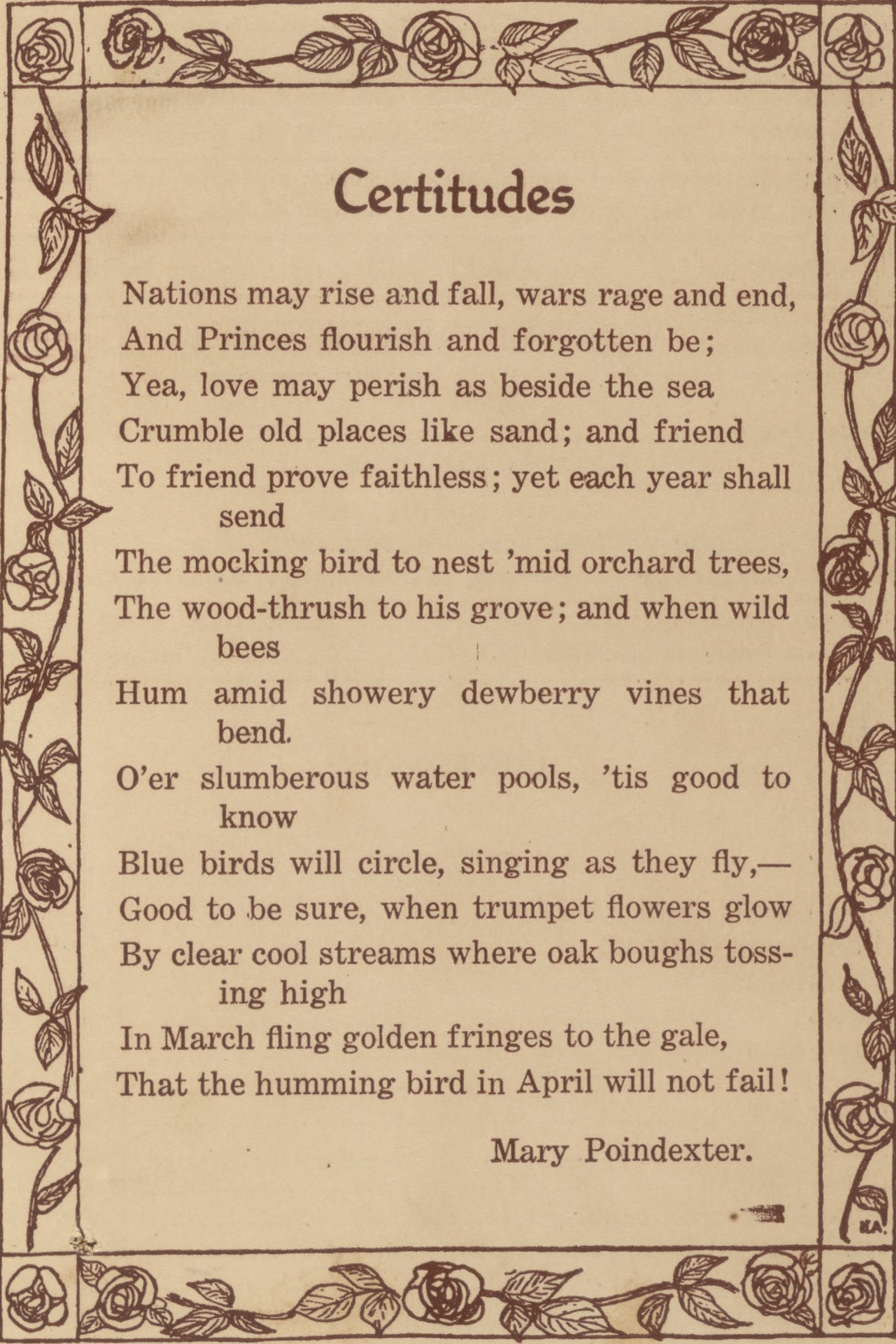


May 22



THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1922



## Certitudes

Nations may rise and fall, wars rage and end,  
And Princes flourish and forgotten be;  
Yea, love may perish as beside the sea  
Crumble old places like sand; and friend  
To friend prove faithless; yet each year shall  
send

The mocking bird to nest 'mid orchard trees,  
The wood-thrush to his grove; and when wild  
bees

Hum amid showery dewberry vines that  
bend.

O'er slumberous water pools, 'tis good to  
know

Blue birds will circle, singing as they fly,—  
Good to be sure, when trumpet flowers glow  
By clear cool streams where oak boughs toss-  
ing high

In March fling golden fringes to the gale,  
That the humming bird in April will not fail!

Mary Poindexter.

# THE PINE BRANCH

Issued Monthly.

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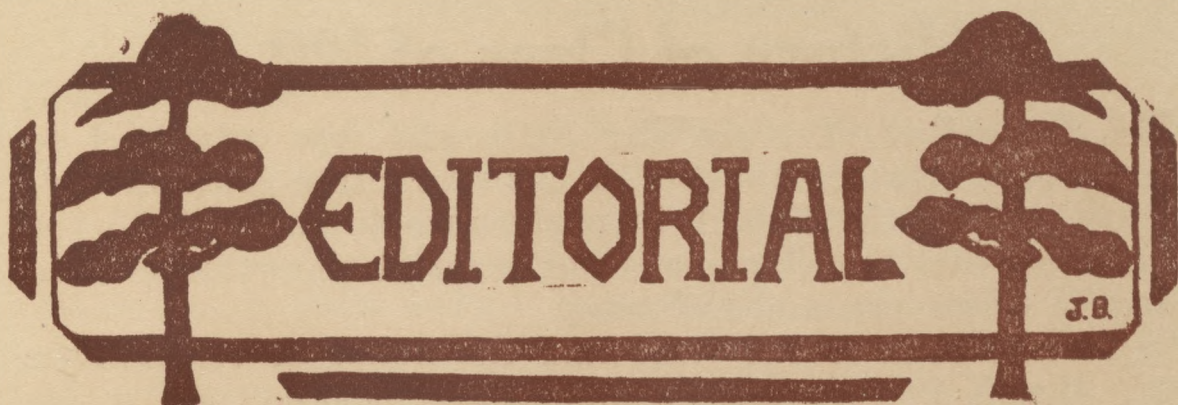
# Calendar of 1921-22

- Sept. 8—The "dignities" of the year make their debut.
- Sept. 21—"With fear and trembling" practice teachers begin work."
- Oct. 19—Holiday—Freshmen find the hat.
- Oct. 27—We pay Cho-Cho a visit.
- Oct. 28—Out for the fall holidays.
- Nov. 4—Gov. Hardwick takes breakfast with us. We spend the greater part of the day at the "Fair" and part of the night.
- Nov. 9—Dr. Southwick reads "Othello."
- Nov. 11—"Armistice Day." We proved to the ex-soldiers that we can walk as long and well as they.
- Nov. 19—Juniors and Seniors move into the new building.
- Nov. 23—Went 'possum hunting. Caught two 'possums and a coon. Some catchers we.
- Nov. 24—"Three In One"—"Thanksgiving," "House Warming," "Seniors beat the Juniors in a game of basket ball."
- Nov. 25—Practice teachers change rooms.
- Nov. 29—Dr. Cooper visits us.
- Dec. 9—Mr. Wood lost his Senior Roll Book.
- Dec. 10—Toy Party.
- Dec. 11—Miss Pearl Todd, a missionary to China, makes a talk at Vesper.
- Dec. 21—Christmas Festival.
- Jan. 1—Oh, those resolutions.
- Jan. 5—Horrors! Those perfectly good resolutions broken.
- Jan. 11—Powder, paint, puffs and curls—Senior pictures made.
- Jan. 12—Made scramble for Thesis subjects.
- Jan. 13—Valdosta Chamber of Commerce borrow our dining hall and Senior cooking class.
- Feb. 14—Valentine party.
- Feb 24—Field Day—"The Best Yet."
- March 11—Blue Ridge party and a good time.
- March 14—We can't make our hands behave. Senior rings!
- March 21—Argonians won in the debate.

