

THE
PINE BRANCH



JUNIOR NUMBER

APRIL

1920

VOLUME 3

NUMBER 5

"The Fit is the Thing"

Judging by Appearances

One cannot always judge by appearances. A wandering tramp who came to the back door of a little hotel a few years ago, six months later was revealed as a college man of splendid family, bumming because of personal difficulties. A girl in fact.

* Discovered by his family, persuaded to return home, he later went to San Francisco in a position of importance.

Yet, how often do revelations reveal the opposite.

Even in shoes one must depend much upon the store, and the maker who sells them, for we cannot all be experts.

There is no uncertainty about our shoes, for each pair has our guarantee of worth and satisfaction.

Turner Jones Shoe Co.

116 North Patterson Street



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The Pine Branch

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The Christening

Dedicated to the New Building

Come Joy, come Mirth,
 And clasp your hands,
Come clasp your hands and sing;
Set fire the candles of your eyes
And cup them close from windy Sighs.
Oh clasp your hands and sing
 —And dance and sing!

Come Fame, be-wreathed,
 Come join the band,
And red-lipped Love do bring;
Chase black-browed Sorrow far away,
With Worry's aching head of gray,
Let music come with sway and swing,
 —With sway and swing.

Exclude fat Sloth,
 With double chin,
And Envy, long and lean,
Cage Selfishness behind the bars,
Call Beauty though, who paints the stars,
And Wisdom, calm, serene,
 —oh come, serene.

Bid Hope and Dreams,
 Which signal on,
And bring us gay Success;
Take hands and sing, a magic ring,
And wind the charm with everything
That waits on Happiness,
 —On Happiness!

Helen Allen, '21

All Is Not Gold That Glitters— Nor Copper Either

It was no other than the hand of September that had so artistically painted the hills, meadows and valleys until they rivalled with each other in their beautiful golden, red and brown hues. Yet none compared with the beautiful maple trees on the college campus, that sent their golden-reddish brown leaves fluttering to the ground so that the feet of hundreds of girls coming back to their Alma Mater, from the summer vacation, might have a beautiful, soft carpet to walk upon.

"Betty, do hurry and take off your wraps and let's go for a walk out on the campus," cried Louise, so excited at being back at college and seeing her chum again. "You know I can't talk penned up by four walls."

"Well, dear, just talk to your heart's content; if I get tired of listening, why just lecture to these pretty maples," laughed Betty as they walked among the trees.

"Betty, you know you're just dying for news," replied Louise. "I guess you'll listen when I tell you there is a girl here who's father is a money wizard. Why Betty, he owns the largest copper mines in New Mexico! I don't know her name, but I've seen her, at least I suppose it is her, for never have I laid eyes on such wonderful clothes."

"But, Louise, how do you know she is the one? You know the Dean said that there were two girls here from New Mexico and both are from Albuquerque, too," reminded Betty.

"Well, I've seen them both and I guess you'll agree with me allright when you see them. Why, the other girl is the simplest, sweetest creature, not a bit proud. I've been talking to her and the queer thing about it all is that those girls dont know each other!" exclaimed Louise.

During the few weeks that followed the opening of school every one was intensely interested and anxious to know which club would be the one to win the most members. First it was thought that the Dramatic Club would be the winner, but the tide turned when it was learned that

All Is Not Gold That Glitters—Nor Copper Either

the little witty western girl, Jene Porter, had joined the Handicraft Club. Cora Ore, the copper king's daughter, supposedly, had joined the same club.

The first meeting of the Handicraft Club was a complete success for everyone except Cora, who was left almost to herself all evening. The girls were afraid to make the first advances, being frightened by her quiet, conservative manner, but they flocked around Jene, who had won the hearts of every one with her sweet smile and simple ways. The girls noticed, too, that the material that Cora sewed on was finer and nicer than any of them could afford. And it was whispered about that Cora was trying to "show off" her pretty clothes. Consequently, Cora was often lonely and was left to amuse herself as well as she could.

Matters grew from bad to worse at every meeting. Cora felt that she was not wanted, not only at the club but in her classes, too. Neither could she decide why it was that she did not have friends, for she wanted them so very much! Finally she quit going to the club and would spend the evenings in her room that was set off from the main building. The girls never ventured near her room but every one supposed that it was excellently furnished, for of course Cora had all the money she wanted, at least that was said to be the case. Naturally the girls thought that Cora spent her evenings in her room because she preferred her surroundings to their company.

Spring had come, and with it had come the big annual ball given by the Handicraft Club. Sewing, basket weaving and other needle work was laid aside. The big hall was beautifully decorated with green and white, the club colors. Music filled the air and beautifully clothed girls and black clad gentlemen laughed and talked as they danced on the smooth floor.

