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Three Buildings Be Dedicated

Plans Are Made For Frosh Dance Saturday Night

The Freshman Dance, which has become an annual affair in honor of the upperclassmen, will be held in the college Gymnasium Saturday night, December 10th, at 8 o'clock.

Plans for this event are being made by Orman Hamilton, recently elected president of the freshman class by an overwhelming landslide, and David Proctor, president of the Student Council.

Marion Carpenter and his professors of swing will probably furnish the music for the occasion. Both Hamilton and Proctor stated that his services would be secured if possible. Ted Booker, booking agent for Carpenter, said he was almost sure that Marion would play.

Hamilton stated that the freshman class this year intends to make the dance the biggest success in the history of the school since its inaugural several years back. With apparently all of the class backing him and co-operating with him, Hamilton is sure to realize his intentions. The dance which has now become one of the outstanding social events of the year, will promote a good spirit between the classes which will last during the entire year. In years past it was the custom to have a banquet also on the same night, but it has been done away with because of the unnecessary time and expense.

"THE PATSY" IS A HUGE SUCCESS

Members of the Cast Do Excellent Work In Their Parts.

"The Patsy," first fall production of the Dramatic Club, went over with a bang last Thursday night. The play kept a large audience in happy hysterics during the entire evening.

The superb acting of every member of the cast contributed a great deal to the immense success of the play. Every department of the production under the direction of Eddie Najjar showed a great deal of hard work and careful preparation.

June Carpenter, as "The Patsy," gave one of the most outstanding and animate performances ever seen on a local stage. J. L. Faircloth did an especially good job of Mr. Harrington. Bernice Griffin, as Mrs. Harrington; Frances Nipper, Grace Harrington; Floyd Watkins, Bill Cald-

See "PATSY," page 4

ZACHARA TO PLAY PIANO TONIGHT

Noted Artist Will Be Second Lyceum Attraction of Season.

The second lyceum number of the 1938-39 series will be presented in the college auditorium this (Monday) evening at 8 o'clock. At that time Zachara, noted Polish pianist, will appear in concert.

Franceszek Zachara first appeared in this country in New York in 1928. Since that time he has been acclaimed throughout the nation as one of the world's greatest pianists. Press comments from coast to coast praise Zachara very highly. At present Zachara is a teacher of music at Brenau College, Gainesville.

The program to be given here this evening follows:

I
Bach: Chromatic Fantasie in D Minor.

Haydn: Sonata in D Major: (a) Allegro, (b) Largo, (c) Presto.

Mozart: Alla Turca.

II
Beethoven: Andante in F Major.
Shumann: Soaring.
Schumann: Warum.
Shumann: Whims.

See ZACHARA, page 4

College Chorus To Present Concert

The college chorus under direction of Mr. Ronald J. Neil will present a concert in the college auditorium Friday night at 8 o'clock. The program includes a variety of selections that should please every student. Selections from Bach, Mozart and other popular composers will be heard. The chorus has been very successful this year and the program should be a good one.

The college band under the direction of Mr. Harris will present a concert in chapel Friday morning.

Work Started On Four New Projects For the Campus

The campus of South Georgia Teachers College will be a scene of bustling activity within the next few months as four new units of construction get under way.

Work has already begun on the tennis courts to be erected with WPA funds at a cost of \$2,881. Six of the courts will be added to the courts by the lake. Six more will be constructed back of Sanford Hall.

Work will begin in the near future on the new athletic field to prepare a track. It is expected to be in excellent shape by the winter.

A survey has been made of the ground around the new athletic field and work will soon begin on the first units of the cement stadium by the NYA boys.

An enlargement is to be made of the industrial arts shop by fifty per cent in order to accommodate the large amount of new equipment to be installed there after Christmas.

Y. W. C. A. To Have Meeting Wednesday

The next meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association will be held next Wednesday evening in the college auditorium.

Dr. C. M. Destler will be requested to talk for the meeting on some subject pertaining to the inter-racial problem. The meeting should be of especial interest to the students.

At present the Y. W. C. A. is planning a special Christmas program to be presented Sunday evening, December 11th, in the college auditorium.

The Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. cabinets, assisted by members of the vesper choir will sing Christmas carols on the campus and in the city of Statesboro early Sunday morning, December 11th.

ABIT NIX TO GIVE PRINCIPAL TALK

Many Distinguished Guests Will Be Here for the Occasion.

Three new buildings, a Laboratory School, a Residence Hall, and a Library, erected at a total cost of \$200,000, will be dedicated and presented to the South Georgia Teachers College here tomorrow.

The dedication exercises will begin at 10 o'clock in the college auditorium, with Abit Nix, of Athens, prominent attorney and member of the Board of Regents, making the principal address. Dr. Pittman will preside and introduce the speaker and a large and distinguished group of guests. Immediately after the chapel exercises, the band followed by the guests, faculty and students will lead the way to the Laboratory School, where the exercises are to begin at 11 o'clock. Here the contractor will deliver the keys to the architect who will in turn deliver the keys to Dr. S. V. Sanford, chancellor of the University System. Dr. Pittman will accept the building and present it to Mr. Walter Downs, who will present it to the pupils. Sara Hagan will make the response. Exercises at the dormitory will then take place with Miss Julia Carroll making the response. At the library the response will be made by Mr. Haygood and

See ABIT NIX, page 4

HOLLIS AWARDED HIGHEST HONORS

Former President of S. G. T. C. Receives High Honors In New York.

High honors have been granted to E. V. Hollis, former president for many years of South Georgia Teachers College, and in more recent years connected with a similar institution at Moorehead, Kentucky.

Announcement is made through the education sources that Mr. Hollis has been granted by Columbia University, New York City, the doctorate degree, and has been assigned to the position of professor in the College of New York City. It is interesting to learn that the thesis which he prepared was a treatise on "Philanthropic Foundations and Higher Education." In that paper he went deep into a consideration of the subject of endowments, and his paper was awarded the highest mention in the monthly clinic of the American Institute of Graphic Arts.

