

THE PINE BRANCH

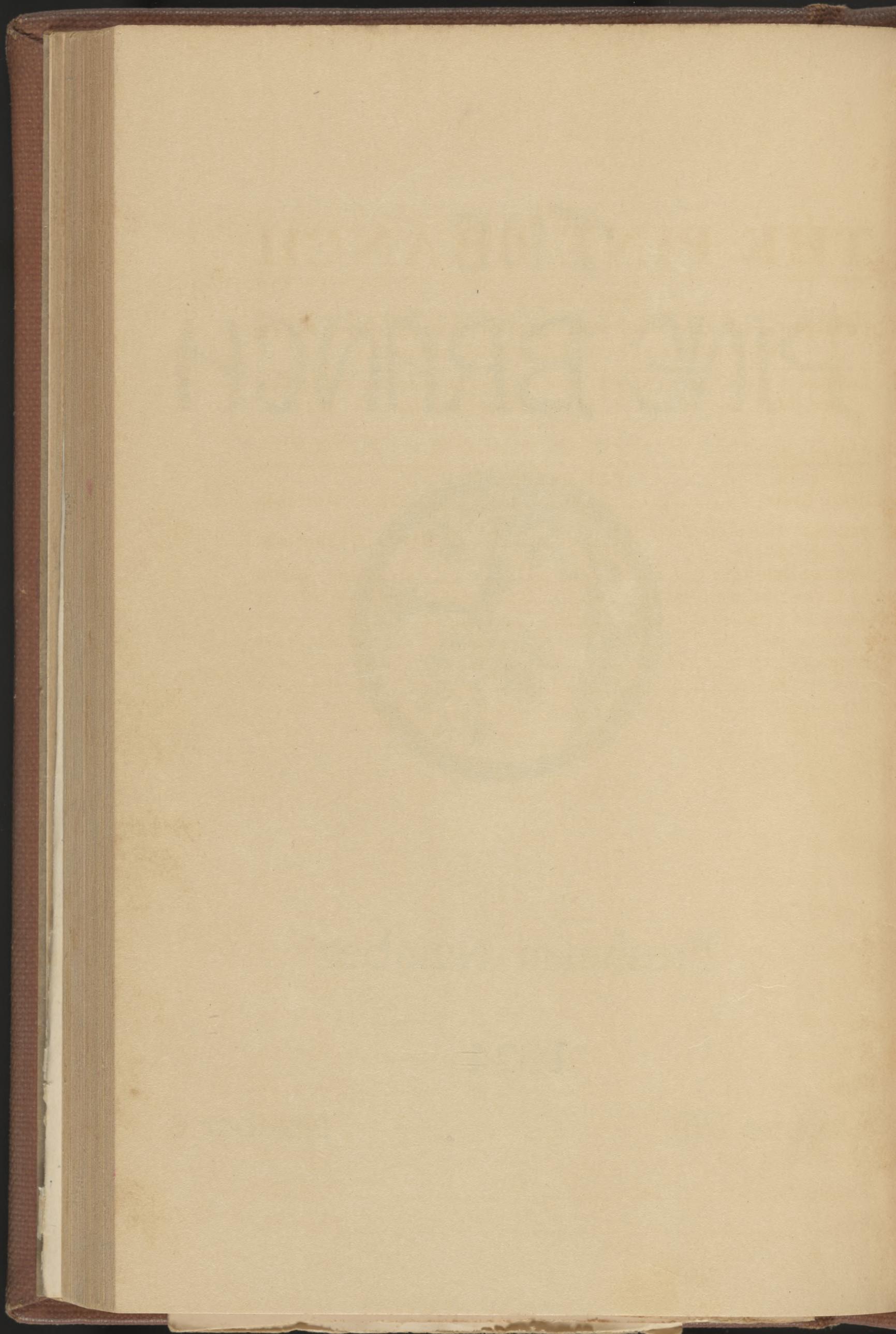


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THE PINE BRANCH

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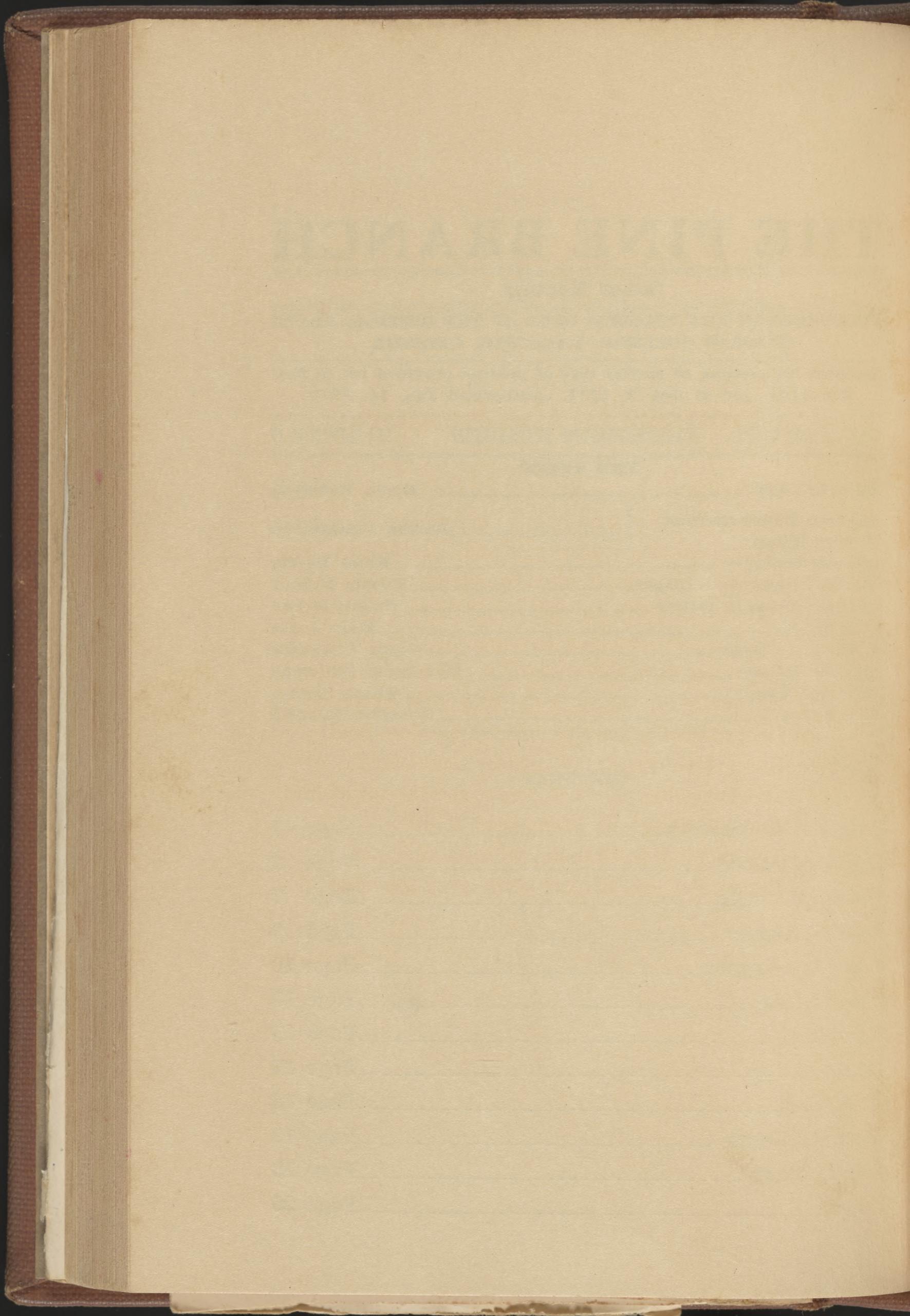
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Sonnet to the Seniors

If thou must leave us, let it be for nought
Except for thy sake only. Do but say,
"Some learning we have gained. The Pierian way
Has taught us ne'er to use one trick of thought,
But rather truth to seek which can't be bought,
Fond memories bring the light of future day."
For these things in themselves ye Seniors, may
Not make for thee a fame ephemeral wrought.
Doom takes to part us; o'er the widest land,
But yet we know thy destiny, and why?
The Fates did spin and weave the thread of fate,
And as Melampus prophesied thereby—
Thy mem'ry will remain with us, and can
Renew the joys of past—'tis ne'er too late!

Erma Barco.

SHE UNDERSTOOD

A few years ago, in the city of Washington, situated not far from the capitol, was Melbourne College, one of those institutions which bespeaks culture and refinement. The huge oaks as well as other trees which had donned their spring apparel, permitted a view of just enough of the time-worn buildings to tantalize one. After a first glimpse of Melbourne College it was almost impossible not to stop and further investigate its beauties. If one had passed through the gateway and wandered up the long winding drive, they might have seen the pansy and violet beds, and here and there on the campus a trellis with a flowering wistaria vine on it. And overhead, one might have heard the mocking bird or many other songsters that lived on Melbourne campus.