Jene, more popular than ever, laughed and talked with the others, but she noticed that there was one absent who should be there, and in the midst of the fun and laughter she slipped out to find Cora.

When Jene reached the door of Cora's room she stopped for fear she might be intruding, but as she stood there undecided as to whether she should go back to the ball room or not without Cora, she was startled at hearing some one crying. Without even stopping to knock, Jene softly op-

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ened the door into a little bare room containing only a dresser, a table, a chair and a tiny cot. On the cot there huddled a pitiful little human ball clad in a black satin evening gown.

Jene quietly went to the sobbing girl and tenderly put her arms around the little figure and whispered, "Tell me, dear, tell me all your troubles."

At these words Cora looked up at Jene and shivered, then covering her face with her hands sobbed bitterly.

"Oh how I hate it—hate it living under such pretenses. I had thought I was going to love it here and I worked so hard to save enough money to come! Mother sews and I helped her; finally we got enough saved so I wouldn't have to work here. You wonder where I got all my fine clothes, don't you? Aunt Pauline is rich and she sends me her discarded dresses and I make them over till they look like new. But Jene, I'm going back home—home to mother. I can't, I just can't bear it any longer. Why just think, I heard one of the girls say, 'Cora needn't be so stuck up even if her father does own a copper mine.' And, Jene, I have never dreamed of having a mine, let alone having one."

At first Jene looked puzzled, then she burst out laughing, and shaking Cora told her to stop crying and listen. "Why, Cora, its my father that owns the copper mines, some one has gotten us mixed," laughed Jene.

Just then a crowd of girls were heard calling for Jene. Jumping up, she threw open the door and the girls crowded into the tiny room.

"Welcome to our palace, girls. Perhaps I should call you fairies, for I have just kissed the sleeping princess and now all the world is awake and happy," laughed Jene after she had explained everything to them.

Then with one accord the girls cried out, "Long live our new princess!"

Ruth Harrell, '21



The Road That Had A Turning

She'd call it a day, anyway. Peggy Armory pushed her reddish, last year's bangs out of her eyes, and hunched up against the library table, setting her chin in her hands with a plop. Babyish old chin, what'd it think she was, anyway quivering like that—a freshman? She guessed it'd be still there!

It had begun early that morning—no, she guessed it was last night, when Zabelle laughed at her and teased 'cause she caught a glimpse of mother's letter tucked under her pillow—wait till Zabelle got to be a Junior. She didn't have anything to do now except appropriate all the really decent pillows in the room, grumble over the intricate mazes of "Silas Marner" and "Tale of Two Cities," and punctuate every sentence or two with munches at Hale's latest box of chocolate covered cherries, cream centers, fussing 'cause he didn't send Brazil nuts. Yes! just let her stay at boarding school for a dozen years or so as she had and climb and fall and scratch and crawl over every kind of "x" and "m" and serious — oh extremely, doubtfully-hopeful — conditions to the thorny steep of Junior-hood. How wonderful that name sounded the first of the year, when golden honors yet unworn were waiting; but what a change, a bitter change, came over the castle with Junior marked on the door, when midterm exams reared a grizzly death's head above the horizon! And let her have just a pitiful few, flying dream visits home when one was only beginning to thrill with the happiness of it when the awakening crashed in and only ashes—hot ashes and live coals—of remembrance were left; and the livest coal of all was the knowledge that all mankind was prone to fickleness, and those presuming young sprigs of a forced growth of womanhood found in the home high school had taken possession of the field of admirers—and remembering friends who stayed away so much was really so hard, you know, when there were so many attractions at home. Zabelle had some things yet to learn. She hadn't experienced yet the misery of waking ones self up in a cold sweat of desperation over a goblin figure which demanded partial payments every half hour, and threatened

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to hold one a-dangle by both long braids over a sea of fire, fed by the burning of barns which had 2x4 rafters and 6x8 sills—and you always allowed for the door and window spacing when you papered—no, carpeted. And if green sprigged paint with yellow dandelion border cost \$1.75 per half inch, how much would it cost to—oh, what did it matter? She was crawling around on the floor the last time she awakened, and when Zabelle asked her, curiously snappy, 'Why in the world she was rolling around on the cold floor in the dark mumbling to herself, and would she please let her bed post alone since she wanted to sleep a few minutes before daybreak,' she had been amazed not to find herself in a great store as large as the college campus, with piles on piles of dusty cotton goods and stiff, rustling silks and stifling outing cloth, green checked with black owls which were so fearfully life-like that she was not surprised when one blinked a great yellow eye at her and muttered, "Who-o-o are you? You're stocks and bonds! Why are you taking stock here? You're all mixed up."

And she had wearily climbed in bed and hadn't even had strength left sufficient to ask Zabelle to please mind her own business...—And if it hadn't been for mother's letter there to hold onto like a tender, comforting hand in the dark, she didn't know what she'd have done. Wait till Zabelle got to Junior Arithmetic!

