

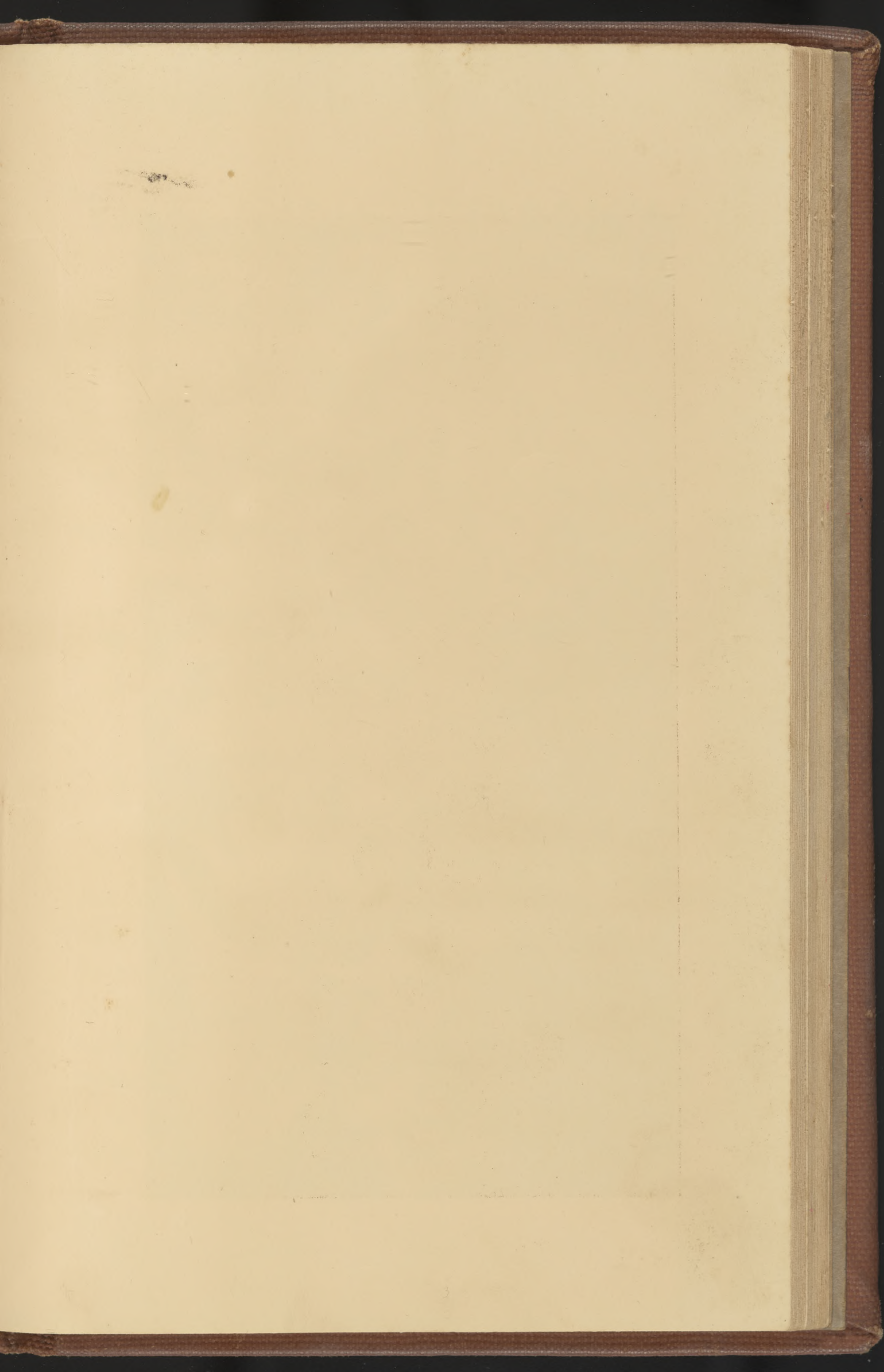
THE PINE BRANCH



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THE 1922 WINNERS

THE PINE BRANCH

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Sonnet on the Joyous Approach of Spring

Comes now astirring every slumberer from dreams,
A spirit blithe and joyful, mirthful Spring,
To summon all to happiness and fling
Open the glad heart to golden dreams.

