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BIG SPRING DANCES PLANNED

WORK TO BEGIN ON NEW LIBRARY

To Be Most Modern Building
Of the Kind in Bulloch
County.

Construction will begin within the month on the new \$200,000.00 library, to be built on the west side of the campus opposite Sanford Hall, it was stated today in an interview with J. W. Teesquare, head architect.

The new edifice will be built in the shape of a hangover, at the request of Dutch Schultzenheimer, beer baron, whose endowment made the construction of the library possible. The building will be four stories tall and built of lavender marble, imported from Italy, which will match Miss Zulime's wardrobe. On the sunny side will be tall ornamented windows, provided with curtains which may be drawn to secure the proper shade of darkness for dating in the library. There will be one hundred and fifty conference rooms, which for various reasons, are equipped for two people. The conference rooms will be provided with window shades, a genuine ten-watt electric light, and a davenport.

In the event that anyone wants a book, they may call at the office of the librarian, who will get the book from the basement, where they are stored conveniently out of the way.

SEA SAUL

By SNAKINGTHUG RASS

You Housepartiers will be surprised to learn that one of Miss V's Under Studies was along on the trip as a special agent. This Monitor, we shall call him because of the lack of a forceful cussing vocabulary, has told all. I will endeavor to make known here exactly what took place on the island. I know that what I am about to reveal will naturally be both embarrassing and humiliating to those concerned. I wish to state further that I accept no blame or responsibility for these facts. Now I will tell all—but before I do let me again say none of it is to be blamed on me. I'm really sorry to have the responsibility of printing such a story. I can truthfully say that none has ever reached my ears that equals it. Many of the things I'm about to reveal will shock and probably even terrify many, but as I stated before, it was handed to me to be exposed. All I can say is: "I seen my dooty and I done it". Now for the Naked truth— Well, can you beat it, my column has run out. But lemme tell you one thing— If I only had the space I could tell you plenty—yeah, Plenty!

TOM TRIX in TURNED TABLES

By BADMAN HARRIS

The little Western town of Hound Dog was bustling with activity. There was no drinking along with the conversation because there was no saloon in town. Tox Trix and Dirty Dan Dago, two life-time enemies, were in the vicinity and would eventually meet up but the groups on the street corners weren't talking about them. They were discussing the weather and Farm Relief.

Two wagon-wheel greasin's away the stage coach bearing Tom and his gal, Phillis Matterson, rumbled along, never passing the same place twice. The leaves on a group of trees beside the trail rustled and out rustled Dirty Dan and his rustlers.

"You boys take care of the coachman and I'll get Tom and the gal," he drawled.

The band drew in upon the coach and Tom, sensing danger whipped out his forty-five-and-a-half and commenced firing but all in vain. It wasn't loaded. The coachman was half-shot and Tom was left holding the bag. Tom and Dan mixed it up. Fists flew for about fifteen minutes, Tom lost fourteen teeth. He fought steadily and unknowingly backed up to the edge of a high cliff. Dago ran and threw him to the ground with a half Nelson and Tom's head hung over the crevice. Dan's hand reached Tom's throat and closed his wind pipe. Tom struggled. Dan raised his free hand for the final blow. It came down and Tom went over the cliff. And that was the end of Tox Trix.

Dirty Dan Dago rose to his feet, sneered and ambled back to where his henchmen held the girl. Phillis, upon seeing him, ran and threw her arms around his neck.

"I always did like big bad men,"

STUDENTS TO GET RADIOS IN ROOMS

Four Hundred New Sets Bought
By College For Use In
Dormitories.

Four hundred new portable radios have been purchased by the college for use by the students in their rooms, it was announced today by Dr. Marvin S. Pittman, president. The radios are of a small, convenient, six-tube type, and one will be installed in every room in each dormitory upon their arrival the latter part of this month.

The radios have been purchased to comply with the popular demand for their being permitted, stated Dr. Pittman today. Dr. Pittman pointed out the unlimited educational value and cultural appreciation that could be derived from an invention of this kind, stating that to ban radios would be to hinder progress in a progressing institution. The student should be given the privilege to have the culture, art, music and current happenings of the world at their finger tips, and the radio is in a position to revolutionize modern education.

Upon the installation of the radios, plans will begin to install telephones in each room, by which the students can make social calls of a personal nature, and also have the opportunity to order meals from the dining hall served in the room.

she whispered.

They climbed into the coach and started off to the preachers, never passing the same place twice.

And so my friends, (if I've got any left after this), ends another of our weekly western bovers. If you liked it, dear reader, you're crazier than I thought.

