

THE PINE BRANCH



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A LEGEND OF SWEET WATER BRANCH

NEAR ST. MARYS

On the south side of old Camden,
By a little stream
Sat a noble Withlacoochee,
With a wierd scream.

Withlacoochee sat and suffered,
By the gurgling water;
Thorns had pierced his skin and wounded,
All his aims did falter.

Mary of the whitefolk saw him,
With flesh so torn,
Sitting there in pain and striving
To remove the thorn.

With her active fingers deftly,
She removed the thorn;
Grateful was the Withlacoochee,
For the aid that morn.

Withlacoochee once more saw her,
Near the old retreat;
It was Mary then in sorrow,
With her heart a-beat.

Withlacoochee sought to aid her,
By his Indian lore;
Had her tell him of her trouble,
There beside the shore.

She told him of her lover bold,
War had called to go;
War which brings much fear and sorrow,
That grieves her so.

Withlacoochee plucked some berries,
Red and sweet they were;
He threw them on the water clear,
Then said to her:

LEGEND OF SWEET WATER BRANCH NEAR ST. MARYS

“Bring your lover here to drink,
Before he shall depart;
The waters are enchanted now,
By my Indian art.”

Mary's lover drank some water,
Ere he did depart;
Then in struggle went to war,
With a gallant heart.

Withlacochee's sweetened water,
With its living hue,
Brought Mary's lover back to her,
One of the favored few.

SUSAN BEDELL.



SOUTHERN MOONLIGHT

Beautiful moonlight,
Radiant beams,
Hallowed Heavens,
Romantic dreams.

Shimmering moonlight
Shadowy trees,
Rustle of wind,
Melodies.

Peaceful moonlight,
Stillness of breeze;
No rustle of wind,
Memories.

NADINE HEETH.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF BOB

Commencement may be the end of some things, but for Bob it was the beginning of several things.

The night of the Junior-Senior prom had at last arrived. Of all the pleasant things that come at graduation this was the climax. Bob whistled a merry tune as he swung up the walk at Elaine's house. She was ready and waiting for him. How old-fashioned and sweet, Bob thought her to be, not at all the modern girl who is never ready on time.

On the arrival at the prom party, Bob walked proudly into the hall with Elaine, but hearing the loud, boisterous voices and noticing the brilliantly colored dresses of the other girls, he looked askance at Elaine and a frown flitted across his face. Oh, well! maybe college life would change her and teach her the modern ways.

* * * * *

Now that College days had come and commencement time was fast approaching, it again found the frown on Bob's usually smiling face. His classmates wondered what terrible thing could have happened to their Bob, the best spirited boy on the campus. Things usually went Bob's way as he shared the honors of being campus king with only one rival. However, no one could get around the fact that Maurice Gordon was his superior intellectually, and fully his equal socially.

A mind-reader could have told you immediately that Bob was sorely perplexed as to whom "his girl" for Little Commencement was to be. He knew deep down in his heart that he really should invite Elaine, his boy-hood sweetheart, but he was afraid college life might not have changed her, and of course Maurice would ask some dashing, demonstrative girl who would make a great hit and Bob had rather any boy on the campus surpass him in popularity than Maurice.

The frown remained on Bob's face all day, and that night, instead of studying, he pondered over the question. After giving up all hopes, he went to bed and was almost asleep when the name of a girl he had met at the Leighton's dinner party last summer flashed into his mind and with it the image of a gay, vivid little brunette. Gloria Tillman was the girl he would invite! Two weeks provided for the invitation, acceptance and arrival of Bob's acquaintance of last summer.

The orchestra had just started a dreamy waltz, when Bob walked on to the dance floor with Gloria. He glanced around to find Maurice, anxious to see the girl of his choice. He caught a glimpse of

THE COMMENCEMENT OF BOB

him in a crowd. After a few minutes dancing, he met him, and as Bob watched him and his partner, he sensed something vaguely familiar about the girl. As they turned and came nearer, he stared into the liquid blue eyes of Elaine, the natural waves of her hair brushing Maurice's cheek. He had never seen her so dainty and alluring as in her filmy dress of cream lace, falling gracefully over the rounded curves of her petite figure.