And then this morning. The bell had waited hours to ring. Some silly old bird who'd slept since sundown—and hadn't had to worry his old head over whether instinct was habit or habit was instinctive, and hadn't had to count all who sat on the row next to her so she'd know whether the discussion of that question would come to her or not—perched his impudent person just outside her window and squawked, "Laz-ee, laz-e-e girl! Sle-e-ep!" She just knew they wouldn't have drill. It was ages past time. So she'd curled up clear over her ears in the snugly warm blankets, and had just begun on a perfectly thrilling daydream, where she was a modern princess and had breakfast served on a silver waiter, when urr-r-h! cling r-rr-ring! The house crashed down and her ear drums burst and Zabelle hit the floor with, "Hurry up, Peg, that's setting up drill," and turned on an avalanche of water in the lavatory which was stationed at the head of Peggy's bed and began a vigorous scrubbing which would certainly mar any skin-you-love-to-

THE ROAD THAT HAD A TURNING

touch complexion, with the attending whir of water and slap of bath cloth calculated to frighten the sprite of sleep to a far country. It knocked a hole in the dream, of course. Peggy was dead sure she'd never get another one begun like it—just as it was time for the thrilling climax, too! The young girl dug her elbows into the unyielding table revengefully.

“Drill, and then a call-down from the matron 'cause I'd lost the dust pan and swept trash out of my door into the hall. And downstairs—hash! The long lost and newly resurrected! Easter every morning here.” (She ignored the fact that the hash had been really rather decent and the first of the week.) “And then my letter—didn't put my name on the back—as if she didn't know my father's initials! But then—there are about three hundred fathers represented here——don't care.” She sought a new outlet for vexation. “He needn't have had that Principles of Education test today of all days! And right after chapel too—and there's the bell now. Well, I've fooled away one precious hour sitting here—don't see why they can't make longer hours—for vacant periods. Sakes, how it crawls when I'm counting how long it will take that pointing fate-finger to reach me. I ask J. J. the time twelve dozen times and he always sees me nudge her. Well—o, guess I'd better get in line. That's twice the monitor's put her head in—”

* * * * *

Of course the speaker was interesting. He was a soldier and he'd 'been there.' She wondered if Bob's division—but shades of Kittendom, wasn't he ever going to get thru? What would Professor Ware care for a fifteen minutes overtime? He'd give the test just the same. She saw them already, those questions. She hoped the recording angel who read her sentence at the judgement bar wouldn't use chalk; it was so gruesome, so unrelenting and cold. Well, she'd lost track of the words of the Lieutenant. President Prior was talking——“What-t-t! Had she heard a-right?” Eyes dark with feeling, figure tensed with excitement and unbelief, she strained to hear the next word.

“—And so, young ladies, since we can't get coal - - home - - vacation now for something over a week—”

Something crashed in Peggy's brain. Something rose

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'clean up in her breast' and bounded rapturously there, singing. Pandemonium broke loose. Undignified yells, cheers, half smothered after they had erupted, feet irresistably tapping the floor, rushed on wave after wave of enthusiasm as the white light of understanding reached the group.

