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GEORGE - ANNE

Vol. III. No. 46 Issued weekly by Freshman Class
Georgia Normal School

December 17, 1928.
Statesboro, Georgia

Football Banquet Brilliant Affair.

The annual foot-ball banquet was held in the dining hall December 13. Never has such a festivity been witnessed at Georgia Normal. The whole affair was one of bright colors and gay conversation. It was an unusual occasion and when we say unusual we mean the girls were dressed in lovely evening gowns and were actually escorted from the Girl's Dormitory by the boys. A delicious four course dinner was served, and we take off our hats to Mrs. Fullilove and the girls that helped to serve.

After dinner an impromptu program was held. Delmas Rushing, former foot-ball Captain was toastmaster and presided in a fitting fashion. Various girls and boys and teachers were called upon to render toasts. The following program was carried out:

Invocation	Mr. Henderson
Welcome	Mr. Wells
Response	Mr. Woodie
Toasts:	
Instrumental Solo--Mrs. Henderson	
W. Sidney Boswell	
O. Mae Cumming	
O. Francis Mathis	
D. Lucy Kinney	
L. F. H. Sills	
E. Miss Clay	
Humorous Everets Durely	
Football Song	Mr. Barnes
Talk	Mr. Olliff
Election of Captain	
Vernon Cail - Captain	
Francis Mathis--Alternate Capt.	
Dismissal	Mr. Wells.

W. When I Played Football.

Sidney Boswell.

Down in the locker 'bout half past three,
I slip on my pants with a squealing knee,
Grab up my helmet, run like the deuce,
Coach just a yelling, "Get your legs loose";
Run for a pass though I'm not very tall,
Words of encouragement, "Keep your eyes on the ball!"
Down for a punt and a tackler too,
Yells behind me, "That the best you can do?"
Back in the line feeling like a pup,
There he goes again, "Everybody up",
Over and back with all of my might,
First to the left, then to the right,
Sand spurs sticking in every tender place,
Treat that a streaming, and sand

Sweat just a streaming, and sand in my face;
Now for the dummy and sawdust gallop,
Coach still yelling, "Hit him once more!"
Scrimmage, I should say, on the Scrub team, too,
Panting like I'm wind broke, mad clear through.
There went a play around my end,
Mr. Barnes Screaming, "Hey, where were you then?"
With blood in my mouth and sand in my eye,
I straighten up my helmet, heave a big sigh,
Get my position, my feet out of rhyme,
A half smothered "D--I'll get him next time."
Muscles all Aching I stumble up the path,
Boys all Shivering from an ice cold bath.
I jerk on my pants, rush out alone
To find that the supper is just about gone.
Eat a few mouthfuls again on the route.
Gotta get lessens 'fore the lights go out,
Got my books together, brain and senses numb,
Down in the room just 'fore a game,
Listen to instructings of how to win fame,
Feeling fine and peppy, spirit fresh and new.
Boys all talking 'bout what they gonna do,
The game at last is over; of course, our victory,
Forgotten ~~and~~ my bruises and my sprained and squealing knee.
Everybody's happy and, of course, you feel the same
When a lassie gently whispers,
you surely played the game.

O

Mae Cumming.

It is obvious that Mr. Woodie, has by his obliging and obdurate optimism, obstructed and obtained an oecypode and oppugnacious foot-ball team that has operated and out-flanked opposing and oppressing opponents. Odd orders offer obnoxious opportunities over obstacles he moves onward.

O. Our Coach

Francis Mathis.

Here's to our coach and the work he has done;
Here's to the battles and victories won;
To one of the best and cleanest men.
That ever a boy could call a friend.
(Continued page 2)

The Staff.

Editor	Virginia Lewis
Ass't Editor	Eli McDaniel
Campus Editor	Katherine Brett
Alumni Editor	Clifford Griner
News Editor	Sara Roberts
Joke Editor	Clyde Greenway
Faculty Adviser	Miss Clay
Manager	Sidney Boswell
Typist	Virginia Kenan

Our Cougar Continued.

May the future ahead hold a skin-
ing success
May his soul increase in his noble-
ness
May he reap the reward of life
well spent
Ending at last in the realm of
content.

D.

Lucy Kinney.

Desiring to do his duty,
Determining to do the right;
He never seems defeated,
And never gives up the fight.
So may you keep, Dear Coach,
Your courage to the end,
And find richest blessings
In the heart of your dearest friends.

L

F. H. Sills, Jr.

That's for the love of the game.
I'm sure that every man who went
out for practice regularly learn-
ed to love the game. Coach Woodle
has instilled into us a real desire
to play the old game and put all
we have into it. Having practi-
cally a new line of which several
had never played before, Coach
worked wonders.