Bob had more than one occasion to feel angry with himself that night, as he noticed the group of boys standing around Elaine and the devoted attention Maurice paid her. How could he manage to be with her a few moments, at least until the fellows could take note that she knew him quite well—was an old friend in fact? He had the next dance with Gloria. It was a break. When some one cut in on him, he would tag Elaine!

As the music began, he swung Gloria out on the floor and began watching the stag line anxiously. Why didn't some fellow come on and cut in? He looked at one or two appealingly, but when the orchestra stopped for intermission, he was still absently muttering thoughtless answers to Gloria's ceaseless flow of chatter. There were too many other gay and colorful girls for Gloria to attract any special attention, but everyone felt and appreciated Elaine's true, aristocratic beauty.

With the coming of the intermission all the girls made a dash for the dressing rooms to put another layer of make-up over their already thickly coated faces. Bob started to the door leading to the terrace. He would smoke a cigarette and see if the cool fresh air would ease his throbbing temples. As he stepped into the darkness he heard voices:

"Oh Boy! isn't she a raving little beauty?"

"Where did he meet such a girl?" "and when she dances!"

"She's the best looking girl on the floor, and I bet my hat there's a head full of sense back of it."

"Why can't I have a girl like that?"

"Aw some fellows have all the luck."

Bob was thinking the same thing.

He was contemplating strolling up and mentioning that "the raving little beauty" was an old sweetheart of his, that he had thought once or twice of asking her, but somehow just hadn't, when he heard, "What a cad a fellow would have to be to pass up a chance with a girl like that;" then he suddenly decided negatively.

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One Sunday morning as Bob read the morning paper while waiting for his breakfast, another of the frowns which had become more frequent now, passed over Bob's face. He pushed the paper aside with a tired sigh, and there was a look of pain in his eyes. He had been reading the engagement announcements.

MARGARET CHRISTIAN,

LILLIE PEARL COX.



THE LURE OF RUNNING WATER

A remnant sale is always very fascinating, yet holds its disappointing elements also. The rolls of cloth which are all that remain of some bolt of cloth which once held its place so proudly on the shelves and looked with disdain on remnants, make me think of some aristocratic old southern lady who has lost friends and fortune, and finds herself tossed into the hands of fate. The dry-goods remnants are rolled into small bundles and tossed down on the counter, as they await their final day of departure from the store to which they were once so proudly brought. Our left-over childhood desires are very much like these remnants, being very interesting, but greatly depreciated in value.

The desire to go wading is one of the remnants which I have in stock—I can't remember the day when it was borne into my store-room, but I recall how I've used this desire until it is now only a remnant.

Behind our home there babbles, between banks, a silvery little brook, surrounded in spring with flowers of every hue, and overhung with the gnarled branches of stately oaks. This stream furnished me a source of never-ending delight, what fun to splash in its cooling waters, and give myself impromptu showers.

On one such occasion as this, when I reached home, wet and muddy, I decided to go in by way of the living room, for the very simple reason that I thought mother was attending a club meeting. I pushed the door open and succeeded in reaching the middle of the room, before I realized that the club was meeting at home. After a swift survey of the room I gasped as my eye caught mother's. She didn't look one bit amused, although the other ladies laughed. I felt as though I wasn't in a very comfortable position. I made my exit, and awaited mother's lecture which came when the company left.

A few days after this I was invited to one of those birthday parties, which invade small towns like an epidemic of mumps. I was scrubbed until I shone, then powdered, curled, and perfumed until I smelt like a perfume advertisement looks. I held my breath as my lovely party frock was slipped over my head, and I felt like the living image of Cinderella. I left home just in time to reach the party at a moment when I would be most noticed. On my way I had to pass a ditch which was full of water from a recent rain. As luck would have it I slipped and fell in. Gone was all my perfumed loveliness, and my joy with it. I climbed sadly out, and returned home, wet and bedragged. I attended no party that day.

As the years passed on, I reached the romantic age of fourteen. I still had my wading escapades, although I kept them very much in secret. I was entirely too old to be seen doing such a childish thing.

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Late one afternoon, I was strolling along by the stream of my childhood joys, as the sun was setting, and casting its crimson rays over the silvery brook. The temptation was too great to resist, and I felt that I must wade for a minute. So off came my shoes and stockings, my feet splashed in the brook. But horrors! who should I see coming but my best beau. He was much older than I, by six whole months, and I could not let him see me acting so childishly. I climbed out hastily, sat on my feet, and arranged my dress so no one could see them. I placed my shoes so the tip-end protruded beyond my dress. This camouflage worked, and I sat erect on the sand, and talked to my hero, scarcely moving. When he left I dashed for the house, resolving never again to be caught in the act.