But how strange everything seemed! The campus was almost deserted of the usual groups of girls wandering along its drives and enjoying its beauties. The reason for this was best exemplified by the occupation of Mary Winthrop, who, judging from the open, half-filled trunk, and the many articles strewn about the room, was engaged in preparation for departure. For, commencement was over, and she was leaving for a vacation trip to South Georgia.

It was evident, however, that at the time she was more interested in something other than the trunk, for after expectantly looking through the scattered articles, she still wore the same anxious look on her face.

"Now, where did I put that picture?" she asked herself. "I know I had it last night, for I remember taking it out of the drawer. But where did I put it?"

"Where did you put what?" asked a cheery voice from the doorway.

A little startled, Mary turned to see her dearest friend close the door and cross the room. After a few minutes' conversation with her chum, Mary asked rather hesitatingly,

SHE UNDERSTOOD

"Eleanor, do you remember that picture of Jim I had?"

"Why, yes. Isn't that one corner of it sticking out of the drawer?"

"Of course! How stupid of me! I remember that I stuck it back in there when Miss Frazier came in last night to speak to me. Then, this morning I knew I had taken everything out of that drawer, ready to pack, and I had forgotten where I put the picture."

She took it from the drawer, gave it a hasty glance (which Eleanor did not fail to note), and placed it in her trunk.

"Mary," Eleanor began, "even though I'm your very closest friend, you never have told me why you stopped loving Jim and started liking Harry."