MANY ALUMNI WILL RETURN

Battle of Music Is Featured
Between Jan Garber and
Benny Goodman.

Plans are being completed by the Student Council in collaboration with the faculty of the college for the annual spring dances, to be held here April 23-24. Two prominent orchestras have been engaged, it was announced by President Pittman today. They are Benny Goodman and his swing band, and Jan Garber, who will conduct a battle of music. The program calls for three dances, one Friday night, a Tea Dance Saturday afternoon, and the lid will be blown off Saturday night with the big hop at the Statesboro Armory.

Formal invitations went out last week to the many friends and alumni of the college. Some several hundred visitors are expected to be on hand for the occasion. The dances will be formal and promise to be lively and spirited. The Friday hop will be featured with a floor show by Veloz and Yolonda, internationally famous ballroom dancers.

The Tea Dance will be held in the beautiful and spacious Alumni Hall with dancing both on the main floor

See ALUMNI, page 2

MANY NEW BOOKS NOW IN LIBRARY

"Sand in His Bosom"
Is Popular New
Addition

Many new books have been purchased for the local library, it was announced by Miss Eleanor Ray, librarian. Among the new novels are: "Sand in His Bosom," by Doodlebug Dedrickson; "Gone With the Wind," by Tad Smith; "How to Be a Big-Shot At College," by Emory Natty Allen (he orta know); "After the Thick Man," by Elmer, and many other interesting and educational books.

A marked improvement has been made also in the magazine and periodic department, with many new books and publications being subscribed for. Among the additions in this department are: High-Opener, Capt. Willie's Siz Twang, the Smokehut Weekly, Readers' Indigestion, the Wild Vest Weekly (for Abie), and others.

With the recent additions, the total volumes in the library is expected to reach 75,000 by the time the new Schultzenheimer Library is completed.

GRADE POINT RATIOS

WINTER 1937

Social Clubs

Delta Sigma	1.50
Epicureans	1.44
Bachelors	1.32
Dux Domina	1.29
L. T. C.	1.06
Delta L. Delta	.95
Iota Pi Nu	.36

Special Groups and Clubs

Pansy Pickers	3 point 2
Faculty	1.95
Inter. Relations Club	.24
Basketball squad	4.55
Student Council	1.60
Dean's List	7.00
Fiddle Stix team	(no score)

Extremes:

High: Leroy Cowart	8.88
Low: Goat Oliver	.06

GEORGE-AND HOW!

Established 1927

Member Georgia Collegiate Press Association

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Reporter	Dodie Lambricht
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Janitor	Dodie Lambricht
Night Watchman	Bobb Harris
General Flunky	Dodie Lambricht

The turtle lives 'tween plated decks
Which practically conceals its sex.
I think it clever of the turtle—
In such a fix to be so fertile.

Ogden, Nash.

AN EDITORIAL on what's wrong with our country

Friends, countrymen and city folks, the trouble with this country today is too much immaterial emphatic potential attention upon non-contending factors of human development. A prerogatory empowerment can never endow the individualist with the correct and exacting, obstreperous mercenary facilities, improvised by rheostatic components. We gather from experience that the suture of a masiololical expressionalism can not and will not survive the ravishing onslaughts of infrequent and malicious nystagnatics.

If eliminations could be enacted in our nunciature whereby we could promote ecclesiastical magnetics, there would be a more proficient colaboration of the holisymetry. Providing a limitless and facinorous embodiment of combining encombrances, would disdain all discordances exhistig. But on the other hand, a commiserable reimbursement could be effected through bignoiaceous corelatives. Theoreticaly speaking, things have come to a fine how do you do. We'll have to start at the bottom and work up. But that's always been true, I suppose.



Picture of Vandy shoveling coal at midnight.



DIGGINGS

MUD DIRT AND SAND

By "SQUINT-EYE" HARRIS

The ones that have been hogging this mud column will not be mentioned in this issue. I will now undertake to bring some of the society of dark horses into the light.

Do you know Dessie Holton? See there, what did I tell you? Well, I'll ask you another. Did you know about her and Sheppard? Neither did I.

Now, here's a hard one: Have you met up with Bobbie's little brother Jimm? He's that little black headed laddie that Vernice described looking like a little teddy bear.

Who's broken hearted that Admiral Byrd ain't back? I ain't.

Where and who is Tessie Tweezletank? I'll bite.

How about mell Rose and Vandy? It's a very dark secret!

Who is the meanest Prof. on the campus? Ask a senior.

