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George - Anne

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THE BUSY PERSON

(By DORA KING)

We are happiest when busiest.

When a person is busy he is happy. He has no time to study about unhappy things. He has no time to worry. His mind is occupied with the task upon which he is at work. He has to study and plan his work. His mind is working with pleasant things.

The person who is idle usually spends his time in thinking about unhappy experiences. An idle mind brings back sad memories. The mind is free to wander about and catch up things to make one unhappy. This person is able to cast a spell of gloom upon others, while the person who is busy sheds joy all around him. His mind is filled with glad tidings to one and all.

The person who is busy brings happiness to all. He thinks about happy things. His mind, soul and body are at work. He gets only happiness from everything which he undertakes. This person can do the best work. It is the busy person who is the happiest.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

(By HARRIET ROBERTS)

What is school spirit? It is one of those intangible qualities so much to be desired by everyone. We cannot tell its meaning, but it is present on every campus, or its absence is very marked. It is that something that changes school from an interminable grind to a joy desired by everyone.

Have we school spirit at Georgia Normal? Have we that something that makes Georgia Normal something besides a campus, a few building, and several students? Are we linked together as students here, by a love for our school, a loyalty for her and a faith in her future? Do we support our school in all its activities, be they athletics or literary works? Are those teams on the field filled with the thought that three hundred and fifty students are backing them to the last ounce of their energy?

We offer no definition for school spirit. We offer you these quesitons

to start you thinking. Can you derive a meaning for school spirit from them? It is for each of us to play his part in making the school spirit on our campus more pronounced, more effective, and more lasting. Can we do it?

COLLEGE FOUNDATIONS

It takes more than grounds and buildings to make a college. The grounds and buildings are factors in themselves in maintaining a good outward appearance. But the elements that count in founding and maintaining the consistent growth of a college, according to high standards, are the sort of students that choose to be educated, the character and ambition of the members of the faculty, and the traditions which the students and faculty have set in motion during and since the founding of the college.

A student of the right sort has the promotion of college interests at heart while he is there. According to his ideas of helpfulness, he, as far as able, will show his best nature in all college activities. The rules of the college have his whole-souled support. A student of this nature is able to see the good in other fellow-students, cultivate attractive habits, and in turn influence them along proper lines of helpfulness. Students of this nature form a part of the solid foundation of their college.

The faculty members should be students in spirit. Their part in the building up of the college, is to make students feel at ease in their new surroundings, place before the newcomers in an interesting way the ideals of the college, along with its traditions; and inspire them to be loyal, worthy sons and daughters of their college. The instruction given should be of a nature that will stay in the pupil's mind and add to his store of wisdom. With the constant direction of the faculty, the student will habitually do only the best that he is able. The college looks for support to the wisdom of the faculty.

Traditions express the character and interests of the students, faculty

and officers of the college from the time of its beginning. Traditions mark the high points in the history of the school. If the events in the school history, celebrated annually by new students, invoke pride in school heritage, the traditions have served their purpose. If they are events to be forgot by new students as not representative of the school as it now is, the college is still laying its foundation or is tearing down the old and preparing a new.

The nature of the students, and faculty, and the kind of traditions constitute the foundation of the school and not the outward appearance, no matter how much beauty it may possess.

"THE VILLAGE NEWSPAPER"

Stout, middle aged Mrs. Jones had just finished her week's baking and was wiping her hands on her bright green and yellow apron when the telephone tinkled. To her hurried response to the call she learned with pleasure that it was her friend Mrs. Beeland. Ah! She would hear something interesting now! At the other end of the line stood Mrs. Beeland, intent on telling her story well. Her household duties had been quickly pushed aside and she put all her vim into the story. But what of the others on the line? The two ladies should have known by experience what was happening. There was their one and only society member neighbor who was listening, horrified to the scandal. Prim Mrs. Scott, typical old maid gossip, was giggling like a silly school girl as she thought how she'd tell this at the club tomorrow. The little dried up storekeeper had not intended to listen but he found it so interesting he just forgot to hang up. Even the stern village lawyer became interested and listened in, although he swore women were the most foolish of beings. But entirely blind to all this the two unsuspecting women chattered on until there was nothing to add. Finally Mrs. Beeland hung up with the time-worn words, "Please don't tell anyone, Mrs. Jones, for it is a secret."