O welcome Spring, and Hope that ever seems
A part of Spring's glad company; you bring
Joy, long wished for, that all may sing
Fair songs to beauty in the sun's bright beams.

The air moves softly like a sleeper's breath.
From their leafy bowers nestlings peer.
The mocking birds sing in their sunny home
And every heart released from Winter's death
Chants songs. O gladdest season of the year,
My wish be with thee in the days to come.

Evelyn Brown.

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Aunt Jemimy's Easter Bonnet

Lawd chile, you say you ain't neber heared 'bout A'nt Jemimy's Easter bonnet? Well den, I'se g'wine ter tell you.

Me an' Jemimy, we's sisters, an' Jemimy she want a bran' new bonnet with pink roses on it lak ole miss done give me. Wall, as I wuz a gwine ter tell you me an' Jemimy we's twin sisters. Dat we is, eben if she is tall an' me stoutish.

Dere wuz only 'bout two weeks 'fore Easter. Eb'ry sign showed Easter wuz near to hand. De trees wuz in full bloom, de birds wuz a chirpin' an' a singin', de very air itse'f smelt lak some o' dat dere,—what you call's it honey? Gard'n—Some kin' o' gard'n—Mary Gard'n, dat's it, an' dat thing your big sis' is allus a sayin', "In de spring a young man's fancy turns to de things he lubs." Is dat it, honey? Wall, I tho't it wuz.

Anyhow, Jemimy wanted a Easter bonnet, as I started off ter tell you. Wall, chile, you know, she almos' worried herse'f sick, dat she did, she wuz dat crazy fer a new bonnet. She says to me, says she, how as if she wuz only a workin' up ter de big house dere, and not down in de cotton field, she knowed ole miss 'ould give her a new Easter hat. I b'lieve ter my soul she wuz near 'bouts crazy fer a hat,—'deed she wuz dat anxious fer it.

But things dey looked mighty blue fer poor Jemimy, so we wuz a tryin' ter do some way so's we both could divide my hat on Easter Sunday.

An' do you know chile, de day 'fore Easter, to beat it all, I wuz struck down with de janders. I sont ole miss word, and she sont dis to me, dat dere wuzn't nutin' ter do but fer Jemimy ter come up ter de house an' he'p on Saddy 'fo Easter. I wuz near 'bouts de'd, I wuz, so Jemimy she goes. I wuz here with de janders not able to move my eyeballs, an' it der day 'fore Easter. I sot dere all day long waitin' fer Jemimy.

Long to'rds ev-nin' I kinda dozed off ter sleep, an' I wuz a dreamin' of Easter, when all of a sudden I hears a jump on de poach an' de doa opens an' a voice is singin', "Praise

Aunt Jemimy's Easter Bonnet

de Lawd." Den Jemimy she comes in—an' Lawd bless me honey, she looked as young as you 'most, an' she come runnin' ter me a hollerin' she had sump'n ter tell me an' show me. An' what duz you s'pose it wuz?

No, it wuzn't de Easter bonnet yit. Den I'll go on. She give me a dose o' medicine ole miss done sont me an' said I had ter take it rite den. So I tuk it. An' den,—well—she showed me her Easter bonnet. As soon as I seed it I jumped rite up an' fergit all 'bout eber havin' de janders 'er any udder ailment; for her bonnet wuz jis like min' 'ceptin' it had red roses where min' had pink.

Yas, honey, Jemimy wuz glad ob dat new bonnet, an' so wuz I. Whether de medicine or de sight of Jemimy's bonnet made me well, I ain't neber knowed to dis day, but I ain't had no janders since.

Mary Young, '23.



An Easter Service

In the olden days in Georgia, the land of our fathers,
A rude church stood, fashioned from logs from the forest.
Overhead the dark green leaves of the live oaks
Nodded and bowed in the breath of the Spring time.
'Twas to many, a place of all others the dearest,
For had it not furnished protection from danger
When the Indians had come on the war-path against them;
And here the prayers had been said o'er their forebears
Ere they were laid to rest in the graveyard?
Here they had heard of Christ in the manger,
And how, when a child, he had questioned the Wise Men,
And later in life been baptized in the Jordan,
And how he was brother and friend to the lowly
And his life a living example to all men.

