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THE GEORGE - ANNE



Published By The Students of Georgia Teachers College

VOL. 20

COLLEGEBOBO, GA., Monday, March 3, 1947

NO. 9

Hargrove Georgia Progress Speaker

As plans are being completed for Georgia Progress Day which is Wednesday, March 12, it has been announced that the principal speaker will be Miss Margaret Hargrove, who is the national director of the American Red Cross in charge of college units.

A native of Louisville, Ky., Miss Hargrove was graduated from Randolph-Macon College in Ashland, Va., where she was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. She received her Ph.D. from Cornell University. For several years she taught at Ward Belmont in Nashville before becoming dean of women at Beaver College, Pennsylvania. She was also dean of women at Carroll College, Wisconsin.

Miss Hargrove is one of the two Red Cross members of the American Council of Education. In addition to this she is very active in business and professional women's clubs in Washington, D. C. During the war she was in great demand as a public speaker.

In an effort to stimulate student participation in the program for Georgia Progress Day, plans have been made to have one student representative from each organization on the campus attend each of the four discussion groups. The discussion groups which are scheduled include the following: "Youth Centers as a Means of Helping to Solve the Problem of Juvenile Delinquency," "Community Beautification," "Cultural Projects in the Community with Particular Reference to Libraries, Music and Art," and "Child Care with Special Emphasis on the Handicapped Child."

Library Receives Rare Book

Mrs. (Julia Barbree) Vernon Averett, of Jacksonville, Fla., a former student of T.C., has donated to our library a very rare and valuable stereotyped edition of Richard's "Georgia Illustrated."

The volume has an elaborate decorated cover, somewhat impaired by age and usage but still retaining evidences of its original attractiveness. There are thirteen steel engravings illustrating the historical and topographical sketches given. These engravings are from original sketches made specifically for this book.

The formal Victorian style of writing proves as interesting as the story that is told. Occasionally the editor has called upon some of his contemporaries to contribute data on certain topics with which they were more familiar than he.

An additional reason for our interest in this gift is that it was written at Penfield, one of the "dead towns" of Georgia in 1840. It was released from the publishers in New York in 1842.

This book will not be kept on the open shelves in the library. However, Miss McElveen will make some provision for those interested to see and enjoy it.

Apologies To All

Through a misunderstanding of characters of "Night Must Fall," we listed Blitch as one of the two leads in the play in our last issue. We would like to take this opportunity to correct that mistake. Jimmie Evans was cast for that lead. Our sincere apologies to Mr. Evans and Mr. Blitch, and to our readers.

Pittman Ends Thirteen-Year Service As T.C. President

The University System Board of Regents has conferred the honorable title of "President Emeritus" on Dr. Pittman and granted his request of a year age for retirement.

The above announcement came as a shock and surprise to both faculty and students last Monday when Dr. Pittman made his Valedictory Address during assembly period. Dr. Pittman, as "President Emeritus," will still be indirectly-connected with Georgia Teachers College. He may act as advisor, he may teach a few classes, serve as guest speaker in various classes, but in his own words, "I want to sit out on the campus with all of you, so that I can shoot the breeze, whittle a stick, philosophize, and reflect and evaluate all that has confronted me."

Dr. Pittman is listed in "Who's Who In America" as being born in Eupora, Mississippi. He received his formal education at Bellefontaine Academy and Millsaps Academy, acquiring his A.B. at Millsaps College in 1905. In 1917 he received his A. M. from the University of Oregon, and his Ph.D. from Columbia in 1921. He began his brilliant career in the field of education teaching at Monroe, Louisiana, in 1905. He served as teacher of high schools, principal of high schools, county superintendent of schools, and professor of history in the State Normal College in Louisiana. He became director of rural education at State Normal School, Oregon, in 1912; he was director of rural education at Michigan State Normal College in 1921-29. In 1923 he organized Lincoln Consolidated School, a demonstration and training school for Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilante, and directed teacher training of the college 1929-34.

In 1934 he came to Statesboro, Ga., to serve as president of Georgia Teachers College. He served as director of instruction at Louisiana State Normal College in 1942-43. During the summers of 1923-26 he taught at

the University of Michigan, at the University of Manitoba in 1927, Pennsylvania State College in 1928, and the University of Nebraska in 1929.

Dr. Pittman is a member of the National Department of Rural Education, Kappa Pi, Phi Delta Kappa and Kappa Alpha. He served as president of Louisiana State Teachers Association in 1911-12; was president of Ypsilante Board of Commerce 1929-30. He was the director of American Association of Teachers Colleges and president of Georgia Association of Colleges in 1938. Dr. Pittman is a Mason, Odd Fellow and Rotarian. He has been active in church work, and served as superintendent of the First Methodist Sunday Schools, Statesboro, Ga. He has been an expert in the field of research, and in the course of his work has had a number of books published: "Value of School Supervision," 1921; "A Guide to the Teaching of Spelling," 1921; "Successful Teaching in Rural Schools," 1922; "Problems of the Rural Teacher," 1924; "The Practical Plan Book," 1931; and "Profitable Farming," 1932. Dr. Pittman studied the operation of rural schools in France, Spain, Germany, Denmark, and England in 1928. He was invited to Mexico by the University of Mexico and the Mexican government to study the National Rural Education Program and to hold a series of conferences with federal directors and inspectors of schools during the summer of 1929. He made a study of primary and secondary education and of teacher training for the Department of Education, Cuban government, during the autumn of 1932.