## Calendar of 1921-22

- March 23—Out for the spring holidays.
- April 1—Oh quit your fooling!! Sophomore-Freshmen banquet.
- April 4—Buy your Easter bonnet.
- April 5—Student government president election.
- April 6—D. A. R. Convention.
- April 9—Y. W. C. A. officers elected for 1922-1923.
- April 15—Ribbons, frills and "beaux."—Junior-Senior reception.
- April 21—Society officers elected for 1922-1923.
- April 22—"The ball is kept rolling." Miss Mendelsohn and Miss Mecoy entertained.
- April 26—"The all-day party." "Shriner's Day."
- April 27—"One more day of fun." "Rotary Club" entertained Seniors with a picnic at Long Pond. We shall ever keep sweet memories of this day.
- April 29—We ate, drank and were merry. Y. W. C. A. picnic.
- May 1—May Day.
- May 9—"Moonlight Party." Mr. and Mrs. Powell entertained Seniors.
- May 10—Glee Club Concert.
- May 11—Seniors entertained Sophomores.
- May 20—Class Day exercise. Joint meeting of societies.
- May 21—Baccalaureate service. Senior vesper service.
- May 22—"Green Stockings," Senior play. College High School graduationm.
- May 23—Commencement dinner. Exhibit of College and Training School work. Alumnae reception.
- May 24—We all graduate.





## To Our Readers:

This issue of the Pine Branch, which is the last one for the year 1921-1922, is the Senior number. We have included a goodly proportion of our Class day program numbers. This is not entirely literary; so if material seems of local interest, and if the personal references used lose their point, the reader may be assured that they have point; and many of the allusions which no doubt seem colorless to one who does not understand, glow with a joyfulness to those of us who understand. In a large sense, therefore, this issue is a souvenir, dear primarily to the hearts of the Senior class.

It is believed that anyone who is interested in college life and in college antics will sense the spirit, even as did the audience who attended Class Day exercises, and join with us in the fun.



## History of Class of '22

In September, 1917, a shy little girl was admitted to the Sub A class of the South Georgia State Normal College, choosing the Sub A in preference to the Sub B, for she knew that her class need not start at the very bottom, because of its pep and brilliancy.

One month later the class had the honor of receiving a very dignified young lady, although a typical college "green horn." These two together, namely Mary Ethel Moses and Estelle Barker, upon entering the school boarded the South Georgia State Normal Special. This special was to take them in five years to Diplomasville, that is to the beginning of success. And it was to make five stops, and at each stop rest for three months.

The train traveled along smoothly that year and the little class of 20 won much fame for itself, particularly in winning the Field Day banner for the first and last time in its career.

Mr. R. H. Powell was acting as President of our road, while Miss Gallaher was our faithful Superintendent throughout the trip. During this first year Miss Louise Johnson was Conductor and Mr. Fred Moss engineer. All went well until the time came to make its first stop in June, 1918. Many on board the special wanted to transfer, so they left the train for various other coaches, and some we fear just fell off.

In September, 1918, the special pulled out for the second time. On board were many new members. Among them were Sallie Kate Wolfe, Mattie Stipe, Rosa Lucas, Waver Hodges and Jimmie Carmack.

At last people realized what a good class we had, for we had to turn down many applications. This year we showed all our many talents, especially in being a "Nigger," for we won first prize for the best stunt, a negro minstrel, given in chorus. We also composed the best song for marching to be used by the college and were given a beautiful bouquet of roses. With all we had a splendid group of girls and when the train stopped next time it seemed that nobody wanted to get off, and a very few did. As we were expecting many more girls when we started again, we put the train in the shop, had it overhauled and another Pull-



## THE PINE BRANCH

man attached.

When we started out in September, 1919, Miss J. Marie Craig, who had been our ticket agent during our Freshman year, remained loyal and sold fifty-three tickets for the Sophomore trip. She said those having bought round trip tickets this time were: Alna Williams, Juanita Parrish, Maggie Lou Cook, Willie Mae Mathews, Birdie Van Brackle, Mary Crum, Mae Crum, Alma Lee Day, Ruby Meeks, Henrilu Ivey, Chloe Ivey and Mary Poindexter. While on this trip we had the joy of helping lay the corner-stone for one of the most beautiful buildings in South Georgia, which is Dormitory No. 2 of the South Georgia State Normal College. We were overloaded more than ever this time. It seemed that the train began to ride a little rough and many had to get off, but it started again in September, 1920, with the vacancies made by the departure of a few girls filled by Gertrude Moore, Jewell Meeks, Helen Bruce, Gladys Faircloth, Mary Cobb, Mary Sue Cannon, Julia Harrell and Gladys Harris.

We had one of the greatest thrills of our life during this trip, and that was giving the Junior-Senior reception. The interior of West Hall will never look more beautiful than it did on this occasion. This was the second year that the two classes were allowed to lay aside their white uniforms and wear their dainty, beautifully colored organdy dresses.

Our class this year were hard workers, having arithmetic under Mr. Wood, but we had time for play too. Had the honor of winning the basket-ball tournament, but not a loving cup.

On September 9th, 1921, after our vacation of three months, we could almost see the sky-scrapers in Diplomaville, the city that two of us five years before had boarded the special for. We noticed before beginning this time that we could accommodate two more girls, so these places were filled by two of our best Senior members, Sara Cox and Clyde Palmer.

The train was running smoothly but swiftly now, and there were many exciting murmurs running through the group about nearing our destination. But just as we were all comfortably seated, there began a mighty uproar at the head of the car and soon it was found that Practice Teach-

## History of Class of '22

ing was causing a great disturbance and we just knew that our critic teachers would see fit to put us off before reaching this beautiful city of Diplomaville. We worked, oh! how we worked trying to be dignified, for now we were the highest class and knew that we must be a shining example to our younger sisters. That year we saw our Dormitory No. 2 completed and we had the pleasure and honor of being the first Senior class to stay in it. Its beauty was an inspiration to all of us and it made that year the happiest and most successful of any in our history.

And now we have all reached Diplomasville and we don't know whether to laugh or cry! It has been so pleasant to be here, one entertainment after the other. The Juniors gave us a beautiful reception, Miss Mecoy and Miss Mendelsohn gave a lovely little afternoon party, the Rotarians entertained us wonderfully at Zipperer's Beach and last, we are to be entertained Tuesday night by the alumnae.

But even among such gaieties we realize the sadness of having spent our last year in college together and it makes us almost wish that we could begin again.

Our class of '22 hopes to leave behind it an ever-abiding influence and source of inspiration to those who are to come after us.

"Farewell! But whenever the bell chimes the hour  
That summons the classes to Learning's glad bower,  
You will think of this class that once gathered here, too,  
And studied each lesson as deeply as you.  
Long, long, be each room with our memories filled,  
Through the halls when the sound of our voices is stilled;  
You may take, you may fill every place, if you will,  
But the memories of our class will hang 'round it still."

M. E. Moses.



# Class Prophecy

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## Prologue

Time—About six years after my memorable visit to New York.

Place—In my home.

Characters—A friend and I.

During our conversation we had wandered to the subject of my visit to New York and the wonderful things I saw there.

“What was the most unique thing you did while in New York?”

“Well, it is a bit hard to decide, but I think it was seeing my college mates again.”

“What! you can't mean that you saw every one of them there, can you?”

“Oh, you misunderstand me. I saw them in a crystal globe in the apartment of Cogia H. Alhabbel the prophet. Of course you know I had to imagine the conversation, but it was not hard to do at all. You know that when you look at a moving picture you can almost hear the actors speak and can interpret much of their conversation by their actions. I could really hear and understand what they were saying.”

“How marvelous! Do tell me all about it. I never heard of anything so unique.”

So I began my story:

## Prophecy

Hot, tired and footsore, I trudged wearily along one of New York's byways after a day of shopping and window gazing. I thought of the thrill of anticipation I had experienced when Aunt Jane invited me to go shopping with her, but joy must always come to an end, and here I was, miles from home and an edge to my temper that was none too blunt.

