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GEORGE - ANNE

Georgia Normal School

Collegeboro, Georgia.

Vol. III No. 57

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Mrs. Wingo, A Visitor

We had with us on the campus Friday morning a very prominent character, Mrs. Wingo from Savannah. She came here for the protection of birds. She gave us a most interesting talk at chapel concerning the work of this important organization. In this she gave the importance and beauty of birds and the pleasure achieved in protecting and caring for them. She emphasized that we here at Georgia Normal are in one of the best places that could be found to establish a sanctuary for birds. Other places and people have built these and why could we not do likewise? It requires a great deal of work but the pleasure acquired from it fully repays for that. Some of the prettiest and sweetest tone birds that can be found are around the Georgia Normal campus singing daily as if their throats shall burst which gives everyone a spring-time feeling and a love for nature.

This society which Mrs. Wingo was representing was founded and named for a famous lover of birds, John J. Audubon. He did much to develop the protection of birds and presented their real importance to the people. We hope that it will not be many years before we shall see a noted sanctuary established on the Georgia Normal campus that shall be known far and wide.

The Call of Spring

Spring is here again. The same spring of a thousand years ago, yet different in her call to life. A spring that is born anew each year, that comes with nimble fingers to heal the scars of winter and whisper hope into the heart of every bud, quickly each little heart swells and grows with wonder and happiness, until each is clothed in a new spring dress. A dress that puts to shame the attire of even our most modern dancers skates of today. Beneath her rain flecked skies flowers, pretty and fragile as a maidens dream, peep above the dead of yesterday. Each little heart is filled with gladness, youth, a new chance to begin again, a new chance to begin again with the old as a new dawn dawns with its mistakes.

(continued on page 2 next col.)

I know of no place where I had rather spend the spring than in Northern Georgia. Many sacred memories come back to me of my thoughtless and careless days when as happy as any of nature's spring creatures I wandered among them in friendly contact. How well I remember a pebbled lined brook with tiny fish darting to and fro, the smell of growing mint, the droning hum of the bees, the dominant drum of the woodpecker, the dainty clouds mirrored in the water beneath my feet, the soft ooze of mud between my bare toes, the leaning plummy willows protectingly over the waters edge, the soft feel of the carpet grass, the dreamy drowsy feeling that came at midday as I lay beneath the shade of some protecting tree watching an old buzzard rising in widening circles higher and higher to descent with a mighty swooping sound to the very top of the trees. To-day I know this hallowed spot, to me, has not changed. There the wild flowers bloom in all of their gentle purity, there the contended willows still lean protectingly over the little fishes, their roots drinking the cool clear liquid below. There I know is youth pure as a virgin on every side. There I know each little shrub and tree is given new life, new blood to begin again regardless of what the past might have been.

Spring is here again. Can we, I wonder, catch her spirit? Can we with the infusion of new hope build upon our yesterday's, even as nature upon her past. Can we dress our souls in a new cloak of cheerfulness? Can we stop and fan back to life broken hopes, forsaken dreams, and shortened ideals? Can we each fill his or her peace in the scheme of life as fittingly as one of springtime's blossoms? Can we face the new term with confident hearts? Can we? Spring is here again. She offers the challenge. Can we.

The teachers and supervisor of the training school wish to thank the ukulele and guitar girls that took part in the P.T.A. program Thursday night.

Doubled up.

Mike: Why are those trees bending over so far?

Ike: You would bend over, too, miss, if you was as full o' green apples as those trees are.

The Staff

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The Laws of Health

The good American tries to gain and keep perfect health.

- I. I will keep my clothes, my body, and my mind clean.
- II. I will avoid those habits which we would harm me, and will make and never break those habits which will help me.
- III. I will try to take such food, sleep, and exercise as will keep me in perfect health.

The Laws of Self-Control

Those who best control themselves can best serve their country.

- I. I will control my tongue, and will not allow it to speak mean, vulgar, or profane words.
- II. I will control my temper, and will not get angry when people or things displease me.
- III. I will control my thoughts, and will not allow a foolish wish to spoil a noble purpose.

The Laws of Self-Reliance

Self conceit is silly, but self-reliance is necessary to ~~help~~ boys and girls who would be strong and useful.

- I. I will gladly listen to the advice of older and wiser people, but I will learn to think for myself, choose for myself, act for myself.
- II. I will not be afraid of being laughed at.
- III. I will not be afraid of doing right when the crowd does wrong.

The Laws of Reliability

Our country grows great and good as her citizens are able more fully to trust each other.

