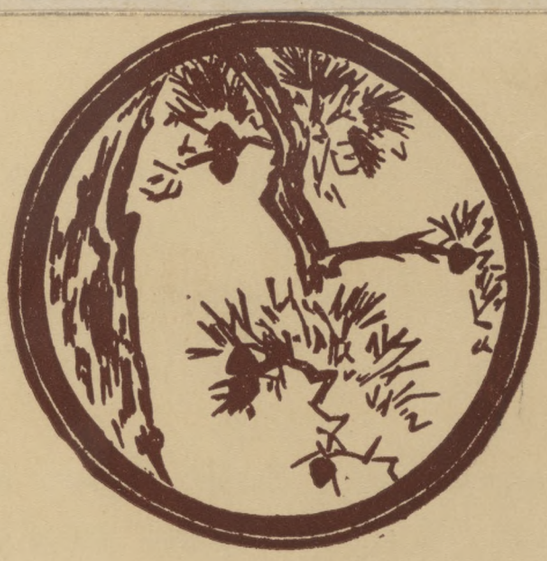
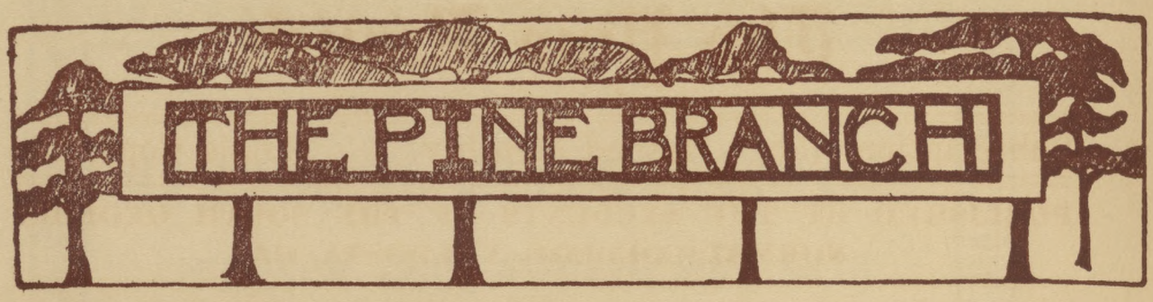


Junior Number

1921

Volume 4 Number 6



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CONTENTS

The Pine Branch

Subscription, 75c Issued Monthly Single Copy, 15c

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SOUTH GEORGIA NORMAL COLLEGE, VALDOSTA, GA.

Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917. Authorized Jan. 20, 1919

VOLUME IV MAY, 1921 Number 6

Junior Class Song

Tune: Bonnie Blue Flag.

Oh yes, we are the Junior class;
We're glad to own that name,
And boast it with the greatest pride,
For we are winning fame.
The Junior girls are loyal girls
  To class and college, too,
And when we are put to the test
  The Juniors e'er prove true.

Hurrah, hurrah, for the Junior class hurrah!
Three cheers for the Junior girls,
The best you ever saw.

We will be the Senior girls
Of nineteen twenty-two;
The biggest class of graduates
That this school ever knew.
We'll work to make our records bright
  And when from you we part
We'll have sweet memories of this school
  Abiding in each heart.

Moses The Conqueror

Two hundred pounds bustled around the kitchen in the figure of Aunt Sary Ann, black, fat and "sassy." She had been in the White family since she was a small slave, so she had come to the place where she was consulted and depended upon by every member of the White family. To-day was an exceedingly hot one; so after a few minutes, Aunt Sary Ann emerged from the kitchen door, perspiration streaming down her greasy black face. She made her way to the rose arbor and began fanning herself vigorously, talking to herself all the while.

"Seems lak them chillen don' nevah git enuff to eat. Ah works mah po' ole head off and they still keeps they moufs open fer mo'." She mumbled on about her make-believe troubles and that trifling "nigger Moses."

Just then, Moses, the butler, came under the arbor, eyes gleaming with unexpected pleasure.

"Ah declare, Sary Ann, ef yo' don' look just lak a rose yo'self. Ah declare fo' the Lawd, this am yo' very settin'."

