

May 23

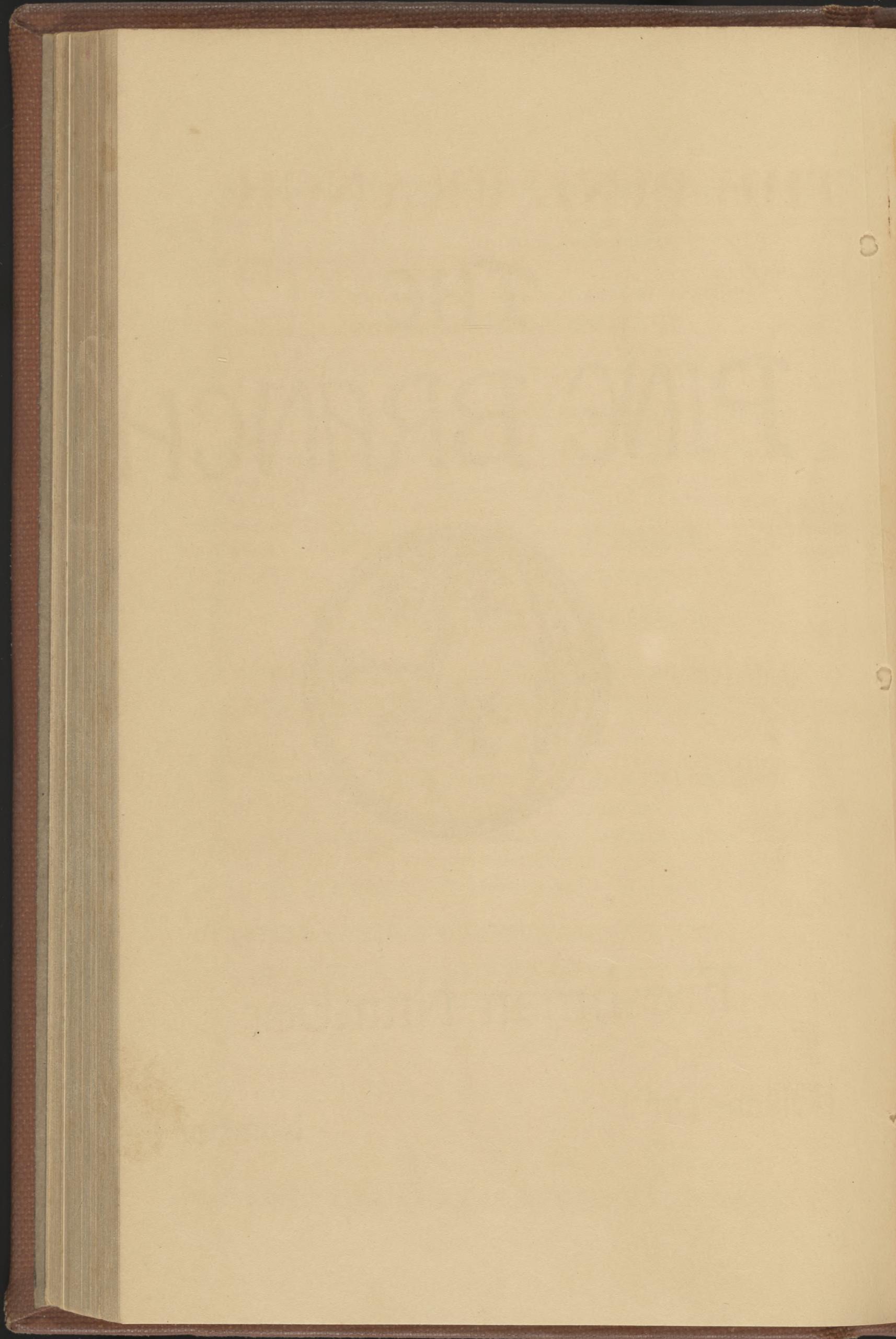
THE PINE BRANCH



Freshman Number

Volume VII

Number 6



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.

MAY, 1923

Number 6

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

Ye Winds That Blow	Page 1
The Jester	Page 9
Through the Eyes of Youth	Page 10
A Glimpse	Page 15
A College Grab Bag	Page 16
Editorial	Page 19
Locals	Page 22
Alumnae Notes	Page 24
Society Notes	Page 26
Jokes	Page 27

YE WINDS THAT BLOW

On a windy morning in March Aunt Sallie, returning from the lot with a pail of milk in her hand, stopped to remonstrate with her nephew:

"Now, Michael, there you go again' doin' somethin' diffrnt. You don't never do like your pa did. The idea you plantin' peas this early, hopin' to get two crops in one season."

Michael turned his serious grey eyes on his aunt for an instant, then deliberately went on harnessing the mule to the plow. Aunt Sallie turned and marched indignantly on toward the house, pausing on the steps to stamp the mud from her feet. She entered the kitchen and opined:

"I declare afore goodness, I ain't never seen anybody as unlike and out of the ordinary as that son o' yourn."

Mrs. Morrison turned from her task of washing breakfast dishes and asked:

"Why, what has he done now, Sallie?"

"He's gonna plow up that rye patch this early, a thinkin' he's gonna get two crops in one season. Why, in this blustering weather all them seeds will be blown away, and instead o' gettin' two crops he won't get any," returned Michael's aunt.

"Well, I don't know," answered Mrs. Morrison, "the rye patch has about served its day. Michael's been takin' a heap o' time a readin' that almanac lately tryin' to make hisself think spring is comin' early."

As Michael walked on toward the field, suiting his gait to that of the mule and holding the plow out of the earth, he did not look different from the other young men of the community except that he was a bit heavier of shoulder and straighter of stature. He dressed in exactly the same way as the other farmers of the community. He wore the same brand of overalls and his hat flopped in much the same way as the other boys' did.

On the first glance one would not call Michael good-looking, but he had a something about him that made one turn to look the second time. His face was a healthy tan, and his hair was intensely black. His nose was straight and a bit thin, and his square chin expressed will power and determination.

It was in Michael Morrison's eyes that his peculiar charm

YE WINDS THAT BLOW

lay. No, not in the color, for a good many people have grey eyes; and they are not always particularly fascinating. Indeed it would be hard to tell wherein the difference lay; for it was altogether in the expression. Some of the people with whom Michael had dealings thought he was nonchalant, for they said he never looked at them, but always over, or to the side, or else not at them at all. Yet, it was not a sneaky look, it rather carried the air of the owner being occupied with something just beyond them. In fact his look was one that did not communicate.

Superiority dwells apart if not beyond that which surrounds it. In his boyhood Michael's playmates had tried to include him in their sports, but always he had something else to do. If perchance they dammed up the small stream, and put in a flutter mill, Michael knew of a better place, so fixed one of his own which always worked better than that of the other boys. Or, if they were flying kites, he somehow always managed to have his apart and higher than the others.

