

THE PINE BRANCH



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PINE BLANCH



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THE PINE BRANCH

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“After the Time of Job”

Suffering, disconsolate, I lent myself to earth,
Crying out in the anguish of pain.
Pleading for release to the One who could release me,
Crying for death e'er death could o'ertake me,
But my prayer reached him not, my pleadings were in vain.

Suffering, disconsolate, I prayed for death,
Prayed and begged for death and deliverance from pain.
Roared the East wind suddenly a searching Voice to chide
me;
The living voice of Nature whispered softly to restore me,
Giving me an answer—my prayer no more in vain.

“See, the ancient lap of heaven, studded o'er with glowing
stars—
Canst thou change one single orbit, loose one single rein?
See the clouds of dust and moisture whirling,
Hear leashed thunder rolling, roaring,
Canst thou seal its mouth or untie the lightning's chain?
Man! thou hast craved to understand thy suffering;
Cease! the Mystery of Life—that is the mystery of pain.”

Evelyn Brown.

His Second Affair

Roberson stood for a moment in silence, smiling, and then, with a broader smile, clapped his hand down on his friend's shoulder. The recipient of this hearty salutation awoke from his day-dreaming with such a start that he dropped his pipe upon the floor, where it lay unnoticed among its scattered contents. He looked for a moment without recognition at the tall, smiling man beside his chair, then his own face brightened.

"Why, Tom Roberson! Where did you drop from? I thought you were in South America, or Mexico, or some other equally distant place. By George, but I am glad to see you! Here, sit down and tell me all about yourself and Molly; and how is Tom Junior? A great big boy now, isn't he? Let me see—why, he's about six years old. My, my, how time does fly!"

"Still sitting here at the club just as always, eh, Jack?" said Roberson, laughing at his friend's eager questioning as he took his seat. "You know my history, Jack. Why, man, I'm married now, and it's home and Molly for me. What have you been doing with yourself? An old bachelor yet, I presume? And how about your violent dislike for dogs? You know, I never could understand that in you! A man who is as great a sportsman as you are certainly should like dogs! Don't like them any better? Less? How is that? But come on, it's one o'clock; let's go out somewhere and have lunch so that we can talk over everything."

Mason agreed to his friend's proposal, and together they left the club room.

Somewhat later in the afternoon, they were again seated in the same room, before a comfortable fire, with their pipes, in just such attitudes as are most conducive to confidential disclosures.

"And then the little rascal said — but here," Roberson broke off with a short, embarrassed laugh, "you'll be accusing me of being a 'proud father' soon! No, positively not another word about Molly and Tom Junior until you tell me all about yourself! Do you realize that you haven't told me yet why you are still single while the rest of our bunch are all staid married men? Why do you like dogs

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still less? Come on, old man, 'fess up! Your time now!"

"Well," began Jack Mason, very sheepishly, "you already know about that first affair of mine on board the 'Mary Ann.' You would naturally suppose that the unhappy termination of that first passion would have served as a shield to me for a long time against my unfortunate weakness for fair ladies; and such was really the case. For three years after that fateful night, I never spoke to a young woman without a reeling in my head, so associated in my mind were love and sea-sickness. However, time can accomplish great things at last. It was about four years from the date of this adventure that I became so forgetful of my former failure as to tempt my fortune again.

"My second choice differed from my first in every way. Unlike Lucy, she was a tall, dark, and rather dignified, or perhaps extremely self-possessed would better express it, a great sportswoman, one who loved dogs and horses to the exclusion of most people.

"Her family, the Sullivans, had been old friends of an aunt of mine who lived in a southern state. She never condescended to notice me until I made their acquaintance, but no sooner had I done so than she wrote me, and promised that in the event of my winning the hand of Berenice Sullivan, I should have honorable mention in her will. In fact, she did not stop there, but by canvassing the Judge in my favor, speedily put matters on a most favorable footing, and in less than three months, I was received as a suitor of the attractive Berenice.

"They lived at this time about a mile and a half from town in one of those carefully arranged suburban places where I used to spend my week-ends in a state of perfect happiness, or it would have been perfect had it not been for the diabolical propensity of my intended father-in-law for talking politics! I tried to impress him favorably by always agreeing with him, but this only made matters worse, for he began to consider my opinions worth about as much as a small boy's, and no sooner would I agree with him than he would turn squarely about and start to arguing violently on the other side.

"Time went by swiftly, however, and at last, at my most earnest request, it was conceded that a day for our marriage

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be set. Nothing could mar the perfection of those glorious days, neither the unlucky termination of my first affair, my prospective father-in-law's politics, nor Mrs. Sullivan's ever present advice and admonition. She never ceased to try to impress me with the awful responsibility which I was about to take upon myself in marrying so great a prize as her daughter. Indeed, this feeling seemed to be rather general, not only with her friends and relatives, but among the members of the country club also.