What make of car did Doc. Pittman have last Thursday? Now Friday? What kind today? Don't get tangled.

Which one of you told your Dad that F meant fine on a report? Oh, so there were more than one, eh?

Who does Charlie Stankfield love? Charlie Stankfield, of course.

Who is this man Stapleton? Who tho'd them dead soldiers out the window of West Hall? Don't believe the boys did it; it wouldn't have taken then this long to land.

Ah! Ha! Who's er lovin' Miss Veazy now? Well, who's er lovin' Carbolic Acid?

If Leroy Cowart is agin you he'll sic his piano on you. I mean one of the Great Dane Stein Weighs. Anyhow, too many Steins will make a piano bite you.

When you're noivous over in Sanford we say you've got the J. B.'s instead of the Heevvie Jeevvies. J. B. means Joe Buxton.

Alma was er lookin' for Jeff the other day and I'll swar there he was, right behind her. She finally found him.

If a certain party knew what I know, they'd stand on their head. Wish they knew. They's Bed Bugs in Sanford Hall. And I thought them was rats that kept me awake.

Well, here mud in your eyes, mouth, and nose till next time!

Those what resent in any way what has been said or implied here are free to discuss it with Dr. Destler and me or Big Steve and me (collectively, not separately). I'm not inclined to be very talkative without one of my secretaries along. It must be my modesty. I may add that we settled with 14 men last issue. We'll, you wanta make something out of it?

BOBBLES

By BOBB

If

If you can make a Debtor and a Creditor
and Fox the one and Dodge the other;
Then you'll be a modern man, my son.

Do you suffer from low marks?
Read Prof. Babblesblisses pamphlet,
"Mastering your Professors," Robt. harris, Agent.

The Balmy weather has brought
the Supreme Courting problem right
into our midst.

An Poem

The march winds blow—
Don't look now!

Anyone who is lonely and wishes a
pen pal write Bessie Bezzlebug, R. F.
D., Cobb City. Please enclose fifteen
ready-stamped envelopes and paper.
Will answer all letters up to fifteen.

When the parlor lights are on
They sit like this.
When the lights are off
Theysitupelolikethis.

ALUMNI, from page 1

and the terrace. The orchestras will
be silhouetted in the amphitheatres at
each end of the beautiful buliding. A
circular dispensary, made of white
and pink marble is being constructed
in the center of the building, where
drinks and cordials will be served.
Miss Veazy, assisted by Mr. Win-
burn, will tend bar. Lounges will be
furnished for inebriated guests and
the what-you-a-may-call-it is the first
door to the left.

STUDENTS!

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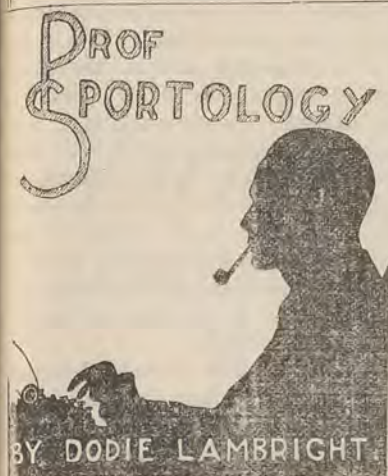
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for
Men and Boys

DODIE LAMBRIGHT
Editor

SPORTS

WAYNE McKNEELY
Assistant Editor



With respect to the fiddlesticks players, we feel that some sort of recognition should be given this noble sport. You play the game by trying to pull little sticks, which are not quite as big around as a match and about eight inches long, out of the pile of sticks, of which there are about fifty or seventy-five. The object is not to move any sticks other than the one you are trying to extract, after you have dropped them on the floor. The different colored sticks count different points, like the red sticks count ten, and the purple, of which there is only one, counts twenty-five. After several games you become pixilated, and may be considered a true member of the fiddlestick clan. Games are held nightly in Sanford Hall.

One of the best players we have seen yet is yours truly, who could get along all right if the other contestants would not resort to the low ethics of ragging him all the time. Especially Sophie Johnson, who has her first time to make a legal throw of the sticks, but who gets by with it on account of she is a lady and you know how you sort of like to let a lady win now and then. On the other hand, there's the type of player like Jeff Stewart, who likes to get the difficult sticks when the other members are not looking. Hell-Bent Elmer is another who likes to talk and make his opponent nervous. I will never play with any of these again unless it is necessary in the tournament.