EXAMINATION SCHEDULE

FALL QUARTER, 1938

Bio. 101, Phy. Sc. 101, 102.	Tuesday, Dec. 13, 8:15 a.m.
Mathematics 100	Tuesday, Dec. 13, 10:45 a. m.
2 o'clock classes	Tuesday, Dec. 13, 2:00 p.m.
Social Studies 102 and 201.	Wednesday, Dec. 14, 8:15 a.m.
12 o'clock classes	Wednesday, Dec. 14, 10:45 a.m.
Fresh. and Soph. Phy. Ed.	Wednesday, Dec. 14, 2:00 p.m.
English 11, 102, 205, 206.	Thursday, Dec. 15, 8:15 a.m.
9 o'clock classes	Thursday, Dec. 15, 10:45 a.m.
3 o'clock classes	Thursday, Dec. 15, 2:00 p.m.
8 o'clock classes	Friday, Dec. 16, 8:15 a.m.
11 o'clock classes	Friday, Dec. 16, 10:45 a.m.

The George-Anne

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"Behold thou desirest Truth in the inward parts."
—Psalms 51:6.

The staff of the George-Anne wishes every student and faculty member a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Some of our young ladies were perfectly shocked by the Shriners. However, it was all in fun and a good time was had by everybody.

No student can afford to miss the opportunity of seeing and hearing Zachara play the piano tonight. He is a brilliant pianist and has been widely received throughout the nation.

The freshman dance Saturday night will be a great boon to good feeling and good spirits on the campus. It is the first official part the freshmen have played. So let's help them put it over.

The first production of the Dramatic Club for this year proved to be an immense success. That cast and others who helped put the play over could easily make a success on Broadway. Keep up the good work, Eddie Najjar and Dramatic Club!

The Bugger Daggers, newest social club on the campus, are to be commended on the good spirit they seem to be interested in promoting. Elsewhere in this issue will be found an ad inserted by the club wishing everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

DEDICATION EXERCISES

A year ago there were headlines in the George-Anne telling us of plans which were being drawn for three new buildings to be constructed on the campus. Today they are actuality and a large number of distinguished guests will be on hand to attend the dedication exercises. We have three of the finest buildings to be found in the University System erected at a total cost of two hundred thousand dollars. It is improbable that another college has made as much progress in its building program in the same length of time. It is another unit of progress in our school and we are proud of it.

Mr. Johnson, chairman, and the other members of the dedicatory committee are to be commended on the fine program they have arranged. Its success depends in large part on student co-operation. Let's help them put it over!



Digging

Well here it is time for ye olde George-Anne to be put to bed and nobody has handed in any dirt yet. Veritably I have been laid own on. Everybody wants to write the dirt column (and everybody is welcome to) except when the paper comes out, and then nutting nor nobody can I see; excepting what's left of Eva King floating happily around the corner on the neck of Morpheus or could that be James Bartow Hussey Jr. Well anyway, folks, that's the newest romance on the campus. Much happiness to you two kids as you go tripping down life's highway together. Well, maybe this column is rotten, but it would have been mighty good if you had handed in something you know. How much do you know? Plenty! Well good! We'll have some questions and you give the answers. What house mother knew too much and campused a certain cutie? Was it Harold Houston we saw with "Shorty" Pittman in Savannah recently? Was Billy Fordham really disappointed in love at the tender age of fourteen and is it true that he hasn't fully recovered? Why did Froggie Breen ask "How long is always" recently? What girl, supposedly one of the faithfuls of the campus, was seen gazing into the eesy of another at a Tech frat house? Where is Homer? Olive Repphard wants to know the answer to that one. What boy uses his sister's curling iron on week days? Could it be you, Gesmon Neville? Ain't it a shame? Was Jimmie Thayer really tight or was he just pretending as a Shriner? What will be the outcome of Arman Roach's newest love affair? What boy's eyes fascinates what girl? Bill Mullis and Dot Elkins. Who is going to write the dirt column next time? That's what I want to know. There was something mighty realistic about that kissing business between Clanton and Carpenter. Looked as if they were perty nigh perfect at it. Cope and Meg get along mighty good. Wouldn't surprise us a bit if wedding bells didn't ring out pretty soon. They tell us T. A. Bacon's latest flame can't make up her mind what to get him for Christmas. Make it animal crackers, sis, youse can't go wrong. What girl didn't want Miss Veazy to know she went to the Iota Pi Nu dance Thanksgiving morning. For a quarter I won't tell. What was it Angie Altman didn't want put in the dirt column about what L. C. Lee found under her bath tub? This is really going to be a sweethearts Christmas. Over two hundred students have bought Christmas cards from Sanders with their pictures on them. Well, now wouldn't you like to get a card with your sweetie's picture on it?

Beyond the Blue

Reporter: "I've got a perfect news story."
Editor: "How come? Man bite dog?"
Reporter: "No, a bull threw a professor."

"Why do you go down to the beach every day and never go into the water?"

"Well, some day some girl's going to put on one of those backless bathing suits backwards, and I don't want to miss it!"

The prof had just finished a brief summary of the term's work. He addressed the class: "The exam papers are already in the hands of the printers. I advise a review of the work. Are there any questions?"

"Yes. What is the name and address of the printer?"

DIPPY DUTCH

By GESMON NEVILLE

Here's another from Blondie:

Dear Dippy Dutch:

Why didn't the Shriners run after me last Thursday?

BLONDIE.

Dear Blondie:

As Confucius once said, quote: "If the Shriners do not run after the girls, (the girls should do the running after.)" unquote

DIPPY DUTCH.

And Slats is back for more . . .
deer mr. dutch:

thank you verry mutch for yore anser to mi letter. i think i'll cum to tc. i wood like to no more about them co-eds tho. u fergot to tell me enything about them. is they reely goal diggers or not. plesse anser by return male.

yures verry trooly,

slats Seagram,

rfd 7 crown, hog waller.

p. s. ma's cow has quit giving milk. can u tell me hwut mought be rong.