"You git away frum here you pasty-faced niggah. Ah ain' gwine hab nutin' for to do wid you nohow. You ain' got much sense, is you? Rose! Niggah, ef you eber do desult me lak that no mo' I's gwinter burn you to a cinder."

So saying, Aunt Sary Ann sailed back to the kitchen. Moses followed meekly.

This was an affair of long standing in the White family. Moses had always liked Aunt Sary Ann, but evidently she had never taken to Moses. He was always following her around, paying her compliments, but always she gave him a piece of her mind and left in great haste. The Whites were very much amused by Aunt Sary Ann's antics and smiled broadly over Moses' mistakes. For years Moses had entreated Aunt Sary Ann to marry him, but all he ever got for his pains were threats of dire disaster. She never gave any reasons for her dislike of Moses.

When Aunt Sary Ann was once again back in her domain she turned to Moses, who had come in behind her, "Niggah, you bettah make yo'self scace 'roun here. You done got my dander up, and Ah's a dang'ous 'oman when you git mah dander up."

Moses beat a hasty retreat.

That night the young folks were giving a dance at the White home and after Aunt Sary Ann had finished helping Moses serve, she made her way once more to her rose arbor. The moon shone down through the leaves in all its glory and somehow Aunt Sary Ann found herself thinking of the time when she too was young. Her thoughts drifted back to the time when she and Moses used to dance in the cabins back of the big house.

She was so busy thinking over the scenes of her girlhood that she failed to notice a shadowy figure approaching.

"Sary Ann." Aunt Sary Ann started and promptly assumed the offensive. "What for you don' lak me nohow? Is I done ary thing what you don' disprove of? Sary Ann, dis am de las time I'm gwine ax ye; 'Will ye hab me er no?' "

Moses stopped, out of breath, and waited.

As for Aunt Sary Ann, she was dumbfounded. Not to have Moses pestering her seemed incredible and she did not like to think of it at all.

"Wha—what for you say?"

Moses gained courage and began again. When he had finished Aunt Sary Ann eyed him from head to foot.

"Niggah, you ain' never mean you sho' nuff want dis po' ole niggah lady fer yo' wife, is you?"

Moses swallowed hard and gulped out a yes.

Aunt Sary Ann breathed a sigh of deep content and actually smiled on her old lover. "Moses, you said dat jes' lak I allus dreamt you would."

Joy of joys! He had won. The battle of wits was done and the war of matrimony would soon begin, the victor being the one who could dodge most skillfully.

The moon shone down on the two old darkies, hand in hand, looking out into the night.

Willie Mae Mathews.

Easter Story

Johnie sat silently on the floor. It was the first time in his life that his mother ever saw him as quiet as that so long. There was a worried look on his face and his mother knew he was curiously puzzled over something. He had been to an Easter egg hunt that afternoon given by his Sunday school teacher, and instead of coming home all jubilant with joy, he sat on the floor with a frown that would scare rain off.

"Johnie, son, what's the matter?" asked his mother, "Didn't you have a good time this afternoon?"

"Yes'm," answered Johnie, absently.

"Well, what's the matter? Are you mad 'cause it didn't last right on?"

"No'm, not that. I'm glad it's over, 'cause Pansy made me mad on the way home."

"Well, you said you weren't still mad with her. She said so, to, don't you remember?"

"Yes'm, I wouldn't have cared if she haad stayed mad, though."

All through this conversation Johnie had answered every question absently as the first, and still looked like his grandfather just before an Indian raid.

"Well, son, what is the matter?" asked his mother again, "let's come and I'll hide these eggs you brought home with you again, and we'll have another hunt."

"No'm, that's just what I was thinking about. I think I'll take them back to Miss Celia and let her put them back in the yard, 'cause—"

"Why, Johnie, what do you mean? Don't you want them? Miss Celia gave them to you."

"Well, mother, you know the other day you whipped me 'cause I tore up that little bird's home and took just one little tiny egg."

