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# George = Anne

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## An Early Visitor

The beautiful emerald forests winding among the hills and mountains of the grand old state of Maine is a wonderful place to live.

Snugly nestled among these mountains was a beautiful modern bungalow owned by Jack Lowell and his attractive wife Nell.

This couple was just as happy and well content as Robert Lincoln was when his home was surrounded by the tall grasses of the meadow.

Two short years have glided quickly by and Jack and Nell are prospering and becoming well-to-do when one evening when Jack came home from his walk and found Nell ill in bed, she grew worse and finally the Doctor was called but too late. Nell had contracted ptomaine poisoning and died soon after the Doctor's arrival.

Jack was left alone, sad, forlorn, and depressed, he wandered around the home, but he could not accustom himself to this new motive of living.

Sorrow and grief soon begin to show and on his brow wrinkles appear and clashes of silver are visible in his temples.

Jack finally makes up his mind that an outing all alone with nature will help him and make him in a measure forget his great sorrow.

Early one morning he sets out down one of the small rivers that wanders in and out among the mountains.

Splash, splash, splash, went the water against the side of the little brown canal. He, nearly a days journey, came to a place where the rivers make a bend and the forest meets with the waters.

Here is an ideal place thought Jack and suiting his actions to words he landed and after some deliberation decided to pitch camp near the rivers edge.

His camp pitched. He begins to feel hungry, and about five thirty o'clock he took his first meal alone in the deep forest.

Jack was tired from his journey and as the sun was going to sleep among its golden coverlets in the West Jack went into his tent and made ready to retire but not before he had ardently admired the many colors of the sunset as its beams reflected themselves for the last time in the May colored rocks.

He noticed also the dark green foliage of the forest and as he gazed into its depths he was aware only of the music of the nocturnal inhabitants of the forest.

Jack enters the tent and has removed, shirt, hat, and shoes when presently he hears something walking in the underbrush. Thinking it some small animal of the forest he pays very little attention. Finally the steps grew nearer and he could hear a grunting, grumbling, noise which sounded like thunder in the distance.

Jack rushed to the door and as he stepped out he found himself face to face with the kind of this forest. The sun gave the bear a brownish color as it shone on his shaggy back and he was showing his weapons with great conspicuousness.

For a moment they faced each other soon Jack's face took on a color almost as red as the scarlet flannel shirt he wore. In stocking feet he stood there and as he put out one foot for a brace and with his left hand reached for his gun you can almost see his auburn hair stand on ends.

Neither one moves they are both surprised, but each one seems challenging the other for the first sign of battle.

T.M.Carter.

## Description of Character in Picture

As soon as his morning chores were over the boy seized his fishing pole and started across the grassy orchard slope to the creek. His gray eyes tender, his torn hat brim brightened at the prospect of the day before him. He whistled merrily as he trudged over the dewy grass, answering the call of the birds as they rose from the stubble. Now and then he stopped to scent more deeply the odor of the morning air and the spot, small and distant



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piners. The brook singing its happy song as it rippled over the pebbles found an answering echo in his heart.

Frances Douglas

A scene so oft portrayed  
 One that you've often seen.  
 The place is one a street corner,  
 The wind is blowing keen.

The time is in the evening,  
 When a business day is done.  
 When men are tired and weary,  
 And gone from the sky is the sun.

A sign will show the purpose  
 Of the middle aged man who's  
 standing there.  
 You see the words quite clearly,  
 "Cars stop here."

His heavy gray overcoat is pulled  
 up closely,  
 To keep his neck more warm.  
 The wool scarf for more protection  
 Can certainly do no harm.

A pair of wool mittens, too,  
 And a hat of business style,  
 For their bit of added comfort,  
 Most surely are worth while.

But the wind so icy cold  
 Strings his ears and nose,  
 And brings the blood to his cheeks,  
 Till they're the color of a  
 bright pink rose.

His expression will tell us some-  
 thing  
 Of the thoughts within his mind.  
 You see signs of impatient annoy-  
 ance,  
 Why of course, the car's behind.  
 Grace Blitch.

School Days.

Now Bessie and Jack  
 Are sweet-hearts in fact  
 They go to school daily,  
 They're never late, really.

Jack's home is behind  
 That of Bessie's so fond.  
 And as he comes by  
 "Oh, Bessie." he'll cry.

She comes in a run  
 All brim full of fun  
 They side by side walk  
 And all the way they talk.

