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The George-Anne

Volume 21

COLLEGESBORO, GA., MONDAY, JANUARY 31, 1949

NUMBER 13

Program Is Announced For Religious Emphasis

Religious Emphasis Week got underway on T. C. campus last night with an address by President Henderson at the vesper services. Later in the evening the students and faculty enjoyed a fellowship hour at the gym, followed by the forming of a friendship circle and prayer service on the front campus.

The calendar for the week includes Morning watch at six-thirty every morning, followed by a "Y" breakfast in Lewis Hall lounge on Wednesday and Friday mornings for the people who attend morning watch. The club meetings of the week will be centered around religious themes and twilight service each evening at six is part of the program for the week.

Special evening watch programs are planned for three nights at nine-thirty with guest speakers for each of the dormitories.

On Tuesday evening there will be a Ten O'clock prayer service on front campus with all students taking part. Wednesday morning at ten o'clock Dr. Waites Henry will make his first address. He will be guest speaker on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings and also for chapel on Friday morning.

Special music for the various programs will be presented by the Philharmonic Choir, Men's choir, and the Vester choir. Students from the various religious organizations and denominations will have charge of the devotional periods during the week.

Professors Play In Milledgeville

The Professors, college dance orchestra, played for the Sophomore dance at G. S. C. W. in Milledgeville on Saturday night, January 15.

The theme of the dance was "The Old Lamplighter", and the gym was decorated accordingly. Highlights of the night included several vocals by Anna Maria Tipples, Mr. Rasmussen clarinet and sax rides, and the feature number of the night, a drum solo by Andy Odum.

The entire orchestra made the journey, including Professors Glen Rasmussen and John Zaffuta and vocalists Anna Maria Tipples and Hoke Smith. Members of the orchestra include Bill Williams, Donald Wilkes, Tack Williams, James Scriews, and Eddie Ort, Saxes. Linton Sammons, Wyc Hillis, and J. E. Thigpen, trumpets; Johnny Barr and Bobby Humphrey, trombones; Andy Odum, drums; Richard Cohen, base; and Professor Zaffuta, piano.

Freshman Class to Hold "Sock Dance" Saturday

The Freshman class will sponsor the first dance this quarter, next Saturday night in the gym. It will be a "sock dance", and the full co-operation of all participants will be needed for its success. Everyone is asked to wear socks, and deposit their shoes at the door. At intermission, prizes will be given to the boy and girl wearing the most unusual socks.

Foundation Bill Draws Delegates

Over 800 educators from all over Georgia attended a joint education committee meeting of the Senate and House of Representatives in Atlanta on January 24.

Roy Harris led the discussion of the Minimum Foundation Bill. Delegates from T. C. attending the meeting were: Miss Viola Perry, Dr. Herbert Weaver, and Mr. William S. Hanner.

Among the former T. C. students present were Knapp Bardenford, Lincoln Boykin, Clayton Hollingsworth, Wilbur McAllister, H. P. Wommack, Jim Cherry, J. D. Pritchard, C. D. Shealy, J. B. McArthur and Sidney Barswell.

Ruth Franklin Places in Contest

Ruth Helen Franklin, T. C. Lab High School student, was one of 25 winners out of 5,000 entrants in a contest sponsored by "Business Education World", prominent business magazine, last quarter.

Ruth was awarded the Honorable Mention Scolastic Achievement Certificate at an assembly of the lab high students last Wednesday, in recognition of her exceptionally fine solution to a book-keeping problem submitted in competition with approximately 6,000 students representing 42 states and several Canadian Provinces, Hawaii, Alaska, and Cuba.

Practice teachers under whom Ruth worked in the field of business last quarter were Ben Darsey and Cecil Jennings.

Wesley Council Names Officers

New council members recently elected to the Wesley Foundation Council, executive board of the Methodist Youth organization on T. C. campus, include: Deputations Chairman, Ann Trice; Assistant to the publicity committee, Arthur Yarbrough; Lewis Hall Representative, Marilyn Barwick; Sanford Hall Representative, Laysel Bancroft and George Herndon.

During Religious Emphasis week, the Wesley Foundation will hold two special meetings. The first is scheduled for the regular W. F. hour on Sunday night, at which time a special program will be presented; the second will consist of a forum conducted by the Reverend Ernest Seckinger on Tuesday night.

Plans are being made by the foundation to hold a rummage sale soon. The proceeds of which will be spent on a movie projector for St. Christopher's College in Madras, India.

Blue Tide Wins 2 Of 3 In Three Day Ball Tour

The Blue Tide of TC invaded the hills of North Carolina and Tennessee on a three-day road trip January 20, 21, 22.