With spring well upon us, interest is being worked up in the intra-mural soft-ball league, which is to be formed under the direction of Coach Wrinkle. The trouble is, however, that just about all the good players have already "signed" up with some team, leaving the rest of the teams, that haven't begun their soliciting yet, out in the cold with no one left to play for them but boys who couldn't break a window-pane with the ball, and couldn't hit a bull in the transom with a base fiddle as far as hitting is concerned.

Would you like to see how your name looks in print? Look on the back page and see.

1937 FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Sept.	18	University of Florida	Gainesville
Sept.	25	Georgia Tech	Atlanta
Oct.	2	Clemson	Here
Oct.	9	University of North Carolina	Here
Oct.	16	New York University	New York
Oct.	23	Minnesota	Here
Oct.	30	Army	West Point
Nov.	6	Tulane	New Orleans
Nov.	13	Southern California	Los Angeles
Nov.	20	Armstrong Junior College	Here
Nov.	25	(Homecoming) Northwestern	Here



SMITH DONATES TO P-PICKERS

Baron Lambert Smith (Crook), grid mentor of the powerful Teachers College football squad, recently donated \$25.00 the Pansy Pickers Association, to be used in the cultivation of football players for future Teachers teams. The donation was made at the annual convention of the Pansy Pickers, held in Atlantic City last month. Coach Smith is a charter member of the association.

You are probably wondering by this time why in the name of goodness we are printing this, but, brother, any time the great B. L. donates anything, that's news!

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ANNE BREEN
East Dormitory

PLANS MADE FOR LAME GOOSE TEAM

Many Prospects Indicate Bright 1937 Season, According To Wrinkle.

By DUCKLEG HARRIS

Coach James Erasmus Wrinkle has announced his plans for the next Lame Goose season. Scholarships of \$4.98 will be given to the boys making the squad. Matches have been arranged with several of the leading schools of the state.

Much interest has been aroused in this new sport and it promises to eclipse the now famous Fiddle Stix. Many of the boys complain that they get lamer than the goose, in playing a game. It seems to be a sort of a knock down and drag out affair. Teeth fall on the floor like grains of corn and one is not considered of much importance in the Royal Order of Lame Geese until he's had at least one leg broken or his neck cracked. Many rare penalties are imposed on the players for different offenses: If a player bites the referee, he has his tongue pulled by a member of the opposing team. If one bites a spectator or an opponent he is picked up by his heels and bounced on the floor. The average age of a Lame Goose player is held to be 27. Leading sportologists have said that, through education, Lame Goose along with Fiddle Stix will eventually take the place of Football and other rough major sports. The grand old game seems to have had its origin in the School of Hard Knocks.

Doris: I ain't got no butter.

Dr. Stroup: Senator, correct Doris.

Senator: (Looking at her plate),

Yes you is!

FIDDLESTICKERS WILL HOLD MEET

Heated Tourney Promised By the Sons of Sanford.

By TEX HARRIS

Sign up now for the fiddle stix sweet steaks. This mammoth sports event is to be held in the lobby of Sanford Hall on the 32nd of April. Those interested or uninterested are asked to register with Tex Harris and Mike Lambright. A legal registration must comply with the following: The entrant must furnish a birth certificate, his family history, five letters of recommendation from leading educators or psychologists, and a proof that he has passed a complete physical examination o. k'd by three phd's. A participant must not exceed the age of 65, must be single, white and at least 50% mentally all there. Exceptions will be considered in the case of school teachers and college stewdents. Football ringers and ex-professional wrasslers are absolutely barred.

Spectators must come early and bring a lunch. It is reported that there is only standing room left. The big push wil start at 2:00 a. m. in the morning of the opening day. Ladies will be provided with shin guards. Any one caught wearing cleats will not be admitted.

The main contest will be run off in two heats: Steam heat and Summer heat. Registration will start as soon as the two registrars sober up.

HOW TO MAKE A "B" ON STROUP'S COURSES

In Six Easy Lessons.

Twelve-page booklet free.

See

JOE BUXTON
Sanford Hall

LOST—Answers to the name of Bismark. He was last seen down at the Telephone Company watching the mput up poles. Also answers to the names: Anthony, Scocrates, Themistocles, Mephistophilis and Timothy. Hasn't been seen before nor since the war. Information regarding him will be considered mythical.

COLLEGE STUDENTS!

