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WOODROW WILSON

A soul betrayed, out of human sight
Has passed; a soul which trod
Apart from men but close to God.
A soul whose path of glory bright
Is endless. From whose words of light
Shine peace and love and brotherhood
Which shall not ever be misunderstood.
A soul divine, too proud to fight.

Sublime ideals were his service bars,
Faith and great love his guiding stars.
When Time grasped hard his heavy scythe
And Pain had left him bent and worn
He laid himself down like a soldier torn.
For all who live gave he his life.

Evelyn Brown.

THE OPEN WINDOW

The Montserrat, an attractive and quiet suburban inn, was unusually peaceful and quiescent this cheerful, sunny afternoon when Roberta and Tarrance dropped in for tea.

"Dear, I believe you are having tea with those old men on the wall instead of me," remarked Tarrence after a short silence. "How do you like those old fellows anyway? I'll wager you haven't looked away from them five minutes since we've been in here. You make me, oh, so jealous flirting with those old birds dressed in lace and buckles!"

"Oh, you're such a tease," remonstrated Roberta. "Really, do you know who painted that tapestry?"

"No, dear, the picture is familiar, but you know I don't remember all the artists as you do."

"It is a reproduction by Von Obenheur of one of Velasquez court scenes. Isn't it masterfully rendered?"

"Oh, yes, if you say so. I don't know when a painting is masterfully rendered or when it is crudely rendered, but I know whether I like it or not."

"Tarrence, Von Obenheur has certainly given us Velasquez technique as well as a Velasquez subject. Look at the exquisite coloring, as clear and brilliant as a precious stone! Notice how the grey golden and silvery tones blend to make a happy union and an exquisite tenderness of the most delicate tints—the glory of Velasquez. Can't you see there the real portrayal of Velasquez?"

"Roberta dear, have a sandwich. Those old men with their elaborate etiquette prescribed by the formalities of such a rigidly ceremonious court do not interest me. The fellows look antiquated and simple to me."

"Oh, yes—simplicity is an outstanding quality of Velasquez. His method is surprisingly simple. He paints his composition directly on canvas. The simplified shadows he merely rubs in, all the high lights are laid on in a rich impasto, and the result with its broad, delicate and justly executed tonalities is so perfect in value that the illusion is complete."

"Well," interrupted Tarrence, "I agree with you, lover-of-the-beautiful, that the illusion is complete. At least, my illusion is complete when I look at that ornament on the wall. I see nothing beautiful, wonderful, or remarkable

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about those insipid looking creatures. Frankly I don't like it. It may serve as a chronicle of history, but other than the bare facts of history I see nothing—absolutely nothing.”

“Yes, there are wonderful lessons of history there in his portrayal of Philip IV. in his prematurely serious royal children with their unhealthy faces and rigid attitudes,” continued Roberta. “Velasquez always held as his motto ‘Truth, not painting,’ and in that scene he makes me feel as if I were looking at history—at life through an open window.”

“Looking at life through an open window,” repeated Tarrence slowly and thoughtfully—“a—what—just—what do you mean by looking at life through an open window?”

“Well, don't you remember that's what Shelley meant in his *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*.

“Spirit of Beauty that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form—
Thou—that to human thought art nourishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame!
Depart not as thy shadows come,
Depart not, lest the grave should be
Like life and fear, a dark reality.”

As Roberta spoke her face was veiled with a greyish hue. Her eyes glowed with a beautiful steadiness as if some unseen power were inspiring her to speak.

After a long silence, Tarrence slowly and thoughtfully spoke with the deepest sincerity. “You, then, are the open window of my life—there's nothing in that picture for me—it's all just reality, plain, cold, curious facts. But you—there's something about you that drives the gloom of life away—that makes life urgent to me. You make life beautiful and sublime. Like sunbeams that peep behind a mountain shower, you visit every human heart—and thou, not that curious picture, dear, dost consecrate all thou dost shine upon of human thought or form.”

Roberta was confiding with her mother a few evenings later. “Mother, if I could just acquire the technique of Velasquez like Von Obenheur—if I could paint a modern subject and use his technique I'd—oh—I'd almost be ready to die I'd be so happy. You know Tarrence doesn't see

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anything beautiful in Velasquez's work—he doesn't see beauty in anything. He sees nothing but plain, cold, unvarnished facts. He never embroiders the realities of life into beautiful, living truth.—Oh, yes, mother, I know I admire him, but all I said is true. He is so handsome, so jolly, and—oh, so clever. But, he doesn't look at life as I do. Life to him is either a joke or a calamity, mother, let me tell you," Roberta's heart beat rapidly. Every muscle in her supple body seemed stiff and her eyes reflected the burning hope and inspiration of her heart. "I want to paint an old, wornlooking man sitting by a window—with the light shining in—shining on a book which he is reading. Youth has gone, his wife has passed on, his children are far away. Love, friends and fortune are his no more. Alone! Yet—yet, there is something left which makes life worth while—a light, a beautiful luminous spirit, which makes his life happy. I'll let the light shining on the book represent this something—this intangible, invisible something which makes life beautiful—and—and that something which is so remote from Tarrence's appreciation."

