

THE PINE BRANCH



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THE PINE BRANCH

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THE HISTORY OF THE

TO THE EDITORS OF THE PINE

THE PRESIDENT'S GREETING

TO THE EDITORS OF THE PINE BRANCH:

I thank you for your invitation to write a "greeting" for the first issue of the Pine Branch for this year.

First, I greet all Freshmen and others who have for the first time entered the College this fall. May you early catch the spirit which has marked this school from its early years,—a spirit of honor and high mindedness brightened and made sweet and happy by kindness and good fellowship.

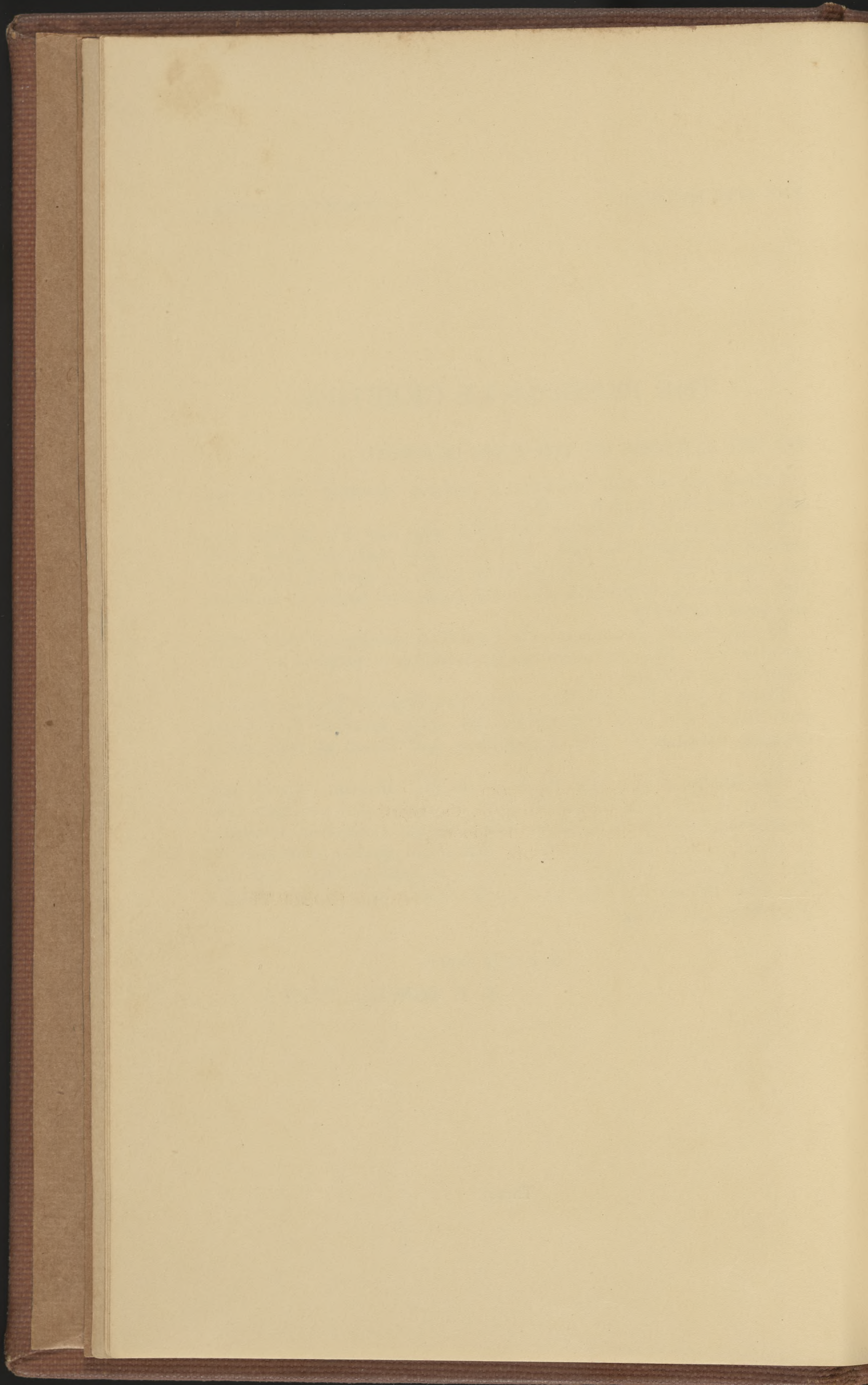
Second, I greet all students who have been members of the College group before. May you continue the tradition of progress and leadership in the College.

