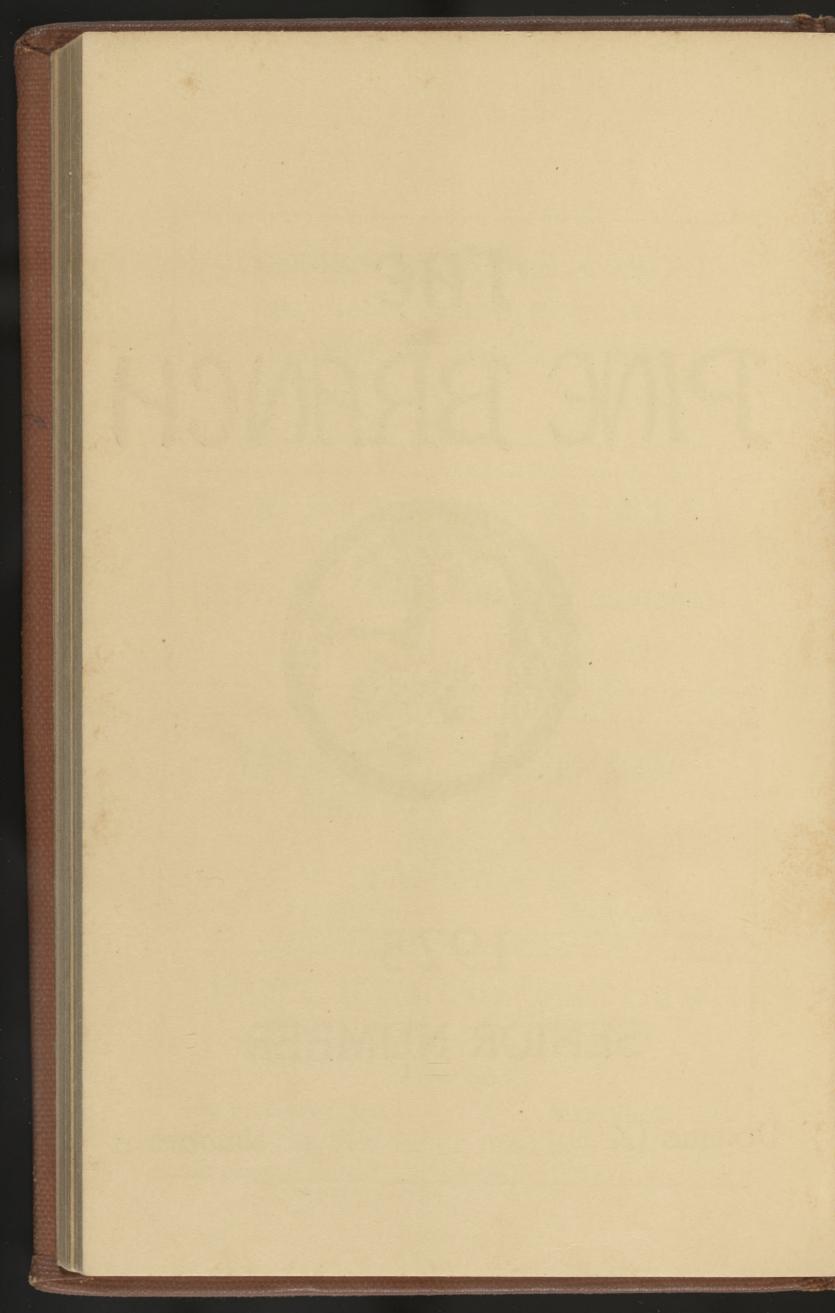