The time came when he was no longer interested in flutter mills and kites. The other boys of his age put on long trousers, began to think of their personal appearance, and to cast self-conscious glances at the coquettish and giggling girls of the community. Michael lived and moved with associates also, but his companionship consisted of that which can be purchased and over indulged in during leisure hours. When the other boys and girls were straw riding or moonlight picnicking, he would usually be found at home in some secluded corner, apart from the rest, reading a book on farming, a farmers' bulletin or a magazine.

It was when he was seventeen that his father died and left to him the responsibility of caring for his mother and his father's sister, Aunt Sallie. At first he was rather at a loss as to how to go about the management of the farm, but since he had never relied on any one's advice it did not occur to him to do so then. For two or three years following his father's death he experimented with his soil, and rotated his crops. To him the subject of the kind of fertilizer to use under his next year's corn crop was much more important than who was to be the next president.

Michael on learning that his land was best suited to the growth of corn, soon turned most of his efforts towards

THE PINE BRANCH

bettering his corn crop. Practically all of his reading was on the subject of corn, and his greatest successes were with his corn crops; so year after year he read, planted and gathered corn, and more often than not he was successful.

It was because his corn was so superior without their help that the farmers grew to respect him so much. "He's a queer lad," they would say, "but he shore is raisin' some good corn on that place o' his'n. You've got to hand it to him."

While Michael's farm was one of the richest in that community, it lay between two of the most non-productive. To the east of his lay the farm of the only rival in love Michael had ever had. This man, Thomas Grant, had married Rebecca White, Michael's boyhood sweetheart. They had settled on the farm next to Michael's, but Thomas Grant didn't know how to farm, and so was not successful.

Michael had once had a boyish fancy for Rebecca, but he had let every opportunity slip by, as he did that Sunday when Rebecca rode home from church with one of the Clayton boys. She had come out of church to find that a pin had been removed from the buggy wheel, probably by some mischievous boy, and that it would be impossible to drive it until repairs were made. Rebecca was helpless, for she had come to church alone.

Michael seeing her dilemma, summoned his nerve and took a step forward, but Frank Clayton was there before him, and gallantly offered his assistance, saying:

"Miss Rebecca, I'd like right well to take you home, if you not afraid of my old nag—just a three-year-old."

"Thank you, I'd be very much obliged to you," replied Rebecca smilingly. "Are you sure it won't be any trouble?"

"None at all, unless you get killed. I'm proud of the privilege," said Frank. "Looks like we are going to have a thunder storm," he remarked as he assisted Rebecca into the buggy.

Judging by the scowl on Michael's face there was going to be a terrific cyclone.

In the fall the County Fair took place and Michael won the prize on his corn. He was standing at the booth where his corn was on exhibition looking at it and gloating over it, as a miser would gloat over his coin, when Mrs. Wick-

YE WINDS THAT BLOW

ham, who was stationed here as demonstrator, came forward and began talking with him. The Wickham's place lay to the west of Michael's and due to Mr. Wickham's disposition, was not a success. As Mrs. Wickham came forward she said:

"Michael, this certainly is some fine corn you have raised here. I don't see any of the other farmers raisin' such good corn," she said admiringly.

"Much obliged to you Mis' Wickham," answered Michael proudly.

"It must o' took lots o' patient watching and caring for to raise such corn," continued Mrs. Wickham.

"Yes," returned Michael, "it took lots o' long hours of tedious comparing, rejecting and cultivating."

"Now, Mr. Wickham," went on Mrs. Wickham, "just ain't that way. He don't believe in putting much time on any one thing. Says 'tain't no use in a fellow workin' hisself to death on an ole crop and then likely as not it fail or the market price fall. His motto is 'enjoy life while you can.' No sir, you wouldn't see him risin' early and comin' in late to get the prize on his corn. Says he's got to have a good time while he may. Can't go to, ice-cream socials parties and quiltings when he gets old."

Michael smiled and said, "It's all according to one's tastes." As he walked away he thought, "What queer ideas some people have of getting the most out of life."

When Michael was driving home that afternoon he was thinking of his prize and how every one praised his corn—"Michael's corn" was what they called it.

Driving along by the Wickham's place he thought again of what Mrs. Wickham had said and mentally compared it with the sights he saw on their place. The corn was little and scrubby and did not look as if it had had much encouragement to grow. Always before Mr. Wickham had planted cotton, then the boll weevil came, and he had to fall back on corn and beans, and he didn't know how to make the best of it.

As Michael went near the Wickham's house he saw his mother and Aunt Sallie talking to Betsy in front of the house.

Michael's mother and Aunt Sallie had gone to the fair in the one-horse buggy and had returned earlier than he.

THE PINE BRANCH

As they were passing the Wickham's house Betsy ran out and called to them:

"Mis' Morrison, wait a minute, please."

"Howdy-do, Betsy," said Mrs. Morrison and Aunt Sallie as Betsy came to the buggy.

"Hello," returned Betsy, "how did you all enjoy the exhibit today? I am so glad Michael won the prize on his corn. It certainly was pretty and 'twas the envy of every farmer there."

"Yes, we enjoyed the exhibit and we're mighty glad Michael won the prize. He's awfully proud, too. Corn seems to make up Michael's world. He works early and late on his corn."

"What I came out to say was that we are going to have a party here tonight, and we want you all to come," said Betsy.

Mrs. Morrison and Aunt Sallie thanked her and continued on their way home after chatting about the exhibitions at the fair.

Nightfall was fast approaching when Michael reached home and he hastened to do the night work, as Aunt Sallie called the chores.

"Supper ready?" he asked from the back porch, where he was sousing his face in great hands full of water which he lifted from a tin wash basin.

As he came into the room briskly rubbing his face with a coarse towel his aunt said:

"'Tis fine you won the prize, Michael."

His mother murmured something that sounded like:

"Yes, 'tis fine his corn is as different as he is."

The meal was eaten in comparative silence, and as they rose from the table Mrs. Morrison exclaimed: "Oh, Michael, I almost forget to tell you Mis' Wickham is going to have a party at her house tonight. As we were passing this afternoon Betsy invited us to come and I clear forgot it until just this minute."

"Well, mother, if you and Aunt Sallie want to go I'll hitch up," returned Michael.

"Oh well, since I forgot it until this late' let's don't bother. They'll have plenty more parties and we'll go next time," said Mrs. Morrison.

"That suits me fine, mother. I'd rather remain at home

YE WINDS THAT BLOW

and read than go to a party given for a king."

"That's just like you, Michael," answered Mrs. Morrison.

One afternoon about a week later Mr. Wickham came over to the Morrison's, and as he came in the gate he saw Aunt Sallie sitting on the porch.

"Good afternoon, Mis' Morrison. How are you feeling these days?"

"Howdy-do, I'm feeling fine 'cept for this awfully hot weather," answered Aunt Sallie.