While looking up and down the street for a taxi, my eyes

## Class Phophecy

chanced to fall on this sign:

COGIA HASSAN ALHABBEL  
Tells Past, Present and Future

Saint Christopher! Just the place to go in and rest awhile and get myself entertained while doing so.

I walked up to the imposing entrance and rang the bell. Nobody came. Again I rang and this time I got a response in the form of a very dark man dressed in a costume which I judged instantly to be Persian. He bowed ceremoniously and without saying a word led me through a short corridor into a magnificent apartment, hung with the most gorgeous of tapestries and furnished with Oriental splendor. The odor of incense was everywhere and almost before I realized it, that tired feeling left me and I was no longer in the heart of New York City, but in the very midst of the Persian empire.

Like one in a dream I saw a handsome young Hindu come bowing before me.

"Ah! Madam would like to see into her future?"

I swallowed that lump in my throat and started to say yes, but I thought, "Suppose I shouldn't like it. Maybe it won't come out just right," and I hastily made my reply,

"No, I don't care to see into my future, but I should like very much to know what has become of my classmates with whom I finished college. It has been twelve years since I saw any of them and my curiosity has gotten the better of me."

"Will madam walk this way?" He led the way to a small table upon which a crystal globe stood. Beside the table was a chair piled with cushions and into these I sank with a grateful sigh.

The Hindu seated himself opposite me and cupping his hands around the foot of the globe told me to concentrate my attention on the globe and what I wished to see.

I sat and gazed into the crystal, but not one thing could I see. After gazing fixedly for about fifteen minutes I began to get restless, but suddenly. . . .my heart jumped into my throat and a figure began to appear, misty and very faint at first but gradually becoming more distinct.

I leaned further over to see better and beheld a charming

## THE PINE BRANCH

young woman standing before an audience of thousands. She was singing as if her only joy lay in delighting her hearers with her song. I racked my brain but failed to remember the fair singer as one of my classmates, but just then the music ceased and she smiled down at her audience. That smile! I would know it anywhere. You have guessed, I am sure, that it was Waver Hodges who stood before me.

"The girl at the piano, who is she?" I asked the Hindu. "I cannot see her face. Does she belong amongst my classmates?"

"That is the musician of your class. She was also a very fine reader. Can you not recall her?"

For several minutes I thought of the girls in my class and then I exclaimed excitedly, "It is—yes, it was Mary Cobb, for just at that instant she turned to leave the stage and I caught a fleeting glimpse of her face. The din of the applause still rings in my ears, though the years have rolled between.

As the bright lights and gay scenes of the opera grew dimmer I seemed to hear a rollicking laugh and presently a nursery came into view. The picture of that nursery and its occupants is as vivid with me to-day as it was yesterday, for in the middle of the floor there shouted, rolled and tumbled three of the dearest children that ever boasted a mop of dark red hair. They seemed to be very much interested in riding some one in their midst, and upon close observation it proved to be a man with a humorous mouth and eyes that twinkled like the stars. The scene was very good to look upon, but it seemed to me that the Hindu had lost sight of the fact that I had come to see my classmates and not nursery scenes.

"Have you forgotten what—" I left my sentence hanging in mid-air and looked where the man was pointing.

A woman had entered the door and the joy on those four faces as they rushed to greet her was quite evident.

A chorus of "Mother, where have you been?" greeted my ears as the woman stooped to kiss them one by one.

"George, did you get your bill through to-day? I've been worried all day fearing that the senate would vote against your bill."

"Oh, yes, Estelle, the bill passed both houses today. Hard

## Class Prophecy

fight, wasn't it?"

Just here the kiddies clamored for recognition and I lost the rest of the conversation. I had seen and heard enough to know that this was the lawyer I had read so much about but never had associated her with Estelle Barker, my roommate at S. G. S. N. C.

Here the scene shifted again and became a seething mass of negroes, scantily clothed. They were streaming into a large enclosure where some one seemed to be speaking to them. Their upturned faces were the most eager I have ever seen and they were drinking in every word of the woman before them.

"Why, that is a white woman, and look, there sits another one behind her," said I to the man. "What does that mean? Why are those women in the midst of all that mass of black savages?"

"You will perceive, madam, that the book in the hands of the woman standing is the Bible. The woman behind her holds a song book written in one of the African dialects. They have been in Africa for a number of years; that accounts for their dark complexions."

I again turned my attention to the missionaries and then their identity dawned upon me. The speaker was Mattie Stipe, but you will never believe me when I tell you that the woman with the song book was Inez Sharp. Where she learned to sing, I never could find out, but here she was, teaching these savages to sing praises to the God who was so new to them.

I had a feeling of deep respect for the two who had given their lives for the spread of Christianity in that great dark continent of Africa, and, forgetting that they were not actually in my presence, I leaned forward to speak to them, but only the crystal globe rewarded my gaze and I leaned back with a sigh.

It was some minutes before anything else appeared in the globe, but I was glad of the brief interval in which to get my thoughts collected.

"Madam will pay close attention to the globe now, please."

Judging from the appearance of the room, I was now gazing into the waiting room of a large business establishment where a woman sat eagerly watching a door marked

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"Private."

Presently a boy came out and told her she might go in now, which she did with alacrity.

"Good morning, ma'am."

"Oh, good morning, sir! Isn't this lovely weather we're having? I just told my landlady that this was one morning in which a man would be most liberal with his pocket-book. I always know my lucky days by the feeling in the air, and to-day is certainly my red-letter day.

"Now, I have here the finest article on the market to-day. It is the most practicable and useful article anyone could possess. It will prove to be one of your best sellers. The ladies will fight over it, and you can never keep an adequate supply on hand. It is indestructible, non-rustable and will not be affected by chemicals. It can be used for a pin-tray, a fruit bowl, comb, hairpin holder, pot cleaner and many other things just by a deft twist here and a turn there. You see it was made entirely of links and it proves a valuable asset to anyone's home. My dear sir, you simply cannot afford to be without this article. The price is so small that I blush to mention it. How many, sir?"

"I do not wish to buy at all to-day, I have too many of such things in stock already."

"What! You cannot be in your right mind, sir! Why, I never leave a place until I have some sort of order. How many did you say?"

By this time I could see that the man was getting desperate. He started to say no again, but on second thought he wrote out a small order and the woman arose.

All this time she had had her back turned to me, but when she turned to leave the office. I gasped to recognize Sallie Kate Wolfe.

When I remembered Sallie Kate's untiring tongue at school, I ceased to be amazed, for after all, Mother Nature had given her a shoe that fitted.

The office faded into oblivion and an imposing building came into view.

Of all things! It was the White House! "Surely," thought I, "none of my classmates have dared to run for president," but everybody is liable to make mistakes, and right there was where I made mine, for at that moment the

## Class Prophecy

President herself walked down the steps to her carriage and the shout arose, "Long live President Crum!" The twinkling blue eyes and curly blonde hair were not at all in keeping with her dignity, but they never were for that matter.

"Why hadn't I put two and two together before and guessed that the President of my country was Mary Crum?" Well, there are so many things to occupy one's mind that time is apt to efface memory and people you once knew so well are apt to be forgotten.

I turned to the Hindu, "Wonders never cease. I've found that out to-day, so I'm ready for another surprise. Is Dr. Cook, the physician of the President, the same girl with whom I used to go to school?"

"You shall see for yourself," said he, and sure enough, there sat Dr. Cook in her study, with her hair pulled back severely and her clothes cut along very mannish lines. Glasses rested on her nose and hid half her face, but it was Maggie Lou Cook after all. She had not delved into chemistry for nothing, so I came to the conclusion that hard work is worth something in the end.

Things began to grow dimmer and dimmer until at last the picture in the globe was barely perceptible. The sound of soft music reached my ears and I saw a woman seated at a piano. She was singing "Love's Old Sweet Song" with a voice that would melt a stone to tears. Without being told, I knew that this was Birdie Van Brackle, whose voice had charmed many an audience at S. G. S. N. C.