Dear Slats:

First I want to say that T. C. girls are not gold diggers, altho some of them go in prety heavy for Copper Mining. Only on rare occasions do the co-eds spend over \$5 per day of your money. You can see from this that the expense of college life here is negligible, only \$25 to \$50 a week which is very reasonable. About your cow: I suspect the reason she has quit giving milk is that you've lost your pull with her.

DIPPY DUTCH.

Heard when the Shriners were here:

"It was most shocking!" Peggy.

"Now, when the Shriners came to BRUNSWICK . . ." Bull.

"There's a MAN after me!" Cora Page.

"Seven come eleven." Three nobles on knees in basement (evidntly praying).

"They're CUTE!" Unidentified freshman girl.

KOLOSSAL KONTEST!

Telephone, or go to your nearest Butcher and bring us his thumb. The heaviest will win first Grand Prize, and the winner will receive a dishonorable mention in the dirt column. Originality and neatness will be considered. There will be no judges or second prizes. Hurry, before the Butchers leave town!

Wishing you a Merry Christmas!

DIPPY DUTCH.

The "X" Club held its regular meeting Sunday afternoon in West Hall. A Thanksgiving program was conducted by Emily Heath. Mary Edith Andrews, Eleanor Scales and Jeanette Caldwell acted as hostesses. The guests were Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Carruth, sponsors of the club.

Parody Number, 1938

Pledge—Do you love me?

Gal—Uh-huh.

Him again—Then why doesn't your chest heave like in the movies?—Green Gander.

CHARLIE BROWNE
Editor**.. SPORTS ..**JODY BROWN
Assistant Editor**IN THE BULL PEN**

With BULL BROWNE

Miss Meg Gunter was selected by the football team Thursday as this year's sponsor for the Blue Tide grid team. This was a very appropriate selection as evidenced by the fact that she was elected by a unanimous vote, in fact she was the only one nominated.

Among those initiated into the Shrine at T. C. Thursday was a man who stands very high in the baseball world. Last year he was voted the No. 1 baseball executive in the minor leagues of this whole country. Bob Lamonte, president of the Savannah Indians, was the person who had the pleasure of "walking the hot sands" while visiting our fair campus.

Sometimes a ball player of unusual ability will go through an entire season before his ability is discovered by the coach. We had such a case this year on the Tide grid team. Damon Webb, who had not even played in a single game until the benefit game the other day, suddenly became a luminary over-night as the result of his stellar performances in the benefit and Erskine games.

Those members of the football team that are on scholarship lost no time in going to other occupations as soon as the season was over. Any afternoon will find them diligently cutting trees or digging stumps on the site of the six new PWA tennis courts back of Sanford Hall.

Engineers have arrived to survey the land, etc., for our new stadium, which will be ready for next year. The field will be finished and made into as fine a playing field as can be found. The football field will be encircled by a cinder track. Finally, the first units of concrete stand will be built on the west side of the field 60 feet long and will seat 600 people.

Since all sports writers are picking some kind of an all-star team, this sports writer will be no exception and humbly submits his all-star opponents team for the T. C. grid team of 1938. This team is composed of the outstanding players off all the teams that the Tide played against this year. At center and full-back the decision couldn't be made, so at each of these positions two men were named:

Ends: Schaefer, Stetson and Mumbauer, Tampa.

Tackles: Minehart, Stetson, and Pufal, Erskine.

Guards: Tribble, M. G. C., and Anderson, Stetson.

Centers: Yorkunas, Tampa, and Broome, Wingate.

Quarter: Quimby, Alabama Teachers.

Half-backs: Yancey, Douglas, and Warren, Stetson.

Full-back: Robertson, Erskine, and Hardy, Stetson.

**TEACHERS TIE
SECEDERS 6-6**

**End Season In Blaze of Glory
Again Team Rated
Higher.**

The South Georgia Teachers' Blue Tide ended their season in a blaze of glory by holding to a tie a strongly favored Erskine team. During the entire game the Tide out-played and out-fought their supposedly superior opponents only to be deprived of victory by one beautifully executed play with the game only two minutes to go. It was a forward lateral from Robertson to Edwards to Beaty, which netted 40 yards and a touchdown. Except for that one play the Erskine team was completely bottled up by a fast-charging Tide line and an alert back field. With the help of extreme cold weather and a little rain the Teachers' backfield, playing their best game of the season, kept Erskine's passing to a minimum.

The Teachers scored their touchdown in the first three minutes of the ball game, after they had recovered the opening ball from the Seceders on the opening play of the game. The Teachers scored after making two straight first downs to place the ball on the four-yard line. A pass from Ozier to Hamilton behind the line of scrimmage and Hamilton's run of fifteen yards was the highlight of the scoring drive. The two teams fought evenly the rest of the game until the last two minutes of the game, with a fast-charging Tide line stopping Erskine's running attack cold.

Eight of the starting line-up for the Teachers will not be back next year due to graduation. These boys are: Ozier, Rigsby, Browne, Woodard, Estes, Hill, Wilson and Miller. Bartow Miller was selected captain of the team for this game by the seniors of the squad.

**Basketball Hopefuls
Begin Practice With
Spirited Sessions**

Varsity and freshman basketball aspirants began practice last Monday under the direction of Coaches B. L. Smith and Jim Wrinkle.

Returning lettermen around whom Smith will probably build his team are Herschel Hamil, Harold Rigsby, Bartow Miller and Harris Rape. It is also believed that Keith Smith and Henry Bagley, members of last year's squad, will return to school next quarter.

Among the 25 varsity hopefuls, several besides those already named, show promise of good ability. Chief of these are Bob Bell, former West Georgia star; Clyde Anderson and Robert Moss, former Middle Georgia players; Bill Wynn, freshman star of two years ago; Cope Ozier, Gus Carswell and Lawrence Enloe.

According to Wrinkle, the varsity games will be preceded by a freshman contest with some high school. The first year men make up a fine group and should form a strong team. From last year's freshman squad Harold Houston and Eugene Brown have moved up to the varsity.

