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One

A GREETING FOR THE NEW YEAR BY THE PRESIDENT

Young Ladies of the College:

It gives me great pleasure to use the opportunity afforded by the editors of the Pine Branch to say this word for the coming year. Let us all, students, alumnae, faculty, administration, devote ourselves with renewed enthusiasm to the carrying on of the ideals and purposes of the College. This institution has always devoted itself to quality of service rather than to mere numbers served. "CHARACTER FIRST" has been its slogan, as you know. To carry out a programme like this, costs. It costs more money to build good buildings than to build poor ones; and yet it is permanent economy to build good buildings. It costs more money to provide good and adequate equipment than to provide inferior and inadequate equipment, and yet it is economy to provide good and adequate equipment. It costs more money to secure good teachers than to secure mediocre ones, and yet it is economy to secure the best teachers possible. It costs more effort to do good work than to just get by, and yet it pays to do good work. It costs more in character to live strong aggressive lives than to just drift, and yet it is better, far better, to live strong aggressive lives. It is the purpose of the administration of the College to strive for more buildings and better buildings, more equipment and better equipment, more of the superior type of instructors which we now have. Will you not join with us in putting the student life and student endeavor on a still higher and nobler plane for the coming year and for all time? In the name of your Alma Mater and of the State who places this opportunity before you, I call on you to do your best.

R. H. POWELL, President.



DREAMS

My dreams are like white phantom ships—
That fade into the air;
While I with pale and trembling lips
Watch them disappear.

My dreams are like the bird far-spent—
That to its nest would fly;
But, see, its wing is bruised and bent,
And vain its aim to try.

My dreams are like the sunset's hues—
That first are flame and gold;
And then the deeper, richer blues
That fade to colors cold.

LUCILLE DOWLING.

JUS' LAK MISSUS

Mis' Anne, I'se powerfully glad fer t' see ye. Hit do seem lak such a long time since ye went off ter dat in'stution of hiah cultuh. I'se been a-countin' de days till you'd be back home agin' an' den ye got heah by night. But I'se bro't ye a nice hot brek'fust up heah in de middle o' de mawnin'. I'se brung jus' what ye likes best, 'cauze Ma'y Jane knows.

Lawsy, honey, ye sca'cely looks lak Ma'y Jane's little miss. Whut's dey been a-doin' to' ye dat makes ye luk so diffunt? Peahs t' me dat dey keeps you uns a powerfully long time ter dem hiah cultuh inistutions. But hit mus' be all so great an' grand ter git ter go dere.

Say, honey, turn yo head 'round. Looks lak ter me yo hair am nearly all done come out in de back o' yo head.

Whut? Hits de way dey cut hit in de noo' style. Well! Well! Hit sho' am unnatu'al lookin'. I'se jest got ter git used ter hit being cut off lak dat.

An' as I'se don' been a-sayin' at dat hiah cultuh place deys all dem han'some men-folks dat ye meet. Dey ain't common a' tall. Dey possesses hiah cultuh jus' lak prutty young ladies ye does. An' ye knows, Mis' Anne, dats jest de kind ob an ideal man dat I likes, too.

Heah, honey, let me fix yo' napkin—dere—now—you'se all fixed up nice an' comfo'ble ter eat yo' brek'fust—I'll put de cream an' sugar in yo coffee.

Mis' Anne, as I done an' said, I'se been a-livin' fer ye ter come, cauze I'se got de grandes' secret ter tell you yit. Dat is, ob course, if ye wants ter heah hit atter you'se been away a-studin' hiah cultuh.

But fust, lemme tell ye, I'se done seen yo beau yistiday (you know ob course who I mean). He wuz all smiles, too. I mos' laughed when I'd gone on by him cayse I knew dat you' Mis' Anne, wuz a-comin' home an' dat wuz de cause ob dem smilings ob his'n. When's he comin' ter see ye? Aw! now! Well, dats alright, I sees dat you has a secret, too.

Well, I'se a-gwinter go 'head an' tell ye' bout m'sef. 'Tudder day Mis' Josey, she done stop me as I wuz goin' home an' called me in ter sit wid her fer a spell—so as I hadn't sot wid her in a purtty long while—why, I jes' went on in ter set awhile 'spite o' de big hurry I wuz in. ——— I'll pour ye som' more coffee cayse ye ain't had none o' Ma'y Jane's good coffee in a long time ———.