The silver threads were now gleaming 'midst the gold, but the expression of the tall youth leaning on the piano looking down at his mother showed that those silver threads meant more to him than the golden threads of youth could ever mean.

While I was furtively wiping a tear from my eye the picture changed, and Birdie with her song passed on.

Oh! the merry whistle of a postman. Yes, there he came down the street, but his head was almost hidden by a large pile of mail. I was very much interested to see where he would deposit all that mail, so when he stopped before the Old Maids' Home, I was all attention. When he blew his whistle the second time a head popped out of an upstairs



## THE PINE BRANCH

window and then disappeared with a jerk, only to appear again in the doorway a minute later.

"Good morning, Miss Alna, where is Miss Rosa this morning?"

"She's up stairs, grumbling as usual. I wish to goodness she would leave here. She nearly drives me distracted with her eternal grumbling."

"Too bad, too bad. Here's a stack of mail for you, Miss Alna. You must have a lot of gentlemen friends."

Alna blushed like a peony and took her mail into the house and straight upstairs to her room, where she locked the door before opening a single letter.

Not being able to see the contents of the letters, I asked the Hindu why she observed so much secrecy.

"The lady has joined a matrimonial bureau and these are her replies," said he.

Alna Williams! I couldn't believe it, but there were the letters, so I had to be convinced.

Presently she found one to her liking and putting it carefully away, she proceeded to gather up the others and start down stairs with them, all the time looking guiltily up and down the hall.

Just as she turned a bend in the stairway she bumped squarely into another person, who immediately began to scold.

"Alna Williams, what do you mean by bumping into me with all that stack of letters? This is no postoffice. Where did all that mail come from any way?"

"When you get elected mistress of this house, I'll tell you, Rosa Lucas, and not until then."

Alna passed on down the stairs while Rosa glared down at her.

What a trick of fate. Once their very thoughts were one; now they disagreed on every point. I turned aside to see the cause of a slight noise in one corner of the room, but it was only a large Persian cat, so I again turned my attention to the globe.

I seemed to be looking down the side of a high mountain, up which a stream of human beings were toiling like ants. First, there came two guides, judging from their appearance, but the others were all women. The woman imme-

## Class Prophecy

diately behind the guides seemed to be having a hard time, probably due to her size, which was not small, but she puffed and puffed and managed to keep ahead of the others.

I was getting used to things out of the ordinary so I was not surprised to see Chloe Ivey push up to Ruby Meeks and tell her not to go so fast.

It was difficult at first to recognize all of the little party, but as they talked on their faces became more familiar, and I even learned what they were doing in Europe.

Ruby Meeks, Jimmie Carmack, Alma Lee Day and Mary Sue Cannon were studying the labor problems and had gained valuable information in England.

Chloe Ivey and Jewel Meeks were studying music under the German masters, but firmly believing that, "All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy," they were taking a short vacation in Switzerland.

Mary Ethel Moses and Gladys Harris, having spent several years studying aesthetic dancing in Russia, were preparing to return home, but it appeared that Mary Ethel had become engaged to a Russian officer, so her visit home would be for only a short time.

Juanita Parrish and Helen Bruce had been husband hunting and sight seeing, but their hunting days were over, for they both had married nice old men who would soon be numbered among the dear departed and Juanita and Helen would reap their reward.

Sarah Cox, Henrilu Ivey and Gladys Faircloth had been taking courses in physical culture and were now on their way home to take responsible positions in our leading colleges.

Sarah expected, however, to hold for only a short time her position, because her husband was getting tired of her globe trotting ways and suggested that she remain at home for a change.

How they had all come together I never did find out, but knowing that the Alps are famous as a pleasure ground, I was not surprised to find so many of my former classmates."

I had been so intent upon the scenes before me that I

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had failed to note the passing of time, and before I realized it, darkness had descended.

"Oh, I must be going, but I haven't seen all my classmates yet and I do not want to go without seeing them every one. What must I do?"

"Only be patient for a few moments and you may see the others. There are only a few of them left."

With that I settled back once more to watch the globe.

Presently, I saw a lovely campus on which numbers of girls were standing. In the distance I could see two figures strolling arm in arm. As they came nearer I recognized Clyde Palmer and Evelyn Perry.

"It seems to me that they have been to school enough. What does this mean?" I asked.

"They are teachers of oratory at Emerson and are out for an afternoon stroll."

As the river bed determines the course of the water, so talent determines to a large extent one's future, so it was only natural to expect a great future for the gifted readers of our class.

Here the campus changed to a library of moderate size. Three people seemed to be in earnest conversation. Their clothes marked them as women of business, not of leisure. It was difficult to picture the three classmates, whom they appeared to be, Mae Crum, Etta and Vada Fain, in that garb, so I straightway inquired into what path of life they had wandered.

"They are authors. They are now discussing their new book, the title of which is "The Values of Silence." It has proved quite a success and the authors bid fair to become quite famous."

This reply brought to my mind the substance of an old proverb, he who talks little is deep; he who talks much is shallow, and remembering these girls as the most silent members of our class, the truth of it certainly did strike home.

The next girl I was privileged to see happened to be my room-mate, Edna Robinson. Knowing her as I had, I could not fail to know her again, after all these years.

There she stood in the middle of a most gorgeous wedding scene, with an expression on her face that was positively ludicrous to see. Such a face was not in keeping with the solemnity of a wedding scene, but it turned out that

## Class Prophecy

the whole assembly was trying to smother giggles and hide smiles. What could have happened?

Mercy! Where did that parrot come from? What was that in his beak? Hair! It was Edna's, and there she stood minus her switch, with her hands wildly clutching at the parrot who was perched on the window sill above her.

I always knew something would happen to that switch and I had told her time and again not to wear the thing, but she never would heed.

As soon as I could speak again I inquired whose wedding Edna was attending.

"That is the wedding of Mr. Paul Reynolds. Miss Robinson brought her parrot along and it is her parrot that has caused all the disturbance."

Just then the parrot dropped her treasure and Edna made a dive for her head covering. After she had it safely pinned on the wedding proceeded and I could see no more. Evidently Edna had developed into an old maid school teacher.

Only two more of my classmates remained to be seen and I was very much interested to see what fortune had held in store for them.

A fire became visible and the dearest picture came into view. A cherub of a little girl was sitting on the floor gazing up into the eyes of her mother, who seemed to be telling her a story. That blonde curly head bent over her sewing told me instantly that it was Julia Harrell. When the story was finished the child climbed up into its mother's lap and the picture faded with the tiny head drooping on the shoulder of the fair singer.

The central figure in the new picture gave evidence of a great deal of concentration as shown by the elbow resting on the arm of her chair and the look of deep concern on her face. A half completed picture stood before her.

Joy of joys! It was Gertrude Moore, the master artist. She was working on her masterpiece, which she has since given to the world. Perhaps you would like to see a reproduction of it. (Show ludicrous paintings.)

The last of the pictures had faded and since dark had come on and knowing that Aunt Jane would be frantic, I hastily paid Cogia Hassan Alhabel for the most enjoyable occasion in my life and hailed a taxi for home.

Willie Mae Mathews.

## THE PINE BRANCH

### Senior Ifs

If Estelle and Jimmie were walking through the Woods and met a Wolfe eating Crums would Estelle Bark—er—what?

If Moses lived in a Parrish to-day would (s)he be Meek(s) he used to be?

If Bruce were fighting to-day would he use a Cannon?


If Day came two hours earlier would the Cox crow?

If Harroll had a girl he did not like would he Palmer?

If Waver had a dark cloth, would she also need a Fair-cloth?

If rouge makes women red, what makes Ivey green?

Has Alna ever read the book of (Luc(as) often as Mathew(s).  
Willie Mae Mathews.



## Commencement Program

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May Twentieth to Twenty-fourth, Nineteen Hundred Twenty-two.

Class Day Exercises—Saturday, May 20, at 8 o'clock, the Rotunda.

Sororian and Argonian Literary Society evening, May 20, 8'clock, the Rotunda.

