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Prominent Visitors on the Campus

We have been indeed fortunate in having with us the past few days many prominent visitors. The old adage "when it rains it pours" seemed to prove itself true in these few days.

Dr. Willis A. Sutton, Superintendent of the Public Schools of Atlanta, arrived on the campus Wednesday morning and delivered an excellent address at the chapel exercise on the "Qualifications of a good teacher". In this he gave a very good definition of a teacher as "Someone who is something; someone who knows something; and someone who imparts something". He included the qualities essential to a good teacher under three great heads- (1) Response to environment. Under this his main topic of discussion was to treat the individual student as an individual and not as just one of a group. (2) A social vision. (3) A vision of a perfected human race.

He spoke again at supper and gave many of his interesting stories which everyone enjoyed thoroughly. We all feel that it is an honor to have had such a man on the campus and everyone enjoyed his talks to the utmost.

Dr. G. G. Singleton, director of Statistics and Research of the Georgia Board of Education, and his wife, and Mr. J. O. Martin, State Supervisor of the schools of Georgia, also arrived Wednesday morning. Dr. Singleton delivered a splendid address at chapel Thursday morning and Mr. Martin talked at dinner. Both of these were enjoyed by the entire student body and faculty.

Mrs. Jee Dan Miller of Gainesville, president of the Georgia division of the Parent Teacher's Association, was with us Thursday morning at the chapel exercise. Dr. Singleton having been given that time for his speech, she was unable to give the talk that she had planned, but gave us some valuable information as to how to avoid the present financial condition of the state.

A Man I Know (Mr. Wells)

In reminiscence I seem to see
A figure that appeals to me.
Not for beauty of figure or face
Nor unusual dignity, airs, or
grade.

He's the plainest man in all the
land.
With a kindly heart and a helping
hand
There's so much on his mind that
he wears a slight frown,
And he may not see you as he
looks around.

But when he smiles, -oh, what a
smile!
You just want to stop and watch
him awhile.
His blue eyes light up and his
mouth spreads out wide,
To tell the whole world he has
nothing to hide.

His forehead is high and his nose
not quite straight,
And his ears stick out at an
angle that's great,
Of a light sandy tan are the
locks of his hair
Rather scant in amount and dis-
ordered all year.

His clothes are clean and right in
style,
But he only looks dressed up,
once in a while.
A more interesting side of his
nature I'll tell
If you will be quiet and listen
well.

He talks to the ceiling and talks
to the floor,
But it's all so interesting you
listen for more.
He knows his psychology anyday,
As Doctor Kilpatrick and others
will say.

Of valuable philosophies he has
more than a few.
The first is to be a kind friend
and true,
Mention of all others I shall not
bring to bear,
For it's philosophy here and
philosophy there.

A great many good jokes are on
the end of his tongue,
And his "Normal School" praises
are continually sung.
He's not exaggerating, with this
you'll agree,
For think what Normal's doing
for you and for me.

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The Staff

Editor in Chief	Virginia Lewis
News Editor	Sara Roberts
Manager	Sidney Boswell
Joke Editor	Guy Wells, Jr.
Faculty Advisor	Miss Clay
Typist	Virginia Kernan

A Man I Know Cont.

As a poet I wish that I possible
could
Portray this man as I think I
should.

But it would take someone with
more talent than me,
To show to you clearly the man
I see.

I will only add this in my feeble
way
And then I will have no more
to say.
The wheels of fortune have turned
and hurled
To us, one of the greatest men
in the world.

Grace Blitch.

Dean Henderson

"And when he stood among the
people, he was higher than any
of the people from his shoulders
and upwards." Such is this man-
big not only in size but in mind
and heart as well. His lithe
muscular body denotes the
athlete. He is a lover of good
clean sport of any kind. Above
all he believes in justice and
fair play. This makes him a
favorite with everyone.

In his dress he is immaculate from
his dark bow-tie to his nicely
polished shoes. His suit whether
it be a white linen or a gray
or tan mixture is always well-
pressed. His crisp sandy hair
stays in place, and his shell-
rimmed eye glasses also for
neither ever seems to need adjust-
ing.

One would naturally expect him to
have a voice in comparison to his
size, but that isn't the case for
often we have to strain our ears
in order to hear what he is saying.
But it is worth the trouble for
when he speaks, he says something.
He has a habit of repeating a part
of a sentence, or a whole one at
times but it doesn't seem to de-
tract-it rather adds to the effect.

