

THE PINE BRANCH



1925

FRESHMAN NUMBER

Volume IX

Number 5

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.

VOL. IX

APRIL, 1925

NO.5

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LOVE IS EVER BEGINNING

The December afternoon was fast waning. The once bright clouds had faded into a dull gray, and had moved over the sky as if they were afraid of the darkness that was soon to follow. The sun sank behind the horizon, letting in the cold clear night. The wind was keen, and as it whistled through the pines in front of the Herring homestead, a person passing by would have shivered and looked longingly at the flickering lights coming from the low casement windows.

But in the Herring living room Grandmother was rocking comfortably in her chair, unmindful of the seeming unrest of the world outside.

It was a cozy living room. The dying flames on the hearth made the old mahogany furniture look like a multitude of stolid phantoms hiding in the shadows; yet each acted as a guard and protector that no harm should befall the little old lady who had been left in their care.

On Grandmother Herring's lap was her mending basket. She had been busy the entire afternoon, but in the twilight of the evening she fell to musing. Her mind wandered amid the scenes of the past.

She remembered of her early girlhood days, only that she had been lonely, with no immediate family, and had always wanted to be loved by some one. Her uncle, with whom she had lived, had been good to her, but he had not petted and loved her as much as she had thought a little girl ought to be loved.

Late one afternoon when Grandmother was in her fifteenth year, a young man, seated in his saddle, as knights of old, rode up the drive. He had asked to see her uncle.

The two men had gone into the living room, and had stayed until late in the evening. During their conversation at breakfast the next morning, her uncle told her that the man was Mr. John Herring, from the adjoining county. They were going into business together.

Mr. Herring often spent evenings in the home, discussing some work that was being carried on in the firm. She had liked him from the first, and had been always interested and happy when he would cast aside the cares of business and enter into a game of whist. His visits became more frequent, and it was no surprise to her when a year later she blushing accepted his offer of marriage.

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The thirty years of Grandmother's married life had been very much like those days spent at her uncle's.

When the work of the day was supposed to be over and the evening meal was finished, John would return to the office. Often he looked forward to the day when his "ships would come home," and his financial circumstances would enable him to fulfill all the girlhood desires of his wife. Grandmother sat by the fire and pondered . . . John did not even take time for a game of whist then. So John had worked on, never manifesting his love in the little affections so dear to her heart.

The rocking chair ceased to move. The fire on the hearth was growing low. The phantoms had united into one big protective agent.

When John, Junior, had been small and had sat on her knee and patted her face affectionately with his chubby little hands, often she had hoped that in her son the fire of love and tenderness would kindle and burn brightly.

It did kindle, but his affections grew into a love of football, hiking, fishing and camping. The years passed quickly and before Grandmother realized it John was off at college and was making the football team.

During his third year at college, John had very unexpectedly brought home a bride. What a shock it had been! She had so hoped that John would finish college. But amid the disappointment she had cherished the hope that in Lucile, her great desire would be realized.

Lucile was a very lovable girl, not more than eighteen—a girl who possessed all that youth could offer.

Grandmother, as well as John, realized this as they took their evening stroll along the shady avenue. John and Lucile had walked hand in hand. They were happy. They loved each other, but it had seemed to Grandmother, as she sat rocking on the porch, that nowhere in their young lives was there a place for her.

Grandmother continued her musing, unmindful that the fire on the hearth was slowly fading away, and with it the last ray of sunlight.

Lucile had been lonely in the small town away from her parents, so they decided to move to the city. John had started in the business world. He had done well. In fact, he had sent his mother a liberal check every month.

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Once during the next summer John and Lucile had come to spend a week just to rest from the hurry and bustle of the city. How they enjoyed the fruits and vegetables that Grandmother gathered and prepared! And after they were gone, Grandmother had cried because they had brought her an album filled with post card views of the city instead of a bit of cream lace to go in the neck of her best black satin dress.

It was in the next spring that Virginia Claire had been born. Grandmother had looked forward to the week that they would spend in the summer with her.

But they had not come. John had been entering business on a larger scale. This had required much of his time and thought, and had left no time for vacation that summer. Grandmother had hoped that they would come the next summer, but in the following summer the story had repeated itself. Grandmother, living there alone, had done her work, and bit of mending, but it had been in an indifferent spirit.

Thus five summers had passed; but the last of these summers had passed. Lucile had been stricken with fever and after a month of suffering had died. Not long afterward, John had been struck down by an automobile. He had died, leaving two treasures to his mother—one his daughter, Virginia Claire,—the other a vast sum of money.

Although the death of her son and of her daughter had grieved Grandmother greatly, the arrival of Virginia Claire, the furniture and many household furnishings, gave her new duties, new thoughts, and new cares.

The child, Virginia Claire, was affable and amiable, but did not possess the beautiful features of her mother. The little girl had never visited out of the city, so naturally, found plenty to attract her attention, while Grandmother busied herself with the unpacking.

How tenderly and motherly she had cared for the grandchild. She had played dolls, made play houses, studied lessons, and been a girl with Jenny.

Several years later an incident had occurred which she would never forget. One day Virginia Claire had been sitting before the fire, staring at the crayon portrait of her grandfather.

"Grandpa must have been a good kind man, Granny,"

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Virginia Claire had said abruptly.

"Why do you think so, dear?" Grandmother asked, wonderingly.

"Well, those eyes of his just seem to say, 'I love you'. I know I would have loved him. He looks just like daddy looked, and daddy loved everyone, you know."

It was the first time Grandmother had ever thought of it in this way. Could it really be true that her husband had manifested his love for her in this manner. Why had she not seen it in his eyes then as she did now? Why had she not learned that there were more ways than one in which affection could be shown? A new light came into her eyes. Yes, they had all loved her. But did Virginia Claire love her? . . . My, how the child had grown. Could she believe that Jenny was in her senior year at high school?

There was a sound on the porch. Grandmother awoke, as it were, with a start. She heard a voice; it was Virginia Claire's.

"Yes, do come in, Bob, the house is all dark. I wonder where Granny is."

Grandmother softly put some wood on the fire that was almost dead, and turned on the light.

"Here I am, Jenny, come in to the fire. You must come in too, Bob," she called out cheerily.

The two came merrily into the room. Virginia Claire patted the gray hairs softly and showed her a pen sketch. It portrayed the face of a lady well spent in years. The smile of peaceful satisfaction that illumined the face, overshadowed the deep furrows in her brow and the wrinkles on her cheek.

In a few minutes Grandmother Herring had chocolate and cookies on the library table, and the three were enjoying the good things.