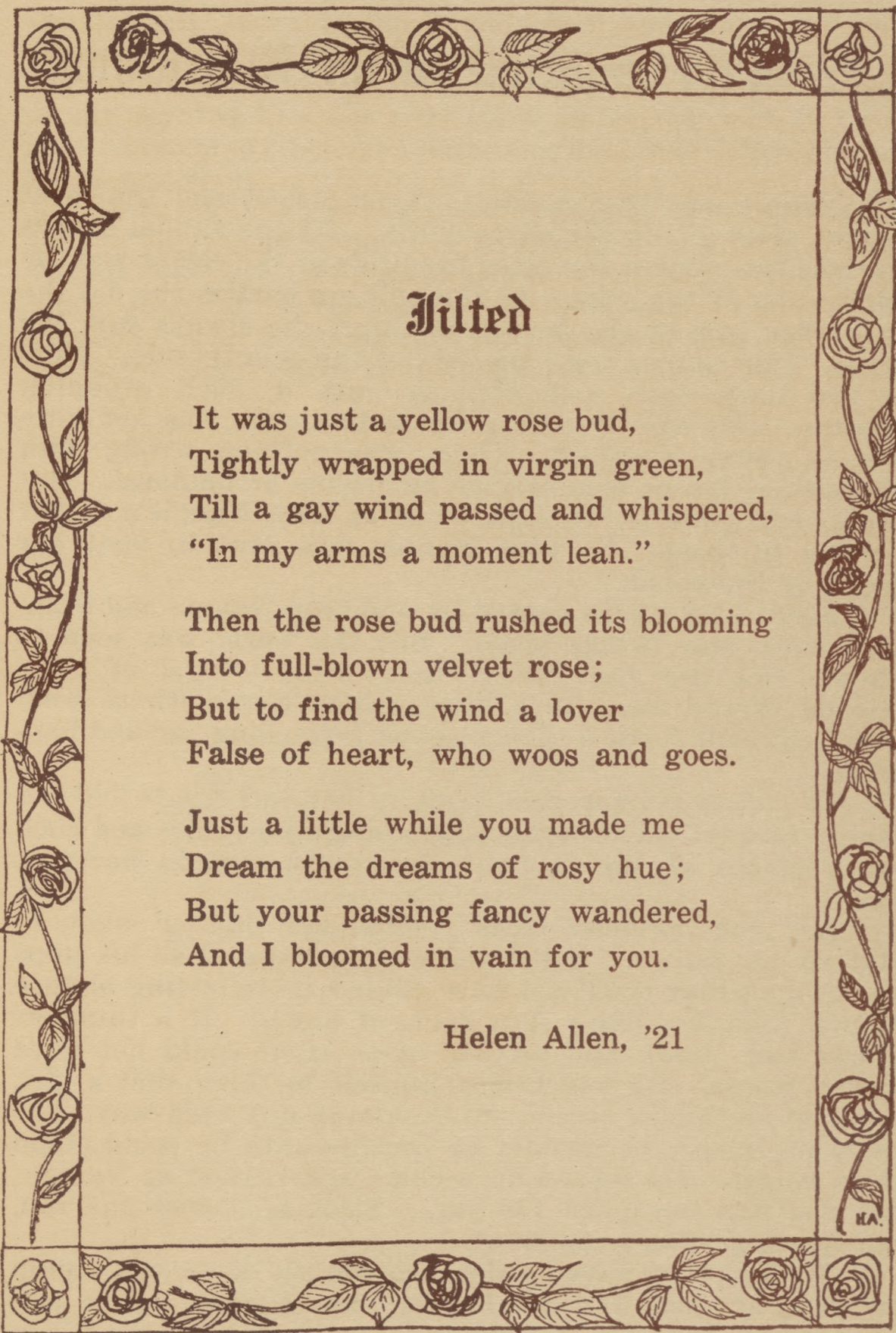
On the same high crest of bubbling, vivacious happiness which lit shining candles in girlish eyes and painted daring spots of flame in youthful cheeks, there began the joyous task of grip- packing and train-catching.

Sitting nervously upright on the edge of the seat in the train that slid on silver rails for home, Peggy suddenly smiled a little half-rueful, half-humorous smile, relaxing and leaning her head back with a sigh of contentment.

"I guess I was in an awful tantrum this morning. Peggy Armory, your temper'll be your downfall yet. That announcement saved your life though, for a week." Then glancing down at her hands and rubbing them softly together with dubious fingers, "Almost blistered," she murmured.

Helen Allen, '21





Jilted

It was just a yellow rose bud,
Tightly wrapped in virgin green,
Till a gay wind passed and whispered,
"In my arms a moment lean."

Then the rose bud rushed its blooming
Into full-blown velvet rose;
But to find the wind a lover
False of heart, who woos and goes.

Just a little while you made me
Dream the dreams of rosy hue;
But your passing fancy wandered,
And I bloomed in vain for you.

Helen Allen, '21

H.A.

From the Sublime to the Ridiculous

Nannie was the sweetest, the prettiest and the most sought after girl in Webster county. At the annual dances she was the envy of the girls, the pride of the elders and the admiration of the boys. At the quilting parties she did the best work, and at the peanut shellings she always won the prize. Her clothes were the talk of the countryside. Never had there been such striking hats or such stunning dresses. Her one besetting, sin so to speak, was her interest in young Stanford. There was nothing wrong with him either, for he was neither handsome or immoral. But things had gone far enough, or so at least Nannie's father seemed to think. So poor Nannie was sent to visit her cousin in Savannah.

Seven long weeks passed by and only Nannie and Stanford knew how things stood. But the world was soon to know. One day the two of them with several of their friends slipped away to a little white church where wedding bells sent forth a silvery sound foretelling joy and happiness.

Of course Nannie went back to her father's to bid the family farewell and to collect her college souvenirs and such knick-knacks as she thought she would need in her new home.

She had no more than greeted her mother when in stalked her father. If Satan had concentrated all his imps on one spot they could not have made a more lasting picture of evil than Mr. Roe's face made of anger. If a thunderstorm had burst and settled upon it, it could not have looked worse. He was beside himself to think that a girl, a girl of all things, should out-do him in any such way. The more he talked the madder he became until he could stand it no longer. He jerked up a chair and rushed at Nannie; but she was too quick for him. Fleet as a deer she ran, not heeding where she went.