- I. I will be honest, in word and in act. I will not lie, sneak, or pretend, nor will I keep the truth from those who have a right to it.
- II. I will not do wrong in the hope of not being found out. I cannot hide the truth from myself and cannot often hide it from others.
- III. I will not take without permission what does not belong to me.
- IV. I will do promptly what I have promised to do. If I have made a foolish promise, I will at once confess my mistake and I will try to

make good. I will so take may have caused. I will so speak and act that people will find it easier to trust each other.

The Laws of Clean Play.

Clean Play increases and trains one's strength and helps one to be more useful to one's country.

- I. I will not cheap, nor will I play for "keeps" or money. If I should not play fair, the loser would lose the fun of the game, the winner would ~~lose~~ lose his self-respect, and the game itself would become a mean and often cruel business.
- II. I will treat my opponent with politeness.
- III. If I play in a group game, I will play not for my own glory but for the success of my team, and the fun of the game.
- IV. I will be a good loser or a generous winner.

Spring Time

Spring is here! We're all so jubilant and happy, the girls probably felt as if they might be a fair, white lily, and I can assure you they are hoping to pluck them, for "on the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

When we ride along we see the dog wood, peach, apple, and many other trees in bloom, and all this fills us with the spirit of Spring and we hear Nature and the nightingale and the singing, chirping, and whistling of other birds of love calling to us to "come, and let the rest of the world go by".

If--In Regards to Mother

Leonard Powell

If you love your darling Mother
As you know you ought to do
Let her know it while she's living
Let her know that you are true.

If you are ever going to love her
Love her now while she can know
All the sweet and tender feelings
Which from real affections flow.

Love her now while she is living
Do not wait 'til she is gone
Do not chisel warm love words
On her cold and silent tomb.

If you wait 'til she is sleeping
Never to waken here again
There'll be walls of earth between you
She can never hear you then.

(Continued page 3, col. 2)

If--continued.

If you know that she was longing
For a word of comfort sweet
Would you be so slow to bring it
Would you step with laggard feet?

She won't need your kind caresses
When the grass grows o'er her
face
She won't need your love and kind-
ness
In her last sweet resting place.

If you expect to love her any
Tho' it's just a little bit
Let her know it while she's living
She will love and cherish it.

The Red Bird

Sidney Boswell

There's a red bird singing carols
Just outside my window sill,
While the day in airy splendor
Climbs above the eastern hill.
There is something in the breezes
As they groic o'er the dew,
That sets his blood a-racing
And his song comes pouring through.

Lilting, swinging, sinking, rising,
In a trill of pure delight
Slowly, swiftly, sighing, dying,
Like a whisper in the night.
Full of youth, the leading spirit
Free from toil and mortal care,
Building dreams of home and nest-
lings
In sequestered vales of air.

I can feel my heart grow lighter
As it catches the refrain
Of the red bird's morning carol
To repeat it o'er again.
Then I know the day shall vanish
And the things I dread the most
Shall steal away to darkness
Like a grim forbidden ghost.

D. L. D.

Last Monday night, the D.L.D.'s
gave a party out at Lake View.
They left Normal about 6:00 o'clock,
missing, of course, the good
Normal supper. But they felt by
the looks of paper bags, boxes,
etc., that the reward at Lake View
would make all compensations.

Each member of the D.L.D. had the
privilege of inviting a guest, of
course this added to interest of
the occasion. A large fire was
built out in front of the pavilion,
around which the program was
presented. The program was as
follows:

Harp Solo Ralph Henderson
How I shall rear my children
Shot Hall & James Tillery.
Debate: Resolve that the dish-
rag is more useful than the
broom. (Cont. top of next col.)

Affirmative: Lefty Wilson and
Bill Thomas.

Negative: Paul Thompson and
Eva Morgan.

Duet: Ukulele, jazz horn, and
singing for different numbers.
Carlyle Smith and Lois Moore.
Reading Virginia Lewis
Three numbers by D.L.D. quartet:
Mrs. Barnes, Jewel Smith, Sonia
Fine, and Carlyle Smith.
Jokes Waldo Pafford
The Good side of Matrimony
Mr. Barnes
The Bad side of Matrimony
Mrs. Barnes.

As you see, the program was very
humorous and it was enjoyed very
much.

After the program came the supper.
Sandwiches, delicious sweets,
lemonade, and all that goes to
make a feast. Yes, everyone
seemed to enjoy it.

In other words the party seemed
to be thoroughly enjoyed by every-
one. We hardly think it will be
the last one. The D.L.D.'s wish
to thank those who took part in
the program and most of all, Mr.
and Mrs. Barnes for making it
possible for such an enjoyable
evening.

Party given by Juniors and Senior

Last Saturday night the Juniors
and Seniors of Ga. Normal enter-
tained the students who were here
for the week-end.