The tide's first encounter was with Appalachian Teachers College of Boone, N. C. Here they met defeat as Boone's Hiatt and Causey led their squad in a 72 to 58 victory. "Bucky" Helton took top scoring honors with 19 points.

On the following night the boys in blue bounced back to take the strong Milligan squad by 6 points. Again Helton was high point man with 29 points. The game was nip and tuck all the way, but the boys from the Peach State edged the Tennesseans 80 to 74.

In the third and final game the Tide ripped Western Carolina 1 to 45 as Reeves spanked the offense with 12 points. Ironically the squad defeated the only two teams that have downed the teachers so far.

The box scores are as follows:

GA. TEACHERS COLLEGE	
Name	No. p pf fg ft tp
Reeves	15 F 4 2 2 6
Conner, J.	5 F 4 5 5 15
Helton	14 C 5 7 5 19
Parsons	3 G 4 0 1 1
Clements	13 G 4 2 1 5
Lyons	24 F 3 1 0 2
Roebuck	23 C 1 3 1 7
Conner, M.	22 G 4 0 1 1

APP STATE TEACHERS	
Name	No. p pf fg ft tp
Croven	20 F 4 4 3 11
Lowder	30 F 1 0 0 0
Hope	33 0 5 1 3 5
Elliott	11 G 1 5 3 13
Moir	32 G 1 3 1 7
Collins	12 F 5 0 2 2
Lancoter	14 F 0 1 1 3
Cousey	25 C 5 5 3 13
Martear	10 G 1 3 1 7
Wez	23 G 4 2 4 8

Dr. Lundquist Speaks To Home Ec. Club

Dr. W. D. Lundquist, Bulloch County Health commissioner, was the main speaker at the regular meeting of the Home Economics club, held last Monday night.

Wesleyan Troupe To Bring Shakespeare's 'Tempest' Here

"The Tempest," Shakespearean drama, will be presented by a cast of 30 dramatic students of the Wesleyan College Players in the T. C. College auditorium on February 16 at 8:15 p.m., under the auspices of the Junior Woman's Club of Statesboro.

The play has been rewritten by the Wesleyan students so that it is suitable for presentation to high school students.

In 1947 the Wesleyan players presented ALICE IN WONDERLAND in Atlanta, giving three performances. In 1948 they presented PETER PAN in Atlanta, Augusta and Albany. Both times they played to full houses.

This is the first complete week's tour, doing one night stands, that the players have made. The same play is to be presented in Columbus and Thomasville.

The director of the play, Ruth Jean Simonson, head of the speech department at Wesleyan, has won national recognition from the National Association of Speech.

Bettye Lewis Takes Lead In 'Antigone'

Bettye Lewis, sophomore from Quitman, was given the title role in the Masquers' "Antigone" after three days of close competitive tryouts held last week.

Bette Lewis, sophomore from Quitman, was given the title role in the Masquers' "Antigone" after three days of close competitive tryouts held last week.

Miss Lewis plays the tragic heroine following successes in three comic roles in previous Masquers productions, "Elizabeth the Queen", "I Remember Mama", "Claudia".

Other members included in the cast are Alvin Moreland as the narrator functioning in the capacity of the original Greek chorus, Joyce Johnston as the nurse, Mary West as Ismene, Arthur Yarbrough as Haemon, Bobby Smith as Creon, Latha Tyson as Eurydice, James Evans as the messenger, and Monty Springhorn, Dan Biggers, and Paul Jacobs as the guards. The role of the page, to be played by a child, will be announced later.

The modern dancing class under the direction of Miss Betty Jane Trotter, physical education instructor, will be featured in the play, and arrangements are being made for appropriate music to accompany the tragedy.

"Antigone", an English translation from French dramatist Jean Anouilh's modernized version of Sophocles' and Euripides' tragedy of a young girl defying a tyrant first gained present day popularity when it was produced in German occupied Paris during the war with obvious inspirational significance.

German Boy Enrolls at TC

Albin Eber, German exchange student sponsored by the Rotary Club, arrived on the TC campus Thursday morning and by mid-afternoon was ready to discuss a few of his impressions, particularly on the noon meal which he described as excellent, pointing out the fact that the meat serving was equal to an entire week's meat ration in his native Au, a village near Bamberg.

Twenty-three-year-old Elber arrived with nine other German exchange students in New York January 24 on the Ernie Pyle eleven days after leaving Hamburg.

He will stay in the States one year before returning to Germany where he plans to teach. He has done supervised teaching in elementary schools.

Eber was impressed by the great amount of space on the TC campus and the spacing of the buildings around the circle. The warm weather and the elective registration were two other features of his life at TC quite different from those at home.

