

THE PINE BRANCH

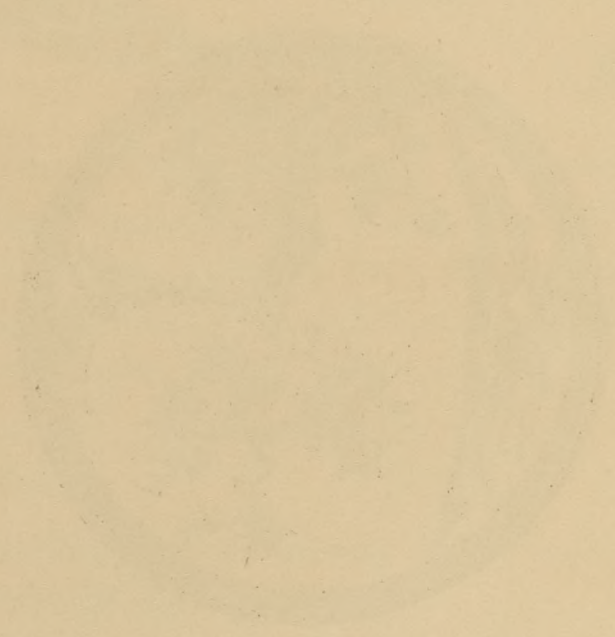


January-February
1923

Volume VII

Number 4

THE
BIBLE
BIBLE



THE
BIBLE
BIBLE

THE PINE BRANCH

Issued Monthly.

PUBLISHED BY THE WRITERS CLUB OF THE GEORGIA STATE
WOMANS COLLEGE, VALDOSTA, GEORGIA.

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

Volume VII. JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1922 Number 4

THE STAFF

Eppie Roberson	Editor-in-Chief
Thelma O'Quinn	Assistant Editor-in-Chief
Katie Herrin	Business Manager
Miriam McNair	Assistant Business Manager
Mary Pearl Patterson	Local Editor
Bessie Barrett	Exchange Editor

CONTENTS

Hang Careers	Page 1
Hairpin Alley	Page 7
That Lottery Called Life	Page 8
My Mother	Page 10
Play Ball	Page 11
Editorial	Page 13
Locals	Page 15
Alumnae	Page 18
Y. W. C. A.	Page 21
Society Notes	Page 22
Humorous	Page 23

HANG CAREERS

I was at Kitty Moore's garden party the night I heard of the engagement of Rose and Robert.

Rose, my sister, is twenty and I am eighteen, and our opinions concerning love are quite different. She believes that the love of man and woman is as man to man, a sort of mutual agreement. I believe that man's love for woman is instinctive—grows out of his natural instinct for protecting her, who is weaker than he.

Kitty has wonderful garden parties. She has the garden that will make a wonderful party—a fountain in the midst of flowers, and shrubbery; shaded nooks from which one may watch the moon; and a massive wall enclosing the garden. The music room opens out on a terrace which is used for dancing.

On the night of the garden party I have already mentioned, I was sitting in the vine-covered summerhouse waiting for Cary to bring me some punch. While he was gone, Robert came over to me.

"Are you alone, June?" he asked.

"Yes," I said as casually as I could, for every time Robert came near me there was a queer thumping of my heart.

"I am so happy!" he said.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Wrong? Why, you dear little girl, it is as right as can be."

"Yes. Well how is it right?"

"The truth is, June, Rose has promised to marry me, and we are going to move North; she is going on with her career and I—"

"Oh!" I gasped. I think my heart stopped beating.

"Why, what is the matter? Aren't you glad?"

"Oh, yes," I stammered, "I was thinking of that cough she has every winter, and of how much worse it will be in the North, and with her doing social service work, also."

"I never had noticed her cough, but she said that your father thinks women too weak to get out and visit the slums and come in contact with every class of people. She is so broad minded and brave. She is really a jewel, June. You should be proud of her."

"Oh, I am," I said.

"Aren't you going to say that you hope we will be

HANG CAREERS!

happy?" he asked.

"Oh, sure! I congratulate her—uh! that is—I mean I congratulate you on winning her. She will make such an excellent wife."

"You have said it! She is to be a life-partner, and we really have so much in common." What else he said, I do not know, but I was glad when Cary came back with a cup of punch and Robert rose to go.

"Stay with us," I said, politely.

"No, thank you. Rose has probably stopped dancing and is waiting for me. Don't dare tell what I told you." As though I could possibly tell that my sister was engaged to the man I was in love with myself.

I had admired him for a long time. I thrilled at every attention he showed me. I had recorded in my diary every tender look or word he had ever given me. I had known that he liked Rose, but I had not thought of his marrying her. She is so unfeministic that I was surprised that a man like Robert should want a wife of her type. She likes to see how many miles she can tramp; how long she can go without food; and how many social engagements she can break. She does not like to admit that she is weaker, physically, than men.

"Cary," I said, "will you take me home?"

"Sure, June, but why? Are you sick?"

"Why—yes, I believe I am."