But to-day the church had additional glory
For 'twas Easter, symbolic to all of the new life.
The chancel was decked with jassamine so fragrant
And the altar was white with the wild marsh lilies
That still had the dew of the morning upon them.
Throughout the church pervaded a silence
That was deep and full of a mystical meaning
As the silence that rests on the earth before sunrise,
Or the hush of a soul when with God 'tis communing.

With a reverent murmur the people assembled
And quietly sat on the simple hewn benches.
The pastor arose from his bench in the pulpit,
And line by line gave the hymn from the hymn book,
While the voices of young and of old commingled
In melodious song more pious than skillful.
In the hush that followed the song, the pastor
With browned hands outstretched blessed the people before
him,

My Aspiration to be a Senior

"I want to be a Senior,
And with the Seniors stand;
A cap upon my forehead
And a 'dip' within my hand."

So ran my untutored Freshman aspiration — "Oh, if I were a Senior I know I'd have the grandest time! Why, they don't have to study near so hard as I do, and they have so many privileges! They can go to the movies in the afternoon, just as often as they please, and go up town every day.

"Best of all about this going up town business, the Seniors don't have but just two in a party. I hate to have about a half a dozen girls stringing along with me; and there is a certain girl that is always being stuck in my party. I just can't stand her! She's the greenest thing I ever saw—even the cows low when she passes. I'm not exaggerating either, because she is just that green. So you can imagine how perfectly awful it is to go shopping with her.

"Why, one day when we were in the drug store we all called for nut sundaes—she said she didn't like nuts very well, so she'd take a nut sundae without any nuts in it. She is the nut. Imagine, if you can, how cheap I felt to be out with a girl like that.

"So when I get to be a Senior my special friend and I are going to town together all the time. I certainly will be glad when I won't have to be bothered with the 'green-horns.' The Seniors are allowed to go to walk on Patterson street, too. Just wait until I get to be a Senior though—I bet I'll jazz my carcass up and down Patterson street whenever I get ready to.

"Then there are the receptions — the Junior-Senior and the alumnae receptions, to which boys are invited! And I'll invite 'him'—he's the most wonderful boy! Oh, I just can't wait—I shall have every prom with him, too, because he says he don't like to talk to any girl except me anyway. Oh, if I can just exist until I get to be a Senior, I shall march around in dignity, enjoy all my privileges, will not be annoyed by the little old girls in the underclasses, and

My Aspiration to be a Senior

then get my 'dip' and go home educated."

Such were my innocent Freshman aspirations to become a Senior. Now that I'm a Junior and am more closely associated with the Seniors I find my ideas have changed a bit. The Seniors do have to study, and very hard to—yet not any more than we Juniors, I really believe. They have more responsibilities also. They keep the big things going.

A Senior is the girl who is president of the student body. She, with the co-operation of the students at large, helps each girl to keep in step and so develop our plan of self-government into a strong system that will stand through all situations. It is a Senior who is president of the Y. W. C. A. and sees that their good work goes on. Again it is a Senior who is editor-in-chief of "The Pine Branch" and must lend her untiring efforts to making it a good representative of our college.

It devolves upon the Senior to set the good example and be "big sister" to the underclassmen—to help them in every way possible instead of ignoring them as my snobbish Freshman fancy had pictured. The privileges I once thought would be so great are now in the background. I think I must have changed. I don't care for the movies, except a good one now and then. I fear I won't have much time for walking on Patterson street, to say nothing of jazz. I've also found that "he" isn't as wonderful as I thought, and I'm going to invite my brother to the reception!

The greatest privilege in becoming a Senior will be the privilege of assuming my share of the responsibilities—which I shall gladly do. Then when I receive my "dip," here's hoping I shall have gray matter enough to know what to do with it.

May Gibson.



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Spring

There is a madness in the veins
Of all the plants and living things,
When fragrant spring returns again
With new life flowing in her train.

The patter of the April showers
Wakes the germ of summer flowers,
Then shines the sun's returning ray
To chase the mists and clouds away.

The trees along the mossy banks
Are whispering their words of thanks.
Along their bending boughs is seen
New foliage of the brightest green.