Johnie's mother had forgotetn it, but she answered, "yes, Johnie, that was very wrong; just think how sad that little bird is today, because it hasn't any home."

"Yes'm, I sure am sorry, and I never wil do it again. But mother, you know, Miss Celia needs a whipping, too."

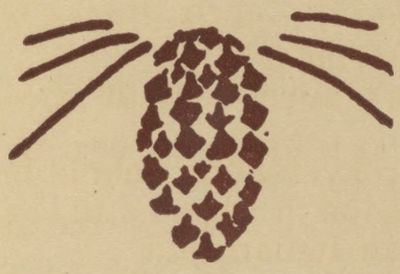
EASTER STORY

"Why, Johnie, she had nothing to do with that, and what has all this to do with the Easter eggs?"

"Well, mother, Miss Celia took more than a hundred of these eggs out of some little rabbit's home, 'cause she told us so; they lived there a year building their home. She said so, and then she tore it up. I'm going to take mine back so some of them won't cry."

Johnie's mother was dumbfounded, and she could not think of one thing to do.

Sallie Kate Wolfe, '22.



Lining Up And Signing Up

We get up and dress ourselves
  And to "setting up" drill we run.
It's get in line and keep in step.
  Lining up is thus begun.

We come from class at eleven o'clock
  And line up two by two;
Then to chapel we're told to march,
  To be late will never do.

It's line up and sign up,
  If to town we wish to go.
Sign up again when we return;
  The same, if to the show.

Then when we are called t ocourt,
  With fears we fall in line;
Going in to learn the charge
We hear, "you failed to sign."

On Wednesday eve comes "country store."
  Get in line for cream,
Don't push or crowd or buy too much,
  For it might disturb your dream.

On Sunday morn we go to church.
  "Get in line, it's late;
Keep together, look your best
  And walk at moderate rate."

So it's lining up and siging up
As through this school we go,
And when next year I graduate
These several things I'll know—
    To get up, "set" up,
    Line up aand sign up.

Edna Robinson, '22.

The Singing School

They came filing in, boys and girls of all types and sizes. They were only make-believe boys and girls, for in reality they were old married people taking the part of young folks.

As they came each had some exciting bit of gossip or some startling event to relate. They all brought some token of remembrance to their teacher. These consisted of anything from flowers and rosy apples to huge sticks of candy. They did not forget themselves, however, and their jaws were kept busy with peanuts and gum.

One "little" girl ran in frightened and crying because a dog had bitten her. Every one turned to her with words of sympathy and gave her their "eats," when a bright red-headed little girl piped up and said, "Hum, think I'm gonna go let the dog bite me."

Suddenly they heard their teacher coming and the old gray heads scrambled to their seats. Each fat lady being sure that their place was by the one good-looking young man, who had the most gum and candy. The old men looked daggers, but were comforted after all, for only two could sit by him. The teacher stalked in with his "timer" in hand. He was a little, dried-up fellow with a shining bald head and a curly fringe of hair around the edges, sharp, hawk-like eyes and the size mouth every singing teacher has.

After they had greeted their teacher and bestowed their gifts they got out their song books. The teacher called on one tall, slender old lady to pitch "do." After much coaxing she rose and timidly obeyed. I'm sure only the birds roosting on the steeple got a breath of it, so high over the head of the singers was that "do." After many trials, they sang the number through in their shrill and deep do, ri, etc. They were ready for the words now and sounded forth on "Scotland's Burning, Scotland's Burning. Fire! Fire!" It was going fine, when some boys from the street rushed in with water and ladders and began climbing some of the talll men by means of their ladder, and sprinkling water on the ladies' heads. After they were

quited this time they were not interrupted any more except by the mischievous young man who was constantly making funny faces and remarks, eating all the while. Each time he swung his hand to keep time his mouth flew open and a peanut or piece of candy would fly in. They really sang some beautiful old songs. I realized for the first time what music really meant to the old people. It was of a rare fine quality as their mellow voices blended together, their bodies, heads and feet keeping time to the music.

