

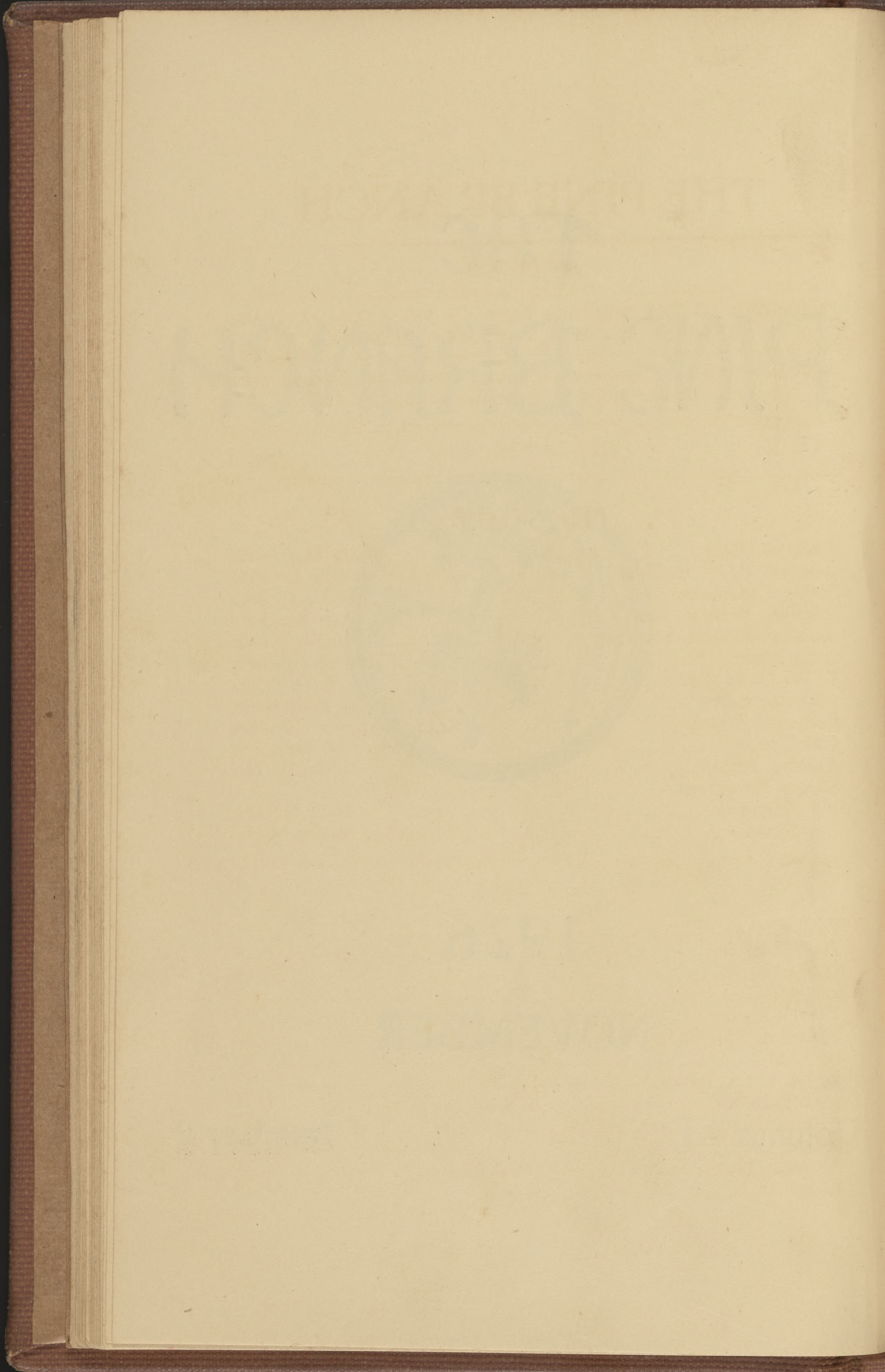
THE PINE BRANCH



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THE PINE BRANCH

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TO THE PINE

O Pine, 'tis winter and the cold winds blow,
Yet graceful and serene you stand, erect.
The other trees around you hover low
In sombre browns, while you in green are decked.
In brighter seasons, summer, spring, and fall,
When everything is green, you scarce are seen.
'Tis only with the winter wind's loud call
We know you as you are, an evergreen.
When those about us laugh in joy and song
We also laugh, and don our brightest shade.
Like you we're lost amid the happy throng
And scarce are seen—'till others start to fade.
'Tis only blighting blasts of cold despair
Can prove to all that we are ever—fair.