George-Anne

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THE OLD CHURCH ON THE HILL

On a hill above the creek the old church had stood for generations, fighting a losing battle against time and decay. The old bell of which my grandfather was so proud had long since fallen out of the lordly belfry with its quaint green shutters. The rains of fall, winter, spring, and summer had washed the clay from under and around the granite pillars. Where once the ground had been level and smooth under the eaves, now was a ditch fully two feet deep. The window panes were cracked, broken or loose because of the frequent beating of the faded green blinds. The door, solid oak, the pride of the community, sagged and creaked when in use. The floor was warped and decayed. The sills were uneven. Even the pews were stained and cracked from exposure. On two sides of the hill the graveyard, white and chilling, stretched up to encircle the church in final captivity as its members had suffered as the years went by. At the back of the building was a grove of water oaks ranging down the hill to the side of the stream. Through the shadows stretched a pleasant little path, inviting the pedestrian to a restful seat on the bank of the creek upon a fallen tree trunk. Through all the years the old church had held its head above the common affairs and thoughts of the everyday world, and on Sunday it had invited the members to gather and ask for God's blessing through another week. Now it invites you to walk in the cemetery, sit in the family pew once more, or walk down to the water, thinking of the time of boyhood days, of joyful days and days of sorrow. Although the members have sold their possessions and gone into a far country, the old church stands on the hill waiting to welcome them back.

Joseph Galvin of Dublin tied his wife up and shaved her entire head because she had her hair bobbed.

SUNSET

Day is ended, toils are finished, and o'er the world steals a feeling of peace, a silence more musical than any song. From somewhere near comes the murmur of a babbling brook, and a little noiseless noise, the very sigh of silence, comes from among the leaves. Everything is at one with God. Above this, against the heaven's own blue, floats a filmy lace of hazy clouds. Over the world is the play of the shimmering light from a glowing sunset, resplendent in its unparalleled sublimity. It casts crimson, faintly tinted with thyst and gold, upon the pearly clouds. The sky is transfigured as the sun, increasing in its size and brilliance sinks lower and lower. Each change, in its transcendence over the preceding scene, seems to draw one nearer to the heavens, and then comes another change as the crimson fades into a faint rose, the gold into a beautiful cream color, and the amethyst softens and mingles with the clouds. Each change speaks an apology for the foregoing one, and each is beyond all praise. Then comes the shades of evening as the large, glowing ball slowly disappears beneath the horizon, and evening draws her gradual dusky veil. From the fall of the curtain on this beautiful scene comes a promise of the dawn of another day. For, in the word of another, "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world."

THE MANLY STUDENT.

The strong, noble face of an Abraham Lincoln, soft, dark hair brushed back from a high forehead, high cheek bones and grey eyes sparkling from the shadow of thick eye-lashes, a beautifully molded head which might well rest upon the shoulders of some royal personage, these features give evidence of this strong moral character. The tanned face and the big, firm hands give proof of his strength as a scholar and a laborer. Never a moment of his is wasted as he goes from place to place seeing that his duties are well cared for. He accomplishes much by his untiring efforts. His soul pours forth its beauty in verse as the giver seeks the sunlight of God's smile. A poet from his heart, a lover of nature, a scholar of the lessons of experience, and smiling on misfortune and good luck alike, this well known and loved student seeks with zeal and eagerness the knowledge of life's secrets.