When all the joys of spring come back
And greet old nature with a smack,
Our hearts re-echo to the strain
That only youth can hear,
And so it is as with the spring,
Our youth returns each year.

Mary Pearl Patterson, '23.



“As a Man Thinketh in his Heart”

I HAVE often heard that “Time changeth all things.” Whether or not such a statement be true, I am unable to say, but because of a certain instance, I am convinced that time changeth some things.

In the spring of 1943, it happened that I had a few hours between trains to wait in Valdosta. Nothing could have pleased me more, because I was anxious to visit my niece, who was then a senior at the State Woman’s College. Upon realizing that not once had I visited my Alma Mater since my graduation in 1923, I was still more anxious to call at the college. Immediately I was on my way.

Upon reaching the campus, I was astonished beyond expression. Of course I was sure the college would be larger than it was twenty years before, but I wasn’t expecting the sight which I beheld. Could it be our old S. G. S. N. C.? Could so many new buildings spring up in such a short time? And was it our young, tender trees that were now shading the campus?

At first I was puzzled as to which building I should go to, but upon second thought I knew I would be safe in trying West Hall, the old administration building.

Upon receiving no response to the door bell, I entered. No one was in sight, so I began to explore, soon coming to the auditorium filled with girls. I silently took a seat in the rear of the room in order that I might learn the nature of the meeting.

Within a short time I realized that I was attending a mass meeting of the student body, the purpose of which, it seemed, was to amend the self-government regulations. I

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judged that the amendments had already been voted upon, for the president was then beginning to read them over. She read:

"Number ninety-seven — Owing to the general alertness of all the students, and their natural tendency to arise at early hours, it is no longer thought necessary to have a rising bell."

Was I dreaming? I sat upright, only to receive another blow.

"Number ninety-eight—In order to prevent overworking of the brain, it has been decided that the regular study hours will be discontinued. This time may be profitably spent at the picture show, or other amusements up town."

I gasped.

"Number ninety-nine—Owing to the superior intelligence of all the students, it is no longer thought necessary for teachers to meet with classes. They will always be ready to advise, but students will conduct their own classes."

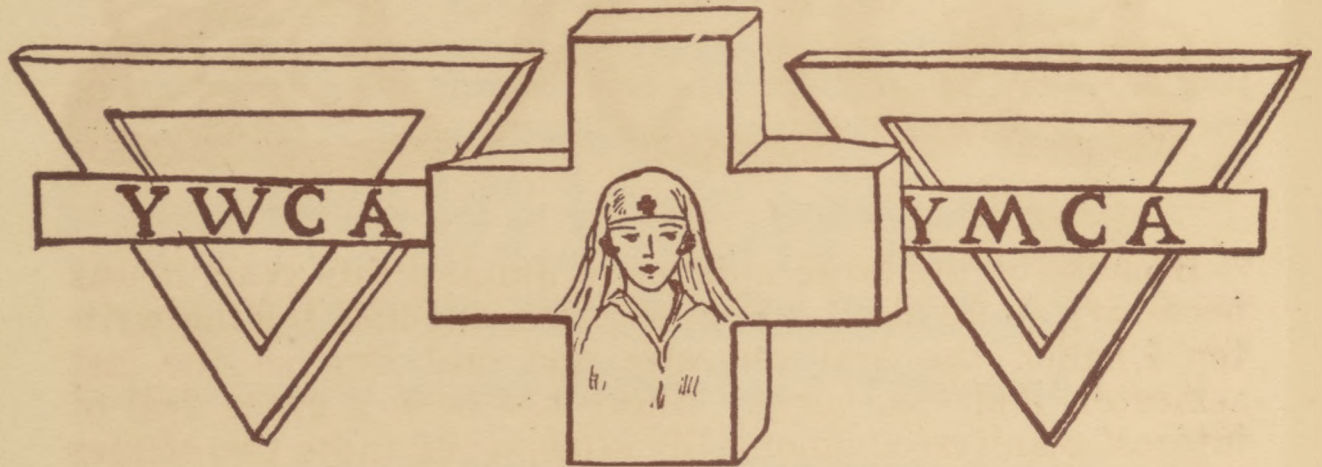
She folded the constitution.

