

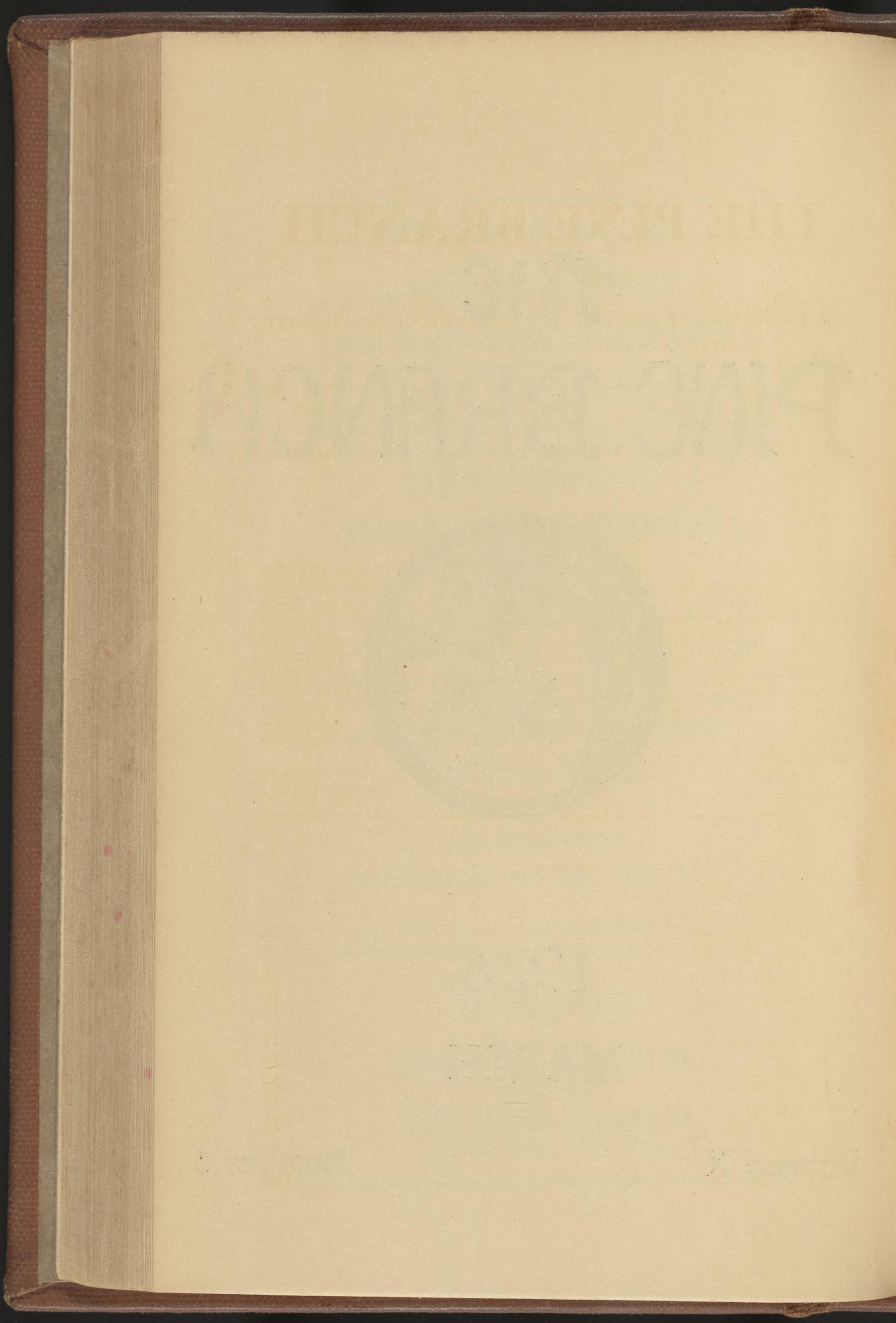
THE PINE BRANCH



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One

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

By JOHN BURNET

THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

By JOHN BURNET

HORACE'S ODE TO MELPOMENE

Melpomene, since thou hast looked with favoring eyes
Upon the natal day of one whose fate
Is not to be a wrestler in the Isthmian games,
Nor ride triumphant in a car of state.

No mighty deeds shall he achieve in war-like strife,
No victors' spoils, as conquering hero brings;
None hail him leader, Delian—laureled crowned,
Because he crushed the haughty threats of kings.

The sable stream which flows along the Tiber banks,
The foliage dense of Muses' green retreat,
Reverberate the melody of Lesbian strains
And raise his name to Heaven's highest seat.

Now I may dwell among the bards of lyric song,
Placed there by sons of Rome, the world's proud queen,
The rankling voice of envy and her cruel fang
Shall not disturb my great Aeolian theme.