Although the schedule has not yet been completed, double games have been arranged with Middle Georgia, South Georgia, Armstrong, J. E. A., of Savannah, and the New York world's champion Celtics, according to Coach Smith. Four or five other games will round out the schedule.

It will be difficult for Coach Smith to build an offense that will match the one of last year. This team, which included such artists as Jeff Stewart and "Tiger" Sowell won ten out of fourteen games, and, in so doing, fell less than one point of averaging 50 points a game. The Celtics were responsible for two of these defeats.

He: "How did you come out in the purity test?"

She: "Seven laps behind my sorority sisters."—Exchange.

**TITLE RESTS IN
PLAY-OFF GAME**

**Championship Game Will Be
Played Before Christmas
Holidays.**

The Pent House and Delta Sigma moved on toward their championship play-off battle by adding victories to their undefeated records last week. Arrangements are already being made for a game between these two teams to be played before the Christmas holidays. The touch football league will close its season this week and unless some unforeseen up-set takes place the arrangements will be in good order.

The championship game should be a thriller. Both teams seem to be about evenly matched, winning all games since they tied each other in the first game of the season.

The standings:

	W.	L.	T.
Pent House	5	0	1
Delta Sig	5	0	1
Into Pi Nu	4	3	
T-42	3	3	
Hill	2	3	
Hot Shots	1	4	
Laboratory School	0	3	
N. Y. A.	0	4	

INDUSTRIAL ARTS

Mr. Bing, Mr. Livingston and Bill Gerken are expected to return to the campus today after a week in St. Louis, Mo., where they have been attending a meeting of the American Vocational Association.

May Each Student and Faculty Member of T. C. Enjoy the Coming Vacation, Also

**A Merry Christmas
and**

A Happy New Year.

The Bugger Daggers.

**Do Your
Christmas Shopping
At
BRADY'S
Department Store**
"Where Quality Is Higher
Than Price."

**IDEAL
SHOE SERVICE**

AGENTS:

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HAROLD RIGSBY
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BILL GERKEN

Quality Cleaners
HOBSON DuBOSE, Prop.

SANDER'S STUDIO

"SANDERS FOR
NATURALNESS"

12 SOUTH MAIN ST.

FIRST FORUM

DECEMBER 12

Senator Bennett Clark Will
Lead Discussion At Meet-
ing In Savannah.

Dr. C. M. Destler, other members of the faculty, and at least twenty students will be present to hear United States Senator Bennett "Champ" Clark, of Missouri, at the Community Forum in Savannah, Monday night, December 12th.

Mr. Clark, a probable Democratic candidate for president in 1940, will lead the discussion at this meeting. The topic will be "Immediate Problems Facing America." After the speech there will be an open discussion of the subject in which all people present will be invited to take part.

This is the first of a series of such meetings, the remaining number to come after Christmas with such men as Boake Carter, to lead the discussions. The purpose of the forum is to better acquaint the average person with pressing problems of the day and to solicit his support in the solution of the problems. All who are interested in attending the forum should see Dr. Destler immediately.

PROFS MAKE PLANS

Marion Carpenter and his Professors, masters of swing, are making plans for tour of the beaches next summer. The tour will include St. Simons Island, where they have been exceedingly popular with the jitterbugsters, Savannah Beach, Myrtle Beach, Miami Beach and many other pleasure spots along the Atlantic seaboard.

DR. PITTMAN VISITS

Dr. Marvin S. Pittman will visit the counties of Dooley and Sumter, respectively, this week. Thursday he will speak to a county-wide meeting of teachers to be held at Vienna. He will also visit a number of high schools in Dooley on that day. On Friday night he will speak at the Plains High School, where popular Hugh Hodges is teaching. He will also visit Georgia Southwestern, where four of our students are serving in the laboratory school.

"PATSY," from page 1

well; Willard Clanton, Tony Anderson; Sara Godbee, Sadie Buchanan; James Hussey, Francis Patrick O'Flaherty; Frank Frazier, "Trip" Busty also played their parts well.

CECIL KENNEDY

Steaks

Sea Food

Fried Chicken

Toasted Sandwiches

.. CLUB NEWS ..

DUX DOMINA

The quarterly dance of the Dux Domina sorority was held at the Woman's Club on Saturday night, November 19th. Decorations carried out the barn motif. Hay, corn, old stalks of sugar cane, pine straw, pine cones, snakes, mice and spiders (not real ones) helped to create the atmosphere of a barn dance. The highlight of the evening was the "battle of the eggs." Since November 19th was the birthday of Alice Hill, president of the club, the first no-break was dedicated to her. The members of the club presented her with a corsage of pink carnations and sweetheart roses. Members and their dates were Alice Hill, Buddy Young; Virginia Sands, Tom Edwards; Marion Lanier, James Thayer; Catherine Gaine, B. H. Ramsey; Mary Powell, C. W. Graham; Elizabeth Horn, Roy Rabun; Fay Foy, Jake Smith; Sybil Strickland, James Deal; Sara Godbee, Bill Gerken; Margaret Remington, Gene L. Hodges; Anne Powell, Harry Crawley; Virginia Blitch, Ormand Hamilton; Marion Edwards, Robert Rustin. The invited guests were Froggie Breen, Bill Ware; Anne Breen, C. J. Paine; Mary Brigman, Hack Wilson; Sara Morris, Robert Brown; Reba Yarborough, Willard Clanton. The following members and their dates attended the luncheon at the Tea Pot Grille on Thanksgiving: Alice Hill, Holder Watson; Ida Louis Cannady, Armond Roach; Mary Powell, C. W. Graham; Sibyl Strickland, James Deal; Margorie Cobb, Leroy Cowart; Anne Powell, Harry Craw-

ley; Sara Godbee, Bill Gerken; Catherine Gaine, B. H. Ramsey; Virginia Blitch, Cody Watson.