With effort I secured strength enough to slip out of the room.

When I reached the station, and was trying to collect my thoughts, I suddenly realized that I hadn't even seen my niece.

Eppie Roberson, '23.





Blue Ridge Party

Blue Ridge Party.

At this time of the year, the spirit of Blue Ridge seems very contagious, and is rapidly spreading throughout our group. This fact has been especially noticeable since the Blue Ridge party given on March the 11th.

This party was entirely in the hands of the girls who attended the Y. W. C. A. conference at Blue Ridge, N. C., last summer. Their chief purpose was to show to the girls as nearly as possible what the life at Blue Ridge is like; and in order to do this, they represented in pantomime many phases of the conference.

First, a lobby scene after supper was shown, followed by a scene from the dining room. Then several relays were illustrated which were learned during the recreation periods at Blue Ridge. The last scene was that of a delegation conference when the delegations from different schools had their meetings to discuss the work done by each of these groups on that day. Several Blue Ridge songs were then sung, after which delicious punch was served.

Mrs. Eddy Visits Us.

We were exceedingly fortunate in having with us from the 20th to the 22nd of March Mrs. Katherine Eddy of New York, a member of the world's service council of the National Y. W. C. A. Having made four tours of Europe and the Orient, Mrs. Eddy was able to describe very interestingly, in her lectures, the work and present conditions of foreign lands. The knowledge she brought to us was very valuable, and we shall always remember and appreciate her visit to us.

Twelve

WOODS

Because of the large number of Juniors this year, it was necessary to divide the English class, one-half talking written English the first semester and oral English the last semester, and vice versa. There has been a great deal of interest manifested among the students of these two classes during the past month in debate. So, on Wednesday, March the eighth, a joint debate was held on the subject, "Resolved, That Oral English Is More Beneficial Than Written English." The faculty and students were invited to attend. On the affirmative were: Corrinne Studstill, Thelma O'Quinn and Clarice Weathersbee, members of the oral class. On the negative were Elizabeth Funderburk, Clara Bell Penny and Albertine Jones, representatives of the written English class. Those acting as judges were: Miss Gallaher, Mr. Shanks and Miss Barrett. There was a great deal of enthusiasm shown on both sides, and many very interesting facts were given. But after carefully weighing the arguments given by both sides, the judges decided in favor of the negative.

Among other interesting subjects taken up in class are: "Resolved, That the Philippines should have their independence;" "Resolved, That a college education is desirable for everyone," and "Resolved, That a modern girl is more of an asset to society than her mother."

The entire student body was saddened when on Tuesday morning, March the fourteenth, two of its members, Pauline and Madeline Culbreth, were called home on account of the death of their father, Mr. T. G. Culzreth. There have been representatives of the family in this institution ever since its organization, Miss Sadie Culbreth being one of the first students to enter.

Then on Thursday evening of the same week the father of our beloved Miss Robertson passed away. The remains were taken to Nashville, Tenn., for burial.

Locals

Since this is the first decade in the history of our school, it is deemed an excellent plan to organize an association of former students who found it impossible to remain in college until graduation. Therefore, an invitation has been extended to the students to make an especial effort to be present this year for commencement. At that time an organization will be perfected which will bring their circle more closely in touch with their Alma Mater. Already, there have been responses from several of the number.

We have had quite a number of distinguished visitors with us recently. Dr. William Russell Owen of Macon and Mr. Edward Powell Lee of Birmingham, Ala., in company with Rev. and Mrs. Johnson of Valdosta visited the college Saturday, March the twenty-fifth. Dr. Owens made a short talk, beginning with some amusing stories and shifting suddenly to the more serious side of life, making a lasting impression on the students.

Another distinguished visitor was Dr. W. H. Hudson of China, who was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Strickland and Rev. and Mrs. L. R. Scott. Dr. Hudson made quite an interesting talk regarding his experiences in the missionary fields of China.

The faculty and student body enjoyed a very pleasant vacation recently. The majority of the students spent the time at home, but there were about twenty-five who enjoyed the few days at the college. A number of the faculty were away also. Miss Ida Pritchett and Miss Louise Mendelsohn visited friends in Nashville, Tenn.; Miss Edith Patterson visited in Boston; Miss Ida Groover, in Dixie; Miss Margery Moore, in Fitzgerald; Miss McMillan, in Elenton, and Miss Barrett, in Newnan. The other members of the faculty remained in Valdosta.