For days after having tea at the Monsterrat the phrase "looking at life through an open window" seemed to have had exclusive possession of Tarrence's thought. At work or at home, the phrase seemed to echo and re-echo in his ear. Remembering that Roberta had quoted Shelley, he went into his den and turned to the **Hymn to Intellectual Beauty**,

"Spirit of Beauty, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon"—

he saw Roberta and only Roberta as that spirit of Beauty which Shelley meant. To him it was a Hymn to Roberta. This conviction was made more indelible as he read

"Thy light alone—like mists o'er mountains driven
Or music by the night wind sent,
Through strings of some still instrument
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream."

"Yes," he thought, "Roberta gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream." However, there was an after-thought—

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"Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds depart
And come, for some uncertain moments lent."

Three years had passed since we saw Roberta and Tarrence at the Montserrat. Great masses thronged to see the sumptuous La Mar which was being opened for the first time. Among the surging crowd were Tarrence and Roberta. The gayety and splendor of the evening was interrupted only by a tapestry on the wall which was receiving so much attention that Roberta noticed that even Tarrence was looking at it. She interrupted him by suggesting "there's another old man on the wall!"

"Yes, dear, every where I go I see some picture that everyone is raving over. That picture doesn't look so antiquated, and the man is not so lifeless as those old courtiers at the Montserrat. Roberta, what's he doing, reading—and that light from the window shining on the book? Some girl ought to be in that chair instead of that man, and light ought to be shining on her face instead of the book. A bright light on a woman's face always emphasizes her beauty."

Roberta gave a silent sigh. She was hopelessly disappointed. Two years and a half she had spent painting the one picture which she hoped would broaden her lover's vision and appreciation and enable him to lift life from the commonplace to the sublime, but disappointment seemed to be her only reward. She forced herself to make one more attempt, and began explaining the picture,

"Tarrence, look, the man is contented—"

"Yes, dear," interrupted Tarrence, "he looks extremely happy and satisfied. But why should he? There is no one with him."

"But that is the beauty, Tarrence," continued Roberta. "His features aren't handsome, but he has a kindly, contented expression. The picture is a miracle of truth to me. The truth which is revealed by the light shining on the book which the old man is reading. He has lost love, and friends, and is the 'last leaf on the old forsaken bough,' but there's something left, that 'shadow of unseen Power' which can only be cast by such a light."

"Oh, yes, Roberta, and that's the way I'll look when I get old, and you are gone. Alone, without my Love."

Clarice Weathersbee.

MUNYCHIA BY THE SEA

The seashore—there is moonlight.
Mystic forces weave a spell
Of sheerest gossamer romance
And tales of fairy wonder tell.
Silver painted water
Holds all rapt. There is no sound.
Gentle swells are lightly heaving,
Breathing softly, shoreward bound.
Sphinx-like dunes are silhouetted
'Gainst a sky of shaded light,
Silent solitary guardians
Of the moon-bathed, phantom night.

Ella Mae White.

The Influence of Cherry Branch on My Life

A house—a slope—a border of woodland—a child.
The house is my home; the slope, our orchard; it is of the woodland I write;—the thick growth of scrubby black gums, tall pines and massive oaks that border the slope. When added to this are wild cherry trees sprinkled with starry white blossoms which later turn to tiny black fruit; the slender bay trees to give lighter splashes of green, and a lone holly to suggest dreams of what is yet to come, when a little child peeps through the wire gate down the pathway that leads through the orchard to the bottom of the slope,—that cool deep shade beckons and calls. The child no longer stands wistfully dreaming, for discoveries are already made; fancies have become facts; dreams, realities. Within the shadows, there winds a tiny stream, the child is splashing in its cooling water.

The stream is Cherry Branch; the child—myself.

Quite early in my life Cherry Branch became a playground. Here my little friends romped with me—those who thought not of snakes, and cared naught for snags. Swings of rope and chain were hung from the lower limbs of oaks. Playmates “took turns” at swinging and pushing. The swing I liked best was a wild grape vine that clambered up among the interlaced branches of an oak, a cherry tree and three pines. It seemed the work of some giant weaver who, laboring through the hours of the night, had dropped long loops, as if to form a tangled curtain for the cozy nooks where crickets chirped and rabbits burrowed. Overhead, not too closely woven, the wonderful canopy let down long shafts of sunshine which ended in bright spots on the carpet of grass beneath.

Those shafts of sunlight! With what delight bare legs shot through and back again, as in this fairy swing, I moved to and fro, to and fro, forgetful of all save the wilderness about me.