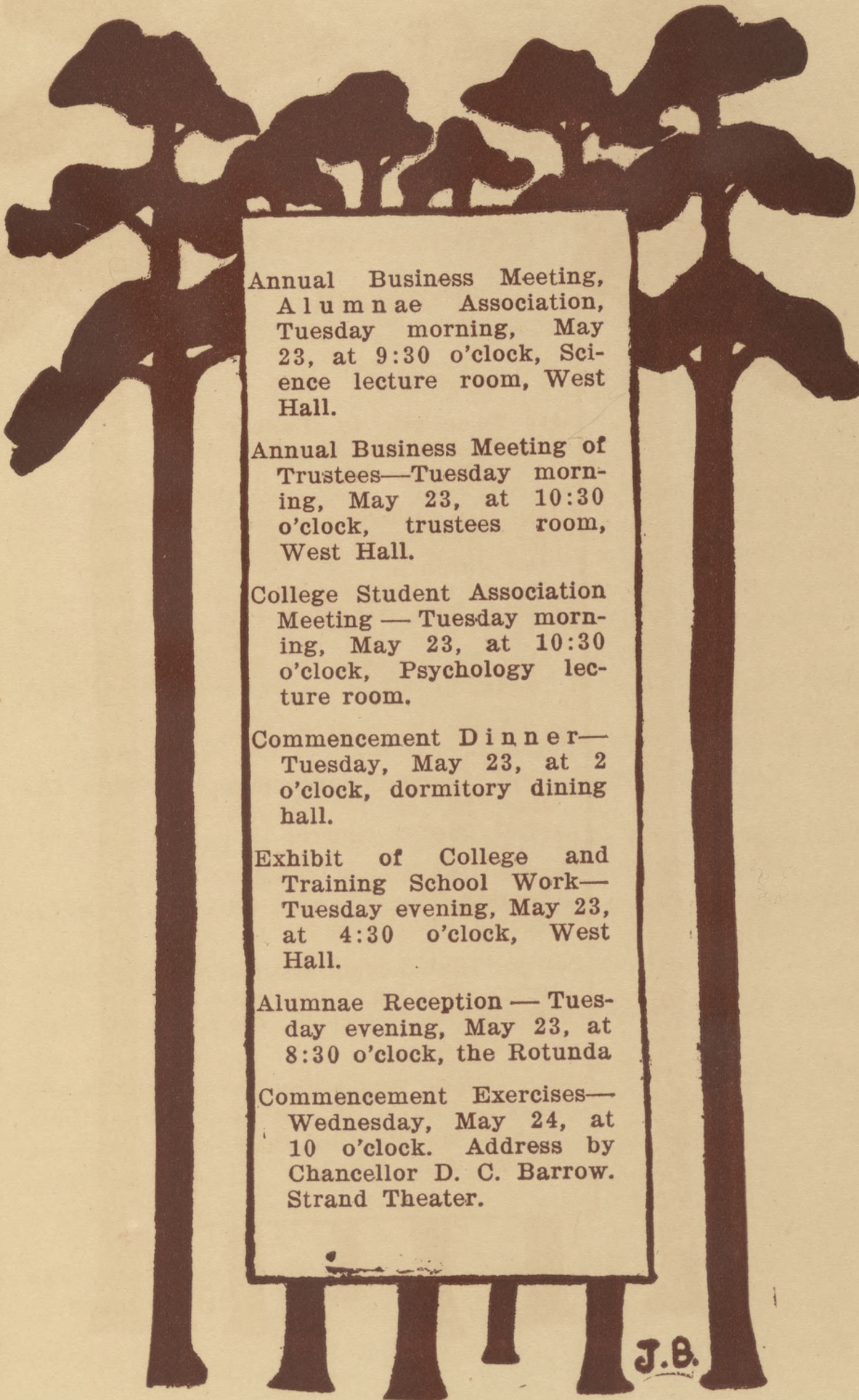
Baccalaureate Services—Sermon by Rev. L. R. Scott, Sunday morning, May 21, at 11 o'clock, First Baptist church.

Vesper Service — Sunday evening, May 21, at 7:30 o'clock, the Rotunda.

College High School Graduation—Monday evening, May 22, at 4 o'clock, the Rotunda.

Senior Class Play—Monday evening, May 22, at 8 o'clock at the City High School Auditorium.

J. B.



Annual Business Meeting,  
Alumnae Association,  
Tuesday morning, May  
23, at 9:30 o'clock, Sci-  
ence lecture room, West  
Hall.

Annual Business Meeting of  
Trustees—Tuesday morn-  
ing, May 23, at 10:30  
o'clock, trustees room,  
West Hall.

College Student Association  
Meeting — Tuesday morn-  
ing, May 23, at 10:30  
o'clock, Psychology lec-  
ture room.

Commencement Dinner—  
Tuesday, May 23, at 2  
o'clock, dormitory dining  
hall.

Exhibit of College and  
Training School Work—  
Tuesday evening, May 23,  
at 4:30 o'clock, West  
Hall.

Alumnae Reception — Tues-  
day evening, May 23, at  
8:30 o'clock, the Rotunda

Commencement Exercises—  
Wednesday, May 24, at  
10 o'clock. Address by  
Chancellor D. C. Barrow.  
Strand Theater.

## THE PINE BRANCH

### Class Poem

Classmates, long we've lived together here in our college  
home,

But soon we leave her refuge and far from her care we'll  
roam.

For now our task is finished; the goal we sought is won,  
To-day we pause a moment to view the course we've run.  
The wheels of time we'd turn back to the days of yore  
And think of our relevant joys ere the caps and gowns we  
wore,

We have ever worked and planned with this glad day in  
mind;

The welcomed day has come, but a regretful note we find.

We recall the day when first we met within this college hall  
And how with passing days our Alma Mater led us all  
To a broader view of life than we had known before,  
And now so very soon we meet within her walls no more.  
We review our joys and pleasures that as friend with friend  
we'd share,

And the comfort lent by amity when hearts were filled with  
care.

But why this retrospection? The past can be no more.  
The future, the golden future beckons and opens wide the  
door

To a busy life of service and to a world in need,  
Let's cease our meditation and to her call give heed.  
She bids us come, and though our paths may lead us far  
apart,

Sweet memories of our college life will linger in each heart.

Alma Mater, whom we have loved through all these fleet-  
ing years,

Our love for you grows deeper as time for parting nears,  
Soon to teachers, classmates and friends we must say adieu,  
But to the dear old red and black our hearts will e'er be true.  
Through all the coming days may great success be thine,  
And may the girls who come and live among your pines  
Receive an inspiration that they will seek to live  
Lives worthy of the highest praise their college home can  
give.

E. Robinson.



## Class Will 1922

Ladies and Gentlemen, President of the College, Teachers,  
Students and Friends,

Upon behalf of my client, the Class of 1922 of South Georgia State Normal College of the City of Valdosta, State of Georgia, U. S. A., I have called you together upon this solemn and serious occasion to listen to her last will and testament; and to receive from her dying hands the few gifts she has to bestow in her last moments. Cutting so rapidly loose from life, and finding so many things of such gigantic proportions to be attended before the end should close upon her, she did deem it best to distribute these bequests with her own hands to these friends whose need they seem best fitted. She has tried to be just as generous and impartial as possible and has distributed wisely unto those who will make the best use of such as she has in her power to bestow; the talents that served her so faithfully these years.

Listen then, one and all, while I read the documents as duly drawn up and attested to:

We the class of 1922, in thirty-four individual and distinct parts, being about to pass out of this sphere of education in full possession of sound and well crammed minds, and an almost superhuman understanding, do make and publish this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills and promises by us at any time heretofore made, or may-hap carelessly spoken, one to the other, as the thoughtless wish of an idle hour. As to such estates as it has pleased the Fates and our own strong hands and brains to win for us, we do dispose of the same as follows:

### ITEM I.

We give and bequeath to our respected President, Mr. R. H. Powell, and beloved Dean of Women, Miss Ada R.. Gal-  
laher, and to the Faculty at large, our sincere affections, our deepest reverence, our heartiest gratitude and the whole unlimited wealth of our eternal memory, in an attempt at partial payment for all they have done for us during our long years at S. G. S. N. C. we make over to them here and now, a heavy mortgage on our future in the great Unknown Beyond. It shall be theirs to watch every

## THE PINE BRANCH

step of our upward and onward course, to note each trial, each attempt, each victory, each success and honor that we may achieve in the arena, and to accept for themselves, as the interest on our deathless debt, every iota of honor, knowing that it is all due to their faithful instructions.