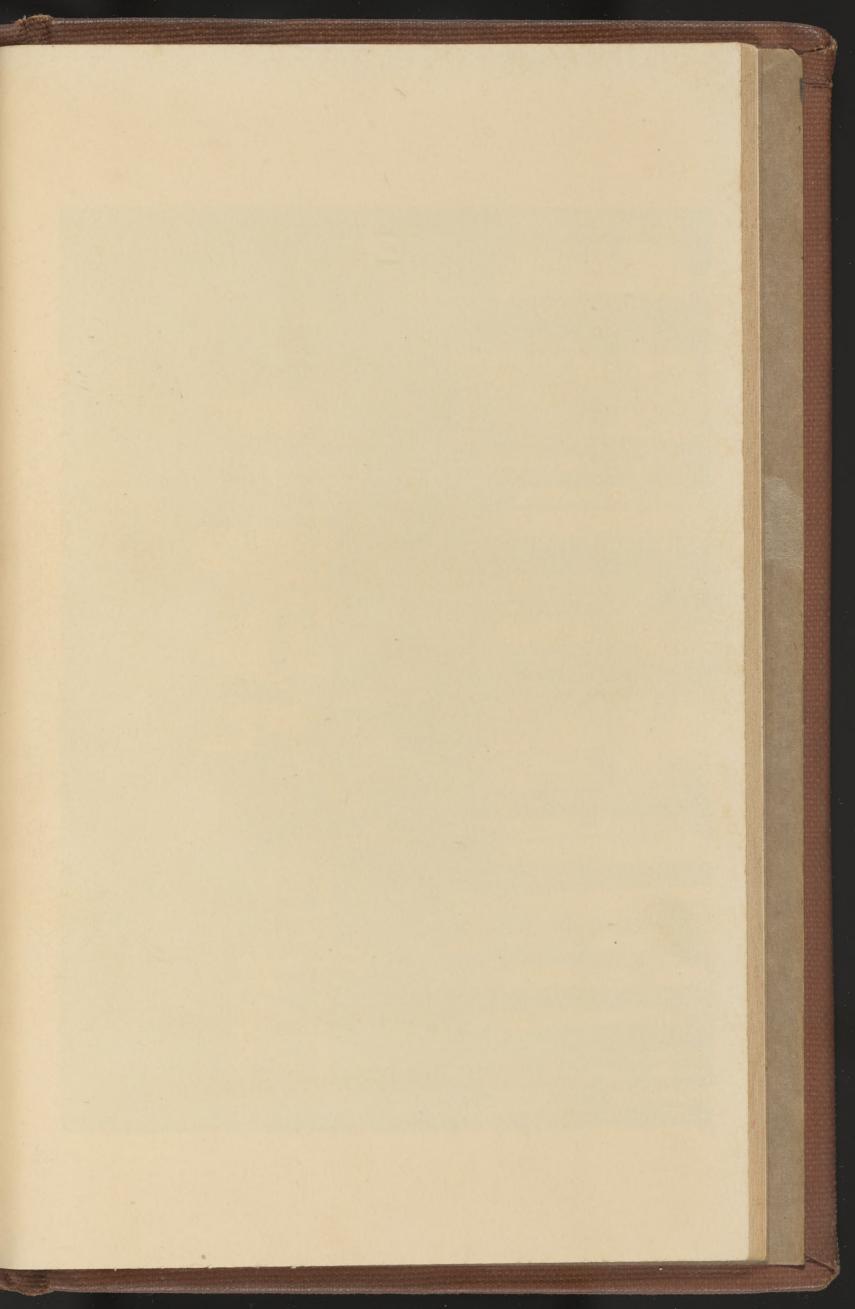