From her light curls so neat,  
 To her trim little feet,

Jack thinks her most dear,  
 And his heart feels so queer.

Then when school is out,  
 The children all shout  
 As Bessie and Jack  
 Start on the way back

Some girls and some boys  
 Follow up with much noise  
 They laugh and they jeer,  
 They point and they stare.

Jack carries her books  
 While she coyly looks  
 To see with what grace  
 He all these jokes takes.

He bravely goes on,  
 His pleasure all gone  
 But thinks, "you just wait  
 'Till you boys have dates!"  
 Mrs. Emma Williams.

Retrospection.

I want to go back o'er the long,  
 long way  
 That leads to a far, far hill,  
 I want to recall to the light of  
 the day  
 Memories long silent and still.  
 I want to go back to the old  
 fashioned school  
 Where the weeds and the violets  
 bloom.  
 I want to be free from life's cus-  
 toms and rules  
 Away from its shackles and gloom.

To lie on my back and gaze at the  
 sky  
 In the clover so fragrant and  
 green  
 To steal back again a cat-footed  
 spy  
 Where the willows protectingly  
 lean;  
 To catch but a glimpse in the waters  
 below  
 The fish as they vanish from  
 sight  
 To interpret the whispers of breezes  
 that blow  
 And unravel the mysteries of  
 night.

I want to go back to the old swim-  
 ming hole  
 With the gang that my boyhood  
 knew  
 To whisper once more secrets they  
 told  
 And the pictures of life they  
 drew.  
 Oh! to reach out and gather again  
 Those comrades of ignorance, but  
 joy  
 To shield each heart from trouble  
 and pain  
 With friendship no price can  
 alloy.

But a slave I am and forever must  
 be  
 To society's need and desire;  
 I chaff in my chains and long to be  
 free,  
 To loose my heart with its fire.  
 To throw off the yoke I never designed  
 (cont. page 3 col 1)



### Retrospection Cont.

Ancestral yoke of the past  
To scorn the heart that is weakly  
resigned  
To live in a mold to the last.

Sidney Boswell.

### Special Lectures 8th Week

The importance of P.T.A. work-  
Dr. Willis A. Sutton  
Wednesday, July 8, 3-4 o'clock,  
room 4.

Enriching the curriculum-  
Dr. Willis A. Sutton  
July 8, 4 o'clock Auditorium.

The Teaching of Reading  
Miss Bagwell & Prof. Newton.  
Tuesday, July 9, 4 o'clock room 3

Historical places in Georgia  
Miss Hester Newton  
Thursday, July 11, 4 o'clock room 3

### Report of the N.E.A. Meeting.

The theme of the N.E.A. meeting, recently held at Atlanta, was Education For A New World. The writer wondered why the officials of this association should choose such a topic. An incident brought out very forcibly the reason. A college professor of Mathematics who was attending the meeting was asked the following questions "What big idea are you getting from this meeting"? His reply was, "They are talking lots about this new world in which we are living but it seems to me that the world is the same old world in which we have always been living". This man's answer, I regretfully say, is too typical of our Southern educational leaders. The world is changing but the Southerners to a very great extent are refusing to change with it; hence, the reason for the topic selected.

The two outstanding addresses that the writer heard, in his opinion, were the ones delivered by Dean Russell of Columbia University and President Harry W. Chase of the University of North Carolina. Dean Russell briefly reviewed the history of education in America, France and England. He attempted to justify the establishment of a department of education in the President's cabinet. He stated that there were two schools in America; the school of equality and the school of liberty. Frequently, he stated, equality and liberty came into conflict. These two principles are at conflict with respect to the establishment of this department. The school of equality is what he termed the external force, the school of liberty represents the internal force. By this he means the school of equality in administration makes provisions for build-

ings, salaries for teachers, janitors and all school supplies. The school of liberty in administration provides the teachers, the curriculum and the method of teaching. He concluded with the remark that these two schools of thought can and should be brought together so that a Department of Education might be established. The Federal Department should represent the external force in administration while the local community should represent the internal.

Dr. Chase from the University of North Carolina promoted three ideas in his paper which Southerners too frequently compare one section of the South with another section of the South. He stated that the Southerners should compare one section of the South with any other section of the world. The second point that he brought out was that we Southerners are not critical enough in evaluating our standards. The term, the best in the South, should be changed to the best in the world. His final point was that Southerners do not cooperate as they should in progressive movements. He further stated that we too frequently shut out ears and close our eyes to new ideas.