The program was varied with several "fiddle selections" by an accomplished old white-haired man, who seemed to put his very soul into the instrument, and by a number of piano solos by timid little grandmothers.

A group of pretty young girls in white circled about them and sang in closing "Silver Threads Among the Gold." These old folks completely won the hearts of their audience and we realized what lovely examples we had to follow.

Mattie Stipe.

The Hike And Picnic

Saturday afternoon of the spring holidays, the twenty-nine who stayed in the dormitory were invited to hike out to Jones' pond and enjoy a picnic.

We left about 5:30 o'clock, each couple carrying a box of "eats" and when the one grew weary of her package she would kindly ask her pal to carry it awhile.

On the way we saw all kinds and colors of people, but the most interesting was an old lady who lived in a little house by the side of the road. When she saw and heard us coming she ran out to the fence with a box in her hand. Of course, as we weren't so accustomed to boxes we rushed up to see what she had to show us. She took great care in removing the lid of the box, when to our surprise she unfolded a very beautiful piece of knitting, made with her own hands. She said she desired very much to sell the article, but as usual we were broke, so we hurried along.

We reached the pond some time before dark and sat down on the slant of the hill near the water, then the picnic lunch was passed around. Two men and two small boys were in a boat on the pond fishing. We became so noisy that the men asked us to be more quiet, as we were frightening the fish away. However, this had no effect, and of course our noise progressed.

After every one had eaten until they could eat no more, the left-overs were packed away to be brought home. We then decided to explore the pond a little further and found the falls. Just below the falls there appeared to be a nice, smooth flowing little stream. A bright idea flashed into some one's minr and she asked if we might be allowed to go in wading. The wish was granted and each girl tried to see if she couldn't get in the water first. Alma Lee Day was the first, aand she was in such haste to get in that she didn't take time to walk in carefully, but took a shorter method and fell in. This made more fun for the rest of us and we clapped our hands, but only to see another fall, because the bottom was very slick and rough. We waded till the moon came up to show us our way home, aand the chaperon said it was time to go.

We left the pond about 8 o'clock and hiked our way back on the public road, serenading every home. When we reached the dormitory we were tired and sleepy, so we went to bed with many pleasant remembrances of Jones' pond.

Inez Sharpe, '22.

April

The trees are dressed in Nature's green,
With leaves and blossoms bright;
And sunshine with its glorious sheen
On every thing throws light.

But April is a fickle month,
Whose mind is never known;
For suddenly o'er all the world
A darkening cloud is thrown.

Then comes the rain with chill and damp,
That falls on every flower,
But soon the sun comes out again,
Short is the April shower.

J. W. H., '22.

Twigs

A Description

As seen from the street she might have appeared as being anywhere from eighteen to twenty-five years of age. Simple and girlish she looked in her dress of blue check gingham. Her tiny feet were shod in shoes of spotless white. Several golden curls peeped from under the wide-brimmed sun-hat. She seemed not to have a care as she bent over the bed of pansies, carefully removing every blade of grass among them.

Her surroundings made her even more beautiful; beds of various kinds and colors of flowers were tastefully spread over the garden.

When she finished her task she disappeared into a beautiful summer house covered over and hanging with roses.

And I passed on wondering if this same scene might be witnessed every day at this time.

Gertrude Moore.

The Mill Workers

The constant buzz of machinery made conversation an impossibility. The noise created by the rapidly moving shuttlse grew into a sickening hum. The workers walked from one loom to another, replacing threads and untying knots. As a rule the description of the people would be the same. Men and women fro meighteen to thirty-five, slightly grey at the temples, eyes keen for istakes, tightly drawn mouths and a nervous jerk caused by repeated overwork. The shoulders of every worker were stooped to different degrees. Those who had been working in the mill for years were more stooped, others who had been there shorter periods were less stooped and a pitiful look was present on the latest comers. Steadily they worked, but glancing wistfully at the clock and listening for the shrill whistle that would release them for the day. In a moment it come, and with a jerk the machinery stopped. The spools were put in order and outward the toilers walked, carried involuntarily by the mass.

Mary Ethel Moses.