I came to College, thinking I had put all childish things behind me. Such has been my luck though, that on our campus there is an alluring natural park of majestic trees. Winding its way picturesquely through this park there flows a lazy little stream, which seems to be waiting for me to come play with it. The lure of this spot is almost unbearable to me, every time I pass it I get just as near the edge as possible and really wish I could fall in. Some day I'm going to have a remnant sale, and sell this desire by going wading in this enticing stream.

LOUISE BENTON.

AN EAST COAST GHOST

It was dark, and the men sat on the porch, with their feet on the banister, smoking their pipes and cigars. A slight breeze was stirring the palm trees surrounding the cottage. There was quiet everywhere, for the little island lay some distance from the city. The tide was high, and waves could faintly be heard lapping on the beach just a few yards from where the men sat. The air was delicious with that salty odor. Occasionally was heard the cackle of the marsh hen in the marsh, and in the cherry and hickory trees at one side of the cottage, several birds were quietly chirping, as they settled for the night. This was indeed an ideal place for tired business men to spend a day or two of pure enjoyment, fishing and loafing to their hearts' content.

The men who owned this delightful little island and managed the club, came out and joined the men. They sat silently for a while, and the only sounds were those of the night, and the puffing of pipes.

The owner finally leaned forward and gently tapped the ashes from his pipe against the edge of the floor.

"Boys," he said in a slow drawl, "did you ever hear the story of the man who used to live on this island? No! Well, I'll tell you if you insist."

"Years ago there was a rising young man who lived on the mainland. He loved to hunt and fish, so he obtained this island where he could spend his vacation.

"One day some trouble arose, and his name was involved in it. He said he was innocent, but though he came clear at the trial following, people would have no more to do with him.

"He later decided to come to this island to live. He planted a garden, fished a good deal, and spent all his spare time writing. As he had a trusty negro with him, who went to the mainland in a boat once or twice a week for supplies and the mail, he was never seen.

"Soon his name was noticed attached to articles in several of the leading magazines. It was known that he was making a name for himself in the literary world. The people in his old home often wondered about him; but, as the old negro ceased to visit the mainland, and they heard no more from him, they soon forgot him."

The host stopped talking and refilled his pipe, then after lighting it, continued.

"Well, one day not so very many years ago, a motor boat broke down near here. The men aboard rowed in and landed. They searched around, but saw no sign of life. One of the men heard the trickle of running water, so he followed the sound. He found a huge thicket of canna lilies, taller than his head, and gorgeous with

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yellow blossoms. In the midst of these, was an artesian well. A large stream flowed from it, making a little stream to the water's edge, and the air was full of the odor of sulphur.

"Near there was a grove of water oaks, laden with moss, and gnarled and twisted with age and wind. Among these oaks the men saw the ruins of an old tabby building. Only the foundation and part of the walls were left. The shells and mortar were worn smooth, and shone in the sunlight. The only sign of life was several lizards basking in the sun.

"The men returned to their boat, and saw two fishermen coming ashore in a bateau. Upon being questioned, one of them told the men that nothing was known of the island. Passing boats stopped sometimes for water and to rest awhile, but no one ever dared to spend the night. He said that on very dark nights—like tonight—a queer, ghostly object could be seen going around the island, skimming slowly over the water ———. I have seen it several times myself, and a scary sight it is!"

He stopped speaking abruptly and sat still. Every man had ceased smoking and was sitting quietly with eyes dreamily gazing over the water.

The host slowly lowered his feet from the banister, and leaning forward, peered into the darkness.

"It usually comes about this time, on just such nights as this," he drawled, almost to himself. "In fact, I believe I see it coming now! See! coming around the southern point of the island."

Sure enough, a white form appeared in the distance. It seemed to be a huge white surplice, floating upright over the surface of the water. It came forward slowly. A queer light seemed to hover about it. Finally it was directly in front of the cottage, and a queer noise could be faintly heard over the water.

The host looked around at the men. Every one of them was sitting stiffly upright in his chair, with dilated eyes fixed on the object. He slyly smiled and returned his gaze to the water.

