

IN MEMORIAM TO SAM TATE

(This article was written in 1931, and October 11, 1938, this grand old man of Georgia passed on quietly as if he had gone to sleep. In the lives of the many he helped and influenced, he lives on; and after them those whom they may influence and inspire, will bear the fruit of the life of a truly great heart.)

"WRITE ME AS ONE WHO LOVES HIS FELLOWMAN"

In that characteristic attitude so well known--carelessly at ease, yet dominant and commanding--his coat pushed back and the thumb of his right hand in his trousers pocket, he stood on the stage of the magnificent new marble building his dream had built. With his clear, steady gray eyes looking searchingly at them, he talked to the graduates of Tate High School just as he had done each year for more than twenty years. He had spoken on this occasion when there was only the "little red schoolhouse on the hill"; then when there was another and larger one which had burned down the year before. Not one time had he let anything keep him from this school at graduation time. Here was his heart, and these the children of his own people. He had a personal interest in each boy and girl and knew them by name. Each year he gave them fatherly counsel and inspired many to go forth with high purpose to worthwhile achievement.

It must have brought him much happiness and pride when he thought of all the girls and boys who had gone out from this school to lives full and useful because he had given them the opportunity. In them he will live on and through them he will leave the world a great wealth which cannot be lost.

As he talked a hushed stillness crept over the audience, for he was held in reverence and love by these people. Wherever he appeared, or whenever he spoke, the people listened closely and respectfully. The people knew the innate kindness and sympathetic understanding of this man as well as his indomitable will and stern principles of right. Woe to the wrong doer under his authority! He seemed to feel his power as a great responsibility. This mountain town and its rugged people were his passion and often has he used his favorite expression in saying, "I tell you frankly, this is the best place, and these the best people in the world, right here."

There had been many words of praise for his kindness and many of appreciation for his generosity on this night, and he said as he addressed them, his heart full and his eyes brimming, "I feel very humble as I stand here, and for what little I have done I deserve no credit; what I have done has been done out of deep gratitude to God for his many blessings and for the success I have attained." He took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow, then rather hurriedly dabbed at his eyes.

When he finished there was the same quiet stillness in the room and such was the power of his personality, and so deep the emotion he had aroused that no one thought to applaud, the moment was too sacred.

He was taller than any man there, of massive proportions, and carried his sixty-seven years, years crammed full of activity and successful accomplishment, well and with dignity. There was only a slight droop of his shoulders and a tired look about his eyes sometime, that betrayed the weight of years and responsibilities.

Many strangers wonder at the influence he holds over the people of this little town. It is not merely the power of money, for that sometimes causes hate and jealousy, and these people love and honor him. The secret no doubt lies in his humility, the simplicity and sincerity of his belief in the providence of God, and his conviction that his is a commission, he a steward of God with a secret mission to perform to these, his people.

--A Member of the Tate High Faculty.



SCENES IN THE CLASSROOMS

Joe Satterfield gave his last thirty-five cents to the Journalism class to subscribe for the school paper.

Joe Jarrett was collecting subscriptions for the paper. He walked up to Joe Satterfield and said, "Would you like to subscribe for the school paper?"

"Sure," said Joe, pulling thirty-five cents out of his pocket. "This is my last cent but you can have it."

"I guess these are pretty good but they look too much like me."

You've probably guessed that this phrase was repeated by many students of Tate High as the class pictures were distributed.

Most of the students were well satisfied with their photographs. The pictures for the eleventh grade arrived a week later than the rest.

Math is very useful and we should all try to be interested, but when we go to an English class, for goodness sake, forget it for awhile! Evidently James Bruce can't. He checked a sentence Peggy Bruce had put on the board the other day.

His remark was, "Your sentence is right except for one thing, you don't have a decimal at the end."

Boys and girls are in groups all around, each one hovered over a book. Furiously, they turn the pages. They remember part of the material they see before them on the printed page and they rack their brain to recall that which they don't remember. With all these described activities going on you would think it was the night before final exams. But, oh no, that's not the reason for all these leaves turning. The students have just received the school annuals!

"Porto, portās, portat, portānus, portātis, portānt." No, they're not crazy. It's just the Latin class trying to learn something from the great Latin language.

Mrs. Fitts is teaching the class and she is trying to make the study of this language as interesting as possible.

"Give the five declensions of porto," says Mrs. Fitts.

Then the determined class answers "porto, portās, portat, portānus, portātis, portānt." They may be learning slowly but they're not going to forget what they learned too easily.

CHIT CHAT FOR THE LITTLE ONES

The first day of school arrived at Marble Hill. In the first grade room the teacher, after asking many questions, came to one little girl and asked her what her name was.

She replied, "I have forgot."

At lunch the teacher was standing outside the school building and the little girl came up to her and said:

"Teacher, I just remembered my name--it is Suc."

A small boy wiggling and squirming around during preaching at Church one Sunday, got his toe hung on a song book holder.

His father, not knowing it, told the little boy to stop wiggling, but the little boy did not mind him. The father started to slap the little boy.

The boy, covering his face with one hand, pointed at his toe with the other.

His father started laughing, and, instead of slapping him, got his toe out of the hole in the song book holder.

A little boy walked into a store.

"May I have change for a dollar in 50 pieces?" he asked a clerk.

The clerk, after a moment's thought began to count.

"Here is your change," said the clerk, as he gave the boy 50 pennies and a half dollar.

Taking the money the little boy looked up and said: "Gee, you sure are dumb."

(This story had to be explained to us, too.)
