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GEORGE-ANNE

Georgia Normal School

Collegeboro, Georgia

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Culture

We have had some very interesting programs in chapel this summer but among the best was the talk that Mr. Lance made on culture Thursday morning. Everyone thinks he knows what culture is and many people are called cultured but when we study the real meaning of it we find that it is not what most people think it is and that these people aren't really cultured. The three characteristics of a cultured man that Mr. Lance gave us are: 1. He must be democratic in his thinking, living and attitudes. This bars many people from being really cultured for they possess the other two but not this. 2. He must be tolerant. 3. He must be sincere. At the conclusion he expressed culture as being the finest flower that grows in the many gardens of virtues. Many talks that are given seem valueless to our lives but each one that attended seems to have derived some good from this excellent talk.

Town Life in Dixie

The person who is unfamiliar with the typical life of the South to-day, and who desired to form a correct opinion of Southern characteristics, must not go to the strictly rural sections for observation any more than he should go to strictly urban localities. The modern small town life is more expressive of our Southern ways of living. It is to this phase of life that the stranger must confine his observations to gain a true impression of our general customs and mannerisms. (cont. at top)

There are, doubtless, many people who assume that the South and is largely rural, and that a knowledge of rural conditions would mean a understanding of the general mode of life. A thorough study would very soon show the fallacy of this idea. It is true that the South has not such great cities as other parts of the country, but it is equally true that the Southern people are not widely separated on isolated farms. While many of our best citizens have their homes in the country, they can hardly be called typically rural. They live near at least one small town to which they proudly contribute a major part of their money, time and talent. (cont. at top)

The day of the plantation regime is past. No longer do we find immense tracts of land so sparsely settled that one family lives too far from another family to have "next-door-neighbors". No longer do we even have, to any very great extent, country people who do not have some connection with town life. In schools, churches, social organizations, amusements, commercial and banking interests, literary and civic activities, the towns of Dixie reach practically every one of her citizens. No longer do we think of Southerners as "countrymen" in the sense of the old usage of the word to convey a conception of ignorance and backwardness.

The fondness for town life among the middle classes of society is self-evident. The motorist finds to his delight, many beautiful little towns and villages, so close together that it would seem a small matter to join them together in one large town. Perhaps there is only a filling station with a group of three or four houses near it. But this is an evidence of the characteristic trend of the new age, and presently a town will have sprung up almost overnight.

The South is justly proud of her numerous small towns. Especially during the summer is each one a modern little paradise. Practically every home has its own plot of grass; its beautiful flower beds; its cool, shady trees and many have vegetable gardens from which tall corn stalks wave their friendly tassels to passerby, and bright-colored tomatoes and pumpkins suggest summer picnics where delicious edibles are the main feature.

The architecture is almost invariably that of the modern bungalow. Nearly every house boasts a comparatively new coat of paint, bright awnings, and inviting brick-columned porches furnished with comfortable swings, rockers, and settees. The whole atmosphere is one of cleanliness, comfort and beauty.

There is now almost no such institution as the "country school". Instead, the rural schools are consolidated with town schools, further aiding in the assimilation of our activities in the (cont. page 2 col. 2)

George Anne

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Town Life in Dixie Continued

in the towns. Various social organizations arising from school groups, have their origin and growth within the towns.

Every town has its spirit of elegance and refinement that is sometimes not easy to discern in the life of a great city, or in the remote rural district. Even the lowest class of the typical small town exhibits a degree of taste and nobility which the foreign element of city slums, and the ignorant "back-woodsman" fail to fufuse.

The greatest charm of ordinary small town life is the so-called tradition of Southern hospitality. Few people are more warm-hearted, genial and sociable than our Southern townspeople. Here people do not surround themselves with the reserve that is found in the urban and rural sections. Southerness are educated to the Declaration of Independence, and live up to its principle of equality, not only as applied to legal rights, but to social intercourse as well. This spirit of equality and independence, together with the charm and graciousness of manner, after all, make the modern small town life of Dixie the accepted and progressive type which is largely responsible for America's greatness.