Bob watched the two of them, grandmother and granddaughter. He saw the smile of joy and contentment in the old lady's face. He saw the eager, thoughtful look of Virginia Claire.

Finally he remarked, "Granny, how Virginia Claire does love you."

And the old lady's smile reflected the happy contentment of her heart as she patted her granddaughter's head, and said softly, "Yes, Bob, I believe she does!"

Louise Milam.

THE WATERFALL'S SECRET

Among the noises of the waterfall, there was always to be heard a strange and unaccountable one. It mingled oddly with the sounds of rushing, tumbling water.

Stranger still, were the loud, menacing bursts of sound which came only at occasional intervals. So uncanny, so appalling were these, that men, hearing, caught their breath in fear. The sounds resembled human voices, wailing and shrieking, seemingly from the very foam of the waterfall.

So like human cries were they, that several times search had been made, but to no avail. It was whispered then that these cries of the waterfall were not explainable; that they were echoes of distant voices.

At the foot of the waterfall boiled and surged a whirlpool, far too tempestuous for a swimmer to trust its swirling waters. So the waterfall was shunned and regarded as a place of weird and unwholesome influence.

One summer day, a lad lay by the waterfall; he was not afraid of it, he loved the beautiful, lonely place, and spent most of his holiday hours there. He was a handsome lad, tall and slender, with fine clearcut features. Long curling lashes covered his dark eyes and sparks of bronze showed in his crisp curling hair. Although he was clad only in ragged clothes, there was an air of distinction about him.

He was sprawled on the edge at the top of the waterfall, gazing dreamingly, down the great white sheet of foam below him. The low hollow murmur of the fall sounded mysteriously.

The lad's gaze followed the stream that led from the whirlpool. It plunged away through surrounding woods of tall, dark trees and undergrowth. Suddenly the boy started. His body grew tense. Two or three small birds were coming toward him in short flights, down the shore of the pool. They fluttered from bush to tree uttering little plaintive calls.

The boy skilled in woodcraft, knew something had startled the birds; they were flying before it as it followed them along the mossy trail. What ever the something was, it was nearing him rapidly. The birds did not rest a second ere they were up and off again, flying directly toward him.

A fish jumped in the pool. Instinctively, the lad's glance wandered toward it. On the flicker of an eyelash the birds

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passed, and stillness fell.

Breathless he saw, on the green path-way, a blade of grass spring suddenly upright. It had been pressed down by the going of swift feet. The lad felt a cold tremor shake him. His thoughts went to the hut at the foot of the waterfall, a hut sagging into stagnant water; and faded by time.

There lived old Dame Schalott, whom men called under their breath, "the Witch of the Waterfall". She traveled the woods with haste, always alone, always driven and tormented by no one knew what memories, tho some whispered that it was the secret of the waterfall, which, when solved, would lift a burden from her heart, and bring peace and happiness to her remaining days.

Was it her cloak shrouded form that had passed? Was she concealed behind branches, spying on him? Was it her long hair tangled, that caught on that dead limb, or only a shadow outlined by his fears into definite shape? He did not linger for investigation, but swung himself down the rocks at the edge of the waterfall. Suddenly there arose shrilling to his terror, the strange human cry of the waterfall filling the summer air with dread.

Away rushed the lad following the stream with hasty steps through the woods. At last he came out where the stream dived under the road leading to Egerton. Here on the bridge he paused. It was peaceful here. He took in the low-lying meadows lined with elders and willows and trailing weeds.

He saw coming toward him a carriage drawn by a pair of handsome, fat horses. He recognized the livery and knew it belonged to Egerton, one of the richest men in the county. This carriage was undoubtedly bringing home from college Egerton's ward, who had been away for several years.

Thus it happened, that when the carriage stopped in the middle of the brook, to water the horses, its window was directly opposite, and very close to the lad. Framed in that window was a face so lovely that he was startled. He had a confused sense of eyes as blue as the sea. Jewels shone on the throat and white fingers rested on the window sill. It was the cold gleam of those jewels that brought the lad to his senses.

Who was he in ragged breeches to be staring at a high

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born damsel? She was surrounded with luxury; he was begrimed with toil. Shamed face, he was about to steal away, when the girl's sweet voice stopped him.

"You are one of the village boys that I used to watch play ball when I was a little girl. If you only knew how glad I am to be home again! Don't go! I have forgotten your name."

"I am called 'Jack, of the Poorhouse,' Miss Egerton, I have never had any other name, because, you see, no one knows anything about me."

The gentle face leaning toward him grew grave in sympathy and she said, "Perhaps you are not the only one, Jack."

Laughter showed again in the girl's blue eyes.

"I am sure," she said, "that you don't remember my first name!"

"Yes, I do," returned Jack. "I'll show you."

He slid down into the brook, above the waist, and splashing about, picked a red columbine from the bank and returned to the carriage window.

"This flower always makes me think of your name," he said. "See, there are three blossoms on a stalk and each blossom nods, ringing one syllable of your name, An-na-bel."

"How pretty!" cried the girl. "Then you have remembered me all these years."

"Of course," declared Jack, smiling.

The fat coachman gathered the reins, and the carriage began to move.

"We will see each other again," cried Annabel as the carriage swayed on its way.

Jack, late to work, hastened to the farm where he worked to the limit of his strength for a livelihood. His employer, a harsh, ignorant man, Hiram Hobbs, was standing on the doorstep. Behind him the sharp nosed face of Mrs. Hobbs was peering over his shoulder.

"I'm sorry I am late, sir, I'll go after the cows at once."

"Don't let him," screamed Mrs. Hobbs, "he'll put a spell on them."

"What on earth do you mean?" began Jack.

Mr. Hobbs broke in.

"Have you been up at the waterfall?" he demanded, his voice quivering with fear.

It was with a foreboding of trouble that Jack answered,

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"Yes, sir."

"Did you see her?" demanded Mr. Hobbs.

"Who?" returned Jack.

"You know perfectly well who I mean,—Dame Schalott Was she with you at the waterfall?"

"I don't know" he said.

"Preserve and save us!" cried Mrs. Hobbs. "The boy doesn't know whether he saw her or not."

"Come" cried Hobbs, "be off with you. I'll have no one on my place who has dealings with Dame Schalott!"

It was with difficulty that Jack obtained permission to go up stairs to his attic room for his few belongings, which he tied in a bundle, and slung on his shoulder. He had but one valuable possession. It was a flat gold locket. On the front of it was a lover's knot of pearls. Jack opened it and gazed at the exquisitely painted miniature of a young man. Here Jack's own eyes looked out at him, his own bronze hair. Just who this was Jack did not know, but he hoped it might some day lead to his identification.