"Shore is hot, ain't it? Where is Michael, is he home?" asked Mr. Wickham.

"He's out around the barn somewhere mending harness," returned Aunt Sallie.

"Well, I'll go talk corn with him and see how much harness is mended," said Mr. Wickham, and he turned and went around the house. As he came in sight of the barn he saw Michael and called to him.

"Howdy there, Michael, I came over to buy some seed corn from you. Have you got any left?" asked Mr. Wickham.

"Sorry, but I haven't any more, Mr. Wickham," answered Michael.

"Well, save some out for me from your next crop. I don't want to be as late this time getting my seed sown as I was last time. Your corn is always so good and I thought I'd engage in time," said Mr. Wickham.

"Think most of it has been taken," answered Michael in a low tone.

In the following weeks Michael was very busy, for he was trying out a new experiment. If this experiment should succeed it would give him the best corn ever raised in that region. As the days passed Michael became very eager for his corn to ripen, for in his own heart he was sure that his experiment had succeeded. One day he went down to the lower field in hopes of finding some corn ready to pull. As he neared the east side he saw his one-time sweetheart, Rebecca Grant, in search of corn also.

"Howdy, Michael, I've been looking for some good corn. We're to have the county demonstration agent for dinner today, and I want some corn that's well filled out. Hadn't found any till I came down on this side next to your place," said Rebecca; "it must be your corn has some effect on

THE PINE BRANCH

ours, 'cause ain't none of it any good 'cept down here by your field."

Truth came to Michael as if blown by the wind. He stood still, gazing into space, for he realized there was nothing he could do single-handed. How was the truth carried? As if by golden dust and the wind, the truth came, "Ain't none of it any good 'cept down here by your field," Rebecca had said. Michael had tried to make his corn perfect so that he might have what she couldn't have, and because he had it, she had it, and he couldn't help it.

Rebecca's farm lay to the east of Michael's and the prevailing wind, which blew from the west, had caused cross-pollination of his corn with that of the Grant farm.

He stood there within his corn—corn which was changed by the corn around it—corn which impressed itself upon the corn around it. Not knowing he was doing it, Michael seized a stalk of corn and pulled it up by the roots. He wanted to be let alone. He wanted to be by himself. His closed in years were fighting for freedom. The wind swayed the corn and Michael realized "it is only when you fight something larger that you are small. Would he gain his freedom? Yes, because the corn and wind were so much greater, he would let himself go, for only a fool will fight the winds that blow.

Michael thought! For the first time in his whole life he thought. The corn—the wind—the people—the nation—all larger than he.

Then one evening not many weeks later Michael came through the house carrying a large basket of seed corn.

"Where are you going, Michael?" asked his mother, as she looked at her son—he who never said anything to you unless you first said something to him.

"I'm going to the Wickham's," he answered.

"To the Wickham's," repeated the mother, "but what you goin' to the Wickham's for?"

"To take them seed corn and tell them what I know about raisin' corn."

"Why—what you goin' to do that for?" she asked weakly.

"Because I can't have good corn while their corn's poor," said Michael.

It was not easy for Michael to go to the Wickham's. His

YE WINDS THAT BLOW

whole life made it hard for him to go, and tried to turn him back. What he last said to his mother was now saying itself to him—"I can't have good corn while their corn's poor." The reiteration finally caused him to step to the swing of it, and prevented his turning back. A rythm—his own creation, and it took him right to the Wickham's door.

Edna Cockfield.

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

THE JESTER

A jester laughed before a king—
And many a jest made he;
He shook his bells and made them ring—
In madcap minstrelsy,
But in the sol'mn dark of night
When no man's eye might see—
He wept alone for his lost love light;
Yes, wept and cursed his day of birth—
Death was his only plea.
Yet, on the morrow gave he mirth—
In madcap minstrelsy.

Evleyn Brown.

THROUGH THE EYES OF YOUTH

The moonlight shone with startling brilliance into the room, revealing two girls seated on a bed by the window.

The girl who sat with her chin cupped in her palms, somber eyes staring out into the night, might have been twenty. A long rope of heavy black plaited hair had been flung over one shoulder. A silk crimson kimona thrown carelessly around shapely white shoulders and a definite grouping of straight lines made one think of some carved oriental statue.

The other girl, who sat in the shadows, was a distinctly different type. An exquisite bundle of foamy lace, starry-lashed eyes, a winsome drooping and laughter-curving mouth, and hair of a radiant curling gold made up the portraiture of Eileen McClain.

"I don't know why I am telling you this," and Mignon Fair drew her shapely shoulder forward in a half-defiant gesture; "of course. you don't understand, child."

There was a burst of silvery laughter from the girl beside her.

"Child, indeed! Mignon, I'm eighteen;" and she drew herself up proudly.

"Oh! But Eileen—I must tell you—some one—I've come to the place where I must tell some one or—

"That's why it's so hard for me—I just go on enduring things, brooding over them, keeping them to myself, till finally one big hurt comes and I collapse. Oh, why do I have to suffer that? Why can't I get some of it out of my heart before it is too late?" The words were full of bitterness. It was the age-old cry of youth protesting against Patience and Endurance.

"But why, Mignon? Pouf! If 'twas me, I'd tell it to someone, if it wasn't anyone but the flowers. Flowers can understand some things—did you know that?"

"Don't be absurd! No, I didn't know that flowers understood, nor do you. Haven't you ever outgrown fairies and nymphs and dryads and all that nonsense?"

Eileen's eyes were dancing with fire—her laughter was high and clear.

"Never!" and with an airy gesture to the outside nature world, "I hope I never shall grow up—rather like Peter Pan, I do—think I'll never grow up," and she whirled on

THE PINE BRANCH

her toes in the moonlight.

"Eileen! Stop! For all your gay nonsense you are a woman and you can understand what love means, for you have loved."

"Love?" Two big, wondering eyes looked out at the night—then slowly and very low, "I don't think I do, Mignon—if love means 'till death do us part' and all that. I've never loved anyone, not even you, longer than three months at the time. I have a wild whirlwind of an emotion and I suffer—I mean suffering in a true sense, and then—it's gone—and," with a radiant smile, "we're friends again."

Mignon leaned forward, interest in her eyes.

"You've never cared for Pat? Not even Marion, the one girl on your horizon, for a while?"

"Not enough to last indefinitely—queer thing, isn't it? I thought I cared more for Marion than—than anyone"—there was a suggestion of a tremble in the half-serious, half-laughing voice. "But Marion—taught me not to care."

"What happened, Eileen? We never knew why suddenly you and Marion were no longer seen together, as you had been for the last few months."

Eileen ran and knelt at the window.

"Don't—I've never told anyone—because—because"—her voice trailed off into nothingness.

"But, Eileen, it's been a year since it happened. Surely you don't care now."

The starry eyes deepened and a faint shadow of a droop hovered over the mouth and hesitated—then it disappeared in a bewildering ripple of laughter.