THE SOLDIER

At the end of the day, when the battle was o'er,
And the victory was lost—or won,
When a man is raised by a little praise
If the general said "Well done,"
When the light is gone and night is nigh,
And sentinels are at their posts,
The soldiers come in with many a sigh
Concerning the war and its costs.
They sit around and talk for awhile
Of things both good and bad—
Of home, of friends, of a sweet-heart's smile,
More often of Mother and Dad.
But the work of the day has tired him
And it's not a pleasant place,
So they go to their bunks with a cheery grin
And a smile of content on the face.
Only one of the lads of this valiant gang
Stays up at this late hour,
With a smiling face and a heart that sang
He dreamed of a lady's bower.
He forgot the trench with its rough walls,
The lowness and ugliness of it—
He forgot the horrors of a war that calls
Each son of America to it.
He forgot the horrible cannon's roar,
The sound of the company's guns,
The fighting and killing for him in store
Against the hateful Huns.
He only remembered the past as he sat
And wrote to the folks at home—
He only wrote of the future that
Either would or would not come.
He was only a private, a boy in years
Who had answered his country's call,
With a heart that was stout and knew no fears
And a body straight and tall.
He came in defense of his country's need
And he gloried in her cause.
He wore his khaki not for his "feed,"
But the honor, and he found no flaws.
His face, by the light was keen and alert,
The features strong and bold.
In his clear blue eyes no fear e'er lurks,
Nor will when he is old.
He leans over the table and tries to tell
What will interest his people, and yet
Never a word of the hardships that fell
In the midst of the great war's net.
Never a word of the dreadfulness of it,
Of the hates and horrors of war;
Only the faith and the hope in it,
And love for the ones afar.
Only a lad is he, one of a large army
That places their lives in His hand,
Who will to live, or will to die
At the order of one in command,
They make up our forces, those lads of fire,
And carry our flag on by.
They grin and fight and never tire
In working for dear Old Glory.

THE LITTLE PIRATE

Jimmie is a little boy of nine and a half,
 With big blue eyes and cupid mouth,
 Rosy cheeks and complexion fair
 And the prettiest wavy dark brown hair.
 He is full of mischief from toes to head,
 And for wrong-doings is often sent to bed.
 He is slipping in the house so softly and sly,
 With the hopes of his mother not seeing him pass by;
 Presently he hears a voice through the kitchen door,
 "Now you've been up to mo' trouble, I know."
 It was Mandy's voice, the old negro woman
 That looks after Jimmie when he isn't out roaming.
 "Now see here, boy, none o' dat sass, I seed yo' when yo' took yo' dad's old spy glass,
 And I seed you' take de sheet dat I hung on de line,
 And dat bunch o' rope yo' ma'd saved a long time,
 And I knows dat yo' took more dan dat,
 For I seed you with yo' dad's old sword and hat."
 Jimmie gave a groan and a great big sigh.
 "Yes, sir, I seed you thru de corner ob my eye."
 Jimmie afraid of what he soon would get,
 Sat down in the corner and began to fret.
 His mother came in with a look of despair.
 "Now what has Mandy done to my little dear?
 Come, tell mudder what is the trouble;
 Remember, it will soon pass over like a bubble."
 "Well, I'll tell you, mother, how it has all begun.
 Spud and I wanted to have some fun,
 So we built a raft down by the lake;
 It was lots of fun, but hard to make.
 For a sail we used the sheet that was on the line
 And tied it with some rope; didn't think you'd mind.
 We wanted to be pirates and sail the ocean blue,
 As all of the great explorers do.
 So that's why I borrowed dad's hat and sword,
 And we used for the oar a dandy board.
 For fear we'd be gone a week or more
 We carried those doughnuts Mandy cooked a while ago,
 And after we had explored for a week or two,
 We were going to bring all the treasure home to you."
 "So dar's whar my doughnuts went," came Mandy's voice through the door,
 "Next time I cook any I won't let yo' know."
 "Well, son, it's time for dinner and here comes dad,
 Run tell him what a thrilling experience you've had."

THE RAGGIDY-BAGGIDY TRAMP

A raggidy-baggidy tramp one day
 Was slowly plodding along his way,
 When upon a hill a little higher,
 He read a sign, "Time to Retire."
 He went up the hill and took a seat,
 Leaned against the post, stretched out his feet,
 Very comfortably prepared for a good evening's sleep
 And while he's there suppose we take a peep.
 A very striking picture he seems to make,
 A real true picture there's nothing fake;
 With his coat of blue and pants of brown,
 A combination which would make anybody frown,
 They are all patched up and terribly torn
 And his old brown shoes are badly worn.
 His shaggy hair is a very bright red
 And an old black hat is cocked on his head,
 A nearby bandanna which is tied in a knot
 Holds his clothes or I know not what.
 A can on a rock shows he's had a feast,
 Or it gives the appearance of it at least,
 For the can is empty and his stomach is puffed,
 Just as though he had been literally stuffed.
 There is one more point that we should note,
 A tiny little daisy in the lapel of his coat.
 The expression on his face shows he's very content,
 With this wandering life that he has spent.