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THE STAFF

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FOREWORD

The following Pageant, portraying the progress of the Georgia State Womans College by means of a contrast of the first and the twelfth year, was written and directed for Class Day by Grace Buie, Clarice Weathersbee, Gussie Belle Rentz, Eppie Roberson, and Evelyn K. Brown, members of the advanced composition class.

A PAGEANT

(The page opens the gates to a garden where will be glimpsed scenes from the first and twelfth year activities of the college).

PROLOGUE

(By Page)

Welcome, ye People! Ye have come to see
Enacted here, neath the murmuring pine
An hour of pageantry, ye have come to watch
The realization of a man's ideal; the passing of
The torch of life from hand to steadfast hand;
The birth and evolution of a college.
Page am I to a fine ideal, the Spirit of hearth and home
For Her are mighty battles fought, for Her, great struggles
won.
Behold, ye People! at my command, Time's curtain
Doth unroll! Memories, long stored in the
Scrapbook of Time, come, touched
By the alchemy of history's gold.
Ye People, we will open wide the gate
To the garden of Yesterday, you may glimpse

To the garden of Yesterday, you may glimpse Scenes deeply written in our college book.

Our Alma Mater's youth you now shall see The girl she was, the woman she will be.

Alma Mater is a shrine, a monument living Forever; a covenant fashioned to womanhood—

Commemorating a president and a senator.

This myriad-minded covenant is composed Of many facts; we will show you how We've disciplined ourselves; then the way We take our fun and play, even as children do; As we grow, you may see Alma Mater growing—

Three first graduates change to seventy Seniors Robed in the dignity of college caps and gowns—

Growing into womanhood, her ideals never changing.

FIRST EPISODE

(The page ushers in the twelfth and first classmen walking together. The twelfth classman wearing cap and gown with a hood which indicates she is a degree girl, carries a G. S. W. C. scrapbook in the hand, while the first classman wearing an old uniform, has one of the first catalogues of the school under her arm. They cross to the veranda and seat themselves, talking animatedly).

12th C.—I knew you at once! You're one of the first graduates, aren't you? I've just finished pasting our class picture and our last program in the scrapbook, and I was wishing for one of the first girls. I graduate next week, you know.

1st C.—Our old scrapbook! May I look? You see, I pasted some of these clippings. You're a degree girl, aren't you? One of ten. When I graduated, there were only three of us. See, here are our pictures.

12th C.—Yes, I know. You stepped right out of the scrapbook, didn't you?

1st C.—Almost—Oh, I am forgetting—I've brought you something. Here—our catalogue—

12th C.—This little catalogue? Thanks—(looking through it) Oh, it isn't necessary to give this to us, because you see, ours is just like it, only larger. Our ideals, you know, haven't changed.

1st C.—Indeed, I'm glad to hear that, for the highest, truest type of Southern womanhood must live forever. Here is a clipping from Colonel West's speech, introducing the bill for our college. He was a remarkable man.

12th C.—He must have been, for his memory to be so honored; but you speak as though you knew him.

1st C.—Certainly I did. He was known as the silver-tongued orator of South Georgia, and his speech to the

Senate about this college proved his eloquence. He won his fight, and we're the result. Let's read his speech?

(Here the gate swings open, and Col. West is glimpsed speaking to the Senate)

"— Gentlemen of the Senate, South Georgia is not begging—she is simply demanding justice. She only asks for her rights and these rights include an opportunity for her children in an educational way—equal to the opportunities which the children of North Georgia already enjoy. Do you realize, Gentlemen of the Senate, that, within 30,000 square miles of territory, there isn't one institution of higher learning? South Georgia needs a normal college, and the City of Valdosta stands ready to give land, money, time and effort toward this end—won't you meet us half way? Gentlemen, shall we go on record as having denied to these children—the future citizens of the Empire State—the very breath of life itself? Shall—

(The closing of the gate cuts off the glimpse.)

12th C.—So Colonel West gave us the push which started us off; and although the boll weevil and lack of State sympathy delayed us for a time, we've made amazing progress.

1st C.—I can well believe that. To whom, in your opinion, is this rapid growth due?

12th C.—W-e-ll, speaking fairly, to many people—the legislature, the governors of our State, the directors of our college and the citizens of Valdosta—they gave land and money—but most of all, I think our rapid expansion and our worthy reputation are due to the activities of one man who glories in his work—our president, Dr. Powell. He has never once lowered his standards nor compromised with his ideals.

1st C.—Yes, that's quite right. This college will ever be a living memorial to her first president.

(Dr. Powell in a contemplative mood at his desk is glimpsed through the gate at this time, while several girls in white uniforms sing "alma mater")

ALMA MATER

'Mong the stately pines of Georgia Glorious to the view, Stands our noble alma mater Basking 'neath the blue.

CHORUS

Alma mater, thee we honor,
Praises never fail,
For thy fame shall never perish
Red and Black—all hail.

Alma mater's loving daughters
We will ever be,
Always to thy heart returning
G. S. W. C.

12th C.—Let me tell you of some of our activities.