CORA BURGHARD.

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THE THREE R'S

During all ages man has been taught. The fullest heights of manhood and success have only been reached after the experiences of elders; the unciphered pages, the problems to solve have been massed before one and concentrated into one's schooling. This teaching may or may not have been confined within four walls. The world itself may have turned the great instructor, and then the roles were found more rigid; and mistakes one would make, not so easily overlooked or lightly punished. Not so many years ago most of the painful absorption of knowledge took place in the little red school house—"a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs". Here worthy wights conscientiously handed out learning in bitter doses of stern fact with no sugary coating of motivation or interest. The authoritative voice may have been uttered by school teachers of Master Ichabod Crane's type who "urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge by the appalling sound of the birch." But whether urged gently or firmly, schooled in a red brick house or a gray, unpainted shack, every student conned over the three R's. They formed the dimensions of the school mom's world. These three, 'tis true, did thorough work and kept the children at their task for long hours, but they only prodded the mind. Young bodies were left to be developed in the meager hours which the children were permitted to play; the three R's romped only in their mental play ground—that is the three R's of yesterday.

Today, we too have the three R's. The little red school house has past away. The stern, stiff methods of imparting knowledge have retired in favor of more humane methods, but the trio of R's still hold their place in our modern schools and colleges. True, they do not now issue in the same three nouns in which they did in our grandmother's day; the same letters do not follow in their trail. The three R's of yesterday were pronounced Reading and 'Riting and 'Rithmetic in the soft voice of our grandparents; the three R's of today are pronounced Rah! Rah! Rah! in the strong voice of modern youth.

Sports and Athletics have thrived well after being adopted by Education. So well indeed have these foster fondlings fared that they threaten to push out of the home nest those that Education has held dear for centuries. Sports and Athletics have given the modern

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youth a new education consisting of three new R's; it has placed within trained hands the power to develop strong bodies as well as keen brains; it has increased the influence of the school from the one field of the mind to both the mental and physical sphere; and in the highest moments the spiritual prevails.

The scholarly, retiring hero of the yesterdays: a result of the three R's of that time has been gently, though none the less firmly, placed on the antique shelf by the product produced by the three R's of today. The art of quoting Latin has waned in popularity and audience while the knack of quoting game scores, players' averages, and future game schedules is greeted with loud applause and worshipful adoration. The strong, brawny lad who is able to outwit, outtackle, outthink the opposing enemy's team wears the modern crown of laurels—a leather football helmet. And as he fights the battles on the chalk lined field for his college and chums, there rings for his encouragement the yells and cheers of a sport-mad people. Back and forth across the tiers of seats filled to overflowing with collegiates and the world at large there drifts the soul of modern education—echoed again and again—Rah! Rah! Rah!

Are the fields in which education now finds expression farthering her objective and bringing her honor? Games that are played squarely are the greatest trainers for leaders and for followers. The rare sense of relative values which they indent into one's conscience can be no where else gotten. But are they developing the traits and qualities which they arouse? The emphasis on Sports has tipped the see-saw of tendency to a more physical incline. The body, which houses the mind, today is planned for and trained. Surely a person's character will be strengthened; his mind sharpened; and his social nature schooled if his physical life is made wholesome and responsive.

There are those of us who believe that the three R's of our modern world can be clothed with the same romance and honor which were paid at the altar of their kinsmen of yesterday. As long as they stand for progressiveness and growth—for the development of modern youths into clean, well-rounded products; as long as they thrill human efforts on to the very border line of the superhuman—then will Education be not ashamed to let all coming ages examine with piercing eyes the foundation stones of our twentieth century development. The clear voices of the youths of our century will, we believe, ring through the years those calls which were the chief moulders of their training—Rah! Rah! Rah!

ELIZABETH McREE.