An' den atter we'd been a-talkin' at length 'bout bein' neighborly, an' den 'bout Mis' Mariah a-marryin' so soon atter her husban's foon-

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eral—not mor'n five weeks ago ter a man dat she'd neber see'd but five times in 'er life an' dat all in one week; an' den we talked about de lodge annual turn-out dats t' be de fust Sunday in nex' comin' Feb'uary. An' —— finally, she ups an' tells me all about her relations dats got rich in Flor'da, one ob whose a-gwiner visit her afore s'long—'bout Chris'mus. She called her cuzin, Hiney Bloss, by name, whose a champeen in de Flor'da real 'state an' all de gals dere am wild 'bout Hiney cayse he's got plenty money—just lak yo rich beau fellah has fer de wuld, Mis' Anne.

Well, she says, says she, dat she jest won't be able ter git out much with Hiney, so she said I wuz ter stop in an' she'd mak' me an' Hiney acquainted, an' den Hiney could come 'round ter see me som' atter 'wuds, an' dat Hiney wuz on'y ter spend som' few number of days heah.

Lawsy! Mis' Anne, I'se so thrilled, you jes' has no idey how I is thrilled —— Well! Bles' yo' heart! yes, you does too, cayse I kin tell by dem sparkles in yo' eyes. Yo' eyes kin sparkle lak mine does when you gits satisfaction.

Mis' Anne, lemme unpack yo' trunk an' I'se a-gwiner press yo' clothes all so dey'll be purtty fer ye ter wear when yo' beau comes. I alluz did lak yo clothes ter look nice an' fresh pressed.

Oh! me! alive! I'se neber see'd as many prutty clothes as you'se got. Whut's dis? Hit am a dark blue tailored coatsuit. Ain't hit prutty tho'? An heah's anudder skirt ter match hit; an' a white 'un made jest lak hit too. An' heah! let's see —— twelve! o' de pruttiest white shut-waistes—dey cutainly does mak' you'uns stay dressed up all de time. What's dat ye call hit? Uniform! Dat sho is a pow'fully big name fer a clothes outfit. You know, Mis' Anne, I does love prutty clothes jest lak ye does.

I bet ye can't hardly wait ter see yo' beau. I can't do nothing much but sing —— I heahs you a-singin' kinder low an' sweet now —— fer a-thinkin' 'bout mine dat I'se ter have afore de sun goes down dis heah ve'y ev'nin'.

Dere's de frunt door-bell an' yo' ma is ter town a-doin' som' late Chris'mas shoppin's.

* * * * *

Good mawnin', Mis' Anne,, I'se brung yo brek'fust. Hits all hot. But ain't hit all so sad too, dis am de las' day dat I'll git ter bring yo brek'fust. Tomorrow you'll be done gone back ter college—de name ob dat hiah cultuh in'stution.

Honey, whut's de matter? Is you sick? Jest feel blue—oh well!

JUS' LAK MISSUS

I knows jest how hit is ter hav' ter leave yo' beau agin' 'cayse Hiney had ter go an' leave me.

Oh! Mis' Anne, I jus' mus' tell ye 'bout Hiney afore ye leaves. Well, Hiney did com' an' I wuz powerfully set-up ye jus' bet. An' oh! Mis' Anne, he wuz so 'an'som' lak yo beau, ye knows, an' he did hav' hiah cultuh too an' he sho' did wear good lookin' clothes —— why —— I do declar'—all dem things cor'sponds wid yo' beau, don't dey?

Lemme pack yo' clothes fer ye. I does know dat dis uniform—as ye call hit—sho' am prutty. I'se got me a new Sunday outfit, but hit ain't nothin' side o' dese clothes.

Why' whut's dis? A han'bag ye got fo' a Chris'mus present. Well! I declar' if I didn't git a han'bag, too, fer Chris'mus. Got hit off de Chris'mus tree at de chu'ch.

Whut's dat yo payin' so much attention ter? A novel book. Yes, dey sho' does hold my attentions when I begins a-readin' one ob 'em too.

Deah me, Mis' Anne, but ye cutainly did luk fine ter de dance ye had heah de udder night. I knows dat ye had a fine time too. I watched ye dance an' den I danced som' wid Hiney at a party out at Liza's de udder night. I had a fine time too.