SECOND EPISODE

1st C.—I wonder if you are ever as homesick as we sometimes were—

12th C.—(Turning pages of the book) Homesick? We hardly know the word—we've no time for it. Every organization in school has its social side. Oh, look! Here are our Junior-Senior prom cards! Aren't they clever? But I haven't noticed any of your cards pasted in here.

1st C.—(Laughing)—Well, of course you haven't, and for a very good reason, too—we hadn't any—when we were so young and small we had neither time nor material for parties. But their absence didn't bother us.

12th C.—No, naturally, you had other things to think of. You were so dignified, too, and so sweetly serious. Do you know we envy you your dignity? But didn't you ever play?

1st C.—Play, certainly! We never had any trouble amusing ourselves. The little "mile-branch" was our soul's delight. Has it been destroyed?

12th C.—No, we have our branch and it's still a thing of beauty. But none of the girls would care to substitute one of our parlors for a stroll by the woodland stream; (sighing) but then, you people were satisfied with beautiful, simple things.

1st C.—Wait a second! You don't understand—I don't mean stroll—oh, no, we weren't satisfied with strolling. Why, my dear, we sat upon the bridge and looked at that tempting cool water until we jumped in and waded—

12th C.—What? You shed your shoes and waded in the branch? You know you didn't! Why, you were too dignified.

1st C.—We did so. I can prove it! Just turn over a few pages and I'll show the pictures someone made of us down there with our bare feet dangling from the bridge!

Seven

(Time—1914. Two girls seated on the end of a bridge are glimpsed through the gate. The desire to wade has mastered their intentions, for they are seen taking off their shoes and stockings. After they have started their venture, a boy on a bicycle passes.)

12th C.—But weren't you seen? With cars passing every few minutes, and people walking—

1st C.—There weren't any automobiles to speak of, and few people passing. But that street-car—
(End of wading scene)

12th C.—Gracious, when we become desperate to play in the water, all we do is get us a chaperone and a bus and motor out to Barber's pool. Besides, we have banquets, and Y. W. parties, hikes, and picnics; but the real excitement is the Junior-Senior prom, when we invite boys for our guests.

Ist C.—Boys! Heavens, you're lucky!

(Here, a suggestion of the reception; several couples, girls in evening dresses and boys in tuxedoes, are glimpsed at small tables having refreshments. In the fore ground are three girls doing athletic dancing; one number of the program for their entertainment).

st C.—But speaking of street cars and wading—street cars were at once the joy of our life and the bane of our existence. Shall I tell you a story?

12th C.—Please do!

THIRD EPISODE

1st C.—You see, the faculty didn't consider wading compatible with our dignity as Seniors, so they frowned upon the practice. One day, while we waded in the brook, the street car rattled by, carrying one passenger, whom we recognized as the dean.

(Scene showing the kind of government used during the

Eight

first years of the college. The two girls previously seen wading are in their bed room, supposed to be studying. Stockings are hanging on the back of a chair, and wet shoes are on the floor.)

Georgia-Are you sure she saw us?

Florence—Sure—I guess I am! She looked as straight at us as she possibly could.

Georgia—But you know, she couldn't tell who we were from the street car.

Florence—Yes, but she saw the uniform, and you know she'll find out soooner or later.
(Girls study a few minutes).

Georgia (giggling)—I wonder who that boy was?

Florence—I don't know his name, but I've seen him several times. Glad he left before Miss Callyrehan came along.

Georgia—What was she doing, going to town so early, anyway? I think the place for faculty members is in the class room—especially in the mornings.

(Girls study again).

Florence—Well, if we don't get caught this time it will be a narrow escape.

Georgia—Gee! It's time for class (Both rise). Hope we don't meet Miss Callyrehan as we start out. She could tell by looking at us that we're the ones.

(Gate closes on this glimpse).

12th C.—Didn't the girls hurry back and report them-selves?

1st C.—Report? What do you mean?

12th C.—Why, when we break a student government rule, we report ourselves and go to court and take our punishment.

1st C.—Oh, student government! Well, we didn't have

Nine

that. We had faculty government. What is student government anyway?