Third, I greet the Alumnae. May you illustrate in your lives in your homes and your communities the spirit absorbed in College, bringing blessings to your communities and honor to your Alma Mater.

And finally, I greet the Staff of the Pine Branch. I wish you every success in your important work of editing and publishing the student magazine of the College. Continue the tradition of admitting to your columns only material of distinctive quality, remembering that any College is best revealed by its student activities, and that The Pine Branch has long been an honorable voice of the Georgia State Womans College.

Sincerely yours,

R. H. POWELL, President.



LIFE

June night,
Moon light,
Shadows on the ground,
Crickets singing in the trees,
Quiet all around:
'Tis life.

Winter night,
Fire light,
Cozy living room,
Apples roasting on the hearth,
Shadows in the gloom:
'Tis life.

NELLE ROBERTS.

A MODERN PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES

"The beginning of all wisdom is to look fixedly on clothes till they become transparent."—Carlyle.

Clothes! That eternally significant consideration in the mind of humans, especially in that of the female element! But what are clothes? Carlyle has defined the term as anything other than the divine spirit of a human being that goes into the making of his terrestrial life; the girls at G. S. W. C. would define it as a shirt waist and skirt, a uniform. Carlyle was an extremist in one direction; college girls are extremists in the opposite direction. In either case what is the significance?

Accepting as correct Carlyle's definition, can not we for a moment be ourselves as he, extremists, and seriously consider the utter absurdity of clothes as such?

Why do we come to school? Certainly not to wear clothes, for its our clothes that make us alike rather than creating that individual difference that we had hoped would be the result of a college career. Still remembering that we are pretending ourselves extremists with Carlyle, and that he defined man as an "omnivorous biped that wears breeches," we may justly conclude that college girls are omnivorous bipeds that wear shirt waists and skirts, and again in the words of Carlyle "forked radishes with heads fantastically carved."

However, if we accept Carlyle's philosophy in regard to clothes, we must go all the way with him, and even as he goes deeper than clothes with man, so must we look beneath and beyond the clothes of college girls. Beyond the clothes, indeed beyond the body itself, which is in the last analysis nothing more than clothes, is "a soul, a Spirit, and divine Apparition." It is this "divine Apparition" toward which we, as intelligent college girls, must direct our attention.

History has it that there was in early Quaker times a man, George Fox, who made one of the most appreciable contributions ever fused into the thought of an age in making for himself a leathern suit. Strange that the making of a leathern suit should be such a memorable historical event, but the significance lay rather in the thought and principle involved than in the suit itself. He was only a blacksmith,

a poor laborer, but his thoughts were not of his forge and anvil; he had lofty visions; his concerns were of his divine soul in its relation to God's Universe. He fashioned the strange costume in his blacksmith shop, sewed it securely about his body, and never afterwards doffed it. Thus in creating for himself an everlasting and perennial solution of the problem of clothes, his mind was left free to enjoy and investigate at will the "Holy Mystery of Man."

May we not correctly term our uniform the ideal leathern suit of modern times? True it isn't everlasting, though it is practically perennial, but surely it has the most significant characteristic of Fox's suit. In its simplicity and comfort, it allows girls to turn from the useless consideration of external apparel, and engage themselves in those higher and more beautiful aspects of life which lead to a fuller development of mind and soul.

"Vestements have no independent importance; they derive their potency and value from the inner reality which they were fashioned to represent and embody, but which they often misrepresent and obscure." Time and progress have given us quite a distinct advantage over the proverbial leathern suit. An everlasting outfit of leather was no doubt wholly unattractive; there was a great danger lest it misrepresent and obscure the inner reality. Not so with the uniform of our College, which boasts attractiveness as one of its chief characteristics; it is a noble representation of the beautiful inner reality of a young college girl.

A unique institution this which fashions its clothes after the patterns of Carlyle, and yet produces a creation which meets every need of a modern school and society.

MARY ALICE SINEATH.

"EYES ARE THE MIRRORS OF THE SOUL"

Nature has dealt kindly with most of her children. On some she has lavished mental attainments, while on others she has shown her power through the gift of physical beauty. Variety is not at all boring, and mother nature has exhibited an adept hand at securing it. Upon some she has bestowed beautifully molded mouths; upon others pretty noses or luxuriant hair; but fortunate the woman who has a pair of beautiful eyes. People are eternally commenting on them. How true is it that "eyes are the mirrors of the soul."