Play, "Temple Meek," Friday Night, Feb. 13

"The Terrible Meek", a one-act drama, will be presented on Sunday night, February 13, in the Methodist Church Auditorium at 7:30. This story of the aftermath of the Crucifixion, which is played in almost total darkness for a period of some 40 minutes, is being sponsored by the Wesley Foundation for the purpose of raising funds for their fellow college, St. Christopher's Teachers College of Veprey, Madras, India.

The cast of characters for the play include: Arthur Yarbrough, Dorothy Stewart, and Henry McCormack. The play is under the direction of Miss Dorothy Stewart, assisted by Joyce Johnston.

GA. TEACHERS COLLEGE	
Name	No. p pf fg ft tp
Reeves	15 F 4 7 0 14
Conner, J.	5 F 5 5 5 15
Helton	14 C 4 13 3 29
Parsons	4 G 5 3 0 0
Clements	13 G 3 1 1 7
Lyons	24 F 1 3 3 5
Roebuck	23 C 3 1 0 6
Mountzoz	4 G 5 0 2 4
Conner, M.	22 G 2 0 0 0

MILLIGAN	
Name	No. p pf fg ft tp
Heder	20 F 4 8 9 25
Nathaway	21 F 5 5 5 15
Middleton	34 C 5 3 3 9
Gowge	29 G 2 5 1 11
Shepherd	31 G 2 0 1 1
Smith	24 G 5 1 0 2
Priden	30 C 0 3 0 6
Griz	22 G 3 2 1 5

GA. TEACHERS COLLEGE	
Name	No. p pf fg ft tp
Reeves	15 F 2 6 1 13
Conner, J.	5 F 4 4 0 8
Helton	14 C 3 4 3 11
Parsons	3 G 3 4 1 9
Clements	13 G 3 5 1 11
Lyons	24 F 3 1 0 2
Roebuck	23 C 1 3 0 6
Conner, M.	G 0 0 0 0

WESTERN CAROLINA	
Player	No. p fg tp
Name	No. p pf fg ft tp
McGina	6 F 1 5 2 12
Tate	9 F 2 0 0 0
Rhodes	10 C 2 2 1 5
Carter	11 G 2 3 4 10
Pressley	5 G 2 2 2 7
Collins	12 F 0 0 0 0
Fountain	4 G 1 1 0 4
Scruggs	13 C 3 2 0 4
Lane	14 F 1 1 1 3

EDITORIALS

A Library Is A Library

WERE A COLLEGE STUDENT of a hundred years ago to visit the campus and classrooms of today's colleges, he might ask first of all what sort of institution he was visiting, but once he got into the college library you can be sure he would know where he was. Unless, of course, he chanced to visit the T. C. library until the last week or so.

Until only recently the T. C. library was recognizable only as such from the books. Anyone who might close his eyes in that ostensible temple of silence and meditation would think he was anywhere but in a library.

Now fortunately, anyone who enters our library is aware that he is in a library. But unfortunately the library as a propitious place for study has come about only after some embarrassing and what should have been altogether unnecessary action was taken. As embarrassed as students have been lately who have been asked to leave the library, the librarians have been even more embarrassed in having to enforce elementary school discipline measures on college students, an action that should have been as unnecessary as checking students very morning to see if their hair is combed.

Now we can hope that the unpleasant and embarrassing aspects of the affair is over. Once the right attitude towards the library is established, there will be no more need of anything so painful as the librarian having to ask a student to leave.

... And Juvenile TC'ers Do Alright Elsewhere

IN THIS COLUMN this week there appears an editorial on the stricter enforcement of the library regulations. More power to the library staff. Now while we're on the subject of Sanford Hall.

It is a disgusting situation when three college seniors play hide-and-seek in the halls after twelve o'clock and when there is a baseball game going on at ten-thirty. It is bad enough when adults have no more consideration for others than to do these things: it is worse when those designated to keep an eye on such are blind.

Looking at the other side of the story, what is the use of saving anything when they know that that is just about the extent it will go to.

To sum up the situation, there is too much noise in Sanford at night. What should be done? There are a million and one answers to this question and there will be those that disagree violently with them all.

Since the war, with the advanced age of most of the college men there has been a general tendency to relax the rules governing these men. These men are leaving college. It's time for some of the rules to come back. The writer is no advocate for military school discipline where there is a check every fifteen minutes to see that you are in your room and studying. He is an advocate for a study period at night and quiet hours from eleven o'clock on, these to be enforced if necessary. Maybe a segregation of the classes to the different floors would help. Of course the real solution to the problem would be the alleviation of the crowded conditions now existing by the construction of a new dormitory. As this is not possible at the present, let's have same dental work done and put teeth in the toothless gums of the rules we now have and add more if necessary. Let's give the house officers proctors, and monitors the means to enforce these rules and if they do not, let's get some new ones that will.