"Stopped loving Jim and started liking Harry?" Mary asked thoughtfully.

"Yes. I know that you used to at least like Jim; but I remember that not long after Harry Stillwell came to Melbourne and began to call on you, you seemed to think less of him. Why did you do it, Mary?"

"Well, Eleanor, I don't know. In fact, I don't know whether I like either of them. Sometimes I get to thinking and I just wonder if the things 'folks' are saying are true."

"But, Mary, what is it that 'folks' are saying? I haven't heard anything about the boys, or at least, about Jim."

"Well, I have heard that he is 'awfully' stingy and that he never buys anything for himself. He doesn't even have all the things he ought to have. And he never goes anywhere,—except when he takes me.

"Eleanor, it may be as—er, someone told me, that he's just thoughtful now in order to win me, and if we marry, after the marriage, he'll be just as stingy with both of us as he is now with himself.

"But enough of this! I hear the noon whistles, and there is the drayman for my trunk."

With Eleanor's help, the remaining articles were hastily packed and Mary finished her toilette. Just as she tied the tiny veil over her hat, she heard a knock at the door, and Miss Frazier appeared to tell her that the drayman and also her taxi were waiting.

Eleanor went with Mary to the door, where a rather tremulous good-bye was said. For, during their four years

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at college, a friendship of the very closest nature had developed between them.

"And, Mary, tell Auntie Joe 'Hello' for me; and that I wish I could accept her invitation to visit her this summer; but I'm afraid it will be impossible,—unless the government sends me down to Savannah, she added half playfully to cover her tears.

* * * * *

Thursday afternoon Mary stepped from the train at Savannah, Ga., and slowly drifted with the stream of passengers along the walk until she came to the station, where she found her auntie waiting for her; and after a most cordial welcome, Mrs. Harrison, whom the girls called "Auntie Joe," took her to the car. They reached "Seven Oaks" after a few minutes drive, and Mary was indeed delighted to see the beautiful old estate.

The driveway, approaching the house from either side and forming a half-moon, was bordered by a neatly trimmed hedge; and the beauty of the scene was much enhanced by the "seven big oaks" which dotted the front and side lawns. All of these things were attractive to Mary, but the spot that pleased her most was a corner of the big veranda which contained a most comfortable old-fashioned swing,—the kind one used to love to swing in at grandmother's.

And it was in this cozy spot that Mary and Auntie Joe were seated a few days later; Mary was carefully sorting the roses which they had picked. Somehow Mary never knew whether it was the influence of this particular spot, or because she just wanted a confidante, that she confided in Auntie Joe and told her the whole story of her friendship with Jim and Harry.

When she had finished, Auntie Joe laid her hand over Mary's, and looking into her upturned face, said,

"Well, dearie, don't ever fall in love until you find the man who measures up to your ideals; and don't be discouraged just because you haven't found him yet."

Then, adroitly changing the subject, she asked,

"Are you having a good time with the girls and boys here?"

"Oh, I do seem like such an ungrateful creature for saying anything. I am having a 'perfectly wonderful' time;

SHE UNDERSTOOD

and really, Auntie Joe, I didn't mean to be complaining. But I shall certainly remember what you said about waiting until I find my ideal, and he must be strong, true and unselfish."

This confidence was interrupted before they could talk further, but in the happy days that followed, Mary thought often of this talk and wondered where it would lead.

The next afternoon Mary was sitting in the swing, when Auntie Joe appeared in the doorway and asked if she would like to see the pictures of a few of her girlhood friends which she had obtained that winter. Mary was delighted and eagerly listened to the stories which Auntie Joe was telling.

As Auntie Joe laid aside the picture of Susan Ansley and picked up the last one, she sighed.

"And here is James W. White, who was a senator from Georgia. He died four years ago."

Auntie Joe handed the picture to Mary, and it was well that it was growing dusk, for Mary started perceptibly as she took the picture from Auntie Joe's hand and closely scrutinized it.

"But his story is very sad. Perhaps you would not care to hear it."

"Oh, yes, I would too!" Mary returned quickly. "What kind of man was he?" she asked, trying in vain to hide her intense interest.

"He was one of the noblest men that I have ever known; and his son is just like him, or used to be when I knew him. But there; I'm about to start in the middle of my story instead of at the beginning.

"James was one of the hardest working students in our class. He wasn't one of those who apparently never studied, but he worked hard and honestly, and finally, after many years of hard work, he achieved his great ambition to become a lawyer. He hung out his sign, and as far as the business 'end' of it was concerned, he was very successful for a beginner. But he went further than that. His great sympathy and wise counsel brought him many friends, and it was only a few years until he was in the senate.

"Then, through some misunderstanding, he became involved in a 'crooked deal' and was forced to retire.

"But he didn't 'give up the ship.' As long as he lived,

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which was only a few months after that, he tried his best to secure funds to clear his name; but he died before this was accomplished, and he willed the task to his only son, James W. White, Jr., whom he called Jim."

It was evident that Mary was becoming more interested, for she sat very erect, with her eyes glued on the storyteller as she listened to the story of her Auntie's schoolmate.

Her aunt continued, "Jim worked hard, but there was not much chance for him here, and soon after the death of his mother, which occurred eight months after the death of her husband, Jim left here and has not been heard from since, except in periodical checks sent through a Washington lawyer, who refuses to disclose his client's whereabouts."