To all boys he is a "pal" or sort
of older brother, and his influence
is of the finest sort. His looks,
his words, his voice, his attitude
portray the perfect gentlemen.

Ora Franklin

The Heart of God

I searched and searched in foreign
lands
To find the heart of God;
I searched the mountains mighty
strands
The river's brink I trod.
I watched the dawning's lights
afar
The glad new breath of day
I watched the twinkle of a star
Above the milky way.
A diamond tinted waterfall
The hearts of friends I knew
The mysteries of the night and
all
The beauties of the dew

Then tired and worn with laggard
feet
I sought the old home land
The old familiar scenes to meet
Back where the search began
I come with footsteps sad and
slow
To a flower blooming there
Where whispers lingered soft and
low
And mysteries filled the air.
I looked and saw at last forsooth
Here in peace apart,
His soul with all its love and
truth
Within the flower's heart.

Sidney Boswell

The Old Mill by Moonlight

The rumbling wheel was silent as
I sat on the steps of the deserted
mill house whose shadowy outline
was scarcely distinguishable from
the dark background of the trees
around it. At length, the full
moon rose slowly up flooding the
earth with its silvery radiance,
changing a familiar scene into an
enchanted wonderland. Its calm
beauty was reflected in the mirror
like surface of the millpond.
The rays crept through the over-
arching boughs of the cypress tree
flecking the pathway around the
margin of the pond with patches of
palest gold. The Spanish moss
trailing in long festoons from
the branches overhead became cas-
cades of swaying mist as they
stirred in the breeze. The night
air was heavy with the fragrance
of sweet bay mingled with the
resinous tang of cypress and pine.
All was silent save for an occa-
sional guttural twang of a bull-
frog stirring uneasily in his reed
bed or the splashing of a fish pla-
ying too near the edge of the water.
The noise and bustle of the day had
departed and the quiet peace of
night enfolded the earth.

Frances Douglas

The Training School

The Training School of any Normal College is one of its most important features. The actual working out and application of the theories and principles of education acquired in the college may be observed in this department. While studying the child, his abilities, his instincts, his reactions, his motives and capacities, why deal only with abstract theory found in the text book when we may vitalize our work by studying the child, himself?

He is not only the inspiration for the writing of the text but the living exemplification of its theories.

The students of the Georgia Normal have this summer shown by their continued interest and hearty cooperation that they appreciate the work of a training school on the campus.

The teachers of the training school sincerely thank the members of the faculty and the student body for the beautiful spirit they have shown in all of their observation work.

Effie Bagwell
Edna Allgood

Professor Ralph Newton Speaks at Chapel.

We do not have to search elsewhere to find good speakers for our chapel programs but we have them here in our own midst. Mr. Ralph Newton illustrated this by his talk, given in chapel Friday morning on "Heretics". He pointed out some of the many heretics the world has produced. His talk was thoroughly enjoyed.

"Champions" visit the campus.

Monday morning at chapel we found that we had many champions in our midst that we had no foreknowledge of. They filed out before our eyes on the stage in their characteristic way displaying themselves before our startled eyes. Of course these were not the real champions themselves but were merely impersonators of the real ones. This program was carried out by Group III-the "Champions" and was enjoyed very much by everyone that saw it.

We the Screven County Group thank the Georgia Normal for the words in our interest.

We know it, we know it
And soon you'll know the same
Screvens are winners in
Sunshine or rain.

Mr. Bickers visits School

Mr. Bickers, editor of Savannah Morning News, talked to the students at the evening meal on Friday. His talk was based on "Key note". He had with him three keys. Each key stood for something.

1. Key to his place of living
2. Key to his place of work
3. Key to his secret box.

These keys show us what we must have in life, a place to live, a place to work, and a place for secret.

Party

One of the most interesting parties given by the groups was given by Group I on Friday night.

The folk dancing class gave a number of dances suitable for the lower grades. A contest of Riddles proved very interesting. A number of other games were enjoyed; then punch was served.

Stunt Night

The Annual County stunt night was held in the auditorium Thursday evening with great success. The enthusiasm and cleverness manifested by the different groups putting on stunts rendered them wholly enjoyable.