O, thou, Pierian Muse, who modulates the sweet
Melodious jargoning of gilded shells,
And who couldst give to voiceless creatures of the sea
The swan-like song that high toward Heaven swells.

This gift is wholly thine that I am pointed out
As master stringer of the Roman lyre,
To you, indeed, I owe this boon that I can please,
And give to man the thoughts that you inspire.

—Translated by Misses Mary Cabbage and Frankie Hartsfield.

A MAN'S SELF-RESPECT

Officer O'Reilly strolled slowly down Dale avenue, one capable hand clasped in the other behind his back. A grin covered the full upturned face, a grin bespeaking contentment with self and the world at large. Again Officer O'Reilly had proved his wisdom in matters pertaining to law and order. The red of his face, the white of his handkerchief which peeped from pocket, and the blue of his uniform gleamed forth in the beaming sunlight to tell the world of his patriotism and importance. As he began to review in his mind that latest incident in which he had proved his worth, O'Reilly paused in his beat and leaned against a post, the better to contemplate on it.

"Boys will be boys," he chuckled. "If old Mrs. Abrams hadn't 'er been so sure that them little brats done it, I might 'er thought so me'self and turned 'em in. But oh no! She knew all about it and me and the boys didn't know nothin'." And then after a pause, "There wasn't a ball within a mile, I'll guarantee, to 've broke that window, and besides, it ain't no sign they done it if there was."

And he chuckled again as he pictured to himself the beaming faces of the boys as they heard his verdict, and the angry ravings of the termagant.

Suddenly O'Reilly stood upright. The smile faded from his face, but slowly stole back, relighting his red face. His body again relaxed against the post as he watched the house across the street with interest. Two small boys crept slowly along the fence, going nearer and nearer to an opening made there by the loss of several planks. O'Reilly's blue eyes twinkled merrily as they followed the culprits toward the opening. Instinctively he ceased chuckling when a finger of warning went to the lips of one. Looking upward toward the porch, he saw the cause of their hesitancy. Miss Nancy appeared on the porch, broom in hand. With cautious step she stole across the porch, and suddenly raising the broom, lowered it with energy. An answering yelp told the cause of her annoyance.

"I do wish Mrs. Jones would keep that animal at home," she called in shrill tones, peering meaningly in the direction of Mrs. Jones' house next door. "As fast as I get this piazza clean, that beasts sneaks in here and tracks it up."

With a vigorous slam, the door shut behind her as she went back into the house. The two boys looked doubtfully at each other. Their hesitancy was short-lived, however, for one glance at the tempting fruit on the fig tree just inside the yard was incentive enough for

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them to proceed. A motion from the older, and the younger followed him stealthfully through the opening.

Officer O'Reilly was fairly shaking with suppressed laughter. But his merriment found a sudden check.

"You are undoubtedly the biggest fool in the world," came to him in an admonishing tone from the other side of the post. "Why do you let such trivial things interfere with your duty? Why any simple-minded idiot—"

A heavy hand on the shoulder of the stranger stopped his speech there.

"Young man," said O'Reilly sternly, "Don't you know you should speak with respect to an officer of the law? Come along with me to the barracks!"

"But you are mistaken, officer," explained the stranger apologetically. "I was not speaking to you at all. It was — — —"

"No, none of your excuses," he said, raising his hand in the young man's face to stop further discourse. "There ain't a soul around. You can't pass that line off on me. Come along!"

"Officer," insisted the other, "You don't understand! You must listen to me. I was not speaking to you. It was — — —"

"Didn't I tell you once you can't pass that excuse! There ain't a soul in hearin' distance. Come along! Come along, I say! Oh, so you'll try to get away, will you? We'll see," he finished gruffly, grasping the arm of the young man more firmly.

"This is utterly absurd!" was the angry retort. "I've no time for this. I insist that you release me."

"Oh, I've plenty of time," responded O'Reilly, assuming an aggravatingly nonchalant air. "But if you must hurry," he added, quickening his pace, "my Ford's parked right around the corner here, and the police station's not far away."

Not without some assistance did the accused seat himself in the car. When O'Reilly, panting but triumphant, slid under the wheel, his self-satisfied grin in the direction of the other was met with cold disregard. On arrival at the police station, he made no effort to protest against being led in. But before the judge, he took good advantage of the opportunity to defend himself.

"Officer O'Reilly here claims that you are guilty of disrespect for the law. What excuse have you to offer for the profane language you used in addressing him?" gruffly demanded the judge.

"I assure you he is mistaken," was the curt reply. "I was standing against a post in front of a restaurant I had just left, when suddenly I realized that, in passing a congenial hour with a friend, I had let

A MAN'S SELF-RESPECT

my train leave me. I had an important business engagement for this evening in the northern part of the state which has been broken, of course. I was — — —”

“Well, what has that to do with your unseemly conduct in regard to O'Reilly? Get down to the point,” instructed the judge impatiently.