Jack left the farm house and set out for the village in which Annabel lived. Thinking that perhaps he could get employment as a farm hand, he went to Annabel's house. Ira Holstead, Egerton's manager, gave Jack a job.

As the days passed he was kept at the hardest and most menial tasks—only seeing Annabel once or twice at a distance. He made no complaint, but worked without a grumble. This gained no credit with Ira Holstead, who had disliked Jack from the first, partly from jealousy of the favor which Jack had acquired at Egerton, and partly because Jack's cheerfulness was a reproach upon Ira's laziness and carefully concealed dishonesty.

One afternoon when Jack had been working for Egerton about a fortnight, he was given a few hours to himself. He went through the woods to his favorite spot, the waterfall. There was a flat rock which reached out into the whirlpool, directly at the foot of the waterfall. Jack walked out on the rock and sat down, with his back to the sheet of foam. He was puzzled over the situation at Egerton, and was trying to decide how he could improve his condition.

Suddenly, without the slightest warning, there crashed about him, the uncanny shriek of the waterfall. As suddenly as it had begun, it ceased. Then a quiet voice close

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behind Jack spoke.

"Does the waterfall's secret trouble you?"

With a terrified gasp, Jack flung himself round and to his feet. She was standing motionless on the flat rock between Jack and the foam. Had she come floating on the foam of the waterfall, or been upborne on its spray? As if in confirmation of the latter idea, the old woman began shaking her cloak. As she did so, a shower of drops fell upon the rock.

"How did you get here?" Jack demanded, shakily.

The old woman spoke with an undercurrent of laughter in her tone.

"A path behind, with no beginning

"A present place of humbleness

"A path before, with dreams that beckon."

In great curiosity Jack demanded, "Are you talking about yourself, or about me?"

The old Dame began a slow swaying movement on the rock and chanted—

"A knot of pearl, on a locket of gold, a tale untold, of a grief of old, hid in the waterfall's foam."

Jack clasped his hands in an imploring gesture.

"If you know anything about my parents," he cried, "I beg you, oh! Dame Schalott, I beg you to tell me."

But Dame Schalott shook her head, and a skinny arm shot out suddenly from the cloak and pointed at something behind Jack. He whirled about with every nerve on edge, to confront this new menace, but saw nothing save the peaceful shades of evening.

"What's the matter?" he demanded, turning back.

The Dame had disappeared.

Some time later, Ira Holstead, jealous of Jack, and angry because Jack had discovered that he had been for years in the habit of abstracting sums of money belonging to Egerton, in a fit of anger flogged Jack, who felt his life at Egerton was finished, that there could be no future there for him.

Thrown again upon the world, Jack decided he would win fame and fortune and return some day to Annabel in triumph. Before leaving the village, he decided to go once more to the waterfall. He hoped to see Dame Schalott again

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and to learn whether she really knew anything about his parentage.

He walked out onto the flat rock at the foot of the pool, and a voice behind him softly said, "Sometimes, our fortune lies nearer than we think."

Around wheeled Jack, and started forward eagerly, and cried out, "You shall not escape me this time until you read all the riddles."

"Very well," she said, "but, he would the secret share, must not shrink to do and dare."

"I will dare any task you set me, if only you will solve the secret of the waterfall and the secret of my locket."

Dame Schalott retreated rapidly across the rock, pausing a second against the sheet of foam. Then, while Jack's astounded gaze still rested on her, she disappeared. Stepping forward there was a second of confusion, a choking dampness, a splashing and beating of pellets, a rushing sound of water. Jack stood behind the sheet of the waterfall, safe and sound.

Looking around he discovered that he was in a dark cave, reaching far beyond, forming the floor of the cavern. On it stood the old woman.

"This, this cave," cried Jack, "is the secret of the waterfall, and explains the strange echoes and rumblings."

As if in answer to his words, the old Dame placed her hands to her mouth, and gave a wailing call, which was echoed and re-echoed through the cave.

"And that explains the human cries of the waterfall. But," continued Jack, eagerly, "what about my locket?"

She turned to a cleft in the rocks and took from it a small chest. It was full of papers, letters and legal documents, crumbling with age.

"What do these mean?" Jack demanded.

The old woman pushed back her hood. To Jack's great surprise, he saw in her keen eyes a kindly look—and hovered around her mouth a smile so sweet, so peaceful that Jack cried out, "Oh, Dame Schalott, what can I do to repay you for the happiness I feel this chest will bring me."

"Jack," she said, "show the chest to Mr. Egerton and he will explain."

For a few moments, she gazed fondly at Jack with a sad-

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dened, yet happy face, then turned and slowly began to climb the side of the rocks.

Jack rushed back to Annabel's, and obtained an interview with Mr. Egerton. Annabel was also present at Jack's request. Jack told the strange tale of the waterfall, and placing the wooden casket before Egerton, begged him to read the papers it contained; he also handed him his locket. Egerton went over the papers with methodical slowness, all the while becoming more and more excited. Finally he opened a drawer beside him, and took out a miniature of Jack's locket.

"My boy!" he said, "Do you know what this means?"

"I hardly dare think, sir" answered Jack.

"It means," he said at length, "that you are--Thank Heaven! You are my own grandson! I never knew until this hour that you existed. My only son, Jonathan, ran away from home, followed wild paths, and died abroad fighting in foreign wars. In these letters Dame Schalott tells me that Jonathan's wife came after his death to Egerton, but feared to come to me, so sought refuge in the poorhouse, where she died after you were born."

Egerton, gazing fondly at his new found grandson, said, "To finish your education, a couple of years at the university would not be amiss."

"When I return, sir, may I have your permission to address your ward?"

"Nothing would so complete my happiness," declared his grandfather.

Both men turned toward Annabel, but with a little gasp, she fled from them out of the room.

Marguerite Etheridge

A PEACH OF ONE HUE

It was one of those balmy June days that only Georgia has the privilege to enjoy. The afternoon sun was lazily journeying westward, leaving the air fairly saturated with the odor of ripe peaches. Every rosy cheeked peach seemed to nestle closer to the bunch of bright green leaves, under which it so gracefully reposed, expressing to the world its feeling of peace and security, at least for the present.

Yet all nature was not peaceful. For on a narrow, lonely road that ran for miles and miles through peach orchards, there stood a large motor truck heavily loaded with crated peaches ready for shipping.