The counties contributing to the program were Toombs, Chatham, Laurens, Emanuel, Evans and Screven.

The Toombs stunt was a dramatization of the Cinderella story, and was put on in a very attractive manner.

The Chatham group gave the stunt of the Siamese Twins and their National Anthem which was a rich "take off" on the singers.

The Laurens Stunt was a presentation of the work from different sections of the Dublin Courier Herald. The educational value of this stunt was outstanding.

Songs of loyalty to Georgia Normal and Emanuel county made up the Emanuel county stunt.

Loyalty to Georgia Normal was brought out in the Evans county stunt by taking the student through Grammar School, High School and finally to the realization of a desire to go to the Georgia Normal.

First Place was given to Screven for her clever dealing with Dr. Quick and his transformation program.

BaseBall

Interest in the baseball series and possible the whole playground activities reached it's climax with the faculty-student games of Tuesday evening.

In the girls game there were only six teachers competing with nine girls; but the teachers made a good beginning by staging in the lead until the fourth inning when the girls tied with them. The last inning for the girls was the turning point. By the end of this inning the teachers were exhausted and made little of their last chance. The score at the end of the Championship game was 39 for the students and 14 for teachers.

Batteries for Faculty were Miss Lane and Miss Barham and for students Trannie Trapnell and Mrs. Purvis.

The boys game began before the girls ended. There were five innings in game. Batteries for faculty were Mr. Wells and Mr. Barrs and for Groups 2 Lester Newton and Russell Strange. The Faculty rallied in fifth inning to score 13 to 0. The final score of this championship game was 22 for Faculty and 16 for students. Lester Newton scored 3 home runs out of 4 times to the bat.

The Mutability of Literature (In Imitation of Washington Irving)

There are certain times when the rain pitter-patters on the window sills and the clouds cover the sky with a heavy gray mantle. We tire of reading and look around for to do, something different. In just such a position was I one rainy afternoon last summer, on a visit to my Grandmother, who lives in an old colonial home in Southern Virginia. I had just laid aside my book and was about to express my desire of something to do when I walked Grandmother to tell me that I might go to the attic with her to look for an old cook book that she wanted some recipes from. She said I might look around at the old books and magazines, which I had seen before but never tired of looking at always finding something of interest.

We climbed the long stairs and entered the attic, dimly lighted by the high windows and dusty and covered with cobwebs. Grandmother set to work to find the old cook book while I seated myself in front of an old, small hair trunk, which I had been told many times contained rare old books of my great grandfather, but which I had never investigated before. The volumes

were dusty, with a mild-dewy mold on some of them; yellow pages colored by age and disuse. They had not been removed from the trunk for several years. On top there were volumes of Milton, Shakespeare and others. I ran through these taking especial note of the ones which were marked with pencil marks, then placing them on the floor behind me. So engrossed was I that I faintly remember Grandmother leaving and telling me to come when I was ready.

When I had run through all the volumes, only one little insignificant book remained in the trunk. I thought it of no interest; reaching down to begin piling the other books back in, I heard a weak creaky little voice say, "Are you not going to look at me? I've been here for years without being moved. Please pick me up and allow my pages to see the light." As I raised it from the trunk and opened it its voice lost some of its creaking and become soft and gentle as it continued to lament the fact that nobody seemed to care now for the love poems of which it was composed. It went on to say how much it would like to be on the library shelf downstairs where it stayed in grandfather's day. It told me how grandfather picked it up and read from it every day. He even wrote his sweet heart stanzas from it.

Then the little book began to talk about the change that must have taken place in people, sweethearts of its day and now. "I thought," went on the book, "That love never changed, but surely if love has not changed, the modes of making love have changed, because as I told you your grandfather memorized and quoted my verses to his sweethearts who were the personification of modesty with their crinoline dresses with hoop skirts and long powdered wigs. Why they never thought of flirting with a man and going on wild automobile rides of which I heard a book that was placed up here the other day talk about. Instead they would have chosen some rose garden for their lover, where they could glance coyly at him from behind their fan.

I told it that it was not aware and should be glad that it was up there in the trunk if such things as what it had told me was shocking; that books were written about divorce and such things, but there were still beautiful love poems written just as it had been, poems full of noble thoughts and graceful turns of language. The language gradually varies & since its time has varied much.

I heard grandmother calling so I was forced to leave with its voice growing fainter behind me.