Soon the ghostly object disappeared from sight around the northern point of the island. Several of the men heaved a sigh, and the host rose to his feet.

"Well, boys," he said, "it's about time to turn in for the night, isn't it?"

The guests reluctantly made an attempt to stir, then with several common-place remarks and good-nights, made their way to their respective beds. The owner closed up for the night, and chuckled softly to himself, for he always received a fresh pleasure in telling his guests this old tale.

AN EAST COAST GHOST

Meanwhile, on the other side of the island was a poor old fisherman, returning to his home on a nearby island, after his day's hard work. He guided his small boat slowly, with almost noiseless, even strokes. A lantern, almost hidden in the bottom of the bateau, threw a wierd light on the small white sail which was full before the breeze.

Nearby, a marsh-hen cackled loudly, and in the trees surrounding the cottage, the birds set up a twitter, as if one had lost its perch. Then everything grew quiet, and the only sound was the gentle lapping of the little waves on the beach as the tide turned.

NELLE ROBARTS.



THE MAGIC LIPSTICK

At the mere mention of the word "magic," some emotion instantly arises in everyone. Early in my life I believed wonderful effects were brought into being only when one had at his disposal, an Aladdin's Lamp to stroke, a magic talisman with which to open the secret caverns, or a fairy wand which needs only a wave or two to bring about some instant transformation. However, time and the experiences it brought, made many changes for me and my friends.

I lay for ages in the show case of the huge department store, pondering the sad fact that some day I might be left all alone.

I grew quite discouraged as time went on, but then one day—the most unexpected thing happened. A very attractive flapper came into the store, as many often had done, but this one immediately directed her steps towards our case and with little hesitation she bought me. The surprise was truly great, and I instantly blushed, turning two or three shades brighter.

Lipsticks are like human beings in several respects, although the latter would not readily admit it. Each has a life which constantly shortens and finally ceases. A human is often said to have a dual personality. A lipstick is a duality, in that it is capable of enjoying the worldly society, and at the same time, the privacy of a boudoir. I think this an unusually wonderful accomplishment; I should say gist.

Speaking of life in society, I must relate an incident which occurred not long ago. Cynthia Carlton, who had rescued me from my fear of desertion, was very pretty and exceedingly popular. Quite naturally I accompanied her to all the "events," not with the air of a chaperone, but with a readiness to assume my part of her joys and romances (in which I conscientiously believed I had a share).

One night at a dance, a handsome young man asked Cynthia and me to walk outside into the moonlight. Now I was as thrilled as she, but when he suggested a kiss, I became infuriated, at his boldness. My indignation knew no bounds when she quietly acquiesced. Before they returned to the ball room, Cynthia opened her vanity with all intentions of applying a little of me to her lips. Seeing my chance of revenge, I promptly rolled out and remained hidden until they gave up the search in despair.

I was left with my thoughts at last. If she had but loved him all would have been different. Yes, I was glad to be free from all that kind of horrid society. My sense of romance and my ideals had been shattered.

I slept well that night, despite my thoughts. The next morning

THE MAGIC LIPSTICK

early I was picked up by a sweet looking young lady, neatly and simply dressed. She was very different from my former owner and at once I loved her dearly.

Janet, for that was her name, took me into an adorable little bed room, in a cozy little bungalow, which proved to be her home. She carefully trimmed my surface, then smoothed a small amount over her dainty lips.

I learned that Janet sincerely loved the man who was fascinated with Cynthia. I promised myself to do all in my power to aid Janet. Even if he loved Janet with all his heart, there would have to be some outer attraction to break his fascination for Cynthia.

It was the night of the costume ball. The whole town was excited. Janet made careful preparations. She looked at me as much as to say, "I'm depending on you." I was laid in a box when she hurried off to the dance. I knew that she had never had a lipstick before.

She did not realize my ability to play two parts; she did not know that I understood what had happened in that eventful night. When she came in softly to her room, she walked over to the box in which I lay breathlessly waiting. She murmured something like "my magic lipstick," then crept into bed.

MARY V. GRAMLIN.



EDITORIAL

"All experience is an arch wherethro' gleams that untravelled world."

In an institution where students consider the laws of life, talk, think and work together, the Freshmen with their dreams and ambitions are welcomed. Four years we have before us; a life of friendships and of experiences that will furnish our life with a favorable and functioning or an unfavorable and non-functioning foundation.