Under this truck lay Marjorie Willingham, trying in vain to discover what had made the truck stop at such an inopportune time; she was decidedly not at peace with anything. She had scanned the road for some sign of human life, but it had appeared that she was the only human being within miles. Since she was an independent person, she had decided not to wait for somebody to help her, but had crawled under the truck and had begun tinkering with the machinery.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed, "I can't get this nut off, and I KNOW the trouble is in here. Why DID I come this forsaken road, when this load HAS to leave on that 4:30 freight? I might have known something would go wrong!"

Just then a voice spoke from behind. "Pardon me for interrupting you, but you're blocking traffic with your truck. Might I be of any assistance to you?"

The girl peered from under the engine and saw a young man with smiling grey eyes looking down at her.

"Why, I didn't suppose anyone else would be using this road today, and so felt perfectly safe in choosing this spot to have an accident! You certainly may help me. See if you can find what's wrong with this troublesome truck. It ran like a top until I came on this road, then it waited until I got away from everybody and broke down."

"Tough luck. What did it do when it stopped? Any special way it acted?" asked the man pulling off his coat, rolling up his sleeves, and taking the wrench from her hand as she crawled from under the motor.

"It just started coughing and spitting, and then stopped altogether."

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"Then I expect the trouble is in the carburetor. But I can't understand what a little bit of a girl like you is doing with a great big truck like this, on such a narrow, deserted road."

"Well, you see, daddy's peaches HAVE to get shipped. There's a shortage of labor, so I'm helping him out by driving this truck. It's the one thing I CAN do, and now I seem to be making a complete failure of it."

"But why did you come this road, when the truck is so heavily loaded?" asked the man working fast at the machinery.

"It's a short cut to the loading track, and this load was the last needed to finish a car due to leave on the 4:30 freight with six others. If it stays over until tomorrow he won't be able to sell it, as there's another big shipment due then. Daddy expected to make some much needed money off these first cars."

"Maybe there's hope yet. I'll try my best to get you and your whole load there in time. Please hand me a screw-driver. This screw needs a little coaxing to come out."

"In just a minute," said Margery, who had dived into her pocket for a powder puff and comb the minute the man had crawled under the truck.. The next delay had been for face rather than for automobile repairs.

There was silence for a few minutes while the work went on.

Then, "Ah! there's the trouble. The feed pipe was stopped up. Now your troubles are half over, and these green peaches will ripen in New York."

"Oh! you're a life saver! I never would have got there and then the old Exchange would have something else to raise a fuss about."

"The Peach Grower's Exchange," asked the man looking perplexed. "What do you mean?"

"Well they turned down a whole shipment last week for no cause whatever, and if they did it once they'd do it again," explained Margery using her reasoning powers.

"Possibly it is not the Exchange that's causing the trouble. You know its a very reliable concern."

"I know, but where else could it be? I believe they're at the bottom of it all, but Daddy doesn't."

The man crawled from under the engine and cranked

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it to see if it would run smoothly.

"Your rest helped you," he said, "you look more refreshed than when I saw you first. That seems to be running normally again. Now, Miss Willingham, I think you will be able to get there without any more trouble."

"Oh, thank you a thousand times. But — how did you know my name when I've never seen you before?"

"Everybody knows Miss Margery Willingham, the beauty of the South. I'll follow close behind in case you have need for me again."

Margery drove to the tracks without further accident, and arrived in time to see the train quickly disappearing from view. She busied herself about loading the car that was left and arranged for it to leave on a special train later and join the others on the road. In doing this she did not see her unknown hero again.

At supper that night, Margery related her experience of the day to her father.

"And you don't know who the man was?" he asked her.

"Haven't the slightest idea unless he was some garage mechanic on his vacation," Margery replied, but thinking, "I wonder who he was. He had the most charming manners."

In the busy days that followed Margery found little time to allow her thoughts free play, but often visions of a handsome young man with smiling grey eyes would rise up, obliterating tiring bills of lading and endless car numbers. And sometimes before she fell asleep at night she snatched a few minutes to wonder who he was, and if she would ever see him again.

A few days after the incident of the roadside another shipment of Mr. Willingham's peaches was refused, and apparently for the same reason.

"But daddy," Margery said when she learned of it, "why are our peaches the only ones that are refused when they're just as good as any others?"

"Perhaps they're NOT as good, Marge," answered her father, looking worried and tired. "I'm sure the trouble does not lie with the Exchange, because I know we'd get a fair deal from them. It must be somewhere else."

Margery tried to see it in the same light her father did, but still she believed that the new inspector for the Ex-

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change was the cause of all their troubles.

Mr. Willingham consulted the inspector, Dick Holcolmb, only to find that he was as much perplexed over the state of affairs as was Mr. Willingham himself. The two men arranged to have Mr. Holcolmb personally inspect the Willingham fruit from the time it was picked from the trees.

Margery rebelled at the idea and refused to help, because she insisted that the inspector only wanted to do some more damage. Therefore, whenever Mr. Holcolmb came, she assigned herself the duty of staying as far away from him as the large plantation would allow.

At the close of the day when she was driving the truck home after taking her last load, some whim made her drive through the fragrant orchards on the road on which the truck had broken down. As she was coming from between the trees about to join the main road again, a grey roadster flashed past and she recognized her cavalier of the smiling eyes. She waved gaily at him and began wondering anew who he was.

"I do believe I'm about to fall in love with a man I don't know," she thought. "And one I've seen only twice!"

Margery drove home and put the truck in the garage for the night. She then went to her room, bathed and dressed herself and was waiting on the porch when Mr. Willingham came.

"Marge," he said, sitting down by her. "I wish you wouldn't hold out against the Exchange. Mr. Holcolmb was here today and he's as nice a boy as I could wish to find anywhere. The trouble lies somewhere between the loading and New York. It's not here."

"Well, I can't help it. I believe it's that old inspector. And oh, daddy! I saw the man again this afternoon that fixed the truck for me. He must stay somewhere around here."

"No doubt," said Mr. Willingham, getting up and going into the house.

The next day Mr. Willingham set to work in earnest to clear up the trouble. He had men to investigate along the road and find the neglect and where it lay. Mr. Holcolmb aided him in doing this by soliciting the aid of other Exchange men at the several stops that were made.

Two nights afterwards Dick Holcolmb drove out to the

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Willingham place to tell Mr. Willingham of some information he had learned that day. As he went up the steps he saw Margery sitting in the shadows of the vines growing over the trellis.

Margery recognized him at once, but wondered what he had come for. She tried to be calm and asked him to be seated. For a few minutes they exchanged pleasantries about the things of interest to them both.