An' oh! Mis' Anne, Hiney's eben mo' wondu'ful den I eber suspected. So full oh hiah cultuh. All dem udder niggers sho' did tak' a good luk at us an' dey ain't done a-talkin' yit. Lawsy, but I wuz jus' wild in love with Hiney frum de fus' sight! I'se heerd ye speak o' fallin' in love at "fust sight" las' summer at dat house-party ye 'tended at Fo't Laude'dales—er somewhur's in Flor'da, an' dats jus' pre'zack'ly whut I went an' don'—fell right straight out in love at fust sight.

Now, now, honey, I just does declares. Look-a-dere! at dat prutty ring on yo' finger. Lawsy me! hit sparkles jus' lak' a nickel's wuth of ice wou'd. Yo' engagement ring. Mis' Anne, so you'se a-goin' ter marry de nex' time ye com' home, I jes' bet. Well, if dat ain't just too grand—a diamont an' hiah cultuh!

But, lawsy, Mis' Anne, I clean forgot ter tell ye de bigges' thing 'bout m'se'f. Hit all is —— Dat I'se a-gwiner go ter Flor'da wid Hiney de nex' time dat he comes back ter South Georgia. But he's a-gwiner wait an' jus' giv' me a plain band gold ring. Now, jest whut does you think about all dat?

SHIRLEY GASKINS.

THE FEMININE ASPECTS OF OUR COLLEGE WHICH WILL NEVER BECOME MASCULINE

"The world is turning upside down!" has been pealed into our pink ears every day by pessimists, who seem to have the idea that the grave old world would not be improved by the transposition. The public has been told patiently and repeatedly that women have invaded the fields hitherto strictly masculine, that the costume of grown men has been handed down to the small sirs, and in exchange the short pants have been hoisted up for the man's sport costume.

But never have the observations of these observers so forcefully confronted us as they did on the day that the sign "Open" appeared on the entrance gate of the college. As each train brought in its model college girl of 1925-26, we had to admit (though we didn't change our ideas from good to bad) that the gloom finders find was correct in the first survey.

A single glance at the girls showed that they found no criticism of their brother's taste in dress. Steeped in the fact that good things should be added to one's own life, they had not unostentatiously adapted the lines and fashion of his costume. Indeed, a compliment to man! Their own good taste ever kept the slogan, "Everything should be in keeping" before them; and in obedience to this principle of art were their hats of the smallest and trimmest type. True, their crown of glory had been sacrificed for these hat bands 6 1-2; but as the quality of personality is shown always in possessions it acquits them of any trace of that over-bearing fault always associated with large sizes in hats! Their clothing, their hair, their bearing, all bore a masculine stamp, but they were real girls who had come to a real woman's college.

Further developments showed that the influence of the masculine element did not restrict itself to merely the outward appearance, and raiment of these knowledge-seekers, but crept out decisively when the courses of study and the forms of activity were selected. Was it "clothes over the mind" that filled the classes of International Law and Political Science to overflowing? Was it due to the "masculine viewpoint" created by the adoption of masculine costume lines that made baseball bats, balls, and rackets in such constant demand and left the croquet grounds for hungry weeds? The strenuous sports

THE FEMININE ASPECTS OF OUR COLLEGE

were the ones most popular; the laboratories whose experiments required cool nerve and brave hearts boasted of its many demands.

Thus with our college composed of these constituents, whose clothes reflected the masculine, whose minds reflected the masculine too, it would logically follow that the whole atmosphere and spirit of the college would be "Pro-Masculine". At least an onlooker who would be willing to draw his conclusions of the whole school from only a slight study of the outer shell—an onlooker who would not possess enough curiosity to pry into the real essence of the college, would perhaps label this object of his slight scrutiny Pro-Masculine. But his conclusion, arrived at by such a small investment of labor, should be received by the girls with the scant consideration it deserves. For the real soul of the college is feminine, and made and developed so by these same college misses that are considered so masculine.

A truth written by a monsieur and handed down through the ages declares that "By the outer shell ye shall know the kernel therein"; and this adage supports the method of the above observer. But a still wiser monsieur spoke thus: "The ways of a woman are past finding out." And indeed they are! The motif of an institution is reflected in its outer hood sometime and nearly always, but not every time when women are concerned. Women are perversible things and nothing seems to suit them better than to seize the old observations made by certain wise men and demonstrate how little wisdom the world of men has when it comes to the world of women. The outer shell may be a true index to the character within, and it may not.