"Berenice spent her mornings in ransacking stores for articles which I, being a mere man, could see no particle of use for. Not content with shopping for herself, she tried to help me make out my shopping list, for, she said, she believed that the groom really needed to shop about as much as the bride. Among the many indispensable purchases which I was to make, and about which Berenice expressed herself as more than commonly anxious, was a dog. As I told you before, she was a great sportswoman, and she measured virility by the number of dogs owned. She gave me to understand as much at least half a dozen times each day for about five weeks. Now, you know, Jack, how I've always felt about dogs! I have considerable respect for them, but as to my owning one—I have about as much use for a pet lizard, or the proverbial 'white elephant,' and as to the thought of buying, feeding and maintaining one, I should as soon determine to purchase a cell in a prison to use for my week-end vacations!

"However, Berenice was obstinate. Nothing would turn her from her purpose, and at last she went so far as to say that I could get a dog, or lose her! Naturally, in such straits there was but one thing to do, and I determined to buy a dog.

"Were the Fates with me, or against me? Soon after I began my search I found an item in the paper announcing a dog for sale. I went immediately to the owner's house.

"He showed me the dog, an unusually large animal, and began to elucidate upon its excellent condition and the splendid training which it had received. Before he bought it, it had been one of the best police dogs of the city, and it was partly by accident, and partly by a little judicious wire-pulling that he obtained it. Now he was going away

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for an extended trip, and as he could not take the dog with him, he was trying to find a good home for it. Well, to omit unnecessary details, I bought the animal, and began at once to take stealthy walks with it so that as soon as possible I might impress Berenice by my control of the beast. Oh, how well do I remember those first few agonizing walks—slipping stealthily down side streets, and carefully avoiding all places where I might expect to see anyone whom I knew. At last I attained such perfection in managing the dog that I decided to ask Berenice to go with me when I took him for his daily walk, for she had been insisting that she should see him since I first made my purchase. If only the gods would grant us the power to look before, as well as behind!

"But, to continue with my story — here, have a cigar; then, if you get tired of my tale, you will have something to amuse you. No danger of that? Ah, well—

"Berenice was delighted with my purchase, and was unusually gracious to me that afternoon. Finding her in such sweet humor, I tried to protract the walk as long as possible, and asked her to go through town with me instead of straight home. She consented, and we proceeded merrily on our way with the dog, whose name she had been delighted to find, was 'Napoleon,' running docilely along beside us.

"At the corner of Broad and Bay streets, traffic had become somewhat congested, and we stood for a moment on the curbing waiting for an opportunity to cross. A street car passed, going out to one of the suburbs, and a man ran from the sidewalk into the midst of the traffic to try to catch it. The traffic policeman pointed at him, and yelled,

" 'Hey, you—'

"What he had intended to say will never be known, for no sooner had he pointed, and called out, than Napoleon leaped from my side where he had been quietly standing, and dashed madly across the street after the unfortunate man. With a sinking heart I remembered that the dog had been trained by the police, and probably one of his duties had been to catch runaway criminals.

"In vain did I call, 'Napoleon, Napoleon;' indeed, I doubt if he ever heard me, for the crowd began to yell 'Mad dog!'

HIS SECOND AFFAIR

like a pack of blind idiots, and the women and children began to scream to add to the commotion. The man, seeing that he was being pursued by a dog, which he naturally supposed to be mad, did not try to board the car, but ran on down the street with my dog following. In the crowd which, as you know, always throngs Broad street during the late afternoon, such mad flight had to be attended by some accidents. A fruit stand was overturned, causing the fruit to fly in all directions; an automobile driver, in trying to avoid running over the pursued man, ran into a telephone pole, wrecking his car; then the man, himself, ran into a store, slamming the glass door behind him. Napoleon ran on after him, and threw himself so violently against the door that he shattered it. After that I could see no more of the chase, but I learned afterward, to my loss, that Napoleon had torn the coat from the man, scared all the clerks, and goodness only knows what he would have done had he not been called off by a policeman.

The people all around were blaming me for the dog's actions, and seeing how useless it was to try to explain, I started away with Berenice, but an officer came up, and taking me none too gently by the arm, said,

"Not so fast there, Sir; you come along with me and explain to the judge why you keep such a vicious animal!"

"In vain I tried to convince him that the dog was not vicious, and tell him all that I knew about the beast's history. His entire vocabulary seemed to consist of the clause, 'You can tell that to the Judge.'

"I looked at Berenice for a little assistance, but she was gazing at me coldly, as if she too blamed me with the entire affair!