Then Dick, thinking it would tease her, asked, "My! How do you ever get all these peaches away from here?"

"That's easy. We take them to town on trucks and then they go to their destination by train."

"Really! And how is that troublesome truck now? Does it ever give you any more trouble?"

"It's the best truck within miles now. I do believe you bewitched it, for it's been acting splendidly ever since you proved you were it's master."

"Then I've done one good deed in my lifetime. How is your father tonight? Has he found any news about those two bad cars?"

"Why, how did you know about what he's been doing? Margery asked in surprise.

"Well, you see, I've had the good fortune to help him gladden the heart of many a New Yorker with his delicious peaches."

"Who are you anyway?" asked Margery, a sudden thought springing into her mind.

"I'm Richard Holcolmb, working with the Peach Growers' Exchange this season to learn the business, as I intend buying a peach farm soon."

Anger seized Margery at this instant, a sudden hot, blind anger because she had not known who he was. She was willing to blame Dick, her father, anybody for not telling her.

"Oh, you knew all the time about us and wouldn't take the trouble to tell us who you were. You are the most inconsiderate person I have ever seen. You—you—oh, I HATE you!" And anger getting the best of her she ran into the house.

Dick Holcolmb was very much surprised at Margery's action, but had no time to think over it, as Mr. Willingham appeared at this moment and they began talking business.

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He was kept busy for a few days and had no time to see Margery and explain that he had not had a chance to introduce himself on the occasions of their former meetings. Doubtless he would not have been given an opportunity, for Margery avoided the roads on which she might meet him, and absolutely refused to talk to her father about his affairs, but Mr. Willingham, sensing something wrong, spoke to Margery about it.

"Oh, I just can't bear his looks. I don't believe he's trying to help you anyway. And I won't be nice to him!"

Mr. Willingham and Dick Holcolmb continued their investigations. They found that the half-way station was passed at night both times the big shipments spoiled. The night manager had failed to attend to his duty and the laborers had consequently neglected icing them, causing them to spoil before they reached New York.

"And so you see, Margy," said Mr. Willingham, "it doesn't pay to suspect people. I don't know whether I would have ever got to the truth of the matter if Dick Holcomb hadn't helped me. He's coming to supper tonight, and I want you to apologize to him."

* * * * *

If Father Willingham had continued to want to see the inspector, he might have found him sitting in the porch swing rather close to his daughter, with the full moon peeping at them over the tops of the peach trees.

"But now remember, Dick," Margery was saying, "remember! Daddy is NEVER to know the whole truth about the incident of the truck. He'd never stop teasing me."

MEDITATIONS OF A FRESHMAN

Every person thinks; some, good thoughts, some, bad thoughts and some, indifferent ones. In fact one goes to college to think and meditate intelligently. Of course the dignified Senior has dominion over a thought realm superior to any of her fellow students; hence, we might infer that she does good thinking. The hardened Junior knows no rule. "The year before my last, a good time is my task," her motto is; thus one would judge that her thoughts aren't exactly good—Worldly, perhaps. The careful Soph, thinking that having passed the first year her life's work is done, worries not about any succeeding ones. Quite naturally one would class her with the third type, indifferent. And as usual what is left for the poor little boob staggering under the title—Freshman? Well, folks generally think that she is so encumbered with carrying this weighty label, that she just isn't capable of any mental activity what so ever—Time will tell!

* * * * *

It was a hot sultry day; the thin white waist on Jane's shoulders seemed close akin to a woolen sweater. Her hat felt damp against her forehead; and the hand clasping her pal's felt wet and clammy. It was useless however to complain about the weather, so after standing and listening to the student body sing, "Alma Mater" and "Praise Ye The Father", she settled down in the seat on the back row of the crowded theatre with an air of patient endurance.

All around sat her classmates; in the seats ahead of her were the solemn, serious faced Sophs, suffocating in their long black robes and meekly wearing their crowns of board; in front of them, but too far down to be seen distinctly, were the complacent Juniors. And, far, yea, in the far distance it seemed to Jane, was the stage with its dignified, all important occupants, faculty and Seniors. To an ambitious student, this scene, which was supposedly her goal, should have brought her some thrills of interest, but not so with Jane. Hadn't she seen those professors a thousand times too many and didn't she know those Seniors better than she knew herself? Somehow she managed to pay passive attention to the first part of the exercises, but when the honor graduate arose to read her essay on "World Peace" Jane gave up, and settling herself as com-

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fortably as possible, she seized this blessed opportunity to meditate. Indeed this was quite typical of Jane. She had thus spent many class hours.

It was of herself that she was thinking. The afternoon train would bear her away to her Island home where a round of pleasures awaited her. Beyond that, she would not think; and in occupying her time with meditations she found herself thinking back over her first year spent at college.

"Her first year!" and oh what memories both negative and positive were stored in her mind! She remembered the misgivings of her arrival; how, though she had read for the hundredth time big sister's letter stating she would meet her at the train, she was confident she wouldn't be there; remembered her surprise on being disappointed, and how odd and strange it had seemed to have a perfect stranger so thoughtful of her. This brought her back to the present, for the same big sister's hand was now clasped in hers. She gave it a grateful little squeeze, and was answered by a smile from its owner, who having been grossly interested in the essay, exclaimed "Isn't it grand, I didn't know it was in her to write that paper."

This roused Jane for a while, but soon she found herself back in what then seemed olden, golden, days. She thought of her first impression of the campus and buildings; how perfectly beautiful they had seemed, yet how perfectly disgusted she had been, oh just to have had the money to go straight back home! She smiled to herself as she thought of the first evening on the campus,—singing, playing games, and meeting girls. Goodness knows she had never seen so many in one day. How had she ever learned all those names? But she had; there they sat, and she could have called each by name, yes, she thought, I have done well this year,—Learned the names of the entire enrollment besides many other things.

She continued thinking of the first night, how she had told her life history to her roommate, and had in turn listened to hers; how she had taken her handkerchief to bed thinking she would need it, but found it folded and dry next morning. The first day had been spent wandering from meals to the Dean's office and back again; until finally all her subjects had been scheduled in morning sessions. Ah!

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Well did she remember the first class periods, her opinions of the teachers; but there they sat staring her in the face, so she dared not think over those impressions. Then thoughts of the days that followed, getting used to the tricks of the Sophs, such as carrying Bibles and hymn books to church, a quarter to court, and taking in all the warnings of the old students that Freshman don't do the many "donts" listed in the hand book. She laughed as she thought of how diligently she had tried for the first week, but after that——

Yet, there were some good things for Freshmen. There were the hikes, tournaments, parties and stunts sponsored by the class and various associations. Oh, yes, there was the Thanksgiving dinner and carnival with its clowns and circus, and she could vouch for it that the Freshmen were the happiest when Fall holidays came. Sophs had been home before.