“I was just—er—er—condemning myself for such carelessness when this officer — — —”

O'Reilly's eyes opened wide with surprise, then he smiled sarcastically.

“A likely story, that,” he protested. “A man don't call himself such names as you — — —”

“Silence!” demanded the judge. “Silence, both of you!” looking toward O'Reilly. Then turning again toward the young man, “So you contend that you were calling yourself names! Ha! Ha! That's very likely; we'll take your word for it. But—I'd like to teach you to have a little more self-respect. We'll record your case this way: 'Fined fifty dollars for calling himself names in the street'.”

When the case had been dismissed, the condemned strode forth angrily toward the station. O'Reilly strolled slowly down Dale avenue, one capable hand clasped in the other behind his back.

As he again reached the house which had been the scene of his interest when he had been interrupted, O'Reilly watched the final episode of the little affair across the street. The boys, mouths and pockets bulging and hands full, were making their way through the hole in the fence. The grin re-appeared on his face, but faded a little as he reached the post by which he had been standing some time before. Try as he might, he could not quite quell a little uncomfortable feeling that swelled up in his heart. After all, if he had been doing his duty—But what did that matter! The fellow had been decidedly disrespectful, and too, it had been no concern of his. The grin struggled determinedly to replace the skeptical half-smile on his face, but it was only when the scene in the court room came back to him that his eyes made any semblance of twinkling as before. That verdict had just suited the fellow! Slowly he turned away and strolled down the avenue, gravely nodding his head in an effort to convince himself that all was well, since for the second time that day O'Reilly had proved himself an efficient officer of the law.

HELEN YOUNGBLOOD.

"DE THING FO' ME"

Twilight fo' dreamin' am de thing fo' me
Wid de birds a' flittin' frum tree t' tree,
An' de shadows sof'ly fallin' roun'
An' even encirclin' de cool, cool groun'.

Twilight am sho de time fo' dreamin',
De time fo' mem'ries full o' meanin',
De time fo' thoughts o' long ago,
An' recallin' o' 'speriences fo' sho.

Twilight eber wants t' keep on comin',
An' my thoughts jus' wanta go on hummin';
But jus' de same I still can see
Dat twilight am de thing fo' me.

MARIE CLYATT.

THE CUSHION AMONG CUSHIONS

When one thinks of cushions, various pictures appear. There are old hand-embroidered cushions and silk cushions, there are pretty cushions and ugly cushions, there are cushions for the porch and cushions for the boudoir. Each may have a different mental picture with different memories of that picture and some perhaps do not think cushions important enough to even trouble their minds with them, for perhaps they are just ornamental and useless after all. The cushion of my mental picture is useful as well as ornamental.

This rare cushion of which I speak has its home in my sister's boudoir, nestling its pretty rose self in a large chair which usually sits just inside of the door in a very convenient place. It doesn't appear to be of any great importance; in fact one must be familiar with it before she can appreciate its real value. I, who have been living in the same house with it for many years, did not become personally acquainted with it until last summer and I came to love it by a happy chain of incidents.

My bathing suit, like many others, was becoming thread bare; so I went to my sister with the plea for a suit for the evening's swim. She gladly said I might use hers and added that I would find it under the rose cushion in the large chair just inside of the door. You would never have suspected that there was anything under the comfortable looking cushion, for it had a large ruffle all around it that gracefully hid all traces of the suit, but it was there all folded neatly and snugly.

I did not come in contact with the cushion again for several days, but in looking for a back number of the daily paper I had to go to my sister for aid. When I asked her if she had seen the paper, she replied with a cheerful, "Oh yes, look under the rose cushion in the chair in my room."

By this time I had begun to think that the cushion was a friend worth having, but I did not linger with the thought. In fact, I was about to forget that the cushion existed when I was again reminded of it. However, when my sister called me and said she had a center-piece to be finished that day and asked if I would mind doing it for her, I told her I would. She was very busy and only said, "Look under the rose cushion please and get it."

This was my third, but not last meeting with the rose cushion. I was searching earnestly not long after that for the mosquito spray, and was about to appeal to my sister again, when suddenly a thought

THE CUSHION AMONG CUSHIONS

came to me. I rushed to my sister's boudoir, raised the rose cushion, and there I saw the long looked for spray.

There is not a doubt in my mind now but that this cushion, attractive and in the noble service of humanity, is the true cushion among cushions.

SUSAN BEDELL.