Ghosts Will Be Ghosts

"You Will-ium Rastus Hezekiah, ef you don't come heah to me this minit I'se gwine right straight up to the Big House an' sen' ole Massa's ghos' down heah to you!"

This was Mammy Chloe's oft-repeated threat to the lazy young pickaninny who chanced to be one of her numerous grandsons, and was also very talented in planning devices for escaping his share of the work.

Just at this juncture Mammy Chloe looked down the lane and saw coming, a few yards away, Jack—the young ruler of the Brown plantation—at least, he was ruler in his own estimation. His sole delight was playing pranks on other folks, and William Rastus was his chief victim of torture.

He came by the house, whistling merrily, and fully equipped with fishing tackle and a small lunch. This was a holiday and no greater fun could be offered him than a day of fishing down at the pond.

"Mornin', mammy; how goes it with you today? Is that pesky Rastus trying to play hooky again? I heard you fussing at him."

"Yes, Mars' Jack, he shore am! I 'clar fo' de Lawd I dunno' what I'll eber do wid data nigger. I jes' bin threatenin' him wid ol' Marster's ghost, but it doan seem to have no effec on him."

Jack scratched his head for a minute and looked thoughtfully at his dirty toes as he duug them into the warm sand. His eyes twinkled and suddenly he giggled. "I say, Mammy Chloe, I can cure that boy of his laziness if you'll let me! I won't say how or when, but you just leave it up to me."

"Bless yo' soul chile, you sholy has my gracious **accent** an' I hopes you will success wid de undertakin'."

Jack strolled on, still thinking, for now there was a full-sized plan revolving in his quiet mind. By George, I'll scare the sox off that negro, but he needs a lesson and I believe I can cure him."

The sun was sinking behind the western hills as Jack trodded home—tired, but happy over his proposed lark. When he reached home, a raid was made on the plunder room of the old house, and soon the clever boy had made

himself up into a real live ghost! He slipped out through the back door without disclosing his secret and wended his way down the path to Mammy's cabin.

Jack knew it was about time for the old negro to be engaged in one of her sermons to the laby Rastus, as it was time for the ironing wood to be cut.

True to his surmise, just as he turned the curve in the lane, the familiar sound was heard: "You, Willium Hezekiah, ef you doan' git busy, I'se gwine right straight to be Big House an' get dat ghos'—I means it dis time!"

William Hezekiah's ears had become so accustomed to this threat that he felt capable of facing all the ghosts he had ever seen, so he continued his game of stick-frog, at the corner of the house, facing toward the road.

Suddenly, a voice came from—where? It sounded dangerously near and still seemed as if it rose from the region of the dead! "William Erastus Hezekiah Johnson, come hither! You must be punished for your sins; especially for your laziness and the way you treat your old grandmother!" The voice drolled on in its ghost-like tone. Poor William 'Rastus Hezekiah! He was petrified with fright, but after what seemed ages to him he managed to arise to his feet and all that was left behind to tell the tale was a thin streak of dust! But what of Mammy Chloe? Well, the dust behind her was some thicker, but 'tis true that it was there.

From that day on she had no trouble persuading William Rastus to do his work,, but neither was he ever again accosted with the familiar threat—"I'se gwine ter go right straight up to de big house an' sen ole marster's ghos' down heah to you!"

Gladys Hughes.

A Narrow Escape

A box from home is all very fine, unless complications set in, which is so often the case.

Mary came into the room of Jane and Elizabeth all out of breath just as the study hall bell was ringing. "Oh, girls," she said, "Do you dare come up to our room during study hall and help eat a box I got just a few minutes ago?"

"Dare?" was the reply. "I just dare you not to let us go, now you've even so much as suggested it."

So the three quietly ascended the stairs to the room of Mary and Jeanette. And oh, such fun as they did have; things grew merrier and merrier until Jane, who had been given a vigorous shove by Elizabeth, crashed against the window, breaking it into a thousand pieces. "Well, if you haven't played it," the other girls cried in unison.

"Oh, I am nearly killed," wailed Jane.