We have all seen humorous inci-
dents during the season, some in
scrimmage and others in games.
Knute Rockne tells a good one
about the Army-Notre Dame game
last year. It seems that Notre
Dame had an especially big smash-
ing tackle. This tackle had a
good friend who played end for
the army. So before 65,000
spectators the two friendly
enemies fought. The Army end
was to carry the N.D. Tackle out
of the play so he said to him,
"Say, I hear your brother, Ezra,
is doing well at Culber this
year." The tackle answered that
he was and went on telling him
about it. The ball was snapped
and the game end carried the tackle
out and a six yard gain was
made over him. The next play
the end asked the tackle about
his mother. The tackle respond-
ed that she was getting along
fine, but his conversation cost
him 5 yards for he was again
carried out. This time he saw
his jaw and when the end asked
him about his Aunt Hettie's

European trip he said nothing.
The ball was snapped and the
tackle knocked the end a sprawling
then tackled the runner for a
10 yard loss. He then walked over
to the end who was still on the
ground and said, "Look here, let's
talk about your family relations
a while". And evidently they
did for Notre Dame won.

I believe the Normal team of next
year will talk about the other
teams relations. We'll look for-
ward to a winning season

E

Miss Clay.

Eli McDaniel asked me Tuesday
If I'd make a toast
To one for whom the football squad
In this great school cares most.

And so I come this evening with
A simple little rhyme,
Although it seems I'm going to
The ridiculous from the sublime.

'Tis almost absurdity
To think that one can tell
Of all the many virtues of
This man whom we know well,
And so in just the time, so brief,
That's been assigned to me,
I'll ask that you will concentrate
Upon the letter "E".

Now, Mr. Woodle is the one
As you, no doubt, have guessed,
To whom we pay more tribute than
We do to all the rest.

And you, I'm sure, both joyfully
And gladly will agree
That if there is an eager man
In this school, it is he.

He's eager always just to do
The thing that should be done,
And eager, too, to help each
student
And to hurt no one.

He's eager, yes, but that's not all
For he possesses, too,
An earnestness, sincere, in all
The things he has to do.

For to be eager brings sometimes
Impulsive vain desires,
But to be earnest also, kindles
Many noble fires.

He's energetic, economic,
Educated, yes,
Efficient, effervescent, eagle-
eyed,
As you can guess.

He's more than that--he's eminent.
Ecstatic, and erect,
Enthusiastic, entertaining,
One of the elect.

(Continued page 3)

And so I might for hours
Mr. Woodie's praises sing,
But I must pause and summarize,
Let's say, "Ho's Every thing!"

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

Vesper.

Christmas Carols.
Scripture Stella Vanlandingham
Silent Prayer
Vocal Solo Lucile Futrell
Two Robert Mobley--Violin
Jewel Smith--Vocal Solo.
Dismissal.

A Little House.

I've a little house deep in my heart
I'm keeping clean and bright
A spot I love and hide apart,
Away from human sight.
And though no bars are on the door,
No chain or key or lock,
Not one has entered here before;
But you need only knock.

A little peace I keep for you.
Some day I'll open wide
Its rooms of dreams and ideals too,
Then will you come inside?
And move the things to suit your
taste,
Arrange them, bit by bit,
Cast aside each piece of waste,
Until you'll love to live in it.

Sidney Boswell.

If.

Leonard Powell.

If I can sing some cheerful song
To help some weary soul along,
and if I can travel along life's road
And help my brother bear his load,
I shall not look for wealth and gold,
Nor for adventures great and bold.

If I can always lend a hand
To help some worthy fallen man,
If I can make this dark clouds bright
And lead him to the guiding light,
I shall not care for renowned fame,
Nor for some great distinguished name.

If I can only serve mankind
With the best I have at any-time,
And if I can be a friend to man
And let him know I understand;
Then I shall not fear reproach or
shame,
For I know I shall not live in vain.

Cliponreka School House-Warming.

The Parent Teachers Association of
the Cliponreka school represented a
program Friday night as a housewarm-
ing. It was as follows:

Greetings Mr. Leroy Cowart
Music Miss Thetis and Johnnie
Reading: Barnes Mary Swain.
Vocal Duet: Lucile Futrell and
Mildred Garvin, accompanied on
guitars by Virginia Kenan and
Virginia Knotts.
Citizenship Mr. Z. S. Henderson.
Music Lillah and Charlotte
Baumrind.
Black face stunts by McDougald and
Donaldson.

A delightful feature of the pro-
gram was a shadow pie sale, the
young ladies being brought pies,
and their shadows and their
lovers bid on them.

Cysters, drinks, sandwiches, candi
and novelties were sold.

BLUE TIDE DOWN LOCAL GUARDSMEN

Last Tuesday night brought about
the first game for the Blue Tide
of Georgia Normal and the locals
of Statesboro National Guards
which turned out to be a victory
for the Blue Tide.

Coach Barnes picked the ten men
that have shown up best in prac-
tice. At the end of the first quar-
ter Coach Barnes sent in five men
relieving the five that started
the game. At the beginning of the
second half the team that started
the game were sent back in and
were pulled again in the end of
the third quarter.

The players of the Blue Tide have
shown excellent form which promises
a successful season. Coach Barnes
kept on the bench during the game
another team that is perhaps as
good as the one that played.

The game ended ended, Normal leading
28 - 9.