"ROMANTICKS"

"Good mawnin', Liza, you'se kinda late dis mawnin', ain't ye? Heah I'se done went an' had Mr. Tom ter hire's ye t' hep me out an' den ye comes up late. Don' yo' know dere's wuk to be did in dis kitchen an' dere's plenny o' house wuk an' cleanin'."

"Yas'm, Mis' Sallie, I is purty late, but ye knows my husband's a ginnin' me a lotta trouble heah o' lately."

"Is he honey?" queried the old negro cook who had been at the Richman's for years. "Is he don' wen' an' got locked up agin? Liquor, Liza?" she added, as she saw the expression on the younger darkey's face. "Wall, now, dat's jus' too bad, I'll decla'e fo' goodness hit is. Seems lak you'll jus' be obleeged to git a divo'ce. Oh dat remin's me, Liza, I hain't eber is told ye all about Mr. Richman an' his wife, is I?"

"His wife!" Liza exclaimed. "Why, Mis' Sallie, I didn't eben know Mr. Richman wuz ma'ied, I allus did t'ink he wuz a ole' bach'ler."

"Wall, wall, more dan likely. Sho, but he do has bach'lor ways, now don' he?"

"Mis' Sallie, jump to de p'int; don' wase s' much time on de startin'. Dat sho do soun' int'restin'."

"Aw right, honey chile, bein' as how you does seems to hab so much int'res'. Mus' I begin at de beginnin'?"

"Oh, ob co'se, Mis' Sallie," replied the younger woman, "and ef yo' don' hurry, guess I'll hab t' choke it out'n yo'."

"Wall, honey, it wuz dis heah way. You knows Mr. Tom allus wuz a mighty pa-tick'ler man, eben about de gals he went wid. And Mis' Mary, she seemed mighty pa-tick'ler too, but I don' know as much 'bout her as I does Mr. Tom. Any way, you knows, he nebber eben thunked 'bout ma'ayin 'til he wuz thirty-six and Mis' Mary, she wuz thirty. Now Liza, tink 'bout dat—yo' ole man thirty-six and yo' thirty."

"Yas'm, Mis' Sallie."

"Wall, Liza, yo' don' eben knows as to how dey got ma'ied and how it wuz an' how romanticks and den how it done went an' got s'bad busted up? Why, Liza, dat's been de talk o' dis town fer years. But den I guess I'll hab to 'low fo' yo'. You hain't allus libbed heah."

"No'm, Miz Sallie, I sho ain't, so don' go to 'crastinatin' on me about it—but won' yo' go 'long?"

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"Yes,—well—heah goes. Seb'ral yeahs ago—'bout t'ree I t'inks it wuz, Mr. Toms gits matty sweet kinda sudden lak to a vistin' lady—you knows Mr. Tom Richman's a big lumba man, don' yo' Liza?"

"Yas'm," Liza answered.

"Well, dat seemed matty strange an' cori'us to dis ole' mammy whut's been a' knowin' Mr. Tom fum baby infuncy. You knows, Mr. Tom, he nebber did lak nobuddy much—'ceptin' his ma—an' yo' knows he wuz jes' de mos' nicest man to his ma I eber is seed. Wall, I sees as how you's a gittin' noives fo' me t' git along. Mr. Tom, he jus' change a l'il bit—yo knows, dat man he wuz a'ready s' sot in his ways dat 'twuz hawd f' him t' do. But I begins t' notice dat he seems a l'il mo' patick'ler 'bout his dress—if dat wuz poss'ble, honey. An' den too, he begins to go out mos' eber night an' allus an' gen'lly he stayed at home an' read de paper."

"Tee hee", came from the silly Liza, "Mis' Sallie, seems lak dats a kinda lawge change t' me. He musta had it bad."

"Wall, Liza, he did f' sho', but yo' knows as how dese heah stable kind o' pussons kin git matty silly lak, some times. Wall, I seed as how Mr. Tom, he wuz a gittin' matty spry lak. An' honey, de funny t'ing 'bout it wuz dis—he neber did pay no min' to de ladies a'fore. Anyway, I knewed sumpin' wuz a comin' off—but not de way I pa'ticipated—Why, Liza, it—"

"Why, Mis' Sallie, whut in de wuld? How wuz it? Did dey 'lope?"

"No, gal,—dat's ordina'ay,, why dis wuz extry ordina'ay. Why dey jus' got ma'ied, Liza."

"Wall, Mis' Sallie, y' big joke tella," Liza yelled, "I thinks as how it wuz romanticks an' den—why dey jus' got ma'ied."

"Why, Liza, sho' yo' raisin' an' quit a int'ruptin' me, chile. Yo' jus' wait til I gits finished an' ef yo' don' t'ink it's 'bout de mos' romanticks lub-story yo' eber is heered, I'll jus—I'll jus tell yo' anudder one. Liza, dey did jus' git ma'ied, but lissen now, dey ma'ied an' den went on up to de judge t' git him to 'nul it. Liza, don' look at me lak dat—dey did won' it 'nulled 'cause—woman, cain yo' put two an' two togedda?—Dey did'n t'ink dey wuz eben ma'ied—deh now."