IN HOLLAND

In a little village, far across the sea, in Holland, is one of the most picturesque places that one has ever seen. The quaint old customs are still lived by the people and the quaint old costumes are still worn. It is on a cloudy morning, when some thin black clouds were floating overhead, that we see the little Dutch woman at her tasks. In a gown of blue and brown, with a white, spotless apron, and a white cap on her head, we see her as she trudges along through the grass, her wooden shoes swishing the little plants. A pail is in her hand and she is beside a picturesque little stream. Evidently she is after water, at a spring on the other side. A little bridge, fashioned of poles and bits of wood forms the method of passing from one irregular brown, flower-bordered bank to the other. It is spring time, for we can tell by the new leaf buds on two scraggly trees near by, and the bits of green grass, peeking out from above the brown. Cottages, fashioned by the

old Dutch customs, are near the stream. Their red roofs are in sharp contrast to the brown of the grass and to the black mists of clouds floating above. An old windmill, of a rusty brown hue, is in the center of the line of cottages. Two wings, like two great arms, tower up towards the sky as the arms of a mighty giant would tower. It attracts the attention of visitors at first sight, with its little windows of blue glass. Here, in this quaint, picturesque scene, the little Dutch woman goes daily about her tasks, never dreaming of what beauty and quaintness she portrays.

THE PAINTER

The train was slowly winding in
 And out among the mountains tall;
 The passengers were holding on
 With a horrid fear that they might fall.
 But one little passenger was not afraid
 Of the hills and valleys so wide,
 His face on his hand he simply laid
 And gazed through the window at his side.
 He was dreaming of the day when he could paint
 The picture of that mountain he saw;
 He would draw pictures without critic complaint
 That would be finished without a flaw.

II.

He sat holding an easel in his hand,
 With paints scattered at his side;
 He would have the world at his command.
 Now he was painting that valley wide.
 He knew his work would prove so good
 That he would be sought far and near.
 A success he would be, he knew he could,
 For his picture he had no fear.

III.

He was standing on old mother earth,
 His paint brush in his hand;
 He thought how the world knew not his worth,
 Or maybe they did not understand.
 The breezes cooled his sweating brow
 As over the surface he scanned;
 He sighed, but no one heard him now,
 For the place was as quiet as a mouse.
 Ah! footsteps; he turned and saw a cow
 That had stopped to watch him paint the house.

Miss Clay: "Frank, give me a sentence using a conjunction."

Frank Mikell: "The cow is tied to the tree by a rope."

Miss Clay: "What is the conjunction?"

Frank: "The rope, because it connects the cow and the tree."

CLASSMATE

She sits in a fashionable manner,
Sometimes rocks in her easy chair;
She is clad in G. N. S. uniform
And waves are in her brown hair.
She winks and giggles and simpers
And simpers and giggles and winks;
In public she talks but little,
It is not more than she thinks.

She dotes on being an athlete,
With games played fair and square;
She is eloquent over football,
It gives her such a foreign air;
She walks with her sweetheart often,
Sometimes falls in love with the moon;
But if a matron were to meet her,
She would sink away in a swoon.

Her feet are not so very little,
Her hands are so very white,
Her pleasures so very heavy
And her troubles so very light;
Her color is not entirely cosmetics,
Though this she will quickly own,
Her face is mostly of pleasure,
Her heart is nothing of stone.

To breakfast she goes in the morning
And lunch during the hour of noon,
She never comes snapping and
snarling

Because the eats disappear so soon;
In English she sits next to Eli
Which is certain no one will deny,
Always passing jokes on poor Pee Wee,
But she is always as jolly as jolly
can be.

The fellow that gets this girlie
Should swell with a foreign air;
He will not marry her for her money
She's the kind that will not marry
him for his hair;

One of the very best matches,
Both will be mated for life;
I hope she will get a good man for
a husband,
For he will have a good lady for
a wife.