"The rest of that day and the next was a nightmare of policemen and police courts which ended finally in my being brought before Judge Sullivan, Berenice's father. As I told you before, he had very little respect for my opinion, and I believe even now that he accepted the exaggerated newspaper accounts of the affair, instead of my version. However that may be, after a long lecture on my ancestors and former good name, and after I had paid a countless number of damages, he fined me heavily and let me go.

"The next morning, as I sat in my room trying to re-

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cover from the effect of that day and its aftermath, a delivery boy brought me this message. Here, I'll read it to you. I always carry the note in this little memorandum book, you see, as a precaution against further falls:

"Sir: After the very distressing publicity to which your recent conduct has exposed my daughter, I hope you will not feel my present admonition necessary to inform you that your visits to her must cease. The presents which you made her, while we were so unfortunately ignorant of your real character, are being returned to you. I am your most humble, obedient servant, John J. Sullivan."

"Here ended my second affair, and I freely confess to you that if the only way that I can obtain a wife is a sea voyage, or a dog chase, I am likely to never join the rest of the gang and become a staid married man!"

Martha Youngblood, '24.

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The Trials of a Sixth Daughter

I am the sixth daughter. What a wealth of detail behind such a commonplace statement! To those who are unenlightened about the trials of a sixth daughter I would pray you incline your ears while I recite my woes of past years and present.

The worst is over now, I think, but the horribleness of those earlier years is impressed indelibly on my memory. Clothes make the man and the woman also no doubt; but "hand-me-downs," never.

I will enlarge on the subject of "hand-me-downs" since I have sufficient personal experience to draw from. My sister has a pretty dress, she wears it until she tires of it and wants another one. Does she get it? Yes! And if you're the sixth daughter you get her old one, "looking just as good as ever and no one will ever recognize it."

With an innocence born of inexperience, you deck yourself in the new-old dress next time you go out. You will be walking serenely down the street; some one speaks to you, then exclaims, "Oh I thought that was Kathleen"—or whichever one of my sisters the dress formerly belonged to. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and you feel reasonably sure that this will be the only person to recognize its previous servitude, and what's more important, its former owner.

The next person you meet is one of those creatures whom the world could do without very well. She is the Cat. Every woman has encountered her at least once in her life. She comes to you, gushing with sweetness and remarks, "Oh, what a pretty dress you have on, it's new, isn't it?" She knows only too well it was your sister's, but wants the satisfaction of hearing you admit it. She always gets you in a crowd to say it, too.

The years take away the distaste of "hand-me-downs;" one becomes accustomed to anything after a sufficient length of time, and you can say "Thank you, no, it's not new, only one of my sister's made over," as easily as you can say "Good morning."

"New occasions bring new duties," the poet sings, and as the years go by the simple matter of dress is forgotten in the greater difficulties encountered.

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My sister recites, so do I, but is the fact known? No! I am remembered as the girl whose sister recites so well, but the fact that I managed to appear on the stage, at least once, is never aired in public. There may be more wisdom in concealing the fact than I dream of.

One loses one's identity in contrast with the greater reflection of one's sisters. People do not know your name. You are always your sister's sister who possesses some accomplishment. Hostesses always murmur "I beg your pardon, dear, but I can't remember your name; I know you are so and so's sister," and they turn and tell the person all about what a fine girl my sister is. One would infer I am a dumb-bell and am neither interesting, agreeable or distinguished by any of my own characteristics. When everyone ignores your personality, you are liable to forget you possess one.

One never grows older with one's sisters. Say you are visiting your sister in a neighboring town. How you want to make an impression! Your sister refers to you as "her kid sister," and people assume you are about ten years old. You are to be introduced to a man or a boy whichever one happens to be available. You summon your sweetest smile and gayest air, but your sister drowns your hopes by saying, "Do meet my 'kid' sister, Lemuel. I want you all to be nice to her during her visit. Mama doesn't allow her to go around much at home; so I want her to go out a great deal while she is here."

Now this is the condition that prevailed two years before, but she is blissfully unconscious of the lapse of time. What boy likes to go around with girls who "haven't been out much," as the popular phrase goes? Your visit is spoiled. Girls and boys assume that maddening patronizing air and explain even the simplest slang expression, as if one had never been outside his own front yard.

There is another daughter called "the baby" by virtue of her being the youngest born, not by size. There is always that embarrassing situation when some one wants to show off your younger sister's height or superior information, no matter how long ago you studied a subject and how recently she has, there is always that knowing look that passes from one to another as they contrast you with your

THE TRIALS OF A SIXTH DAUGHTER

younger sister.

The fact that customs change and clothing becomes more of a necessity than an ornament is completely lost on your older sisters. Why one would believe they never had but one dress, and the mere idea of wanting two at a time is denounced as pure extravagance. Things differ from the time when they were young and the present, but they refuse to allow the fact to be made known to them.