"Oh, life's such a joke—such a freak sometimes. What queer tricks it plays on us. Yesterday, a year ago, if anyone had asked me why and how it happened I would have gently unburdened myself and dramatically interpreted the thing as it was—not now, tonight, a year later—I'm inclined to yawn."

And yawn she did, lifting one hand to the red mouth.

"Don't be scandalized, Mignon. I have a heart, at least I think so, even if all indications point to the contrary. Do you really care to know the how of it?"

"More than anything else."

Eileen threw a skeptical look of amusement at Mignon.

THROUGH THE EYES OF YOUTH

"Don't get sarcastic about it—do you or don't you?" abruptly.

"Yes—I do."

"All right, here goes," and she drew her hands firmly over her knees.

"But—it hurts, Mignon." She moved closer to Mignon and her eyes were full of pleading.

"You know—I did care—even if I don't now—and the remembrance of it hurts more than the actual occurrence did. I idolized Marion—I don't know why, do you?"

"No one did at the time—it was one of those freaks of life that you spoke of."

"Any way, a temporary friendship grew into love, I think it was love—I loved her, yes," with a defiant fling of her shoulders, "I can admit it now—now that I don't care," and she made a wry face at herself in the mirror.

"Friendship—love—and at the time she was just lukewarmly interested. You know all the happenings from then on, teas, week-end parties, nights, days and noons we were together. Pat called us the female Damon and Pythias. You remember Irwin Laurence, the young playwright who was at Mary's house party, and how we 'fell' for each other, simultaneously, so to speak? Well, I shared him evenly with Marion, even to all the conversation we had—I told her everything, everything. No, don't speak to me of misapplied faith, I know the result too well myself. Suddenly it was brought to my attention that Marion had fallen in love with Irwin—no, you don't know yet, although you think that was the climax. I only wish it were. I could forgive that, or better forget, my love for Marion was stronger than my passing affection for Irwin, so I gracefully relinquished him—yes, gracefully, for everyone thought he had dropped me—Oh, I managed it well. But I forgot one thing, I forgot that people would blame Marion. I learned too late that they were censuring her and again my love for her conquered my own pride. I began to go with them, I did little things to show others he did not care for me, I sacrificed my pride at the altar of friendship. And then I staged the one big affair, the affair that would end with their engagement announced. You remember that heavenly night in October, a yellow saucer of a moon, a breathless heat of a night, and the masque ball at the

THE PINE BRANCH

Richardson's."

Eileen drew a quick breath as if she were stifling at the remembrance.

"Marion and I dressed alike—we were Italian flower girls. Imagine—with my coloring," and she held up the golden hair contemptuously. "But Marion was—a marvel. She needed no passionate glow of Italian love—her eyes shone with love for Irwin. Nothing happened, until midnight. Perry and I were out in the porte-co-chere—he was pretending to make love to me. Rather amusing, but boring. So when he insisted on getting me an ice, I agreed. I had my back to the entrance, so when Marion and Irwin came out and sat at the farthest extreme of the port-co-chere, I did not see them. Then they began walking down to the other end, where I sat, well-shaded in the shadows of the vines. I did not pretend to move or hide myself, I just sat there. I must have had a presentment of what was coming. What a jumble of affairs—Cupid had indeed mixed his arrows. Marion loved Irwin, he loved me, and I loved Marion. He was boyishly handsome that night, even I noticed that, who had eyes for Marion alone. Evidently they had been talking of me, for suddenly Irwin said:

"'But Marion—whatever possessed you to say Eileen was fickle and unfaithful? That she can't love people?'

And then came Marion's beautiful, deep voice,

"'Because I know—Eileen. She loved me'—'loved,' and at that moment I idolized her, I had not ceased to love her. "'Just another of her affairs of the moment, that's why I had no delusion about her friendship.'"

"Mercifully, they passed on then. Perry came back and I managed to get through the rest of the evening without showing any sign of emotion. Inside there was a crushed silence, outside a laughing, dancing girl. I achieved my aim. Only today I received cards announcing Irwin's and Marion's marriage in May. Don't you see, Mignon, she killed my faith in myself? I've never trusted myself since. I have a horror of loving anyone, and then to see my love fade away, just like my other affairs of the moment! So I've played at life and love since—and yet I'm happy—happier than I ever was before. I have my peace of mind. Again life played the freak, today I received a letter from

THROUGH THE EYES OF YOUTH

Marion and she loves me—now." Eileen laughed ringingly, "Too late! I can't have a warmed-over love, not I, who have dined with the gods, and been a fairy, a nymph"—she was dancing again.

Mignon stirred restlessly.

"Child, life's just beginning for you. You've just had the first bitter-sweet. Wait till you must sacrifice love for ambition, as I have done. Ten you'll know what suffering is. After all, Eileen, perhaps you do understand—even friends and little things hurt."

"Mignon, do you care that much?"

"No, queerest thing, I'm inclined to laugh at my sacrifice tonight. You taught me to laugh tonight. We're both young and life lies ahead, not behind."

She threw an arm around Eileen's slim young shoulders.

"We'll forget these past happenings—with time. Yes," as Eileen looked up with protesting eyes, full of the faith of youth, "no matter how much we care, Time works ravages with our loyalty and devotion of youth. In a year"—and she looked laughingly down at the slim, erect figure beside her—"who knows? It's spring you know, April, the month of youth and hope—and everything might happen. Life stretches ahead, a wonderful pathway—for both of us."

Lemuel Jay.

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

A GLIMPSE

The motor passed by a cypress swamp
That skirts the country road;
Lichens choked the slender growth,
Grey mosses were its load.

Sunbeams flashed a checkered glance
Across the cool green trees,
Pink-white lilies swayed a dance
To the tune of a vagrant breeze.

Evelyn Brown.

A COLLEGE GRAB BAG

"Well, little girl, have you found the school which suits your fancy yet?" Dad asked one evening as he unfolded his paper and leisurely caused his pipe to usher forth a great puff.

"Oh, Dad, you know how diligently I've been looking. Have I got to go to school for a whole year and not be home with you and mother all that time," I begged, trying hard to impress father with my opposition to his plans.

"But you'll be coming home for holidays and perhaps mother or I may sometimes run down to see you for a while."

"Well, even then, Dad, you know, I believe you'd be wasting your money; for people who go to college nowadays usually specialize. But I haven't a single worth-while thing which I can do."

"'Seek and ye shall find,' my daughter; college is a pretty good place to find out what you are capable of doing. Listen, you stay two months at school, and if you still don't like it, you may come home on the next train. Although I'd be disappointed very much, I'd never say another word to you about going to school. Now, how about that chance?"

"Guess I'll have to go for awhile, but bet I'll be back here at the end of two months."

