THE SENIORS:

The Seniors have talked Charleston, demonstrated Charleston, written Charleston, and proclaimed Charleston, to the point where we are sure that the student body and faculty and anyone else who has had the fortune (?) to come in contact with a Senior, will flee with horror from an article with the above heading attached to it; but we honestly feel that the seniors might like to have a copy of their diary printed so that when they, old and grey, try to tell the grandchilden about their trip, they have something.

And so, dear readers, we present:

the diary of Elie (L. C.) Senior:

April 2, 1931.

Dear Diary:

Today has been such a busy day—yes, sir. I've been thinking all day about the last shining sun of March and the first bright sun of April, and I've been trying to plan my packing. I know I'm not going to have in a traveling bag one pair of slippers, half-hour to persuade a pair of pumps to snuggle inside of a hat but surely I don't know what my clothes will be like, I've been rushing about all the morning at four A. M—! Our President-in-Chief has given us an hour and seven minutes ten minutes before the train leaves so that I'll not wake up refreshed and not have to hurry and finish so I have to hurry and finish so I have to spend all morning at four o'clock, and was I sleepy? I surely was—rushing about all day—!

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THE SCROLL

LaGrange College

April, 1931

Published monthly by the Quill Drive.

Entered at Postoffice at LaGrange, Ga., as second class mail matter.


Subscription rate, fifty cents a semester.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Dorothy Morton    Joke Editor

and some business stationery.

and psychology, and we're ready to

with a wealth of experience. We've i

gram. There was a continuous line'

stances. Christmas vacation, spring

still a very little girl. We found our

of our Alma Mater, how we wander-

once more attentive and indifferent,

peculiar feeling of sadness that we

Senior Sara Clyde Hutchins

what small bits of advice I can give

sure and I leave it with a keen sense

the Scroll has been a very real plea-

ed the year. "I've had a staff that

(Continued from page 1)

reality, and the application of the pre-

that, "How can we attain the Full and Creative Life?"

—

We were kept busy from dawn

every minute was crammed full. Indiv-

problems of campus life were discus-

And if we follow what we have

we shall come nearer to our goal than ever before.

We unite in the desire to realize

full and creative life through a greater

vision.

To enter this room of hor-

you sense a difference that seems

week-end. She Heaven a sigh, wonder-

what the future may re-

In the middle of this spacious

chamber one sees a ghost like table

which is seen in the beginning of

operating table, to the girl who is

called up before the Council. The

white walls are greyly color-

of chintz draperies which, in their

ways, seem to mock the culprit.

The dream-colored walls of this

room add light and comfort, giving

a more homey aspect; however, to

the unfortunate girl the walls only

hide her from the rest of the world.

The girls of the entire white table

are two long benches upon

which the stern council members

look as if they were judging the

unfair jury ready to convict the

unfortunate girls. They break ranks and submit-

test themselves to their individual

punishment. I do not think I was

ever able to see the penitent in

who appeared to divide themselves

to small groups of about four lass-

However, when the competition is

come out evenly ... there was an ex-

The day was an outstanding suc-

in the local chapter. A delightful

program was given during the after-

have been what small bits of advice I can give

so an interesting and informative

Helen Robertson   Alumnae Editor

Pauline Roberts   Bus. Mgr.


Carrie Blackford    Foreign Editor

Louise Traylor    Proof Reader

Hixie Gentry   Circulation Mgr.

Kathleen Ell    Exchange Editor

Dorothy Morton    Joke Editor

Helen Robertson   Alumnae Editor

Gordo Davis, Milton, and Johnson. The students

Turkey in the Straw, were wafted

with the dreamy perfume of the

When this ceased, there seemed to

Upward to mingle with the dreamy

of loss. The work goes into the

sure and I leave it with a keen sense

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Elsie. April, 5, 1931.

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THE SCROLL

April, 1931.

THE SENIORS SEE CHARLESTON

(Continued from Page 3.)

explains the formula of thousands of students and the same is the same.

We went to the Falls Park, where we were entertained by a huge tree, but this was not the only visit we made to the Falls. We also visited the Falls Park Hotel, where we were treated to a huge fire and toasted marshmallows.

Miss I. Frankie Cole, Christopher Morley was also sight-seeing. The first part of the play by Miss Cole, of Daniels, was also performed.

Miss Virginia Moseley, of Daniels, gave several vocal numbers between plays, and Miss Frankie Cole, of Rome, gave a negro character monologue.

THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

(continued from page 3)

Dearest Diary:

At fifty, this morning we woke and I suddenly realized that it was time to get up and dress for our trip back home. After a fresh breakfast, we boarded the train for the long trip back to Atlanta. Passing through Augusta we had lunch, and incidently, we lost two of our party, then two departed with many injunctions of "behave yourselves," and "don't do anything you wouldn't do." At Covington, Sara Clyde left us and the rest of us journeyed on to Rome. Isn't it queer how fast time goes when returning from a trip. We arrived in Atlanta safe and sound and our head still spinning, and wanted to work the whole of it all. Some of the party went on to LaGrange, some stopped over in Atlanta, and still others departed for home.

Our trip was a pleasure from beginning to end and we all enjoyed every minute of it. It was a trip that will always be one of our pleasantest memories of LaGrange College. Elsie Sherer.

L. C. WINS FIRST

HONORABLE MENTION

AT BRENAU

(Continued from page 1)

was a Lou Champlin type of ploy—candy light, pleasure, stolen jewels, dope fishes, whiskey, and Agnes Scott was marvelous in "Merrythought.

This was a story, reminding one a bit of "Riders of the Sea. It, too, was a tragedy. The effect of the ocean with sunset on it and the bellows roaring was excellent. Then of course, Bronson was superb in "Torches." The old, Italian costumes, soft lights, lustrous silver bowls and gilds on a richly carved table, brocaded silks and satins added to the splendid presentation and as for LaGrange, of course, we are too modest to say anything—but we did have lots of nice things said, you know, you can imagine how much tempted we were to ring thieves alarm, buy red paint and set fire to the show, taking lunch out riding, midnight radio programs, and other delightful affairs that the rest of you have never experienced on the Hill. Who can imagine a more delicious state of affairs than just doing as you please? No classes, no studying, no rules, no light "we're" and no responsibilities.

We must not forget to mention our friend, the postman—twice a day we swept down upon the treasure chest which he held. Such lovely, sympathetic letters, cards from pictureque Charleston, and the most delectable boxes of candy and cake. Goodness! do you think we need money? I'm no mincer of words, however, and must grudgingly admit that we've awfully glad everybody is back, even glad to be working again. It's comforting to hear again the sound of laughter and the