During the thirteen years that Dr. Pittman has served as president of this college, he has won the respect and admiration of all who know him. He gave up a higher position to come to the South where he felt that he was needed, and since that time has done a wonderful job. Among the many improvements that have been made is the acquisition of one hundred and twenty-six additional acres of land, two athletic fields, ameliora-

tion of faculty personnel, construction and remodeling of thirty-nine buildings and the expansion of the curriculum by instituting such departments as industrial arts, commercial arts, business and languages.

Even though Dr. Pittman has resigned his duties at the college he is being called on in the capacity of a leader in his field. Recently he received an appointment from the Civil Affairs Division of the War Department to membership on an exclusive national committee appointed to make a study of educational conditions in Germany. The committee consists of a small group of experts who are familiar with rural organizations and who will serve for a period of sixty to ninety days. Their purpose will be to make a survey of the educational needs of rural children, of rural education agencies similar to those in the United States, of the consolidation of rural schools; to advise on the technique to be applied to rural population particularly in the field of mass media and co-operatives. Dr. Pittman plans to leave about the latter part of March to enter upon his important duties, a leave of absence from his college duties having been granted by the Board of Regents. Dean Henderson will carry on the president's duties until he returns.

Dr. Pittman will be relieved of his duties as president in July or September, pending the arrival of his successor, Mr. J. C. Ward, who is now working for his doctorate. Mr. Ward was taught by our University Chancellor while at Emory University. He came to Georgia Teachers College as an instructor in the Social Sciences in 1939-40, leaving us to join the faculty of Birmingham Southern when Mr. Paty became president of that institution. During the war Mr. Ward taught history courses to the students at West Point.

Teachers College has grown to an institution of prominence in the South under the effective leadership of Dr. Pittman, and it was with regret that the student body accepted the announcement of his retirement.

Artist Series Presents Donald Dame



Donald Dame, brilliant new tenor star of the Metropolitan Opera, will appear here on Thursday, March 6, as the third presentation of the Artist-Concert Series. Dame will be familiar to the public as the tenor who sings on the Album of Familiar Music of Sunday nights over NBC.

Included on the program which Donald Dame will present will be the buffo tenor aria, "Stuttering Song," from Bedrich Smetana's "The Bartered Bride." It is an aria which Mr. Dame has sung in public more than 250 times and which, having been associated with several major turning points of his career, has come to be regarded by the tenor as something of a good luck token. This is one of the rare examples of an operatic aria calling for the tenor to display those comic vocal antics which are usually reserved for the basso buffo and, as a consequence, performed with success by only a few specially endowed tenors in the entire 79 years since the opera was written.

It was this grueling test which Donald Dame set for himself when he was only eighteen years old and applied for a musical scholarship at Western Reserve University. Before he was half-way through the aria, he had won the scholarship over a hundred other auditionists. Later, in his native Cleveland, where he sang regularly over the radio on stations WHK and WGAR, it was his inclusion of the "Bartered Bride" aria on one of the broadcast programs that won Dame his first commercial sponsor—the president of a local bank, who had himself been a stammerer in his youth but had managed to outgrow the habit. Again in New York when he auditioned for the Opera School of the Juilliard School of Music, Dame selected the "stuttering" aria. The amazing vocal agility and interpretive skill which he showed in singing it so surprised the committee on audition that they were certain it had been an accident and insisted he repeat the number. When he had completed it the second time with equal, if not greater success, one of the members of the august Juilliard faculty told him, "Young man, if we can teach you as much as you have taught yourself, we will be doing exceedingly well."

Soon Dame came to attribute to Wenzel's "stuttering song" definite good-luck bringing properties and made it a point to include the "Bartered Bride" aria on all concert programs and on the first of every series in which he participated. When he auditioned for the Metropolitan, he was requested to sing the arias from "La Boheme" and "Tosca," and his interpretation of the romantic music of Rodolf and Maria Cavaradossi found instant favor with the judges. But it was Wenzel's "stuttering song," Dame insists, that clinched the deal.

T.C. On The Air

"The Georgia Teachers College Hour," which is the new series heard over radio station WWNS each Wednesday evening from 7:15 to 7:45, was inaugurated last week when the division of education presented the initial broadcast.

Dr. Pittman spoke briefly to introduce the new series. He thanked the station for the time allotted to us and explained the mutual benefits that would be derived both for the college and the community. Dr. Pittman then introduced Dr. Lyon, chairman of the education division. Dr. Lyon spoke on educational opportunities in Georgia with special emphasis on teacher training.