"All right, I'll put you in the car, and then I'll go find Kitty and tell her why we are leaving." He did, and we started for home. I suppose he saw that I was not deathly sick. He may have guessed the trouble, but any way he said, "Don't you think it would make you feel better to ride a bit?"

"Mercy, no!" I gasped. I remembered when Robert had taken me to ride, once when Rose was out of town. The memory hurt! Carl was very decent about it, and did not insist. When he left me at home, he told me to go directly to bed and to sleep. I went to bed, but I do not say that I went directly to sleep.

Late that night I heard Robert's car, and then he and Rose came in. Soon he left and Rose crept upstairs and went to her room. On my sixteenth birthday I had been given a room all alone, and I thanked my stars for it that

THE PINE BRANCH

night. I believe I could not have looked Rose straight in the face, for my eyes would have spoken out, "I love him more than you do!"

The next morning at breakfast Mother asked us about the party. Rose said that it was all very pleasant, she supposed, but that she thought parties a bore. I could not remember any incident to tell mother except the one which stood out most prominently in my mind, and I supposed that Rose would tell that when she wished to.

After breakfast Rose asked me if I would call Robert and break a luncheon engagement for her. She said that she had to go to the jail and take some magazines and cigars to prisoners. I asked her why she had not told him the evening before. She said that he wanted her to go with him so badly that she could not tell him no. I saw very little difference in telling him and having him told, but that is one point on which we differ; so I told her that I would call him.

I hope the fates will forgive me for waiting until eleven o'clock to call, but I could not help hoping he would already have a table reserved. I did not tell him that Rose was going only to take cigars to prisoners, for I thought that would hurt him a bit too much, and then she was my sister and I did not want her to appear silly. I remembered that a man was to be hanged soon; so I told him that she was visiting a prisoner who was soon to meet his death.

"She is so kind-hearted and wants to do so much good," he said, "the little tramp!" I saw that he thought that I waste my time and should be doing charity work also, but I do not see how a girl can break a date with her fiance just to carry cigars to prisoners when they could wait. It seems to me that she should consider him a bit. And then Robert said what I was hoping he would say, "June, I have a table reserved down at Hinson's; are you busy?" I told him that I never did anything worth while except to take my baby sister out to the park and that she happened to be asleep.

Of course, I had luncheon with Robert at Hinson's. He talked about Rose as I expected, and I think I bore it well, considering the ache in my heart. I learned that the wedding was set for six months later, I was glad that it was no sooner, for I decided that I might have time to recover

HANG CAREERS!

from my keen disappointment.

For the next several weeks, Robert was at the house almost all of the time. The only times when he was not there was when Rose was out doing social service work. Mother and father insisted that, now that she was engaged, she should begin gradually to drop her work and think more of her home. She saw it differently, however, for she said that she did not intend having her career interrupted for a home. She said that other homes needed her more than her husband would need her in his. I agreed that this was quite unselfish in her; but I wondered if Robert did not deserve a happier home than she would make for him.

One afternoon Kitty and I decided to go get magnolias on the bluff near the country club. Rose and Robert had planned to go out to dance on the same afternoon; Rose asked Kitty and me to go along. I saw very plainly that she thought we would be a protection against Robert's love making. While Robert was willing enough to have us go with them, I could see that he was a bit disappointed that Rose did not happen to want to be with him alone.

I decided to forget as early as possible that I loved Robert. All the way out, however, I was thinking of his strong features, his beautiful eyes, and the way his hair grew back from his forehead and waved slightly. I caught myself sighing when in his deep voice he would say things which showed his admiration for Rose, and it hurt me to see that she treated them lightly.

When we got out to the club house, Rose and Robert went in to dance, and Kitty and I took the path which led through "Lovers' Lane" to the bluff. There were many magnolia trees, but it was rather early for the blossoms. Here and there we found some buds that were beginning to open. We each had gathered several, however, when Kitty saw a beautiful one on the tree which extended out from the edge of the bluff.

"Oh, June, look at that one! It's the largest one we've seen!"

"Goodness, yes! Isn't it beautiful?"

"Don't you wish we could get it?"

"Well, why can't we? We've been climbing the other trees," I said.

"Yes, but they aren't so dangerous as that one. June,

THE PINE BRANCH

if we were to fall from that—think how far it would be down to the bottom, and then there's the lake right there to fall into."

"Silly, we haven't fallen from any of the other trees. I'm going to try it," and up I climbed.

"Do be careful!" called Kitty.

"There is really no danger," I said. I climbed higher and higher, and further and further on the limb which extended over the bank of the bluff.

"This is the blossom, isn't it?" I called.

"Yes. Break a long stem," Kitty said.

"All right," and I reached further to break as long a stem as possible when——crash!

"Oh!" we both gasped. The limb had split, letting it hang to the tree only by a little bit, and leaving me in an awkward and dangerous position—clinging to the weak limb.

"Climb up and catch me!" I cried.

"I can't! You're too far out. I would have to catch hold of the limb you are on and that would finish breaking it."

"Well, don't you see I can't hang up here always? It's killing, holding my arms up in this position."