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MARIGOLDS

Marigolds, bright as the sunset's glow.
How stately you stand in your long straight row.
You come when leaves are brown and sear,
When harvest is ripe and frost is near.
How cheery you are in your vivid hue
When ghosts are about and the wind goes Oo-oh!
And your pretty glow, like a bright warm smile,
Keeps out the thoughts of winter awhile.
Sunny, sunny marigolds!

LYNNETTE JENNINGS.

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PROGRESS

Silence! Darkness! The only sound is the monotonous tread of the watchman's step, and his more monotonous "12 o'clock and all is well." A light is seen down the road! A cracking of whips is heard! A creaking of wheels! The sound of horses' hoofs striking cobble stones! A grinding of foot brakes! Lights spring up! There is a sound of many running steps! Doors slam! The shrill blast of a horn sounds forth its siren call! Heaving horses come to a standstill! Excited groups break up into a babble of voices. A sudden rush forward! The weekly mail coach has arrived.

Confusion and a hurried running back and forth! Heavily loaded trucks rumble over the paved streets. The busy "red caps" dart among the crowds of indefinite persons ambling to an indefinite destination. The sharp clicking of telegraph instruments is heard. Telephones ring insistently! Peddlers shout their wares! Taxi drivers beg for patrons! Lights flash! The smell of smoke mingles with that of food! The trainman calls out in stentorian tones a warning that a train is pulling into the station. A rush is made for the door! A long blast is heard! The daily express mail has arrived!

Silence! Darkness! The fields lay bare in the moonlight! Crickets chirrup sleepily! The owl mournfully calls to his mate. There is heard the quick death cry of a small animal becoming prey to a larger one. The trees sigh lazily. Far overhead there is a faint whirring! Just discernible an aeroplane can be seen, flying steadily to the east, the one purposeful, wide awake entity in the sleepy night. The night air mail is going by!

ESTHA FREEMAN.

THE DECISION

"Jimmy and I are trying to decide whether we want a flivver—or a baby," remarked Elizabeth Tower as she dealt out the cards. "And honestly, if the infant in the apartment next to us doesn't stop its midnight jazz, it'll be tin Lizzie instead of little Elizabeth."

Edith Robertson let her eyes rest on the face of the speaker. Just a look at its sensitive features was enough to assure her of what the pampered Elizabeth Tower would decide in the end. These thoughts ended abruptly as she joined in the discussion of cars that followed Elizabeth's remark.

* * *

As Edith stood looking at the little oblong tan book, she could not help but remember the conversation at the club the day before. The book was such a tiny thing to throw her into such a state of uncertainty. Tom said that what it represented was hers, to do with what she wished. It was the amount he had saved from his allowance during the last two years. Edith had not wanted to take it, but Tom had been so persistent she had to accept. Now she was thrown in the difficult situation of trying to find something to buy that Tom wanted, and yet would seem something particularly for herself.

If they had a small car, now, Tom wouldn't have to take the crowded trolley cars to and from work. Why, she could drive him down in the morning, and do her marketing, and * * * why it would be perfectly wonderful to have a little car of their own.

The conversation of the day before kept popping into Edith's mind. She puckered up her face as she couldn't keep but remembering Elizabeth Tower's rather flippant remark about children.

Babies were such warm cuddling little things. Tom loved to play with the neighbors' children. Edith's racing thoughts were interrupted by the striking of the clock.

Heavens! eleven o'clock! She had wasted two hours. Tom would have no dinner, her marketing had to be done, too. She ran into the adjoining room, pulled on a soft little straw hat, and left the apartment.

As she walked down the sunny, crowded street, she could not help but envy the women who rode by in the automobiles. If Tom and she decided on a car, they'd want one like the little sedan that had just passed. It would be so comfortable for the winter. As Edith

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walked on, she became more and more positive that a car was the most sensible thing to buy. It was the least expensive of her desires. Things, such as the fulfillment of her other desires meant, were so high these days. This time of the year was so unbearably hot. In a few weeks it would be just impossible to walk any distance at all.

Edith approached the down-town park. It was a very unattractive spot, though it meant half of a life to the poor children who played there. As she walked down the path, she turned her head to keep from looking at the dirty ragged infants playing in the sand. How could mothers let their children be such little pigs! It really ought to be against the law to clutter up the walks with such disreputable looking play things.