"From Washington, did you say, Auntie Joe?" asked Mary eagerly.

"Yes, but that does not mean that he is in Washington. I have often wondered about him—where he is now and what he's doing—and I wonder too if he's married."

"I hope not," Mary said softly.

"What did you say, Mary?—That you hoped not!" Auntie Joe could hardly believe her ears. "Have you no more sympathy than that? Why, I should have thought that you'd want such a splendid, unselfish young man, as we have reason to believe he is, to have a sweet, loving young wife!"

"I do; but—I want to be that wife. I have found my ideal."

And as Auntie Joe looked into her eyes she understood.

Hester Bruce.

UNTOLD BEAUTIES

Sunsets are treasure chests filled with countless jewels, and to each mortal may present a different portion of his glittering gifts. Byron's heart thrilled when he saw the sunset and he was moved to present the following picture,

“Slow sinks, more lovely, ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills, the setting sun:
Not as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light!
O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows.”

To Lanier it meant a “kiss 'twixt earth and sun.” Turner's paintings, best known for the splendour of color that he infused into them, have been said to surpass the sun itself in setting. Yet to me the sunset is none of these, for I have been given another portion. I may see an ark of my hopes and dreams. As I sit, dreamily and lazily, watching the sun sink below the horizon, I see a passing panoramo of fancy, which I alone may enjoy, since I am artist of neither words nor colors.

Its first shining splendour is that of red hot coals; of the glittering gold of a miser; of all gorgeous reds and golds that might be taken from the palette of the Wonder Painter; of the glory that would be if all the beautiful things of the earth—the trees, the flowers, the water, the beasts—were burned together in the largest fire and as though these beauties determined in their funeral pyre to surpass all loveliness.

In this I see a vision splendid. I see myself, beautiful, stately, cultured, the very essence of wealth and power. Maybe my fancy pictures a great throng of cultured people held spell-bound by the actress before them, or a singer of renown. Perchance I am a writer of books. Shining, sparkling, and great is the sun, and shining, sparkling and great is my dream.

Gradually, though, the colors fade from glorious reds and golds to the softest tones of a silvery rose and pink and trembling amber tints. Soft wisps of clouds, clouds with silver linings, hold the most delicate shades of the

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rainbow colors, as beautiful as we might imagine the innermost depths of a pearl to be, or a rose at its birth.

Now I dream of love—love made of faith and service, of fantasy and duty, of humbleness and trial—and happiness, happiness in love and simplicity. I see a lady, not beautiful but attractive, arranging flowers in a vase, and singing a joyous song as she goes about her work. Her thoughts are of welcoming a husband and children home and of having home a place of beauty for them. Her joys are joys of tender sacrifice.

The last bar of sunset fades — all the beauty, all the wonder disappears. Gray, gossamer webs take their place. The world is a land of shadows. Still the pictures of the beauty remain with me and with them my dreams. No matter if the physical is gone, the pleasure of remembering is mine. My sunset is still with me, and as a gift it has given me the dream that when my life is done, it will still be living and meaning to some one what the sunset has meant to me.

“While the evening shadows fall,
While the sunset’s golden splendours
Fade away beyond recall,
O’er the earth a dewy fragrance
Flings a mantle, sparkling bright,
Quivering with an untold beauty,
Flashing back the waning light.”

Frances Thomas.

GAGE D' AMOUR

I love a book of lyrics free
From thoughts of daily care,
With colored dreams that wake in me
The love already there.

I love the dainty lingeries
With lace and ribbons too;
And silks and fancy draperies
And everything that's new.

I love a tiny cottage white
With roses 'bout the gate;
A wee lil' garden bright
Where every flower has its mate.

I love these things, yet I would part—
With every one, and too,
With all the love that's in my heart
For just a lover true.

Altha Mae Strickland.

THERE IS A REASON

"Oh, Annice, I am so glad you have come to see me, for it has been almost two years since we were together," said Flora to Annice, as they were sitting in the neat, cozy living room of Flora's home. Flora was busy embroidering an H. in some linen tea napkins, and Annice sat at the piano, lazily turning the sheets of music.

"Annice," said Flora, "there has been something I wanted to ask you for a long time, and now since you are here, I want you to tell me all about it. I can't understand why you didn't marry Gene. When we were last together, you both seemed very much in love. Now please tell me why you didn't marry?"

"Why, Flora, you are my best friend; I thought surely I had written you about it long ago."

"No, Annice, you have never told me."

"Flora, I have come to realize that the little things of life don't count for much taken each by itself; but they live with you and wear you out, so that you come to see that the little things really count the most."

"Yes, Annice, I agree with you partly; but don't try to turn away from the subject. Tell me, why didn't you marry Gene?"