"Let's call for help," she suggested. Together we raised our voices in the most distressful cry we had ever uttered. Then we listened. Only the music back at the club house could be heard.

"Kitty, I'll drop down twenty feet and then roll into the lake," I said.

"Let's call again," she said, and we did. This time the music stopped and a crowd of people rushed out of the club house. Robert was ahead of them all. They came down the path and on toward the bluff—all of them except Robert. He came down the side of the bank and along the edge of the lake, which was quite a dangerous place for him to walk. I could see the soft sand caving in with him and once he almost fell into the lake, but he was running all of the time. Rose from the top of the bluff was crying out frantically, "Oh, June, hold on until Robert gets there!"

"I—can't!" I said. I was utterly exhausted. Everything before me turned black. My arms trembled and I dropped—down, down—it seemed a hundred feet. I expected every second to drop on the rocks which covered the

HANG CAREERS!

side of the bluff, when—I fell into the grasp of a pair of strong arms, felt them close around me, and—I knew no more.

When I regained consciousness, I was lying on the ground up on the bluff. Several people were around me. I saw Rose and she was actually crying. I did not know before that she really loved me. But the expression on Robert's face was the greatest surprise. The look in his eyes was different from what I remembered having seen before.

"Do you feel better now?" he asked tenderly, as he bent over me. The tone of his voice shocked me. It sounded as it had sounded when he talked to Rose.

* * *

It was Rose who broke the engagement. Robert is so true to his word that I believe he would have gone on and married her even after he found that he did not love her. But Rose decided that she should not marry without love, and she wanted to take up a line of social service work in Washington, so she broke the engagement in a business like way.

The night before Rose left for Washington, Kitty Moore gave a garden party. There was a new man in town, and we always consider it an honor to have the first date with a new man. Since Rose was to leave the next day, Kitty, in making out her list of guests, gave this honor to her.

Robert was with me, so naturally I did not envy Rose. He and I were in the summer house and I sent him for a cup of punch.

When he brought it to me he said, "Do you know, June, when I first discovered that I loved you?"

"No," I said, for women are never expected to know anything.

"When your cry for help reached me, you seemed such a little thing hanging on the limb of that magnolia tree and when I felt the danger you were in, I could not run fast enough."

"Oh, I wish I were not so helpless," I sighed. "It is such an inconvenience."

"And how glad I am that you are helpless," he said. "By the way, June, are you sure that you will like the North?"

"Quite sure, Robert, but I must plan a career to begin on, for I want to be broad-mined and—"

"Oh, hang careers!" said Robert. Joyce Sikes, '23.

THE PINE BRANCH

HAIRPIN ALLEY

We have between our buildings
A path with hairpins strown.
It's full of untold interest,
But little is it known.

There 're hairpins of all sizes;
But rusty, old and new.
They look indeed quite common,
But this is far from true.

For every one's a relic,
A treasure in the sod.
They mark a path of wisdom
Where students' feet have trod.

They're each a precious token
Of scholars—college bred.
For have these pins not fallen
Each from some learned head?

Eppie Roberson, '23.

THAT LOTTERY CALLED LIFE

"A lovely sight, is it not, M'sieur? Those joyous, care-free children, frolicking in these exquisite gardens! I sit here each afternoon, only for the privilege of watching them. Doubtless your childhood was very happy, too, M'sieur? Oh yes, it would be, the child of placid, doting parents. And a joyous boyhood, now? Love and commendation for your every act! La, La! The gifts of the immortal gods, how they are distributed! N'est-ce pas? Strange prizes are drawn from the freakish lottery we call life. It is that I must speak to some one. Will you do me the goodness, M'sieur, of listening to a commonplace tale? Merci.

"You see before you a famous but embittered old woman, M'sieur; the usual assortment of gifts, desires, hopes and fears. I drew from that freakish lottery, Life, a gift for painting, willfulness, pride, sensitiveness, and an overwhelming desire for sympathy, love. That desire has never been fulfilled. The eldest of three children, I was afflicted with sensitiveness; my earliest recollections consist of a series of pictures wherein a lonely child cries over a harsh word, a cruel blow, a bitter disappointment.

"Then my girlhood, M'sieur—just a repetition. But my mother? A well-meaning woman, but too high-strung; sharp-tongued, high-tempered, of whom my father was always in terror. She adored my brother—my sister was my father's darling. No one cared for me until—there were several suitors, all easily discouraged, save one. Just one little glimpse of love, M'sieur, then an insidious campaign on the part of my mother, and him—too, I sent away. My pride would not let me marry for a place of shelter.

"It is an inconceivable thought to you, M'sieur, that a mother, because of nerves, should say to her child—'I hate you!'—'You are not wanted here!'—'I have never loved you'—Get out and support yourself! N'est-ce pas? Yes, it is unconceivable—especially to a Frenchman.

"Then I left; severed all connections; the first years were hard and lean; many times I have had too little clothing, no food, no shelter. Finally the one useful gift drawn from the Lottery of Life triumphed; the immortal gods had given me the art of putting a living soul on canvas. Here and there I saved enough money to train my talent. Then came

THE PINE BRANCH

a chance for study here, in Paris.