12th C.—Just this—each person assumes the responsibility of her own conduct—oh, you know the old question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

1st C.—Oh, I see! The idea is that we are our brothers' keepers and our own, also.

12th C.—Exactly! And so you had faculty government—well, but you were little then. Here, let me show you the pictures of our student government president, and the council, and the court.

(Scene showing the kind of government that exists at present. Several girls are sitting in room—some eating candy, one playing the guitar, while others sing—)

"Speak to me, Love,
Only speaky, spiky, spoky.
Why are these tears
On thy cheeky, chicky, choky?
Give me the answer
I seeky, siky, soky;
Speak to me, Love,
Only speaky, spiky, spoky."

Katie—Well, Kane, what do you think? Shall we call for a mass meeting of the student body, or not?

Kane—It's the only way I see of settling it all. The girls who are talking to the boys as they drive through the campus don't realize the light they're putting us all in.

Annie Lloyd—And I think that we, as a group, should make them feel that we aren't going to stand for that kind of thing.

Martha—I'm sure they'll be willing to cooperate with us if we put it before them in the right way.

Katie—All right then, let's draw up the petition for a mass meeting before the supper bell rings. If we can't ap-

Ten

peal to these particular girls in this way, we'll try more drastic measures.

(Girls get pencil and paper, and are seen writing out petition when gate closes).

FOURTH EPISODE

1st C.—Why, there's Mr. Wood's picture! Why is he in the group?

12th C.—Our adviser, and one of our most valued mem-

bers, you know.

1st C.—Of course, he would be. Everyone loves Mr. Wood. Let's turn back to the very first of the book—there's a picture I'd like to see again. (They turn pages rapidly) Oh, here we are! Isn't it a funny little picture?

12th C.—Well, not very. Any picture ten years old looks—queer—anyway.

1st C.—The day this was made, all three of us were as nervous as children! We dressed in our Sunday best, and I want you to know we posed! We thought we were too beautiful for words!

(As the first classman speaks of the picture of her class, the other two come out. A camera man appears, and snaps the picture, after a minute's wait he hands them the finished photograph).

12th C.—But that's a pleasant memory, isn't it? Picture making is always exciting. It isn't much of a job to get an artistic group portrait when the group contains only three. Only thinking of the difficulties involved in posing seventy-five wiggly girls separately and then snapping them at an auspicious moment.

(All the Seniors, degree and two year college graduates, begin moving forward, dressed in caps and gowns. The camera man reappears and attempts to get a picture of this group. After many attempts—adjusting camera, try-

Eleven

ing it from different angles—he realizes the task is too much for him.) I should think the poor photographer would quit in despair.

1st C.—I'm so glad there are enough students graduating that they are a problem to the photographer. The lovely thing about these graduates to us—the old girls— is that so many of them are our sisters and cousins—and some day, these graduates will be our children.

12th C.—Isn't it a beautiful thought that the girls of the future will be our children and grand children? It takes away some of the sting of leaving, to think that we bequeath to alma mater parts of ourselves as new material for her to work her magic on.

1st C.—I wonder how the future girl will look? Oh to "dip into the future." (The future girl appears dressed in a tailored one-piece dress).

12th C.—Oh, you are the girl of Tomorrow, aren't you? How lucky you should come now. We have something very precious to give you. (Presents new catalogue). We have such confidence in you that we are leaving our ideals in your hands, for you to cherish them as we have. You must pass them on to future hands, untarnished as they are today.

1st C.—And we'll lend you our scrap book. In it you'll find pleasure for many a dull hour—it's our treasure house of memories.

12th C.—Especially our songs—let us teach you THE PINE BRANCH now.

"Oh, may the Pine Branch ever wave O'er Georgia's College fair; And may we of G. S. W. C., With glad songs fill the air.

CHORUS

Our hearts are with the Red and Black, And may we never sever

The ties that bind our hearts to thee, G. S. W. C. forever!

And may our classes raise a song
To alma mater dear;
And may she win new laurels true,
Fresh honors year by year."