All Freshmen will agree that none of us had ever had an event in our past life as different as was our coming away to college; truly it was an experience. Even if at first we didn't like it, we had to admit it was "a new one on us" and that even though we had reached that stage in life which Arnold Bennett described, "a young girl at this time has suddenly realized that she has learned everything that there is to learn," nevertheless we were in somewhat of a quandary, we somehow didn't quite understand it all.

In thinking over our earliest and no doubt our most lasting impressions of new experiences, we naturally think of dormitory life first. We knew that we were to make the dormitory our future home, but never did we realize that we would have to do the things that we did. We were no longer pampered children of a household, but students of a college. Probably the greatest lesson learned from dormitory life and the one which was most opposed to our way of doing, was the routine. We got up to bells, went to meals to bells, went to bed, and even when we had social events we were summoned by those commanding bells. But somehow we have learned to feel different toward bells, they seem to be more of a friend and a help than a nuisance and annoyance. But even such an unsophisticated group as the Freshman Class has decided that dormitory life is rather pleasant after all, and realize that it is of untold value to girls in more ways than those here suggested.

As to class room experience—when a girl is at home she is more or less guided in her studies, but in college one is her own task master. Soon we were only too sorry for procrastination, when the exacting test days came, but all our vain regrets for wasted time were to no avail.

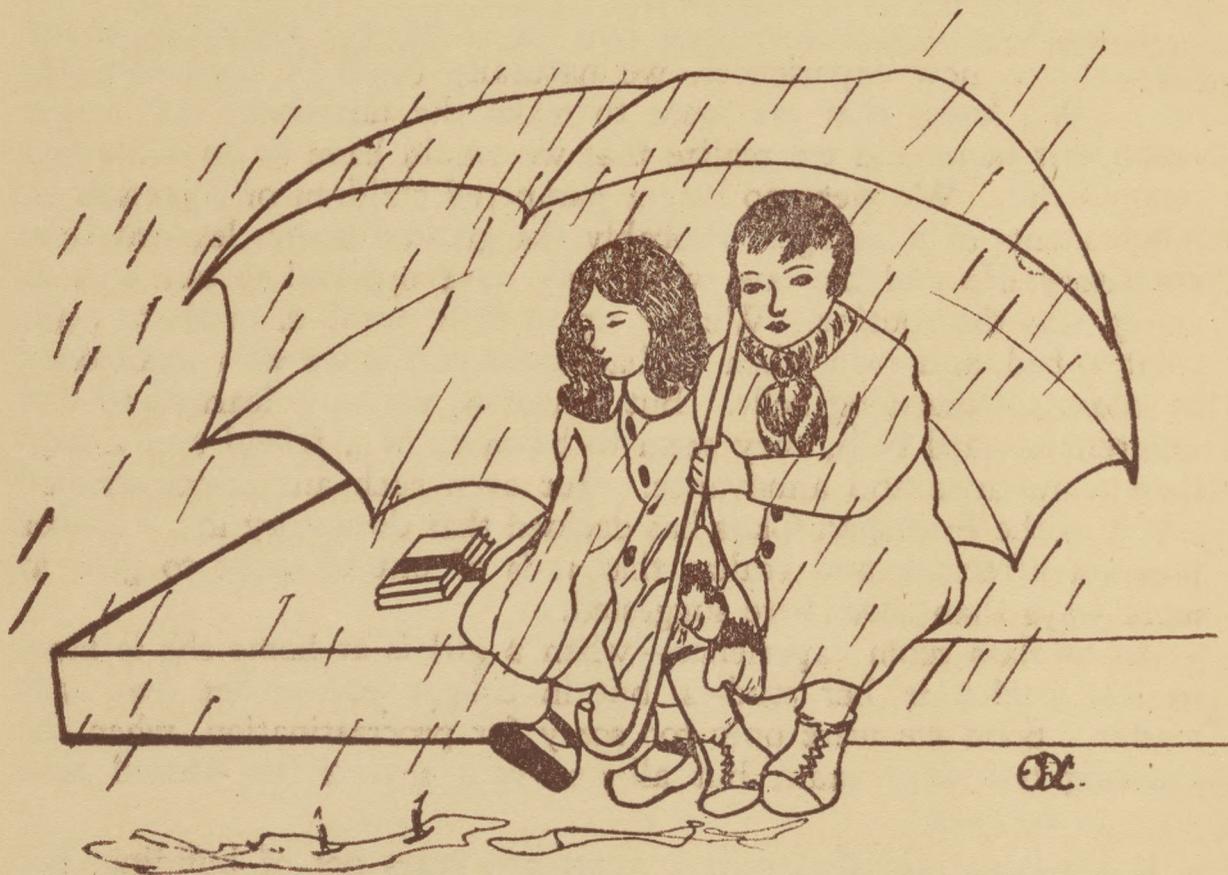
It has been said that college years are years not of building, but of digging, and the art of learning to "dig" in our Freshman year determines whether or not what is excavated in the four years is worthwhile.