If it were only for a day that these trials happened to one, life would be more endurable. But instead, they go on forever, increasing in magnitude with the years.

Lemuel Jay, '24.

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Safety Valves of Student Life

"No, Bill, I don't think that you will have any trouble with the engine. You see the only danger is getting too much pressure, and the safety valve takes care of that. When the pressure in the boiler reaches a certain point, this automatic valve opens and permits the steam to escape, making it just almost impossible to have an accident."

Of course everyone can imagine the scene where this conversation took place, and can realize the great advantage of having safety valves. What could the mechanic or the engineer do without safety valves? I would not say that they would be absolutely helpless without them, but one thing is evident; safety valves facilitate work, making it possible to go about many tasks with a care free mind.

Now if safety valves are so necessary in the mechanic's life, why would they not help in the student's life? I really think that we have many safety valves that we do not think of as being such. Suppose that you have tried and failed—you have just done your dead-level-best, but without avail; what happens? Something will happen sure enough if some strong force does not intercept and prevent the catastrophe. Now this interception force is nothing more, and nothing less, than a safety valve. Yes, safety valves in the least sense of the word. Of course, they are not in the form of little tubes with automatic springs or levers, and that give warning when the pressure nears the maximum point, but they exist nevertheless.

I think that letters are one of our most important safety valves. How many have said, "Oh, I have had the most strenuous morning, and I am just dead tired, but I feel that if I could get a long, interesting letter from mother everything would get all right;" when the letter did come at the opportune moment, everything did clear, and we were able to successfully finish the day's task? In fact, most mother's letters are so cheery and encouraging they have the same effect on our spirits that an acid has on a carbonate.

Sometimes a smile from a friend, or an encouraging word from a teacher, may serve as a safety valve. Surely this

SAFETY VALVES OF STUDENT LIFE

encouragement had been experienced by the poet who said,

"She smiled and the shadows departed;
She shone, and the snows were rain;
And he who was frozen-hearted
Bloomed up into love again."

And what would we girls do if we could not go to town every now and then? I feel as if we would pass out of existence, but probably we would remain at G. S. W. C. We just have to get away sometimes, out of sight of books and all things pertaining to books.

Country Store may also be considered as one of our safety valves. When we finish a class and can go and get a "cone," we just feel like doing some more work right then.

All kinds of athletics serve as safety valves. Some girls like basket-ball, others prefer dancing, and still others choose tennis, but they all serve the same purpose. The advantages of indulging in these sports are two-fold; while offering recreation and diversion from our daily routine, they tend to develop strong, muscular and robust bodies. It is a well known fact that the person with a healthy body stands a better chance for success in the business world than the person with a diseased body.

It has been seen that safety valves tend to especially develop the physical and social sides of our lives. The Spartans of long ago would say that our education was not well-rounded if we lacked these two phases, and our Y. W. Triangle would be terribly one sided without them. Since safety valves are so necessary in creating this part of us, we should all be interested in looking for and developing as many as possible.

Miriam McNair, '24.

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Where The Trouble Lies

Sometimes we get to places
Where the road appears so rough
That we say with firm decision:
"Well, of school I've had enough.

There's just no need of trying
When you simply have no brain.
If I could learn like so and so
I never would complain."

'Tis true that some can learn with ease
What we work for with might,
But heights of great men, we have learned
Were not obtained by flight.

And oft the ones we think so smart
Have no more sense than we,
But just because of patient toil
More brilliant seem to be.

So when we find our lesson hard,
Let's labor—not despair.
The trouble isn't lack of brain—
We haven't used what's there.

Eppie Roberson, '23.

Washing Dishes

The first time people are allowed to wash the dishes they feel very grown-up indeed; but ever after that first time they cease thinking it a privilege. Few little girls find it anything but a bugbear, and most of them had much rather hold the baby while some one else washes the dishes. A very common expression is, "I like to cook; but wash the dishes—oh horrors!" In fact I believe almost the only persons who like to wash dishes are young married couples doing light housekeeping. They say it is fun when one has somebody to dry the dishes for one. (Really a girl has a poor chance with her hands in the dish water.)

Mrs. Dodd says, "The master minds have been singularly unconscious of dishwashing. Why, I ask, are the dishes never washed in literature?" They all write of cooking, of eating and of feasting, but what goes with the dishes? We learn from Milton that there were dishes even in Eden. He speaks of Eve entertaining for an angelic guest and of her preparation of an elaborate meal, but when the meal is over Eve goes "forth among her fruits and flowers to visit how they prospered, bud and bloom." What becomes of the dishes? Thus it is with the other poets and writers; Scott, Cervantes, Browning. Shakespeare is the only one who alludes to dishwashing and that only in one instance. Perhaps the fact that dishwashing is left almost wholly out of literature is the reason most people dislike it.