THE OLD SPRING

At the very foot of the towering green mountain was the old spring. For years and years it had given cool refreshing draughts to thirsty people. Kind neighbors had built a shingle roof above the pool of water and the posts and lattice sides were carved with numberless initials, some coupled together, probably sweethearts or honeymooners. The quaint cement steps leading down to the cool place had been trod by thousands of wayfarers. Honeysuckle sprawled over the sides, shedding a sweet fragrance into the summer atmosphere. The dark fathomless pool seemed unchanged by the passing of years; always, as if well satisfied with its mission, it bubbled forth. The slope behind the spring was white with the famous mountain daisies and where the slope became the mountain the white of the daisies changed

into the mysterious green gloom of the wooded Blue Ridge. Civilization has progressed so much since this spring had been discovered by weary hunters, but it was unconscious that now the simple path nearby had become a busy thoroughfare and the pavement was kept hot by the thousands and thousands of tourists. The tourists always noticed the secluded spring with its mellowing coolness. Often they stopped and descended the battered stairs and thankfully drank of the pure cold water. But through it all the spring remained aloof, cool, fragrant, hospitable, even beckoning to the tired dusty travelers of a distant land.

MIDNIGHT ON THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

One of the most beautiful scenes I have ever seen was the Chattahoochee river at night times. I was standing on the bridge that connects Columbus, Ga. and Phoenix City, Ala., looking northward. The languid waters lay calm and peaceful. The stars glimmered in the water and made it appear as though Heaven had come down to earth. Weeping willow trees burdened with moss hung over the river on both sides and cast their reflections in the water. From the midst of these the weird sound of a screech owl could be heard now and then, which was the only sound that pierced the taciturnity of the place, besides the rustle of a car every few minutes as it went across the bridge. Up the river a little piece a tall dam stood aloft above everything. The glimmer of the lights which were on each side of it flickered on the waters like diamonds sparkling in the sunlight. The water was rushing over it as if it were trying to run over itself and splashed and splattered at the bottom. About a hundred yards in front of me there were several little islands standing above the water which seemed to form nature's stepping stones across this vast amount of water. Up close to the bridge, where the lights along it made it very light though the water was very red after having wandered all over the rugged hills of northern Georgia, but as it gradually became darkened in the distance the water appeared to be a sable black and looked very lonesome and dreary. At the landing which protruded out into the water only a few feet in front of me there was a boat rocking lazily in the placid water and caused tiny little ripples to encircle it. As I stood and

perceived these things the cool river breezes, which stirred the nearby trees, before mentioned, whistled calmly around my head and gave me a very stimulating feeling. After standing there a few minutes and drinking in the full beauty of this unusual scene, I went on to my destination, but many times afterwards made my route lead across this same path.

VOICES IN THE FOREST

A glorious Saturday morning late in April found me lying by a small, quiet body of flowing, silent water. I closed my eyes to enjoy the pure luxury of the moment. Sighing in blissful contentment, I opened my eyes to locate the origin of the many-toned voices which came floating down, up, and past me. Some were shrill, vibrant, musical; others boomed and swelled; still others rumbled and crunched in dull concord. The fish broke water with a swish and a slap. The bullfrog dived for safety to the accompaniment of an ominous "plunk." Birds in vari-colored profusion sang, whistled, twittered, and cheeped. The night hawk, returning home after a night of chase, dived after a harmless bee with a droning croak. In contrast, the sharp ear catches the noise made by the tiny wren scurrying through the underbrush. Over the highway, the early stirring Mr. Green in his Hickory wagon with its load of vegetables whistles a gay, snappy air suggestive of a mind retrograding to the night he carried Sara Bell to the church oyster supper. He was not at all bothered by the grinding squeak of the wobbly wheels. The factories in the city sent forth sportive, ever-returning echoes into the rolling foothills of this Georgia county. I was startled into rising and walking quickly homeward by the united sound of all the whistles in town, and a few minutes after by the delicate toned chimes in the court house clock ringing out seven a. m., the time for all work to begin.

JOKES

Katherine: "Reta, do you know what cosmetics is?"

Reta: "No, what is it?"

Katherine: "Peach preserves."

Mr. Wells: "How do you like the course in Narration you have just completed?"

Elmo Mallard: "Oh, it's all right (write)."