### ITEM II.

We particularly do give and bequeath to our beloved teachers, all the amazing knowledge and startling information that we have furnished them from time to time in our various examination papers. We know that much which we have imparted to them in this way must have been entirely new to them, as well as to all students and teachers everywhere, and would throw much new light on many a hitherto unilluminated line of thought throughout the whole world of science and learning, even outside the halls and walls of S. G. S. N. C. If the teachers see fit, they are hereby authorized to give out such of this information to the world as they may feel the world is ready to receive.

### ITEM III.

We give to the magazine of the college, "The Pine Branch," and to the talented writers thereof, all the events of our lives, past and present and to come, with all the wonders, sensations, hair-breadth escapes, glorious attainments, and other deserved or undeserved fame with which we may have been or may hereafter be associated, trusting that they may furnish sufficient material for news items and brilliant editorials for ages to come, and serve as an inspiration for those younger students who so naturally look to us for example.

### ITEM IV.

To our Alma Mater we do bequeath our deep and sincere love, in appreciation of the ideals implanted in our lives, and in appreciation of the Christian atmosphere known as the "South Georgia State Normal Spirit."

### ITEM V.

The following may seem but trifling bequests, but we hope they may be accepted, not as worthless things lavishly thrown away because we can no longer keep them, but as valuable assets to those who may receive them, as a continual reminder of the generosity of heart displayed in our free and full bestowal.

## Class Will 1922

1st. To the monitors of the Junior-Senior Hall of next year we give a pair of rubber shoes to be used for detective work. We are taught by our inner consciousness that they will need them in dealing with the classes that are to be our successors.

2nd. To the basket-ball team of next year, the ability of Jimmie Carmack and Alma Lee Day. (We couldn't induce Edna Robinson to surrender hers.)

3rd. To Elizabeth Livingston, Mae Crum's gift of rapid pronunciation.

4th. In order that memory of her shall be cherished for years to come at S. G. S. N. C., Vada Fain bequeaths to Madeline Culbreth three white Panama hats, which if sunned and boxed annually will enable her to complete her spring wardrobe until she is a post-graduate.

5th. Alna Williams, having decided to bob her hair, wills her super-abundance of curly locks to Kathleen Moore; also two blue skirts, which will be useful to Kathleen as wearing apparel, and to her friends as a looking glass.

6th. Inez Sharpe wills the privilege of puffing her hair during busy hours and also her place in the court line, to Deborah Patterson.

7th. Clyde Palmer wills her giggling capacity and her marvelous talent for mathematics, especially that brand of the subject known as advanced arithmetic in which she excels, to Louise Poppell.

8th. Mary Cobb wills all her surplus knowledge gained in English III to B. B. Lang.

9th. Sallie Kate Wolfe wills her lack of speaking ability to Ada Meeks.

10th. Edna Robinson confers her poetic ability upon one who deserves the crown of a genius, to Maude Jones.

11th. Waver Hodges will her wonderful voice to one who almost excels her, Belle Reese.

12th. Maggie Lou Cook wills her rouge, lip stick and eccentric hair style to Stella Taylor.

13th. To Lucy Jackson, Gladys Harris wills her ability to bluff Miss Gilmer in English.

14th. Birdie Van Brackle reluctantly hands over her rouge, lip stick, magnolia balm, eye brow pencil and cosmetics in general to Virginia Dasher, who she feels has

## THE PINE BRANCH

great need for them.

15th. Of course she hated to part with it, but nevertheless Mattie Stipe wills her privilege of being "teacher's pet" to Verna Scarborough.

16th. Ruby Meeks wills her inalienable right to talk in the dining room to Edith Watson.

17th. Helen Bruce wills to Lucy Fleming her ever supply of chewing gum, that is if she will promise to be very careful and partake of it only when in her room.

18th. Sara Cox wills to "Squirrel" Touchton her talent for playing the leading part in "Green Stockings."

19th. Mary Ethel Moses wills to Alice Neal Prosser her art of dancing gracefully.

20th. Gertrude Moore wills to Chrystelle Barfield her excess avoirdupois.

21st. Henrilu Ivey wills to Cynthia Lewis the ability to stretch the truth till it breaks.

22nd. Estelle Barker wills her ability to argue to Anne Chichester. May she succeed in carrying her point as well as Estelle has.

### ITEM VI.

To the present Sophomore class we will our "class call," which was given to us by the Class of 1920. May you be successful in gathering your group together by this, "our faithful call."

### ITEM VII.

The subjoined list will be recognized as entailed estate, to which we do declare the class of 1923 the real and rightful successors.

1st. Our seats in classroom and chapel. May they endeavor to fill them as faithfully as we have.

2nd. Our Senior dignity. May they uphold it forever, with all seriousness and gravity, endeavoring to realize its vast importance, in spite of their natural light-mindedness and irresponsibility.

3rd. Any scraps of paper, stubs of pencils, and notebooks that we may inadvertently leave behind us in the excitement and haste of gathering up our cherished treasures for the last time. May they feel free to make use of them and feel, perhaps, that they may in some mystic way, impart some of our great knowledge to them.

## Class Will 1922

4th. The privilege of walking on Patterson street, provided they keep their eyes focused in the direction going, and not let the shy glances of the young men passing by attract their attention, or let the bananas stick to their hands in passing by the "country store."

5th. Our class president wills to the class of 1922-1923 the "historic spade" of S. G. S. N. C. which was used to break the ground in the construction of the first building. Seniors, it is yours to guard and protect, because it has a warm place in the heart of every S. G. S. N. C. girl.

6th. Last of all comes the one thing hard for us to part with. To our successors we leave our places in the hearts and thoughts of our President and teachers. They will love them, unworthy as we feel they are, even as they have loved us, they will show them all the tender kindness and attention that they have bestowed on us; they will feel the same interest in their attempts and successes, the same sorrow when they fail. We trust that the class of '23 will appreciate all this as deeply as we have, that it may be their most precious possession, as it has been ours, and the one we are most loathe to hand over to them.

Besides these enforced gifts we leave not only of necessity, but of our own free will, our blessings, tender memories, or pleasant associations together, and our forgiveness for anything that we may not have exactly appreciated in the demonstrations of the past, and a pledge of friendship from henceforth and forever. All the rest and residue of our property, whatsoever and wheresoever, of which nature, kind and quality so ever it may be, and not hereinbefore disposed of, we give and bequeath to the college, for its use and benefit absolutely, to be disposed of for the good of the coming classes in the future.

We do hereby constitute and appoint our President of the college sole executor of this our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we, the class of 1922, the testators, have to this our will, written on this piece of parchment, set our hands and seal this twentieth day of May, Anno Domini 1922.

Jewell Meeks.

# Class Farewell

It is my privilege to speak a few words of farewell. We're "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet" ready to step from school into the busy world. We hesitate. We might hold to the past were it possible, but life's ceaseless round of changes has brought us to the place where the brook of school life meets the vast river of an enlarged human experience, whose current is moving steadily and most surely into the great future.

In the old Latin myths we read of the good Janus, in whose honor the month of January was named. Janus had two faces looking in opposite directions; with one face looking toward the past, the other peered into the future. This afternoon is a new year in the class of '22; here we stand Janus faced, and look behind us and before.