"Mis' Sallie, I don' un'stand, yo' say dey gits ma'ied—den yo' say dey did'n t'ink dey's ma'ied—Dey wuz in dey right minds, wun't dey?"

"Oh, Liza, you'se so dumb, heah I'se a leabin' my dish water to git col' jus' to was'e my brea'f on yo'. If day ma'ied an' did'n t'ink dey's ma'ied, whut'd happened, d' yo' s'pose. Why, Liza, dey wuz

"ROMANTICKS"

up at one o' dem dere fash'nable dinna pawties heah in Greenville, an' sombuddy ups an' says, since Mr. Tom allus lakked t' tease human bein's, an' somebuddy ups an' says—by de way, Mr. Tom wuz a sittin' nez' t' Mis' Mary, and somebuddy ups an' says, why le's, le's 'nounce dere 'gagements jus' fo' fun. An' what cha t'ink—dere wuz a preacher dere an' somebuddy else says jus' fo' fun—S'pose since de 'gagements been 'nounced Pawson Lawson ma'ays 'em? Now dey say as to how Mis' Mary wuz a'ready a-blushin' pink an' Mr. Tom wuz a gittin' matty choky lak, but dey 'lows as how dey cudden' be bad spo'ts, so tinkin' nuttin'd eber come ub it, de ceremonies wuz performed, an' my gal, dey wuz ma'ied—hones'ly ma'ied, honey. Whut d' ye knows 'bout dat?"

"Mis' Sallie, dat's de bes' one I eber is heered. Yo' need'n hab t' tell me anudder one."

"Do yo' t'ink dat's all? Dat ain't de beginnin'. Why, chile, when'll yo' larn de art o' patients an' o' holdin' yo' tongue? Had'n yo' eber wondered whut happened when dey got in dis hullabaloo? Liza, I onsists dat yo' ain't eben heered de beginnin'. Dis am sho a long an' int'restin' lub-story."

"Mr. an' Mis' Richman, why dey did'n eben take out de grudge on de pahson—dey tuk it out on one anudder. Why, Liza, dey wuz de bigges' rucus in dis town o' South Ca'liny o' dese Nunited States. Dey wen' down town immejutly and seeked out de jedge an' tried to git him to 'nul it, but 'nul it he wouldn't. He say it wuz a—uh—a regal ma'ige an' he cain' do nuttin' lak dat. Mad? Honey, dem fo'kses, dey jus' 'sploded an' I got de fuse of it all. Liza, I heered it a' comin' an' a goin'. I neber is seed a man o' Mr. Tom's 'sability ack in sich a manna. An' Mis' Mary too—she wuz jus' aroun' heah. I'se neber heered sich goin's on. De cooks an' de washerwomens an' de jan'tor men an' de libery boys an' eberybuddy tol' me—honey, I allus an' gen'lly wuz promoted fo' geth'rin' up de news. Wall I caught it a' comin' an' a' gwine, an' mos'ly a comin', cayse when it cum my way it allus lighted."

"Mis' Sallie, whut did dem white fo'kses went an' done nex'. Hurry, dis sho am a' gittin' to whar I cain' stan' fo' yo' to gits to a stan' still. 'Ceed, woman, ceed!"

"Wall, Liza, de nex' bes' t'ing t' be did wuz t' git a divo'ce, so git a divo'ce dey did. I ain't a gwine into de hist'ry ob it, fur it wuz long an' not so in'restin' t' 'late, but jus' de same, atter a long, fatiguesome law suit in de co'ot house dey got dat much resired divo'ce."

"Why, Mis' Sallie, atter dey wuz done gone an' ma'ied—den dey

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wen' an' got un-ma'ied—Whut a mis'lam'ty, oh, Miz Sallie, whut a mis'lamity!"

"Oh, Liza, don' yo' knows dem two fo'kses, eben ef dey did ack a li'l silly t'ought dey couldn' lib happy to gedda. So dey felt ordained to des ups an' gits a divo'ce. Yo' know dey's matty handy t'ing some times."

"Dat dey is," responded Liza. "But look heah—whah's dis Miz Mary now? Whah's she libbin? Does she lib anywhar near heah? Tell me sumpin' 'bout her, Mis' Sallie. Wuz she purty an' rich?"