The second half of the program was devoted to a skit that had previously been presented as a pantomime for the education 331 class and had been revised for radio. The skit, which was written just after the group had been studying a unit entitled "What Is the Meaning of Education," attempted to present the five concepts of education. The character were: Narrator, Betty Jones; Professor Snobhouse, Bob Chisholm; Professor Allwork, Hal King, and Miss Smith, Mardette Neel.

On last Wednesday night the second in the series of programs was presented under the auspices of the science division. Dr. Malvina Trussell and a group of children from the Lab School presented an unrehearsed program on nature study.

Business Club To Host Convention

One of the goals of the Future Business Leaders Club has been the formation of a state-wide business organization. The realization of this goal is nearing its climax. A state-wide convention is to be held on this campus at an undecided date next quarter. Dr. D. C. Fuller, Georgia State College for Women, has expressed a desire to be with us at that time. All of these clubs concerned agree that the purpose of the convention is commendable and feel it will definitely aid in the making of better business leaders.

The last meeting of the Future Business Leaders Club of this quarter will be held at the Rushing Hotel, beginning at 8:30 p. m., March 10. The members will elect at this time a new president who will succeed James Rouse Jr., who is resigning and transferring to John B. Stetson University, DeLand, Fla. A dinner will be given in honor of the president-elect and the club members. The club expects to have as its guests the following: Miss Cathleen Pike, Mrs. Harry Huffman, Aunt Sophie Johnson, Miss Mae Michael, Miss Mamie Veazey, Miss Martha Webb and Miss Betty Jones. A program of wide variety will be presented on this occasion.

Mrs. Lyon To Conduct Quiz on WWNS

Mrs. Margaret Lyon is to be in charge of a Quiz program which is to be given at the regular monthly meeting of Statesboro Woman's Club in March. The presentation is to be based on the idea of the Dr. I. Q. and Information Please type of programs. There will be an announcer for commercial purposes, a master of ceremonies, and several experts. All questions will be based on the curriculum given here at the college.

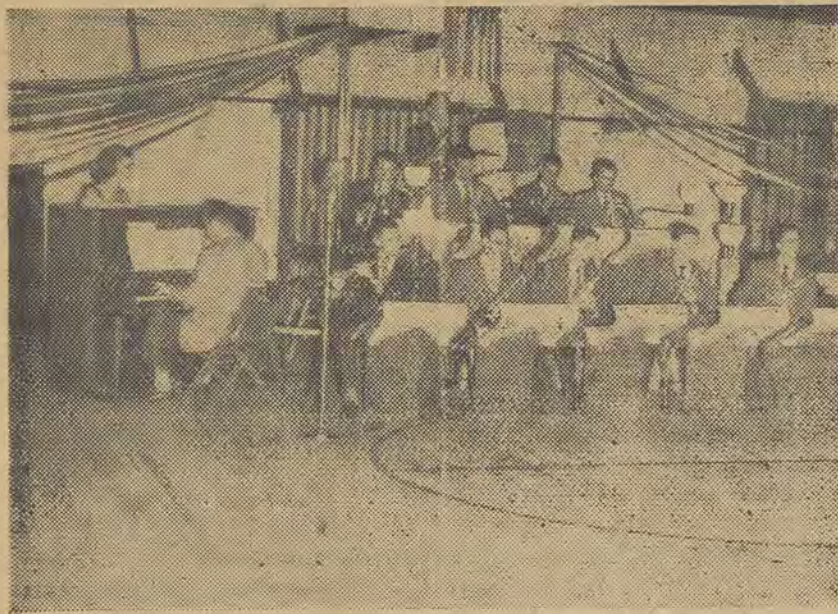
Mrs. Lyon is planning to present this to an assembly program before it is presented at the Woman's Club. There will be an announcement as to the exact date later.

Ten volunteers are needed to take part on the program. Students who enjoy participating are asked to turn their names in to Mrs. Lyon or Miss Christine Drake.

Faculty Attends N.E.A.

Dr. Pittman, Dr. Lyon, and Dr. Huffman left February 27 to attend the meeting of the National Education Association to be held at Atlantic City, N. J., on February 28th.

At this meeting, usually called the winter quarter meeting of the National Education Association, all the foremost professional educators of the country assemble to discuss the problems and general trend of education.



T. C. TOP-TUNERS

Fire a twenty-one gun salute! Sound the alarm! — for the "T. C. Top-Tuners," better known to us as Fletcher, Russ, Hoke and "Slush," with the brass; S. B., Jimmy and the Key brothers (Lambuth and Albert—not Whiz), holding down the reed section; with the flute; "Red" pounding the hides, and M. L., a graduate of last quarter, returning for most engagements to have it out with the ivories. A fine job, too, from the vocalists—Betty and Margaret—with Russ laying aside the trumpet for a vocal or so.

From the opening notes of Fletcher's own "Dream Interlude" till the last note of the "Good Night" medley are ringing through the gym — they provide us with good music "with a smile." Their pay is less than meager—in dollars and cents. It seems their greatest imbursment is seeing people happy and enjoying their music.

Fellows, we like your music; we think you're good. To you we extend our thanks for being T. C.'s greatest asset in publicity and entertainment.