But after all that people say against dishwashing, I like it. Indeed, I think it the most fascinating part of housework. Why is there not interest in seeing the soiled dishes submerged in the sink of suds, and after a few dabs of the mop emerge again dripping and clean to be plunged in the rinsing pan and brought out to wait on the drain-board for the drying cloth? Why is not that as enchanting as the mixture of colors on the artist's canvas? Why is there not charm in seeing the stack of soiled dishes dwindle and the pile of clean ones increase?

However, if one fails to see the beauty of dishwashing one might bring into use a vivid imagination. Pretend that the high stack of dishes is the leaning tower of Pisa. Play that the silver is a crowd of bathers in the surf—men, women and children for the knives, forks and spoons; the drain-board is the beach. Imagine your mop to be a broom

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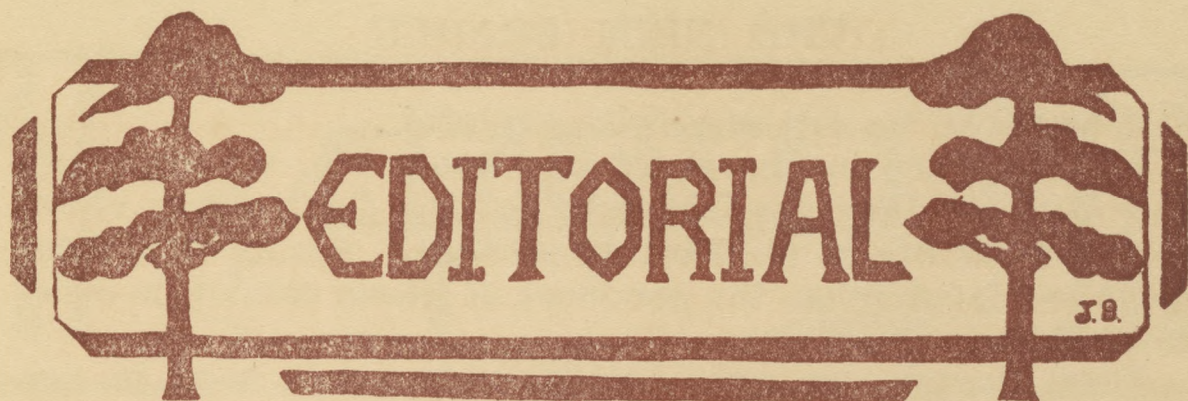
and you are the witch stirring the brew in the pots and pans.

During the dishwashing ordeal—if it is an ordeal—is an excellent time to give the family a free concert and to train your voice. If it ends in Sister Sue's saying, "For Heaven's sake get out and let me finish the dishes," you have been successful in your aim and are very lucky.

So put on rose-colored spectacles when looking at the dishwashing problem. Everybody has washed dishes at some time or other. Whether it is when the hired girl fails to come or when mother has a headache, we we all have it to do. Call it "bathing the crockery" and that will flavor it with romance.

Joyce Sikes, '24.

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EDITORIAL

The word "Thanksgiving" is by no means a difficult one to define correctly, but if one were to try to define it in terms of its meaning to different individuals, the task would become hopeless. Different people place different interpretation upon the word. To some, it means a holiday and the image of a turkey. To others, it brings a vague idea of Pilgrims, Indian, Mayflower, etc. Others have a very distinct picture of the life of the Pilgrims, and feel, in a way, thankful for the blessings that were bestowed upon them. To another group, it means the one day in the year that we should stop and give thanks for the blessings we have received during the year. To others, and by far the smallest number, Thanksgiving means the giving of perhaps a little more thought than usual to the things for which they are ever thankful, and a newer determination to be ever mindful and thankful for blessings received from day to day.

In the hurry and rush of school life, the majority of us are inclined to neglect giving thanks for the advantages and opportunities that are given us. Worse still, some of us not only forget to give thanks, but altogether ignore the fact that we have any cause for gratefulness.

It would be impossible to enumerate the things for which we, here in school, should be thankful—not only on Thanksgiving, but every day of the year.

We should be thankful for the privilege of receiving an education. When we think of the girls who are not only deprived of a college education, but find it very difficult to receive even an elementary education, we should be unusually grateful for our opportunities.

Uppermost in our minds this year is the realization that we are now a real four-year college. This, of course, brings us many opportunities and advantages that we would not otherwise enjoy, and to the ones who have made such a

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step possible, we are especially grateful.

For the ones in charge of our home life, we are truly thankful, for they are certainly putting forth every effort to make our life as pleasant as possible. Along with them come our faculty too, the goodness of whom cannot be overestimated.