L. T. C.

The L. T. C. sorority entertained on Wednesday, November 23rd, at the Woman's Club with its annual fall dance. The club house was attractively decorated with balloons and crepe paper, the club colors of green and gold being carried out. The L. T. C. pledges and their dates were introduced in a lead-out before the first no-break, which was dedicated to the pledges. The pledges and their dates were Frances Harrison, Frank Olliff; Isazell Trussell, Jack Hogarth; Eula Beth Jones, Bill Winn; Margie Dekle, Harry Crawley; Abby Mann, Dean Anderson; Josephine Simmons, Henry Cail. The members and their dates were Anne Felton, Willard Carlee; Reba Yarborough, Willard Clanton; Lorraine Arnsdorff, Robert Miller; Jewell Vandiver, Robert Moyer; Agnes Hodges, Roy Rabun; Sara Morris, Robert Brown; Lorraine Brockett, Tiny Ramsey; Dot Cromley, Gesmon Neville. The old members and their dates were Mary Cromley, Joe Baird; Lil Baldwin, Gerald Groover; Lil Simmons, Deenie Bell; Verna Lasseter, Jim Wrinkle; Mary Ellen Alderman, Curtis Crook. Other visitors invited were Miss Lillian Hogarth, Mr. Ernest Harris; Frances Hughes, James Blitch; Marion Lanier, George Hitt; Virginia King, Paul Robertson; Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Destler, and the club sponsor, Miss Malvina Trussell, Tully Pennington.

ZACHARA, from page 1

Liszt: Etude de Concert in D Flat Major.

III

Chopin: Scherzo in B Flat Minor, Opus vi.

Debussy: Clair de Lune.

Rachmainoff: Prelude in C Sharpe Minor.

Zachara: Instants Joyeux.

Mendelssohn-Liszt: Wedding March.

ABIT NIX, from page 1

the building opened by Miss Eleanor Ray.

From 12 to 1:15 o'clock the guests will be given an opportunity to see the buildings with a tour of inspection. The luncheon for the honored guests will then be held in the dining hall, with Dean Z. S. Henderson serving as toastmaster. Receptions will be held in the new buildings for all friends of the college from 2:30 to 4 o'clock.

"Baby (hic), I'm shorry I tried to kish you. I musht have been half drunk."

"Sure. You only half tried!"

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Cameras and Supplies.

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"Your Rexall Drug Store"

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THE
FASHION SHOP

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HEADQUARTERS
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COLLEGE
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"Where the Crowds Go"Treat Yourself
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Best.
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SHOP

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Better Job"

Representatives:
BILL ADAMS
A. D. LAFAVOR

GEORGIA THEATRE

MONDAY-TUESDAY

Errol Flynn, Olivia DeHavilland,
Rosalind Russell, Patric Knowles in
"FOUR'S A CROWD"

WEDNESDAY

Stage—

MAJ. BOWES' AMATEURS
International Revue, 10 acts vodvil

Screen—

"UP THE RIVER"

With Preston Foster, Tony Martin.
No passes will be honored. Night
prices prevail entire day Stage
shows at 3:05, 5:10, 7:15, 9:20 p.m.

THURSDAY-FRIDAY

With Raymond Massey.
"DRUMS"

SATURDAY

(Double Feature)

Gloria Stuart, Michael Whalen in
"TIME OUT FOR MURDER"

and

George O'Brien in
"GUN LAW"

STATE THEATRE

MONDAY-TUESDAY

The "Dead End" Kids in
"LITTLE TOUGH GUY"

WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY

Ole Olsen, Chic Johnson in
"ALL OVER TOWN"

FRIDAY-SATURDAY

"SONG OF THE TRAIL"
With Kermit Maynard and others.

Literary Supplement

The George-Anne

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PRESENTING—

The fourth issue of the Literary Supplement of the George-Anne.

Within these pages one will find poems, serious and not so serious, short stories, shorter stories, and essays. The block print above, a campus view, was cut by Miss Thelma Harrison.

Most of the contributions in this issue were made by members of Dr. Abner W. Kelley's creative writing group.

Character Makes the Man

By JOUETT DAVENPORT JR.

Old Colonel Allen sat on the long porch of his comfortable home and watched the many and varied processes of growth in the town of Amesville. Day after day, month after month, through a series of eventful years he had sat and listened and looked and meditated. He observed Amesville's worthy citizen as they hastened to and fro upon errands perhaps momentous, perhaps inconsequential. He had watched them burn tapers of life; perhaps worthwhile, perhaps futile. He had seen soft, bright-faced babies become supple youths. He had seen buildings rise and fall, the shining new ever superseding the decaying old. Across the way he had seen a shack housing a groaning water wheel and creaking machinery evolve into a prodigious plant, now emanating a pleasant hum from electric dynamos and perfected machinery.

Through the course of those years of listening and looking and meditating, he had learned about life.

Colonel Allen sat and listened to the pleasant hum from across the way. He smiled because it was progress, and he believed in progress. A figure, a strange figure, strode along the street and into the colonel's line of vision. The colonel watched his approach with interest. He was always interested in strangers. As the man came nearer, the colonel could see that his face was hard; his eyes were cruel, and his step was arrogant. The stranger came to the colonel and spoke, and when he spoke his voice was acid.

"Say, Mister. I think I'll get a job in that factory over there. Who owns the dump, and how do they treat the hands?"

The colonel looked at the massively beautiful structure of the "dump" across the way, and then he looked at the hard face of the man before him.

"Stranger, did you ever work in a factory like that?"

"Hell, yes!"

"Who owned it, and how did they treat their hands?"

"A bunch of thieves and rich leeches owned it, and they worked the fool out of their hands."

"Well, you'll find it the same way here."

The stranger spun on his heel and departed with arrogant step.

The colonel looked and saw another stranger approaching. His step was eager; his eyes were kindly, and his face was softened with a smile. He came to the colonel and spoke, and when he spoke his voice was low and pleasant.

"Good evening, sir. I think I'd like to try for a job in that factory over there. Who owns it, and how do they treat the hands?"