HOWARD CLASSICS

For the past few days I have been engaged in a survey for "Georgia Facts and Figures." Of the former, I, being a college student, wouldn't be educated in—but, of the latter mentioned there's material enough around here to make any bulldog bust his chain; any Richard open up, pronto!

To elucidate you all to just what I was referring to, I have written a poem:

Hubba, Hubba, little flirt,
Loosen your sweater, lengthen your skirt.
You should most ashamed be,
For filling Milledgeville with guys like we.
You gotta' quit, oh tanned coquette;
You're knockin' 'em out like a leaking jet.
All around they go insane
When you let fly that high octane.
There's an epidemic of nervous collapse,
When you go to work on the local saps.
Some simply fall—with a mild convulsion,
Most sail out of windows—like jet propulsion.
Venus de Milo can't hold her fame,
When you stalk out for a tennis game.
A solid stack of anti-freeze (the stuff in radiators),
You could curl the toe-nails of the meanest woman-haters.
Oh synonym of flame-thrower, antonym of ice,
Who was the mason who stacked you up so nice?
You should be careful—you could cause quite a row;
Did you never hear of Mrs. O'Leary's cow?

Regardless of my illustrations, you need only look around the campus to see several pulchritudinous examples.

Back to the factual side of my report. I decided that it would be fine to include a statement or two about our "Blue Tide," housing the "Little Store" and Hannegan's men, the Stranges. The Postoffice is where you hear the melodious strains of "Home, Home of the Strange."

O, give me a home
Where the postal cards roam,
Where the stamps and the envelopes lay,
Where they always wail,
'Sorry, no mail,
'Cause your box rent was due yesterday.'

The "Little Store" needs no introduction. That's where my friend, "Lefty," made the mistake of reaching for a coke with his right hand just as the bell rang for assembly to begin.

Another important figure about our campus is the number of steps on the front of the library — did you ever notice that there were thirteen? If you like parallel reading as well as I, then this is a most significant number.

In conclusion I must mention a couple of facts on some near-institutions of the City of Statesboro. One is the College Pharmacy, known better as "The Pharmacy." Everett probably loses untold fortunes replating magazines which we have torn, or the Esquires which we drooled over; nevertheless, he provides a meeting place for the pleasure of the "kids."

The other is the "Local Academy of Rotating Spheres and Angular Measurements" where many a gay young blade whiles away his time (and green) in the wholesome atmosphere of fluorescent lights and applegreen felt. Here also originated the poem:

A hit,
Is more than most folks git!

These are facts and figures on your school and mine. Some prefer the facts — some prefer the figures.

OUR GUEST EDITOR

Z. L. STRANGE SR.

With the invention of the atomic bomb and other new weapons for destruction revealed during World War II, a new and difficult task has been imposed upon educators. Education heretofore has been greatly concerned with making the world a better place in which to live. Now it must assume an added responsibility—that of saving the world from atomic destruction.

We hear much of education for a changing world. To be sure the need is imperative, but it must be an education that is sufficient to save a changing world from atomic obliteration. This new responsibility demands that people, particularly young people, must be carefully trained and educated for intelligent world citizenship in a new era of human progress. You may say the task is impractical and unrealistic. A few years ago the same statement was made of atomic energy. Today atomic power is just as real as electricity, and the demand to control it is even more imperative.

The great scientific minds freely admit they have grave fears regarding it. We know that they are no more afraid to die than are those who have no fear of atomic energy. Their fear lies in the fact that they will know that future warfare will not be a fight between armies, but will be waged by push-buttons, releasing armadas of radio-controlled rocket planes carrying loads of atomic explosives.

In view of these facts, there must be no time lost in bringing about a general awareness of our predicament. Authentic information regarding atomic energy must be instilled in the minds of the people with such force and conviction that it will create within them a burning desire to bend all their energies in helping to work out a satisfactory plan for controlling atomic energy. Of course this will be no easy task, but it can and must be accomplished without delay. There is a great deal of misinformation to correct, saner attitudes toward it will have to be developed; important facts will have to be assimilated, and many false assumptions will have to be corrected.

Let us mention a few of the most pernicious beliefs about the bomb and briefly discuss them:

The most popular belief is that America and England keep the atomic secret to themselves. To assume that there is any real secret about atomic energy is foolish, wishful thinking. Scientists do not believe it is in our power to do so. They are aware of Germany's advanced experiments with atomic energy, and they know of Japan's development of plutonium. They also know that in the very act of attempting to keep the mechanism of the atomic bomb a secret we stimulate other nations to undertake whatever additional research is necessary over their present experiments to yield the desired results. They know, too, that in all history there is not a single instance of a new weapon being kept exclusively by any power or powers. The whole truth is "we are not the only horse in the atomic derby." We just happened to reach the goal first; the others will follow in due time.