As for Christmas holidays! Well eliminating the exams. just preceding them, she thought that she could not remember anything quite so beautiful as the Christmas festival and nothing quite so thrilling as hurrying off on a midnight train.

She could not help thinking of the blue days that followed and those unbearable semester exams.—the anxiety of waiting for the card, but these weren't the most pleasant memories; these she did not cherish, so she hurried on to the glorious joys of spring holidays, and the one outstanding event of her college career—the Freshman—Sophomore reception. For one time a Freshman was on the same promenade with Seniors, Juniors, Sophs—free and equal. She thought of the dresses, punch bowls, mints and of the prom cards already packed in her trunk out at the college. "Backward turn backward, oh time. in your flight, make me a Freshman if just for that night."

From thence time flew and likewise her thoughts. She remembered that the principal problem had been to study a little since school was almost out and the college did have a merit system. She didn't wonder that her brain felt cracked. Certainly it had been crammed enough the last few weeks! But she grew so happy when she thought of how crowded those days had been of club-house parties, walks to town in the dusk to see movies, and of the fun

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she had had at the pool. Why she had learned to swim overhanded and to dive!

"And now" she thought, "it is all over. I've been and am still a Freshman. I believe I'd like to be one always, so it won't be so terrible if I shouldn't get back next year. Three cheers for us" and she found herself clapping with the crowd; but they clapped for the brilliant essay, while Jane in her heart was finding an outlet for her tribute to Freshmen and Freshman days.

What think you, can a Freshman think?

L. McGregor.

STATIC

Our century has been called strictly scientific. Indeed, its achievements have contained such an element of science that it is indexed in the *Book of Time* as the Scientific Age. It has distinguished itself from, and excelled other centuries by, its marvelous solving of physical mysteries, and the **resting of secrets from Nature**. Though in its intricate pattern of attainments literature has not been so vivid a constituent as it has been in other centuries, there is obscurely woven in around the fringe of this scientific work, a literary character which should bring some small degree of fame to its makers. In the development of the scientific vocabulary, this century has found nomenclature for situations long confronting the human race, and has given them names far excelling other titles that have been tacked on by past races.

These names are originated for certain phases in the world of invention and science, but their excellency and richness soon promotes them from this realm, and they are applied to phases outside their land of birth. This especially has been the fate of one word—a word very modern, and very popular—static. This word was first confined to that ether-wonder world, radio, and it had the rather unpleasant duty of designating all that world of noise and fuss that degenerated from the perfection of that marvel. It stood for the fly in the rare ointment. Can we not develop and expand the word, and let its meaning cover all of the world of disturbance in the life of man as in radio; let its meaning cover all of those elements that come between man and what he desires?

The word's appropriateness, and fitness for the things it stands for, is far more impressive than those names given by ancient folk. The stars, or the Devil were among the explanations of unpleasant events that came to haunt and taunt mankind that roamed the old world. Or still a more fanciful name was the constant clipping of the shears by the three sisters of fate who caused the disturbances of mankind by the hap-hazard handling of their implements. But this field, disturbing in character, did not possess an expressive title until the modern world of science through the agency of radio named it static.

One may explain and apply the word "static" beyond the

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field of radio, and let it stand for all interferences that tend to withhold the beautiful and loved things that one is yearning to have, and to do. One may incidentally apply it to scores of phases found in an average student's life. And static is a good name to lord over these phases for though interferences are claimed by theorists to really enrich a charter by not catering to its very wish, and by not permitting one to overload with a too sugar-coated life, they are still disturbances.

The most aggravating and frequent static that school folk have is that which grumbles over the road of learning. The ancient may have thought that their unpleasant lots, and tasks originated from the stars or the moods of the Fates, but the modern student knows that most of his originates not from such a picturesque source, but from a more human one. He may settle himself in a big chair, composes his thoughts to enjoy thoroughly a good love story but the scholarly static finds him here, and in its bossy way breaks up his peaceful set program, and he turns from those primrose paths to ponder over Multiple Allelomorphism in *Drosophila* for next day's biology.

An interfering bug extends even beyond school work, and even into those realms which are necessary for a girl. First, to that ceremony which is vital for the upkeep of the body—eating. Here the interference in our modern time is especially frequent. Well may the boyish style, and the willow-slender figures that are essential to modern life and modern requirements be called interference, the most annoying kind to a girl's appetite. A girl's heart yearns for delicacies, for rich creamy foods, topped with whipped cream; for chocolates stuffed with nut meats, or bursting with cherries. The girl's most amiable characteristic thrive and grow under such feasting. When they are placed before her, the eyes brighten, the lips extend into a smile—"All's right with the world." She is happy. But does it last long? It does not! The static comes, and it is even strong enough to break down the wall of her conscious self, and turn the smiles of anticipation into mournful gloom. And it keeps her from even tasting the topmost red cherry, or dipping a spoon down into the creamy mountain. Who can enjoy rich foods when she knows that not one modern style will look smart if she indulges in these delicacies?

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Another phase of a girl's existence that is often marred by forces that have been accepted as static, is found in that realm much beloved of all womankind. The Land of Clothes. Here the "S" that initiates the word static is crossed by two tiny vertical lines and is transformed into that sign that is the despair of the buyer and the joy of the merchant. Dresses and costumes that are crystalized visions, that are dream creations, are fluttered before the devouring eyes, and they become the essence of the deepest wish and desire. The dresses are turned, and paraded until their every perfection is carved into the reason. The buyer is shown that the colors are brilliant, the lines rare in cut, the whole the work of an artist. They must become heirs, they express and elevate her personality; they are especially adapted to her type. Her one desire is to become their mistress.

As they are given over to her for closer inspection, she skillfully spies, and dubiously turns over that small, artistic, white card which is tacked so neatly in an obscure part of the gown. Then her face takes on that despondent look, that look that characterizes the loser of a much loved desire. Has she not encountered again in her youthful career an interfering static; static that in this instant takes the disguise of a countless number of coins to work its devastating work, and which is even brazen enough to smile at her behind its thin disguise of two bars? So there breaks into her clear dream of possession of the dresses, there comes between her and what she desires most at the time, the single item of the price of the gown—static.