"Paris has been my home for fifty years now. Here fame has come to me, and esteemed friends, and a certain content. Yet Love has passed me by; my mother refused me her love, the love of a husband, the love of little children. I am a very famous, a very bitter old woman—cheated of the only worthwhile thing in the lottery of Life.

"Sitting here in the late afternoon of my days, M'sieur, watching the pale stars of night rise and begin to shine in the sunset skies, I am impatient for the last move of the immortal gods. In the next Lottery will they balance the score for me? What think you, M'sieur?"

Everlyn Brown.

STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE ARE REQUESTED TO BUY
FROM FIRMS THAT ADVERTISE IN THE PINE BRANCH

MY MOTHER

When the shadows of the evening
Hover 'round me, mother dear,
Then I find that I am wanting
Just to have you very near.

It is then I find I'm wishing
That I were a babe again,
And you'd hold me to you closely
As you'd sing an old refrain.

How I wish that I were kneeling
At your knee in evening prayer.
I can feel that God is nearer
When your hand rests on my hair.

There is love shown in the silver
Peering through your tresses dark.
I am forced now to remember
Father Time will leave his mark.

Now your eyes have lost the luster
That they had in former years,
And perhaps I know the reason:
That I caused you many tears.

How I'd love to see you smiling
Over all that I may do.
I should know then, precious mother,
That I'm living ever true.

Always, slumber is more peaceful
When I've had the goodnight kiss,
And my dreams are made more pleasant
When this love I do not miss.

Now, dear mother, won't you whisper
That you love your "little girl?"
For your love is more like Heaven,
Dearest one in all the world.

Joyce Sikes, '23.

PLAY BALL

There are no two words in the English language fraught with more energy, when properly construed, than "Play Ball!"

Whether at work, or at play, our success will be more likely assured, if we adopt as our motto "Play Ball!" Which is at least suggestive of "get busy," or "go to it."

We enter the game in early life, with our parents "at the bat." In their efforts to enforce family discipline, frequently they bring forth a different kind of "bawl." Most of us have a feeling recollection of this stage of the game, I am quite sure.

When we enter school, the proper appreciation of this motto will decide whether we will be "put out on a foul," or "make a home run." Our teachers act as pitchers and sometimes deliver balls with so much "curve" that we "strike out" instead of "making a hit." This is forcibly illustrated in the list of vague and seemingly unmeaningly subjects assigned very frequently to us for writing essays. We modestly suggest to our teachers, when in the roll of pitchers, that they do not indulge in "curves," but deliver their balls over the "home plate," that we may not be "put out on three strikes" or "caught out on a foul."

When we leave school and tackle the realities of life, we will do well to still keep as our motto, those efficacious words, "Play Ball!"

The game of life should be played earnestly and honestly, we should cut no bases. The diamond should be followed faithfully, even when there are numerous possibilities that the "fielders will throw us out." A "home run" will cause the world to be made better by our having played the "Game."

"Life is real, life is earnest,"

We by our efforts rise or fall,

In duty's path, if thou discernest,

Keep therein, and play good ball.

PLAY BALL

Let us then be up and doing,

Watch our footsteps lest we fall,

Great and noble deeds pursuing,

Do the right, and play clean ball.

Honor God, and help the weak,

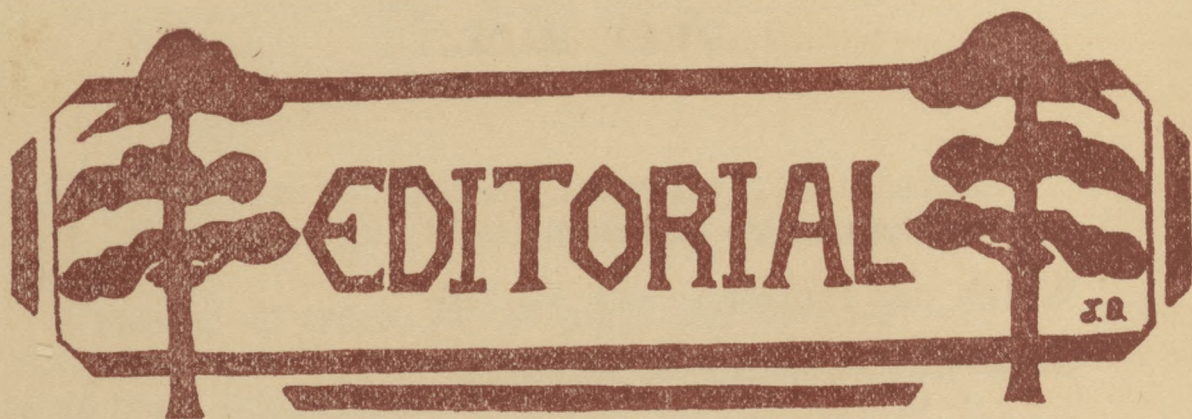
The Great Umpire the game will call,

He will His kind approval speak,

And say, "Well done! You've played Good Ball."