Edith gave a sigh of relief when she had finally traversed the park, and was waiting for the traffic signal which would allow her to cross the street. How many cars there were. They were all kinds and sizes, the great sleek limousines looked like prosperous top-hatted business men; the long drawn out ones were the very imitation of the society women who rode in them; the little business-like coupes flashed by as their progressive owners rushed to meet an appointment. Edith gave a sigh as a neat-looking sedan approached, driven by a woman. That was just what she wanted.

Edith's satisfaction quickly passed as she screamed and rushed out into the street just in time to save a dirty little boy from being mashed beneath the car's wheels. Hugging the dirty little creature close, and with a white face, she staggered back to the curb.

A rather unconcerned looking woman stepped out of the car, and advanced toward the indignant Edith.

"How careless some people are with their children. I don't guess the child is hurt?"

Edith was more indignant than ever. "Perhaps you'd better say—some people should be more careful with their cars. No, I hope this poor little thing is not hurt, and I sincerely hope I'll have the good grace to act a little concerned if I ever come so near having an accident when I drive my car."

"You have a car?" said the creature confronting Edith with a lift of the eye brows, and a glance about her.

"No, I haven't one, but I'm going to have one," was Edith's quick reply as she turned and walked a short distance back into the park. The little creature in her arms was quivering with fright. As Edith looked down upon him she felt something deep in her stirring, something not so satisfying.

"Don't cry, you're all right now," she said, putting him down on the grass beside her. It seemed that the little thin body would fall

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to pieces if it did not soon cease sobbing. "Don't cry! Here, let me wipe your eyes," she begged as she drew him to her.

"Little boy, where is your mother? Won't you tell me your name?"

Two great eyes looked up at her from a tear stained face. "Muvver, she—she's working at the laundry."

The little tearful voice struck a cord that sent a tremor throughout Edith's being. "Whose little boy are you when mother is at work," she coaxed.

"Nubody's, it ain't nubody what wants little boys when their muvvers are away. Old Nanse said so. Wha's your little boy?" he murmured.

"I haven't one," came the reply in a voice that seemed to travel over a great distance.

"Gee, ain't you lucky! Old Nanse said my muvver'd be lucky if she didn't have me. That always makes muvver cry and hug me, so I'm leaving," spoke the little fellow as a gleam of interest lighted his eyes.

Edith asked herself if she was lucky. Her brows puckered and she bit her lip as she gazed down the street crowded with automobiles.

A long sigh brought her attention back to the little figure beside her. "Listen, I haven't a little boy, but if I had one I'm sure no matter what any one said, I'd still want and love him. I'd feel very lucky if I had a little boy. Come, let me walk part of the way home with you. Your mother will feel so bad if she comes home to lunch, and does not find you." Edith, with the little fellow by the hand, walked in the direction he pointed out.

Fifteen minutes later, she was in a 'phone booth telephoning her husband's office.

"Tom, dear, will you be very angry if I ask you to have lunch down town,———You see,———well it's so late now, and I must hurry over to Elizabeth Tower's before another minute passes. She's very mistaken about something, and it's most important that I see her. ——"

All right, and dear, come home early. I have something I must tell you, too."

EMMA MOORE.

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LEGEND OF THE CHEROKEE ROSE

A chieftan of the Seminoles
Though young and brave was he,
Was captured by the Cherokees,
His hated enemy.

By torturous flame was he to die,
With no regard for pain;
Yet many days so ill, that he
Must first his health regain.

He rested with the Cherokees,
Within the warrior's tent;
The warrior's daughter, dark-eyed maid,
With grace her service lent.

The captive chieftan stronger grew,
The maid with query found
The chieftan's lot was cast by those,
Her tribal law had bound.

She urged that he escape at once,
And thus not meet the flame;
She loved the man held captive here,
This to her tribe brought shame.

The chieftan would not hear her plea,
Unless she too would go;
For death to him would better be,
Than life with such a woe.

The chieftan of the Seminoles,
At midnight made his flight;
The maiden of the Cherokees
Went with him on that night.

But as they reached the wood so dim,
Impelled by soft regret;

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She asked permission to return,
A parting gift to get.

She crept back to her father's home,
A glossy sprig she broke
From vines which climbed around the doors,
Where many memories 'woke.