Baby eyes. They might be likened to twinkly blue stars, and like the stars, babies are unable to speak, save through their eyes. What is more appealing than to look into a pair of tiny blue eyes and see mirrored in them all of the innocence, faith, and love a baby is capable of portraying? One sees in them hidden treasures and latent potentialities to be accelerated or retarded as fate sees fit.

From baby eyes one may look into youth's eyes, and what can be more expressive than the eyes of youth? Dancing eyes! Merry eyes! Extravagant eyes! Daring eyes! When one gazes into the eyes of youth, one may feel tremendously the very buoyancy of its spirit. Upon first sight one may be inclined to think the eyes of youth are but flippant eyes—mirroring only the gaieties and pleasures of life, but upon second glance one is forced to see hidden in their depths the more sacred and profound thoughts of life, waiting arousal into action at the proper time.

One wishes that these taunting, tantalizing eyes of youth would never change, and yet one is loath not to be partial to the eyes of young womanhood. Dreamy eyes—expressing love and romance, for are not love and romance the very essence of young womanhood? Eyes not quite so daring as the eyes of youth, but much more pensive. Eyes which express thought and wonder—questioning eyes. Radiant eyes. "Eyes that are full of nocturnal mysteries."

It is but a short step from the eyes of young womanhood to the eyes of the mother—and what eyes can be any more magnetic than the mother's eyes? Verily, they are the mirrors of the soul—one sees them as a compound composed of the ingredients of compassion, love, sympathy, and sacrifice, the greatest of these being sacrifice.

One can hardly imagine eyes capable of being any more appealing than the eyes of a mother until one looks into the very depths of

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the old person's eyes. Eyes full of memories. Here is pictured understanding, patience, loyalty, and a faith almost past youthful comprehension. Although these eyes are faded eyes, they are none the less expressive.

A person's speech or actions can in no way be an expression of one's better self, for experience teaches that actions and words disguise rather than portray the real self. Would that I were a Shakespeare, that I might set forth the material ages of womanhood as told by her eyes, as he set forth the material ages of man, for in such a production would exist the growth of the soul. "Eyes are truly the mirrors of the soul."

SARA MANDEVILLE.

HANGED

A black face peeped through the palings; huge saucer-like eyes rolled from side to side as they endeavored to take in the full significance of all that was before them. They gazed with terror upon the group of angry looking white men under the apple tree, and shifting to the limp looking black form being slowly hoisted into the air they drew a gasp from their owner. Samuel Pershing Washington was away like the wind. Drunken with fright he dodged in and out between the market-going wagons.

"Da got 'im, da got 'im," he mumbled in more and more broken accents as he became more breathless from his zig-zag flight. Great drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead as he began to condemn himself for not being on time at the meeting place, so he could have helped his friend. "Da-got-im, da-got-im," rang through his head with the frequency of the ticking of a clock.

Sam Washington swerved to the side of the road; dodged under the wire fence; and took a hurried flight over Rocky Field. Like a frightened rabbit relieved at seeing the hole of its burrow, Sam dodged into the back street of the negro settlement. His mind made up and with a purpose before him, he ran up the path leading to Tom Pinkney's shanty. Mirandy must be notified of the decease of her better half.

By this time Sam was able to collect his scattered wits, and had the story quite creditably worked out. All the details of that scene behind the fence were ready to be told to Mirandy.

Mirandy let her powerful, singing voice fall as she saw the ashy face of Sam in the door. "Wha' Tom," she greeted him. "Tell dat good fo' nothing lummax t' git himself here fo' to take Mrs. Georgie's clothes. He's takin a mighty long time to git dat wagon hub fix."

"Mi-ran-dy," came from behind chattering teeth.

"What yo want man, go git Tom," came from the provoked Mirandy.

"Mirandy da—" faltered Sam.

"Speak yo business, man" said Mirandy, now fully aware that something was on foot.

"Tom, he," began Sam in slow tones.

"He's in jail agin, dat low-down shiftless cuss," interrupted Mirandy, who thought she saw a ray of light on the subject.

The heartlessness of this woman creature before him struck the

woeful Sam like a blow. Women were just like that always thinking when something had happened you'd gone and got in jail again. Sam drew himself up like a pouter-pigeon. "Woman, yo' own lawful husband has went to the land of his fo'fathers. At dis moment he am russlin in the breeze down in Brown's lot under dat old crab apple tree."

A shower of suddly snow fell within the room, as Mirandy, in her astonishment, backed into the tub of soap suds. A shriek rent the air, followed by moans, growing greater and greater in volume.