Clarice Ivey, '24.

STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE ARE REQUESTED TO BUY
FROM FIRMS THAT ADVERTISE IN THE PINE BRANCH



EDITORIAL

While in school we hear so often the advice about taking advantage of every opportunity, doing our best, etc., that to some of us it means practically nothing. We just take it for granted that we are going to hear it on every occasion, and if any speaker doesn't include such advice in his talk, we are somewhat disappointed.

This attitude is of course to be regretted since it shows a narrowness on our part. If we permit ourselves to be so narrow while we are college students, one might naturally wonder if we will ever become broader minded.

Do we ever stop to think that to each of us is given ability? It is true that some are blessed with more than others, but just because we haven't as much as someone else, we surely have no right to neglect using as much as we have. Are we not committing a sin when we fail to put forth our best efforts, and do work that is not as good as we are capable of doing?

Sometimes we fail to realize how much harm we do ourselves and others when we fail to use all of our ability. For instance, when we prepare a lesson, or do any piece of work with the knowledge that it is not our best. By so doing:

EDITORIAL

We lead the teachers and our class mates to believe that we are either lazy or that we have less mental capacity than we really do possess.

We are setting for ourselves low standards. If for some reason we half-way prepare a lesson one day, and get by with it, we are more than likely to do the same thing on the day following, believing that we will be able to get by the second time. Before long we find that we have fallen into the habit of studying just enough to get by.

We are not only playing unfair with our teachers, but especially with our parents. When they are interested enough in our welfare to send us off to school, they have a perfect right to expect us to put forth our very best efforts toward making our college life successful.

Besides this, if we expect to ever do anything worth while in this life, we must first see the necessity of doing our very best at all times. In studying people who have lived useful lives, we never find one who made a practice of doing things halfway.

Since this is the beginning of a new year, even though we have already made our resolutions, or even if we don't believe in them, we would all be greatly benefited if we resolved to improve upon our work, and to adopt this motto for the new year: "Give to the world the best that you have, and the best will come back to you."



Ye Christmas Festival.

Our love for Christmas and the traditions of our English fathers was profoundly expressed in Ye Olde English Christymas Festival, celebrated on the evening of the last day before the girls went home for the holidays.

This occasion is a curious intermingling of jollity, sport, song, feasting and worship that creates within the festal hall the true conception of Christmas spirit, and the college expresses the spirit after this fashion.

The students of the Art Department transform the dining room into a lordly baronial hall. In the center left is a dais for the lord of the manor and his lady and their guests of honor. In front of this dais is the cleared space for the court entertainers—festive dancers, carol singers, capricious jesters and the other sports.

The lord of the manor orders the heralds to sound their trumpets, and the procession begins. The carol singers, chanting "Adeste Fideles," form a lane through which comes the noble lord of the manor, leading his lady and their honored guests. Following them streams a motley throng portraying every type of English society—peasants in rustic attire, lords and ladies in stately court attire, many and varied colors blended together under the glow of tinted lights. The entire company proceed to the feast tables, standing there, while the butler brings in and presents before the lord a great boar's head, with the red, red apple in its mouth, and the head surrounded with holly. This ceremony is attended by the old Boar's Head Song. After the song is finished the lord reverently asks God's blessing on the feast. Then the carol, "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen, let nothing you dismay," bursts forth from

LOCAL

the whole assembly, after which the company seat themselves and the evening's fun is on.

"We'll snap the tongs, we'll have a bal,
We'll shiake the house, we'll rise the ruf,
We'll romp and make the maidens squal
A catchen o'm at bline-man's buff."

The program then takes the following form:

A Dance	Certayne Rusticks
Listen Lordlings	Yong Gyrles
Sailor's Hornpipe	Certayne Jack Tars
St. George and the Dragon	Certayne Maskers
Ye Holly Wreathe	Denizons of Ye Forest
We Three Kings of Orient Are	Ye Chorus
Lutterworth Christmas Play	Certayne Mummers
First Noel	Ye Chorus
Good King Wenceslas	A Solo and Chorus
Peasant Revels	Countrymen and Wimmen
A Romantic Dance	Certayne Youthes and Maydens
All the Night Bright Angels Sing	Ye Chorus
Ye Court Dance	Certayne Lords and Ladyes
Silent Night	Ye Company

The Court Fool fills the intervals of the program with side-splitting pranks, jests and dances.

But when the merriment is finished the clownish fun-making is forgotten as a reverent silence prevails once more. Each guest lights the candle standing by his plate as the brighter lights grow dim, and finally are extinguished. And then the whole group rises and softly sings the sweet old song, "Silent Night, Holy Night." The recessional is impressive, with only the soft light of the candles illuminating the halls.

Library Party.