Even though our new dormitory has now been in use over a year, we do not think it is too old to appreciate. In fact, the longer we use it, the more highly we value it.

Last, and really most important, we have cause to be thankful for the spirit of our girls. This year we have a spirit of loyalty on the part of the girls that is more noticeable than it has ever been heretofore. In addition to this, there is a spirit of fineness about this group that is not very often present in a group as large as this. For some reason our girls have always refused to tolerate the slightest indication of coarseness. This may be explained by our careful home training, as well as the prevailing atmosphere of the school. At any rate, it is true, and for it we should be truly thankful.

This is by no means all for which we should be thankful, but only a few of the most outstanding things. If we have been inclined to overlook the many blessings which we are continually receiving, let's get into a more thankful state of mind, and make every day one of Thanksgiving.

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The college girls made a splendid showing in the gigantic patriotic parade on November 11th. The different organizations and institutions of Valdosta and Lowndes county formed the line, and a more beautiful pageant has never been seen in South Georgia.

"The college girls," says the Valdosta Times, "dressed in their white uniforms red sweaters, formed a line of march three hundred yards long, and they made a splendid impression. The girls never looked prettier and they were the center of admiration among the thousands of visitors to the city."

For their guests at luncheon that day, the girls had Judge W. C. Lankford, Major Varnedoe, Captain and Mrs. Newbern, Mr. and Mrs. Emory Bass and President Powell.

Immediately after luncheon the company was complimented by the arrival of the movie-camera man. Each one was given a chance to be photographed for the screen, and some of the future "Marys" and "Normas" that perchance are harbored in our midst, made their initial appearance before the camera.

Meeting of the Gen. James Jackson Chapter of the D. A. R.

The regular meeting of the General James Jackson Chapter of the D. A. R. was held in the rotunda of the college on November 16th.

The Parent-Teachers Association held their regular meeting in the rotunda on November 17th. An interesting program of Indian songs and dances was rendered by members of the Junior High School under the direction of Miss Pritchett.

The college girls who attend the First Baptist church were delightfully entertained on November 15th by the ladies of that church at the home of Mrs. E. D. Tullis, on Third avenue.

The Admatha Class of the Methodist church entertained
Eighteen

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at the home of Mrs. M. R. Ousley on North Patterson street the afternoon of November 17th in honor of the college girls who attend the Methodist church.

These occasions were enjoyed very much by the girls, and they appreciate the hospitality and good feeling extended them by these ladies.

Faculty Reception.

The old faculty members of the college entertained at an informal tea Wednesday afternoon, November 22, in honor of the new members of the faculty. The rotunda made a lovely setting for the occasion. In the large open fire places huge logs burned merrily. Baskets of stately chrysanthemums, white and yellow, were arranged on tables. Ferns, with their long, graceful fronds almost hiding the taborets, completed the simple decorations. A delightful musical program was rendered by Miss Remer Jones, Miss Marion Chauncey and Mr. Lawson Jones, violinists, and Miss Anne Rankin, pianist. Grouped near each of the three columns stood the faculty, some old members, some new, to receive the guests. A large number of the friends of the college came and were presented to the new members—Mr. and Mrs. Green, Miss Wysor, Miss Campbell, Miss Strunk, Miss Houston and Miss Abernathy. After having been received, the guests were led up the stairway to the Y. W. C. A. room overlooking the rotunda, where they were greeted and served fragrant hot spiced grape juice and crisp wafers by Misses Robertson, Farris, Rivers, Groover and Groom. Roses and ferns were here used as decorations. These simple decorations, dainty refreshments and charm of the picture viewed below invited the guests to linger and merrily converse with each other. Every detail of the party was characterized by the same cordial friendliness and social technique that have always made notable the events of the college.

Thanksgiving Day.

Of all the eventful days of the year, Thanksgiving day may safely head the list. It seems almost impossible that so many enjoyable things could be crowded into one short day.

After a late breakfast, the Thanksgiving service was held in the Y. W. C. A. room. It was an impressive service and

LOCAL

many were the things the girls expressed their thanks for.

And then dinner, and oh how the good things disappeared! The students were seated at tables, grouped according to classes. There was an alumnae table and also one for the faculty and the guests.

The dining hall, pretty in its appropriate decorations, was pervaded by a true Thanksgiving spirit. Classes sang merrily to one another, toasts were given to present faculty members and the comic impersonations of the characteristics of each class by the alumnae was very amusing.

In the afternoon the annual basket-ball game between the Juniors and Seniors was played. Enthusiasm was very high and class spirit was unusually strong, and although the Juniors put up a good fight, the Seniors were the winners by a large score.

But the biggest and most exciting event of all was the carnival, which was staged on the college campus Thanksgiving night. It was unique in that the students themselves put it on, and with the exception of a few of the teachers, were the only performers.