EPILOGUE

Take, ye People, our offering; may there come to you The joy of youth and the golden Promise of Age. For our mutual pleasure and edification we Have turned the leaves of the scrap-book of Time; Yet our task is incomplete. We invite you now To join us in a fitting end—the planting Of a tree—a tree within whose shade our Sisters of the future may rest. With this spade Will the ground be broken; with this spade Has the ground been always broken—for Buildings and trees alike. We lead The way. Will it please you to follow?

-LOCALS-

ROTARY CLUB ENTERTAINS SENIORS

A long-to-be-remembered event in the lives of those who belong to the two graduating classes of the College this year is the picnic with which the Rotarians entertained on Thurs-

day evening at Ocean Pond.

Especially did everyone enjoy the songs with which the quartette entertained. We also enjoyed the songs and dances by the College girls, and as for the supper, swimming and boat riding one needs no words to recall them.

MAY DAY

As beautiful as any festival ever had in Merrie England was the "Old English May Day Festival" held on the green on the first day of May. With dance and music, many different groups of flowers, Robin Hood's men, Gypsies and others entertained the Queen O' the May, who was Miss Florence Breen of Jesup, Ga.

The synopsis of the entire program is as follows:

Tis the dawn of May Morn. The flowers sleep; spring summons the powers of earth and sky to wake the sleeping flowers. The fairies, birds, raindrops, and conquering sunbeams do her bidding and the spring flowers come forth A spirit of happiness pervades all and they unite in a dance.

The May Queen enters, escorted by her attendants to the

throne where she is crowned queen O' the May.

Robin Hood and his Merrie Men lead the villagers to the Green. Here the loyal subjects prepare sports and dances in honor of the May Queen.

Two most enjoyable events of the month were the piano recitals of Miss Emily Chauncey and Miss Althea Mae Strickland. Miss Chauncey was assisted by Miss Alice Clarke, and Miss Strickland by the Misses Leo Prine and Bertha Walton.

CAP AND GOWN NEWS

Hurrah for the classes of '25, for did they not wear the caps and gowns first again? With even more intense excitement than was manifested last year did the two classes, Sophomores and Seniors, meet to array themselves in their finery, and afterwards march in to dinner. But while cheering the Seniors and Sophomores, we must cheer the Juniors and Freshmen, too, for its just as hard (perhaps harder) to be a good sport when you're on the losing side as when you're on the winning side. Anyway they were the best of good sports.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

May twenty-third to twenty-eighth, Nineteen Hundred Twenty-Five

CLASS DAY EXERCISES
Saturday afternoon, May twenty-third at five o'clock
The Pines

BACCALAUREATE SERVICE Sunday morning, May twenty-fourth, at eleven o'clock Lee Street Baptist Church

VESPER SERVICES
Sunday evening, May twenty- fourth, at seven thirty o'clock
The Rotunda

CLASS PLAY
Monday evening, May twenty-fifth at eight-thirty o'clock
The Strand Theatre

COLLEGE HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION
Tuesday evening, May twenty-sixth, at eight-thirty o'clock
The Rotunda

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING ALUMNAE ASSO. Wednesday morning, May twenty-seventh, at nine-thirty Science Lecture Room, West Hall

ANNUAL MEETING OF BOARD OF TRUSTEES
Wednesday morning, May twenty-seventh, at ten o'clock
The Board Room

COMMENCEMENT DINNER
Wednesday, May twenty-seventh, at one-thirty o'clock
Dining Hall

EXHIBIT OF COLLEGE AND TRAINING SCHOOL WORK

Wednesday afternoon, May twenty-seventh, at four thirty West Hall

ALUMNAE BANQUET
Wednesday evening, May twenty-seventh, at eight thirty
Dining Hall

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES
Thursday morning, May twenty-eighth, at ten o'clock
The Strand Theatre

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THEM WHO DESIRE TO BECOME LEADERS IN
THE WOMAN'S INTERESTS OF THE STATE TO
BECOME MEMBERS OF THE STATE'S WOMEN
COLLEGE, WHOSE BUSINESS IT IS TO TRAIN
YOUNG WOMEN FOR LEADERSHIP.

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