Though our college is composed of girls who have adopted the line and style of masculine costume as their outer shell, it does not mean that their inner selves are masculinized, nor that the real heart and soul of the college is less feminine than in days of old. The easy, loose, comfortable lines of their acquired costume does insinuate the broader viewpoint they now possess; the costume does stand for the process of freeing the feminine host from the narrow, often foolish paths that their sisters of old trod upon. The costume holds within its common sense lines a prophesy of even greater stride and even greater accomplishments by its feminine advocates.

The truly great feminine qualities that have always graced our campus still remain intact. The love of beauty, and the development of charm still reign as the most intense goals. The gentle sympathy and sweetness that arises from an understanding heart is shown as it can only be shown on a southern campus of girls. That intention which seems to restrict itself strictly to woman kind, and which seems to have a seeking out genius for the small, unintruding, little things that make life really worth while is hourly shown by the many ones

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in whom it is deeply rooted. The every day relationship, the daily contact of the girls, the common, daily episodes which could be made to contain a sense of irritation, are managed with that quiet wisdom which could only be mustered from a group of real girls. The really fine qualities which are the pleasing essence of true womanhood are seen today on our stage that comprise the college campus as in times of old; the acts and accomplishments of our modern college girls reflect the gentle, and subtle cast of their feminine nature truly as much as their charming grand-mothers did.

Though these virtues and charms are now clothed by their captives in raiment that is far different from the grotesque and unhygienic costumes of their past possessors; though these feminine virtues are now housed in the modern, sport costumes of the chic American girl, their attractiveness has not been dimmed nor their number lowered. Their essentially feminine nature has only been tested and proved by the transfer. Indeed, they would have been proved weak and unstable if the mere matter of clothes could have affected their brilliancy or constancy. But the charm of the modern girls that now move on the parade grounds of the campus are proofs that the genuine feminine qualities admirably stood the strenuous change — So why care we if the world does turn upside down, fulfilling the prophecy of the reformers, if in the turning the worth while qualities and the genuine natures of the universe turns with it? What care we if the modern girl don the masculine cuts and style of dress if her sweet feminine nature, deeply rooted in her, still conducts itself as to bring honor to herself, and to her school—G. S. W. C.

ELIZABETH McREE.

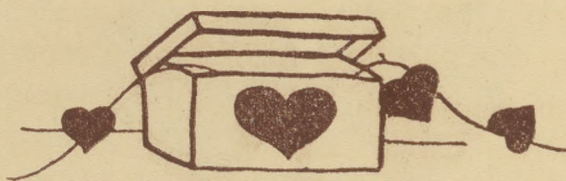


THE CURRICULUM

The very best school that's ever been known
Teaches the drollest of subjects to girls nearly grown.
Why, who ever heard of subjects so queer
As are taught in this school to girlyes so dear?

Do you wonder what kind of studies they take
At this dear queer college, the best in the State?
Listen now closely, and don't tell a soul,
For they always take Ed and Gym, I'm told.

MARIE CLYATT.



A ROMANTIC VENTURE

Oh! I wonder if I'll ever meet such a man," came in brawling tones from the sofa. "Dark, romantic, and a splendid specimen of six feet of human flesh. I wonder if there is such a man living? When at his drafting board, with the sun shining through his auburn hair, one could not help but feel a thrill at his marvelous physique."

The owner of the voice suddenly sat up-right. "I don't see why I can't meet someone interesting like an architect or a draftsman or something, and if I ever do"

"Mis' Dor—is," came in loud tones up the back stairs. "Child, yo' Uncle Johnny down here, yo' maw says to come down right now."

Uncle John, the uncle who had been in South America doing construction work. Here at least was something different. Doris jumped up, ran to the dresser, combed down her hair, and powdered her nose.

"Well, if my little girl hasn't gone and grown up since her old uncle left," came from a gruff voice as Doris entered the living room. Doris ran to embrace her uncle. The embrace was cut short. What was that behind Uncle Johnny. Six feet of superb manhood topped by a crown of auburn hair through which the sun shone.