Sam was so astonished he ducked behind an old rocker and peeped over the top. Mirandy's fit of woe was becoming more severe, she rocked from side to side, working herself into a frenzie.

Black faces peeped in at the windows and at the door. These with their owners soon crowded into the room, when they saw that the weeping Mirandy and frightened Sam were its only occupants. The sympathetic women joined in with the cry, the men and boys backed against the walls and into the corners, making complimentary remarks, in chanting voices, about the deceased Tom.

The little cabin fairly shook with the vibration of the noise within it; a negro walking up the path—hesitated, and became more cautious as he walked to the stoop and entered the door. He crept to the door from which all the commotion was coming, and peeped in. More assured he stepped into the doorway.

The noise ceased suddenly, deathly silence reigned. Mirandy, her eyes popping, gave a shriek and fell back upon the group of men that she supposed was behind her. Her body came in violent contact with the wall. With miraculous quickness the whole company had disappeared through both doors and windows.

Mirandy, a great mound of quivering flesh, faced the supposed ghost of her dead husband. Great splashes of suds flew from side to side as her head rolled in accompaniment to her eyes. "Don come no nearer," came in mumbling tones from her dry lips.

"Mirandy," breathed the ghost.

At the sound of the spectral voice a cold shiver shook Mirandy.

"Ah ain't don nothing to you, fo' you to haunt me lik' dis," she quivered at it.

Tom was perplexed. Mirandy had not been used to fits. This seemed a peculiar sort too. How her eyes popped, she must be suffering from a chill too, because her ebony skin was more ashy than he had ever seen it before. Her hands clutched as if she was afraid of something. This last thought made Tom look apprehensively around him.

Mirandy viewed the events of the past few years, seeking in vain

for some deed of her doing that was the cause of this ghostly visit. Sis Lou had said at the last meeting of the circle that ghosts, if they had been wronged while on earth, often came back to haunt their wrongdoers. Mirandy gave a sudden start.

"Go way, go way, I gib it back. I s'se just took it to 'crease ma buriul fun. I gib it ba'k. Haunt me no more, Mr. Ghost," she begged in entreating terms.

Ghost, ghost? Tom's hair stood upright. He entered the room hurriedly, and backed against the wall to prevent any attack from the rear. He was fully as pale now as Mirandy. "Law Mirandy, law tell 'bout it. Whar is it?"

"In dat old cup behind de clock on the man'l. I go git it right now," cried Mirandy, stepping toward the mantel-piece.

Tom looked with increditable eyes toward the mantle. "De ghost, woman, wha' dat ghost?"

Mirandy stood still. Something seemed powerful funny to her. She took another look at the ghost. Somehow she couldn't remember Sis Lou had said ghosts smelled so. That seemed a familiar smell too. Smelled like corn likker to her.

Deathly silence reigned. Mirandy's fright was transferred to Tom. He clung closer and closer to the wall as she made her advance. His eyes rolled from side to side as he looked for a means of escape.

"Dead, huh, drinking corn likker down at Green's, you lummax, you," she hissed.

Tom quaked, dipped his hand into his pocket, and drew out a ten dollar bill. "Now, Mirandy, dem picher men, da gib me ten dollars for being hanged down in the lot. I tho' as how you'd want it for your buriul fun."

Down in Brown's lot men were moving motion picture property. In Pinkney's shanty domestic felicity spread its warming rays, as Mirandy fried hoe-cakes for Tom's supper.

EMMA MOORE.



EDITORIAL

"There is always room for one more."—This old adage is a very comforting one. It is more than that—it is one which gives us hope, and what would we do without hope? Hope, that intangible force upon which human endeavors largely depend.


We have never expected anything but the best for our College. Those who have been with it since its beginning, for it is yet in its beginning, have seen it develop rapidly. Those of us who have not been with it since its beginning have often been told of its phenomenal growth and development. Naturally, it has had some handicaps. Every growing project has its untoward forces with which it must cope. We endeavor to use ours as stepping stones to greater achievement and growth.

For the past few years, although our dormitories have been filled to capacity, seemingly we have been at a standstill. Physically speaking, we have not kept pace these last few years, with the marvelous growth of the internal organization of our school. Right here is the place to tell a remarkable fact. For the past five years this internal organization of our College has been going through a period of transition—that is, the College has evolved from a High School-Junior College to a Junior-Senior College offering standard A. B. degrees. (This transition was accomplished in four years, whereas it has taken sister institutions from ten to twelve years to accomplish the same thing!) The High School is now entirely separate from the College in its organization. In fact, no more high school dormitory students are being accepted.