In the tops of the trees squirrels built their nests. Up and down and around the tree trunks they frolicked. When autumn came, they made frequent trips to the nut trees

THE INFLUENCE OF CHERRY BRANCH ON MY LIFE

which grew near the house. One of these squirrels became my first pet. For weeks he seemed to enjoy the companionship even as much as I did. What mad frolics we had! Then one day he followed me down the street. He must have climbed one of the oaks that bordered the walk, and joined old friends, for I never saw him again. This childish sorrow, so real to me, I sought to hide, and when inquisitive "grown ups" teased, I replied quite cheerfully, "O, he has gone to town to get some candy. He'll be back soon." To this day the glimpse of a squirrel fascinates me.

Boys that I knew hunted the small game to be found in Cherry Branch. Often I joined them. The rabbit chase was quite exciting; rabbits were so numerous. To kill a squirrel was another matter. One boy used to say: "As sure as I shoot a squirrel, you're here before it hits the ground." Whenever I heard the report of a gun, I ran to investigate.

In spite of the rabbit chase, I loved these animals very dearly. Sometimes a dog caught a rabbit and injured it before it could be taken from him. I took great pride in being a rabbit doctor, and dressed all wounds carefully. These rabbits often became quite tame, but were so timid about eating that I always set them free as soon as the wounds were healed. One, I remember quite distinctly, stayed with me several months. I think, however, our early spring garden was the chief attraction.

Spring—summer—autumn—winter—again and again Time his circle wound. A sister and a brother came to share our joys and sorrows. Grandfather went away. Life took on a deeper meaning.

Many moods possessed me; always Cherry Branch beckoned. If wanderlust was uppermost there were overgrown pathways skirting the big woods. If a spirit of adventure took hold of me, my Tower Pine stood waiting. Its spreading branches, unlike those of other pines, grew close to the ground. Ascending, I looked out over the town I call home. Wild fancies filled my thoughts. I longed for the wings of a bird. Once I missed my footing. A long white scar across my scalp remains to give to this adventure a decided touch of realism.

There were times when I wished to be alone. With a

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favorite book under my arm, I sought the solitude of the pines. Here stretched out on the fresh green grass, I read for hours, comparing the descriptions in the book to my own Cherry Branch, meditating upon the thoughts of the author, or dreaming the dreams of youth. Yet I was not alone. The dove calling mournfully to his mate, the blue jays and red birds contending, assured me of the companionship that had been mine since earliest childhood.

The day had come for me to go away to college. Early that morning I slipped quietly into a shaded nook. There was only the sound of a frog hopping into the cool water at my approach. Suddenly, from the foliage above me, there burst forth the high, clear call of the joree, followed by the sweet song of the thrush, punctured by the "zip, zip" of the jack snipe. The soft melody of the catbird seemed in too high a key. To confirm my suspicions I gazed intently through the overlapping branches of the trees. My mocking bird was having his usual joke. He eyed me most audaciously, then struck off a medley that must have included every note and trill known to feathered songster. Like Browning's throstle:

"He sings his song twice over
Lest you think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture."

Or was he singing to me, a farewell from all the birds? Did he repeat that I might not forget?

Ah, Cherry Branch with your wildness and your timid wood folks, the years have sped as on wings, other places have attracted, other friends have claimed me; but never can I forget the beauty of your spring time, the lure of your summer shade, the majesty of your winter robes. Never can I get very far away from the spell of your solitudes. It is with me yet. I shall not forget!

Mary Kate McMillan.

BOB LEE

In spite of the fact that Bob Lee received little or no encouragement to remain at medical college during his freshman year, he stayed; and true to his ambition, he was there during his sophomore, junior and senior years.

When Bob Lee was a mischievous lad of twelve years, rolling and tossing between snow white sheets, he heard from old Dr. Crim who was talking to his mother in the hall—"Yes, a big tablespoon of this every two hours. And if that doesn't rid him of that sluggish feeling and brighten his eyes a bit just let me know. I'll call back in the morning; it might be necessary to change his medicine, you know. Poor child, he must be really ill to stay in bed. Boys hate it so—and then he would hate to get behind in his school work."

Bob Lee couldn't hear what his mother had to say—he wondered what she did say about that "staying away from school." Somehow he felt that he would have been enjoying life much better right this minute if he had gone on to school, instead of petting his imaginary aches and pains and being forced to remain in bed all day. Bob Lee saw his mother enter his darkened room on tip-toe, which room, however, was not too dark, nor were his eyes too weak to see an enormous—yes, a huge bottle of light yellow liquid in her hand, and a glass holding a big shining spoon in the other. Goodness! what was school in comparison with more than he could possibly swallow of this yellow stuff every two hours? He suddenly felt himself growing better and better.

"Son," came from his mother, "I wanted to fix a tray more attractive and appetizing for my little man, but Dr. Crim insisted that you should have only a little weak broth with your medicine. Turn over and take this and then I'll have Sally bring your soup." Bob Lee took the medicine in his hands and made a brave gesture as if fixing to take it, as his mother left to see that his soup was ready. Soup! And he had expected a great feed. The kitchen was a long way from his room and what a God-send was his convenient lavatory! Quickly to his feet, a sharp turn of the spigot, back in bed and it was over. He still found himself

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recuperating with every moment. It was his turn to laugh now at the bald-headed doctor.