"Here, I'm almost forgetting my young draftsman friend, Doris, meet Mr. Kaylor," said Uncle John, who became conscious of Doris' interest in what was behind him.

The sun had risen for Doris. Six feet, auburn hair, and a draftsman, and probably from South America, too!

She stepped forward to meet the young stranger, and upon shaking hands noticed for the first time that his left arm was in a sling. Doris was completely lost, here before her stood her ideal indeed. As Doris' imagination took flight she felt perfectly sure that true to his character her ideal had injured himself unselfishly. Finally Doris regained her speech! "Do sit down Mr. Kaylor, or perhaps you would like to walk in the garden and look at mother's flowers."

They left the drawing room and slowly walked toward a door through which a garden could be seen. "Come right this way, we always use the side entrance because the view is so much prettier. I think they are lovely."

"Yes, but they must be a good deal of trouble to raise," was the reply.

"Your work must be very interesting. I've often wanted to see a draftsman at work. I don't see how you think of all those things

A ROMANTIC VENTURE

to draw. There's always a chance to be something great when you do work like that," continued Doris.

"The work is very interesting," answered Mr. Kaylor.

"I know you've seen wonderful things in your travels. I've always wanted to travel. Uncle John said he would take me sometime, but he never has," said Doris, trying to draw conversation from her guest. Perhaps talk of his travels would put him at his ease.

"Hey, you two out there. Bill, I guess we'd better go, if we want to see Mr. Brown before dinner," called Mr. Burns from the side door. "Doris, I want to see you about that trip I've promised you."

Doris did not seem to hear the last part of the speech, she was busy telling Mr. Kaylor goodbye. "I'm glad you liked the flowers. We have a pretty tulip bed. I'm sorry you haven't time to stop and see it. Perhaps some other time" she was saying.

"I leave in the morning,—Eh,—tonight —"

"Yes come tonight, I'll tell you about the flowers," was Doris' quick reply.

After the departure of her guests, Doris went bounding up the stairs, at about midway she stopped to call, "Oh Mother, Fred's going to telephone, tell him I have to study for that examination. Tell him I won't be able to see him tonight."

Doris entered the parlor early that evening to arrange some flowers, start a fire, and have the entire setting ready for her ideal's arrival. On hearing the bell she went to open the door. "Hurry in, I know you're blown to pieces out there. Father says we're sure to have a storm by tomorrow. Put your hat here."

The two entered the parlor, and after an awkward pause settled themselves before the fire. Doris again made herself the better conversationalist. "Do tell me all about yourself. I know you must see many things and meet many people in your profession."

"Yes."

Doris did not need more than the abrupt answer, for she saw clearly in her mind the young auburn head draftsman working at an open window beyond which dark skinned natives worked. She could see him working through sun-scorched sheets, stopping at native shops, and riding in native carriages. "Oh! I'm so interested, do tell me all about them. What did you do on your last trip?"

At last the guest seemed inclined to talk. "I went to Allenton, in the southern part of the state last."

Doris felt the chill of disappointment.

"Some funny people there too. A man was sick there, I do copy work," he continued.

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Could she be hearing correctly? Doris couldn't let it go on. She felt her dream slowly falling shattered around her. As one last effort to find something heroic about him, she said, "How did you hurt your arm?" She breathlessly awaited the reply.

"Eh—eh, I tripped and fell over the drafting table."

Down with a crash came Doris's ideal. She looked at the person sitting beside her, at his narrow close-set eyes, and weak mouth. What horrid hair he had. Corn colored, and falling over his forehead in a very ragged way. How much longer would he stay? Why didn't he say something?

Doris jumped up and stood at the side of the mantle.

"Hum—ah" came from the corner of the divan. "I mus——."

"Oh, I'm so sorry you have to go, it's early yet, but I guess you have to get off early in the morning."

The young man got up and walked toward the door, feeling rather dazed.

"Goodbye" said Doris with a sigh as she shut the door.

Nine o'clock, not too late for Fred to come over, and perhaps not too late for a ride downtown. Doris ran to the telephone.

EMMA MOORE.



EDITORIAL

Our colleges and institutions of learning of today have been criticized by some who say that the students of the present age do not receive the higher intellectual and spiritual training of past generations.

And yet, we as students marvel at the remarkable intellectual development and spiritual growth that takes place in one of our own number in four short college years.