Poetry In Our High Schools

Someone has aptly said that prose is a creation of the intellect and poetry a creation of the soul. If true how beautiful must have been the souls of our beloved poets. What a wonderful experience to come in contact with them to know a little of their inner selves that so few consent to open to the prying eyes of the world. Yet we are apt to forget the new in admiration of the old. Such is the case of our high schools of today. The average high school student of today knows next to nothing of contemporary poetry. Is he to blame? No. The teacher is supposed to act as a guide but she has failed because she herself is not familiar with it. The curriculum of our school

is so arranged that the pupil is taught the fundamentals of English and early American poetry but in many cases contemporary poetry is entirely neglected. The pupil grows up in many instances with an admiration for the types of poetry he has studied but totally lacking in appreciation for the poetry of his own day. Poetry turns from it in scorn simply because he does not understand it. Few very few high schools have books of contemporary poetry in their libraries and fewer still have magazines devoted to it. Here in the library at Georgia Normal there are only a few books of recent publication and no magazines at all. Why should they keep them they have no calls for them.

The South has produced few outstanding poets since the days of Sidney Lanier. There is potential poetry in every hillside and every stream in the South if it could be stirred into action. Who is responsible for this literary stagnation? The teachers in our public schools will have to accept a big slice of the blame. Poetry has not been presented in a manner to build appreciation. Few have been moved to consider such a career that no one seemed to be interested in.

What is to be done? How shall our teachers be made to realize that there is much that is admirable in the freest of our free verse. Something must and should be done. Shall our schools turn out a product very up-to-date along some lines and almost ~~Mid~~ Medieval in others? Many of you will teach next year, what are you going to do about it? Are you going to follow the same old rut because you do not know contemporary yourself? Or shall you gather your pupils around you and attack it together. If you do this there are many happy moments in store for you. Suppose you try it.

Life In the Garage

What is life? Life is just a series of ups and downs—mostly downs. At times, and these times are few and far between, we rise from the level plateau and soar into realms of indescribable bliss. At such times one has the feeling of well being. He is glad to live in this old world.

What is more pleasant, or more like life than living in a garage? Each individual has, in this case, seven rollicking room mates. These room mates are not like the common run of room mates. They are buddies that give their last pennies to an "Old Lady" in need.

Continued On page 3--

The Weed and the Rose

A little weed grew in a sheltered spot
Hidden by a big red rose
The little weed signed but the
rose knew it not,
Content in her calm repose.
The rose grew strong and the weed
grew weak
The sun and the rain they came
Two lovers stooped low her praises
to speak
The weed hung his head in his
shame.

The rose raised her petals and
whispered in pride
And the weed heard distinctly
below,
"Dear Lord, I am proud I have
nothing to hide
I have virtue and beauty to show."
The weed drooped his leaves and
tearfully cried
And prayed for his rival so fair,
With a shy broken heart he withered
and died
And the rose never knew he was
there.

Sidney Boswell

Civic Creed

I am a citizen of Collegeboro,
of Georgia, and of the United
States.

It is my right and my duty to
make an honest living, and to be
comfortable and happy.

It is my privilege and my duty
to help others to secure these
benefits.

I will work hard and play fair.

I will be kind to all, especially
to little children, to old people,
to the unfortunate, and to animals.

I will help to make Collegeboro a
clean, beautiful, and law-abiding
place.

These are the best services I can
render to my city, my state, and
my country.

Hobo Party

All of the Georgia Normal Hobos
gathered on the campus Friday
evening for a party. They were
given a "square meal" of Hotdogs,
stick candy and lemonage. When
it started raining all the Hobos
sought shelter in the auditorium.
There many played interesting
games were played. First each
group was given five minutes to
prepare a stunt. Group 3 re-
ceived the prize for the best one.
They also had the most Hobos
present.

After a very interesting musical
contest the Hobos were given ice
cream. This party was indeed a

rare treat to all the Hobos.

The Jazz Wedding.

In the midst of our serious
thoughts and studies a jolly few
minutes livens our minds and
makes us ready to go back will-
ingly to our work. The chapel
program Friday Morning played
such a part for the students
in the Summer School. It was
presented by Group I and carried
out excellently. The entire
program was carried out by Jazz,
even Mr. Downs, the preacher,
had this feeling in his bones
and expressed it through his
excellent dancing. The members
of the faculty were impersonated
by the various members of the
group and formed a part of the
wedding party in their jazzy
manner. The wedding party trooped
down the aisle followed by the
jazzy bride and groom. On en-
tering the stage Mr. Jellybean
Blackbottom and Miss Yellow
Jasmine Tango were united in a
jazz partnership. This con-
cluded the most enjoyable pro-
gram.

Ga. Normal Orchestra visits Savannah.