It being St. Patrick's Day the
old auditorium was decorated for
the occasion.

When time came to go over the
why everybody was filled with
cheers and rushed over for the
purpose of enjoying themselves
which they did very much.

Dorothy Thomas being in charge
met everybody with a cheerful
smile.

W, girls, boys and teachers
played many games which were
enjoyed to the fullest extent.
All the time some one was en-
gaged in an uproar of laughter
filled with fun and frolic.

Music! Well we had plenty to
make the evening complete.

In conclusion there was more
music and everybody enjoyed
dancing around the punch bowl
for the purpose of getting
their cups filled and refilled.

Everybody left by saying they
had enjoyed the evening very
much.

The chaperons were: Miss Brannon,
Miss Trussel, and Miss Robertson.

The Music and Expression Depart-

The music and expression departments and college of arts and sciences day morning and afternoon the following program:

Scripture	Myrtle Freeman
A Thrilling Song	Frank Stanton
Minuet	Jack Fullilove
	Monart
O I don't know	Kate Aycock
	Anonymous
	Ila Mae Strickland

Stephens Literary Society

On last Monday evening the Stephens Literary Society met in the new auditorium for a short business meeting. The following officers were elected for the spring semester.

President	Ernest Kennedy
Vice-Pres.	Mae Cummings
Secretary	Sidney Roswell
Treasurer	Monica Cummings
Chaplain	Elmo Mallard
Faculty Adv.	Miss Newton
Song leader	Eli McDaniel
Pianist	Jewel Whitehead
News Reporter	Leonard Powell
Mascott	Bruce Garruth

The Meeting Thursday night. Due to the installation of the new officers and the extensive study for exams, the Stephens Literary Society had not prepared a definite program for Thursday night. However, the society met in its accustomed place, and after the devotional led by Elmo Mallard, the following interesting impromptu program was well rendered and thoroughly enjoyed by every member present.

Reading	Lucile Rountree
Things I like Best at Ga.	Normal
	Jewel Watson
Things I Dislike most at Ga.	N.
	Elmo Mallard
Things I like Best about our Society	Eli McDaniel
Things I Dislike most about our Society	Mae Cummings
The Funniest things I've Seen and Heard	Leonard Powell

After this program Miss Newton, our newly elected faculty advisor, gave a very interesting and inspirational talk, which should make each member strive to make his society a greater success.

Oglethorpe Society

The Oglethorpe Literary Society held its regular meeting Thursday evening, March 21st. After a short program the officers for the Spring Term were elected. Those elected were:

(continued next column)

President	Walter Usher
Vice-Pres.	Bill Thomas
Secretary	Ruth Gault
Treasurer	Stella Vanlandingham
Chaplain	J. D. Watson
Pianist	Annie Ruth Moore
Mascott	Violet Woodie
Faculty Adv.	Miss Barkinson

After a brief discussion of plans for the coming term the meeting adjourned. On Monday evening, March 22nd the "Catamounts" and entertained the "Go-Gottars" with a woiner roast.

Campus News.

Harriet Roberts spent the week-end in Statesboro with Sara Katherine Cone.

Blanche Parker and Myrtle Freeman visited in Savannah for the week-end.

Jewel Spith spent the week-end in Claxton, Ga.

Annie Ruth Moore visited Madge Tompkins of Statesboro for the week-end.

Among the many that spent the week-end at their various homes were: Genevieve Dargatz, Euclid Compton, Myrtle Bowen, Georgia Johnson, Lorena Lane, Bernice Clark, Dell Hagan, Agnes Lewis, Jewell Cowart, Sara Smith, Mae Cummings, Ruby Dell Rushing, Eva Morgan, Reta Lee, Dordie Bonnet, Kate and Ila Aycock, Alcie Waters, Blanche Duprod, Ruby Durrence, Janice Kicklighter.

Frances Brett spent the week-end with Sara Smith.

Sonia Fine and Jewel Register visited Mrs. J. P. Foy of Statesboro for the week-end.

Blanche Fields, Eloise Smith, and Emma Blount were the guests of Bertha Lee Brunson for the week-end.

Katherine Brett visited for the week-end Miss Monza Cumming of Statesboro, Ga.

JOKES.

Gentlemen: And what is your name, my ran?

Mr. Wells: (stuttering) Wu-Wuh-Wells.

Gentlemen: Excellent, I shall call you Wells for short.

Peggy: What on earth is the matter with your neck?

Elizabeth: I had a date last night.

Teacher: What is one-half of one-tenth?

Bill: I don't know exactly together, but it can't be very much.

Ad. in paper.

Shoes for policemen and men who work