"Don't doctors have it easy, tho'?" he reflected, "coming in here to look at a stuck-out tongue and leaving all that vile colored medicine, and then charging an enormous fee."

He drank all his soup and as his mother carried the empty glass and spoon back to the kitchen, he handed her his empty dish in Oliver Twist style. "Well, who would have thought we should have such quick results? Your appetite is getting better." The little actor smiled to think how he had refused any breakfast at all, "saving" for the expected feast at noon.

"And," she continued, "I do believe your eyes are about to regain their old sparkle. I'm not surprised though, for Dr. Crim is certainly fine—so thorough and conscientious. I just feel like I'd be helpless if we didn't have him to depend on." And she left for the second time.

Alone with his thoughts, Bob Lee wondered why not try it on the coming generation? He'd like nothing better than to chase around in a nifty roadster to see the tongues of little truants in their flowery bedrooms. Somehow the idea appealed to him strongly.

Back at school again with the announcement of his intention to join the medical profession, smiles of amusement were brought to the faces of those around who would have had more faith in his success had he aspired to be a clown. His mother, thinking that his childish desire would vanish, said nothing of it until he had finished high school with his same ambition—to become a doctor.

One day she called him to her,

"Bob Lee, my boy," she said, "are you sure you want to go to medical college? I think it would be wise for you to go to the State University with Fred and James. You could take a commercial course there, and then Uncle Robert would be ready to take you into the store. He's very anxious to help you, and I feel sure that with your bright, winning disposition you might be able to help him in return."

Bob Lee's brow knitted, and without saying a word, he turned in a moment and walked slowly out of the room to stroll under the big oak in the back yard. His thoughts

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were raging—"They just don't think I can do it and they hate to say so. That's it. All of them think it. Just because I don't worry all the time and can find time to laugh and joke, and just because I've never made high marks in school, they think my brain is dead, and that all I can do is to hang around Uncle Rob's store to laugh and chat with all the customers that might drop in. Exciting life, that is—enough to bore one to death, and then for all that have a little check put to my account at the end of every month. Ugh!"

The very thought sickened him.

He knew how he hated to study, how it bored him. Why couldn't one be a doctor without text books? But since they were necessary he'd expose himself to them. He could think of nothing worse than flunking and being forced to return home to the tune of "I told you so."

* * * * *

Christmas holidays were approaching and all the boys, especially the freshmen, were as eager to see the 17th of December as if they were still five years old and expecting Santa Claus—and Bob was no different from the rest. He could hardly wait to see the gang again, to eat, ride, sleep and dance to his heart's content—in fact, he allowed his thoughts of such pastimes to carry him so far away from the realm of school work that when the term examination papers were handed back he was greeted with a large "F" on his Anatomy paper and a red "X" on Physiology.

This sickened him. Why hadn't he studied harder? He knew those texts were the most technical under the heavens and it would have meant only a little more memory work. But, no! He had been too happy in jollyng the crowd along, too busy gaining popularity, (for every one liked Bob Lee whether they admired him or not), to be able to concentrate on any one thing long at a time. All the old teachers were so serious and hard-boiled that Bob Lee was about to conclude that it was necessary to be gruff and grouchy to know medicine.

However, the "F" and "X" did force Bob Lee to a few moments of serious thoughts. He would either remain at school and prepare for re-exams to be given after holidays or he would go home and enjoy Christmas with the rest, thereby sacrificing his ambition and making himself the

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butt of ridicule. He couldn't entertain the thoughts of the latter, and the former was certainly hard. However he decided in its favor, for he knew his mother would come up to spend the time with her only son.

When he announced his intentions to his crowd, the boys only hooted—"Ah, come on Bob Lee. You can't stand it here. It'll be miserable. Anyway, you'll never know the difference twenty years from now when your uncle has made you his junior partner. You know you're not going to lead a doctor's hard life when a happy fellow with your personality can wring a soft snap with a rich uncle. Don't ever think of staying here."

This, however, only made Bob Lee see more clearly than ever that it was vitally necessary for him to stay; and that is what he did, studying hard to kill his lonesomeness.

Bob Lee passed his work the rest of the year, but only by a small margin, for he was inclined to forget his ambition when he was making himself and every one around enjoy life with a free flow of the latest jokes and snappy conundrums. And it was in June, a few days before summer vacation, when, as Bob Lee stopped by the office to make application for next year's entrance, that he was stopped by Dr. Horace, one of the school's terrors. "See here, you! Young man," he snapped abruptly, "you don't expect to come back here next year, do you?"

"Certainly, why?" he dared to ask.

"Well, you don't seem to me to have the makings of a doctor. If so, you're not applying yourself—too harum-scarum. It's not a habit of this school as you know, young man, to send out quack doctors; and frankly I'll tell you that I don't think you'll pass your work. Better change your profession. Doctors are made to cure, not kill, you know."