Mr. Roe soon gave up the race and sat down on a stump covering his face with his hands. But Nannie ran on and on, not knowing that she was no longer being chased. When

FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS

she did stop to catch her breath and found that she was all alone, she also discovered that her clothes were almost torn off of her and her shoes an unpresentable sight. She finally decided that the best thing to do would be to go to Mrs. Hopkins, a poor but honest neighbor, and borrow an outfit to travel in.

That night when the train pulled out for Alabama it had among its passengers a happy but uncertain looking woman clad in a black skirt about four yards wide with a calico waist and a hat that would have done justice to Noah's ark. The figure gave a sigh mingled with regret for her father, and relief at the happy outlook for the future.

Bernice Pearson, '21

It was just a birch canoe,
As you know, 'twas built for two,
And becomes a ship o' dreams,
Whir of wings and white moonbeams.
—Maiden aunts don't always sleep,
Poppy-maids did vainly creep—
As you know, 'twas built for two,
It was just a birch canoe.

H. A.

Th' Little One Hoss Farm

Just t' hear the apples fallin',
An' the plagued jay-birds callin',
An' the rattle an' the rustle of th' corn;
Just t' see th' crops agrowin'
An' the meadow ripe for mowin',
Just to set an' soak th' beauty
Of th' little one hoss farm.

Just th' simple joys o' livin'
Peace a-gainin', peace a-givin',
Just t' hear the cows a-comin' tinklin' home;
Then t' watch th' day a-dyin'
On th' sunset's red pyre lyin' —
Just to feel your heartstrings clutchin'
'Roun the little one hoss farm.

Then th' moon comes up a-beamin'
Sets the mocking bird a-dreamin'
Of his lady love a-hidin' in the tree.
Voices all your happy sorrow,
Life today an' life tomorrow,
Sets your heart a-walking moonbeams
On the little one hoss form.

An' you set an' smell the garden,
An' your soul's again in Eden,
Tho you're agin', now, as worldly people count;
Mem'ries drift with lilac bloomin',
Frogs the humble minstrels boomin' —
An, you own a song of gladness
In your little one hoss farm.

Helen Allen '21

Twigs

Circumstantial Evidence

They all expected an examination; certainly it would come that day. No one was prepared for it; what would they do! Julia, Evelyn and Mildred were the first to enter the class room—and such sighs of relief as could be heard when they saw no questions! They put their heads together a moment; then dashed out to the corner of the hall, opened books with furious, desperate haste and began to study madly. Evelyn ran to the office to sharpen a number of pencils; for when there is an exam there must be at least two pencils, and generally three, in readiness to do duty.

In the office she met two or three of the class, who, on seeing her occupation and noticing her worried aspect, cried “An exam! I knew it! What can I do, since I put all my time on my report!”

“Well, you’re no worse off than I am—I had a report, too!” was the retort.

They came to the corner to find the others deeply engrossed in answering such excited queries as these:

“What is a State?”

“Search me, but quick!—tell me that definition of democracy!”

“Do you know those influences and educational aims of democracy?”

With the excited approach of the others the studious ones were interrupted with—

“Are those questions on the board?”

“What are they? Did you see them?”

“I declare, I don’t think he should give it today.”

Meanwhile, Julia, Evelyn and Mildred quietly slipped back in the class room to laugh at their little joke. At the very last possible moment, the rest of the class began to slowly come toward the dreaded door—what was in store for them? None knew.

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Augusta was the first to enter. Looking at the blank blackboard, she gasped, "Well! I'll vow!"

Next came Stella: "Why—where—I declare!"

Then they nabbed the practical jokers.

M. M. Price

The Hardest Teacher

Mother had smiled at first and wisely shook her head. Then when Baby persisted in making frantic grabs at those beautiful shining things, the little obstinate hands had been slapped gently and the shining temptation had been placed on a high shelf 'way, 'way out of reach.

Baby had screamed resentfully and kicked her white kid shoes fiercely against the floor, until the black kitten came innocently along. A lightning pounce had made him a reluctant captive; and his sudden reversal of direction, with his enticing black plume of a tail as a lever, despite four very determined and clutching and clawing little brakes, had made his captor laugh aloud in ecstasy.

Mother had rescued kitty and then caught Baby Nell uncomfortably close for a moment. Baby hadn't known exactly why. She had wriggled and gazed after the kitten's rapidly retreating form. Funny how grown people took everything nice away from babies!

Of course, she hardly remembered all this. She merely halted abruptly in her toddling tour and plumped herself flat on the floor. There they were—right there in front of mother's door, the wonderful white light catching on their gleaming surface, winking at her. They were hers, those pretty-itty silver sings! There wasn't a single grown-up in sight to snatch them selfishly away.

Oh-h what a delicious crunchy sound they made when she whacked viciously through that bothersome, tickly curl they always dangled on her forehead. She guessed she'd cut some more. S-s-nip!—Oh, the nicey-icey p'ay sings! Why hadn't she got them before?