"Stranger, did you ever work in a factory like that?"

"Oh, yes."

"Who owned it and how did they treat their hands?"

"A corporation of business men owned it, and they treated the hands with utmost consideration."

"Well, you'll find it the same way here."

The stranger smiled his thanks and with eager step turned to depart.

Colonel Allen sat back, and looked, and listened, and meditated.

TO A CO-ED

The room is filled with laughter,
While the radio doth blare;
Books are scattered all about,
And clothes are everywhere.
The friendly feast is over,
And the gals are all 'bout broke;
You have a quiz tomorrow,
But to you it's just a joke;
You're in a co-ed's college,
And you haven't one thin dime,
But you're getting what you came for,
A helluva happy time!

—SAM BURGESS.

NO WORLDLY GOODS

Mary's face is as the moon:
Lovely, radiant, pale.
Mary has a tiny farm
And a cottage in the vale.

Martha has a stone chateau
And velvet gowns and laces.
Martha has a big white horse
She enters in the races.

Madra does not have a house,
Nor is she like the moon;
She does not have a horse nor gold,
But I marry Madra soon.

—JAMES BARTOW HUSSEY.

TO A FRIEND

The world is a swirl of endless faces,
A dizzy, mad sphere of myriad places.
I travel its acres with a heart aflame,
In search of experience I cannot name.

I move among people, but stand aloof;
The clouds are my floor and the blue my roof.
I glory in tempests and laugh in the rain,
But in fathomless dark my soul shakes in pain.

This sudden black of despair is a shattering thing;

It comes without warning, like an adder's sting.

I continue my search to find ease from that fright.

Then, lo, I have found it, like a fire in the night:

The face of a friend is discerned in the swirl;
I clutch at this comfort and stop my mad whirl.
My hurt is gone and again I'm gay.

In the clouds with my friend it is always day.

—JOUETT DAVENPORT.

RITUAL

I have been one with Youth
That knew lanes of September—
Dewy in the cool, late evening
And bright morning.

Straying on far hills and lying
With eyes to the open sky.

I have been one with Youth
That scarcely glanced at midnight;
Holding other lips against ours
In warm embrace.

I have been one with Youth
That became dubious of God;
Holding in our dreams, Truth—
To be awakened and lost by shallow words.

I have been one with Age.
Sitting by autumn fires staring
Through the strange casements of Youth—
Locked forever by the rust of Time—
Regretful of the day that I became thirteen;
Remembering that I was one with Youth.

—BOB CARROLL.

AN ACT OF GOD

A Short Story by
JAMES BARTOW HUSSEY

A dim light found its way through the bars and fell across the floor of the cell. Monica tossed restlessly on her cot. At sunrise she would climb the thirteen steps and have her life quickly jerked out. She really would not mind going, if they would just tell her why. She sat up on the edge of the cot and ran her fingers through her rumpled hair.

Monica calmly lit a cigarette and stared through the bars into the early morning. She kept asking herself why? True, she had killed her baby, but it was an act of mercy; anyone knew that. Monica thought that it was bad enough for a child to grow up without knowing a father, but to go on through life with a deformed body was too much.

She did not mind dying—she had no reason to live. Monica wondered why Joe had not been to see her since she had been here. But he never would have married her. She knew that because Joe just was not a marrying man. Monica missed him, though; there was no need to tell herself that she did not.

She looked down at the slender fingers, closing and unclosing mechanically about her arms—the same fingers that had slowly tightened about the baby's throat. The only thing Monica hated was that the baby had not died as easily as she had hoped. She thought that it would slip silently away; but even now, when her eyes were closed, she could see that withering mass, struggling for life. It was hard for her to kill it, because she kept whispering to herself that it was best for the child.

Presently, Monica rose; her heels clicked on the cement floor. She sucked the cigarette as she stared vacantly from the window. A thin wind fanned foul odors of decaying leaves from the prison yard into the cell. The sound of a key in the lock made Monica turn.

A priest smiled sadly at her. His black vestments sent shivers down her spine; she hated black. Her eyes were fixed to the yellow crucifix that dangled as Father Michelle crossed to her. Monica liked him; he was human. It was he who called what she had done an act of God. Then why were they taking her life? Another act of God? The judge had told her that she must pay. The baby had been alive, now it was not; she was alive, and soon she would not be. That was not right. She was young and healthy, and the baby had been small and deformed. She had tried to make them see that it was best for everyone; they had not seen. She would be choked to death just as she had choked the baby.

She knelt at the bed as the priest directed and heard herself slowly repeating the Lord's Prayer. Then Father Michelle asked her if she were ready, if she had repented of her sin. Monica thought this absurd; she had not sinned. The matron had insisted that Monica wear black, but she had refused. These were her last minutes and she wanted to leave in white.

See ACT OF GOD, page 4

FIRST NIGHT

By BOB CARROLL

I was doing all right until they said I'd pull through. They didn't know it, but I could hear every word they said. My brain was as clear as the night had been twenty minutes ago, and just as quiet; but my body refused to move—not even a finger-tip. The water was cold at first, but it lasted for only a second; it isn't a pleasant way to die, as I've heard, and your whole life doesn't flash before you. I know. I'll have to give some reason, but I can give them the same reason, the fools! Half the trouble in the world is that somebody else tries to be helpful.

This is the way it happened: Our show had busted in Boston and I was waiting to catch the train at midnight to save the hotel bill. I was sitting on a bench on the platform beside a gentleman with a newspaper. He was just an ordinary looking young man—honest face, white shirt, blue tie, very neat, much too neat to have been married. In taking his hand out of his coat pocket he accidentally touched my arm; and when he turned to say "excuse me," I got a good look at his eyes. You're wrong there though, because I don't know whether I fell in love with him or not; and the funny thing is that I don't know yet. I wish I did. If it was love, the stories are all wrong—no enchanted spell went over me when our hands touched and his eyes were certainly very ordinary eyes, the only resemblance of fire I saw in them was the reflection of the wall light above our heads. I don't even think he thought about making a pick-up; there wasn't any of that eager, masculine nonchalance and over-politeness that men like to assume when they're on the make. He was just natural, even turning back to the sport page after he said "excuse me."

