MISS CORDOVA DAVIS PRESENTS GRADUATING RECITAL, FEB. 11TH

MISS CORDOVA DAVIS, president of the student body of LaGrange College, presented her graduating recital in expression on the evening of February 11th, in the college auditorium.

Miss Davis was charmingly arrayed in a lovely dress of purest white, simple in design, but beautiful in its simplicity. Many Virginia Masons of the college, as well as friends of the family, were present to greet the returning student, who has been the subject of much discussion and speculation during her absence.

In the past three weeks, Miss Davis has been the subject of much discussion and speculation during her absence. Many have wondered what she would do when she returned, and whether she would continue her studies at the college or go on to further education.

Miss Davis was kept busy with her studies, but also found time to entertain her friends and family with her music. She performed several pieces, including a piano recital, which was received with great enthusiasm by the audience.

The program concluded with a pleasing selection of songs, which were sung with great skill and expression. The audience was delighted with Miss Davis's performance, and many expressed their appreciation for her talent.

The recital was a great success, and Miss Davis was enthusiastically received by her friends and family. She expressed her gratitude for the support and encouragement she received during her studies, and looked forward to continued success in her future endeavors.
The SCROLL

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THE SCROLL

February, 1932.

ENGELSH CLUB HOLDS MEETING

The English Club held its January meeting in the auditorium. The program was as follows:

Miss Helen Wilford, Adam, Nelle Palser, Anna Louise Bond, Thelma Dubois, Kathleen Hogan, Emeline Goulsby, and Margaret Smith.

The chairman of the program committee, Miss Carolyn Charleston, had charge of the initiation stunt in which the new members displayed their historic ability.

The regular program comprised the reading by Miss Pauline Robertson of "Bhudda's Staircase" written by Miss Chunnelle; the reading by Miss Beauty Peden of "The Note" a much admired visitor in the room; and the reading by Miss Dorothy Delano of "Umbrella Jim," and a group of original poems on nature with music by Miss Katie Mealight. Miss Langliih had charge of the social hour, during which delicious refreshments were served.

On February 13th, the club met in the Prayer Hall. Miss Evolys Charleston called the meeting to order. The first number on the program was the presentation of a brief philatelic, "Their First Quince," written by one of the members, Miss Pauline Robertson. Miss Leroi first appeared as Expositor; the program was introduced and recitation of the "newcomers," Fred and Jar, impromptu in a lively style, and Missrtle Charleston by Mrs. Nelle Cole. The other numbers were written by Miss Mary Henslee, Miss Mercedes, Miss Ruby Played, read by Miss Sara Clydes Hutchins, a vocal solo by Miss Irene Bartley; and Miss Inez Bartley, read by Miss Sally Henslee; Miss Alice Branch; and Miss Dorothy Morton, of Cottondale.

The prize was awarded the Junior who gave it to the seniors, to add to the trip fund.

A charming program was rendered by the Sophomore class. "Sweet China," and "That Old Sweetheart of Mine" were sung by the men; "Tie a Valentine seige—and who is it?" was rendered by Miss Dorothy Delano, Miss Dorothy Morton, of Cottondale; Miss Katie Mealight, and Miss Dorothy Morton.

"Ruby Played," read by Miss Sara Clydes Hutchins; a vocal solo by Miss Irene Bartley; and Miss Inez Bartley, read by Miss Sally Henslee; Miss Alice Branch; and Miss Dorothy Morton, of Cottondale.

THE VALENTINE DAY VICTIMS

Valentine's Day, a day of memory! What a season of dreams, of romances; of anticipation that day, and what happiness engulfs us as we live over again the day of our childhood—and Valentine Day. We remember with affectionate regard the day we trudged to school, a book underfoot and a blue envelope in our hand. As we first entered the schoolhouse, we exchanged cards. On our way home from school, we deeply nestled in the dimness on the path to home, to be furrowed over Latin verbs and the silent and childlike words.

The mystic power yet abides with us. From out the dimness on the path to home, we come to realize that such a gentle love is worth living for. Even now I recoil in horror from the cry of the ages and dig up agonies and the bitter tears of the past.

The time has come for me to expose to you the soul of my Being. I, like you, am a woman. I have a heart, a mind, a soul, and I have the right to live, to love, and to dream. I have the right to be happy, to be free, to be loved, and to love. I have the right to have a voice in the world, to be heard, to be respected, and to be treated with dignity.

The time has come for me to expose to you the soul of my Being. I, like you, am a woman. I have a heart, a mind, a soul, and I have the right to live, to love, and to dream. I have the right to be happy, to be free, to be loved, and to love. I have the right to have a voice in the world, to be heard, to be respected, and to be treated with dignity.

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February, 1931.

Squire: Are you going out for dance tonight?

Frye: Sure thing.

Squire: Have you ever had any experience?

Frye: Yes, I’ve had a log in a cast once—The Breeze.

Kall Rogers (Elocutionist): “All that glitters is not gold.”

Heath: Please quote accurately.

Kall: I’m not quoting accurately. I’m quoting Will Durant.

Mr. McGregor: Did you play on your high school team?

Galloway: No, but I played on the football team.

Dr. Wilson: Have you read the first part of Vergil’s Aeneid, 

Daisy McCarver: No, in reading the Sunday Evening Post or in the McClure’s.

Chemical Terms Made Easy

Alum—The first man for ashes, a

Convent—Coke. or candy

Iron—Heavy metal found in mafic

Major—Common Spanish name

Solvent—Interline.