A second assumption is we are the only nation that has the technical ability, raw material, money, and industrial strength to produce atomic power. We definitely know that Germany, Japan and Russia have experimented with it, and it is safe to assume that all of the important laboratories of the world are working on it. Raw material? Uranium is found in vast quantities in Japan, Russia, Canada, and Czechoslovakia. Money? As a weapon of war the atomic bomb is cheap. It cost about one-third as much to destroy an area with atom bombs as it does by ordinary bombing. The atom bomb is the most efficient and most completely destructive weapon of war ever devised per dollar spent. Industrial strength? Any country that has the industrial

YOU AND YOUR SPARE TIME

Did you ever wonder to yourself what happened to that chunk of time you had intended to do something with, only to find that it had slipped from your grasp, never to be regained? A large chunk of time is missed quickly, but what about the little odds and ends that pass by unnoticed? We mean those little ten and fifteen minute periods apparently in which nothing can be done and are absolutely wasted.

We ran across a statement the other day in another paper by George Matthew Adams in which he declared that man needed a little time during the day for some idling, but he also went on to say that this idling should be of a constructive nature. Mr. Adams cited an instance of instructive idling by relating a story of how Whitman turned out some of his best poetry while riding Fifth Avenue buses. A second instance was the time Cervantes spent in prison, but time that he used profitably, and as the result of which we have that gem of literature, "Don Quixote."

We do not mean to say that we can all become Whitman or Cervantes, but a wise use of our leisure time would not be a bad idea. Just how to use his spare time is up to the individual, and he alone can best decide where it can be put to the greatest use.

Our attention has been recently focused on what is probably the least known, but one of the most potential groups on this campus. We are speaking of the Baptist Student Union which has just inaugurated a Twilight Vesper Service.

It has not and is not now the policy of this paper to play up any particular religious organization, but in this case we feel that we are justified in acquainting the student body with this group and its most recent work.

This campus is in need of such a program and this group is to be commended for starting such a thing. We understand that an Evening Watch is held under the sponsorship of the YWCA in each of the girls' dormitories. There was a time when the YMCA provided for an evening service in the boys' dormitory. This has through no fault of the YM's present leaders, but probably due to the effect of the war, been eliminated. Th boys therefore have no "everyday" stimulus of a spiritual nature unless it is provided by the individual himself.

The Twilight Service is open to the whole student body. It is a short affair, lasting only fifteen or twenty minutes. The time, aptly chosen for its meeting, is six o'clock in the evening—one of those fifteen or twenty minute periods that we idle away either to a purpose or in a wasteful manner.

We are reminded of a little poem by R. L. Sharpe that goes like this:

Isn't it strange that princes and kings,
And clowns that caper in sawdust rings,
And common folks like you and me
Are builders for eternity.
To each is given a bag of tools,
A shapeless mass and a book of rules,
And each must make, ere life is flown,
A stumbling block or a stepping stone.

The Twilight Service has the possibilities of becoming a stepping stone. The George-Anne again commends this organization for such a program, and gives its hearty wishes for the group's success in its undertaking.

EDITOR, GEORGE-ANNE:

Your article, "Our Active (?) Student Council," represents, to me, the George-Anne's first successful attempt of writing good editorials. You are to be commended.

The Student Council, through no fault of its present members, definitely does not represent the views of the student body, but rather is a pawn in the hands of the administration. Student government here simply does not exist. For example, the recent approval by the administration of requiring identification cards as set forth by a three-man committee. Three men or a dozen do not represent a student body unless chosen by them. Things of this nature are definitely the students' business and should be put before them for their approval. I could not help but think as Mr. Ward addressed us today on democracy, student government, etc., that it was ironical that such a subject should be used at a place where student government, real democracy is non-existent.

The student body should insist, regardless of opposition, on complete thorough reorganization of the Student Council, removing red tape, hand-typing principles which are so evident at present. Then, and only then, will the Student Council really represent the students, instead of the administration.

I feel perfectly justified in my statements and would have no objection to the printing of them. Reorganization took place in Athens, Tennessee, and it is not impossible here.

Very truly yours,

JAMES ROUSE JR.

P. S. There is some doubt in my mind as to the genuine intent of the George-Anne to print these answers.

The George-Anne

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See GUEST EDITOR, page 3

The Mind of Professor Primrose

By OGDEN NASH

My story begins in the town of Cambridge, Mass., home of the Harvard Business and Dental Schools, and more or less the home of Harvard College. Now, Harvard is a cultural institution, squandering many a dollar upon professors, as a glance at a Harvard football team makes obvious—professors' vices and prowling in search of wisdom—and every mother's son of them absent minded. But the absentest mind belongs to Professor Primrose. He had won a Nobel Award and Pulitzer Prize, a Guggenheim and a leg on the Davis Cup, but he couldn't remember to shave both sides of his face. He discharged the dog and took the maid for an airing. He frequently lit his hair and combed his cigar; he set a trap for the baby and daudled the mice; he wound up his key and opened the door with his watch; he tipped his students and flunked the traffic policeman; he fed the mosquitoes crumbs and slapped at the robins; he always said his prayers when he entered the theatre and left the church for a smoke between acts; he mixed the exterminator a cocktail and told his guests to go away, he had no bugs; he rode the streets on a bicycle built for two, and he never discovered he wasn't teaching at Yale.