I've been in love before. I remember the boy back in Kansas when I was seventeen. I used to forget everything I'd planned to say, when he came around, and just sit on the porch and wait for him to ask about the cattle and crops and the weather. I remember when our hands touched; his were big, rough hands, used to hard work, but they felt soft when they held mine; and back then there was a sort of flame and fire about love, but I was lots younger then. I cried when he left the farm and went to Kansas City, but not long afterwards I went to New York and didn't have time to think any more.

I didn't finish about tonight though. It was about eleven-thirty when the young man turned to me and asked if I wanted a cup of coffee. I did. We started down the street to a lunch room about two blocks away and as we walked it seemed the perfectly natural thing to be doing—our walking together—no effort at all, as if to the two of us nothing else mattered. That's the way I felt, and all the time I didn't even know his name. We were passing the first corner when two men stepped out and one of them caught my wrist; as he did this I saw the man with me lead with a good

Thinking Versus Mere Learning
In College

By JOUETT DAVENPORT JR.

It appears that in virtually any college undue emphasis is placed upon the student's assimilation of mere facts. It is, of course, valuable for one to know useful things; but when one possesses the ability to absorb great quantities of data, yet lacks the ability to ferret out the full meaning of what he is absorbing, his learning is of little value. If one is readily able to repeat accurately what he has just read in some book concerning the solution of a stated problem, he can easily work that problem on a test. However, if on the test he gets a different problem which is only based on the memorized solution, he must add his cogitating powers to what he has mechanically learned in order to get the correct result of the new problem. If he has not been trained, or rather has not trained himself, to think out ways of combining past experiences to make them apply to new situations, with a resulting new understanding, he will fail every time when faced with an issue which does not conform to something he has memorized before.

Take, for instance, a civil engineer. In whatever technological school he may attend there will be ponderous volumes for him to study and infinite mathematical formulae for him to put into his mind as permanent possessions. His instructor will build bridges and construct highways all over the blackboards, and the student will build them upon ream after ream of drawing paper. All of this is practice for the time when the young engineer will be faced with a disconcertingly real river over which it is his problem to build a bridge that is not mere chalk and pencil marks. No stream that he will find and no section of terrain that he might wish to put a strip of pavement upon will conform exactly to the examples that he studied on the blackboards. Before he can achieve his purpose, he must, of necessity, be armed with many memorized cold facts; but more than that he must be able to know what these facts are all about and be able to use them for all they are worth. He must be able to apply them to the new situation and use them as tools to bring about the new result.

The psychologist states that no situation is entirely new; it is merely parts of many old situations combined in a new way. If this is true, the man who knows how to think will scarcely ever go wrong. If he can analyze a new situation into its old parts, he can understand its elements and thereby comprehend the new whole. Also, if he can shift old things into new patterns, he can construct endlessly.

It would appear, then, that learning should be combined with a continuous process of figuring out what one is taking in, because only with understanding comes true learning.

JEANNE

Eyes—dark as storm clouds,
gold-flecked, haunting;
Hair—brown like autumn leaves,
fragrant as gardenias;
Skin—olive, luscious, petal-smooth;
Voice—a contralto melody;
Laughter—gay as spring's new life,
rippling like breeze-fanned water;
Figure—a rhythm of faultless symmetry,
goddess-like, supple.
That is Jeanne.

—JOUETT DAVENPORT JR.

MORNING MISTS

A fog that rolls
And clings to reeds
And cotton bolls
And straggling weeds;
A bridal train
For poplar trees
That line the lane:
The mists are these.

—JAMES BARTOW HUSSEY.

DUSK TILL DAWN

The sun went down,
The world went black,
I heard not a sound—
Asleep in my shack.

The stars made arcs
As time slid by,
Till meteorite sparks
Relit the sky.

—ALVIN McLENDON.

WORK

Work, you are these to me:

A challenge of honor, and choice of weapons is mine;
A merchant who sells my handiwork;
A master to whom I am indentured forever;
An understudy to all emotion;
A shot of novocain in an empty arm;
A preface to sleep.

—JEANETTE WILLETS.

NIGHT MUST FALL

Night must fall,
Covering all
With thick dark,
Each landmark
And familiar face.
Night comes with winged pace.

The village stirs in sleep.
I creep
From my haunted couch
And crouch
On the earth, like a hunted brute,
Quivering and mute.

On the black cheeks of night,
Stars shine like tight-
Squeezed tears
From a woman's eyes.
The murky earth appears
Like a demon's paradise.

"God, what shall I find
In these dusks that bind
My eyes with a heavy veil?"
Like a child, I wail,
Like a child cringing with fright,
I wail through the mists of night.

A cerement of clouds
Darkly enshrouds
The hugeness of the sky.
Like a child I cry,
A child struck with a rod,
"Where are you in this darkness, God?"

From out of the dense
Dusk, a silence
Surges, vast and strong,
Singing a soundless song
Of speechless trees and grass and sod
And of the quiet stars of God.

—ERNESTINE CHAVOUS.

CENTURIES OF TEARS

The sound of many waters
Drops from the word
Always.

—JEANETTE WILLETS.

LETTER TO A CAMEL

Dear Sir: Please advise—
When you travel on your little
Store
Do you think of the next oasis or
The last one?

—JEANETTE WILLETS.

MILD MARY

A Sonnet

Behind the roundness of thy sacred breast,
I found the milky stream of tenderness.
To thy untiring arms I go for rest,
And humbly bow my head; I pray you bless.
The marble whiteness of thy folded hands,
The rich warm light that glowed in thy clear
eyes
When Christ was born in filthy stable sands
That beat the wall to still thy child-birth cries.
The gnawing pain you suffered on that night
Is gone; a peaceful silence in its place.
Although He died, I see a winning light,
And radiance streams across thy placid face.
I hope I'll find upon my face awhile,
The love I read in thy undying smile.