This set Bob Lee's blood to boiling. He'd show old man Horace whether he'd be a quack or not; and he left for home and vacation with only one idea—that of returning next year and passing Dr. Horace's work in pathology.

Four years passed and everything was in readiness for graduation—except Bob Lee. Would he or would he not be granted a diploma? He had only passed his work by a hair's breadth, and due to his dislike for the young ne'er-do-well, Dr. Horace thought his diploma ought to be held

BOB LEE

up on general principles.

However, Bob Lee's winning smile had won the hearts and good-will of several instructors, and he was finally allowed to graduate, but with the parting words from Dr. Horace, "Boy, don't ever try the life of any of your patients with anything more harmful than a bread pill."

* * * * *

As the train rolled along through the arid western plain, Dr. Horace and Mr. Steven, the Billfort representative, were having a most enlightening chat over their table in the dining car. Mr. Steven was expressing to the doctor the needs of the westerners on sanitation laws — telling him how glad they would be to have such a noted man lecture to them and how glad he knew their village doctor would be.

"You know," said he, "that little bundle of energy is a wonder. He has just made Billfort — he has worked up that town and has incidentally made for himself a small fortune. I don't know whether it's because of his happy democratic nature or because of the public's faith in his pills. Those pills! They really are great! I'll declare they're good for anything. They have done us all good, even me. Why, my wife always keeps a supply on hand for her nervous headaches, for the kids and me. Everybody—"

Here he was interrupted by the violent coughing of the doctor. He had swallowed a fish bone and it had hung in his throat. On the realization of this he was carried to the observation platform of the car by his friend. Mr. Steven shook him and pounded his back, assuring the doctor between fits of strangles and coughs that they were just outside of Billfort; he would be able to get relief there. Hardly had he finished speaking when the long train slowed down for the small wooden station in the heart of the town.

Still seized by coughing spells and still possessed of a fish bone in his throat, the doctor alighted with his host and was taken into the small waiting room to await the village doctor, who had been summoned by one of the obliging citizens that had met the train.

No sooner had the doctor been called, than the crowd who had gathered around saw him crossing the street in a

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run, swinging a little black satchel. "Hi, Tom! why all the mob? All over a strange celebrity? Who is he any way? Show me to him—" and the crowd gave entrance to their hero, who on learning the exact trouble and recognizing the small, cramped figure, opened up the satchel and took out a bottle of bullet-like pills. When he handed one to Dr. Horace a gruff mumbling was heard to the effect of "Huh—what—pills for a fish bone? No—give me some—"

He was interrupted by, "You, my friend, will take three of these, one right after another until relieved of all pain."

But two sufficed. The second one must have hit the bone in the middle and knocked it on down, for the old man gulped and swallowed rather easily and raised his head to look the world in the face again—only to meet the gaze of the one who had relieved him—

"What? Not you?" he gasped.

"None other"—and in a confidential aside as the crowd dispersed, "I might say here that your advice isn't bad after all. You see these pills and my devil-may-care temperament have acquired nourishment and clothes for the family for six years now."

Grace Buie.

— EDITORIAL —

Several years ago there appeared in one of our current magazines a story dealing with the results of three wishes made on a monkey's paw of miraculous power. These wishes were granted through the potency of the charm, but the granting of the first two interfered with the routine of life with such disastrous effects that the last of the three was used to undo as far as possible the work of the other two and to bring back the regular routine of existence. Even the marvelous power of the monkey's paw, however, was not sufficient to undo all the disastrous results, and the man and his wife to whom the three wishes had been granted resumed their regular round of life a sadder but a wiser couple.

Monotony may be deadly, but routine is exceedingly necessary for the most effective and economical living, and when routine is disturbed, the disturber invariably pays.

Sometimes the lesson learned in the interference with routine is worth the price paid, however, and the administration and student body hope that this will be true in the case of one recent action of the student body of this school.

How many times have we heard girls say, in the immemorial custom of school girls away from home, "Oh, if something would only happen so that we could go home!"

Whatever may have been the power of these wishes, there came in the course of time an apparently miraculous answer to them in that the contractor who was putting in certain improvements in the heating plant failed to have it quite ready to work when caught by the first cold spell of the season.

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The fall holidays were rapidly approaching and the holiday spirit had already entered the girls. On the Sunday before the scheduled beginning of the holidays on Thursday the weather was cold and damp—just that gloomy cold weather which makes any girl away from home wish that she might go back immediately, and the majority of the girls lost the nerve which they had preserved so splendidly until then. A call for a mass meeting to petition that they be relieved of the discomforts which they were undergoing was signed by about twenty of the girls.

This mass meeting was held the following day in spite of the fact that the weather had moderated to such an extent that many of the girls felt that the original purpose of the meeting no longer existed. The President, Dr. Powell, and the Dean of Women, Miss Hopper, were both present at this meeting.

The President told the girls that he and the Dean of Women had been aware of the discomfort that the girls were experiencing and had been planning means of relieving their discomfort, but that this discomfort was apparently ended by the change in the weather and that he believed there would be more inconvenience in the loss of time than pleasure in the longer holiday.