Elementary Schools Use Teachers Too, Ye' Know

THE GEORGE-ANNE carried a story on the practice teachers a couple of issues back. No one could have read the story without being struck by the fact that only 5 out of 51 students are placed in the elementary field.

It is difficult to see why students apparently find elementary teaching so unattractive. The custom of paying elementary teachers less than high school teachers is no longer observed in most school systems, and if a teacher is attracted to children (And no one is a teacher who is not) certainly no age group can equal younger children for unconsciously ingratiating themselves to you. Even occasional visits to observe at the elementary lab school are enough to charm you into elementary teaching if you have anything like an inclination toward that field.

Collegiate Cavalcade

By CLARECE MURRAY

It seems that sometime soon, I shall surely be forced to hurry headline hurling—hooray!

Pall comments, "Contacts Make the Man." (Dat depends on de contacts — ask Billy Conn.) Pall also summarizes a situation so, "These days if a good brother knows what's goin' on and doesn't have an angle he's a liar." Well, wise Webster with close wheel in zoology as (definition 8) a discoid calcareous body of matter, as in sponges; the trochal disk of a rotifer. For your further information rotifer is one of the rotifer which is a group of microscopic worms. (Well, well, worms and wheels!).

Borrower's blues blown blue as borrowed from the Stormy Petrel. I think that I shall never see the dollar that I loaned to thee. A dollar that I could have spent, for varied forms of merriment. The one I loaned to folks like thee, are not returned to fools-like me.

We cluck three reasons why Chinese chicks don't click on dates: Tu Yund Tu, Tu Dum Tu, and No Yen Tu.

We wonder why Eve wasn't created first. Why, what difference would that have made? Well, Eve could have bossed the job of making Adam and then man would have been perfect. (Perfection preferred, please?)

Some men sit and think of how much money they have. Some sit and think of how much money they need, but haven't got. Some sit.

What's wrong with Winne, wondered one woman at a Woman's Weekly World meet. She seems cynical. The answer was, "She's trying to reduce and had just weighed herself on one of those scales with the new speaking attachments. When she stepped on it the voice said, "One at a time, please."

On Midnight Meditations May-be or Mementoes From Moments of Memory by Jinx Smith. I think that I should like to be—Forever in this world I see—A world of smiles, a friendly face—O treasured jewel in memory's showcase—The thrill of laughter, joy and tears—The essence of youth and retards all years—The precious, in whose hand—One fosters on life's friendship band—The "midnight oil", the turning page—These are but thoughts that grow with age—Affecting glance and all is gone—That youths' short moments were as age is long—And if I might just linger here—But to recapture moments dear—I'd make each moment eternity—For this life's my life's sole key'.

The alleteration is absolutely original.

Teaching Can Be Fun

By James A. Johnson

Although many of you have a few more quarters to struggle through you reach the practice teacher stage, I'd like to give you a brief preview of some of the things that you are to be faced with day after day.

On the first day you absorb the many stares and hard looks that are thrown at you by the wondering student body. They'll take you for granted after they get used to seeing you day in and day out. You stand when introduced to your class and get looked over again. You take your place very nervously before the class to begin the days lesson. Your mouth is dry and you'd give anything to be back at the college sitting, nodding and trying to listen to the lesson. You look over the class with a look of fear expecting a book or a piece of chalk coming toward your head. After a few moments you realize that you have nothing to fear and you begin talking about the likeness of the plants and animals.

Class is finally over and you wipe the sweat from your brow and rush out to the college for your next class. (The black beauty is still running.) You get through that one without dropping on the floor and head for the methods class. After sleeping through that one for two hours you're ready for a little food. You finally make your weary way back to your room and throw your frame on the sack. You're too tired by now to think straight so you doze off and try to dream of what you'll say to the class tomorrow.

Your roommates wake you up around midnight and tell you

what some of your students are saying about you. Such things as "We could listen to him if we didn't have to look at him." Or "He makes us behave and won't let us laugh and talk." You wonder what manner of man you are and try to think of what you have done to warrant all of this adverse talk. Then the trouble begins, you let yourself smile at one of the pretty girls in the class and the gossip really flies fast. Before the weeks out you have been having several dates with different students while really you have been in your room trying to prepare something to teach them the next day.