EDITORIAL

Out of all our college experience there is one which stands above all the others, that of learning to live with people. That first tedious lesson that was learned in our dormitory room—how to adjust ourselves and our wishes to the wishes of other people, will enter into our life work. Some of the things will be applied to certain fields, but the art of living with people is present in every walk of life. Those people we live with should challenge us to loftier ideals and purposes.

These are only a few of the many experiences that come to Freshmen girls, but if we look on them with open-mindedness and a certain amount of curiosity, we will find them all a pleasant adventure, which will justify that "All experience is an arch wherethro' gleams that untravelled world."

EDNA SINEATH.



WOODS

Mr. Clarence Gustlin, a noted American pianist who gave "Alglala" at the Woman's Building in February, delighted the music lovers of Valdosta and the student body with a concert recital Wednesday evening, March 24, at 8:30 o'clock, in the rotunda of Ashley hall. Mr. Gustlin came under the auspices of the Philharmonic Club. The first part of the program was devoted to the new American opera, "The Witch of Salem," by Cadman. The second half was composed of well known concert and recital pieces by Lizet, Chopin and other classical composers.

* * *

The Philharmonic Club held a program meeting in the rotunda Friday evening, March 12, under the leadership of Ursula Miller. The orchestra and symphony received the chief emphasis. The program was as follows:

Discussion of Symphony	Sara Mandeville
Discussion of Orchestral Instrument	Ursula Miller
Piano Solo	Ruth Youmans
Current Events	Henrietta Armstrong

* * *

The Sock and Buskin Club presented a one-act play, "The Maker of Dreams", by Down, at the Strand, on Friday, March 26, under the direction of Miss Louise Sawyer. It was given for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A., and the Dramatic Club. All the characters were ably portrayed. The cast was as follows:

Pierrot, the greatest lover of all time	Annie Smith
The Maker of Dreams	Christine Todd
Pierrette	Frances Thomas

* * *

We have a new organization, the Fine Arts Club. The following officers have been elected:

Cleo Mansfield	President
Emma Moore	Vice-President
Ursula Miller	Secretary-Treasurer

LOCALS

The Fine Arts Club presented as their first offering, a puppet play on Saturday evening, March 13. The play, based on the legend of Lover's Leap, was written and the puppets constructed by members of the club. There was a short musical program preceding the play. Those manipulating the puppets were: Ursula Miller, Eunice Farnum, Cleo Mansfield, and Mary Small. Christine Todd read the play.

* * *

Miss Annie P. Hopper, Miss E. Camm Campbell, and Miss Mildred Price entertained the members of the faculty and a few friends of the College with a delightful bridge party, on Thursday evening, March 25. The rooms were beautifully decorated with spring flowers, Judas trees, and dogwood, carrying out the color scheme of pink and white. Dainty bonbon cups and tallies suggesting the spring season, carried out the motif.

* * *

March 19, the students were delighted with spring holidays. Nearly all the students went home, but those who stayed in the dormitories had a good time. Among other things that they enjoyed was a delightful picnic at Twin Lakes.

* * *

The Student Government Association held the presidential election for 1926-1927, March 12th. The two nominees were Misses Florence Breene and Christine Meadows. Miss Florence Breene was elected.

* * *

Our own Glee Club entertained at tea the Georgia Glee Club, Monday afternoon, March 29, in the rotunda.

