La Meri, the distinguished exponent of the classical dance art of Italy, whose career has carried her several times around the world, is so carefully observed by her admirers that she made her first public appearance in the G. S. W. C. auditorium last night under the auspices of the English Club. She presented a program drawn from her experiences of a hundred dances, offering extraordinarily varied and representing many countries.

Accuracy of costume and movement is so carefully observed by La Meri and she changes mood and personality so completely from one dance to the next that she seems to represent different persons during one program.

This was well demonstrated in her performance last night. She displayed an authentic connoisseur's knowledge of the dance of every country. These costumes she brought to this country herself after years of study in Spain, China, South America, The Orient, India, Java, Bali and other lands. Many of them had ornate and unusual patterns which were ingeniously bejeweled, beaded and decorated with rich batik. Her collection of shoes was a study of foot forms and costumes of every country.

La Meri made her debut as a Classical dancer in 1928, and today she is recognized world-wide as a figure in the dance world. She has also distinguished herself as a dancer but as an instructor, her teachings have taken her around the world to England, France, Italy, Russia, Hungary, Mexico, Peru, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil and Venezuela and all the important European and American cities of the world.

Not only does La Meri distinguish herself as a dancer but as a musician and writer of merit as well. The English Club honored her with her violin and frequently played in the Symphony Orchestra in her hometown in Texas. Her name is also known in the world of letters for her poems about the life of a Texas cowboy inspired while she was studying literature at Columbia University.

Recently she has written two books on dancing—"Principles of the Dance," and "Dance as an Art-Form."

A set of books as the "My Covenant Series" has been purchased by the English Club. These will be placed in the vestry room where any one is invited to use these books.

Dr. Earl Phelan, chairman of the Fine Arts Council, having served as president of the Fine Arts Club, was present to watch and enjoy the coeds' performance of "The Dance as an Art-Form."

Tobe-Coburn School Announces Fashion Contest

Tobe-Coburn School will hold its regular January meeting next Monday, January 27th, at 1:00 p.m. in the auditorium. The program will be a discussion of "Much Ado About Nothing." The play to be performed is presented by the Tobe-Coburn Drama Club. The meeting will be held in the auditorium. The Tobe-Coburn School will hold its annual meet-
The Campus Canopy
Published Weekly during the school year by students at the Georgia State Woman’s College

Editorial

The right to think and the right to learn are two of the most sacred heritages which citizens in democratic countries enjoy. In America all of us have the opportunity to read and to study almost any subject we wish. Yet how many of us make use of this opportunity?

Most of us come to college because we have a desire to learn—because we want to broaden the narrow limits of our horizons of knowledge. Perhaps some of us are at first so inspired that we feel our thirst for new facts, new ideas, or new theories may never be satisfied. Eager to become knowledgeable as possible in every phase of study, we make long lists of interests, hard to read as many really great books as we possibly can. But just how long does this inspiration last, and actually how many good books do we really read and understand? We’ve never even read zines and newspaper articles on current issues do we read? How many educational radio programs do we listen to?

For some strange reason, many of us feel that the desire to learn is the thing that we want our sons and daughters to have. Yet how many of us really make use of this opportunity?

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Tell me honestly, do you know a character that makes New Year’s resolutions and keeps ’em? If such a rare specimen of homo sapiens exists, drag me to him posthumously.

Who started the business of making New Year’s resolutions anyway? Maybe the more logical question would be, how did he keep them? Just how did he keep from breaking resolutions? Such things have been made by a hermit, one who had no money, temptation, vices, temper, noise, automobiles—nothing! Years ago I learned any better, my list of “statements of intention only” looked like an authentic Egyptian scroll; it burned jag as easily as something that aged would. For years I greeted the New Year with pads of paper I’d saved up. For years I greeted the New Year as easily as something that the kind you can’t study by, temptation, trials, temper, radio; things must have been made by O.K., but you’ve got a mutual unmarked or unbroken? Hum? I refused to look back, but let’s face it. Have committed myself to such a way? Maybe the more logical thing to do with them. Last we saw of Mrs. Amoeba proteus were holding them in her hands and expressing herself as if she were in mild bewilderment. The Fine Art Association announced that a sum of seventy-five dollars was cleared on the bazaar held recently. In this before-Christmas bazaar, such things as stationery, aprons, tea towels, pockets, and book-ends, made by the members of the club, were sold. The money made from this enterprise will be put into the treasury of the club to be used for the club during the year. We should have read this paper, because it necessary to leave it unused.

Colleen Geiger was quite baffled over the third bar of soap she is trying to hold on her rhinestone bracelet. She finds it impossible to get a clasp on a bracelet without a clasp. It is a matching bracelet without a clasp. She has a box of Ry-Krisp. Two of them are two sizes too small. It is a good thing she has a dictionary, heaven knows why. She hurries. Johnson, swoon, swoon, so please give her three bars of soap. . . she got three bars of soap. She got some help from her she was just going around to do with them. Last we saw of Mrs. Amoeba proteus were holding them in her hands and expressing herself as if she were in mild bewilderment.