The Library Party which was given Saturday evening, January 13th, was unique and one of the most delightful events of the social calendar. Each guest came with an appropriate book as a gift to the Y. W. library and was dressed to represent some book, magazine or paper. Miss Katie Herrin won the prize for the most novel newspaper costume, and Miss Corinne Studstill captured the prize for

THE PINE BRANCH

her very unique costume made of pine needles and burs, which represented the Pine Branch. The program, which consisted of appropriate games and tableaux, was a very interesting one and the source of much fun. Light refreshments were served.

The advanced cooking class of the Domestic Science Department entertained the board members and a few of the friends of the college Friday evening, January 26th, at a seven o'clock dinner. The board room was the attractive scene of the occasion where President Powell presided as host. Under the direction of Miss Julia Robertson, the dinner was prepared in the cooking laboratory by one section of the class and was served in courses by another group of four girls. The guests declared it to be the most splendid dinner ever served at the college, and were high in their praises of the preparation and service of the meal. A trio of girls sang at intervals during the evening, which was a charming addition to the entertainment. The occasion terminated in a very important movement being put on foot concerning the welfare of the college.

The Crescendo Music Club was entertained at the home of Miss Sallie Pearl Smith on Saturday evening, January 27th. An interesting program was rendered, after which delicious refreshments were served.

The students of the college were fortunate in being able to hear Mozart's opera, "Cosi Fan Tutte," which was given in Valdosta on the evening of January 24th. President Powell was very much interested in the company coming to the city, as he was confident of the college, which is one of the strongest organizations in town, being able to secure at least two hundred seats. And, indeed, nearly the entire student body availed themselves of the opportunity to hear one of the best musical attractions ever given in Valdosta.

STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE ARE REQUESTED TO BUY
FROM FIRMS THAT ADVERTISE IN THE PINE BRANCH

ALUMNAE

By mere accident, one of the local alumnae has found the whereabouts of Lucile Cushman. Thoughts of classmates do occasionally inspire an alumna to send a message to another class member. Yes, there came a letter to "Mrs. Lawson Patten" (Clyde Purcell) "Please forward" and, true to girls' reputation, curiosity led to a second look at this letter and it revealed the sender to be "Lucile Cushman, 3701 Lexington Avenue, Dallas, Texas." Just suppose, fellow alumna, your Alma Mater had not known Clyde's address, then where would Lucile's letter have been? Again, suppose that alumna who took the second look at the letter had not been true to that sense of curiosity; then might her next Pine Branch have failed to reach Lucile. As we said in the December Pine Branch, truly your location, change of name, etc., is most important.

Musette Williams, at some time we know not when, and a place we know not where, became Mrs. R. M. Doyle, who resides at 3604 Troast Avenue, Kansas City, Mo. (Alumnae, please be explicit.)

A change of name, **one** name the same, and a change of home has Miss Clyde Palmer, class of '22—Mrs. Clyde De Witt (she is not a widow) of Sale City, Ga. Do tell us, Clyde, how you know which Clyde is wanted, or does your dignity demand that you be addressed as Mrs. De Witt?

Buena McConnell is the first of the four loyal roommates, class of '21, to be married. A return trip from Cuba, where she had enjoyed the Christmas holidays, brought her by Valdosta. Mrs. Linton G. Watters may be found at Murphy, North Carolina.

And Hattie McMillan, after several years of service with her alma mater, decided she was not getting along fast enough. She resigned her position in March, 1922, and secured work as teacher at Pavo, Georgia. At Christmas time, we find Hattie married and a short time later, she writes to a fellow alumna: "I took your advice and married

THE PINE BRANCH

'the one for me.' " We are glad she is happy, else heavy would be some one's responsibility. Strange as it may seem, the one accused of offering the above advice may not have known whereof she spoke. To quote a recent writer: "Words are wealth; it's too bad that so few of us ever realize it." The one who read with some amusement the message from Hattie, does not at present care if she does some day become an "unappropriated treasure." The modern terminology is much more consoling than old maid, though if the latter term has to be applied she will at least try to be a good old maid.

Misses Jewell Meeks and Gedtrude Moore, class of '22, called at the college on December the twentieth.

Miss Clyde Palmer, Miss Alna Williams, Miss Gladys Faircloth and Miss Evelyn Perry, all of class of '22, are teaching near Camilla.

Mrs. Mildred Smith Kelly, class of '20, visited her mother in Valdosta, Thanksgiving. She is happily living in a bungalow in Brewton, Ga. For a side line she is teaching the young idea to shoot.

Miss Mary Ethel Moses, class of '22, has fifth grade work in the school at Glenwood, Ga.

Miss Sallie Kate Wolfe, class of '22, is teaching the sixth grade in the McRae-Helena public school.

Teaching in Lyons, Ga., we find Miss Birdie Van Brackle.

Miss Mattie Campbell, class of '20, now teaching in the South Georgia College, McRae, Ga., was a guest at the Christmas Festival on December the 20th.

On Friday evening, December first, several members of the Alumnae Association went to the Patterson Hotel for supper. I vote a pleasant evening was spent in passing the news on. Those present were Miss Ida Groover and Miss Edith Patterson, class of '18; Miss Lois O'Quinn, Miss Alma Thompson, Miss Mildred Price and Miss Ruth Harrell, class of '22, and Miss Mattie Campbell, class of '20.