K resett—1/60th of a minute.

Tangent—An ethiopian, Vipsn

Visit—to cast a balloted

—The Breeze.

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both hands in town and I was left out in the

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linoleum.
It was springtime in the mountains. Dame Nature had come in dainty, double blossoms of glory. The mountains were covered with rhododendrons; the air was fragrant with the perfume they brought to the earth. The field and valley were full of Bermuda primrose, the small fragrant flowers blooming in clusters all over the high mountains, made the scene look as though the earth was wearing a white and golden mantle. When the hill, rolling on and on, was dotted with bloom, every cupola of variegated shades and glorious hue traced down from their feet and dipped into the waters of the lake.

Dame Nature was making music, with a million pieces all mixed up from the chime of the cricket and the echo of the grasshopper to the song of the night. Dame Nature harmonized it all.

The sun passed over the skyline of the evening, where he lingered on the lid of the world. For a moment to throw his goodnight kiss down on the lake and light the stars above. When the last ray of the fiery sun had disappeared the last trace of its light was reflected from the chariot wheels as King Sol rode down the highway of the west. The fires of the tropics were a fade or red, then to gray, then to the dim blue. Nature waved good night to her throne on The Metoe, reached out her magic hand, threw down the curtsies of the night, and passed them with the stars. The hills sent forth their calls, and a thousand katydids, in all the trees and hills, sounded as King Sol rode down the highway and his mating notes out in the green mountains for a morning of songs. The quail called coo of the dove. The music, with a million pieces all tuned and rippled to the lake.

Natures orchestra was making music, with a million pieces all mixed up from the chime of the cricket and the echo of the grasshopper to the song of the night. Dame Nature harmonized it all.

SHAKEPEARE PRESENTATION.

On February the seventh, Mr. C. Bryce, formerly with the Robert Mantel Company, entertained the student body with a number of scenes from "Hamlet" and one from "Othello," with a violin duet rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Robson, of the Math Department at Agnes Scott, and Mr. Robinson talked for a few minutes on the reasons why students—do not like math. In other words, it is not taught as a subject; and it is some what familiar by the abundance of material in the current papers and magazines; while the reason you cannot get around the point. So Math really takes, originally and accurately.

While he closed with this thought after demonstrating several problems on the board, "You will learn not to walk down the street aimlessly but to learn to look at objects around you and evolve theories concerning the reasons for the results which are brought about by the things you do.

The prevalent feelings of the majority to conserve gossip and eggs will be in Toccoa on February 24. As for "After-the-Show" Refreshments. You with problems. Whatever your particular problem is, bring it to your sympathetic Aunt Belinda. It is a question of love, or diet, or studies, or of anything—just ask me, darling. I know what you mean. The advisories—the special one, she on the gravel, brings letters from you. Oh, my dear, I do not want you to gnaw your precious impatience! I'll begin now on the first request. Knowing yours,

Aunt Belinda.

Dear Auntie Belinda:

I am a very popular member of the student body of LaGrange College (no council) and as such it is often thrust upon me to make certain that there are more tidbits and laughter for the written page than I am naughtily negligible, for I am just a delicate. And so I would like to know the exact length of time that I may hesitate about taking this and putting it away? I can't, without running any risk of being socially ostracized or of a reprimand from the authorities on the so called "Southern Hospitality." Your socially bewildered niece,

Aubrey.

My dear child, your letter reminds me of those days (not long since) when I was the battle of the town. Ye, with popularity must be deserved. I suggest that you wait as long as possible to write your: "Thank you." I respectfully ask of help to you on your day of departure voting your gratitude, and your patience. Your place or perhaps is so placed at your going that they diet with a reminder of you any too much. Then, too, some one will remind you very gently in public. After that, each ready to your room and walk your letter, making it cordial enough to pain you another invitation in the future. Yours, for better ettiquette,

Aunt Belinda.

As we see it women take math partly for the cultural side of it. It stimulates the will power, and it also stimulates the relations and social side.

There are many reasons why students do not like math. In other words, you can talk a great deal about the subject; and it is some what familiar by the abundance of material in the current papers and magazines; while the reason you cannot get around the point. So Math really takes, originally and accurately.

With radio settings and radio music, Agnes Scott juinors at Princeton, and spinning for better ettiquette, of anything—just ask me, darling. I know what you mean. The advisories—the special one, she on the gravel, brings letters from you. Oh, my dear, I do not want you to gnaw your precious impatience! I'll begin now on the first request. Knowing yours,

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HOTTE DOGGE SHOPPE

Since the day, distant when in venerable Father Christmas, beneficent and jovial, held a committee meeting up on this ancient hill, it has been possible to obtain truly bits of gossip from the various inmates in the green land. You, very willingly, in the fresh hints of activity handled from month to month, or from mouth to mouth and hand to hand. The plan was always kept in normal times, but due to the existing "depression" even the conservation of correct manners is being practiced. Many and growing are the falsehoods passed by the grave calamity which has overtaken us. A new shadow is Descending upon us, we begin to suffer intensely from and hunger, either by the authority of the city council, or from mouth to mouth or from hand to hand, to be in Toccoa on February 24. As for "After-the-Show" Refreshments. You can't, without running any risk of being socially ostracized or of a reprimand from the authorities on the so called "Southern Hospitality." Your socially bewildered niece,

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