Normal (28)		N. Guards (9)
Pafford	F	Beasley
Cail	F	Hagan
Adams	C	Hagan, G.
Baker	G	Donaldson
Mathis, Geo.	G.	Ellis

Substitutes, Fields, Henderson, Mr.
Mathis, Scrubs and Thompson. There
were no substitutes for the Guards-
men.

Referee-- Henderson (Normal).

"AN OLD FASHION SCHOOL CLOSING"

The tenth grade had charge of the
chapel program Friday morning and
presented a program entitled "An
Old Fashioned School Closing"
with the following cast:

Teacher-----Sidney Boswell
Mr. William Shakespeare Mugwump--
Ernest Kennedy.

Mrs. Corncob -----Ada Lou Rowe.
Mr. John Hopkins Doolittle --
Elmo Mallard.

Sophia Stuckup---Kate Aycock.
Patunia Cauliflower --Carrie D. H.
Sallie Shoestrings --Ruth Gibson.
Mary Gooseberry -- Ila Aycock.
Jimmie Lee Peavine --Marie Stanley.
Josephus Lincoln Snodgrass --
James Carruth.

Angelia Beanblossom -- Ruth Grahl
Anity Ophelia Corncob -- Stella V.
Jimmy Cornfield --Leonard Powell.
Paul Hamilton Squashseed --
Herbert Grace.

Curley Bollweevil -- Ewell Alexander

Nurse: "Professor, a girl has
arrived."

Mr. Wells: Ask her what she wants.

Alumni Notes

Miss Bernice Lee Anderson of Register was a visitor on the campus during the week.

Miss Edna Pearl Williams of Register was a visitor on the campus this week.

Clyde Davis visited on the campus this week.

Bothwell Johnson was a visitor on the campus Thursday afternoon.

Miss Mae Evans is now teaching in Statesboro.

Campus Notes

Lucile Roundtree spent the week-end with her parents in Sumit, Ga.

Pauline Burke visited her parents for the week-end at Scott, Ga.

Louise Kennedy spent the week-end at her home in Metter, Ga.

Reta Lee spent the week-end at home near Statesboro.

Clifford Griner spent Saturday night and Sunday with her parents at Brooklet.

Ruby Dell Rushing visited in Register with her parents.

Katherine Brett spent the week-end in town with Vivian Donaldson and Mercile Proctor.

Lois Moore and Jewell Smith spent the week-end with Carlyle Smith at Daisy.

Eli McDaniel, Gordon Roundtree, and Matt Lowery spent Saturday and Sunday in Atlanta, Ga. They went to see the Tech-Georgia football game.

Helen Milton and Mildred Garvin spent the week-end with Mildred's parents in Savannah, Georgia.

Miss Newton spent the week-end with her mother in Oliver.

Miss Trussel was the week-end guest of Miss Clay in Savannah.

JOKES

Y.W.C.A. Bazaar

On last Friday afternoon the Y.W.C.A. had a Christmas Bazaar. Fancy work as dainty Christmas gifts were on sale. The books "One Hundred and One Best Poems" were on sale in three different bindings. The tea room was open on the same afternoon. The "Y" room was decorated with red and green.

Menu

Corgealed fruit salad.
Onion pimento sandwiches.
Ice-cream-cocoa.

We were delighted to have Mrs. George Bean to sing us a solo, "Dawn" Tuesday morning at chapel.

Music and Expression Department Entertained.

The music and expression department presented the following program at the chapel exercises Wednesday morning:

Scripture----Myrtle Freeman

Prayer-----Miss Clay

Vocal Solo:

A Little Pink Rose

Jewell Smith

Reading:

The Count and the Wedding Guest--

O. Henry

Sara Hartman

Trio:

Polonaise-----Kramer

Kate Aycock, Ruby Doll Rushing, and

Alexa Stewart

Miss Lila "litch" was present at chapel Thursday morning to speak on the sale of Christmas seals for the aid of tuberculosis.

JOKES

Miss Perkinson: "Seaborn, do you know your alphabet?"

Seaborn: "Yes ma'am."

Miss Perkinson: "Well, then, what letter comes after A?"

Seaborn: "All the rest of them!"

Sydney Boswell: "What is your brother in college?"

Frances Brett: "A halfback."

Sydney: "I mean in studies."

Frances: "Oh! in studies he's away back."

Miss Stubbs: "What are the three words most commonly used in Georgia Normal School?"

Clyde G: "I don't know."

Miss Stubbs: "Correct, you're improving."

Mrs. Henderson: "Now dearie, what will I get if I cook a meal like that for you every day this year?"

Mr. Henderson: "My life insurance."

Cail: "Do you use tooth pastes?"

Foots: "No; none of my teeth are loose."

Mr. Woodle: "I've had this car for years and never had a wreck."

Mrs. Woodle: "You mean you've had this wreck for years and never had a car."

Maggie C: "Paul, what size shoes do you wear?"

Paul N: "Two and a half."

Maggie C: "What, two and a half?"

Paul N: "Two cowhides and a half bushel of tacks."

Mr. Dorsey: "What are you thrashing your son for?"

Mr. Forbes: "He will get his school reports tomorrow and I must go away tonight."