The sprig preserved next to her breast,
Remained there through the flight;
In her adopted land it grew,
And ever blossomed bright.

The Cherokee, a rose so rare,
With centers of golden glow;
And petals ever milky white,
In Georgia's mountains grows.

SUSAN BEDELL.



EDITORIAL

A need is felt; a beginning is made; development takes place; thus civilization advances.

The need in this particular case was more than evident; it confronted the people on every hand as one of the retarding sins of omission in the progress of a certain section of the State, and indeed gravely threatened the future of its people. The pressing need, to which has been referred, was for a proper school for the higher training of the young womanhood of the southern part of Georgia. There were at this time—some fifteen years ago—many schools, good schools, for girls in the State, but for the girls of the southermost section they failed to comply with that law in sociology which is that the success and value of a project of any kind depends largely upon its convenience of location. The girls of South Georgia needed a school near to them in terms of physical distance in order to be able to keep the standards of their State on an equal footing with those of other States.

Foreseeing statesmen and educational leaders of the State, being fully conscious of the great need, and very much in sympathy with a plan for bettering conditions, caused a beginning to be made when the first bill for a school of this kind was introduced in 1905. Of course, schools are not built in a day, and the plan yet had a hard road to success; but at least a first step had been taken, the State had been made to feel quite forcibly that its southern section, or may I say we, needed and intended to have a change.

However, the fact that a beginning has been made does not always mean that something worth while will follow, for the beginning may be also the end. An undertaking proves much more significant and gains much greater headway if from the first of the beginning a degree of success arises. Beginnings so often serve as only initial steps, or as some term them "icebreakers"; all the force is used in the beginnings and the exhausted originators must leave the success to others. Such was not to be the case with this beginning; there

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was destined to arise a great degree of success, and the beginning was soon to be completely lost in the many forward moving tendencies.

In 1913, as answer to the need, a woman's college opened its doors to students. The plan had been seriously heard by state officials, and the idea had evolved into an institution.

The fact that success had arisen from the first idea conceived is more than significant when one considers the various changes that have been wrought in the state school system since the plan has passed into practice. There had not only been established a school in a section where people had even considered such an idea an absurdity; but other sections, seeing the wisdom of it, were endeavoring to do likewise. Since these pioneer days of our institution, many other such schools have been established in South Georgia. However, the fact that other institutions were being formed only made us glad to see the state rising, at our example, to meet its educational needs, and feel more keenly that, as an example, our standards must be ever kept high.

Real development is a continuous process, it never stops with the success of the first plan. The College was not satisfied with its change from an idea to an institution; it must now grow from an institution, of junior college and normal school ranking, to a college offering degrees. Thus the second beginning was made and the second success was attained. Our College now not only sets the highest standard for normal schools of the State, but also turns out degree graduates each year who are capable of coping with the degree women of any other senior college in any field.

A beginning, a successful beginning, was made; development took place; the Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta is the result—of which the whole State has reason to be proud.

MARY ALICE SINEATH.

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Y. W. C. A. NOTES


During the past month the Y. W. C. A. has had some very inspirational and attractive services. The Freshman Class, since being pledged as members of the Y. W., has shown marked interest in the vesper programs. The program on October 24, was entirely in charge of freshman girls with Miss Evelyn Calhoun, of Valdosta, as leader, and Miss Ethel Dent as speaker. Her subject for the evening was "As Christ Works, so Work I." The choir was composed entirely of freshmen.

* * *

On October 31, 1926, the girls were fortunate in having the privilege of hearing Judge McCrackin, of Valdosta, give a very helpful talk on the "Responsibility of College Girls."

* * *

Much has been added to the beauty and inspiration of our Vespers by the many and varied musical selections given by the choir which has been under the direction of Miss Martha Youngblood.



SOCIETY NEWS

A regular program meeting of the Sororian Literary Society was held in the Rotunda Saturday evening, October 16, 1926. The following program was given:

Outline of the Programs for the Year—Lois Sharpe.

Synopsis of "The Slave Ship" by Mary Johnston—Katherine Blackshear.

Piano Solo—Marie Parham.

Reading—Shirley Gaskins.

Ruth Folger acted as critic.