"I hear Mrs. Jenkins coming. Jane, you get in the closet and Elizabeth, you get under the bed quick," said Mary.

"Oh! m yhand is bleeding to death," moaned Jane.

"Well, do shut up. I'd lots rather you'd bleed to death than have Mrs. Jenkins catch you in here," said Jeanette.

Everything was very calm and quiet by the time Mrs. Jenkins walked in. "Girls, what in the world was that terrible racket I heard up here?" she asked.

"Why, I, L don't know, I mean, the window," stammered Mary.

"Well, Mary, you don't mean to tell me that window broke and made all that fuss by itself, do you?"

"Yes, mam, it broke; I mean, I mean, we were playing and"—Mary had managed to get out, when Mrs. Jenkins curtly broke in with,

"Well, my advice, young ladies, is to **not** play so rough, and please bring a dollar and a half down to the office in the morning to pay for the window," and she angrily stalked out.

It was a rather woeful group when they re-seated themselves a little later. Jane, contrary to her first estimation, had only a slight scratch on her arm instead of a deadly wound. "Well, I suppose we should ll help pay for that sash." All told, they only had a dollar and forty-nine cents among them, but after much thought and consideration they decided they might auction off a stamp at "winks" and thus pay in full for their fun.

Helen Bruce.

Athletic Notes

The basket ball tournament ending March 16th was as follows:

Prep I	24	Prep II	8
Freshmen	18	Sophs	12
Prep I	8	Freshmen	13
Freshmen	11	Juniors	19

The last game played between the Juniors and Freshmen determined the championship, which was won by the Juniors. The college feels that this has been the best season of basket ball in its history. Never before has so much enthusiasm been shown by all the classes.

Plans for the tennis tournament and baseball games have been made, and much class spirit is being shown by their practice.

We had the pleasure of having the Valdosta and Waycross high school boys play a very interesting game of basket ball on our court on March 4th. The Valdosta boys were victorious.

An Imperfect Tribute

He's an ordinary-looking man, just one of the crowd endeavoring to make the most they can of life. But should you walk apace with him for a little while, you would be aware that there was something unusual about him. Scrutinizing his genial-looking face, you would realize that—to use his own words—"there is somebody at home."

To really know him you must pay his classroom a visit. He deals in Principles of Education, Psychology, Sociology and the like. His stock is well arranged and well dusted, always inviting one to partake of his wares.

This person has the average amount of wit and a wonderful sense of humor, which is perhaps the latchkey to his popularity. That he is popular needs no further verification than opening your ears. This is what you'll hear:

"He is the dearest man in the world," or—

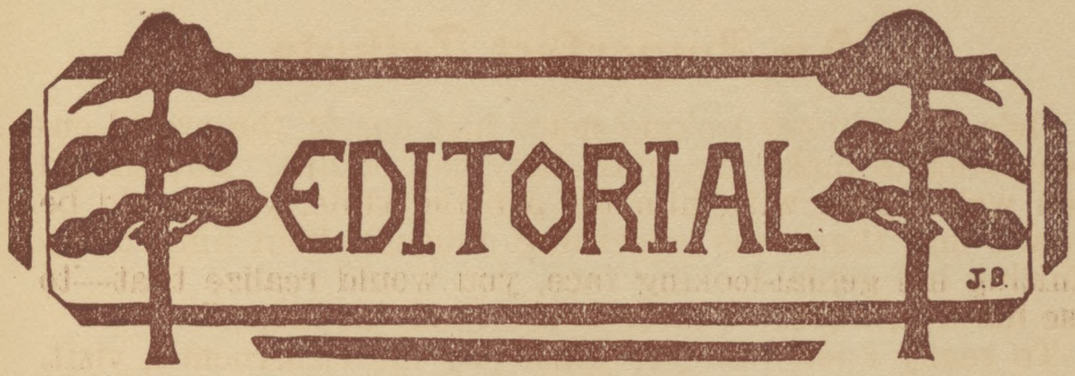
"I have more respect for him than any man I know."

And these tributes are genuine I can testify, because they come from Juniors, and I am one of that number.