"Liza, when'll I larn yo' to ax me one question at de time? Now, le's see—Whah's Mis' Mary? Down at Pa'm Beach, Liza, down dere whar all dem sassiety folks goes. Whut's next? Oh, yeah, no dat ain't so neah—Oh, you knows whar Pa'm Beach is. Yeah, she's done an' lef' Mr. Tom heah in Greenville, an' she makes a bee-line fo' dat stylish place by de name ob Pa'm Beach. Yeah, honey, she wuz sho purty, she wuz a pow'ful good lookin' 'oman. And now, Mis' Question-box, as fur de las', an' I t'ink dat reads, 'Wuz she rich?' She weren't so oncommon wealthy, but she wuz whut you'd call well off in de wuld. I t'ink she wuz an on'y chile an' she had ever' becks an' call. Least ways, dat's whut dey tol' me. But as I wuz a' sayin', I neber knewed s' much 'bout her, as fo' dat, I cain' be so shore an' cartain. But lissen, dey do tell as how she's a gittin' rich down yanner a' meddlin in ves'ments. She allus wuz a li'l meddler."

"Don' dey eber heah 'bout one anudder? Mis' Sallie," questioned Liza. "Sho an' it looks lak dey would."

"Woman, I'm a' gittin' pow'ful tired o' all dis. Why won' yo' let me tell my own story? Heah I'm 'bout t' burn dese heah taters up, an' 'sides Mr. Tom'll be a' comin' home purty soon, an' Liza Tompkins, I'm afeard I'd lose my 'zition ef de vittals wunt on de table when he gits heah. Sho an' Mr. Tom Richman, he's a pow'ful minnit man, he is. Folks says as how he—"

"Oh, Mis' Sallie, you'se a' wanderin off ag'in. Go on an' tell me 'bout him an' Mis' Mary."

"Dey ain' s' oncommon much more to tell. Heah—you be a settin' dis table. Be keerful now, ever' t'ing mus' be so so, cayse dat lumba man's lible to fetch home some o' his prospectin' folks fo' dinna. Why, Liza, he does dat very 'cashunal. Why one time he—"

"Ssh, Mis' Sallie, I heah some buddy a' comin'."

"Heah's de p'int you'se been a wantin', Liza." Sallie lowered her voice to a whisper. "Dey tells me as how Mr. Tom's been a' sendin' Mis' Mary some mighty han'some gif's an' don' dat mail man stop

"ROMANTICKS"

by heah ever' day wid a letter fum Pa'm Beach? I ain' s'much at readin', Liza, but—"

"Keerful, Mis' Sallie, I heah him a' comin' in."

"Well, Liza, keep dis unda yo' hat. Mr. Tom's a' goin' t' Pa'm Beach nex' week on bizness, on bizness, Liza—Now, you fool nigger, I bet yo' don' eben know whut dat bizness is gwine ter be."

MARIE CLYATT



EDITORIAL

When the graduating classes of '26 leave their respective Alma Maters and go out to a bigger, sterner school, they will carry with them something of the school they leave behind. Tucked away in their memories so securely that sometimes they themselves will not be conscious of its presence, there will always be some little part of their college life.

This small part will not necessarily be from the books they have studied. Indeed, should you talk to a graduate of any college a few years after graduation, you would plainly see that what he holds dearest, remembers best, and is most influenced by, is not his college's curriculum, which has probably changed greatly, but his college's traditions, which though constantly growing and becoming richer, yet remain the same.

When we of the classes of '26 leave Georgia State Womans College, what will we take with us besides our diploma and the body of facts which we have acquired? When we, in years to come, think of our Alma Mater, what will we remember?

First of all we will remember the pines perhaps, which if not themselves a tradition at least embody the highest traditions of the college about which they stand—uprightness, aloofness from petty things, quiet dignity.

If, instead of thinking of things which have been provided with no other human effort than selection, we turn to those things which, instituted by the administration and student body, have become traditional, any graduate would surely name the Christmas Festival. In this festival, which has become a tradition in itself, the best traditions of the Old English Christmas are preserved for the students, and it has become a thing so unique in the students' lives, yet so much a part of their lives that though they forget Latin, mathematics, and history, its influence will remain.

In connection with the Christmas season there is another tradition dear to the hearts of all Georgia State Womans College girls—the singing of Christmas carols early in the morning of the last day before Christmas, the Freshmen serenade the upper classes. With such a beginning, and with its ending in the Festival, this day becomes something more than a rush to go home, it becomes a day never to be forgotten.

EDITORIAL

But Christmas is not the only day with which are associated traditions. On May Day there is a festival celebrating with dance and merriment the coming of spring; Class Day serves for the graduates especially as a climax, or almost a summary, of their years on the campus; the Freshman-Sophomore prom and the Junior-Senior picnic mean to those respective classes wholesome fun.

The college is yet young. Each year new traditions are made. The girls in the college today have both an opportunity and a responsibility. What they do today, the customs which they establish, will mean the building up, or the tearing down, of the college spirit—of its traditions.