Bishop McConnell, in his address Wednesday night, stated, I think, the essential difference between this new world and the old world. High school students, he said, twenty years ago thought that they knew everything while high school students of today know that they don't know anything and they doubt whether anybody else knows anything.

### Barbeque on Ground.

The Annual Summer School Barbeque and Fourth of July Celebration was held on the campus Wednesday afternoon. After the five hundred and fifty guest and students were served with a sumptuous barbeque dinner they were entertained by the various groups followed by four short addresses.

The first group to entertain was Group One, then Group Three, Two, and Four. The stunts put on by the groups and their interpretations of the events concerning independence Day were cleverly arranged. Group Four won first place in the contest for the best stunt, and second place was won by Group Two. The program given by Group Four consisted of the interpretation of our three American songs, "The Star Spangled Banner," "America," and "America the Beautiful".

J. E. McGowan, Chairman of the Board of Trustees was the first



## Campus News

Julia Belle Quattlebaum has been visiting Doris Lindsey on the campus for the past few days.

Ida Seligman from Statesboro and her visitor, Evelyn Ward, from Savannah were visitors on the campus Tuesday.

Evelyn Blount spent this week end in Broxton, Waldo Pafford in Douglas, "Foots" Mathis in Douglas, Evelyn O'Quinn in Hazelhurst, Virginia Lewis in Broxton, and James Tillery in Broxton. They all motored through the country together.

Miss Peak left Saturday morning to go to the bedside of her father who has been very ill for the past few days.

Mr. Downs failed to work in the library Friday night due to the fact that he was unable after the severe fall he received after the boxing match with Mr. Wells.

Miss Stubbs left Wednesday evening for her home in Savannah Thursday, she left there for New York where she is to attend Columbia University.

Miss Trussel left Thursday for Ithaca, N. Y. where she is to attend Cornell University.

Elizabeth Edenfield spent the fourth at Stillmore, Georgia.

Dear Henderson wants to know of Professor Lance if there is an admittance charge to class three in English. Well, you may bet there is, but it seems to us that the Dean should have long since learned that unusual talent is always salable at fancy figures. However, come on in Mr. Henderson - you will find us charitable.

Governor Hardman asks the people of Georgia to be patient while he shears them with his business administration.

In a falling market, shot below the target.

The Victorians entertained the other groups with a fair Friday evening. Among the attractions were; the strongest man, the fattest woman, the midget twins, the tallest man, the smallest man, and the girl who has never been kissed. Another attraction was boxing. Several champion boxers, including Prof. Downs, Mr. Wells, Snag Johnson, and Joe Pritchard, etc., took part in the sport. Others

very important features were the "hot dog" stand, the punch bowl and the ice cream stand. This was one of the many enjoyable parties of the summer.

## Barbeque on Ground Cont.

speaker and discussed interestingly some facts concerning the school. D. B. Turner, Editor of the Bulloch Times was the ~~first~~ next speaker followed by J. B. Everitt, Mayor of Statesboro. The closing remarks were made by Dean Henderson.

Though a number of the students spent Wednesday afternoon and Thursday at home an unusually large number attended the barbeque including many friends of the school from Statesboro.

## Jokes

"Rather absent-minded isn't she?"  
"Extremely so. Why the other night Miss Barthan knew there was something she wanted to do, but couldn't remember what it was until she sat up till 3 o'clock in the morning trying to think."  
"And did she finally remember?"  
"Yes, she discovered that she wanted to go to bed early."

Mr. Henderson (viewing shirt must home from laundry): "Well, I always knew that we needed a new lace curtain".

Pafford: I'm going up in an airplane tomorrow.  
Cails: Drop in on us if you're passing.

Private: What happens, sir, if the parachute fails to open?  
Tough Sarge: You come back, sonny, and I'll give you another one.

## Hopeless

Say Johnny, where are you in Sunday school?"

"Oh, we're in the middle of Original Sin."

"Say, that ain't much, we're past redemption."

The way to keep young, says Dr. Mayo is to live with young people. And the way to grow gray is to try to keep up with them.

Some day an exasperated pedestrian is going to wrap himself in barbed-wire and give some motorist the surprise of his life.

## A Back Seat Driver

Tess: Is your new fellow a good one-arm driver?"

Jess: He's not that slow. He takes a taxi and uses both arms.