You will no doubt run into the same thing when you begin your teaching. Take it into your strides and you'll make some friends in your students that you'll certainly never forget. They're first of many to come and know as well as you that this is your first try at teaching and they will do everything they can to make your brief stay more enjoyable. It can be a wonderful experience for you or it can be a complete failure. It's up to you to do your best and remember your teaching can be fun.

The George-Anne joins the T C students and faculty in extending its sincerest expression of sympathy to Miss Hasie McElveen whose father died last week, and to Professor Tully Pennington whose brother, T. C. alumnus Lindsey Pennington who was killed in action during the war, was reburied at Milledgeville last week.

IN (Not So Wild) WEST

By MARGARET HARRISON

Propelled by a subconscious urge, I groped my way through the cobwebs, coke bottles, and empty cigarette cartons, to some unknown destination in the dismal recesses of third floor.

Falling exhausted by the way-side, I was revived by a moist touch upon my fore head. A huge St. Bernard loomed over me with a small flask attached to his collar. With trembling hands, I grasped the flask, raised it to my eager lips, and drank my fill. Oh, thou sweet nectar—Water! Where would mankind be without thee? I, but for the life giving fluid, might still be on third floor, undiscovered, unmourned, and lost forever. Do my ears deceive me? Did I hear someone make a motion to cut off the water supply to West Hall?

I weakly rapped upon the heavy door that loomed in front of my weary body, and a voice bid me to enter. Mary Hart, Caroline Smith, a dozen books, a million cracker crumbs, and two coca cola bottles lounged upon the bed. After being well fed, I was shown the vast communications system in their room. Telephones have been installed in Caroline's room and Annella Well's room, and a telephone line spans the great distance (72 inches). In addition to this, the phones really work!

After taking leave of Smith, Hart, and Wells, I proceeded to third floor's billiard parlor (courtesy of Martha Ann Vaughn and Ruth Bauguss). I decided that my presence really wasn't needed after I had been hit on the head about 50 times with a billiard cue in the course of the game.

I staggered across the hall to visit Jane May and Grace Bennett. I was then introduced to their dog and cat. I'm glad that I discovered the cause of all the noise on third floor—that is, cat and dog fights.

Fool's Paradise, peace being maintained by Margaret Jones and Rixie Horton, was my last stop on Third. Calm and peace was restored (?) to my soul by Maggie and Rixie, so I returned to my hole in the wall on second.

Third floor, West Hall, is a great place. In a couple of months, or, until I regain my strength, I shall return and make a report on the other inhabitants in the upper story.

A spine chilling thought just struck me—what was the St. Bernard doing on third?

The George-Anne

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Book Shelf

The Bridge of San Luis Rey

A book which is not "new" on the library shelves, but one which will bear thoughtful reading, or rereading as the case may be, is Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer-prize winning novel, *THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY*.

At noon, on Friday, the 20 of July, 1714, the finest bridge in all Peru broke and precipitated five travellers to their doom in the gulf below. Brother Juniper, a monk who witnessed the catastrophe decided to probe into the lives of the five people to ascertain what manner of lives they had lived and to discover, if humanly possible, why God had chosen those five to be cast into eternity at that precise moment. The question that hammered at his brain incessantly was "Why those five?"

From a secret copy of his writings, we are given an insight into five very different lives, which are yet somehow irretrievably interwoven. First we see The Marquesa de Montemay, eccentric recluse of Lima, whose only object in living was to love, with a vain, selfish obsession, her daughter, a haughty noblewoman of the Spanish court who communicated with her mother only through the letters which were later to become so important in history.

While probing into the life of the Marquesa, Brother Juniper discovered the story of another of the five unfortunates: frail, shy, Pepita, the ever-faithful little orphan girl whom the Marquesa had adopted to be her companion.

Brother Juniper then turned

his attention to the life of Esteban, one of the inseparable twin brothers known to Lima. When the other twin, Manuel, had fallen in love with the most attractive actress in Peru, Camile Perichole, Esteban had been heart broken to see his brother drift away from him. Then Manuel died, and Esteban had been truly heart-broken. He wished only to join Manuel.

A fourth member of the ill-fated quintet of travellers was "Uncle Pio", who had discovered Camila Perichole singing in the streets, and had made her into one of the greatest actresses known to the world at that time, only to see her slipping away from him as she rose to fame. She disregarded his advice, and indulged in many riotous escapades. On the day the bridge broke, Uncle Pio had just come from a bitter argument with Camile about her career. He was accompanied by Camila's son, a tiny little fellow whom he was taking to the city for schooling.