"Well," said Annice, reluctantly turning away from the piano, "if you wish, I will tell you all about it. You remember the year we finished school, and on our way home we planned so many trips and parties for the summer. At the last of the summer, Sue Randall, my cousin, came to see me; and Dad, wanting to show us a good time, carried us to Baytona Beach for about two weeks. We stayed at Seaside Inn, and it is a beautiful place. One night, after supper, Dad was talking with a group of civil engineers who were looking after the construction of the East Coast Line Railroad, and they asked father to introduce his two daughters to them—thinking Sue was my sister. Father knew them to be gentlemen, so he introduced us, and one of the men was Gene Faircloth. You know, Flora, there are some boys who never seem to think of making love; but Gene started right off the first night. I had a queer feeling that I didn't like him; but he was older than I and he knew so much, and I was young and my heart yearned for

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romance. He was grand to me that night. Flora, those were wonderful days; swimming, dancing, and playing tennis with Gene. If we tired of one thing Gene would always suggest another; he was so entertaining everyone liked him. One day, I remember, we were down at the pier, just after a swim and Gene began reading our palms. He told everyone something which seemed to please him greatly."

"Why, Annice, what did he tell you?"

"Oh nothing much, just that I would never marry him because I thought too much, and this didn't please me at all."

Annice abruptly turned to the piano and softly played "Long, Long Ago."

"Come, Annice, don't stop at the most interesting place; I'm still waiting to hear why your wedding bells never rang."

"Well," continued Annice, "when those wonderful days came to a close, Gene and I were engaged. I still wasn't sure I loved him, but Sue insisted that he was the man for me, so good looking and friendly. Anyway, just after I returned home, I went to work in Attana."

"Didn't Gene ever come to see you?"

"Yes, he would come, but not often. He had many friends in Attana and while visiting them he would come to see me. Why, Flora, sometimes he would call me just to say hello, and that he didn't have time to come around, he couldn't leave his business. But I always looked forward to his letters; they were full of things I longed to hear. However, he didn't seem to want anyone to know that we were engaged, and he did not even introduce me to many of his friends. Often he would tell me he was going out to dinner with a party, but didn't invite me. Many times I wondered if Gene really loved me, for he would act so indifferent on some of his visits. Then came the time when Gene was sent to Canada, to be away at least six months. He promised faithfully he would write often, and just before he left he said that he would look after some plans for the future. At first his letters were all about our wedding plans, and what we should do together; but after about a month they became matter of fact letters, rather short and telling mostly about business. His letters seemed more like one friend writing to another. Then too, it would take

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almost three days for his letters to reach me and I was always in a different mood from what he was in when he wrote. The six months passed by rather fast, but when they drew to a close Gene never mentioned coming home soon, and we just drifted further and further away from each other.

"But, Annice, I believe that the water is still running under your bridge, and that some day Gene will come back to you."

"No, Flora, I guess not, for only two months ago he married a Canadian girl."

Rena Mae Campbell.

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SUCH IS LIFE

Just when I think I have found the silver lining to the clouds that persist in gathering 'round about me and am enjoying the very freedom from the shadows that they cast—something always has to come along to take the joy out of life.

True, the psychology stew was done and simmering on the back of the stove. The aroma which arose from it was very enticing, although I never cared for stews and especially this particular kind. The chemical soup was piping hot, and the very gurgle of it in the pot was enough to whet one's appetite. The geographical pie was delicious to behold with its mountains of merange and rivers of juicy lemon filling.

These and other dishes I had prepared with utmost care for some acquaintances of mine who, old in the cooking art, were coming that day. They were dear people, in their way, but each had a taste for certain dishes, and I had endeavored to please each with his favorite. Now that all was in readiness I could breathe a moment. O! how happy I was, with everything done, and time left!

Then in a flash, I remembered that I had to make something for a recent acquaintance, the Freshman number of the Pine Branch. When would we ever finish contributing to charitable causes? I had planned to make some old-fashioned cake, probably a poem cake, but the chairman of the committee had informed me that she had decided it best to assign special tasks to each contributor, and it had fallen my lot to bake a "familiar essay" cake. This I knew was a delicious recipe when baked by skilled hands, but otherwise it was not. She said I might find the recipe in any number of the "Atlantic Monthly," under contributor's column.

So off on the mission I took myself. After rummaging for twenty minutes, I returned to find that the stew had stuck and the soup was growing cold; and all on account of that essay cake. My guests would arrive at any moment, so all I could do was to serve the best that I had.

Somehow I lived through it all, and after my guests had taken their departure I returned, dejected, to clear away the dishes and bake the cake. The recipe called first for ideas. I thought that I had some in the cupboard where I

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always kept them, but when I looked they weren't there. I then proceeded to search in every conceivable nook and corner until I found one hidden away, but it was too old and stale for any use. "O well!" I thought, I can borrow some from my neighbors, so out I dashed in search of ideas. When I returned I had gathered bits here and there from various ones which I thought, when stuck together with unity, would suffice.

I was then to stir in lots of originality. To my dismay I found that I hadn't just plain originality, but I did have a can mixed with imagination, which I proceeded to pour in without measure. The next requisite was to make it wholesome with literary value. I never **did** have any of that, and I wondered if the lack of which would make the cake fall. However, I made it palatable with twice as many facts, which to my mind would do just as well. Then I was to make it spicy with humor. There was some left in the box, but since I had not used any in so long a time, it had lost its strength.

All these ingredients I beat together and baked in an oven over-heated with commonplace things. "Mercy," I thought, would it be acceptable? It looked beautifully, except for a hollow in the middle and a crack along the side. Anyway, it was the best that I could do, so I slipped it into a neat basket and carried it to the chairman. She looked at it very doubtfully, and after she had sampled it, criticized it severely and suggested that I ice it with wit and try to cover up some of its bad points.