* * *

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE RECEPTION

The most delightful social occasion of the year at Georgia State Womans College was the Freshman-Sophomore reception on Saturday evening, April 10. The Dutch motif was carried out in the decoration, the program, and the refreshments. The large rotunda of Ashley Hall was decorated in yellow tulips and ferns; green and gold were used as a compliment to the Sophomore class. The small parlor ad-

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joining the rotunda was artistically decorated as a Dutch art gallery, and contained many good reproductions of famous Dutch paintings.

Promenading was enjoyed throughout the evening on the brilliantly lighted terrace, at each end of which was a large windmill in which there were Dutch girls who served punch. During the "proms" music was furnished by members of the College orchestra.

During the intermission an informal program was given as follows:

"How So Fair," from "Martha" Mr. Dasher
A Reading Miss Christine Meadows
Violin Solo Mrs. Pardee
Dutch Dance Miss Anne Smith and Miss Sara Mandeville

Refreshments were served in the dining room which was converted for the evening into a quaint Dutch tea-room, decorated with yellow tulips and ferns. The refreshments were yellow ice cream tulips, with little white cakes iced with yellow tulips. The artistic plates were served by Dutch girls in yellow and green costumes.

The guests of the Freshman class consisted of the Sophomore class and the boy friends of both classes. The Junior class assisted the hostesses and the Junior High School class assisted in serving. Dr. and Mrs. Powell, Miss Hopper, Dean of Women; Miss Lucile Dowling, Sophomore president, and Miss Susan Bedell, Freshman president, made up the receiving line.

MILDRED LAVENDAR.



SOCIETY NEWS

The Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies held a joint meeting on Saturday evening, April the third. Since art has been emphasized in the programs for the year, the meeting took the form of a studio exhibit.

A very delightful play, "Through the Picture Frame," was the first number on the program. The play centered around a young artist who had a dream; a ballet of colors was introduced by her dream. The cast was as follows: "Carol, the Art Student," Ellen Smith; "Phoebe," Margaret Christian.

The pictures, "Song of the Lark," Velma Kennedy; "Girl With Broken Pitcher," Mary Lee Moran; "The Blue Boy," Marian Wiseman; "Mme. Le Brun and her Daughter," Estelle Davis and Mary Stewart; "Black," Agnes King; "White," Laura Clements.

The ballet was selected from the advanced dancing class. After the play, groups were conducted through the art gallery by Miss Frances Ruth Carpenter, head of the art department. The art gallery on the second floor of the rotunda exhibited about fifty colored medic prints of famous pictures. The upper and lower floor of the rotunda were decorated with spring flowers, and delightful music was enjoyed during the whole exhibit.

EDNA SINEATH.



ATHLETIC NOTES

The basketball tournament held on March the eighth and ninth was a source of much enjoyment to the members of the student body—as well as the members of the faculty who were present.

The four opposing teams met at four o'clock on Tuesday for the first games of the tournament. The Kappas played the Lambdas, and the Argonauts played the Valkyries. The games ended with the Lambdas and Valkyries victorious. On Wednesday the winning teams met for the grand finale. The High School held their own during the first half which ended with a tie. The Lambdas gained on them, however, and the game closed with the score 33 to 13 in favor of the Lambdas. The score on Tuesday between the Kappas and Lambdas was 18 to 15 in the Lambdas' favor. The cheering was led by Miss Margaret LaFar for the Kappas, and by Miss Marjorie Seals for the Lambdas.

On March 18, the College held its regular annual Field Day exercises. Field Day is an exhibition of the work of the department of physical education, which is directed by Miss Mamie Jakes, assisted by Miss Annie E. Smith. The first part was devoted to dances and drills of various kinds and the grand march. The second part was devoted to the individual competitive side of physical culture,—the broad and high jump, the dash—and different relay races.

The jumps were won by Miss Katherine Myrick, the dash by Miss Elizabeth McRee, the tug of war by the High School, the human croquet by the Lambdas, and the obstacle race by Miss Gladys Butler. The Lambdas scored the greatest number of points, and won the Field Day banner.

The Athletic Associations involved, were:

COLLEGE:

Phi Kappa President, Marion Wiseman
Phi Lambda President, Frances Myrick

HIGH SCHOOL:

Valkyries President, Sara Maud Stewart
Argonauts President, Marguerite Ford



ALUMNAE

Pearl Bullock, of the '18 class, is teaching History in the ninth grade and physical education in the Junior High School at Fort Myers, Florida. She may be addressed at Kenmore Hotel.