These, then were the five lives woven together in the pattern which the Monk sought in vain to unravel. For not only did he not find the key which would solve the mystery, but he himself was burned at the stake as a heretic, along with the record of his findings. Man's attempt to rend the veil separating the Mortal from the Almighty had failed again.

Wilder sums up the theme of his novel in the concluding paragraphs: "There is a land of the living and a land of the dead, and the bridge is love, the only survival, the only meaning."

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News from East

by BETTY LEWIS

Have you met my twin sister Betty Lewis? She was born just 11 months after me. Oh, you're wondering why she has the same name that I have. Well, it's just one of those family names, I guess. We have another sister named Bessie Pearl.

Betty Clair (that there's her name) lives in Swainsboro. Yep, I knew you thought I was from Quitman, but sure nuff, I really am. You see, Mama lives in Swainsboro, and Papa lives in Quitman (or is it the other way around). They got seperated. I guess two Betty Lewis's were too much for them, too.

And just in case you think I'm getting personal with East Hall's column, I'll have to let you in on a little pure untarnished and certainly unmalicious gossip (Love it, love it)—Make mine 'Eastern Style'—I know, I know—the gossip.

Who is the girl whose boy friend looks like her father. Did Anne Trice decide in Favor of the

cattle truck, the wolf or Randal? Mrs. J. Brantly went to the concert in Savannah last week. Doney hasn't been feeling so good. Lumbago in the head, she says it is. By the way, for the social minded, wedding bells are ringing in March for Doney's daughter, Sister.

Has Iris scalded Upshaw yet? Robert Castro wants to know why the girls wear those little black bathing suits to the gym at 10 o'clock. He isn't objecting a bit though.

And everybody wants to know why the East Hall clock is always five minutes fast.

Do you know there are eight east hall girls in the Beauty Revue? Mary Ann Hodges, Lonadine Morgan, Betty Fuller, Joyce Blanton, Faye Joiner, Juliette Oliver, Mildred Mercer, and Jackie Knight. We're powful proud of them, and backing them "all the way".

Usinb rubber shoes the donkeys

Social Slants

By Regis Rowell

Fred Waters, Betty Zane Caswell, Gladys Cannon and George Long spent last week-end in Atlanta as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Caswell.

Dot Lancaster spent last week-end with Betty Williams in Sylva.

Margaret Jones visited Betty Hurn in Gardi last week-end.

Betty Brady spent last week-end with Mildred Beasley at her home in Metter.

Those attending the Ballet Russee De Monte Carlo in Savannah last Thursday evening were Miss Leona Newton, Mr. Jack Averitt, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Hackett, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Memseth, Mr. Bob Winburn, Laysel Bancroft, James Evans, Joyce Johnson, Jackie Upshaw, Marvin Norman, Aunt Sophie, Dr. Malvina Trussell, Mr. Tully Pennington, Miss Leila Stevens, and Miss Ela Johnson.

Misses Roz Tillison, Martha Tuttle, Ruth Quarles, Lucille Jackson, and Mr. Leo Weeks, former T. C. students who are now teaching in Pavo visited on the campus last week-end.

Anne Moore had as her week-end guest her sister, Laverne Moore, and her cousin, Edith Moore, both of Atlanta.

Alethia Stuckey visited in Savannah over the week-end.

Miss Evelyn Arnold and Miss Mary Sue Morris paid noisy visits to the dentist last week.

Creative Writing

A SONG FOR THE WORLD

By Lola Robbins

A violinist sat and played
Beside a busy, crowded street,
With skilled and artful fingers made
He music, soft—in tones so sweet.

And as his bow moved o'er the strings
His tune became a masterpiece.
It loosed one's mind from earthly things
To Heavenlike joys that never cease.

The little cart in which he sat
Held aged form that once had run,
But legs now served his as a mat
To rest his violin case upon.

Oh for the virtues of this man,
Who kicks life's stumbling blocks along
And wheels himself, violin in hand,
Still giving to the world a song.

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Sanford News Letter No. 2

By George Parrish Jr.

Since Sanford Newsletter first broke into print in The Voice of the Georgia University System, there has sprung up, as is to be expected with every new sensation, a rash of imitators. The ludicrous part being that they are all female. Their caricatures of supposed Sanford Hall life are slightly inaccurate; surely they cannot be the results of observation.

Sanford Newsletter, the original Sanford Newsletter, is a weekly column. And as has been my policy in the past, I intend to continue putting it out once a quarter.

The plagiarism of late is quite bold: "socks in his pillow-case", indeed! I am able to write my column without the able, but rather unoriginal assistance of liberty magazine. I hope that in the future I shall not be compelled to begin relentlessly cracking down on these emulators.