As one entered the grounds, it was impossible not to catch the carnival spirit, for everywhere was seen clowns, peanut, popcorn, balloon and lollypop venders, all lustily shouting their wares, and the inevitable "hot-dog" stand was of no little consequence.

Then there were the shows, each advertised with its glowing posters and convincing "speiler," proclaiming his show to be the biggest and best of all. There were the midgets, the fat woman and tall man, the snake charmer, marionettes, three-second photographers, fortune tellers, Mutt and Jeff, and Maggie and Jiggs from the funny papers, the negro minstrels, the whirling lady, strolling musicians, baby shows, and—well, there were still other things, almost innumerable. The carnival was a great success, and the proceeds will be used by the Y. W. C. A. as a contribution to the Student Friendship Fund.



Y. W. C. A.



A rare treat was given the students on Wednesday, Nov. 15, when Dr. Henry Lawrence Southwick, who is president of Emerson School of Oratory, gave as a reading that most delightful of all Shakespearean comedies, "Twelfth Night." Dr. Southwick is a man of exceedingly great dramatic powers, having read on many of the greatest stages, both in England and America. He was in wonderfully good form Wednesday evening, and his ludicrous impersonations of the fool, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Morea and Malvolio made the audience, in the words of Maria, "almost laugh themselves to stitches," while as the Duke, one could almost imagine him as the love-sick Orsino himself. In his rendition of Viola or Caesario he was at his best, giving just the touch of womanliness to the manner of Caesoria that might have been Viola's own.

The World's Week of Prayer, November 12 through the 18th, was observed by the students in a very sincere and earnest manner. The meetings were made very impressive and inspirational by the speakers, each giving a message of deep emotional appeal and spiritual meaning to those present. The theme for the week, "The Bread of Life," was the underlying note of each address. The following is the calendar for the week:

Sunday evening—Miss Annie Pearl Hopper, who spoke on "Our Need."

Monday evening—Dr. L. R. Scott, pastor of the Presbyterian church, whose subject was "Hunger."

Tuesday evening, Dr. H. D. Johnson, pastor of the First Baptist church, whose subject was "Seeking After Bread."

Wednesday—Miss Deborah Creighton, "The Nourishing Power of Bread."

Thursday evening—President Powell, whose subject was "Satisfied."

Friday evening—Dr. R. W. Wallace, pastor of the First Christian church. Subject, "Distribution of the Bread of Life."

Saturday evening—Mrs. Beatrice McGarrah, "Bread for the World."

ALUMNAE

Christmas greetings to all alumnae!

A new name our alma mater bears, a token of her larger sphere attained, but still we sing:

"We love thy halls, the paths and pines,
The friends so true and near,
This love it grows—will ever grow
Deeper year by year."

The four-year courses offered now but deepen and strengthen our respect and love.

Fellow alumnae, loyal though we are, an increased loyalty we can show. Keep us informed about yourselves—and others. Now and then we learn of the whereabouts of a few of the college's daughters—and again others who received their "Ma" degree before our alma mater could offer a B. A., are thoughtful enough to write us of the new granddaughter or grandson. By the way, the latest, our Pine Branch editor of 1918-19, Helen Mizelle, now Mrs. Paul M. Shelly, is now the proud mother of Baby Glenn.

And speaking of granddaughters: As we look into the near future, we see these entering our halls. Already our daughters come to show their daughters the room where mother lived, and all the landmarks dear to her; and soon these daughters' daughters will come asking for mother's room and making landmarks of their own. In the meantime while little granddaughters grow up to take daughters' places we all have the opportunity of helping ourselves grow and of encouraging other girls in coming. Let's be diligent in sending more students to receive training from an institution that has, in the short ten years of its history, grown to such a place in the heart of the state as well as in our own hearts.

"Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Morris announce the engagement of their daughter, Emma Sue, to Mr. Leonard Joseph King of Atlanta, formerly of Carrollton, the marriage to be solemnized at an early date."

Since our last issue of the Pine Branch the following
Twenty-two

THE PINE BRANCH

alumnae have been located:

For the past two years Mamie Carter has held a position as head of the home economics department in the District Agricultural College at Douglas, Georgia. She has resigned this position to accept another as teacher of domestic arts at Stockton, Illinois.

Stella Mathis is again in the department of art at the University of Porto Rico. She writes of wonderful opportunities and exciting experiences on this tropical island.

Waver Hodges has fourth and fifth grades at Ridgeland, South Carolina. A brother of Miss Craig is her principal.

Mattie Stipe has apparently been quite busy. She writes that her thoughts are frequently with alma mater and her Y. W. C. A. cabinet she left behind, in spite of the fact that she is teaching little second grades at Lithia Springs, Ga.