The students of the science department are very much interested in an exhibit which is to be held April the twenty-first. The members of the geography and biology classes are interested in making charts and preparing experiments.

Several of the different classes have recently gone on excursions to the power house, the sulphuric acid and gas

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plants, the ice plant and ice cream factory, and the printing press. They expect to make more of the trips in order to get more closely in touch with the things they take up in class.

Miss Albertine Jones, a member of the Junior class, has presented to the biology department a very interesting display of cocoanuts for the exhibit.

We regretted very much to hear on our return from vacation that Mr. Poston, the director of music, had been called to his home in Dayton, Ohio, on account of the serious illness of his father.

The athletic association has procured a beautiful loving cup which will be presented to the class winning in the basket ball tournament. A great deal of enthusiasm and strong competition are being shown between the different classes.

A number of representatives from the student body, the court, and the executive members of the faculty have been called together a number of times for the purpose of revising the constitution of the student government and provide for a student council. Great progress is being made.

Argonians Carried Off Honors of Debate.

Tuesday, March the twenty-first, the Argonian and Soronian literary societies of the college held a joint meeting in the High School auditorium. The public was invited and the auditorium was well filled.

The program was well selected and nicely given. The arrangement of the rostrum was in harmony with the order of the societies. Only white flowers were used and a display of each of the society colors.

However delightful the whole program, it was the debate that claimed the strictest attention. The subject of the debate was, "Resolved, That Giving Labor a Voice in the Management of Industry is a Better Solution of the Labor Problem Than Profit Sharing." The affirmative speakers were Misses Evelyn Brown and May Gibson of the Argonian Society. The speakers for the negative were Misses Willie Mae Mathews and Estelle Barker of the Sor-

Locals

orian Society. The debate was instructive as well as interesting. The debaters had studied their subjects extensively and they were well prepared and responded freely. The arguments on both sides were forceful and good, but the Argonian Society, affirmative, carried off the honor.

The college dining hall was honored with quite a number of very beautiful occasions during the month of March. One of the most delightful of these was that of the Kiwanis banquet of the Valdosta Kiwanis on its charter presentation Friday, March the seventeenth. It was also "ladies' night," and the bright faces of the charming women added a great deal of enjoyment to the evening. The room was brilliantly decorated with becoming colors for the occasion. A number of the college girls were asked to serve at this banquet, and did so beautifully in their white uniforms. During the various courses and in between the talks vocal selections and orchestra music were enjoyed by all present.

Another very enjoyable occasion was that of the dinner given by the Chamber of Commerce on Friday evening, March the thirty-first, the College lending its dining room for the occasion. There were about one hundred and seventy-five of Valdosta's most prominent men to attend this meeting. The main features of the evening were the speeches given by different men. A number of the college girls assisted in serving for the evening.





A Literary Digest

A Ladies' Home Journal and a Woman's Home Companion

Went to look at Sunset one day;

It's all in Life

And I think I'm a Judge of what I say.—Exchange.

Logical.

Major (excited): "The enemy are as thick as peas!"

General: "Shell them, you fool, shell them!"

—Sights and Insights.

Couldn't Make a Lift.

"I just had a quizz."

"Yeah!"

"I never saw such dumbbells in all my life! No one around me knew a single thing."

A True Musician.

Maud: "Leila, are you fond of music?"

Leila: "Not very much, but I prefer it to popular songs."

Danger!

Arlouine: "There's a fly in your water."

Stella: "Serve him right, let him drown."

Obvious.

Corinne (reading new catalogue): "I see they're not going to give a B. O. degree."

Mary: "What's that for—Biology?"

History or Geography?

Ruth Wilson: "Well, Miss Hopper, you know England has always been an island surrounded by water."

Humorous

It's All in How One Looks.

Mr. Poston was awaiting a music pupil. Suddenly the door opened and he said in a clever, enticing way, before looking up,—“Come in, Beauty.” In walked Miss Gallaher and said, “Do you mean it?”