I knew it was no use to argue with Dad; so I went off to school with a determination to come back at the end of two months, thus perhaps making myself the most lonesome and miserable girl in school. One afternoon when I was particularly homesick a girl came running into my room and exclaimed, "Please stop looking so blue and help me with this old party. It is the party the Y. W. C. A. gives to start getting funds for the social service budget. Well, I'm on the committee to get up a special feature for raising money to give the maid whose house burned. She has a whole house full of little younguns, and we've got to help her. Come on and tell me quick how to do it."

"Give me a second or two to think, please—Oh, I know, let's have a grab bag. We always have them at our Hallowe'en parties and they are so much fun."

"Grand, but where will we get the articles for the grab bag?" she asked rather anxiously.

THE PINE BRANCH

"Oh, haven't we a couple of hours in which to shop this afternoon?" was my anxious question.

"Well, hurry and dress and I'll do whatever you say."

We did enjoy our visit to town, poking into all the little art and gift shops hunting articles for the bag. Although we arranged the scheme it was a big success and a generous offering was given to the maid.

That night after I went to bed I began to wonder and think; perhaps if there was something as bizarre as a grab bag instead of planes in geometry, neurones and exones in psychology, and electrons in chemistry, I could be happy and conform to the wishes of my father.

A college grab bag would be a chance in this and a chance in that, perhaps far more fascinating than the one we had created in the afternoon. Why? Dad would be paying for all the grabs. My chances would sometime be in the stone age, sometimes behind the tennis racket, and sometimes would be nothing more than an atom. At any rate it would be a jocose trick to discover what was at the end of my next string.

Next morning 8:50—"Margaret, have you seen my schedule card? I left it here on the table last night," was the hurried question hurled at my room mate as she was leaving for class.

"I haven't seen it, but you'd better hurry, you've only a few minutes to get to class."

"But, I never can remember the classes that don't meet every day."

After a grand rush, hunting in books, dresser and table drawers I finally found it. Contrary to the dictates of my memory, the lesson was aesthetic dancing, and I had three minutes to get to class. But what was the use of a clumsy, awkward freshman going to that class. . . if mother could only see the clumsy actions of her daughter metamorphosing into artistic bows in the polka! And in the later and more modern dances lightly wheeling around on the toes with arms and fingers posed in harmony with the rest of the body. So skilled did I become in this graceful art that the instructor conferred on me the honor of leading Field Day exercises.

My next chance was rather hard to find. Folks urged me to do things which did not interest me in the least. In

A COLLEGE GRAB BAG

fact, the string appeared to be so long that in order to keep it from getting tangled, I found a little old fashioned quill pen of grandmother's on which to begin winding. The first wind was a debate, then as I wound there came speeches, plays, and readings concerning the lives of great men and women, sometimes I was the listener and sometimes the speaker.

Then as the string was wound more and more I found myself reading manuscripts, short stories and more short stories, and books and books on plot formation. Finally my plot developed about a lady and Tut-uk-Amen's earrings instead of a lady and a necklace as used by Guy de Maupassant.

My last string was begun rather late in the year, for this was one that by intuition made me think of those long, pensive faced sisters in my mother's missionary society. But do you know when I finally ventured, there was delightful social events and parties. In addition most interesting conferences about college life, and last but perhaps best, the string led up to the Blue Ridge mountains—ten whole days in "the land of the sky."

Home for the spring holidays—"Well, what do you think about college life now?" was one of Dad's first questions.

"Oh, Dad, I can never thank you enough for making me go. You know I told you about my college grab bag. Well, my last string has hardly been started and grandmother's pen will still retain a few more twists; so I am going back to finish the winding. I wouldn't stay home next year for anything in the world."

Ruth Folger.



ARE YOU ATTAINING YOUR IDEALS?

The greatest attribute—the real scaffolding one might say—of a nation is its common heritage of memories of the past and hopes of the future. Ideals are the great forces by which a body of people is held steady in the surging world of unrest. Every nation depends upon its great and noble citizens for its ideals.

What are your ideals? Are they worthy of a great and noble citizen? Are they so elevating and inspiring that your nation, your state, or even your college would choose them as its heritage?

Whoever you may be, you are the possessor of surging emotions and ideals of attainment. Whether your final goal be to become a great musician, leader, politician, writer, teacher, speaker or whatever it may be, you must strive courageously to reach that goal.

Are you attaining your ideals? Though your greatest hope may seem to grow farther and farther away, if you are holding it as a beacon light before you always, you will soon find that it is growing always a little nearer. But hard labor is required, and courage to face disappointments, besides a ready mind and a brave heart.

Are you seizing every opportunity that comes to you each day of your college life and doing your very best with it; or are you sitting idly by and losing the valuable gifts that may never be presented to you again? Are you striving always to form the very best habits and to live up to them, in spite of other people's opinions and criticism? Are you giving your effort to accomplish the smaller things that must necessarily go before the larger ones? Are you making each week mark a step in progress toward your ideal? Are you living each day a life that you would have your

EDITORIAL

college or nation proclaim as a model?

Whatever your ideals may be, if you are giving the very best that is within you to every problem and phase of your life, you are attaining your ideal. Your progress may be slow. You may be confronted with many difficulties and disappointments, but you are growing always toward your goal. When you have reached that great zenith, even though it may not be the height which you hoped to attain, you will not be disappointed.. Your reward will come. Even though your reward may not come from your fellow men, however small your attainment may be; if it is your very best, the Great Idealist will give you a great and sufficient reward.

Christine Meadows.

BEATITUDES OF A FRESHMAN

Blessed is a Freshman, for her blessings are so varied and vast that she can not possibly count them. Some of these blessings come in disguise and, for the time being, are considered anything but a blessing. On returning from her holidays the Freshman was greeted by one of her friends,

"Oh, did you have a good time? Did you see the Georgia boys?"

"Yes, I had a wonderful time. All of the Georgia boys were home and gave us a big dance. I guess I did have a big time. Did you?"

"We girls that stayed here had a good time, too. They just let us do what we wanted to do, but I wish I could have seen my mother."

"Mother made me so mad. I wanted to stay over two days, but she just wouldn't let me. I wish I didn't have to come back at all. I hate this place, don't you?"

"Hate it? Why, I love it. You are a lucky girl to know that you can come back next year. Mother wrote to me the other day and said she was afraid she couldn't let me come back next year. I just hate to see the end of the term come."

"You're crazy. I'd be glad."

"No you wouldn't, either. You just have so many bless-

THE PINE BRANCH

ings that you don't appreciate half of them."

When she is counting her blessings she can never miss the pleasure and privilege it has been to have good, true friends. Blessed is a Freshman who has the companionship of her friends. The friends she makes in college have a lasting influence on her life. They make her dormitory and class life happier. They are not fickle, but stand by her and cheer her on her course for knowledge. The world seems a better place to live when she has scores of friends.

Perhaps her best friends are her teachers.

Some friends there are who brighten life,

And cheer it day by day,

And lend her courage, hope and strength,

And smiles along the way.

