta, Ga., about nine miles from town. The Janet Morrow, Carrollton, Ga., ride was made itself of course. Terquere Quints, Canton, Ga., unusual things are. But a treat. Janet Day, Calp, Ga.

DAVIS' PHARMACY

"Home of the College Girls"

COURTESY

— and —

SERVICE

262 Phones—263

Amelia Smith, LaGrange, Ga.
Ruth Strain, Dalton, Ga.
Sara Swanston, Fairburn, Ga.
Margaret Yarbrough, Millbridge, S.C.

Those receiving B. S. degrees are:

Myrtle Cannon, Fitzgerald, Ga.
Josephine Glenn, Chapple, Ga., Elizabeth Hodges, Coryne, Ga.
Franca Woodside, Havana, Cuba.

Those receiving Piano diplomates are:

Deryl Manning, Alpharetta, Ga.
Nelle Strain, Dalton, Ga.
Hettie Dunn, Tunnel Hill, Ga.

Miss Jackson Gives Recital

One of the most beautiful recitals of the year was that of Miss Sarah Jackson, talented young violist of LaGrange, pupil of Miss Rita Victoria Brezan, which was given in the College auditorium Tuesday, May the tenth.

The stage was beautiful and formed a fitting background for the charming singer who was a faintly frown of yellow georgette. Miss Jackson's interpretation was delightful and showed not only beauty of tone but depth of feeling.

Miss Jackson was assisted by Mr. Nathan Sugarman, promising young violist of LaGrange, who played with the skill of a young master.

Upham Programme


Allegro Brillante—W. Ten Have, Mr. Sugarman. Hungarian Dance—Hausch, Mr. Sugarman. Berceuse from "Jocelyn"—Gisar, Miss Jackson.

Misses Annie Atlanta, Grace Gibson, and Frances Phillips acted as soubrettes.
LAGRANGE COLLEGE

GOSSIP

Day’s LAMP had BURNED out. Dim moonlight HALL LIGHTS the scene. The SPIRIT LAGNELL'S and EVA HAWKES lowers near. A SILENCE as of the GRAVE reigns. QUICKLY, as FOCUSING through the breeze a HEART STIRRING sound for nigh, a TINNED SOB is heard!—Agnostic SONGS that STILL my feelin’s. I step NEARER. Low VOICES are HEARD and among these voices, ONE is this Time most PROMINENTLY—he converses in an ever PLEADING tone—the sobbing continues. A most WIERD feelin’ GRAPSES me. A Dim Moonlit scene—Walks—Low Voices!—Too much for one like me—I DRAW still NEARER—I ENTER the scene. It suddenly DAWNS on me to where I am. Third Floor Hawkes. The calendar says it’s JUNE!—Is NIGHT.—The girls have GONE home.—But back to my position—my appearance aroused a bit of SUSPICION—the VOICES HUSHED—the sobbing continued. “I’m Carolyn DILLERY,” I said and want to help these in distress if I can.” The owner of SASS and SNARK, rushed forward. “Ima Mouse is my name,” and a TINY MOUSE have GONE home.—But back to Ima Mouse told me, had been my position—my appearance— my imagination “is tired.” I hope changed his life plans—he de-
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class of 1927 Much Success.

C. H. MENDONC.

A Dream

The last few weeks of my college life are weeks of the most trouble in the Mice Kingdom!!—Troubles in the Mice Kingdom!!—The calendar says it’s JUNE!—The Mice are HEARD and among these voices, ONE is this Time most PROMINENTLY—he converses in an ever PLEADING tone—the sobbing continues. A most WIERD feelin’ GRAPSES me. A Dim Moonlit scene—Walks—Low Voices!—Too much for one like me—I DRAW still NEARER—I ENTER the scene. It suddenly DAWNS on me to where I am. Third Floor Hawkes. The calendar says it’s JUNE!—Is NIGHT.—The girls have GONE home.—But back to my position—my appearance aroused a bit of SUSPICION—the VOICES HUSHED—the sobbing continued. “I’m Carolyn DILLERY,” I said and want to help these in distress if I can.” The owner of SASS and SNARK, rushed forward. “Ima Mouse is my name,” and a TINY MOUSE have GONE home.—But back to Ima Mouse told me, had been my position—my appearance— my imagination “is tired.” I hope changed his life plans—he de-
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For Colleae Students

(Apologies to Riping)

If you can keep on going with your studies,
When everything is kicking up a noise,
And in a scandal session all your bobbies,
Are telling naughty things about the boys,
Or if you make your every recital,
In spite of feeling very small station
Because the question has come down on you.

If you work when tasks are put unfairly
And when you have sat up half the night,
And if you meet your tasks right
Nevermore when you're not in the right.

If you can keep it going each to-morrow,
Nor behind because you grum and grieved,
If you can still forbear to bore,
Your roommate's work to make your marks come high,
If you can make your mind work hard and grimly,
And yet in poetry let your soul to range.

You'll be a student to be proud of,
And you'll be an honor to LaGrange.

NELLE CHILD, '27.

Junior "Al Fresco Hash" Party

Girls, wouldn't you just be too thrilled
for words if, in addition to the noise
and din of a four-year struggle,
you should receive the following invitation?

Dear Seniors:
Right now I can name all the little boys and girls
in bonnets,—sylvanums, umbrellas, ex-
motions,—at this hour,
I know, too, how the busy bee
does keep busy bees.

Nevertheless, it is certain that I must
have a few of my time,
and that you will have to give me
a little alfresco hash
with me on the north veranda of
Smith Building. If Solocon will
forgive me, I'll aver that right now;
minutes are apples of gold
in the possession of silvers.
And before that, I'll present myself
for a moment of honest thought
for a moment of honest thought
with the boy who is in the room
with me, and I hope
will understand that the things
we talk about are not
the usual, but, in this case
the most honest thoughts and
the most honest expressions.

In this little city of mind
there is a college of wits
that abounds—and whence come good
thoughtfulness, a little more persistence
and less about restrictions and more
character developed, thinking
less about privileges gained than
about the ideal. In great part, some-
thing which shall endure. And this
is how you will build:

From "Al fresco hash parties" and things
Tarmac of the little Seniors, princes
and kings.

A Greater LaGrange College

(Chapel talk given by Helen H. Salls, Friday Morning,
May 13.)

I see a greater LaGrange College
in the years to come. I see
this little city of mind steadily
and surely erecting lofty structures
more and more solid foundations;
creating nobler structures of broader
foundations; erecting structures of higher
vision and sublime aspiration
that will stand against many of the
tales of the old, old LaGrange.

Who will build these struc-
tures? The girls born here today;
and those that shall come after you;
but it is of you I
will write now. We are now
engaged in this glorious labor
of building a greater LaGrange College.
For you are not to receive,
gifts, of money and endow-
ments; you are not to make only the
empty shell.
It is for you and your successors to continue
this building and add to the
splendor of the building
which shall endure. And this
will be your work.

You will increasingly love
and honor this old, this benighted
institution. You will be called.

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