Like the genius of the monkey foot, however, he insisted that they have their wish, and the girls wished to go home.

Since the work of the year in every standard college requires a standard number of hours, the three days lost in the longer holiday had to be made up. The planning of a time for the making up of the work presented a problem

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of no little administrative difficulty. After many suggestions had been offered, considered and some rejected, and the girls had traded in two of their future holidays in return for two of the days to be made up, there still remained one day.

The best, in fact, the only, way to make this up seemed to be to lengthen each day's schedule by two hours for three days. Of course this entailed hardship upon both girls and faculty.

They have all been very good-humored about the strain under which they have necessarily worked, but all the student body has found that when a monkey wrench is thrown into a piece of machinery, interfering with the routine of its work, there invariably results damage to the wrench, the machine and the person who threw the wrench.

After all, there are no lessons so well taught as those taught by one's own experience!

Y. W. C. A.

The week of the 9th-15th was observed as the World Week of Prayer. This year we were most fortunate in securing such splendid leaders for our services. The topic assigned for the week was "The Need and Hope of the World." This topic was studied and prayed over in all the organizations of the world during this week. Our speakers and topics for each night were as follows:

"The Root Evil and Supreme Good." Dr. R. H. Powell.

"The Home Life." Dr. Scott.

"Christian Education." Dr. Johnson.

"A Christianized Social Order." Miss Hopper.

"Following Christ." Dr. Allen.

"The Great Vision." Miss Goodrich.

"The Great Adventure." Dr. Wallace.

The event which took place on the evening of November the 22nd was one which the students had been looking forward to for over a year. For then it was that the House in the Woods was opened to the students and faculty.

"And what is the House in the Woods?" some one may ask. Well, there is quite an interesting history back of it. The class of '23, as their parting gift to the college, originated the idea of having a place where the girls might spend their leisure hours, have their feasts, marshmallow toasts, steak fries and all sorts of jolly times. They decided to convert a shabby old shack in the woods into a bright, sunny little club house. The work was begun by that class and with the help of the literary societies, the classes and the Y. W. C. A. their dreams of a cozy little club house have at last become a reality.

The Y. W. C. A., which now has charge of the house, has worked most diligently in order that it might be ready for use this fall, so the cabinet, dressed in colonial costume, was indeed happy to welcome the guests with an old fashioned house warming on Saturday evening.

The guests were first shown into the cozy and comfortable lounging room on the first floor. Here the home fire was lighted and the origin of the house told by the presi-

Y. W. C. A.

dent of the present senior class, Miss Grace Buie. The guests were then taken upstairs to a very pretty and attractive little dining room where they were served with hot chocolate and old fashioned cookies.

Bonfires were built outside the house, where little pickaninnies danced and played their mandolins. The dancing of the Virginia Reel brought this evening of old Southern hospitality to a close.

On Friday evening, November 14, we were again honored by the annual visit of Dr. Henry Lawrence Southwick, president of the Emerson School of Oratory. The program for the evening, "Miscellaneous Readings," was enthusiastically received by all present. There were a number of humorous and light readings given, but the climax of the program came when a selection from "Julius Caesar" was read. Dr. Southwick spent a part of the next day in our college home, giving us an opportunity to become better acquainted with him.

LOCALS

The college girls greatly enjoyed the program given by Horn's Orchestra one Sunday afternoon this month.

Class team excitement is to be changed to Athletic Association team excitement this year. Instead of having one Athletic Association as has been the custom heretofore, we are very glad to have two for the year 1924-1925. The presidents of the two associations are Misses Sara Mandeville of Jesup, Ga., and Miss Nana Alexander of Nashville, Ga.

The good times started this month with a weinie roast at the House in the Woods. The teams are working with a will at basket ball and we are expecting an exciting game on Thanksgiving.

The students were glad of the break in the daily schedule that came on Monday, October 27, when the greater number of girls left for their homes to enjoy the fall holidays. On account of the installation of a more efficient heating plant, we had a few days longer than usual—but they were well spent. At the close of the week we were in our places ready to renew our work.

On Friday evening, November 21, a Latin program consisting of songs, readings, and a play, was presented by the members of Miss Bush's Latin classes. It was well rendered and greatly enjoyed by the many who attended it.

ALUMNAE NOTES

I am a little disappointed this month to find so little news of our alumnae, yet grateful for the bit I have been able to get. Alumnae, won't you write us a word about yourselves? Don't be so modest about it! We are interested in anything you are doing.

Morgan MaJette Mrs. Dan L. Grant, Chapel Hill, North Carolina of the class of '17 is managing her own little home and carrying on her work as assistant director of the Carolina Playmakers.

Helen Palmer, Mrs. I. A. Bennett, of the class of '19, may still be found at Camilla, Georgia.

Bonnell Bivins of the '20 class visited the college recently. Bonnell, being interested in club work of various kinds, is devoting her time to work in that field in her own home town, Moultrie, Georgia.