And last but not least he is a practical Christian, never losing an opportunity to help us by giving illustrations from "The Book," as he calls it. I am sure his influence will always be one of the controlling factors in the life of every girl who knows him.

"Here's to the man that's noble and true;
Here's to the man that's good;
Here's to the man who's won our hearts—
We mean, our Mr. Wood.

Mary Poindexter, '22.



The Joy Of A Letter

Mother threw her apron over her head and went toward the gate as the well-known thud-thud of the mail-carrier's horse came down the road.

"Sorry, Miz Parsons, nothin' for you today. Guess Dolly forgot to write."

The little old lady looked after him and shook her head. "No, Dolly never forgets—she's just so busy."

And it is too bad that we whose time is filled with work and pleasure don't realize just how much a letter can mean, not only to old folks, but to young folks and middle-aged folks as well.

Think of mother. Her time is not nearly so full as ours, and the postman comes but once a day, perhaps. When she expects a letter and doesn't get it, things somehow don't go just right.

She doesn't care a bit whether Delaware went for suffrage or whether the President went for a ride yesterday. She can read those things in the newspapers, but it does her good just to hear that we are well and have a new dress, or that we are doing well in our school work.

The son and daughter in college acquire the habit of wiring or telephoning. It saves their time, and they can't understand why it doesn't satisfy mother and dad to get a wire saying, "Well and working hard. Love. Dot," instead of a chummy little letter telling them all about the latest crush or what a lovely teacher one has.

Gussie Belle Rentz.

A Matter Of Books

"Books are our best friends and companions. Here is a goodly company of them. . . ."

I don't remember the rest of it, and don't know why I remember this. It was in an old rhetoric I studied back in high school days and was found in a group of sentences to be connected for unity, coherence or something of the kind.

The last sentence aptly applies to our library, for we certainly have a goodly company of books. Here are collected about six thousand volumes. A great many are text books, do you say? Yes, but a great many are not. And these are books that we can well afford to make our friends and there are some we cannot afford not to have as friends. These books are carefully selected for us. Do we appreciate them as we should? I fear we are all more or less guilty of neglecting these worthy friends for books less worth while. Suppose we wake up and seek their friendship.

And after we've learned to love and appreciate them let's not mar them by marking, tearing or finger prints. If we like them, very probably others will like and enjoy them, too. Suppose every person marked his favorite passage in a book! Think how marred it would become! Let's be a little careful in turning the pages and let's not turn down corners of leaves in order to keep our place. In other words, let's treat them as friends—use them, but not over-use or abuse them.

I don't think the first sentence in the quotation is altogether true. All books certainly are not our best friends and comrades, but some may prove to be the worst kind of friends. The beginning of the downfall of many wrecked lives may be traced to the influence of some degrading book or books. We should be especially careful of what we read while we are young. If we cultivate the taste for good reading, then we will not care for trashy literature when we grow older. Think how interested we become in books, how we love or hate the different characters portrayed and how we wish to imitate the lovable characters!

We feel we must be careful how we select our friends, but

do we ask before we read a book, "will this book prove a helpful friend?" or do we simply ask, "Is it good?" Do we stop to think what we mean when we say, "This is a good book."

It has been said "a man is known by the company he keeps." Let's be sure to keep company with good books.

LOCALS

Prominent Men Visited Us.

Mr. K. G. Matheson from Georgia School of Technology and ex-Governor N. E. Harris paid us a visit and gave us some high compliments, which made us very proud.

Mr. Wood, Brunswick, Ga., gave us a very interesting lecture on "woods." He told and showed us some wonderful things about the ordinary trees about us.

The Georgia Glee Club.

The Georgia Glee Club, on its annual tour, was in Valdosta March 29th. The college girls enjoyed the performance very much and felt proud that we were a "sister" to them.

Going to the Show, and All Free, Too.

The faculty and student body were very much indebted to Mr. Sheesley for the enjoyable afternoon we spent at his shows. The shows were splendid and we were very grateful to Mr. Sheesley.

Doings of Societies.