Now, Reckon as how the inmates of East, West and Lewis Halls wonder, as they look out across the darkened campus to the blacked out hulk that is Sanford Hall, just what it is about that hulk which causes their escorts of the evening to hastily drop them at East, West or Lewis' steps and file over to aforementioned hulk every Saturday night a half hour before Mrs. Johnson's deadline. Well, its because to us it's home, it's security against the clutches of so-called sweet young things after dark; and here's what it's like on Saturday nights.

First floor, 10:30 P. M.: The boys, safely rid of their dates, eagerly pack Aunt Sophie's parlor to sign back in and scamper quietly up to bed, singing hymns on their way. And after counting the heads, Aunt Sophie takes the cards away from Mr. Pennington,

threatening to paddle him if he doesn't take in his lower lip this minute and get upstairs.

It would be a matter of moments before the lights bling out over the entire dormitory. The building settles back onto its original foundations as the vibrations of the piano cease. One moment, though—a Don Juan hurtles in and is in bed in a flash as the buckshot spatters the corridor wall a half-second too late. Still he considers bird-dogging at Anderson Hall an exciting if dangerous pastime.

Now a look up to second floor, gained by a lushly carpeted spiral staircase. The hall is dark and silent now at 11:00 P. M. save for a radio faintly playing symphonic melodies somewhere, and across the darkening circle Mrs. Jackson's girls are still raising the roof and doubtless disturbing the boys. Ah, we spoke too hastily. From down the hall a light glimmers from a keyhole. A practice teacher, unwilling to drop the role of teacher even out of Lab High, is planning his lesson preparatory to teaching a purely imaginary Sunday School class the next day. Except for a few who wait in vain at Savannah's Colonial Gardens, sleep in peace, dear second floor boys.

On third floor, all are sound asleep except two—a varsity star and a Midget star are still dissipating their young lives away in a game of 5000 rummy in a room decorated with pinups of puppies and ponies and Superman. (Sanford boys, great animal lovers, even carry photos of kittens in little telescopes.)

Suddenly—oh, that there should be scandal in The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave, Sanford! At the ungodly hour of 11:30, and on a Saturday night, too—one imp of a Senior comes in shamefacedly. He sticks to his alibi of running out of gas, but as Father Flanagan of Boys Town said, "There is no such thing as a bad boy." So we'll not condemn him. Besides, Miss Veazey has already said enough to him. And his feelings are hurt, too!

Anyway, there ya got it—maybe a little prejudiced, a boy's-eye view of Sanford Hall Saturday night. After all, this ain't Wild West.

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GREEN'S GALE.

By MILLARD GREEN

Spring fever seems to have hit early this year. The boys have oiled up their gloves and the old horsehide has begun to fly. Judging from the talent that has been displayed in front of Sanford Hall, this years baseball team will have plenty of power. Some of the boys from last year's nine have been working out and as always Doug Daniels was out there running around talking about that home run he hit last year at Parris Island.

Another sport the warm weather brought out is tennis. Every afternoon 15 or 16 people can be seen standing around our one tennis court with a yearning look in their eyes. I have been asked to mention the fact in my column, but I hesitate to do so because I was informed that the nets are under a pile of other equipment and will be moved very soon. We do hope that those ping pong balls aren't too heavy.

Speaking of tennis, I was privileged to watch a match between two fine net men last Wednesday afternoon. In this match Sam Archer defeated Jack (Flat on his Back) Wynn.

As of this moment I have no further information concerning the intra-mural program for this quarter. But I would like to make one thing clear. If you want a basketball program set up this quarter there is one thing you can do, that is to see me and tell me so. Every quarter the program doesn't get under way until the middle of the quarter, and by the time the competition gets good we have to quit and start all over again, waiting. I don't know whose fault this is, but something should be done about

it, and you are the ones to do it.

On the recent basketball trip through the Carolinas and Tennessee the Varsity Basketball Squad added two victories and one defeat to its record. From what I hear the boys on the squad weren't the only ones making fouls. Bill Fordham, who drives for the team, fouled up as often as anyone and committed one disqualifying foul, yes m'am!

Last Wednesday night the T. C. veterans squad defeated the Brooklet Athletic Club in a rough and tumble basketball game. The game was nip and tuck until the second quarter when the Vets began to pile up a lead which they held all night. Bill Tyre, Vet forward, led the scoring with 14 points, while a Vet guard, King took second honors with 13 points.

The box score is as follows:

VETS

Mikell	0 G 1 2
Howard	0 G 0 0
Bowie	0 C 3 9
Connor	0 F 6 15
Davis	0 F 10 10

President Henderson, Dr. Marvin S. Pittman Attend G.A.C. Meeting

President Zach S. Henderson and Dr. Marvin S. Pittman attended the annual meeting of the Georgia Association of Colleges held January 28 and 29 at the Henry Grady Hotel in Atlanta.