"Nell! My baby!"

Mother had come! They were gone again. She'd never find her delightful new toy * * but mother was crying and saying, "Bad, bad baby." Why was mother crying?

H. A.

An Unexpected Vacation

"Oh, I feel so bad I can scarcely go," I complained sleepily to my room mate as we got out of bed on Friday morning.

"Well, so do I. I feel as if my next step would be the stepping off. Please, let's go to the infirmary."

"I'm willing, for I'm nearly dead. Oh, my poor head!"

After breakfast, however, we conferred again and decided upon a slightly different course. Dreading the lonesome hours in the infirmary, we thought we would put them off as long as possible and wait until after chapel to go. Both of us felt worse than death with headaches and all other such ills.

But we managed to get to chapel by putting forth a supreme effort. Then there was a visitor who was to speak to us. I remember that he was a lieutenant from Camp Gordon, and that's about all I do remember except that his talk, which was about some phase of education, would have been very interesting if I had been able to listen with any intelligence.

When he had finished after such a long time, the President arose and began speaking. I groaned within myself. Why must my agony be prolonged? But what was that he was saying? It seemed that a pleasant word or two had reached my ears. I gathered my wits together and listened. The meaning of his words came to me: the first was out, none could be obtained; several teachers were ill, others were not well. On account of these things, the Easter holidays to which we were looking forward would be given us now. Could I believe what I heard? It was too good. And may the kind fates be praised for having me wait until after chapel to go to the infirmary! My joy was unspeakable.

When we had stamped, yelled and cried with joy until we could no more, and had been dismissed, I stopped to think of my headache. But it was gone. Gone, and that was a happier cure than any doctor could have prescribed.

Evelyn Powell

THE PINE BRANCH

Easter Bride

Jane had a beautiful new dress to wear on Easter and she was determined to have a new hat to match it. There was one at the store that she was very anxious to get, but the price was twenty dollars—and she could not think how she would be able to get the twenty dollars.

Jane and her mother lived alone in a small four room house on a side street. They were very poor indeed. Mrs. Marshall sewed and made enough to buy food and pay house rent, but that was all. Jane had a lovely voice and was widely known because of it. Also, she was an artist. It was through her singing and painting that she made enough money to buy clothes for her mother and herself.

Picture after picture had been painted and put on sale, but it seemed to her that nobody would buy them just because she wanted that particular hat so much.

The small salary that she received for singing in the church choir was not anything like enough to pay for the hat and buy the real necessities of life.

When Mrs. Marshall found Jane she was in her own stuffy little room. She sat by her daughter and tried to comfort her but Jane would not be comforted—until she got the hat.

In the evening mail Mrs. Marshall found that Jane had a letter from a nearby city. She carried the letter to her daughter and watched her read it. Jane's face brightened. A sigh—an exclamation of joy—she turned to her mother.

"Mother, it is from Mrs. Bland, asking me to sing next week at the opera house. They will pay me fifty dollars for the one night. Now I can have my hat."

"Jane, you have been invited to sing at the Easter service on the same day. What are you going to do?"

"Do? I will sing for Mrs. Bland."

"My daughter, who gave you your voice?"

"Mother, God gave it to me, of course. Why ask such a question?"

"Jane, you say God gave it to you. Now why not use it for Him?"

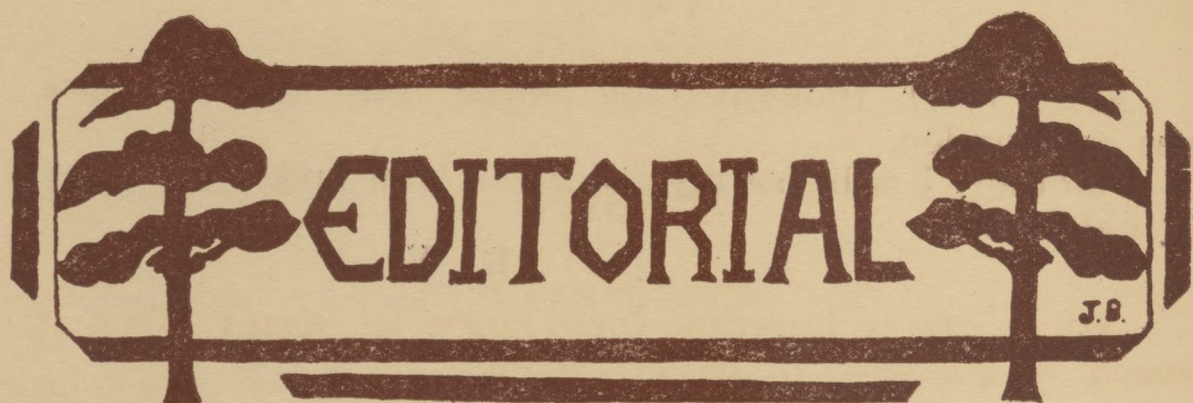
TWIGS

After much thought Jane looked into her mother's eyes and smiled.