* * *

A call meeting of the Sororian Literary Society was held in the Rotunda on Wednesday evening, October 20, 1926. The purpose of the meeting was to make plans for securing Pine Branch subscriptions.

* * *

A regular program meeting of the Argonian Literary Society was held in West Hall on October 16, 1926. The following program was given:

"The South in Contemporary Literature"—Nelle Roberts.

"Song of the Brook" (Lack)—Mary Beth Parrish.

Review of "Barren Ground" (Ellen Glasgow)—Velma Kennedy.

The contest for getting subscriptions for the Pine Branch was discussed and decided upon.

* * *

The Argonian Society held its regular business meeting October 19, 1926. After the roll call, the committees were appointed for obtaining the Pine Branch subscriptions.

* * *

The Argonian Literary Society won the loving cup given by the Pine Branch to the Society which first obtained a 100 per cent subscription list.

ATHLETIC NOTES

The Phi Kappa Athletic Association, at its first meeting, elected Miss Emma Moore, of Savannah, as President.

The two Associations are beginning the year's activities in earnest. The year 1926-27 will witness an innovation in G. S. W. C. sports. A soccer field is being prepared, and the teams of the Association will meet in their first game on Thanksgiving Day. Volley ball is also being introduced with much success. Our Freshman class is expected to furnish a large amount of good athletic material this year.

On the evening of October the twenty-ninth, a joint party was given by the Associations, Miss Moore and Miss Smith, presidents of the Phi Kappas and Phi Lambdas respectively, serving as hostesses. The sport idea was carried out in the decorations. The dining hall was attractively decorated with the associations colors and the banners of the various universities of the South. Ancient rivals, Georgia and Tech glared at each other across the room, while the loyal supporters of each sat on improvised couches covered with red and black or gold and white, as the case might be. The Mercer Bear and Florida Alligator sought vainly to hold their own in the overwhelming swarm of Tech Yellow Jackets. In spite of her defeat at the hands of Harvard, Georgia was, for that one night, on the level with her conqueror.

The girls were dressed in sport costume. The chief amusement was dancing, but it was supplemented with "stunts" by the various classes and the faculty. The faculty demonstrated their athletic ability by "going to Jerusalem" on imaginary horses. Miss Ivey, Director of the Physical Education Department, was the victor, receiving a riding whip as a reward for her remarkable riding ability. Pink lemonade—really pink—was served throughout the evening. The Freshman class received bids to become members of the respective associations. Much interest was manifested in regard to this part of the program, as the competition between the associations is keen, each wishing to obtain the best athletes from the Freshman class each year.

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LOCALS

The Fine Arts Club held its regular meeting on Friday afternoon, October 22. Besides discussing plans for the year's program, the nominating committee for the election of officers gave the following report:

President—Clio Mansfield.

Vice-president—Emma Moore.

Secretary-Treasurer—Anna Dean Knapp.

The club elected seven new members. They are Anne Smith, Florence Breen, Maybelle Bollinger, Elsie Gunn, Dean Knapp, Cora Burghard, and Mary Lee Moran.

* * *

A most enjoyable event was a "manless" barn dance given Friday evening, October 22, by the Freshman Class. It was sponsored by the old members from last year's High School Senior Class. The Halloween effect was carried out in the decorations and favors.

As the guests entered, they were tagged with black cats by Lucile Wood, Pauline Scheider, and Gladys Chambless.

The round dances were followed by an enjoyable program which included the square dance and the Virginia reel given by the fifteen hostesses. One of the main features of the evening was the "Hobo" dance.

Music for the evening was furnished by Virginia Patterson and Velma Sirmans. The punch bowl was presided over by Gladys Butler, Myrtle Stokes, and Matile Powell.

Following a most delightful evening, the dance broke up with the cock crowing suggesting the hours of departure for the guests.

* * *

The Lowndes County Club met Thursday, October 21, at noon, in the pines. The old members entertained the new ones. The officers for the year are:

President—Mary Small.

Vice-president—Emily Dalton.

Secretary—Clare Bray.

Treasurer—Katherine McRee.