From Moultrie, Georgia, comes the announcement of the birth of another grandson, Shelton E. Sharpe, Jr., on the eighth of October. His mother is our Hattie McMillan of the '20 class.

Katherine White, Mrs. V. C. Jordan, made a recent visit to homefolk at Lake Park, Georgia, stopping at the college for a short visit before her return to her home at Apartado 470, Habana, Cuba.

Lina Flynt of the '20 class is teaching Latin in the high school at Dunn, North Carolina. Lina came back to her Alma Mater for the summer session 1924.

Estelle Patten of the '21 class, because of the ill health of her mother, is spending the year at her home at Milltown, Georgia.

Estelle Barker of the '22 class is connected with the Bird-Mixon Hospital, Valdosta, Georgia, as laboratory and X-ray technician.

Helen Bruce of the '22 class made a recent visit at the college.

Mary Cobb is spending the year studying at Peabody College, Nashville, Tennessee.

Maggie Lou Cook of the '22 class is teaching the seventh grade at Portal, Georgia.

THE PINE BRANCH

Mary Crum of the '22 class is teaching near Statesboro, Georgia.

Without any comment there comes a check for alumnae dues from Alma Lee Day, drawn on a Madison, Georgia, bank. We would judge from this that Alma Lee is teaching in or near Madison.

Gladys Faircloth was a recent visitor to the college. She is connected with a firm at Perry, Florida.

Waver Hodges of the class of '22 is teaching in Eastover, South Carolina.

Rosa Lucas is teaching in the schools of Wallace, North Carolina. Address her Box 342.

Jewell Meeks of the class of '22 was a recent visitor to the college.

Edna Robinson was a recent visitor at the college. She is teaching near Tifton, Georgia.

Frances Dekle, Georgia avenue, Valdosta, Georgia, will receive her A. B. degree in May, 1925.

Again wedding bells are heard to ring! Arlouine Fitch of the '23 class is now Mrs. Lamar Jester, Blackshear, Georgia.

Bessie Barrett of the '23 class is teaching the sixth grade at Milltown, Georgia.

Lucy Fleming of the class of '23 is teaching in the schools of Taft, Florida.

Katie Herrin of the '23 class, now serving as student assistant in the Physical Education Department, will receive her A. B. degree in May, 1925. She spent the summer studying at Peabody College.

Rebecca Hill of the '23 class we find teaching the third and fourth grades at Gibson, Georgia.

O'Meara Minter is working in the Planters Bank, Donalsonville, Georgia.

May Gibson is again located at Paw Creek, North Carolina. She is teaching the sixth grade.

Juanita Parrish is teaching the second grade in the schools of Boston, Georgia.

Joyce Sikes is teaching English in the high school at Hazlehurst, Georgia.

Georgia Warren of the '23 class is teaching the sixth grade in the schools of Dunn, North Carolina.

Mary Young of the '23 class is teaching Science and Home

ALUMNAE NOTES

Economics in the high school at Jesup, Georgia.

Agnes Adams of the '24 class is teaching the fourth grade in the schools of Miami, Florida. Address her 1303 N. W. 5th street.

Dahlia Baker of the '24 class is teaching in the schools of Atlanta, Georgia. She spent the summer studying at Peabody College.

Edith Bulloch is spending the year at her home at Nashville, Georgia. We hear rumors of a romantic nature. What about it, Edith?

Edna Cockfield of the class of '24 is teaching in the Hebardville schools, near Waycross, Georgia.

Gwendolyn Mills of the class of the '24 is teaching in her home school in Ochlocknee, Georgia.

Julia Patterson may be found at Jenkinsburg, Georgia. It is History and English that she teaches.

Our ever loyal Johanna Voight writes us that she is already making plans to be here at commencement time. She is teaching English at Buchanan, Georgia.

Harriet Whitworth is teaching the sixth and seventh grades at Sale City, Georgia.

Morris Whitworth of the '24 class is spending the year at her home at Camilla, Georgia.

Mildred Williams is spending the year at her home at Fargo, Georgia.

SOCIETY NEWS

ARGONIAN SOCIETY NEWS

Indian life served as the basis of the program for the regular meeting of the Argonian Literary Society on Saturday, October 18th. The purpose of the program was to give a suggestion of how Indian life affected early Southern literature. The program was as follows:

AN INDIAN PAGEANT

Prologue ----- Martha Rountree
Indian Chief ----- Minnie Gruber
White Man ----- Lloyd Liggin
Young Chief ----- Erma Barco
Group of Indians — Lois Hiers, Rebecca Cook, Katie L. Wells, Elizabeth Coleman, Bernice Bruton, Christine Markey

The regular program meeting of the Argonian Literary Society was held Saturday night, November 15th. As a topic for the program, we took up a brief study of Southern Literature of the Colonial period. The program was as follows:

1. A Paper—"General Colonial Period," Hester Bruce.
 2. A Paper—"George Washington," Rena M. Campbell.
 3. A Dance—The Minuet. Sara Mandeville, Grace Buie, Emma Moore, Annie Smith.
 4. A Talk on Thomas Jefferson. Katie Herrin.
 5. A talk on Henry Laurens. President Frances Thomas.
- The critic for the evening was Miss Nana Alexander.