This College, which is the only degree college in the southern three-fifths of Georgia, opened its doors to the public in 1913 with a total enrollment of exactly three bona fide college students, and several actually of high school grade. Today its total enrollment is 246 college students. Although last year we thought we were jammed up, we expected the increase of the freshman class, for a growth of a college is determined by the growth of its freshman class, and we were not disappointed. We had an increase of 30 per cent over

last year's class. What did we do with all these girls? The College has provided for them, though again it seems that the limit has been reached. But the administration always finds room for one more.

So we need not bother our brains over where the increased number of students will be placed next year. The Board of Trustees will meet that problem just as successfully as it has met the problems of the College in the past. Probably (at least we hope) the Legislature will at least give us some new buildings. We must remember, too, that the College is graduating some few of us, and our places will be obtainable. It is true that next year the dormitories will be jammed to their utmost capacity, and even fully prepared students will have to be turned away. But you seniors of the many high schools, remember that at The Georgia State Womans College—"there is always room for one more"—and apply early. We shall look for you.



Y. W. C. A. NOTES

During the past month the Y. W. C. A. has made a splendid beginning for the year's work in providing profitable Bible Study and recreation. On October the 10th the recognition service for receiving the new girls into the Y. W. C. A. was held in the form of a candle light service. Miss Henrietta Armstrong represented the old members and Miss Derrille Armstrong the new. Miss Mary Alice Sineath, President of the Y. W. C. A., welcomed the girls into the Association. The President held a large candle from which the girls lighted their small ones as they came forward singing "Hymn of the Lights." After all of the candles were lighted the girls marched out on the campus singing, "Follow the Gleam;" here they formed a large circle on the campus, where the choir sang the benediction, "Peace I Leave With You."

* * *

The Bible Study classes have organized for the year's work, and the attendance has been particularly gratifying; practically all of the student body attending. The department was fortunate in securing well trained teachers for the year. Miss Janie Bush has charge of the Freshman Class; Miss Annie P. Hopper the Sophomore Class, and Miss Metcalf the Junior-Senior classes.

* * *

One of the happy events of the year is the annual Big Sister-Little-Sister party at which the big sisters welcome their little sisters into college. This party is always held the first Wednesday after school opens, and the program which was given this year was as follows:

Piano Solo—Mary Beth Parrish.

Reading—Lois Sharp.

Piano Solo—Mary Alexander.

Reading—Nan Smith.

Piano Solo—Aline Futch.

Selections on Orthophonic Victrola.

After this, a social hour was enjoyed; sandwiches and punch were served.

On Saturday, October 2nd, the Y. W. C. A. opened a tea room in the House in the Woods. It is hoped this will prove a source of much pleasure to the girls during the afternoons they spend on the campus, as well as a profitable financial source to the Association. On this particular afternoon the clubhouse gave a cozy and attractive appearance, the decorations consisting of autumn leaves arranged artistically throughout the rooms. A light salad course was served. This afternoon's recreation was enjoyed by all present. The girls in charge of the tea room for the year are as follows: Miss Nan Smith, Brunswick, Georgia; Miss Sara Mandeville, Jesup, Georgia; Miss Elsie Gunn, Rome, Georgia; Miss Sara Thomas, Adel, Georgia; and Miss Lucille Dowling, Jesup, Georgia.

SOCIETY NEWS

A joint call meeting of the societies was held in the Rotunda Friday evening, October 8, 1926. The object was to obtain material for study in the societies this year. A vote was taken, and the literature will be purchased by both societies. The meeting was presided over by Miss Lucille Dowling, President of the Sororian Society.

* * *

A joint meeting of the Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies was held in the Rotunda on Saturday evening, September 25, 1926. The meeting was presided over by Miss Nellie Bracy, President of the Argonian Society. The following program was given:

History and Purpose of Societies—Miss Martha Youngblood.

Elegy in C Sharp Minor—Lucile Nix.

"The Third Ingredient" (O'Henry)—Shirley Gaskins.

Melody in F—violin solo—Mary Alice Sineath, accompanied by Sara Thomas.

Spanish Dance—Annie Smith and Sara Mandeville.

The program of study for the ensuing year is "The South in Contemporary Literature."

After the program, refreshments and music were enjoyed.

* * *

A regular business meeting of the Argonian Society was held in the Rotunda on Wednesday evening, September 29, 1926.