* * *

A visitor to the College, October 19, was Miss Margaretta Wil-

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Williamson, of Savannah. She is the regional secretary of the League of Women Voters. Miss Williamson talked to the Juniors and Seniors about a representation to the convention in Savannah on October 28, 29, and 30. The girls who represented the College were Miss Florence Breen and Miss Mary Alice Sineath.

* * *

The ladies of the First Baptist church gave a reception in the parlors of the church to the Baptist girls and members of the faculty of the College, Thursday, October 28. The Halloween suggestion was carried out in the decorations and amusements. The reception was a very enjoyable affair.

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ALUMNAE NOTES

Lucile Cushman of the class of '17 is teaching Physical Education in the Junior High School, Yonkers, N. Y.

* * *

On September 9, 1926, a new young man came into our Association, namely, Lindsey Grant, who claims our Morgan MaJette of the '17 class as his mother. Morgan, Mrs. Daniel L. Grant, may be found at Chapel Hill, N. C.

* * *

Georgia Morton of the class of '17 is doing grade work in the schools of High Point, N. C.

* * *

Ruth Chapman of the '18 class sailed in August for Cuba where she will do Missionary work. Her address is Christi 7, Santa Clara, Cuba.

* * *

Jean Dickerson of the class of '18 is doing bank work at Bainbridge, Georgia, where she has been for several years.

* * *

Ida Groover, A. B. '25, is still teaching in a Baptist College in South America. She may be found at Caixa 828, Rio, Brazil.

* * *

Stella Mathis is teaching in the schools of Jacksonville, Florida, and may be found at 703 Laura street.

* * *

Minnie Ruth Brown of the '19 class is teaching in the schools of Miami, Florida.

* * *

Augusta Brown of the '20 class is teaching in the schools of Miami, Florida.

* * *

Lillian Ethridge of the class of '20 is with her Alma Mater again, doing degree work.

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Katherine White, Mrs. V. C. Jordan, of the class of '20 made a recent visit to Valdosta. She is still living in Habana, Cuba, Apartado 470.

* * *

Nellie Blalock of the class of '21 writes us from Arlington, Georgia, Box 96. She is having a good year there, teaching the first grade.

* * *

Ruth Harrell of the '21 class is teaching Science in the Chatham Junior High School, Savannah, Georgia. Her address is 901 E. Henry Street.

* * *

Hallie Jordan, Mrs. Jasper L. Byrd, of the class of '21 is teaching the advanced first grade in Hartsville, S. C.

* * *

Bernice Rivers of the class of '21 is teaching Home Economics in Girls High School, Atlanta, Georgia. Her address is 710 Piedmont, N. E.

* * *

Jimmie Carmack of the class of '22 is teaching Home Economics in the high school at Punta Gorda, Florida. Address her Box 775.

* * *

Chloe Ivey, A. B. '24, is teaching Piano in the Valdosta Conservatory of Music.

* * *

Henrilu Ivey, A. B. '24, is teaching in East Texas State Teachers College, Denton, Texas.

* * *

Juanita Parrish of the class of '22 is teaching the fourth grade in the schools of Dawson, Georgia.

* * *

Inez Sharpe of the class of '22 is teaching in Uvalda, Georgia.

* * *

Marion Chauncey of the class of '23 is teaching Violin in Oxford College for Women, Oxford, Ohio.

* * *

Frances Dekle, A. B. '25, is teaching the first grade in West Palm Beach, Florida. Her address is 326 Gardenia Street.

* * *

Clara Belle Penny, Mrs. J. J. Hurlbert, Jr., of the class of '23 is living at 225 Talbot Avenue, Jacksonville, Florida.

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Joyce Sikes of the class of '23 was a recent visitor to the College. She is doing field work for the Bethany Home, Vidalia, Georgia.

* * *

Ruth Wilson of the class of '23 is teaching in Middleboro, Kentucky.

* * *

Agnes Adams of the class of '24 is teaching in the schools of Miami, Florida.

* * *

Ruth Brown of the class of '24 is teaching in Lee, Florida.

* * *

Julia Patterson of the class of '24 is teaching third, fourth, and fifth grades at Arabi, Georgia.

* * *

Emily Chauncey of the '25 class is studying at Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio.

* * *

Martha Groover of the '25 class is teaching Latin and History in the High School at Barwick, Georgia.