"Mother, I will use my voice for Him and I will wear my old hat."

R. W.





Procrastination

How many of us are prone to say, "Oh, I can do this just as well tomorrow." I am inclined to believe that this is almost a universal fault. The psychologists might well add it to the list of instincts. It is something that the most strong-willed of us have to fight against. But it is not entirely hopeless, for there are men who "get there" on time and on whom one can depend. Think what it would mean to have such a reputation. Doubtless everyone remembers the old fable of the little girl who said "wait a minute", when her mother called to her to let her bird out, that the cat was after it. But, alas, the bird was lost, all on account of one little, "Wait a minute." But there are greater things than pets. Honor and position depend upon one's ability to get there on time.

B. P. '21

Easter

When life is bursting forth anew in spring time, in woods, in gardens, in parks—when,

“The holy spirit of spring
Is working silently—”

—then comes the festival called Easter, which is observed in many branches of the Christian church to commemorate the Resurrection of Christ from the Dead.

From very early Christian times it was observed with great solemnity. Even in the primitive churches it was a special day of baptism. The faithful greeted each other with a kiss and the salutation, “Christ is risen”; which was answered with, “He is Risen, indeed.”

The name Easter originated from the festival of Ostara, the goddess of spring and light, and from it have arisen the symbols of Easter eggs and Easter rabbits as reproducers of species. The sending of the Easter eggs is thought to have originated in Persia, the eggs being the symbols of new life. The coloring of the eggs, red, blue and yellow, was borrowed from the aurora-borealis, the northern lights, and the bright hues of the Easter sun. The red symbolizes the blood of redemption while the other colors have no special significance.

At Easter, in the beginning, hearth fires were lighted afresh, and Easter bonfires kindled on the hills, doing away with the germs of evil as far as the fire cast its light.

Then, since modern times, the festival of Easter has taken another significance, the memorial of the Christian Passover, at which the paschal lamb, symbol of Christ, was sacrificed.

During the early years, this festival was celebrated on the fourteenth of April, but later a dispute arose as to the date suitable for this occasion, as the former was originally that of the Hebrews. Owing to this dispute the date was different for each nationality, but a fixed date was at last settled upon in the seventh century, and now it comes on the first Sunday after the full moon in March.

Edna Sasser '21

Athletics

"Here's to the judges that judged well."

"Here's to the Freshmen."

"Here's to the Sub B's."

"Here's to the Freshmen and Sub-B's together!"

"Here's to Miss Pratz."

"Here's to the Valdosta band."

The above are some of the toasts given at supper Tuesday night, March 23rd, after the best Field Day exercises ever held at S. G. S. N. C. had been completed.

The Freshmen won the loving cup and the Sub B's second honor, while all the classes manifested a remarkably fine spirit.

There were between four and five hundred visitors present. The Valdosta band furnished music for the dance, songs, and dumb bell drill and also rendered several other selections.

The judges, Lieutenant Terry Hendrix, of Valdosta, Captain Newborn, of Valdosta, and Lieutenant E. E. McCarty, of Quitman, commented favorably on the military marching and other feats.

The program follows:

PART I

- I. Processional followed by Reveille.
- II. Marching.
- III. Athletic Dance, accompanied by Band.
- IV. Setting up Drill.
- V. Dumb Bell Drill by Junior and Senior Classes, accompanied by Band.
- VI. Organized Play, Ground Games and Gymnasium "Stunts" by Sophomores, Freshmen and Sub-Freshmen classes.
- VII. Selection by Valdosta Band.

PART II

- I. 65 Yard Dash.
- II. 100 Yard Dash
- III. Chariot Race.

ATHLETICS

IV. Over and Under Relay.

V. Shot Put.

VI. Obstacle Races. (a) Barrel. (b) Suit Case.

VII. Selection by Valdosta Band.

PART III

Awarding of badges for first badge test.

Awarding of the loving cup to the class scoring the highest number of points.

"The Star Spangled Banner"—by entire assembly.

WOODS

We were glad to have with us from March 2nd to March 5th, Miss Elsie B. Heller, Y. W. C. A. student secretary. Those who had the pleasure of hearing all of her lectures were greatly impressed by her wonderful personality, and we only wish that she could have been with us longer. The purpose of her lectures was to give us a thorough understanding of the Y. W. C. A.

"Oh, oh, oh, we are going home!" was one of the many exclamations that would have greeted your ears had you been a visitor at chapel on the morning of March 5th, when we were unexpectedly given a ten days vacation.