A Lass and a Lack.

Miss Mendelsohn: “Girls, I want this class to be maids of honor to the queen.”

Alma Kicklighter: “Will there be any pretty costumes for the boys?”

Miss M.: “We don't have boys as maids of honor.”

In Soil or Sod?

Aline: “Ilene, is Pete a planter?”

Ilene: “Yes.”

Aline: “What does he plant?”

Ilene: “He's an undertaker.”

Color Is Color.

Mr. Wood(in Psychology): “The blind people are taught to distinguish color by sense of touch.”

Thelma: “That's nothing. I can tell when I feel blue.”

A Bad Accident.

Mr. Shanks: “Selma, what was the result of the Civil War?”

Selma: “Several killed, two or three wounded and some hurt.”

A Speed Limit.

Girl (on our street car): “Conductor, can't you go any faster?”

Conductor: “Yes, but I have to stay with the car.”

A Gentleman of Color.

Clarice: “Miss Gallaher, may I have the purple prince's robe for the party to-night?”

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It Seems So.

Eppie: "Are you going to the movies to-night, Alma?"

Alma: "No—got to economize to buy a pair of slippers."

Eppie: "Oh, economy is just a way of spending money without getting any fun out of it."

An Old Line at a New Angle.

One Junior to another (speaking of Ruth who is going to Hot Springs, Arkansas as Y. W. C. A. representative): "Oh, did you know, Ruth really is going to take a trip west of the Mason-Dixon line!"



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ORGANDIES, VOILES, RATINES, ETC.