Our Freshman girls come to us just out of high school, with their youthful sophistication, and most of them feeling as the old negro who explained her young mistress' graduation by saying:

"Yas'm, mistis done larn't all de knowledge whut dem teachers knows, so she's gwine git her diploma."

But after the Freshmen have spent a year in the college we see in them a distinct intellectual development. They have begun to get the vision of education as an ever-increasing developmental process. We begin to see in our Freshmen, students who are rapidly gaining an insight into the real and true meaning of life.

By the time these same students have reached the end of their Sophomore year we have young women who have made such extensive progress in the gaining of knowledge and spiritual depth, that we would hardly recognize them as the same girls who came to us two years before.

As these students grow, year by year, and develop intellectually, they gain a greater vision of life. They realize that life means more than the value of meeting and making many human contacts. With open minds our students learn to recognize and assimilate the best that life has to offer and to give to the world in return the best of their talents.

Spiritually, our girls develop into women whose love for the good and beautiful things of life can hardly be surpassed. They have a growing appreciation for the present and the past, and are anxious to improve these for the future. We develop women who see education as the function and final safeguard of society as well as the greatest aid to spiritual adjustment.

The girls of our college develop into women of intellectual depth, spiritual vision, broad associations, and a sympathetic understanding of humanity and its needs. Like the immortal Shakespeare, these young women learn to: "Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

ALUMNAE NOTES

Though for some time monthly meetings of the Valdosta Club of the Alumnae Association have been held, it seems that news of the meetings has not found its way into our magazine. However, for the information of those Alumnae who are not in the city, it is fitting that something should be said about them. The January meeting was held at eight o'clock on Thursday evening, January 28th, with Clare Bray of the '25 class as hostess. There were twenty-two wide-awake members present. We look forward to the time when clubs such as this will be formed in every South Georgia town.

* * *

Morgan Majette, Mrs. Dan L. Grant, of the '17 class, visited her parents at Jesup during the Christmas holidays. She is still making Chapel Hill, N. C., her home.

* * *

Effie Patten, of the '17 class, is teaching in Lakeland, Georgia.

* * *

Ida Groover, of the '18 class, writes us of her safe arrival in South America, where she will teach in a Baptist College. She says in part, "I've just come in from one of my most interesting Portuguese classes,—conversation with one of the college girls. I'm supposed to do most of the talking, and in Portuguese, but oh! how I do cling to the good old English! She may be addressed Rua Dr. Jose' Hygino 350, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

* * *

Again wedding bells have been rung by a member of the '19 class, and this time it was none other than Lena May. She is now Mrs. Frank Smith, Daniels Apartments, Valdosta.

* * *

Margaret Breen, Mrs. Horace Slover, of the '20 class, was a visitor at the College during the Christmas season, coming especially for "Ye Old English Festival."

ALUMNAE NOTES

Other off-the-campus Alumnae who came to the Festival were C. B. Sharpe, of the '21 class, who is spending the year at her home in Vidalia, Georgia; Natalie Sirmans, Mrs. John Williams, of the '19 class, who is living in Valdosta; Inez Sharpe, of the '22 class, who is teaching English and Latin at Uvalda, Georgia; Mary Pearl Patterson, Mrs. William Holder, of the '23 class, who is living at 516 East Central avenue, Valdosta; and Ruth Watkins, of the '25 class, who is teaching in Pavo, Georgia.

* * *

Lillian Etheridge, of the '20 class, is teaching in the schools of Lakeland, Georgia.

* * *

Estelle Patten, of the '21 class is teaching in the grades at Lakeland, Georgia.

* * *

Anna Rizer is teaching in the grades at Lenox, Georgia.

* * *

Chloe Ivey, A. B. 1924, is studying piano at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio.

* * *

Henrilu Ivey, A. B. 1924, received her Master's degree from Peabody College in 1925, and is now teaching in the schools of Amarillo, Texas.

* * *

We have a letter from Irene Archer, Mrs. N. A. Moore, of the '23 class, in which she tells us of a son, Archer Moore. Her address is 507 W. Oconee street, Fitzgerald, Georgia.

* * *

Marion Chauncey, of the class of '23, is again studying violin in the Conservatory of Music at Ithica, N. Y.