* * *

Rosalie Ivey of the '25 class is completing her work for the Bachelor's degree at East Texas State Teachers College, Denton, Texas.

* * *

Eva Jordan of the '25 class is teaching the second grade in Hartsville, S. C.

* * *

Ruth McKinnon of the '25 class is teaching first grade in Boston, Georgia.

* * *

Frances Myrick of the '25 class is teaching the fifth, sixth and seventh grades in a school near Wilson, N. C., Route 4.

* * *

Hilda Patterson of the '25 class is teaching the fifth to ninth grades in a consolidated school near Cordele, Georgia.

* * *

Leo Prine is teaching Music and studying Pipe Organ and Voice in Tampa, Florida. Her address is 2117 Watrous Avenue.

* * *

Eppie Roberson, A. B. '25, is teaching English in the schools of Miami, Florida. She may be found at the Y. W. C. A.

* * *

Ruth Watkins of the '25 class is teaching the third grade at Brunswick, Georgia.

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Ora Mae Biles is taking a Secretarial course in Jacksonville, Florida. Her address is 2425 Selma Street.

* * *

Thelma Carmack of the '26 class is teaching the fifth grade in Punta Gorda, Florida. Her address is Box 775.

* * *

Marie Clyatt, A. B. '25, is teaching in the High School at Darien, Georgia.

* * *

Margaret Lyle of the '26 class is staying at home with her people at Sumner, Georgia.

* * *

Ollie Middleton of the '26 class is teaching in a consolidated school near Odum, Georgia.

* * *

Annie Ruth Sawyer of the '26 class is teaching the third grade at Spence, Georgia.

* * *

Daisy Sims of the '26 class is teaching English, History, and Latin in the High School at Pinehill, Georgia.

* * *

Emylu Trapnell of the '26 class is spending the year at home, Pulaski, Georgia.

* * *

Leila Wells of the '26 class is teaching the fourth grade at Spence, Georgia.

* * *

JOKES

PROCESS OF ELIMINATION

Martha Winter: "I can't decide whether I'd rather be a poet or an artist."

Miss Gilmer: "Oh, be an artist."

M. Winter: "I didn't know you'd seen anything I drew."

Miss G.: "I haven't, but I've read some of your poems."

* * *

SEEING'S BELIEVING

Miss Gilmer to Eng. 41 Class: "In Miss Warren's recital did you notice her interpretation of 'Golliwog's Cake Walk?'"

S. Mandeville: "Did she really do it?"

Miss G.: "Yes, on the piano."

* * *

PAGE MISS CARPENTER

Christine Meadows: "Give me the name of a piece of art that is anonymous."

Emma Moore: "The Unknown Lady."

C. Meadows: "Why, that's Venus, isn't it?"

* * *

ABSENT-MINDED?

Hear about the absent-minded professor who poured catsup on his shoes and tied his spaghetti?

* * *

PLENTY SENSE

Mr. Wood: "Name the seven sense organs."

Mildred MacDonald: "Well, we have two eyes, two ears—"

← Mr. Wood: "Anybody—?"

* * *

THE REASON WHY

Miss Campbell: "Why is your face so red?"

Pupil in Ed. 22: "'Cause my—"

Miss C.: "Yes, causemetics, please leave my classroom."

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

STRANGE, EH?

Nan Smith: "What's on your mind, Opal?"

O. Thornton: "Thoughts."

N. Smith: "Treat them kindly, they're in a strange place."

* * *

NEITHER—?

Mr. Stokes, in Biology: "Miss Gunn, what is mistletoe, a vine or a tree?"

Elsie Gunn: "Neither, it's an excuse."

* * *

A PERPLEXING QUESTION!

Ethel Dent, in Geography Class: "Miss Hopper, what race inhabits the uninhabited portions of the earth?"

* * *

PUDDING!

Miss Ramsey: "Sara, this pudding is only mediocre."

S. Thomas: "Oh, no, Miss Ramsey, it's tapioca."

* * *

WITHOUT NOTICE

Lucile Nix: "I hear you're ousted from the Glee Club."

Mary F. Cornwall: "I had no voice in the matter."

* * *

STRANGE FOOD!

E. Sineath: "Marion, where are you going?"

M. Wiseman: "I'm going down to the delicatessen shop to get some needles for the victrola."

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