The Wellesley students have said, "A college without traditions would be like a person without a memory." Parties, socials and other activities vary from year to year, but traditions, once established, live on, and give to a college its individuality. Our college traditions are after all the things which will be remembered longest and loved most by all Georgia State Womans College graduates.

MARTHA YOUNGBLOOD.



ALUMNAE NOTES

From Lucile Arnold, of the '14 class, we have a very cordial letter. Long has she been a silent member of the Alumnae Association, and we are indeed glad to hear from her. She may be found at 866 E. North Avenue, Atlanta, Georgia.

* * *

Amanda Alexander, Mrs. R. O. DeLoache, of the '17 class, writes us from Glennville, Georgia, telling us that she is coming "home" to summer school this year. She is doing primary work in the schools of Glennville.

* * *

Alice Feltham, Mrs. Wilbur Ham, of the '17 class, is living in Cartersville, Georgia. She tells us of a son, John Feltham Ham, aged ten months.

* * *

Ollie Boney, of the '19 class, is teaching at Blakely, Georgia.

* * *

Helen Mizell, Mrs. W. P. Shelley, of the '19 class, has gone into the naval stores business with her husband, after having finished a course in Business Administration at the University of Florida. She also tells us of a three year old daughter, Glenn. Helen may be found at Telogia, Florida, or at Box 117, Tallahassee, Florida.

* * *

Kennie Lasseter, Mrs. A. C. Willis, of the '20 class, may be found at Meigs, Georgia, Route 2. She writes of a daughter, Virginia Marie.

* * *

Hattie McMillan, Mrs. S. E. Sharpe, of the '20 class, may be found at Moultrie, Georgia.

* * *

Ruth Harrell, of the '21 class, is studying at Peabody College, and is a member of Ensemble Singers. Her address is 2315 Highland Avenue, Nashville, Tennessee.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Ruth Wolcott, of the '21 class, is teaching in Leggett Public Schools at Tarboro, North Carolina, and is coming back to summer school this year.

* * *

Helen Bruce, of the '22 class, is teaching at Blackshear.

* * *

Maggie Lou Cook, of the '22 class, is teaching the fifth grade, South Port, North Carolina.

* * *

Johanno Voigt, of the '24 class, is teaching at Blackshear. She is also coaching basketball there.

* * *

Hester Bruce, of the '25 class, writes from Harleyville, South Carolina, where she is teaching music.

* * *

Rebecca Cook is teaching the second grade at South Port, North Carolina.

* * *

Ina Mae Cromartie is teaching at Lake Stearns, Florida.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

Several of our vesper programs for this month have been discussions on "Bible Types of Modern Women." The striking similarity of these Bible types to modern women, as shown by the leaders of the discussion groups, has stirred the interest of the students and opened a wider field of thought to them.

* * *

Miss Lillian Lihnoff, Secretary of the Student Volunteer of the Methodist Church, was a welcome visitor to the campus during the month. She contributed many new helps and ideas both to the Methodist girls and to the Y. W. C. A. as a whole.

* * *

The Y. W. C. A. was represented at the student volunteer conference at G. S. C. W., Milledgeville, February 12-14, by several of the students. They were Misses Verna Scarborough, Advisor of the Y. W. C. A., Ellen Smith, Louise Harden, Susan Bedell, and Gladys Scarborough. Our vesper program on Thursday evening, February 18, consisted of interesting talks by these girls, and they gave us some ideas concerning the subjects discussed at the conference.

* * *

We were very fortunate in having Miss Stella Scurloch, a Y. W. C. A. Student Secretary, visit our campus this month. She contributed helpful information concerning Y. W. C. A. work.

SOCIETY NEWS

A regular program meeting of the Argonian Literary Society was held in the Rotunda Saturday evening, February 20, 1926. The programs for both societies are still centering around Art, a careful study of French Art was made at the last meeting. The following program was given:

Study of Monet	Louise Harden
Solo: "Elegy"	Florence Dupree
Study of Millet and Corot	Margaret Christian
"The Siege of Berlin," by Daudet	Mildred Lavendar
French Folk Dance.	

Miss Anne Smith, acting as critic for the evening, gave some very constructive suggestions.

* * *

The Sororian Literary Society gave a very interesting program on Saturday evening, February 20th, under the leadership of Miss Lucile Dowling, the Sophomore class President. The study of French Art received the chief emphasis. The program was as follows:

1. A Study of Monet Miss Evelyn Purcell
2. A Study of Corot and Millet Miss Ursula Miller
3. Vocal Solo: "Elegy" (Massenet) Miss Agnes King
4. A Review of "Thais," Anatole France Miss Margaret LaFar
5. A French Folk Dance—Misses Katherine Blackshear, Ora Mae Biles, Mary Cubbedge, Frankie Hartsfield, Tilda Ivey, Ruth Sawyer, Martha Visscher, and Helen Youngblood.