I worked harder than ever making the icing; then I toiled to apply it to the cake. It proved rather sticky, the cause of which the chairman complained was that it had not cooked long enough, but such is life, for

"Life's a pudding full of plums
Life's a pleasant institution,
Let us take it as it comes."

Annie Lloyd Liggin.



EDITORIAL



A PROPHECY

The college lay bathed in moonlight. Sleep had claimed all its inmates. There was no sound anywhere, except the murmuring of the wind in the pine trees. The swaying branches made fitful shadows, which crept hither and thither over the campus, like so many spirits pausing to commune, and then passing on.

The man in the moon smiled down on the stately pines. "How goes it, friends," he said, "since last I bid you farewell?"

At the sound of his voice, every tree lifted up its head to listen, but it was the tallest pine that spoke. "Oh, friend moon, you may well smile. Your fate is not sealed, as is ours."

The man in the moon stopped smiling. "Just what do you mean by that?" he demanded.

The tallest and oldest of the pines heaved a woeful sigh, and all the other trees took it up, until every branch quivered with the vibrations. Finally, the oldest pine spoke again. "The college," he said, between sighs, "is growing."

"The college is growing!" repeated the man in the moon impatiently. "I should think you would rejoice over that. Have you not stood watch over her these many years, and has she not heaped honors upon your heads? Many times have her girls raised their voices in praise of you, singing 'Oh, may the pine branch ever wave.' Why do you mourn, my friends?"

The smaller trees began whispering among themselves.

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"He cannot understand," they said. The tallest pine, who was spokesman for the group, groaned as if in pain. "The college is growing," he said again. "It is true that we have loved and been loved by all the girls who have been here, but each year more girls are entering the college. There will be need of other dormitories, and we will be cut down to make room for new buildings. We will soon be forgotten, and who, then, will sing of the pine branch?" The oldest pine ended in a moan, which was echoed by all the other trees.

The man in the moon looked thoughtful. After a little while, he smiled down again on the restless pines. "Dear friends," he said, "you have more reason to be happy than any other trees on earth. The college girls will always revere your memory, and the thoughts of you will be an inspiration to them in the future, even as you have been an inspiration to them in the past. You will, indeed, be sacrificed, but will it not be for a noble purpose? Oh, my friends, you have no cause to mourn thus. Rather, your hearts should be filled with peace and joy over the knowledge of such a great service."

The tallest pine tree bowed its head in shame, and all the other trees bent their heads low.

The man in the moon continued smiling, as if he, too, felt a great joy in some service rendered to man. Nearby, a little star winked, to show that it, also, had listened wisely to the conversation.

Silence reigned on the campus. Suddenly, the pine trees began to whisper softly, but this time the melody was one of happiness and contentment.

Evelyn McArthur.

LOCALS

The Freshman-Sophomore Reception.

The annual Freshman-Sophomore reception was given on the evening of March 29th. This social affair is always anticipated with the greatest delight during the entire year. And no wonder! For did not this spring night bespeak of beauty and romance? Did not the girls look bewitching in their cool summer frocks—promming on the terrace? From the terrace the young ladies and gentlemen came into the rotunda. Here the breath of spring was more potently felt—for the rotunda and dining hall, as if by some magic touch, had been converted into a veritable spring flower garden. Japanese lanterns, decorated with spring flowers, cast a soft and mellow glow over the entire scene. Enchanting music was heard from the distance. During the serving of refreshments, which also carried out the idea of spring, an enjoyable program was rendered by some of the college students. As the evening drew to a close, every one was loath to leave this scene of real charm and enjoyment, but everything has to end—even a spring night cannot last forever.

S. Mandeville.

Y. W. C. A.

On April 10th, the Y. W. C. A. cabinet for 1924-25 was elected. Miss Verna Scarboro of Unadilla, was chosen president, and it is very gratifying to know that we shall have such leadership for the coming year. The other members of the cabinet are: Vice-president, Miss Florence Breen of Jesup; Secretary, Miss Georgia Gibson of Donaldsonville; Treasurer, Miss Sarah Mandeville of Jesup, and Undergraduate Representative, Miss Annie Lloyd Liggin of Atlanta.

On April 22 the new cabinet members stood the Y. W. C. A. cabinet examination. All of them report that they are capable of establishing a Y. W. C. A. on the planet Mars, which was one of the problems included in the examination.

The vesper services on Easter evening were of unusual beauty, reverence and simplicity. The whole service was inspiring and especially so was the address by Mr. Powell.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Truly "we can't sometimes always tell!" No wonder our Georgia Morton of the '17 class was so difficult to locate! A long letter came on stationery headed thus: "Miss Georgia Morton, Mathematics — Junior High Lanett City Schools, Lanett, Alabama." The shock was great! Could it be that she who toiled with Minnie T. Harrell and some other one of us to master mathematics under Dean J. F. Wood could have had the hidden talent! A prophet was Minnie T.: "That's all right, Georgia; you'll be a math teacher some day." A part of this good letter I will share with you. "I have not been to Valdosta since the fall of 1919 and I thought all of you had forgotten me. That is not the case with me, however, for I search the Atlanta Journal every Sunday for news from the college. I wonder sometimes if you folk who are at 'the home plate' realize what your column means to those in the outfield. It is with pride that I read of the progress of our Alma Mater. I have wanted to go to commencement every year, but our commencement here usually conflicts with that of the college. If possible, I am going to your commencement this year."