And our student government president of last year, Mary Crum, is still engaged in the work of discipline. She is principal of a rural school near Statesboro. Her companionable twin sister, Mae, is her assistant.

Maggie Sou Cook is also principal of a rural school near Statesboro.

Pearl Bullock, a guest of her niece last week-end, told us of her interesting work as teacher of history in the junior high school at Tifton, Georgia.

Mattie Campbell is teaching a number of subjects in the South Georgia College at McRae. Sallie Kate Wolfe and Mary Ethel Moses also have work in the schools of McRae.

C. B. Sharpe may again be found in one of the Savannah city schools.

Virginia Peeples secured work in her home town, Nashville, Georgia, while Julia Harrell followed the example of her sister, Minnie T., and went to Florida. Lakeland is her location. (Minnie T. has her "M.R.S. degree," a winter home in Florida, a summer home in the north. Her new title is 'bout the most important, but without her new name, her college's Christmas wishes cannot reach her.

Mary Knight a new title has not taken, but a new mercantile business enterprise at Milltown, Georgia, she shares.

And now, fellow alumnae, if all your names you do not find in print, we'll find you and you'll find us by sending a card or a letter to the Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta, Georgia.

Society Notes

Argonian Literary Society.

In studying the lives and achievements of eminent people, the Argonian Literary Society tries to make them real. An event of the last program meeting was the presentation of well-known pictures by modern artists. An introduction and explanation was given, the curtains were drawn and brought to view were members of the society, properly costumed and posed. The entire program was as follows:

Two Minute Talk on Fritz Kreisler.....	Madge Booth
Victrola Selection	Kreisler
Interesting Facts About Booth Tarkington.....	Mary Jones
"Word," reading from "Seventeen".....	Thelma Harrell
Modern Painters.....	Alice Mooney

Sororian Literary Society.

The membership committee of the society has been very active in securing new members and we feel that the goal which was set for 100% is soon to be realized.

The program for the meeting which was held November 25th was as follows:

Vocal Solo.....	Cynthia Lewis
Reading	Phoebe Dowdy
Radio Activities.....	Martha Youngblood
Piano Solo.....	Anne Rankin
Extemporaneous Speeches—Ellie Peeples, Jewell Mitchell, Edith Brinson.	
Dance	Agnes Adams



Come Again.

Mr. Powell (in the middle of a joke): "Have I ever told you this before?"

Class (in chorus): "Yes."

Mr. Powell (proceeding): "Good! You will probably understand it this time."

It All Depends.

Ruth: "I wonder how many men will be unhappy when I marry?"

Gertrude: "How many do you expect to marry?"

Help Wanted.

Margaret: "Don't reach across the table like that, Rebecca; haven't you a tongue?"

Rebecca: "Yes, but it won't reach that far."

Obvious.

Prof. Wood, in Psychology class: "Miss Livingston, how do you know this book has volume?"

Miss Livingston: "It has Volume I written on it."

At an End Anyhow.

Harriet Jones (at freshman class meeting): "I move that nominations cease."

Take Heart Girls.

Thelma O'Quinn: "I wish the Lord had made me a man."

Eppie Roberson: "Maybe he did, but you just haven't found him yet."

HUMOROUS

Con Expressione.

Virginia Ashley: "Don't you think Ruth sings with a great deal of feeling?"

Carolyn Ashley: "Yes, but I hope she doesn't feel as bad as it sounds."

Inestimable.

Miss Strunk: "'Twelfth Night' is the best in Mr. Southwick's repertoire."

Lois O'Quinn (in stage whisper to Alma): "What is that? I didn't know men had repertoires."

Complicated Locomotion.

Bernice: "My hip hurts so bad I can hardly walk on it."

Exceeding the Speed Limit.

Eppie: "Bernice and I didn't wake up this morning until twenty minutes of eight, and by twenty-one minutes, we were almost dressed."

Watchful Waiting.

Alma Kicklighter, through mistake, handed the street car conductor one cent, and after waiting for a time said, "Well, where's my change?"

Conductor: "I'm waiting for it, too!"

Correct.

Miss Goodlet: "How would you teach climate to children in elementary grades?"

Clara Belle Penny: "Take them out in it."

Q. E. D.

Mr. Wood: "Miss Chauncey, why should a person wish to be braod-minded?"

Miss Chauncey: "Well, we don't want to be narrow-minded."

Good Guess.

Miss Craig: "Where is there a vacancy in your skull?"

A Senior: "The place where my brain should be."

Miss Craig: "You are nearer right than you think."

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IN THE LIFE YOU WILL LIVE
IT IS WELL TO CHOOSE WISELY
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WRITE FOR CATALOGUE TO

R. H. POWELL, President,

VALDOSTA, GA.

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