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COSMETICS, DENTRIFRICES, SHAVING CREAMS, ETC.
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Typing Instructor

NEW TYPEWRITERS
UPSET MISTER "K"

Prof. Leonard Percival Kent, commercial instructor, was laid in a row by his overly intelligent typing class the other day. It seems that Kent didn't know how to reverse on a new set of typewriters just purchased. He would let up on his clutch too quick every time he started and choke down. Mr. "K" just absolutely couldn't get coordination in his movements after he had been teaching it to his class three months. It has been said that Kent is the greatest asset the Theatre has. His afternoon classes turn out unanimously. It may be interesting to know that he was at one time the editor of the George Anne. He was once elected the cutest, wittiest or something in a Who contest. We sincerely hope our friend will get straightened out. Our advice is: "Pull yourself together and look out for a slipping clutch."

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ANNOUNCES FOR PRESIDENT

DR. PITY MAKES
FIVE-MINUTE TALK

Dr. Marvin S. Pittman, president of South Georgia Teachers College, delivered the principle address to the student body of the college here in chapel Monday. Dr. Pittman chose as his subject, "The Individual Rights of the Student," or vice versa, and the feature of the address was in the fact that it lasted only five minutes.

As far as can be learned from all available sources, this is the first time on record that Dr. Pittman, also an eminent authority on rural education, has made a speech that lasted for five minutes. In his speech Dr. Pittman outlined the relationship between modern labor-saving machinery and the profitable use of the leisure time. It was pointed out that with many new machines and methods which saved much time in all phases of life, we are feeling more and more constantly a need to be taught how to use our leisure time, now that the old saloon has gone out of style. There was a time when the speak-easy, or in college, the speak-easily, was a known and accepted means of diversion, but with the repeal of prohibi-

A few million words to
the people:

My fellow cellmates and sufferers, I wish to assure you of my complete sincerity in offering myself for office against my most honorable opponent, Mr. Pittman. I promise to turn things upside down, so to speak. All during the campaign, cigars and liquid refreshments of different natures will be served. I expect to mix with my flock and partake hardily of the refreshments and your support, liquorly, I mean literally speaking, will be expected and appreciated. I'm yours for Rustic Rugged Individualism.
ROBT. F. HARRIS, B. S. (Boy Scout).

tion, something must be devised by which the average American can profitably utilize his leisure time.

Dr. Pittman concluded his address with a few million words illustrating the necessity of the students studying so hard that they will not have any leisure time while they are at the Teachers College.

When we asked the Dean why he was wearing his arm in a sling, he said it was the style. The man must be balmy.

BE A SUGAR-DADDY!

In Ten Easy Lessons!

Learn how to keep ladies (?) in apartments or on house-parties. No experience needed. Be a Santa Claus. You, too, can become a big-shot!

See

ABIE GREEN
(Man About the Campus)

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THE BEST!

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THE THICK MAN

By BOBB BAFFLEMGGOOD HARRIS

Silence! The clock in the old manse struck only eleven times. Now there came a rap—rap—rap on the dusty wall of the shabby living room. A dog barked. Twenty-six and a half shots rang out. A dull thud - - thud echoed down the dark hallway, as bulky forms tumbled down the steps. The telephone rang. "Gimme the Police Department, quick! Send a man out here! If my suspicions are correct, there is treachery in the atmosphere."

Four hours later private detective Van Tangle, a fancy clothes man, burst into the room. "Come here, you," he yelled at the janitor. "Let's get at the bottom of this. We'll start in the cellar."

Detective Van Tangle stroked his chin, looked intelligent, and strolled over to the wall. He ran his hand across a section. "Ah-Ah!" he said, "we've got something here. The reason for the raps is quite natural and simple. The wall is papered with wrapping paper. And here is something more—" he said as he walked over to the old clock. "The reason the clock struck only eleven times is that it was only eleven o'clock. The fleas are responsible for the dog's barking out. Now—" he drawled, "the man that committed this awful crime is on this very — — — continent, more than likely. But as to who done it, buddie, I'm afraid you've got me there."

So I leave it to you, and you— and you, and while you are figuring, try the old unsolved case of who killed cock robin.

THIS WEEK AT

Georgia Theatre

THURSDAY, April 1

Return Engagement

"BROADWAY
MELODY OF
1936"

With Jack Benny, Eleanor
Powell, Robert Taylor.

Also Comedy—Shorts

FRIDAY, April 2

Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson in

"COUNTRY
GENTLEMEN"

Also Selected Shorts

SATURDAY, April 3

(Double Feature Program)

"ALL-AMERICAN
CHUMP"

With Stuart Erwin, Betty
Furness, Robert Armstrong,
Edmund Gwenn.

and

"TRAILIN' WEST"

Starring Dick Foran.

Also Selected Shorts