J. W. PINKSTON

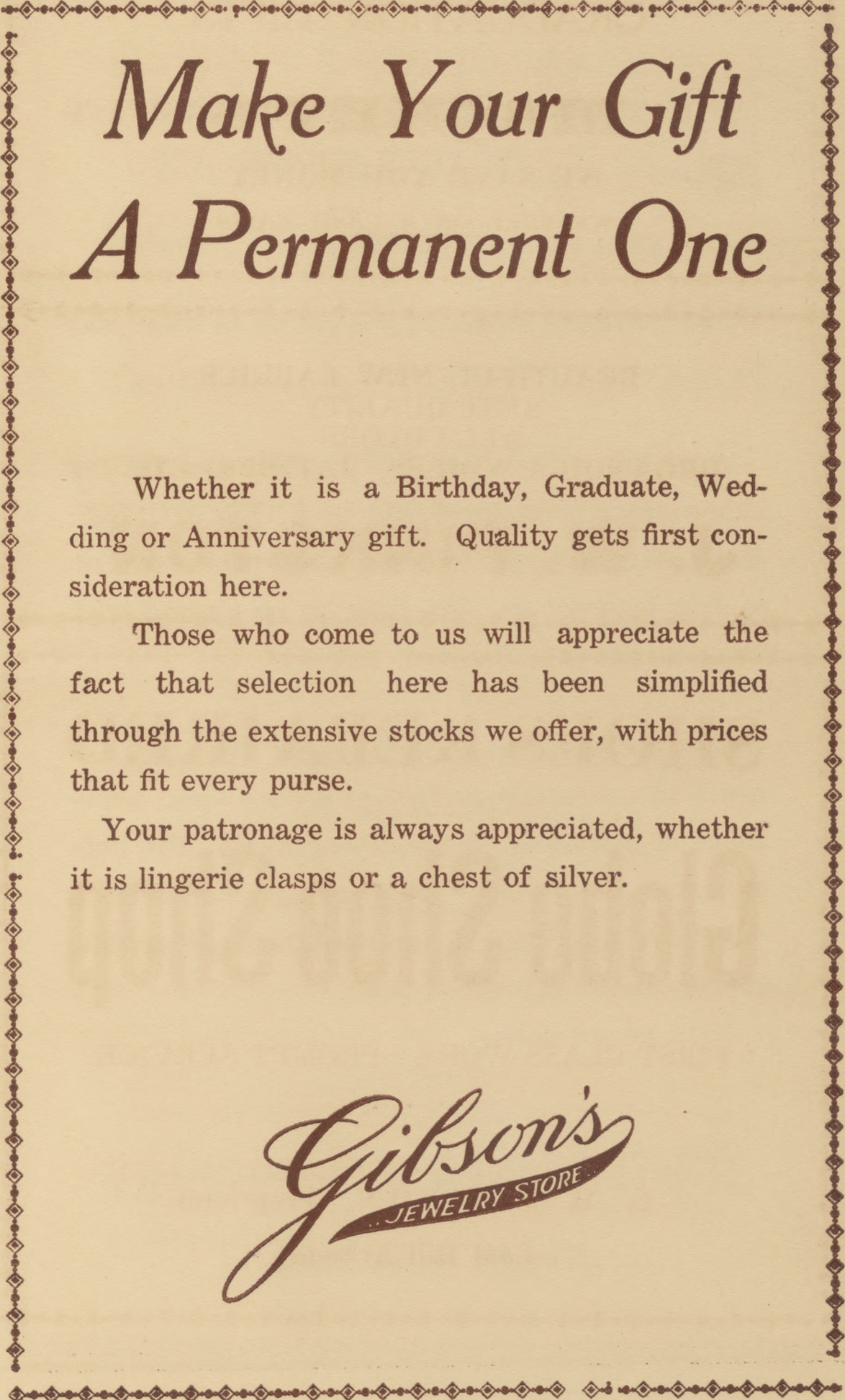
SHOES REPAIRED

Globe Shoe Shop

FIRST CLASS WORK PROMPT SERVICE

C. B. CANNON, Proprietor

East Hill Avenue



Make Your Gift A Permanent One

Whether it is a Birthday, Graduate, Wedding or Anniversary gift. Quality gets first consideration here.

Those who come to us will appreciate the fact that selection here has been simplified through the extensive stocks we offer, with prices that fit every purse.

Your patronage is always appreciated, whether it is lingerie clasps or a chest of silver.

Gibson's
JEWELRY STORE

WHAT'S BENEATH THE PRETTY SURFACE
OF YOUR SHOES?

Which is almost as much of a puzzle as what may be in a pretty woman's mind.

A month or two ago, an Englishman visiting this country proclaimed that he **KNEW WOMEN**. He is the only one we ever knew who even remotely believed so. We have to be pleased with their beauty and discover the rest.

Nor are there many who know what lies beneath the beautiful surface of a shoe—and sometimes appearances lie something awful. The only safe way is to choose your spring shoes from a merchant who says if any imperfections appear, he will cheerfully make good.

That is our policy.

TURNER JONES SHOE COMPANY

"The Fit Is the Thing."

GROceries

The Best Grocery Store In Valdosta

Everything Strictly Sanitary :: :: We Invite Inspection

We Sell Everything Good to Eat

The Girls of this College Trade with Us

ASK THEM

Campbell Grocery Company

THE GREEN SHOP

EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY

REMODELING A SPECIALTY

We Solicit Your Patronage

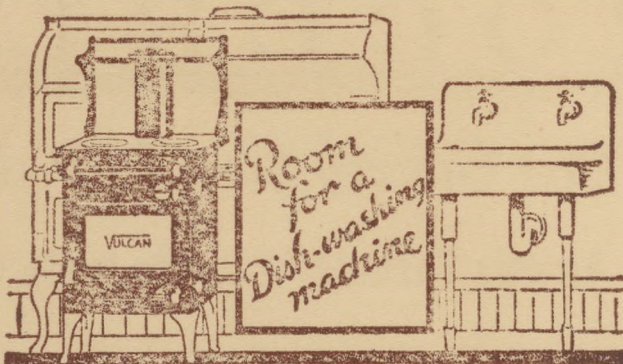
DALTON BUILDING

College Girls---

**WE WISH TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO
THE FACT THAT WE HANDLE ALL THE
BEST BRANDS OF TOILET GOODS AT A
PRICE THAT IS WORTHY OF YOUR CON-
SIDERATION.**

STOP IN AND ASK ABOUT THEM.

PIGGLY-WIGGLY



Space —
THE VULCAN
SMOOTHTOP
COMPACT CABINET RANGE
saves space in the
smallest kitchen

A cartoon illustration of a woman with short, curly hair, wearing a light-colored blouse and a dark skirt. She is standing with her hands clasped in front of her.

Valdosta Gas Co.