They spur her on and guide her steps,—

Just like a gleaming star.

Does she need to tell you that's the kind of friend her teachers are?

Blessed is a Freshman; for next year she shall be a member of the finest Sophomore class that G. S. W. C. has ever had. Then she can take those coveted walks and go to the movies, as she has often wished to do, when she saw the Sophomores gaily leave the campus.

Blessed is a Freshman, for she has learned to take defeat gracefully. This is one of the hardest things she has learned in her Freshman year. It takes a bigger sport to lose a game than it does to win one. Some day the Freshmen will be on the winning side; through defeat they are made stronger. They can't lose always. No one knows how hard it is for a loser to congratulate the winner until she has tried it. When she reaches this point she has filled the hardest requirement of a true sport. All she must remember is that—

When the One Great Scorer comes
To write against your name
He writes not if you won or lost,
But how you played the game.



The dormitory students of the college were fortunate to have for their guests Miss Parker of Fairburn, Ga., and Mr. Goddard, one of the state supervisors. Miss Parker, who is Mr. Goddard's assistant, gave a number of readings from "Uncle Remus" which were greatly enjoyed by the entire student body.

Senior Class and Faculty Entertained.

On Saturday evening, March 31st, at eight o'clock the Junior class of the Georgia State Womans College entertained the Senior class and faculty at a reception in the rotunda. The decorations were Easter lilies, ferns and dogwood blossoms, the green and white color motive being carried out in every detail.

Girls from the Freshman class acted as ushers and met the guests at the door. Those in the receiving line were President and Mrs. Powell, Miss Hopper, Miss Mildred Williams, president of the Junior class, and Miss Alma Kicklighter, president of the Senior class.

At the sound of the bell the first of the twelve proms began. The guests promenaded on the terrace, in the lower south corridor, the lower and upper rotunda.

Punch was served during the evening in the rotunda, and an ice course was served in the dining hall, which was decorated in keeping with the Easter season.

The evening was made very pleasant by strains of music furnished by Mrs. Horne's orchestra.

The reception was concluded by the Juniors rendering a song to their guests, who immediately responded, after which the faculty joined with the two classes in singing the college song, "The Pine Branch."

THE PINE BRANCH

Students Had a Hike.

Saturday morning, April 6th, the student body had a delightful hike to Jones' pond in the record time of forty-five minutes over plowed field and through leafy woods. With the rising of the sun the party gathered on the bridge for the usual early morning prayer service, after which a hasty tramp home was enjoyed, for the prospects of breakfast were enticing.

Glee Club Concert.

The College Glee Club gave its annual concert at the Strand Theater May 2nd. The club gave the delightful little operetta "The Bells of Elfarnee." The concert was enjoyed by all who heard it. The club is making preparations to give the operetta in several of the neighboring towns. .

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



ALUMNAE

The Alumnae Department page is very slow in becoming a reality in the Pine Branch for April. Evidently our girls acquired the habit during their senior year at college of finding life "ceaseless toil," though we trust it is useful toil with "joy and dignity" and that Eppie's next "Reflections of a Senior" may be less serious.

We people who are continually with Alma Mater are busy people. Inquiry upon inquiry has been made in order that news items might be obtained. Interesting letters in reply to circular letters last sent out have been received from Minnie Ruth Brown, Sadie Culbreth, Mrs. Shelton E. Sharpe, Pearl Bulloch, Mae and Mary Crum, Gertrude Moore, Ruth Wolcott, Gladys Faircloth, Stella Mathis, Mamie Carter, Mrs. DeWitt Wynne and Mrs. V. C. Jordan.

This letter also located Ferol Mathis, class of '19, at 109 Orange Avenue, Daytona, Fla. Ferol was evidently too busy to seize those few minutes to tell us about herself, but she is still loyal, as the contents of the envelope indicated. However, we are wanting to know the type of work in which she is engaged. Of course it is a little early to go to the beach.

Several others of the alumnae called in person, which always delights us.

Mary Poindexter of our last year's class is teaching reading at Dudley, Georgia.

Gladys Harris of the same class is located at Jefferson, Ga., and is teaching history, biology and French in Martin Institute.

In the local paper of April 20 we learn that Jonibel Powell, class of '19, was to arrive from Savannah and spend the week-end with her parents at Jennings, Fla. Now that is all we know about our jolly Jonibel. We are left to guess the reason for her having been in Savannah.

Morgan MaJette secured a month's leave of absence from her work in Boston and is in the educational field of her

THE PINE BRANCH

native state in the interest of the Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta.

In the next number of the Pine Branch we hope to locate all the alumnae members for each other and the college's benefit during the summer months. Please do away with some of that modesty of yours for a few minutes and write us of your work in your chosen career. Now your fortune may not be made; you may not have done anything very big as yet, but your Alma Mater is interested in you all the same. Give us your summer address on a postal if life is too strenuous for you to give us more of your time.

The April meeting of the local alumnae (we now boast eighteen members) was an interesting event. A good bit of enthusiasm was manifested by the reports of the committee chairmen. The results of all these plans we trust will be shown you on May 22. We need you and we want you on this date, so take the hint and arrange your work before a formal invitation arrives. One regular meeting before the annual one, a big, beautiful reunion we want to make the last! We the class of '18, are entering the race for the best represented class at commencement. We challenge you classes of '14, '15, '16, '17, '19, '20, '21 and '22! The '18 class has taken the lead in attendance heretofore. Shall we keep our record?
Edith Patterson.

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

❖ Society Notes ❖

The Sororians were invited by the Argonians to take a peep into "The Enchanted Garden" Saturday night, April 21, and accordingly they were gathered in the rotunda before taking leave of the land of reality. Miss Marion Chauncey succeeded in putting everyone in the right emotional state by a violin solo, beautifully rendered.

Then—suddenly, there were fairies and butterflies who could speak. Even the flowers could speak and dance to and fro. The wild rose was chosen by the queen as the most beautiful flower in a garden of pansies, sweet peas, lilies, poppies, roses and tulips, even though she had slipped into the garden unawares. All the while an old bumblebee kept zooning and zooning.

Miss Kathleen Moore played the part of Queen of Hearts, who chose Miss Mary Pearl Patterson as her favorite in the garden. Miss O'Meara Minter was the Will-o'-Wisp who paid the flowers a visit as they slept. Miss Ruth Wilson was Aurora, the goddess of dawn, who awakened the flowers to receive the morning kiss of the Butterfly Prince, Miss Doris Woodbury. The bumblebee proved to be Miss Thelma O'Quinn.

