

# THE PINE BRANCH



1927

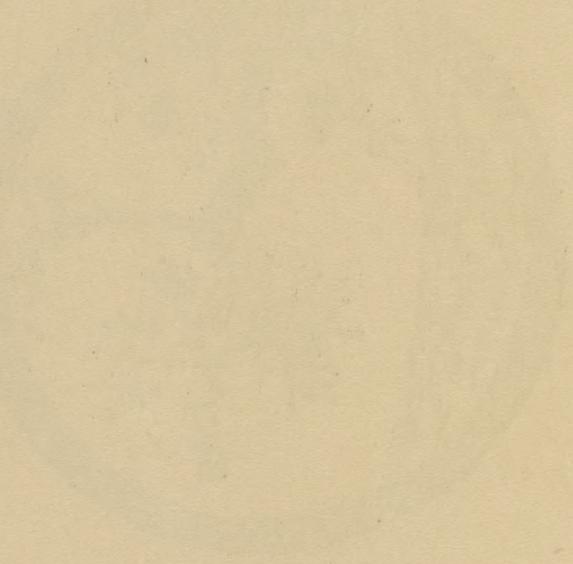
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HOWARD BENT

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# THE PINE BRANCH

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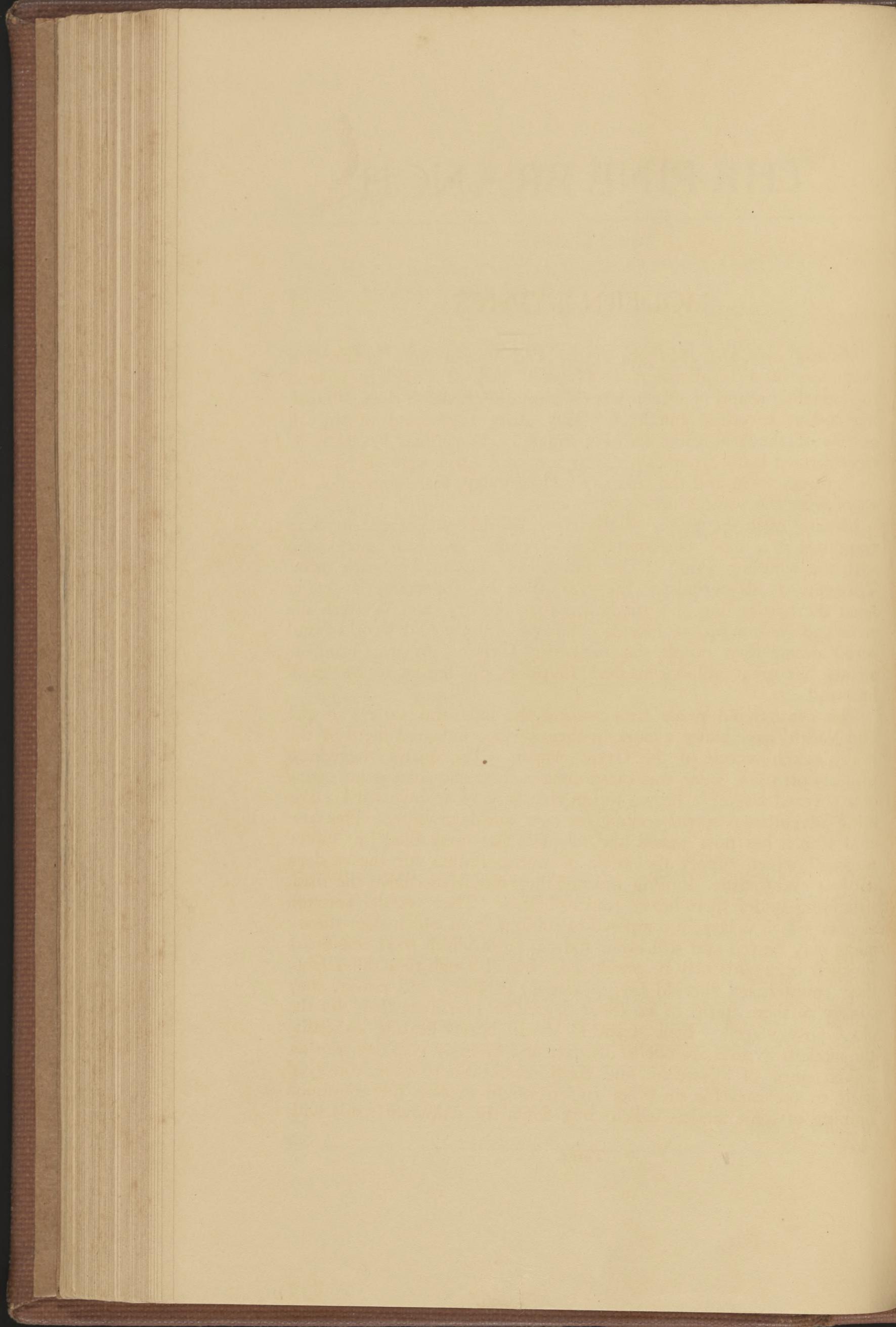
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## MODERN GYPSIES

Moving over the countries of the Old World were picturesque characters of a vagabond race—Gypsies, dark of complexion, with the rumbling sound of wagon wheels constantly beneath them. Traveling today; traveling tomorrow—over dusty roads and during all seasons of the year these tribes wandered. Sometimes branches of trees formed leafy canopies for their rest; and again were only traceries between them and the cold sky. Here today, there tomorrow, always with the wanderlust in their veins.