The Georgia Normal Orchestra en-
joyed a most delightful day at
the Kiwanis club in Savannah
last Wednesday, at which time
they gave a number of musical
selections.

They felt honored by having Mr.
William Deal of Statesboro, and
a member of the Oglethorpe
Orchestra, join them.

Mr. Wells gave a very interesting
talk which aroused much interest
and enthusiasm. He declared
that the education of Georgia
was lagging behind. He also
gave a few statistics to prove
his statement. We feel sure
that if he continues his talks
along this line that the school
will reap great benefit.

Continued from Page 2

"Your ups" come to you when the
gang is feeling merry, there is no
studying to be done, you have some
stolen articles to eat, and the
broadcasting starts. Your downs,
and they are numerous, when every-
thing goes wrong, your best suit is
on the floor, your razor gone, all
washing facilities out of order,
and the Supreme Hour of Music--
Broadcasting has been stopped.

I would not live in West Dormitory
Nor would I live in East

Everything in the garage is Hunkey-
doree

It doesn't bother us in the least.

Campus Notes.

Miss Lena Belle Brannen is doing work at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill.

Miss Malvina Trussell, Dorothy Thomas, Catherine Brett, Reta Lee, and Mr. La Fiece Collins spent Thursday afternoon at Tybee.

Mr. D. N. Barron is attending summer school at University of North Carolina.

Mrs. Lofty Wilson and Miss Jake Dckle are visiting Miss Trannie Trapnell for the week end.

Mr. Robert Mobley was a visitor on the campus during the past week.

Miss Harriet Roberts was a visitor Friday afternoon.

Miss Frances Brett spent Thursday night with Miss Mac Curring.

Alumni Notes.

Misses Ruth Coleman and Carolyn Lee expect to attend summer school at the University of Georgia.

Miss True Watson is attending summer school at the University of Florida.

Misses Lunell Bell and Grace Bailey are attending summer school at Peabody College, Nashville, Tennessee.

Jokes

She: "What are you doing these days?"

He: I'm working in the support of literature.

She: Really? How's that?

He: I'm making book cases.

Where Sketers are Sketers

I haven't noticed any mosquito netting around, remarked the visitor who was making his first trip to the garage.

ENO, answered George, We use bear traps."

Mr. Singley: What kind of car have you got?"

Mr. Phagan: A wreck.

Mr. S.: A wreck?

Mr. P.: Yes, every time I park it people ask me if I reported the accident.

Mr. Wells: What are you two darkies doing walking so slowly up those stairs?

Vandy: We is workin' boss. We is carryin' dis here desk up de stairs.

Mr. W: I don't see any desk.
~~Vandy~~ (cont.next col)

Mr. Wells: I don't see any desk.
Vandy: Fo' de lands sake, Wesley, we done forgot de desk.

Ain't Nature Grand?

Mr. Wells: What you settin' on that log for when it's time to dig your potatoes?

Lazy Man: I'll tell yo what; a cyclone came along and cut my timber for me, the lightin burnt it for me. Then the wind cut down my wheat, and the hail thrashed it for me. Now, Mr. Wells. I am just waitin' for an earthquake to shake my potatoes out on the ground.

A Tale of a Tail

Teacher: Seaborn, will you please wash your face?

One minute later he comes up with half his face washed.

Teacher: Seaborn you didn't wash the other half of your face.

Seaborn: Please, teacher, that's as far as my shirt-tail reached.

High Time

Building Foreman: Excuse me, but are you the lady whon's singing?

Mrs. Henderson: Yes, I was singing, why?

Foreman: Might I ask you not to hold the high notes so long, the men have knocked off twice mistaking it for the noon-whistle.

Something from Nothing

Miss Bagwell: (trying to explain meaning of word, thief): Now, Edward, if I were to put my hand in your pocket and take out a dime, what would I be?

Edward: A magician.

Why the Worm Turned

Son, don't you know it is a sin to dig on Sunday except in a case of necessity, asked the kind old parson of a small boy.

Bruce: "Yes, sir", answered the small boy, "but this is a case of necessity; a fellow can't fish without bait."

An Unaccommodating Tiger

First Simple Nimrod: Hey, don't shoot. Your gun isn't loaded.
His Partner: Can't help it. The tiger won't wait.

Carlton: A little bird told me you were going to buy me a new bicycle for my birthday.

Mr. Carruth: It must have been a little cuckoo.

James: Something is prying on Brown's mind.

Sidney: Don't worry, it will soon die of starvation.