The new members were received into the society.

The following committees were appointed by the President:

Program Committee:

Edna Sineath, Chairman

Lucile Nix,

Helen Seals.

Reporter:

Nelle Roberts.

Pin Committee:

Hazel Furlong, Chairman

Laura Clements,

Anna Dean Knapp.

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Chair Committee:


Hazel Dean, Chairman
Emma Jo Jolly,
Eunice Cassels.

Membership Committee:

Lucile Nix.

Amendment Committee:

Anne Smith, Chairman
Velma Kennedy,
Willie Mae Morton,
Louise Benton,
Merri Nell Davis.



LOCALS

The regular meeting of the Glee Club was held Monday afternoon, September 27. A short business meeting was held prior to the practice period, the purpose being the election of officers. The following were elected:

President—Rena Mae Campbell.

Secretary—Cora Burghard.

Treasurer—Hazel Furlong.

* * *

A most enjoyable evening was spent by the college girls September 30, at the circus. They were indebted for this treat to Mr. C. C. Brantley, Editor of The Valdosta Times, Judge W. E. Thomas, and Chief of Police Kendal.

* * *

On Saturday evening, October 2, the faculty entertained the student body with a beautiful reception on the terrace of Ashley Hall. The receiving line was in groups, with Dr. and Mrs. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, and Miss Hopper in the first one. The color scheme of pink and green was effectively carried out by a profusion of coral vine, baskets of pink zennias, and colored lights.

During the evening promenading was enjoyed, after which the following program was given by the faculty:

1. "Star Eyes"—Oley Speaks.
"Give a Man a Horse He Can Ride" (O'Hara)—James Dasher.
2. Dance, "Alabama Scare Crow"—Nan Smith.
3. "Romance" (Frank La Forge); "Juba Dance" (Nathaniel Dett);
—Gladys E. Warren.
4. "The House With Nobody In It"—Joyce Kilmer;
"The Calf On the Lawn" (S. W. Foss); "She Powders Her
Nose" (Edgar Guest)—Louise A. Sawyer.
5. "The Old Refrain" (Fitz Kreisler); "If Flowers Could Speak"
(Nanna Zucca)—Alimae Temple.
6. Dance, "Playfulness"—Virginia Thomas and Elizabeth McCree.
7. "The Blue Lagoon" (Felix Wenterentz); "Mazurka de Concert"
(Ovid Ninsin)—Mrs. W. A. Pardee.

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8. "Where My Caravan Has Rested" (Herman Lohn)—Alimae Temple and James Dasher.
9. Violin Obligato—Mrs. W. A. Pardee; Accompanist, Gladys E. Warren.

Delicious refreshments were served, the color scheme being carried out. The punch bowls were presided over by Rena Mae Campbell, Mary Alice Sineath, Lucille Dowling, and Ruth Folger.

* * *

The Faculty Poetry Club met with Mr. James R. Stokes at his home on North Ashley Street, October 5. The programs for the year are to be on "Modern English and Irish Poetry." Dr. Powell led the first program, which was a study of Oscar Wilde's poems in connection with his conceptions of Art. Mr. Stokes was assisted in entertaining by his mother, Mrs. A. E. Stokes.



ALUMNAE NOTES

The summer has passed and some of you are entering new fields, some are accepting new positions or doing bigger things in the same field. Surely each of you have news for the Alumnae Editor—and don't stop at telling her about yourself; write her about some fellow member, or, better still, get the fellow member to write her also. This is really the only way in which she can learn of the activities of all the girls and this is a year in which we hope to account for every member of the Alumnae Association through the pages of the Pine Branch.

* * *

Sadie Culbreth of the class of '19 is teaching a section of the fourth grade in the schools of Raeford, North Carolina.

* * *

Marion Groover of the class of '18 is teaching in a private school in Washington, D. C., and studying at George Washington University. Address her at 1603 16th Street, N. W.

* * *

Our Association was well represented at Summer School at Emory University. Those who studied there were: Myrtle Byrd of the class of '21, Dallia Baker of the class of '24, Virginia Peeples of the class of '21, Mary Eunice Sapp of the class of '25, Christine Meadows of the class of '24, Augusta Rentz of the class of '23, Mary Alice Sineath of the class of '26, and Verna Scarborough, A. B. '26. Myrtle is again teaching the third grade in the schools of Lakeland, Georgia; Virginia is teaching history in the high school at Winter Haven, Florida; Mary Eunice returns to Wesleyan where she will receive her A. B. degree at the end of the year; Christine and Mary Alice return to their Alma Mater where they will receive their A. B. degrees at the end of the year; Augusta returns as Secretary to the President, and Verna as Assistant to the Dean of Women.