* * *

O'Meara Minter, Mrs. Dallas Wurst, of the '23 class, is living in Ocoee, Florida.

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A wedding of the early fall was that of Stella Taylor, of the '23 class, to Mr. Joe Pafford, of Waycross, Georgia.

* * *

Corinne Studstill, of the '23 class, received her A. B. degree from Peabody College in 1925, and is now a critic teacher in the East Texas State Teachers College, at Commerce, Texas.

* * *

Another bride of the Christmas season was Daisy Geiger, of the '24 class. She is now Mrs. Dewey Tompkins, of Cocoanut Grove, Florida.

* * *

We have also learned of the marriage of Jewell Mitchell, of the '24 class to Mr. Rossie M. O'Berry, of Evergreen, N. C., on October 29th. They will make their home in Evergreen.

* * *

Leo Prine, of the '25 class, who has been studying music in the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio, has returned to Valdosta, where she will teach in the Valdosta School of Music.

* * *

Althea Mae Strickland, of the '25 class, has resigned her position with the Valdosta Conservatory of Music, and is now studying music in Atlanta, Georgia. She is located at 727 Edgewood avenue.



Y. W. C. A. NOTES

The various vesper programs of the new year have proven very interesting and beneficial by contrasting industrial conditions in the different countries with those in America.

Delightful talks have been given by some of the faculty members as well as students, Mr. Crudup, head of physics department talked on the industrial conditions of India; Miss Bradley, one of the critic teachers for the training school, discussed the industrial conditions of China; Miss Rena Mae Campbell spoke on "Women Workers in Japanese Factories."

* * *

A very impressive pantomime, "Before and After," portraying the industrial conditions of India, was given at vesper on Tuesday evening, January 21st.

* * *

Another interesting pageant, The Price of Silk, depicting what the Japanese have to go through with in making silk, was given on Sunday evening, January 31st.

* * *

"The Sinean Women's Club" was the name of a play given on the evening of January 14. This showed the attempts that are being made to remedy working conditions of China.

* * *

One of the most enjoyable social affairs given by the Y. W. C. A. during the year was the book party on Wednesday evening, January 27th, at eight o'clock. According to custom the supply of books in the Y. W. C. A. library has been replenished by the students of the college. The following enjoyable program was given at the party, after which delightful refreshments were served:

"The Kleptomaniac", a one-act comedy.

Vocal solo, "Then You'll Remember Me"—by Mr. James Dasher, teacher of piano.

A clever stunt, "Happy School Days."

* * *

The vesper services on Thursday evening, January 28, were conducted by Miss Lucille McGregor. The subject was the Association and Its Interpretation of Christ at the Present Day.

ATHLETIC NOTES

On Tuesday evening, February the tenth, the Phi Lambda and the Phi Kappa Athletic Associations gave a benefit dance for their members, and the members of the two High School organizations.

The Valentine idea was attractively carried out in the decorations and the favors. The spirit of St. Valentine seemed to prevail throughout the evening. Adding to the enjoyment of the evening was the peppy music furnished by Mrs. Horn and her orchestra.

During the intermissions delightful refreshments were served to the guests present.

Miss Marian Wiseman, the president of the Phi Kappa Association, and Miss Frances Myrick, the Phi Lambda president, were the charming hostesses, while the faculty members were asked to serve as patronesses and patrons for the occasion.



SOCIETY NEWS

The first program for the New Year of the Sororian and Argonian Literary Societies was held as a joint meeting in the rotunda of Ashley Hall on Saturday evening, January 14th. The meeting was presided over by Miss Emma Moore, President of the Argonian Literary Society, and Miss Mary Alice Sineath, President of the Sororian Literary Society.

Through a careful study of the Art of the different nations in its various phases—that the Literary Societies are presenting in the programs during this year, it is hoped that a keener appreciation of Art may be developed. At this meeting special attention was given to the study of German Art, which excels in its music, art, and literature. The program was as follows:

1. Discussion of German National Art—Miss Martha Youngblood.
2. Prelude to Faust—Miss Sharon Satterfield.
3. Soldiers' Chorus—Faust.
4. Study of Holheim—Miss Susan Bedell.
5. Study of Dresden China—Miss Lillie Pearl Cox.
6. Piano Solo: Pastoral (Mozart)—Miss Ruth Youmans.
7. Study of Durer—Miss Ruth Folger.
8. Overture—Dawn.
9. William Tell—Miss Frances Thomas.
10. Overture—The Storm.