And as to commencement, Morgan Majette Grant of the '17 class says: "You know I want to be there, but I really don't see any chance of coming as I do not finish my play-making until June the twelfth. But if there's any chance at all, I'll surely come."

Joy again greets us in the finding of our Inez Hodges of the '18 class! Mrs. T. C. Edwards has been a resident of Eastman, Georgia, three and one-half years. "Indeed I should enjoy being with you during commencement, but I do not see how I can arrange to be there. You see, I have the finest little two-year-old daughter you can imagine and of course she is 'boss.' However, I cannot make definite plans yet."

True to habit well formed, Edith Smith Bell, also of the '18 class, came in on Friday morning. Appeals and entreaties failed to give us her promise to return for commencement, her reason an inability to bring her companion along and an unwillingness to come without him, unless she should be the only alumna to break the one hundred per cent record of attendance, and in this case a telegram only would be necessary.

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Inez and Edith, two members of my own class, deterred by conflicting home ties! We will not quarrel, for their ties are proper. Though to Inez, we would say that Clyde Purcell Patten is contemplating coming with Martha Nell, who will be only two and one-half months, and little daughter Betty also to demand personal attention.

Interesting letters we have had from three members of the '19 class. Ollie Boney was among the lost. "When I received your letter yesterday it made me real homesick. I want to go to commencement so much this year and I am going to do my best to be there and to get some of the other girls back. I hope I won't be one of the lost again. I am teaching fourth grade in Cochran, Georgia, and I have about thirty of the dearest little folks. (They are most of the time)."

109 Orange avenue, Daytona, Florida. Yes, Ferol Mathis we found here. She says: "As the joke goes, the doctor advised me to practice much with dumb-bells, so I'm still teaching school. I have taught for the past four years at Daytona Beach, Florida. I have seventh grade work, which I enjoy so much. I can think of nothing that I would enjoy more than to meet with you in May, but I regret to have to decline your invitation, as my school duties are not over until June the sixth. Anyway I shall be with you in thought. My best wishes for the happiest and most successful commencement yet."

And from another alumna: "You can't imagine just how glad I was to hear from you and my dear ole Alma Mater again! I know I haven't acted like she is dear to me, but it is not from my heart, but only a case of putting off and drifting on." From Pageland, South Carolina, this and the following message came and Gertrude Smith of the '19 class was the sender. For four successive years she has taught third grade. "I would love so much to be with you at commencement, but school here isn't over until May the twenty-sixth. Even though I cannot be there, my heart will be." She adds this later: "I will write you if it is possible for me to come."

Julia Bryan, class of '20, writes from 342 Ponce de Leon, Atlanta, Georgia: "Don't think I am lost to our dear Alma Mater just because you don't hear from me, for she is ever in my memory. So often I have thought of writing Mr.

Twenty

ALUMNAE NOTES

Powell, but you know how busy school teachers are. Memories of the days I spent there are painted in colors that never fade. I am teaching first grade in the Ella W. Swillie school. I am very happy here in my work because the system is so well worked out. Everything is up to the minute, just as it was at the G. S. W. C. Now, don't take this for conceit, but as credit to our Alma Mater. I haven't had a single adverse criticism handed in about my work this year. I speak of this year because Atlanta has a great school system and heretofore I have been in smaller places. How I would love to join you at commencement with the class of '20 one hundred per cent strong, but my school doesn't close until June the sixth. I shall write to each one of my classmates.'

C. B. Sharpe we again found in Savannah at 6 E. 39th street. She teaches until June the twentieth and is planning to attend summer school. She hopes to pay the college a week-end visit, if no more, during commencement. As we might expect, C. B. entered heartily into the spirit of alumnae plans and has begun to do her bit.

Virginia Peeples, who has departmental work in the seventh grade in the school at Lakeland, Florida, writes that she is most happy to know the graduating class is so large and that there are three to receive degrees. She assures us that no effort will be spared to be present at commencement.

Lina Flynt, also of the '21 class, we located at Dunn, North Carolina, Shady Grove High School, teaching Latin and English. "I had been planning to get back this year. In fact I had been thinking of Alma Mater quite a bit and wanting so much to see the old girls. I shall try to not disappoint you."

Of the members of the '22 class, we have items of interest from Ruby Meeks, who is teaching the third grade in Waycross, Ga. Through the influence of her brother-in-law, who teaches in George Washington University, Washington, D. C., Ruby was elected to teach at Mt. Vernon, but she accepted the second offer in Waycross so that she might be near her mother.

Gertrude Moore has accepted, for the third time, fourth grade work at Cartersville, Georgia. Both Ruby and Ger-

THE PINE BRANCH

trude promised the heartiest co-operation in helping to get their classmates to meet them here for commencement.

Short but well worth-while is the little message from Augusta Brown of the '20 class. Miami, Florida, is her teaching location. She sends love to all her friends and promises that she and Minnie Ruth will see them within the next few weeks. In a postscript she adds: "You should come to Miami. There's no place like it."