During the past few years we have been delving into rich mines of wisdom and experience, trying to collect a small capital to take out into the busy world. Thanks to the fostering care of our wise teachers, we are not forced to separate at this center of the universe and each one go his own way without a fund of resources; but we go forth to choose the pathway in which we are best prepared. There is work for each of us; for it has always been true that the world needs willing hands, and will continue to need workers as long as time shall last. May we each invest our capital so that it will become a power for enriching the lives we come in contact with. Then the world will be better for our advent, and our years of preparation will not have been spent in vain.

It is pleasant that this day has arrived, in that it is something for which we have long been striving. But it is indeed very hard to say farewell to fellow classmates. It brings a sad realization of the fact that we must part and be separated from those with whom strong ties of friendship and love have grown. At this place we must regretfully say farewell to the happy days spent amidst these pleasant surroundings. We must leave this hall of learning and search for a new field of action; we must bid farewell to the familiar places so full of memories; we must say adieu to friends, teachers and sister classes we have

## Class Farewell

met and learned to love so dearly. All of you here present have been ever kind, patient and true, and we thank you for making our graduation possible.

Undergraduates, you will take our places, and may you fill the mnobly, doing your best at all times. We have great faith in you, believing that you'll ever stand, even better than we stood.

Classmates, we stand together for almost the last time, but we shall never be separated in spirit. In memory we shall always be one loyal class "till the last dear companion drops smilingly away."

With pleasant memories of this afternoon, of the friends who have gathered to greet us, and of the fellowship that animates our class let us go forth into our life's career. May happiness and prosperity attend us all, and may **Service** be our motto.

Mary M. Crum.

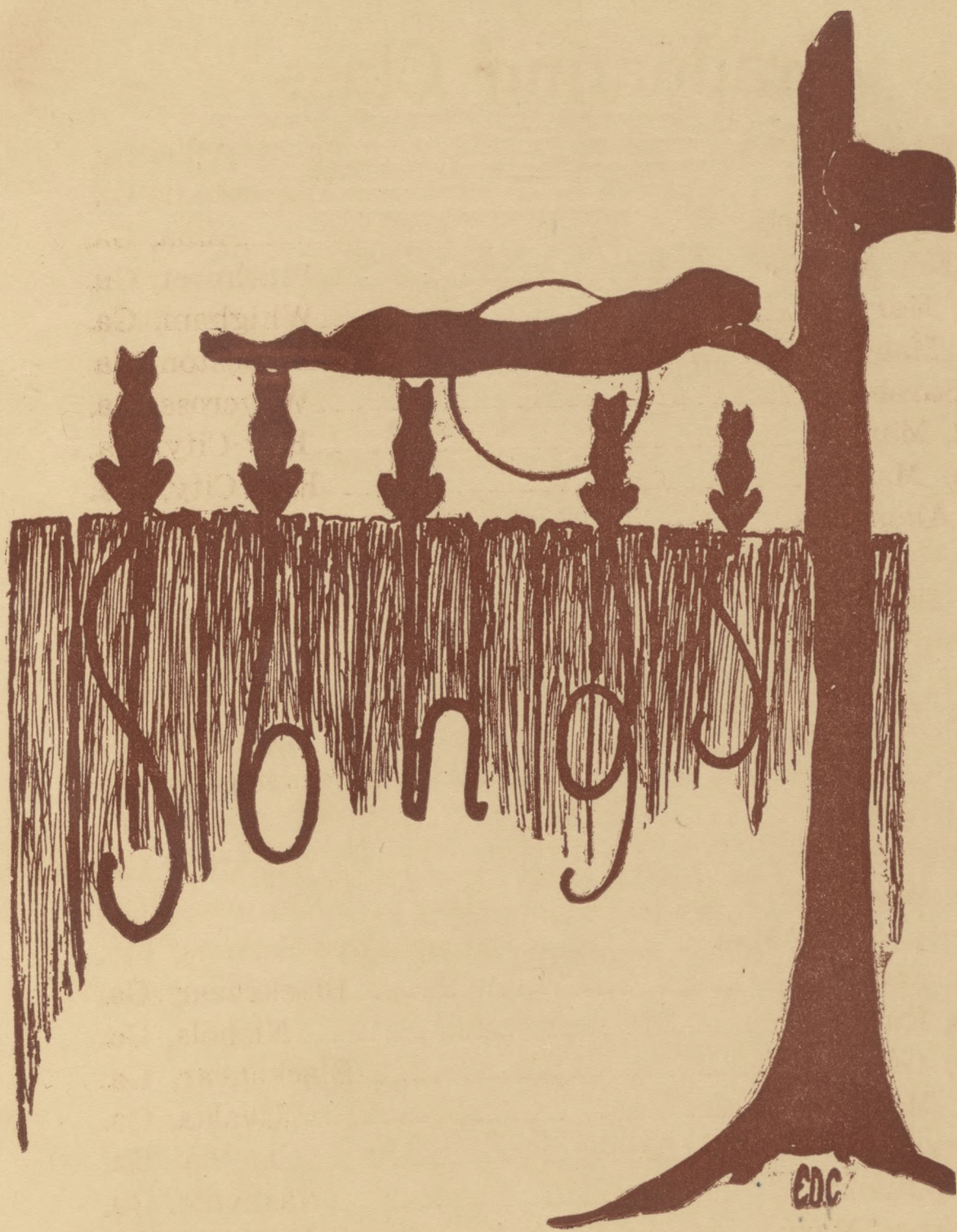


# Graduating Class

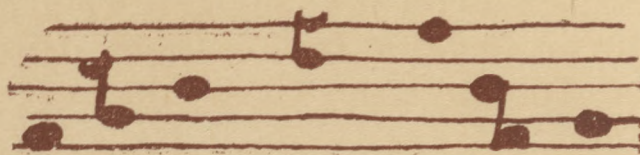
Barker, Estelle	Thomasville, Ga.
Bruce, Helen	Blackshear, Ga.
Cannon, Mary Sue	Alma, Ga.
Carmack, Jimmie	Pinehurst, Ga.
Cobb, Mary	Whigham, Ga.
Cook, Maggie Lou	Boston, Ga.
Cox, Sarah	Waycross, Ga.
Crum, Mary	Ray City, Ga.
Crum, Mae	Ray City, Ga.
Day, Alma Lee	Douglas, Ga.
Fain, Vada	Edison, Ga.
Fain, Etta	Edison, Ga.
Fairecloth, Gladys	Camilla, Ga.
Harrell, Julia	Quitman, Ga.
Harris, Gladys	Winder, Ga.
Hodges, Waver	Brinson, Ga.
Ivey, Chloe	Valdosta, Ga.
Ivey, Henrilu	Valdosta, Ga.
Lucas, Rosa	Quitman, Ga.
Mathews, Willie Mae	Green Cove Springs, Fla.
Meeks, Jewell	Blackshear, Ga.
Meeks, Ruby	Nichols, Ga.
Moore, Gertrude	Blackshear, Ga.
Moses, Mary Ethel	Uvalda, Ga.
Palmer, Clyde	Camilla, Ga.
Parish, Juanita	Nashville, Ga.
Poindexter, Mary	Valdosta, Ga.
Robinson, Edna	Americus, Ga.
Sharp, Inez	Vidalia, Ga.
Stipe, Mattie	Dixie, Ga.
Perry, Jessie Evelyn	Camilla, Ga.
VanBrackle, Birdie	Adel, Ga.
Williams, Alna	Camilla, Ga.
Wolfe, Sallie Kate	Uvalda, Ga.

Thirty





THE PINE BRANCH



From Fresh To Senior

**Tune: "Poor Butterfly."**

S. G. S. N. C., our Alma Mater,  
The highest praises to thee we'll bring,  
And we'll ever be true in our love to you,  
S. G. S. N. C., S. G. S. N. C.

**Tune: "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Ol dTown To-night."**

One dark night when the folks were al in bed,  
A Freshman awoke and to the girls she said,  
"Come along now and a little feast we'll spread."  
We'll have a hot time in the hall to-night.