Lo! when one starts to enjoy life in the fullest way, his plans are often spoiled, and cut into by a disturbance which may be called static, speaking in the language of a scientific age, which does not apply mythical names but scientific ones. All newest reports proclaim that the marvelous stride being made in the radio field will soon eliminate this now reigning power from its midst, and static will be no more—in this field; that soon radio audiences may keep a sweet temper all the evening and not have their programs marred once with its power.

How sad that folk can not eliminate the static from their own lives; can not obliterate all forces which tend to form discords, and break the even happiness of their lives! But

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probably they are doomed to suffer and endure at least a few of the things that have always accompanied living from ancient to modern times, and which, though they be given a scientific name, one cannot obliterate by scientific means. Perhaps, The Greatest Scientist did not mean that they should; perhaps, after all, we appreciate and enjoy with a deeper passion, the moments of joy, and the few jewels of life that He broadcasts to us when He sends also as a contrasting factor—static.

ELIZABETH McREE.

SPRING

Give me a light that I may see her.
Give me new grace that I may be like her.
Gve me subtle clues that I may find her,
Whose beauty combines brain and power within her.
There are murmuring echoes of the moonlit river's tide,
Where every form of love may be described,
The smallest brook hastens to water the grasses,
And is barred by flowers, where'er it passes.
The mocking bird superb and sole doth sing,
As if her power had tuned its own heart's string.
Would I some power that I might find
The source of greatness that glimmers from her mind.

NIGHT PIECE

The shades of night had gathered long,
When by my window I heard a song.
Beneath the blossomed primrose bower,
The mocking bird made sweet the hour.

The radiant moon beamed softly down,
The breath of Spring made not a sound,
As the song burst forth into the night,
And into my heart it made its flight.

What passion cannot music raise and quell,
When song and Spring combine so well!
Alas, did I sigh as my hopes reached height,
Sensing the charm of nature by night.

ORA MAE BILES.

— ALUMNAE NOTES —

A much appreciated visit of a few days ago was that of Luda Zeigler of the '17 class, now Mrs. Sydney L. Sellars, 1425 Bradley Avenue, Camden, N. J.. Quite a jolly time did we have in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall. Luda is the same girl that we knew in the days that she was with us. She told us that when her little daughter, who was with her, came to enter freshman class she was coming back to finish her work for a degree.

Ernie Patten of the '17 class who has been teaching in the schools of Miami, Florida, has resigned her position there and is teaching in her home school at Milltown, Georgia, in order to be with her mother who is in very bad health.

Bessie Proctor Kennon of the '19 class was a guest of Frances Kennon Saturday, April 4th.

Mary Crum of the '22 class resigned her position at Statesboro and became the bride of Julian Robinson on March 2nd. She may now be found at Naylor, Georgia.

Evelyn Perry of the class of '22 is teaching in the schools of Eastman, Georgia.

Pauline Chandler of the '24 class is teaching the second grade in the schools of Diffee, Georgia.

Essie Mae Clarke is teaching near Blakely, Georgia.

Helen Lineberger of the class of '24 is working for Dorris Seed and Plant Company, Valdosta, Georgia.

Sallie White of the class of '24 is teaching near Blakely, Georgia.

Florence Gammage of the '24 class spent Sunday, April 19th, as a guest in the college.

Mildred Williams, also of the '24 class, visited us during the week end.

SOCIETY NEWS

ARGONIAN NEWS

The Argonian Literary Society held its regular program meeting in the Routanda Saturday evening, March 7th. The program was as follows:

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------|
| I—"Lord Jim" | Miss Ella Mae White |
| II—Piano Solo | Miss Hester Bruce |
| III—"So Big" | Miss Mary Sapp |
| IV—Vocal Solo | Miss Alice Clark |
| V—"The Little French Girl" | Miss Frances Thomas |

Miss Florence Breen, acting as critic, gave a very beneficial criticism.

SORORIAN SOCIETY

It is always a matter of satisfaction when a program meeting of the Sororian Literary Society is held. The Society indeed, has no longer the spontality of its early days; the members on the program exceed the time at their disposal and this has necessitated a selection which has led inevitably to the formalization of the programs.

John Galsworthy, the present day English author, whose work is so fittingly written and rich in every quality, was selected as an author whose work we all should know, and appreciate. The following program was rendered:

- | | |
|---|---------------------|
| I—"Life of John Galsworthy" | Lucile Dowling |
| II—"Forsythe Saga" John Galsworthy. | Mildred Littlefield |
| III—"White Monkey", John Galsworthy. | |

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------|
| | Marjorie Seals .. |
| IV—"Whims" (Piano Solo) | Ruth Youmans |

V—Current Events:

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------|
| International | Louise O'Quinn |
| State | Elsie Trowell |
| City | Era Zetterower |
| General Topic | Christine Todd |

LOCALS

One of the treats of the month was the splendid talk given by Mr. Sutton, Superintendent of Atlanta Schools, on the subject of, "The Purpose of Education." After this most interesting and helpful talk came a social hour, during which the members of the group had an opportunity to meet the speaker.

Other guests at the college this month, were: Mrs. Sanford of Athens, Mrs. A. P. Brantley and Mrs. B. D. Brantley of Blackshear, and Mrs. W. S. West and Mrs. A. J. Strickland of Valdosta.

The annual Freshmen-Sophomore reception was given on Saturday evening, March 28th. The dining hall, rotunda, terrace, and lawns were converted into a veritable Japanese garden, and Japanese maidens received the guests. Other Japanese maidens assisted in serving the refreshments. The receiving line consisted of Miss Ora Mae Byles, Miss Florence Breen, Dr. R. H. Powell, Mrs. R. H. Powell, and Miss Annie Powe Hopper. After the "proms" while the guests were still seated in the dining hall, the following program was rendered:

Vocal Solo—Miss Alice Clark.

Violin Solo—Miss Neva Mathis.

Japanese Dance—Misses Elizabeth McRee and Virginia Thomas.

Throughout the evening Mrs. Horne's orchestra furnished popular music for the occasion.

The annual Field Day program was presented by the students of the Physical Education Department on Wednesday afternoon, March 18th. Following is the program:

PART I.

1. Grand March—Entire School
2. Wand Drill—High School
3. Dumb-bell Drill—Freshman Class
4. French Extension Drill—Sophomore Class
5. Seven Jumps Dance—High School
6. Irish Folk Dance—Sophomore Class
7. Grand Finale—Entire School.

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PART II.

1. High Jump
2. Running Broad Jump
3. Dash
4. Walking Relay
5. Sack Relay
6. Obstacle Race.

AWARDING OF HONORS

The Athletic Associations competing were:

College—Phi Kappa, Phi Lambda

High School—Valkyries, Argonauts.