The theme for the meeting was "Higher Education and Future of the State."

President Henderson was introduced at the Banquet Friday night when the new presidents of Georgia Colleges were presented to the Association members.

Attend Conference Last Week in Athens

Dean Paul Carrol, Dr. Thomas Little, and other members of the Teachers College education department were in Athens last week for the conference on Teacher Education. The purpose of the conference was to build a better teaching profession.

BROOKLET

Player	No. p fg tp
Tyre	16 F 6 14
Burch	11 F 1 2
Brewton	4 F 1 2
Winemor	3 F 3 6
Bell	13 C 4 2
Pool	12 C 11 2
Waters	8 G 1 3
Brinson	7 G 1 0
Collins	10 G 2 7
King	6 G 6 13

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Regis 'N' Anne

The immense popularity of the concert series in Savannah has brought to light the need for a review of the etiquette governing such occasions. Regis'nAnne therefore, would like to pass along this week a few hints on good manners garnered from first-hand experience which should carry the correct T. C. er through any phase of the concert evening.

The first thing to remember is to be on time. To insure this, young American women of today need not feel hampered by the conventional restrictions, but, having waited for their escorts until 3:27, may feel free to catch their own taxi, beat the 3:28 bus to the station, buy their own tickets and climb aboard, secure in the knowledge that either the Marines or Mr. Pennington will save the situation. The tardy boys may seek to explain that they were having difficulty with their bow ties, but a young lady of discernment cannot afford to accept this excuse. As long as Jimmy Gunter has been on T. C. Campus, there is no plausible excuse for any male here not to be accomplished master of the art of tying and wearing bow ties. If, however, any of these poor unfortunates still remain, Mr. James Evans has agreed to aid Mr. Gunter in conducting a class in bow tying each evening after supper, in return for a small monetary consideration, of course. (Pd. advertisement).

An air of hostility will probably settle down upon the gala little group, which will begin to thaw only as the supper hour approaches. It is considered good form (also common sense) to be on good terms with one's escort immediately prior to the evening meal.

The obsession possessed by all true T. C. ers for standing in line will dictate the choice of an eating place. The cafeteria with the longest line will attract the T. C. crowd. And of course one will be careful to apply the impeccable manners learned and fostered in the T. C. dining hall to dining at the Town House in Savannah. If in doubt as to what to select from the imposing array of foods, a selection of liver loaf, boiled cabbage, and bread pudding will mark one as a true connoisseur of fine foods. Dining companions are selected at random from the

preoccupied diners. More coffee is obtained by hoisting aloft one's coffee cup ringed with lipstick, and whistling through the teeth. The fine linen napkins are placed in the glass or coffee cup at the completion of the meal.

Phone calls may be made from the booth in the lobby of the hotel. But if both young ladies wish to enter the booth at the same time, the directory and any excess chewing gum must be left outside. The two have ways of tangling. One coed holds the receiver, while the other dials the number.

Upon leaving the dining room, one may jitterbug down the street toward the opera house, but it is advisable to instigate an immediate and profound discussion on Einstein's law of Relativity upon catching sight of any uniform on any street corner. Unless, of course, the uniform boards the bus and drives it away, whereupon one may resume jitterbugging and add three verses of the Alma Mater, provided one knows three verses of the Alma Mater.

Chocolate drops wrapped in cellophane are to be purchased for the full enjoyment of the concert. The proper way to manipulate the bits is to wait until the applause is deafening, and then rapidly transfer the morsel to the mouth. Great care must be exercised not to get stranded between encore and applause.

If the concert is long, the group may be forced to leave before the end to catch the last bus back to school. This will be accomplished as noisily as possible, and the more feet you can step on climbing out the better. It must be made to appear that one is leaving not from necessity, but because one thinks the performance stinks. The bus station is located five blocks from the auditorium, so five minutes are a proper margin of time to allow for catching the 11:30 bus. If expediency demands, ladies may shuck their high heels, thereby improving their power of acceleration.

As much noise as possible is made upon entering the dormitory, awakening all roommates and disturbing all neighbors; plans are immediately instituted to attend the next Savannah concert.

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(In Technicolor)

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Judy Garland, Gene Kelly

Lena Horne, Mickey Rooney

Starts: 3:00, 5:01, 7:05, 9:09

SATURDAY, FEB. 5

Four Faces West

with Joel McCrea, Frances Dee

—Also—

Five Cartoons at 1:20