At last one summer he kissed his crimson flannels and packed his wife in campor, and she complained. She had always hated campor, and she complained, "My dear," she ordered, "these contraptions must cease; you must bring this absent-minded a little bit nearer; you must tidy up that disorderly cerebellum; you must write today and enroll in the Pelman Institute." He embraced his pen and took his wife in hand; he wrinkled a stamp and thoughtfully licked his brow; he wrote a letter and mailed it, and what do you know? In a couple of days he disappeared from Cambridge. "For Heaven's sake, my husband has disappeared," said Mrs. Primrose. "Now, isn't that just like him?" And she cut the meat and grocery orders in half, and moved the chairs in the living room around, and settled down to a little solid comfort. She had a marvelous time for seven years, at the end of which she took a train for Chicago. She liked to go to Chicago once in awhile because of a sister-in-law in Cambridge. Her eye was caught at Schenectady by the porter; she noticed that he was brushing off a dime and trying to put the passenger in his pocket. "Porter," she said, "aren't you Professor Primrose? Aren't you my husband, the missing Professor Primrose? And what did you learn at the Pelman Institute?" My Lawd, Maria," the porter said, "Mah Lawd! Did you say Pelman? Ah wrote to the Pullman folks!"

(From The Best Poems of Ogden Nash, published by Random House.)

GUEST EDITOR, from page 2

strength to wage modern war can produce atomic power.

A third belief. It is claimed that warfare has become so horrible that no nation will dare unleash it. This is an old, old story. It was heard when the bow and arrow were used in Egypt more than five thousand years ago. It was heard when gun powder was introduced more than five hundred years ago. It was heard after World War I in which dynamite and poisonous gases were used. But each time, though the horrors of war increased and the armies and battlefields grew larger and larger larger

B-r-r-r-r

No true Southerner appreciates or can tolerate that fickle son of nature, the weather, when he decides to drift below a balmy 45 degrees. For the past ten days or so it has been apparent that Old Man Winter has been exceedingly angry with us human beings. Perhaps he was aware of the fact that at my humble abode on the back campus there is no such thing as hot water. (During the cold spell there has been only ice.) If so he has succeeded admirably in turning me from a gay and light-hearted young chap into a cynical, grouchy, senile and shivering spectre. My goose pimples have goose pimples.

Give me wind or rain or a drought or let it be hot enough to fry eggs but deliver me from frigid weather. I have experienced heat waves that made breathing difficult and once I was in Oklahoma when it was so dry that the trees were chasing the dogs, but I prefer these to one night of freezing weather. I abhor sitting around my depot stove trying to absorb a few calories into my chilled anatomy.

Let us pray together that spring is just around the corner. I have endured enough. Just one more of these so-called cold snaps and I die. With spring the flowers and romance blossom forth. The birds will inhabit the trees and the young will go barefoot. We will perhaps have a baseball team and a change in style of woman's wear. (Let's leave beach clothes as they are, girls.) Spring fever will spread like the plague and comfort will abound. Grades will go down and blood pressures up and Georgia will have but one Governor. But of prime importance, I'll be able to take a bath.

until the world became involved, new wars continued to break out. The truth is: "The possibility of war increases in direct proportion to the effectiveness of the instruments of war." Far from barring war, the atomic bomb may create and cause war.

Do we realize the time is running out? Do we realize that victory has given us no real respite, as has been claimed, but has created instead an emergency not less than the world knew at Dunkirk, or Stalingrad, or Pearl Harbor? Do we realize that victory imposed obligations from which we cannot shirk? These obligations are directly related to the responsibility we have to assume for the invention and use of the most hideously successful and indiscriminate killer in history.

For Cleaning . . .

That is carefully done,
Send your Clothes to—

Hines Dry Cleaners

27 West Vine Street

OFF THE RECORD

By JIM WATSON

I was asked to write the "Off The Record" column for the campus paper for this issue, and so here goes. Do not get alarmed—this is only a temporary assignment.

For you fans who still think a lot of the works of Glenn Miller here is an interesting record you might add to your collection.

As you know, Tex Beneke is fronting that organization, and according to all music magazines he is doing quite well. The band is in Hollywood at present working a film on the late leader's life. But to get back to the record. The name of it is "A Gal In Calico." It is an arrangement similar to "Chattanooga Choo-Choo." It features a well rounded out vocal by Tex and Crew Chiefs, also Tex gives out with that famous whistle and some mighty fine sax playing. The flip-over is one of those familiar clarinet lead sax patterns so typical of the Miller organization. It is called "Oh, But I Do" and features a vocal by Art Malvin.

In last week's Life magazine there is an article on that novelty that has swept the country by storm. In case you don't know what I have reference to, it is "Open the Door, Richard." This is one of those novelties that the majority of time come in with one tremendous burst of popularity only to drop out of sight in short order.

For you fans of Guy Lombardo (I am included), he has the best platter on the "Anniversary Song." It is beautiful.

There is a program for you classical fans that might interest you. It is Bobby Norris and the Singing Strings. They broadcast every day Monday through Friday at 1:45 p. m. over Mutual and WWNS. The best classical work for this week is done by Ferruccio Tagliavini (a new hero at Met's Italian fans). He sings arias from six operas (Barber of Seville and Rigoletto, to mention a few).