The other flowers in the enchanted garden were:

Lilies	-----	Alma Kicklighter, Madeline Culbreth
Iris	-----	Lillian Lane, Clare Bray
Sweet Peas	-----	Verna Scarborough, Mildred Larsen
Poppies	-----	Katie Herrin, Frances Redding, Carabel Carter
Tulips	-----	Mary Rhodes, Emma Beacham, Dorothy Moore
Pansy	-----	Maud Myrick

We were ushered back from the land of make believe by a trio, "Ghosts of Little White Roses," sung by Misses Mae Gibson, Pauline Culbreth and Jewell Carmack.

After a contest, "The Flower Wedding," a delightful salad course was served by the Flowers.

Jokes

Miss Hopper: "I want all of the guests for the Junior-Senior reception in the wire basket before study hall tonight."

Miss Gilmer: "Stella, where is this quotation taken from, 'Breathes there a man with soul so dead,' " etc.?"

Stella: "From 'The Lady of the Last Minstrel.'"

M. M. Price, after searching through the Bible: "Say, where do you find the ten commandments?"

W. M. Mathews: "In the Book of Moses, of course!"

Mary: "Do you think 'The Pride of Palomar' will be good?"

Carolyn: "Yes, everything Peter B. Kyne ever did is good."

Inez: "Oh, is he a good looking actor?"

M. Price: "I can't go to choir practice tonight. I've got to keep study hall for the miscreants."

Alma (amazed): "Miss who?"

Ruth: "When did Mary come back?"

Albertine: "She came last night at five o'clock this morning."

M. P.: "Have you been to see Mr. Wood?"

U. M.: "No, I didn't know he was vacant."

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES
OF GEORGIA

SELECT YOUR COLLEGE CAREFULLY

DO YOU KNOW THAT THE COLLEGE CHOSEN FOR YOUR HIGHER EDUCATION WILL BE ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT INFLUENCES OF ALL YOUR FUTURE LIFE?

DO YOU KNOW THAT THE GEORGIA STATE WOMANS COLLEGE AT VALDOSTA IS A BRANCH OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA FOR YOUNG WOMEN MAINTAINING THE SAME HIGH STANDARDS AS THE UNIVERSITY, BUT EMPHASIZING THOSE LINES OF CULTURE AND TRAINING PECULIARLY INTERESTING TO WOMEN—EDUCATION, HOME ECONOMICS, ENGLISH AND OTHER LANGUAGES AND LITERATURES, HISTORY AND CIVICS, SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, EXPRESSION AND PHYSICAL TRAINING?

DO YOU KNOW THAT THIS COLLEGE HOLDS FOR ITS IDEAL THE NOBLEST SOUTHERN WOMANHOOD, AND HAS ALWAYS WORKED TOWARD THIS IDEAL AND HAS REALIZED IT IN LARGE MEASURE IN ITS COLLEGE LIFE?

DO YOU KNOW THAT THE HEALTH RECORD OF THIS COLLEGE SINCE ITS OPENING HAS BEEN PRACTICALLY PERFECT?

DO YOU KNOW THIS NEWEST OF WOMANS COLLEGES HAS ONLY THE MOST MODERN BUILDINGS AND EQUIPMENT UNEXCELLED IN THE SOUTH?

DO YOU KNOW THAT ITS FACULTY IS UNEXCELLED IN THE SOUTH?

DO YOU KNOW THAT NO OTHER INSTITUTION OFFERS BETTER ADVANTAGES AT THE SAME COST OR EQUAL ADVANTAGES AT LESS COST?

THESE THINGS ARE WORTH KNOWING. WRITE FOR A CATALOGUE. OR, BETTER STILL, SEND IN YOUR APPLICATION AND MAKE SURE OF ADMISSION. DORMITRY SPACE IS UNFORTUNATELY LIMITED.

ADDRESS

R. H. POWELL, President.

Piggly Wiggly

ALL OVER THE WORLD

WE HAVE "EVERYTHING" YOU
NEED AT PRICES JUST A LITTLE
LOWER THAN ELSEWHERE.

YOUR PATRONAGE IS APPRECIATED

"The Fit Is the Thing."

VACATION DAYS ARE HERE

In our early summer displays you'll find all of the newest footwear fashions — shoes that will help you to enjoy utmost comfort and look your prettiest at the same time.

- One-strap White Kid in sandal effect,
medium Spanish heel ----- \$10.00
- One-strap White Kid, medium walking heel,
sandal style ----- \$7.50
- One-strap Biege Sandal, brown trim ----- \$8.50
- Cross Strap Biege Sandal, dressy ----- \$7.50
- One-strap Biege Sandal, brown trim ----- \$7.50
- Several styles in black satin ----- \$12.50 to \$3.95
- Unusually pretty Fabric Slippers trimmed in
white kid, with walking heels, priced at -- \$5.00

TURNER JONES SHOE COMPANY

Home of Good Shoes

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

IN

ROBIN HOOD

MAY 23-24

SEATS RESERVED

14th — \$1.00

STRAND THEATER

Bondurant Drug Co.

Always Busy—There's a Reason

AUTO DELIVERY SERVICE

PHONES 96 AND 389

A. CONVERSE COMPANY
CLOTHING, SHOES, HATS AND
GENTS FURNISHINGS
VALDOSTA'S GREATEST CLOTHING STORE

LET US FRAME THOSE PICTURES THAT
YOU HAVE; IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO TAKE
CARE OF THEM.

STRICKLAND PHONOGRAPH CO.
102 N. PATTERSON ST. VALDOSTA, GA.

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

Bank of Valdosta

RESOURCES \$1,100,000.00

YOUR ACCOUNT INVITED

CARDS

We Have Them

BIRTHDAY

SYMPATHY

CONVALESCENT

CONGRATULATION

GRADUATION

TALLY

PLACE

ANNOUNCEMENT

VISITING

MEMORY AND
GRADUATION BOOKS

Southern Stationery
and Printing Co.

209 NORTH ASHLEY STREET

VALDOSTA, - - - GEORGIA

SPECIAL SALE

GRADUATION DRESSES

WHITE KID
SANDALS

FANS
BEADS

SILK HOSIERY

STATEN-CONVERSE COMPANY.