* * *

Helen Griffin, Mrs. Ben I. Thornton, of the '19 class, is teaching the seventh and eighth grades in Tallulah Falls Industrial School, Tallulah Falls, Georgia. She says in part, "The school is doing a wonderful work for the mountain children and the Georgia women should be very proud of their school."

* * *

Deborah Creighton, of the '23 class, is teaching expression in Boston, Mass.

* * *

Julia Patterson, of the '24 class, and Hilda Patterson of the '25 class, are teaching in a consolidated school in Crisp county, near Cordele, Georgia.

* * *

Ellie Peeples, of the '24 class, was married on February 28th, to Mr. Joseph H. Harvey. They are living at the Marion Hotel, Nashville, Georgia.

* * *

Anne Rankin, of the '24 class, is teaching music at Buford, Georgia.

* * *

Mae Chambless, of the class of '25, is teaching sixth and seventh grades at Parrott, Georgia.

* * *

Katie Herrin, A. B. '25, is teaching physical education in the schools of South Bay, Florida.

THE PINE BRANCH

Margaret Shields, of the '25 class, was recently married to Mr. A. M. Mann, formerly of Richmond, Virginia. They are making their home in Asheville, North Carolina.

* * *

Another wedding of interest was that of Frances Smith, of the '25 class. She was married to Mr. L. H. Collar, of Miami, Florida, on the 28th of February. They are making their home in Miami.

* * *

Clarice Weathersbee, A. B. '25, is teaching art in the schools of South Bay, Florida.

* * *

Janie Lou Zetterower, of the '25 class, is teaching in the schools of DeLoach, Georgia.

Y . W . C . A . N O T E S

The students have found the vesper services of this month exceedingly interesting and beneficial. The programs have provided for discussion groups and talks that have given information on present-day problems of college men and women.

* * *

On Sunday evening, March 7, the students and faculty studied together the "Lord's Prayer," Miss Margaret LaFar conducting the study.

* * *

"Education of Missions" was the subject of the program on Thursday evening, March 11. Miss Emylu Trapnell gave a talk in which she brought to the girls the needs of the education of missions, and the steps that were being taken to meet these needs.

* * *

On Sunday evening, March 14, a very enjoyable program was given by the faculty of the College. Mr. J. F. Wood, Dean of the College, made a talk on one of the foremost questions in the minds of modern people, "Whither Bound Is Modern Youth?" This he answered from a psychological view-point. Among other enjoyable numbers on the program were a violin solo by Mrs. W. A. Pardee, violin instructor of the College, and a vocal solo by Mr. James A. Dasher, teacher of piano and pipe organ at the College.

* * *

"Relationship Between Men and Women" was the subject of the program on Thursday evening, March 25. This subject was discussed by the students, in groups.

LOUISE HARDEN.

JOKES

Teacher, in Freshman English class, having oral drill. "Give sentences with the following words: hostile, furniture, miniature, insomnia." Answers of outstanding brilliance were:

"Hold the hostile I get on him."

"I saw a furniture doorstep."

"Were miniature house last night?"

"Let's go swimming insomnia pool."

* * *

Freshman: "Miss Jakes, please tell me more about that tub o'water I'm to be in Field Day."

Miss Jakes: "That's what follows the tug o'war, I guess."

* * *

Everything comes to him who *lives in a dormitory* orders hash.

* * *

Catherine Myrick: "Did you tell me you used to cross the Atlantic, monthly?"

Frances Thomas: "No, I said I went over the "Atlantic Monthly."

* * *

Mr. Stokes: "What is an alloy?"

K. Trulock: "An alloy is a person who was for the United States during the war."

* * *

Mother: "Jimmy, dear, you must go to sleep now."

Jimmy: "Please, just finish the story of the Arabian Nighties."

* * *

"Hands Off," was the sign before the statue of Venus de Milo in the Art Museum.

Mary Groover looked from sign to statue, then said, "Well anyone could see that."

Miss Walker: "Your raincoat is exceedingly loud."

Miss Sawyer: "Well, that's all right, I'll put on a muffler."

* * *

The best fairy tale ever told was this one:

"Once upon a time there was a little girl who went to her first prom and refused to talk about it afterwards."

* * *

Dot Glascock: "Do you like codfish balls?"

Virginia Kirkland: "I don't know; I never attended any."

MARY V. GRAMLIN.



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