**Tune: Smile, Smile, Smile.**

Pack up your knowledge in your empty head  
And rise, rise, rise.  
While you've a chance at S. G. S. N. C.  
Rise girls, that's our prize.  
What's the use of siging?  
This is no place for crying.  
Pack up your knowledge in your empty head  
And rise, rise, rise.

**Tune: "Long Boy."**

Good bye Subs, good bye Sophs,  
Good bye Seniors with your old bluff stuff.  
We may not know what's the race about,  
But you bet, by grab ,you'll soon find out.  
We'll get the cup and the victory too,  
And that's about all one class can do.

**Tune: "Bonnie Blue Flag."**

Oh! yes we are the Junior class, we glory in the name  
And boast it with the greatest pride;  
For we know we'll win the game.  
We envy not the other girls, for they'll not win the day.

## Songs

The Junior Class is on the field and we are here to stay.  
Hurrah, Hurrah for the Junior Class, Hurrah.  
Three cheers for the unior Class, the best you ever saw.

Tune: "Leave Me With a Smile."

Oh! you dear old Juniors, we are glad to be here, here  
with you alone. Soon we're leaving you, our lives to start  
anew out in this world to roam. How we'll miss each other,  
for there's not another such a class as you. Though we're  
leaving here we'll keep sweet memories dear, thi snight of  
twenty-two.

Music by Miss Orrie Bell Rogers.

Words by Miss Maoy Poindexter (Student).

Oh, joyfully we greet thee,  
Oh, long desired day,  
But there's a note of sadness  
Because we're going away.  
September's golden days  
No more for us will bring  
The call come bcak to me,  
Come back to S. G. S. N. C.  
Oh, schood mates, stand together  
As lustily we raise  
Our parting song of love  
In Alma Mater's praise.  
If fortune smile upon us  
Her name we will enthrone,  
Her name immortal will be  
In song and story.  
The time has come to go  
And classmates dear must part,  
But we'll have sweet memories  
Abiding in each heart.  
But time can never alter  
Our devotion tried and true,  
And wherever we may be  
We'll love S. G. S. N. C.



### Almost But—

Mr. Wood: Miss Faircloth, have you finished your problem?

Gladys: Yes sir, all but the answer.

### Right For Once.

Mr. Shanks: Clyde, what do you know about the peace treaty?

Clyde: Don't know much about it, Mr. Shanks.

Mr. Shanks: I believe your answer is correct.

### It Will Help.

It is rumored Mr. Wood will have a rabbit painted on his head so as to have a bit of hare.

Gladys H.: Mr. Shanks, was it Abraham who led the children of Israel across the Suez Canal?

History Prof.: No, it was George Washington.

### Oh, Frenchy.

Edna R.: I'm sick; I'm going to see Mrs. Hagan to-day.

Willie Mae: She will attendez-vous.

Edna: I need attendez-vooving.

### Ambition! Where Art Thou?

Estelle (after the lecture on interior decoration): Oh! I just love to be an interior decoration.

### Some Kid.

Girls (discussing history methods): Who were the artists of the Renaissance?

Juanita P.: Van Dyde, De Vinci and-er Baby Stoart.

## Jokes

### She's No Flapper.

Etta: The Sophs are going to dance barefooted May Day.

Vada: Aren't they going to wear stockings?

### Oh for a Little Latin!

The Seniors were practicing their play and came to a part marked "Omnes."

Jewel M.: Mrs. Dalhouse, who is going to be Omnes?

### Take Notice!

From the bulletin board:

"Any one wishing to look at Venus, please see me."

J. Marie Craig.

### Chemistry? No—Physiology?

Gladys F.: Look at the "digestion" bumps all over my face.

### Seventh Sense.

Julia H. (sitting near the cooking lab.): Gosh! listen to that odor.

### Put Out the Light.

Gladys H.: "Any excitement at the meeting last night?"

Mary P.: "Well, Sal made a speech and brought down the house."

Gladys: "Did that break it up?"

Mary: "The chairman took the floor."

### Question? ? ?

B. B.: Does a cannibal go to Heaven when he dies?

Mary Cobb: Certainly not!

B. B.: But suppose he has eaten a missionary?

### Some Inspiration!

Jessie Evelyn: Whittier was inspired by a piece of Burn, Miss Gilmer!

## THE PINE BRANCH

### A Journey.

One of Miss Farris' friends took her "Over the Hill to the Poor House," while Miss Gilmer's friend took her "Way Down East."

### Hide Where?

Miss Gallaher: Estelle, tell us about the frog's breathing.

Estelle: Oh—he breathes through his hide.

### Are You?

Jewell: Birdie, are you going to sing a solo by yourself?



**THE**  
**SOUTH GEORGIA STATE NORMAL COLLEGE**  
**THE STATE WOMAN'S COLLEGE**  
**AT VALDOSTA**

A COLLEGE WHICH PLACES CHARACTER FIRST IN ALL THINGS—IN PHYSICAL EQUIPMENT, IN INTELLECTUAL TRAINING, IN PERSONAL LIVING.

A COLLEGE WHICH IS CONSERVATIVE, BUT PROGRESSIVE, HOLDING TO THE BEST STANDARDS OF LIFE AND OF EDUCATION IN THE PAST BUT PRESSING EVER FORWARD WITH THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE TIMES,

A COLLEGE IN WHICH ARE INTILLED THE IDEALS OF CHARACTER AND WOMANLY CHARM THAT HAVE MADE SOUTHERN WOMEN LOVED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, AND IN WHICH ARE TAUGHT THE LEARNING AND HABITS OF ACTION THAT MAKE WOMEN LEADERS.

A COLLEGE SPECIFICALLY AND SOLELY FOR WOMEN. IT OFFERS DIPLOMA AND DEGREE COURSES IN EDUCATION, IN HOME ECONOMICS, IN LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE, IN SCIENCE AND HISTORY, IN MUSIC, IN ART, IN EXPRESSION, IN PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

A COLLEGE THAT STANDS FOR STANDARDS. THERE IS NO COLLEGE THAT OFFERS BETTER ADVANTAGES AT EQUAL COST OR EQUAL ADVANTAGES AT LESS COST.

A COLLEGE SO STRONG IN SCHOLARSHIP AND SO REFINED IN LIFE THAT THE WEALTHIEST CITIZEN CAN BUY NO BETTER FOR HIS DAUGHTER, SO REASONABLE IN PRICE THAT THE POOREST GIRL, IF SHE HAVE THE AMBITION, MAY RECEIVE ITS BENEFITS.

A COLLEGE THAT INVITES INVESTIGATION AND COMPARISON.

**ADDRESS**

**R. H. POWELL, President.**

# *Turner Jones Shoe Co.*

---

HAVE SOMETHING NEW IN SHOES FOR  
THE COLLEGE GIRLS—

A PATENT STRAP WITH BLACK SATIN  
QUARTER

---

SOME WITH WHITE NEW BUCK  
QUARTER

---

BE SURE TO SEE THEM

---

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"SHOES OF QUALITY"

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**Watermelon Paper**

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VALDOSTA, GA.

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WELCOME AT

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IN THE HEART OF VALDOSTA

HEMSTITCHING AND PICOTING

MACHINES FOR RENT

SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

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**Everything Strictly Sanitary :: :: We Invite Inspection**

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THE GIRLS AT THIS COLLEGE TRADE WITH US

ASK THEM

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TEN CENTS BUYS

THE BEST ICE CREAM SODA IN TOWN

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PRICE THAT IS WORTHY OF YOUR CON-  
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EASTMAN KODAKS AND SUPPLIES  
NUNNALLY'S CANDIES

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SODAS, TOILET ARTICLES, DRUGS

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ALWAYS BUSY  
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Operated by  
MRS. J. P. McCALL  
GOOD MEALS EVERY DAY  
AMERICAN PLAN

MR. T. C. VANN, Manager.

*C. C. Varnedoe Co.*

“VALDOSTA'S STORE DEPENDABLE”

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STYLES FOR SUMMER

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BEAUTIFUL SELECTION OF GIFTS  
SUITABLE FOR  
GRADUATION

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WEDDINGS, BANQUETS, ETC.

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