—JAMES BARTOW HUSSEY.

THE GREEN ROOM

SIXTY MINUTES AFTER

In dread we stroll into the room of green.
We wonder why it is some students care.
The brilliance of the light may've caused the
glare;
Not only did we see, but we were seen.
Why is it that we all so love the Dean?
The floors, the walls, e'en students minds are
bare;
The lecture dull, the questions make us stare.
We hate to see the color scheme so keen.
We did not know just what our grades would
be,
For, if we did, we would not crack a book.
And since, we broke a painted window pane;
Then next, for this they asked us for a fee.
So through the window at the sky we look.
The pane is gone; still lingers on the pain.

Note: This was composed "communally" by the class
in English Literature, each student contributing a
line without knowing the other lines. The resulting
sonnet is a mosaic of these contributed lines.

STRANGE INTERLUDE IN KEY OF X

JOUETTE DAVENPORT JR.

With savage ferocity, Arctic blasts of wind
moaned around corners, whipped at swaying
trees, and sent gray clouds scudding across the
frozen face of the moon. A vista could scarcely
have been more starkly forbidding; and the un-
certain, nebulous, glimmer of the moonlight ac-
centuated the cold ghostly aspect of the night.
It was a time for all living creatures to seek
shelter from the wind's icy embrace, to hide
in some warm situation where its frigid shrieks
could do no more than produce an occasional
shiver of dread. But no, there were skulking
figures abroad in the wintry darkness, strug-
gling against needles of chill that penetrated
their clothing, plodding inexorably toward
their goal. Madmen? Explorers? Oh no, just
a bunch of T. C. students on the nightly trek to
the Little Store!

LIFE

The lily was an amaryllis,
Ruddily beautiful, deeply red.
She stood beside the flower,
Graceful as the curving stem,
Perfect in poise of body and head.
He looked askance and saw her there.
A new emotion clutched warm
Fingers over the chilled stillness of his soul,
A feeling frighteningly new,
Yet so changeless, so old.
He brushed his hand across his eyes,
Suddenly shaken, dreams shattered, afraid.
He looked again and saw a lily,
An amaryllis, starkly beautiful, bloodily red.

JOUETT DAVENPORT JR.

LULLABY

Sleep quietly, my fairy child;
I shall forget you, now.
I shall forget the warm blood-surge
Which did your life endow.

One snow-strewn day when hearts apart
Were in one pathway set
Your life-deep eyes were formed; and now
Those eyes I must forget.

One star-strewn night when hearts were joined
With cheeks and eyes not dry
Your pulsing heart was born, and now
That heart I must deny.

Sleep quietly, my fairy child;
I shall forget you, now.
I shall deny your birth.—And yet
My smile is changed, some how.

—JEANETTE WILLETS.

POSTSCRIPTS TO MOTHER GOOSE

Old Adage

But what happens to the
Cat
When the mice are away?

Barber Shave a Pig

And did the poor barber
Sneeze?

Mistress Mary

Did the pretty maidens in a row
Dance or sing
Or sleep?

Little Boy Blue

Under the haystack
What did you
Dream?

Miss Muffett

Did the spider
Drown
In curds and whey?

Bobby Shaftoe

Were the silver buckles
Paste?

Jack Spratt

Had you and your wife
Exceedingly long
Tongues?

—JEANETTE WILLETS.

SILENT GUEST

I could not welcome
The high tide
For it came and
Went
In the night.

—JEANETTE WILLETS.

FIRST NIGHT, from page 1

hard right; and then I heard two
shots, and the young fellow fell face
down in the street. I didn't know
what to do, but I felt as if everything
that I would ever want had been tak-
en from me by those pistol shots. I
remember next meeting the police-
man; I must have been running; and
when I started by him, I saw the
river through the guard rails of the
bridge and suddenly I jumped. In
the water I only wondered if ever I
would know how the young man felt
and if ever I would regain the feel-
ing that he had taken with him.

These fools, don't they know
they're ruining a life instead of sav-
ing one with that pulmotor—to go
on remembering and never knowing—
for God's sake, can't they leave me
alone!

ACT OF GOD, from page 1

It looked more sacred than black and
Monica was not an evil person.

Four men entered the cell quietly;
presently one of them touched Fath-
er Michelle on the arm. The priest
nodded and rose. Tears fell shame-
lessly on the black vestments. Monica
suddenly felt a sob in her throat. Was
she going to cry now? For three
months she had waited and she had
not cried. It was too late to start
now; she clamped her teeth on her
trembling lips and took her place
with the four men. They followed
Father Michelle into the corridor.

Monica held her head majestically
as she slowly measured her steps
across the prison yard. The scaffold
was just ahead. Monica felt queer
when first she saw it. She had al-
ways believed that things like these
were unreal; now, she knew they
were true. Monica asked the matron
to leave off the bandage until the
trap was ready to be sprung. She
wanted to see if Joe were there. One,
two, three. She paused on the fourth
step. A murmur ran through the
crowd. Monica knew that they
thought her afraid; she was not. Five,
six, seven, eight, nine. Again she
stopped and stared down at the peo-
ple. No, but the man did look like
Joe. Every eye was fixed upon her.
Eleven, twelve, thirteen.

Monica felt the circulation stop
when her hands were buckled behind
her—she was also aware of the bands
that were binding her arms and legs.
She wondered why they went to so
much trouble just to end her life. "A
cold-blooded murderess," she had
been called in the papers; but an inner
voice kept whispering to her that
she had been right.

The sun's thin rays were blotted
out by the black bandage that was
quickly slipped before her eyes. She
stood there in the darkness. Wait-
ing. Waiting for the second act of
God.

The pale moon rose,
The blue waves shone,
Casey kissed his love,
By telephone.

The north winds blew,
Dark clouds rolled by,
A little bug,
Flew in my eye.

—SAM BURGESS.