SORORIAN NEWS

The Sororian Literary Society held its regular program meeting on Saturday evening, November 15. One of the most delightful and beneficial programs of the year was given in a "Study of A. S. M. Hutchinson." The program consisted of the following numbers:

"Interesting Facts About A. S. M. Hutchinson." Mary Alice Sineath.

"If Winter Comes" (synopsis). Lucille McGregor.

"If Winter Comes" (vocal solo). Irma Mathis.

"The Girl With the Grave Nose." Sara Arnold.

Current Events—Shirley Gaskins, Noami Prim, Eugenia Milam, Genia Martin, Gladys Butler.

On Wednesday evening, November 19, Miss Gilmer spoke to the society on "Liberalism—the chief characteristic of the literature and life of today." Her talk was exceptionally good as well as helpful to everyone present.

Twenty-five

JOKES

On the Campus.

Erma Barco (practice teacher): "Did you get your English for today?"

Nelson W. (training school pupil): "Betcha. English ain't hard."

Has to Have It!

Training School Teacher: "Why is a giraffe's neck so long?"

Smart Pupil: "Because its head is such a long way from its body."

Missed His Chance!

Alma Luke (teaching geography in training school): "Porter, tell me what you know about the Mongolian race."

Porter B. (hastily): "I wasn't there—I went to the ball game."

Courage!

M. C. (badly defeated candidate): "Did you vote for me?"

M. R. (reassuringly): "Sure, I was the one."

A New Professor.

Ellamae W. (seeing nightwatchman pass): "I wonder if Mr. Cobb doesn't get very sleepy during the day."

Christine H.: "Who is Mr. Cobb? I don't believe I have a class under him."

Ellamae: "Don't you take a campus course?"

Practice Makes Perfect.

Teacher (trying to impress upon the girls some of their mistakes, "let's" and "you all" being under fire): "Girls, you all shouldn't use those words. Let's use something else."

THE PINE BRANCH

Wearing Uniform Now.

Madeline (looking for jokes): "Christine have you a 'Technique,' 'Yellow Jacket' or anything like that?"

Christine H.: "No, I haven't. I did have a yellow sweater, but I sent it home."

Frightened?

Ina Mae Cromartie: "Have you ever seen a stage ghost?"

Minnie G.: "No, but I've felt a stage fright."

Making Science Practical.

M. C.: "Minnie, is the water hot this morning?"

Minnie G.: "If there was any heat in it, it was latent—'cause it was hidden."

Catching Compliments.

Mildred H.: "Wait a minute. Let me ask myself a question."

Alice W.: "You better not. You'll get a crazy answer."

Speed Limit!

M. B.: "Why are you always late to class?"

C. B.: "Because of a sign I have to pass on my way here."

M. B.: "What has that to do with it?"

C. B.: "Why it says, 'School ahead—go slow.'"

—Exchange.

Classified.

Mr. Stokes (in Biology): "Name a parasite?"

M. L. Touchton: "Me?"

Mr. Stokes: "Yes, but name another one."

Should Be Charged to Her.

Student (setting up experiment for general science)

S. B.: "What is the charge for this battery?"

Miss Carrin: "Five amperes."

S. B.: "Yes, but how much is that in American money?"

JOKES

“Economy Is the Spice of Life.”

M. G. (to roommate): “Now, remember that you have on your new shoes, and take long steps so as not to wear them out so fast.”

“Spellbound.”

Mary B.: “When I finished reading my essay in English this morning, the class sat there open-mouthed.”

Ena B.: “Oh, nonsense. They never yawn all at once.”

THE GEORGIA STATE WOMANS COLLEGE
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WHO READ THESE LINES A
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HAPPY NEW YEAR
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ALSO WISHES THAT EACH AND EVERY ONE OF
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The Christmas spirit is abroad in the land. Everywhere there is gay whisperings and gay plans. Telephones ring merrily, and cordial invitations keep Uncle Sam and his postmen busy. Come, get into step with this festive spirit. Look to the clothes you will wear at holiday parties, luncheons, club meetings, shopping tours and scores of other places. Plan so that each costume will be complete in every detail. New Footwear, selected here, is the first step toward Yuletide preparation.

Special prices on all Footwear at our store for benefit of the G. S. W. C. girls.

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Luncheon Sets \$3.95-\$10	Handkerchiefs 10 to \$1.50
Breakfast Sets \$2.95-\$3.95	Bags -----\$1.50 to \$5.00
Linen and Napkins	Beaded Bags \$3.95-\$15.00
-----\$5.00 to \$15.00	Boudoir Slippers
Bath Robes \$3.50 to \$10	-----\$2.00 to \$4.00
Negligees \$3.50 to \$25.00	Sweaters,
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HAPPY NEW YEAR

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