* * *

Willie Mae Mathews, A. B. '25, was married on September 7th to W. C. Gilbert, of Jacksonville, Florida, where they are making their home, though she is at present filling in in an emergency vacancy

as Critic Teacher of High School English at the College. She held this position until her resignation in the summer.

* * *

There was also a good representation at the University of Georgia: Pearl Bulloch of the class of '18, Alma Lee Day of the class of '22, Gertrude DeLay of the class of '24, Shirley Gaskins of the class of '26, Lois O'Quinn, Mrs. O. A. Spence of the class of '21, Mary Poindexter of the class of '22, Naomi Prim of the class of '26, Belle Rees of the class of '23, and Janie Zetterower of the class of '25. Alma Lee is teaching Home Economics in the A. & M. School at Madison, Georgia; Shirley returns to her Alma Mater to complete her work for her A. B. degree; Mary is teaching English in the high school at Franklin, N. C.; and Lois is teaching Home Economics and Science in the high school at Lakeland, Georgia.

* * *

Lina Flynt of the class of '21 spent the summer studying at the University of North Carolina. She has charge of the high school department of the Free Will Baptist Orphanage, two miles from Middlesex, North Carolina, and is happy in her work.

* * *

Estelle Patten of the class of '21 is teaching the second grade in Lakeland, Georgia.

* * *

Sara Cox of the class of '22 is teaching the first grade in the Waycross Public Schools, Waycross, Georgia.

* * *

Iliene Adams of the class of '23 is teaching the third grade in the public schools of Orlando, Florida.

* * *

Elizabeth Funderburke of the class of '23 is teaching the first grade in the public schools of Orlando, Florida.

* * *

Deborah Patterson of the class of '23 returns to Flora MacDonald College, Red Springs, N. C., as Dietitian.

* * *

Olin Bland of the class of '24 is teaching the sixth grade at Marianna, Florida.

* * *

Edna Cockfield of the class of '24 is teaching the second grade at Waycross, Georgia.

* * *

Elizabeth Livingston of the class of '24 is teaching the second grade in the Purvis Grammar School, Brunswick, Georgia.

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Miriam McNair of the class of '24 received her A. B. from Wesleyan College in June 1926. Her address is 516 Orange Street, Macon, Georgia.

* * *

Anne Rankin of the class of '24 may be found at Alpha Gamma Delta House, Brenau College, Gainesville, Georgia. She is teaching Pedagogy in the Piano Department at Brenau, teaching private Piano pupils, and studying Piano and Pipe Organ. She is also chaperoning a sorority house of fifteen girls.

* * *

Nana Alexander, A. B. '25, is teaching Mathematics in Memorial High School, Orlando, Florida.

* * *

Florence Bates of the class of '25 is teaching in the public schools of Waycross, Georgia.

* * *

Evelyn Brown, A. B. '25, is teaching Art in Memorial High School, Orlando, Florida.

* * *

Dorothy Larsen of the class of '25 is teaching in the schools of Stuart, Florida.

* * *

Christine Markey of the class of '25 is teaching in the schools of Brunswick, Georgia.

* * *

Clarice Weathersbee, A. B. '25, is teaching in the schools of Vero Beach, Florida.

* * *

Lorene Armstrong of the class of '26 was a recent visitor at the College. She is teaching in the public schools of Welaka, Florida.

* * *

Addie Bevis of the class of '26 is teaching in the Crawford Street School, Waycross, Georgia.

* * *

Ouida Jackson of the class of '26 is teaching in a consolidated school in Cook County, near Adel, Georgia.

* * *

Agnes King of the class of '26 is teaching in the grades at Offerman, Georgia.

* * *

Content Lines of the class of '26 is teaching the second grade at Lakeland, Georgia.

Fraser Livingston of the class of '26 is teaching the first grade in the schools of Nahunta, Georgia.

* * *

Lucile McGregor of the class of '26 is teaching English in the Junior High School at Anawalt, West Virginia. She is very happy in her work; seems to be finding the mountains wonderfully inspiring—here's a chance to get a real poem from the Alumnae Association!

* * *

Louise McLendon, A. B. 1926, is teaching in the high school at Marianna, Florida. Address her 710 Caledonia Street.

* * *

Ursula Miller of the class of '26 is teaching in the Crawford Street School, Waycross, Georgia.