With the assistance of the post master at Jay, Florida, we have found Mamie Patrick of the '20 class. A returned letter led to a second attempt, and the letter with "Please forward to new address" reached her at Milton, Florida. Lost to us for many months, she listened in silence to echoes of her Alma Mater's progress and rejoiced. In part she says: "I don't believe the ideals of any institution could be better."

Yes, happily married our Ethel Ingram is, and yet a whole school term has gone with two previous letters sent, the third one of recent date bringing a most satisfactory reply and her new name attached. Mrs. F. P. Williams of Attapulcus, Georgia, says: "I am not sure that I can be there, though nothing would give me more pleasure than to be at our alumnae meeting."

Alma Kicklighter's school duties are over for the present and she writes from her home in Screven, Georgia, that she is so homesick for G. S. W. C. that she can only with difficulty wait until commencement to come to see all of us.

A new member of the alumnae household! Mrs. Troy Edwards of McRae, Georgia, is the mother of a little daughter. Mrs. Edwards is our Evelyn Powell and this is the first college grandchild in the '21 class!

"If nothing prevents, I hope to be with you this commencement. Won't you please write me exactly when it begins? I want to make my plans so I can be with you from the beginning." Ina Askew, Mrs. P. W. Hancock, 387 Jonesboro Road, Atlanta, Georgia, is the interested inquirer.

And the next is somewhat different and it comes from the class of '22. "I regret very much to say that I will not be able to attend the commencement this year, as I am to be married in June and I shall be very busy until then." The second girl in her class to attach a Mrs. degree is to be Alna Williams.

SOCIETY NEWS

Argonian Literary Society

Suggestions of spring in every detail was the program of the Argonian Literary Society for April the twelfth, it being one of the most enjoyable and unique of the entire year. The program was as follows:

Reading, "Spring"-----Margaret Strickland

Piano Solo-----Evelyn McArthur

Play—"Tribute to Spring."

Queen of Spring-----Grace Buie

Trees—Lillian Lane, Lydia Minter, Daisy Sims, Mary Lillie Touchton.

Birds-----Katie Herrin, Verna Scarboro

Dancers--Madeline Culbreth, Marie Clark, Sarah Mandeville

Chorus-----Glee Club Girls

The meeting adjourned after a short business session.

M. Rountree.

The annual inter-society debate was held April 5, 1924. The subject was: "Resolved, That the present law, limiting immigration to 3% annually of the number of aliens registering from a given country in the census of 1910, should be continued." Both sides of this question were ably upheld, the affirmative by the Argonian Literary Society, and the negative by the Sororian Literary Society. Each side showed deep study and careful forethought of the subject. The decision was rendered in favor of the negative. The debators were: Misses Frances Thomas, Evelyn McArthur, Argonians, and Frances Faries, Christine Meadows, Sororians.

Sororian Literary Society

The program meeting of the Sororian Literary Society was held May 3, 1924. The program was very unique and unlike any held before. The members were given a slip of paper with "Are You Well Read" written on it, as they entered. The purpose of the program was to test the members' knowledge and recognition of famous characters in literature. As each character came before the society a selection concerning his life was read in order to help the members of the society recall who the character was. Those represented were as follows:

Twenty-three

THE PINE BRANCH

Ulrica in "Ivanhoe"-----	Marjorie Seals
"Hoosier School Boy"-----	Carolyn Ashley
June in "Trail of Lonesome Pine"-----	Jewell Michell
Lorna Doone-----	Gertrude DeLay
Ichabod Crane-----	Arie Allen
Miss Minerva in "Miss Minerva and Wm. Green Hill"-----	Catherine Wheeler
Uncas in "Last of Mohicans"-----	Ruth Gill
The Prince in "Prince and Pauper"-----	Lila Littlefield

The Sororian Literary Society held its regular program meeting on the evening of April 20, 1924. The following Irish program was enjoyed:

"The Rising of the Moon" by Lady Gregory-----	Catherine Wheeler
"My Wild Irish Rose"-----	Olin Bland
Play—"The Workhouse Ward"	
Michael Mickell-----	Velma Sirmans
Michael McInerney-----	Theresa Eckers
Honor Donahoe-----	Ruth Mann

The play, which was indeed humorous, especially since the characters were so well represented, was the source of much laughter and merriment.

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JOKES

Miss Campbell (to tardy student): "What were you late for?"

Frances S. (sleepily): "Er—Class, I suppose."

Florence B.: "Tennis is such a noisy game, for it can't be played without a racket."

Miss Gilmer: "What kinds of poetry are there?"

Smyrna D.: "Lyric, dramatic and epidemic."

E. P. (to the mirror): "I'll have none of your unkind reflections."

Doris Morgan (at breakfast): "My goodness! Every morning, when Miss Hopper taps that bell, she catches me in the middle of my cup of coffee."

Evelyn: "Minnie, what is the longest word in the language?"

Minnie G.: "The word a public speaker uses, when he says, 'Just one word more and I will close.'"

Francis M.: "How long can a person live without brains?"

Marie Clark: "I don't know. How old are you?"

Miss Craig (discussing dyes in chemistry): "Miss Mandeville, when do you use a mordant?"

Sarah: "I don't know."

Miss Craig: "Why, before you dye (die), of course."

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