An interesting feature of the program was the fact that the overtures from the operas were rendered by the Orthophonic Victrola recently presented to the college by its daughters, who are using it to the best advantage—as a means of education.

The display of pictures and some real Dresden China added much to the value of the program.

Miss Gertrude Gilmer, Head of the English Department, acting as critic, gave a very beneficial criticism. Miss Gilmer also commended the two societies on the lovely spirit of cooperation being shown this year.

SHIRLEY GASKINS.

LOCALS

Mr. Clarence Gustlin, who is this year appearing under the auspices of the American Federation of Music Clubs, in behalf of American music, furnished the program at chapel on Tuesday, February 2nd. First he spoke of woman's relationship to music; then played in his superb way. Among the numbers given were several of the students' favorites.

* * *

The Lowndes County Club entertained the Lowndes County girls of Ashley and Converse Halls with a buffet luncheon on Tuesday, February 2nd. After luncheon Miss Maybelle Bollinger delighted her friends with a reading, "Happiness," by J. Hartley Manners. Miss Annie P. Hopper and Dr. R. H. Powell were the guests of the club.

* * *

The Philharmonic Club held a very interesting meeting on Friday evening, February 5th. The program was as follows:

Leader—Miss Marjorie Seals.

Discussion of Form and Development of Oratorio—Miss Marjorie Seals.

Vocal Solo: "Even Bravest Hearts" from "Faust"—Mr. James Dasher.

Discussion of oratorio writers—Miss Emma Moore.

Vocal Solo: "O, Rest on the Lord"—Miss Martha Youngblood.

Violin Solo: A Suite of Six Pieces—Little Miss Margaret Pardee.

Current Events—Miss Inez Warlick.

In the business meeting, the suggestions to hear Paderewski on February 23rd, in Jacksonville, provided the chief discussion.

* * *

A new feature found on the campus is the tea-room maintained by the Juniors. The "House in the Woods" is being reset for this purpose on every Tuesday and Friday afternoon. Members of the student body and faculty are enjoying the refreshing delicacies—Keep it up, Juniors!

JOKES

Ollie Nicholson (Reading Statistics) "Just think, every time I breathe somebody dies."

Georgia Breen: "Better try Listerine."

* * *

Miss Craig: "Mary, what is a vacuum?"

Mary Chesnut: "I have it in my head, but I can't think just now."

* * *

Sara Thomas (in the hall): "Hey, what time is it in there?"

Ursula Miller: "2:00—what time is it out there?"

* * *

Mary V. Gramling: "Inez, I have a compliment for you—some one said that if you were just beautiful you'd be beautiful and dumb."

* * *

Miss Lockett: "What is a circle, Miss Myrick?"

Kathryn Myrick: "I can give an example. A cow tied to a post with a six inch rope; the circle is the space she can graze on."

* * *

Algy saw a bear
The bear saw Algy.
The bear was bulgy,
The bulge was Algy.
—Exchange.

* * *

The laziest student we can imagine is one who sits up all night to keep from washing her face in the morning.

* * *

King Saul: "Hasten and telephone David that he is to meet the Philistines."

Servant: "Forsooth, how can I? His name is not in the Book of Numbers."

THE PINE BRANCH

Elizabeth Hendlee: "Marjorie, what is a bicuspid?"

Marjorie Seals: "A bicuspid, my dear, is a double barreled spittoon."

* * *

Mrs. Eskimo: "Well, where have you been for the past six months?"

Mr. Eskimo: "My dear, I've just been sitting up all night with a sick friend."—Exchange.

* * *

Lillie Pearl Cox, (Encountering Margaret Christian as she was leaving for home): "Margaret, your bag is so small to be carrying home for the week-end."

Margaret: "Why, I have fifty three pieces in it."

L. P. C.: "Fifty three pieces?"

M. C.: "Yes, a deck of cards and a handkerchief."

* * *

Nan Smith to Ruth Youmans: "Miss Youmans, these girls were late to class again. They must still be in the stage of adolescence."

P. Wisenbaker and V. Jones (guilty parties): "No mam, we ain't—we had a flat tire."



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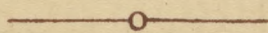
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