The societies had a joint meeting and the public was invited. The program was good and showed splendid work of both societies. The program was as follows:

Story "As You Like It"----------Pauline Culbreth

Scenes from "As You Like It."

Rosalind ----------C. B. Sharpe
Celia ----------Helen Allen
Touchstone ----------Pearl Clements
The Duke ----------Lovie Mae Gaskins
Short Sketch of Shakespeare's Life--------Estelle Barker
Solo ----------Birdie Van Brackle
Piano Solo ----------Mary Cobb
Reading ----------Annie Mae Powell
Dance ----------Julia Daniels

LOCALS

Easter Services.

The Y. W. C. A. had a sunrise prayer service on Easter morn, just at the hour when our Christ rose so many years ago. The girls were very earnest, and it made us think what our Savior really meant to us. Sunday night we had an Easter song service in the chapel. Both services were very sweet and prayerful.

Freshmen-Sophomore Banquet.

One of the most delightful social events of the season was the banquet given the Freshmen by the Sophomores on the night of March 26th. This social was given in honor of the Freshmen fiinding "the hat." The chapel in West Hall was converted into a banquet hall for the occasion and was tastefully decorated in roses and ferns. The place cards and other table decorations carried out the Easter idea. During the feasting an interesting program was given, consisting of class songs, violin and voice solo, toasts aand a talk by Mr. Powell. After singing the "Pine Branch" the guests were escorted downstairs to the central hall, where an informal reception was held and the good-byes were said.

Election of Officers.

The student body elected Miss Mary Crum to serve as president for 1921-1922. Miss Mattie Stipe was elected president of Y. W. C. A. for coming term. The school is expecting great work under such noble leaders.

Senator Harris Gives Talk.

Senator Harris, one of the "fathers of the school," wasa with us on March 30th. He made a very inspiring talk, as well as Judge Thomas, Col. Woodard, Messrs. Converse and Brantley, who were also with us at same time. Later in the evening all the girls were given the opportunity of meeting and getting acquainted with these friends of ours.

The Noble Suffragists.

Since women have at last won the privilege of exerting their right to vote, we are going to have the training to make us the best voters of the land. We are going to have a real legislature with real representatives and senators, and pass real bills, so we will be the most capable members of the legislature when we get there. This is under the control of Y. W. C. A.

The Stunt Party.

The annual stunt party was given by the Y. W. C. A. on the college campus. Every county did itself credit by taking off a very humorous original stunt. The spectators were kept laughing from beginning to end. The counties getting first place had a very realistic "forbidden midnight feast." The counties with second place presented some familiar popular ads. The funniest stunt was a "washing scene." They were all splendid and everyone enjoyed the evening very much.

A Trip to Blue Ridge.

The Y. W. C. A. gave us all a trip to Blue Ridge by pictures and talks in vesper. I think every girl was very anxious to go, and was urged to do so by others who had been. A large crowd will represent the school there this summer and bring many valuable and helpful things back to us in the fall.

Series of Studies of Poland and India.

We have just completed a six weeks' study of the very interesting countries of Poland and India in our vesper services. The girls enjoyed every service and learned much from them. We found that it helps us very much to view our brothers and sisters in other lands.

Jokes

Facts About Geography.

Miss Gallaher: "What is the size of Georgia?"
G. Faircloth: "It is as large as England and **Whales** combined."

An Expensive Smile.

Helen, to B. B.: "Look at that boy smiling at me!"
B. B.: "That's nothing. The first time I saw you I laughed."

A Bright Mind.

Mr. Wood, in Psychology: "Miss Mathews, have you ever seen a dog carry a stick?"
W. M.: "Why, sure I have!"
Mr. W.: "Well, where did he pick it up?"
W. M.: "Why—er— wherever you throw it down."

A New Soothing Syrup.

After winks one night Mae, who couldn't sleep: "Gussie Belle, you and Mary talk some; that always makes me tired and sleepy."

A New Laboratory.

Miss Gallaher: "Margaret, you may take iodine for your project."
Lila Duncan: "Margaret, you can make that in the library."