Miss Ruth Harrell, who teaches in one of the public schools in Savannah, was a guest of Miss Mildred Price and Miss Thelma Harrell during the Thanksgiving holidays.

Mrs. John Williams (Natalie Sirmans) is the proud mother of a fine baby.

By a recent subscription to the Pine Branch we have learned that Katherine White is now in Havana, Cuba, and

ALUMNAE

at the close of her letter we find that her name is now Mrs. V. C. Jordan.

Listen! Just because we are away from Alma Mater is no reason we should forget, and we don't forget, do we? But we don't communicate with each other. We, the school and resident alumnae, would like to have a message from each girl who has graduated from the college. Please write me a letter just as quickly as you can and, incidentally, you may enclose your subscription to the Pine Branch. You would enjoy it. Let's do our part for Alma Mater.

Sincerely yours,

MATTIE CAMPBELL,

S. G. C., McRae, Ga.

STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE ARE REQUESTED TO BUY
FROM FIRMS THAT ADVERTISE IN THE PINE BRANCH



Y. W. C. A.



The lecture on the Passion Play given by Mr. C. E. Poston, who is head of the music department of the college, was one of the treats of the year. Mr. Poston was fortunate in seeing the Passion Play at Ober Ammergau in his tour of Europe last summer, and he brought his experience to the students and faculty in an unusually vivid and interesting manner. The lecture was illustrated by scenes from the play projected on the screen by the stereopticon, and so realistic were the pictures and vivid the description that the audience was held spellbound. Mr. Poston explained many of the mysteries of the production of this the world's master play.

A very impressive service was the "White Gift Service" held Thursday evening, December 14. A short program was rendered consisting of Christmas readings and songs, after which the students marched to the middle of the room singing "Silent Night" and placed their gift, a piece of money wrapped in white, in a basket. This gift will be used in buying a rolling chair for an invalid boy of Lowndes county who is afflicted with the white plague.

Christmas Service.

The usual Christmas vesper services this year took a very beautiful form, for in connection with the usual Christmas cantata were mingled tableaux of the different scenes of the first Christmas. There were the wise men following the star and finally Mary and Joseph by the manger, and the wise men with their gifts. This was given in pantomime following the reading of the Bible of this scene. The music was given by the Y. W. C. A. choir.

Society Notes

Sororian Literary Society.

A study of our Southern writers was begun Saturday evening, January 20. It is hoped in this way a keen appreciation of their works may be developed. At this meeting special attention was given to the life and works of Edgar Allan Poe. The following program was given:

Life of Edgar Allan Poe.....	Florence Gamage
Mask of Red Death.....	Carolyn Breene
Annabelle Lee.....	Lila Littlefield
Vocal Solo.....	Grace Cochran
The Gold Bug.....	Willie Mae Mathews
Prominent Works of Poe.....	Sadie Belle Houston

Argonian Literary Society.

The Argonian Literary Society held its regular program meeting Saturday evening, January 20. An interesting debate was a feature of the evening, the final decision of the judges being in favor of the affirmative. The program was as follows:

Debate—"Resolved, That the Ku Klux Klan is a Menace to Modern Society."

Affirmative.....	Miss Lillian Lane, Miss Thelma O'Quinn.
Negative.....	Miss Leila Sasser, Miss Mary Jones
Violin Solo.....	Miss O'Meara Minter
Vocal Solo.....	Miss Doris Woodbury
Violin Obligato.....	Miss Neva Mathis



Babe Delay: "I am worried about my complexion, Mrs. Hagan. Look at my face."

"Well, Babe, you'll have to diet."

"Oh, I never thought of that! What color do you think would suit me best?"

Miss Smith: "What do you mean by sitting here not practicing?"

Lois Hill: "I am practicing 'rests.'"

Miss Houston: "What would happen if a man's temperature went down as low as possible?"

Alfred Powell: "Why, he'd have cold feet."

Edna (in a letter to Ernest): "Must close now, dearest, as the lights are winking."

Ernest's answer: "Don't take those lights so seriously, I'll bet they wink at every girl in school."

Katie: "Toss the coin, Alma. If it's heads we go to the show, if it's tails we stay here."

Pauline: "And if it stands on edge, you study."

Miss Gilmer: "What was the stake that Macbeth was tied to?"

Katie: "His wife."

HUMOROUS

A General Science examination covered several different topics, two of which were the digestive system, and heavenly bodies. One question was: "Locate Sirius." One answer was: "In upper part of small intestine."

Miss Goodlet: "Class, do you know anything about this method course?"

Seniors (in chorus): "A little, ma'am, what would you like to know?"

Cynthia Lewis: "Beg pardon, sir, but what is this that you have written on my theme?"

Mr. Wood: "I told you to write more legibly."

Arlouine: "Look, Edna, at Stella running in haste toward her class room. She must be eager for knowledge."

Edna: "But you forget that it is raining."

Mr. Wood: "A new star has been discovered that is traveling at the rate of 7,500,000,000 miles per minute."