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

HEMSTITCHING AND PICOTING

MACHINES FOR RENT AND SALE

SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

ASHLEY STREET

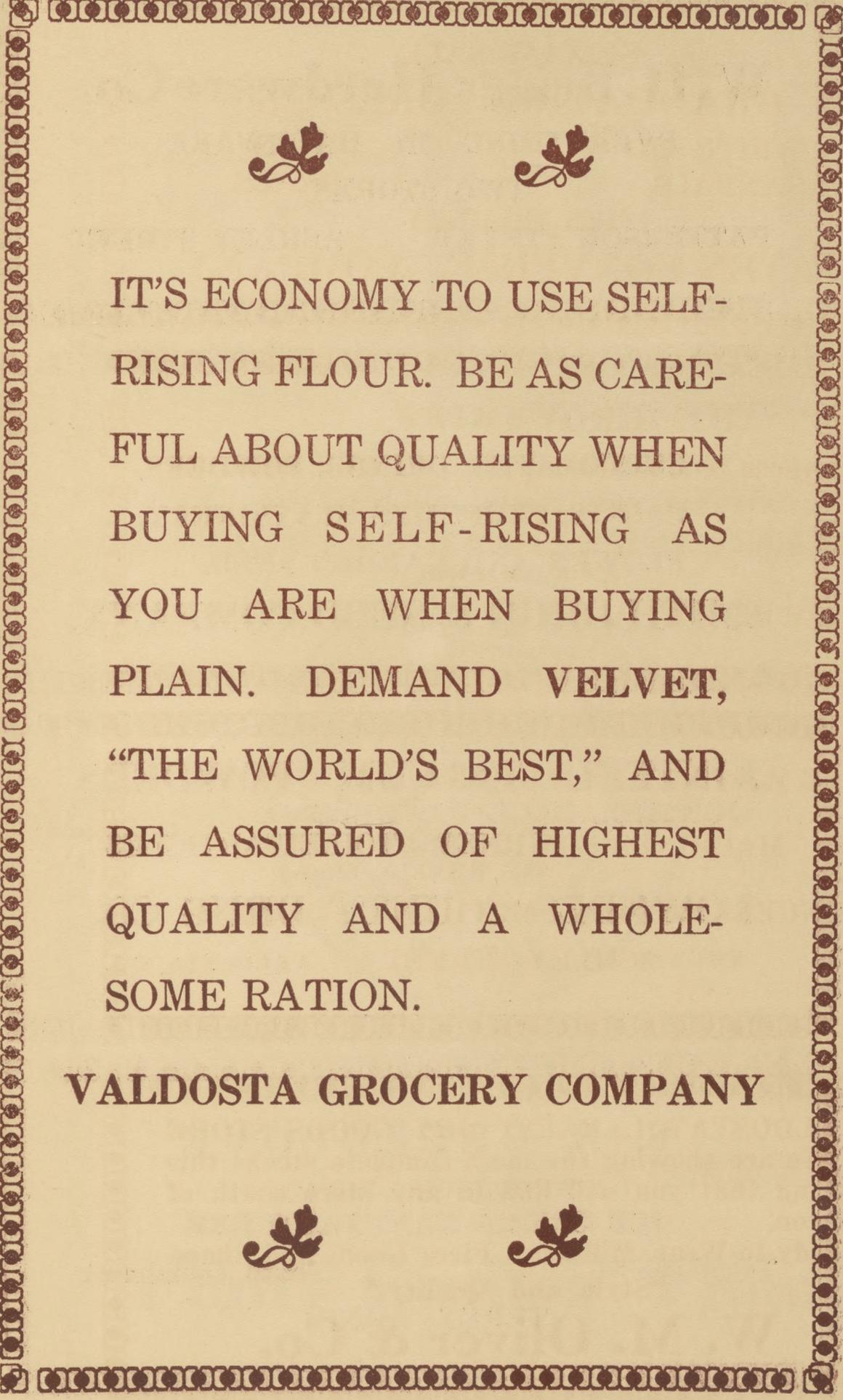
VALDOSTA'S LARGEST DRY GOODS STORE

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.



IT'S ECONOMY TO USE SELF-
RISING FLOUR. BE AS CARE-
FUL ABOUT QUALITY WHEN
BUYING SELF-RISING AS
YOU ARE WHEN BUYING
PLAIN. DEMAND VELVET,
"THE WORLD'S BEST," AND
BE ASSURED OF HIGHEST
QUALITY AND A WHOLE-
SOME RATION.

VALDOSTA GROCERY COMPANY



W. H. Briggs Hardware Co.

EVERYTHING IN HARDWARE

TWO STORES

PATTERSON STREET

ASHLEY STREET

THE BEST

CHOCOLATES, DRINKS, POWDERS,
PAINTS, PERFUMES, STATIONERY,
FLOWER AND GARDEN SEED.

SMITH DRUG & SEED COMPANY.

JONTEEL TALCUM POWDERS

JONTEEL FACE POWDERS

JUNEVE TOILET ARTICLES

The REXALL Store

LOWNDES COUNTY DRUG CO.

PHONES 803, 804

VALDOSTA, GA.

S. B. BREEDLOVE

WHOLESALE—RETAIL

ICE CREAM MANUFACTURER

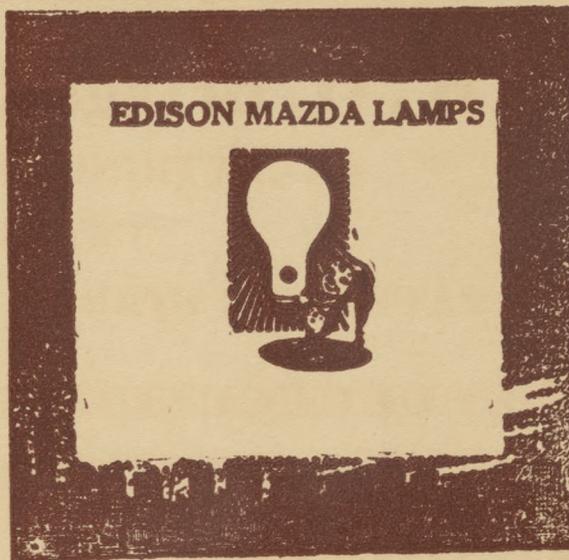
Telephone 81

South Toombs St.

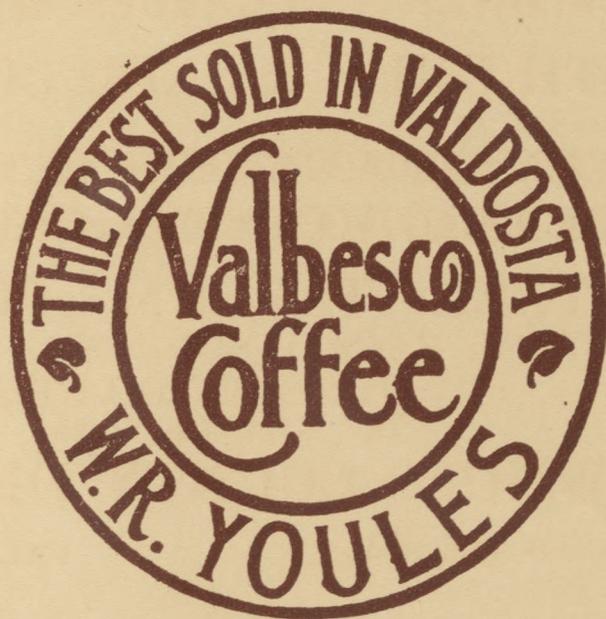
TERMS: CASH.

"If you cannot sleep
Turn on your light,
It makes the brightest
Day of night."

Be sure its an Edi-
son Mazda—there's
a difference.



ELECTRIC SUPPLY COMPANY



USE

Fluffy Ruffles Flour