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Her New Year’s resolutions are as follows: 1. To forget dresses and concentrate on blue jeans. 2. To forget how to behave. 3. To forget good English. 4. To whistle at the homeliest boys.

The hardest resolutions to carry out are the ones you make! Oh, yes, I made one resolution this year—never to make another (abolishable statements)!! Don’t make ‘em — you won’t break ‘em!

Fine Arts Announces Results of Bazaar

The Fine Arts Club announces that a sum of seventy-five dollars was cleared on the bazaar held recently. In this before-Christmas bazaar, such things as stationery, aprons, tea towels, pockets, and book-ends, made by the members of the club, were sold. The money made from this enterprise will be put into the treasury of the club to be used for the club during the year. We should have read this paper, because it necessary to leave it unused.

Despite the new year in state government, it is time to consider important state-wide problems. There are a few of the many things which might be discussed in the 1947 legislature. All of them concern the new state government, but let’s take a look at both sides of the problem. Give the state legislature more power to plan for the future. Some are knights in armor; more are fastidious ones live in stone castles. Some are in the middle of his endomorphic movement, and for years research has been going on to explain it. I don’t know what it’s called. It looks perfectly evident about. He tells us . . . and they forgot . . . and hope he bumps into something or question, decide what is best, and decide for yourself. Some are knights in armor; more are fastidious ones live in stone castles. Some are in the middle of his endomorphic movement, and for years research has been going on to explain it. I don’t know what it’s called. It looks perfectly evident about. He tells us . . . and they forgot . . . and hope he bumps into something or question, decide what is best, and decide for yourself.
**SPOTTING SPORTS**

By CAROLYN MATHIS

Hey!!! Monday's the big day when that clan of basketball boosters and volleyball sappers convene at 4:15 to take off some holiday i.t. poutage and of course to plan their fervid women around a little. What I mean is, be on hand for volleyball and basketball practice.

The volleyball captain for the winter quarter to coach the Kappa freshmen is Anne Knoop while Beth Middleton heads the upperclassmen. They Purples have chosen Wootie Newsome to guide the upperclassmen.

Those high, wide and handsome winter quarter to coach the Lambda upperclassmen will be Morris Smith, the Red Jackets.

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**A Verses of THIS and THAT**

By IHR ANNE SHIPP

"Forget thee?" If to dream by night and muse on thee by day, If all the worship deep and willed a poet's heart can pay, If prayers in absence breathed for thee to Heaven's protectiv power,—

When I popped this question to the girls on the campus, you should have seen their eyes light up and that special smile (you know the one I mean) flash across their faces. Of course, everybody has their own dream man, and I just wanted to see what they were.

Frances Devane said she MUST be tall, smoke a pipe, and be most affectionate. (Some man he's gonna be!)

Susan Belle Smith: She doesn't quite know, he is "sorta" vague in her mind.

Juliane Johnson: Robert (her one and only). Gee, she's already found him!

Janie Wright: He is tall, blond, blue eyes, broad shoulders, and have a darling smile. a crease in his chin . . . and she went on forever.

Elise Harvey: She said definitely that she didn't have one, she might be disappointed.

Joyce Burch: A blond with blue eyes and dark eyelashes and at LEAST six feet. "Ann Knoop: UUUUUUMMM! She won't tell."

Doris Gibbs: "Oh! (and you should have seen her face!!)

Martha Lee George: She swooned out of her seat when she said he's like a dream."

Ann Righter: "It would be too long to tell you all about him!

Lola Hardy: He will be tall, dark, deep and willed a poet's heart can pay,

Corinne Delinger: He, has by tail, nice looking — but a, handsome, intelligent, in trembl, in HER, and as an added attri.

If busy fancy bending with their faces. Of course, everybody has their own dream man, and I just wanted to see what they were.

If this thou callst "forgetting," thou, indeed, shalt be forgot! —John Moultrie

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand.

Henceforth in thy shadow. Nevermore

Alone upon the threshold of my door

Of individual life, I shall command

The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand

To touch upon the palm. The widest land

Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine

With pulses that bent double.

What I do

And what I dream include thee, as the wine

Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue

God for myself, He hears that name of thine

And seers within my eyes the tears of two.

—Elizabeth B. Browning.

**Registration Totals — 338 for Quarter**

The total registration for Winter Quarter numbers 338 students. The four former students who have returned this quarter are: Gladys Williams, Joyce Moon, Pat Jordan, and Mary Henderson.

For a time they seemed to have their own dreams en rolled for this quarter.

Four veterans are included in the enrollment this quarter.

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