The election of the student government president for the school year 1920-1921, was held on March 26th. Miss Edna Sasser was elected. Here's to our new president!

On March 18th the student body was entertained by the Hettie Jane Dunaway Company in "The Lady of the Decoration." The story is humorous as well as serious, and instructive, and was much enjoyed as given by Miss Dunaway.

The "Twilight Recital" given by the piano students of Miss Bond and Miss Mitchell on March 27th was enjoyed by the student body, and friends from Valdosta.

School was suspended a week during March on account of a shortage of fuel. This delayed the publication of our magazine. However, we are glad to say things are running smoothly and the other issues will be on time.

Junior-Senior Reception

In the Junior's estimation the greatest event of the year has just passed, that is, the reception given in honor of the Seniors by the Juniors. The decorations were Jap-

LOCALS

anese, the dining hall being turned into a Japanese garden with hanging vines and wistaria. The music furnished by the orchestra filled one with the joy of living.

Sophomore Banquet

Do you remember the hat that the Freshmen found some time ago? Since the Freshmen were so fortunate as to be the triumphant class, it fell to the Sophomores to entertain them. A banquet was given Saturday night, which made the Freshmen feel only good cheer and kindness toward their opposing class, the Sophomores. The colors of the Sophomore class, purple and gold, were carried out in the decorations; abundance of violets and dogwood being used. Little gold hats, filled with bon-bons were given as favors.

Georgia Glee and Mandolin Club Recital

We had long looked forward to hearing the Georgia Glee and Mandolin Club perform, so we waited patiently. Then the curtain went up and a real thrill passed thru our group; for were not those our colors, red and black, and were not those good looking men "Georgia boys?" We did not know them individually, 'tis true, but that made no difference. Our hearts were atune to "Glory, Glory to Old Georgia." Their songs were great but they did not excell the playing of the Mandolin Club. We dreamed wonderful dreams, school girl golden dreams, when they played soft music and sang pretty songs, and we literally danced in our chairs when they played "jazz." We laughed with their comedians and enjoyed their fun. The cartoonist we thought extremely clever. Does the Bible say, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's talent?" We believe we haven't a Senior who wouldn't gladly change her "practice teaching" for "Fessor Jones job," but we would advise her, under such circumstances to study up on the spelling and pronunciation of proper names. We certainly wish to compliment all the Georgia boys upon singing "The Gold and White." It was neatly done and showed good spirit.

Really we must thank them for a very enjoyable evening and we regret that under the pressing circumstances we could not show our appreciation in a more material way; but in spirit we love Georgia as her youngest sister should.

THE PINE BRANCH

Juniorhood

O I feel that I am sailing,
Sailing in a ship of state,
And I'm fast absorbing knowledge
At a terrifying rate.
But the cabin's awful shaky,
And the ceiling starts to roll,
And the walls to wobble vaguely,
And my funeral bell to toll.

Oh I know that I am sailing,
Sailing o'er the briny deeps,
And I see long snaky questions
Making fierce and sudden leaps.
Then the captain calls out, "Ho there!
Ship ahoy! Each man on deck!"
And the ship goes reeling, reeling,
While I face a certain wreck.

And I strive to strike an anchor,
And I mourn the dear dead past,
Where I left but whirling quicksands
And my anchor holds not fast.
O they call her Education,
Winding flowers o'er her prow,
And I try to make the effort
But my interest's sea-sick now.

O I feel that I am sailing,
Sailing o'er the briny sea,
And I see the questions wiggle,
And the fishes laugh at me!

Helen Allen '21



If you do not like these jokes,
And their dryness makes you groan;
Just step around occasionally
With some good ones of your own.

—Exchange

Chemistry vs. Juniors

Buena had a dark blue suit,
She wears this suit no more;
For what she took for $H^2 O$
Was $H^2 SO^4$.

Physics(?)

Mildred—"What will your father say about that low average in arithmetic?"

Ruth—"When Dad sees I'm down to zero, I guess he'll warm me up some."

Forced Effort—Divided Attention

Mr. Wood—"When a boy is forced to work mathematics, and he wishes to see a ball game, what does it lead to, Miss Flynt?"

Miss Flynt—"Why-ah-er-destruction, I guess."

Helen—"Why are you worried, Martha? You have frowned all day."

Martha—"Edna has lost her arithmetic paper."

Helen—"Why does that worry you?"

Martha—"I had it when she lost it."

Jessie—"Everything I am I owe to my mother, and to my mother I owe all—"

Hallie—"Don't forget that nine cents you owe me."

THE PINE BRANCH

Bernice—"Julia, please don't play the Victrola any more."

Julia—"Why?"

Bernice—"I hate to see you putting on airs."

Lina—"I've a beastly cold in my head."

Lois—"Never mind; don't grumble. Even if it's a cold its something."





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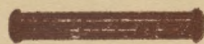
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