* * *

Louise O'Quinn of the class of '26 is teaching the first grade in the Crawford Street School, Waycross, Georgia.

* * *

Evelyn Purcell is teaching the first grade in the schools of Lakeland, Georgia.

* * *

Margaret Seibert of the class of '26 is teaching the third grade in Ft. Pierce, Florida.

* * *

Virginia Kirkland of the class of '26 is teaching the third grade in Gilchrist Park School, Waycross, Georgia.

* * *

Clela Wells of the class of '26 is teaching in the schools of Morven, Georgia.

* * *

Mary Young, A. B. '26, is teaching Science in the high school at Lake Stearns, Florida.

* * *

Clarice Ivey, A. B. '26, spent the summer studying at Columbia University. She returns to her Alma Mater as Instructor in Science.

* * *

Martha Youngblood, A. B. '26, spent the summer studying at the University of Wisconsin. She returns to her Alma Mater as Instructor in French.

* * *

And last but not least—several of our members have qualified for MRS. degrees!

Katie Herrin, A. B. '25, was married in June to Miles H. Hubbard. They are making their home at 1950 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

* * *

Ferol Mathis of the class of '19 was married in August to Robert Steigler, of Daytona Beach, Florida.

* * *

Edna Robinson of the class of '22 was married to Troy G. Morrow on August 31st. They are making their home in Alapaha, Georgia.

* * *

Jewell Carmack of the class of '23 was married on August 23rd, to John Allen Tanner. They are making their home in Bridgeport, Alabama.

* * *

Mildred Littlefield of the class of '26 was married to Sidney Hall Brown, of Miami, Florida, on September first.

* * *

Rosalind McCranie of the class of '26 was married to A. Y. Hall on September twelfth. They are making their home in Miami, Florida, where he is connected with the First National Bank.

JOKES

MISS-TAKEN IDENTITY

Freshman: "Well, I know Dean Wood, and Dean Hopper, but somehow I can't place Dean Knapp."

Upper Classman: "She's a fine girl, you should know her."

* * *

GRAMMAR AS IS.

Training School Teacher: "Can anyone tell me what a myth is?"

Pupil in seventh grade: "I think it's a female moth."

* * *

TIES UP TONGUE TRAFFIC.

Professor: "What's the most common impediment in the speech of American people?"

Freshman: "Chewing gum."

* * *

PAGE LITTLE DANIEL.

Miss Temple: "Miss Parker, have you ever heard a cello?"

Alice Parker: "Why yes, I think I've heard it played with a harp."

Miss Temple: "You are mistaken, it is played with a bow."

* * *

MODEL SITTING.

Susan Bedell: "I wonder if an artist ever tried to paint a picture of a person learning to skate."

Janette Sims: "Seems to me it would require a good many sittings."

* * *

LOGIC IS LOGIC.

Two small girls were playing one afternoon in the park.

"I wonder what time it is."

"Well, it can't be four o'clock yet, because my mother said I was to be home at four—and I'm not there."

SENIOR VANITY.

M. N. Fitts: "Are you a Presbyterian, Mary Alice?"

M. A. Sineath, absent mindedly: "No, I'm a senior."

* * *

FRESHMAN WISDOM.

Says Myrtle Folsom: "Don't get mean and bossy 'cause you can't find your slippers in the morning. Slippers never are where you put 'em last night. And besides, maybe you didn't put 'em there."

* * *

THE OLD HABIT.

E. Gunn: "So you're going to be an author? Where do you expect to write for a living?"

C. Meadows: "Home."

* * *

A CAKE WALK?

Miss Sawyer: "We will illustrate stage walking next."

Lucile Nix: "What is stage walking?"

Miss Sawyer: Well, it is the way you don't walk."

* * *

CRUSH—WHAT?

Nan Smith: "Miss Gilmer, you have crushed my spirit."

Miss Gilmer: "That may be good for humanity's sake."

* * *

GREEN TRUCK.

Laura Clements: "Isn't macaroni a peculiar food?"

Cleo Mansfield: "I've often wondered how it grows."

* * *

Q. E. D.

Mr. Stokes: "Miss Sineath, define and illustrate conservation of energy."

Edna Sineath: "I can't illustrate it."

Mr. Stokes: "You are a perfect illustration of conservation of energy, Miss Sineath."

* * *

TIP FOR REDUCERS.

"That girl weighs in the neighborhood of 200 pounds."

"Well, if she'd walk about ten miles a day, she'd soon get out of that neighborhood."

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