Alethia Brown visited in Hinesville over the week end.

Joan Cameron spent the week end at her home in Cadwell.

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Places And People.

Pat Hutton and Andy Sutton spent the week end in Odom. The highlight of the visit was a big quail hunt on the Sutton estate.

Jean Hodges, Islene Banks, Jane Blitch, Lora Beth Thompson, Barney Anne Mann, Peggy Stanfield, Billy Finch, Billy Durrence and Gene Collins visited in Glennville over the week end.

Ann McDonald was honored over the week end with a house party given by her aunt in Macon.

Ray Davis and Bill Bell were visitors on the campus Saturday afternoon and night. Ray is back in the mortuary business and is embalming for a funeral home in Savannah. Bill is still attending Armstrong Junior College.

Jackie Strickland and Joyce Callaway spent the week end in Collins.

Bernie Kingery went down to Savannah Saturday and acquired two more albums of fine records. The albums are the very latest recordings of Louis Jordan and Tommy Dorsey (including "Open the Door, Richard").

Ann Scruggs and Bobby Quick were guests of Benny Stevens in Swainsboro over the week end.

Stanley DuPree spent a long week end up at Gordon, where he saw his high school basketball team win the Sixth District tournament. It was heard that Stanley took another home ec. lesson from the teacher there.

Peggy Thompson was the week-end guest of Loyce Lynn at her home in Baxley.

It is very evident that "Pickle" Stubbs had a grand time during her visit in Toombsboro, if you will look on her third finger, left hand.

Agnes Jordan spent several days at her home in Wrens during the week.

Horace Webb and Henry Ballanger of Mercer, were week end guests of Horace's sister, Marty.

Deloris Futch visited her new home in Jacksonville over the week end.

Peggy Tinkle and Katherine Forehand spent the week end in Wrightsville.

Ray "Red" Reuntree went down to Savannah to see the auto "smash-ups"

Sunday. Ray reports that Chitwood is a great performer and has a great cast.

Ann Parker spent the week end in Ludowici.

While in Millen Saturday afternoon I ran into to Ray Godbee, Ernest Ivy, Marvin Dixon and "Sandy" Whorton. "Sandy" came back to T.C. Saturday night and discovered that he left his car in Millen.

"Pokey" Hendrix, a former student, who is now teaching the first in Cedartown, was a campus visitor over the week end.

Reba Woods spent an exciting week end as the guest of Colleen Parrish in the Baygaul.

Luther Parks made the usual week-end trip to Douglas. Wonder what is so interesting down there?

Ganella and Lois Stockdale spent the week end with Pat Pretorius out at her beautiful country home.

Foy Olliff had as his dinner guest Sunday Jimmy Conner.

"Virgo," Sanford Hall's pet, said that the hall was empty Monday night. The ball games at Swainsboro cleared all three decks.

L. D. "Bud" Branan spent the week end at Toombsboro.

Edward Shephard, "Woo Woo" Wilson and Clementine Wiggins spent the week end at their homes in Millen.

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Tuesday and Wednesday, Mar. 4-5
"Claudia and David"
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Thursday and Friday, March 6-7
Hedy Lamarr in
"The Strange Woman"

Saturday, March 8
"High School Hero"
Also a Western

Sunday, March 9
"Faithful In My Fashion"
with Donna Reed, Tom Drake and Edward Everett

Monday and Tuesday, March 10-11
"Never Say Goodbye"
with Errol Flynn, Eleanor Parker

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday
March 12-13-14
"My Darling Clementine"
with Henry Fonda, Linda Darnell and Victor Mature

Saturday, March 15
"The Verdict"
with Sidney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre and Joan Loring
ALSO
"Wagon Wheels Westward"

STATE THEATRE

Monday and Tuesday, March 3-4
"A Stolen Life"
with Betty Davis

Wednesday-Thursday, March 5-6
"How Do You Do"
with Bert Gordon, Harry Von Zell and Cheryl Walker

Friday and Saturday, March 7-8
"Under Fiesta Stars"
Gene Autry and Smiley Burnette

Wednesday-Thursday, March 12-13
"Strangler of Swamp"

Friday and Saturday, Mar. 14-15
"No Man's Range"

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RALPH ROBERSON

If there were a written portrait given of Ralph Roberson he would be described as 6 ft. 2 in. tall and weighing 175 pounds. He has black curly hair, with hazel eyes and dark complexion. He has a soft, pleasing voice and a nice personality. Ralph, to the folks at home, which incidentally is Screven, Ga., has been known as "Bugs" since he was six. This nickname was given him by a girl friend who lived down the street. He finished high school at Screven in '41 and went to Middle Georgia for one year after this. With that year over he went into the Navy, where he served for three years. Part of this time was spent at Mercer in the V-12.