Ruth: "Which way is it headed?"



OUR PURPOSE

IT HAS BEEN THE CANDID AND UNVARYING PURPOSE OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES AND THE ADMINISTRATION TO MAKE THE GEORGIA STATE WOMANS COLLEGE AT VALDOSTA THE BEST WOMANS COLLEGE IT IS POSSIBLE TO MAKE. WE HAVE NEVER SPARED AND WE WILL NEVER SPARE ANY ENERGY, EFFORT OR RESOURCE TO EFFECT AND FURTHER THIS PURPOSE.

CHARACTER FIRST, HAS BEEN AND IS THE WATCHWORD OF THE INSTITUTION;—CHARACTER IN BUILDINGS AND EQUIPMENT, CHARACTER IN THE SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE WHOLE INSTITUTION.

WE OFFER A GREAT VARIETY OF SERVICE OF INTEREST TO AMBITIOUS YOUNG WOMEN AND OF VALUE TO THE STATE—EDUCATION, SCIENCE, ART, LITERATURE AND LANGUAGES, HISTORY AND ECONOMICS, DOMESTIC SCIENCE AND ARTS, MUSIC, EXPRESSION, PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

WE TRAIN LEADERS—LEADERS FOR THE SCHOOLS, FOR THE HOME AND FOR WOMAN'S BROADER ACTIVITIES.

WRITE FOR A BULLETIN.

R. H. POWELL, President.

PIGGLY WIGGLY

NEXT DOOR TO THE STRAND

We are pleased to note the ever increasing number of young ladies patronizing this store for their requirements. It shows good judgment, inasmuch as there is a saving to be made by doing so. Are you personally taking advantage of our lower prices?

CANDIES

TOILET ARTICLES

FRESH FRUITS

Wait for your street car these cool evenings in the
PIGGLY WIGGLY

NEW AUTO DELIVERY

"GETS IT TO YOU QUICKER"

It's Our Aim to Give Our Customers
THE BEST DRUGS, THE BEST DRINKS, THE BEST
CIGARS, THE BEST SEEDS, THE BEST SERVICE
IN THE STORE, THE BEST SERVICE OUT
OF THE STORE.

MERELY PHONE 389 OR 96

BONDURANT'S

INGRAM DRUG COMPANY

BUY
EASTER LILY
The Best Biscuit Flour.

The A. S. Pendleton Co.

Distributors

MACKEY JEWELRY CO.
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS

always keep the latest novelties. Fancy Beads,
Earrings, Watch Bands.

WE STRIVE TO PLEASE.
Repairing Promptly and Accurately Done.

VERAN BLACKBURN

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
STAND FRAMES AND
FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.

108 W. CENTRAL AVE.

Bank of Valdosta

RESOURCES \$1,100,000.00

YOUR ACCOUNT INVITED

CARDS

We Have Them

MOTHERS DAY

EASTER

BIRTHDAY

SYMPATHY

CONVALESCENT

CONGRATULATION

GRADUATION

TALLY

PLACE

ANNOUNCEMENT

VISITING

Southern Stationery
and Printing Co.

209 NORTH ASHLEY STREET

VALDOSTA, - - - GEORGIA

QUICK DELIVERY TO THE COLLEGE
Smith Drug and Seed Co.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

PHONE 123

Agents for Johnson's Elmer's and Moris Candies.

GROCERIES

Everything Strictly Sanitary **We Invite Inspection**

WE SELL EVERYTHING GOOD TO EAT

THE GIRLS AT THIS COLLEGE TRADE WITH US
ASK THEM

CAMPBEL GROCERY COMPANY

VALDOSTA'S LARGEST DRY GOODS STORE

We are showing the most complete stocks this
spring that you will find in any store south of
Macon.

Ready-to-Wear, Millinery, Piece Goods and Shoes.

"Style and Quality."

W. M. Oliver & Co.

HEMSTITCHING AND PICOTING
MACHINES FOR RENT AND SALE
SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY
ASHLEY STREET

W. H. BRIGGS HARDWARE CO.

**FINE SCISSORS, SHEARS AND CUTLERY
TRACING WHEELS, ETC.**

129 PATTERSON ST.

128 ASHLEY ST.

SHORT'S SHOE SHOP

THE BEST FOR COLLEGE GIRLS

QUICK DELIVERY

FIRST CLASS WORK.

CENTRAL AVE.

Every Drug Store Does One Thing Best

PRESCRIPTIONS OUR SPECIALTY

When you lose me, go to Vinson's and you will
find me.

VINSON'S DRUG STORE

Phones 245-246 Norris and Nunnally's Candies

Spring Fashions

READY TO WEAR
AND PPIECE GOODS
NEW McCALL PATTERNS

J. W. PINKSTON'S

C. C. Varnedoe & Co.

Showing

NEW SPRING FASHIONS

We invite you to see all the Pretty New Things.
VALDOSTA'S STORE DEPENDABLE

KNIGHT'S

Butter-Nut Bread

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS

KNIGHT'S BAKERY