SHIRLEY GASKINS.

LOCALS

On Wednesday evening, February 10th, a number of legislators were the guests of the College at dinner. The entertainment consisted of songs by the Glee Club and dances by the advanced dancing class. The purpose of this meeting was the promotion of the educational program sponsored by Governor Walker at the extra session of the legislature; also to acquaint the legislators with the work and immediate requirements of the College.

* * *

Much enthusiasm was shown at the boosters meeting held in the rotunda of Ashley Hall on Thursday morning, February 11th. The meeting was presided over by Miss Frances Faries, President of S. G. A. Several students gave enthusiastic talks in keeping with the occasion. Miss J. Marie Craig, head of the newly organized Extension Department of the College, was the chief speaker of the day. That she and the others were successful speakers was shown by the unanimous response of the student body in pledging their cooperation with this new department. Miss Margaret LaFar, as cheer leader, added much "pep" to the occasion.

* * *

The Sock and Buskin Dramatic Club presented a one-act play, "The Florist Shop," at the Strand Theatre on Friday, February 26th, under the direction of Miss Louise Sawyer, for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A. The cast was as follows:

Maude	Christine Meadows
Henry	Mary Alice Sineath
Slovsky	Maybelle Bollinger
Miss Wells	Louise McLendon
Mr. Jackson	Martha Youngblood

* * *

Miss Annie P. Hopper attended the National Convention of Deans of Women, in Washington, D. C., February 22nd to 27th.

LOCALS

A large group of students took advantage of the trip to Jacksonville, to hear Paderewski on February 23rd, sponsored by the Philharmonic Music Club. They were chaperoned by Mrs. R. H. Powell, Miss E. Camm Campbell, Miss Anne Bradley, Miss Mildred Price, and Mr. B. H. Henderson.

* * *

President R. H. Powell spent a portion of last month in Atlanta on college business.

* * *

The Glee Club of G. S. W. C. gave its second presentation of its annual program March 2nd, in Waycross. The members of the Glee Club, as well as their coaches and teachers, were greatly pleased at the reception which they received in Waycross. They were entertained in private homes and every possible courtesy was shown them.

* * *

The fourth and last of a series of faculty recitals was the violin recital of Mrs. W. A. Pardee at the Womans Building on March 4th. The program was as follows:

Concerto in D	Mozart
Allegro	
Andante Cantabile	
Rondo	
Cadenzas, by Ferdinand David.	
Ave Maria	Schubert-Wilhemi
The Blue Lagoon	Mollocker-Winternitz
Kol Nidrei	Bruch
Mazurka de Concert	Musin
Midsummer-Dans	Aulin

Accompanist, Miss Sallie Pearl Smith.

JOKES

Freshman girl to Senior—"Why is Education 30 so popular?"
Senior—"Mr. Wood places the emphasis on 'The original nature of man'."

* * *

Miss Jakes (in Field Day practice)—"Louise Milam, you stood on one foot."

L. M.—"Oh no, I beg your pardon, Miss Jakes, but one foot wouldn't hold me up."

* * *

Ruth Youmans—"Is a chicken big enough to eat when it's three weeks old?"

Helen Youngblood—"O' course not."

R. Y.—"Then tell me, how does it live?"

* * *

Marion Wiseman—"Why are you always reading the printed side of blotters?"

Sara Thomas—"Oh, I find them quite absorbing."

* * *

"There's Mr. and Mrs. Richquicke; they're millionaires."

"Yes, and she puts on a million, too."

"A million what?"

"Airs."

—Exchange.

* * *

"Pop!" said the weasel as he watched the little boy touch a match to the fire-cracker.

—Exchange.

* * *

Anne Smith—"I know someone who is so bad that she fights herself in her sleep."

Margaret LaFar—"I can beat that. I know somebody who's so stingy that she wears lace shoes because they are tighter."

JOKES

"Didn't you find your dime, little boy?"

"Naw, but me kid brudder foun' it."

"Then what are you looking for?"

"Me kid brudder."

* * *

"What was that noise?"

"Oh, that's just the Florida boom we have been hearing so much about."

* * *

Norma Middleton—"Ollie, if I should give you three dollars, what would you do?"

Ollie Middleton—"I'd count it."

* * *

Sharon Satterfield—"He has an arrogant air about him."

Louise Benton—"Oh, I hate men who use perfume, don't you?"

* * *

Mary V. Gramling—"Did you open the windows wide?"

Margaret McDonell—"You bet I did! Pulled the top half all the way down, and pushed the bottom half all the way up."

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