At the end of the races it was announced that the Phi Kappa Athletic Association had won the Field Day Banner.

Spring Holidays being over, the students are beginning to buckle down to spend the last few weeks of the school year to the best possible advantage. The time between the Christmas and Spring Holidays passed as if on wings, and it is probable that the remaining weeks will pass even more quickly than did the others. This will be especially true with the Sophomore Class, busily working on the Class Play, Class Day Program, and other Commencement affairs.

On Tuesday evening, April 7th, Mrs. Frances Burton Pardee delighted quite a large audience with a violin program, with Mr. Charles E. Poston at the piano. Mrs. Pardee is quite an exceptional player, and her programs are always well attended and very much enjoyed. The last number of the program, a Ballade, by Linding, a violin and piano duet, was particularly enjoyed.

Interest in athletics at present is extending to baseball, of which quite a number of games have been played recently, especially between the different classes.

Much interest and excitement was manifested in the basketball tournament which was held on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of the first week in March. On Thursday the Argonauts defeated the Varkyrles with a score of 31-16. Kappas defeated the Phi Lambdas with a score of 31-16.

On Saturday the Phi Kappas, the winning college team, and the Argonauts, the winning High School team, opposed each other on the court. The teams were fairly matched,

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and both teams played a good game. The pass-work of the Phi Kappas was the best seen on the court for some years. At the end of the game the score was 25-17, in favor of the Phi Kappas. The members of the Phi Kappa Athletic Association dressed in white and red, while the cheer leaders appropriately carried out their association colors, in white middies and bloomers, red and white hose, and red ties and sashes. Members of the winning team were: Center, Marion Wiseman; Fowards, Sara Mandeville and Aima Jack Ellis; Guards, Frances Faries, Captain, and Lois Akridge; Sub-Center, Izora Lloyd.

EDITORIAL

That no wheel can make its revolution with a loose or missing cog is an established fact. We know that each cog must be in its place, but though there, all are not seen at once, nor are all in use at one time. However, in the turning of the wheel, there comes a time when each cog is needed, and so imperative is it that the cog be in its place when this time comes that the entire revolution is destroyed if the cog be not there.

One of our alumnae has written:

"We're but a cog in the college wheel
That daily makes the same old trip;
Yet what a joy it is to feel
That but for us the wheel might slip!
'Tis something after all to jog
Along and be a first class cog."

And so, in the issuing of the PINE BRANCH, there comes a time for the Freshman number: a time when the Freshmen have an opportunity to prove their literary worth, and at the same time to contribute something indispensable to the college publication.

So, with the publication of this Freshman number, the wheel turns on the cog, and the revolution is helped on to the last cog, whence it may start anew.

Hester Bruce.

JOKES

Mary Cubbedge—"I hear Ollie is wearing glasses now—Do they improve her looks?"

Mary Chestnut—"Yes—about fifty feet".

Liz Smith—"I've come to pay you that quarter I borrowed from you last year".

Lissie Kaylor—"Needn't bother, it wouldn't be worth changing my opinion of you now".

Avis—"Do you know a girl with one eye, named Jones?"

Verna—"What's the name of her other eye?"

Nellie Bracey—"Why do you call the light on our hall 'Kipling'?"

Irma Mathis—"Because its the light that failed"

Helen—"Do you snore in your sleep?"

Elsie—"When do you suppose?"

Fresh (to clerk in drug store): You needn't look at that check so hard it will be back in a few days then you can look at it as long as you want to."

We'd like to know who this man, Anno Domini, is. He built a lot of college dormitories.

Hector—"My roommate ate something on the Glee Club trip that poisoned her."

Snag—"Croquette?"

Hector—"No, not yet, but she's pretty sick."

M. W. reading an article "Coolidge or Chaos" for a society report:

"Well, I've heard of Coolidge, but who on earth is Chaos?"



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FOR THE RIGHT KIND OF A GIRL

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R. H. POWELL, President



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VALDOSTA, GEORGIA
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PROGRAM WEEK OF MAY 11, 1925

MONDAY—TUESDAY — Louise Dresser, Ricardo Cortez, Kathlyn Williams and Virginia Lee Corbin in **"THE CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS"** by Leroy Scott. The picture of lavish setting and wonderful gowns. Directed by James Cruze one of the foremost directors of the age. A Paramount picture. Andy, Min, Chester and Uncle Bim in **"UNCLE BIMS GIFT"**. --Fox News.

WEDNESDAY—Marie Prevost in **"DAUGHTERS OF PLEASURE"**. A Warner Bros. "Classic of the Screen". Century Comedy.

THURSDAY—Eileen Percy, Eleanor Boardman, Pauline Garon and George Hackathorne in **"THE TURMOIL"**. Booth Tarkington's great novel of American Life. The New York Morning Telegraph says: "A gripping and vital drama"—"Benjamin Franklin", a hysterical history comedy—Cameo Comedy.

FRIDAY—Percy Marmont, Mary Carr, Gladys Leslie, Macklyn Arbuckle, Edward Earle and Sally Crute in **"BROADWAY BROKE"**. story by Earle Derr Biggers. One of the best pictures that we have had in months—See it.

FOX NEWS

HYSTERICAL HISTORY

SATURDAY—Hoot Gibson in **"THE SAWDUST TRAIL"**. A circus picture with Hoot Gibson. What more could be asked?

KRAZY KAT

RIDDLE RIDER

Next week will be American Legion Week at the STRAND. Special numbers every day both Matinee and Night. Ask any Legionaire.

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GIFTS FOR GRADUATION

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WEDNESDAY—Marie Prevost in **"DAUGHTERS OF PLEASURE"**. A Warner Bros. "Classic of the Screen". Century Comedy.

THURSDAY—Eileen Percy, Eleanor Boardman, Pauline Garon and George Hackathorne in **"THE TURMOIL"**. Booth Tarkington's great novel of American Life. The New York Morning Telegraph says: "A gripping and vital drama"—"Benjamin Franklin", a hysterical history comedy—Cameo Comedy.

FRIDAY—Percy Marmont, Mary Carr, Gladys Leslie, Macklyn Arbuckle, Edward Earle and Sally Crute in **"BROADWAY BROKE"**. story by Earle Derr Biggers. One of the best pictures that we have had in months—See it.

FOX NEWS

HYSTERICAL HISTORY

SATURDAY—Hoot Gibson in **"THE SAWDUST TRAIL"**. A circus picture with Hoot Gibson. What more could be asked?

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