When "Bugs" was asked what he would like to say about the season that has just passed, he said: "As for this season I really enjoyed it. Our team was never up to par except for one or two games. Maybe if the season had begun earlier we might have ended up with a better average. But by no means should we neglect our average since we set a few of the top-notchers down. Towards the end of the season we naturally became more acquainted with each other and his type of ball playing. Quite a few of us were playing under physical handicaps which seemed to improve towards the season's end. As a whole the team was good. If we all come back next year and play together again I think we will do much better."

As for "Bugs" plans for the future, he intends to major in Commercial Arts and make this his career.

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.. LOOKING BACK ..

The Blue Tide ended the basketball season for this year last week by besting the Navy team from Dublin in a well fought game that had the spectators cheering. Playing in this last game was a smooth-working fighting machine that only a few short months ago was nothing more than a group of stout-hearted men who wanted to play basketball for T.C. Only the sacrifice of self-interest and the full co-operation of all concerned could have produced such a machine.

This season heralded T.C.'s return to intercollegiate sports. Nor has it been as easy a season as it would have been had T.C. been in intercollegiate competition all along. The change from mere intramural play to the real "big time" sport required a great deal of effort, physically as well as psychologically. The members of this season's Blue Tide might well be considered pioneers of T.C.'s revival of school spirit, competitive play, "esprit de corps," or whatever you choose to call it.

This metamorphosis was not accomplished without some dissension in the ranks. A general lack of co-operation and a critical air prevailed for awhile at the beginning of the season. Criticisms were hurled right and left, without much thought as to the result. This column was accused at various times of being unduly censorious toward the basketball team, but we would like to say that any criticism offered on these pages were meant to be constructive, not destructive.

The team rode through all these

minor squalls during the entire season, and in spite of all their troubles, managed to end the season with a creditable record. It is true that their losses outnumbered their wins, but such a summing up accounts for little without a close examination of the facts. Aside from the fact that this was T.C.'s first season in four years, and all the difficulties encountered in molding a good team, a game schedule full of tough opponents added to the list of stumbling blocks in the path of the Blue Tide.

Let's have a look at the games played by the team and the scores run up in these games:

Opponents 1,070; T. C. 939.

This sum of the scores shows that in the playing of twenty games, T.C.'s opponents averaged less than four points per game better than the Blue Tide. This average might be looked on with pride by students and players alike, when one considers the fact that only eight of these twenty games were victories for the Blue Tide. This record proves, more than anything else, that the basketball squad, while not bringing in one smashing victory after another (by which spectators are so prone to judge a team), did play a hard season and defended itself admirably against the onslaught of its powerful opponents.

It behooves all of the students that go to make up the boosters, hangers-on, and downright critics of our basketball team to reflect for a moment on the grand job done by the men of the squad.

Jane Moore, from the University of Georgia, was the week-end visitor of La Verne Rowan.

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GEORGE EANES

This is an introduction to the physique (at least that's what the girls say) of the basketball team, namely George Eanes. A native of Woodcliff, and George says it's a suburb of Sylvania, he is strictly brunette.

Like most of the other players on our team, George played basketball in high school and was captain of his team his senior year. After finishing high school in '43, T.C. attracted George for a year and a half until the Navy became even more attractive (?). You have probably already guessed that George played basketball at T.C. before going aboard ship. The Navy consumed eighteen months of George's time, carrying him to the North and South Atlantic and also to Cuba while serving aboard a destroyer.

In speaking of the team, he says: "In view of the fact that our team was composed mainly of veterans, who had not played ball for a period of years and were therefore badly in need of training, our team suffered several unfortunate losses. Another thing we needed on the team was more experience. Only one or two of the boys had ever played college ball before, although some played on T.C.'s informal team during the war. I think with the experience gathered this year the team will improve next year. I have enjoyed playing with all

the boys this year, and I would like to make next year much more successful with the same team."

Baseball practice will find George on the diamond, and next year will see him playing basketball here again. But after then he hopes for a degree from Georgia U.

JIMMY CONNER

Jimmy Conner, one of the three Conner brothers, who hails from Harlem, of which Augusta is a suburb, so he says, was an outstanding forward on our basketball team this past season. He is 6 ft. 1 in. tall and weighs 167 pounds. His hair is dark brown and his eyes are hazel.

Finishing high school in 1944 he then came to T.C. for a year, after which he entered the Merchant Marine and served for eighteen months. Some of the places he "visited" while in service were Brazil, West Africa, Mexico and several islands in the Atlantic.

Jimmy played basketball in high school and was captain of his team senior year. He also played when he came here in '44. While he played basketball this year he had the highest point average per game of any man on the team.

Jimmy's statement concerning the team and his part on it was: "Since the season is over, I would like to say that I have enjoyed playing basketball with all the boys. Although we didn't win as many games as we would have liked to, I think we all learned a lot about basketball and about the team as a unit. And regardless of wins and losses, I still think we have a darn good basketball team. Benefitting from what we have learned this year we are going to get revenge for every one of those losses next year."

"After a war-time lapse of five years I think the athletic department has done a good job in reviving T.C. sports."

"From the sidelines it looked like we all played individual ball. This was the first time a lot of us had played together. The main thing we wanted to do was win regardless of who scored."

Jimmy's main interest is sports but he plans to go to Georgia and study law at a later date.



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