Moving over the States of the New World, picturesque in their trappings is a new vagabond race—Tourists, grimy in complexion with the whizzing sound of the auto wheel constantly beneath them. Traveling at all periods of the year, their bigarre itineraries swing from the border line of Canada across to the dry, hot, Western deserts and back across to Florida. Europe and the Old World numbered among their people the wandering Gypsies; America numbers among her great millions modern Gypsies—the hitters of the gasoline trail.

The century-old roads criss-crossing the hills and valleys of the Old World have many a mark in their surface indented there by the heavy oaken wheels of the Gypsy wagon. The quaint ruggedness of a country-side scene was often enhanced by the coming into view of a covered wagon; a brown top in the shape of an inverted U, covering adventurous spirits seeking for new worlds to enjoy. This covered wagon has now passed and its place has been filled by "motor wagons" which supply the mode of transportation for the modern outdoor enthusiasts. Puffing and rambling they come down the road, struggling under their heavy responsibilities. They wander through scenery which is largely composed of stations from which their thirsty tanks may be fed and still other stations from which food and drink for their occupants may be purchased. But although they differ from their counterpart, the old Gypsy wagon, in shape and power, they convey in them spirits of no lesser degree of adventure than did the old Gypsy wagon. Eyes straining ahead, hearts beating excitedly, the modern gypsies are out to discover and to enjoy vast new worlds.

The spirit of adventure and thrill seems also to have conveyed itself to the cars for no other reason would explain the continued running of some models which chug down the unknown roads with

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I-won't-give-up attitude. Cars which would have long since heard the funeral march and become residing ghosts in an automobile cemetery, now with the stimulating thrill of travel and adventure running through their tin bodies plow on and forward—important members of the gypsing troupe. True, they don't present a comely appearance, nor would they be invited to appear in a style catalogue as would their stay-at-home brothers, but their peeling paint and rusting hoods cover stout hearts and loyal engines.

The road fever, a disease whose only cure is to spend itself on an open trail, attacks and affects persons from all walks of life; makes into modern gypsies all ages and types. The gypsing-Ford boasts as part of its load not only the round rosy faces of little kiddies, and of their parents, but also grand mother. Around the camp fires dotting the road sides of America there is brought into relief by the rosy flames—faces of culture and refinement; faces of patience and endurance; faces that have been hard and mercenary, but now softened by the camp fire glow and by an inner light which comes from being free and independent of the whole wide world. A gypsing spreads itself to even the loyal pets and rarely is a journeying company seen without Fido or Kitty-Cat. Sometimes Polly with her cracker agrees to come along if conversation is apt to lag, or if a rogueing road-side merchant should be told his proper title in proper language.

Because the open road is so tempting and the joy of traveling so great, the army of modern gypsies is growing larger year by year. Complexions burned by the sun and tinted by the brown dust of the road are becoming a mark of an ever increasing land; a symbol of a care-free existence just as the skins of the Old World Gypsies, dyed brown with the juice of the Gypsywort were the symbol of the wagon trail. The tag which has been tied to this wandering class of people—a tag which insinuates a narrow type of existence—"Tin Can Tourists"—is fast losing hold. A well rounded life they lead, and not one encircled by a tin can or by tin-can food. The modern gypsies with their ice boxes, well arranged apartments, and electrical connections may fare as bountifully from a running-board table out on the open road as from one enclosed by panelled walls. This ability to enjoy a free life in a luxuriant way; to become a part of nature and still enjoy the advantages of the civilized world has so fascinated American people, and so general has it been in its appeal, that our American highways, and not the great cities, may be called the melting pot of our American democracy.

One can but wonder, when statistics give us America's gypsy roll—

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the number and variety of folks who have yielded to the call of the open road—if the future homes of America will be “homes upon wheels”; if the camp fire will be the fire of the future around which the family life will center. Will the wheels which now go so gaily rolling down the open roads roll away the foundations of American stationary homes? Will the red geraniums of the future be placed over the spare tire to grow, and the darning bag be given a berth under the parking lights? We can only sit and wonder, and while our mind is struggling with this puzzle there whizzes by a cloud of dust, a congenial group in a Ford, laughter—Modern Gypsies.

E. McREE.

## THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY

"To solve a pure quadratic equation: Simplify the equation until it takes the form  $X =$  the unknown quantity."

"Do you understand that, James?"

"Yes, Sir," I understand. Will you please explain the ninth example?"

Prof. Drier explained the example with his usual kind and impersonal air.

The boy nodded to show that he understood.

"Thank you, Sir," he said, when the professor had finished. "I think I understand now."

"Very well, you may go," and with a faint nod and gesture, dismissed the boy.

He glanced at his schedule. No more classes until two—three hours of freedom—freedom?—no! torture—why couldn't he teach every minute of the day and night? Three hours—how would he spend them?

James Drier was professor of mathematics at Rockdale, a college for boys. He was usually referred to by the boys as "Old Stogie," but he really wasn't so old.

"Why he's no older than my dad," one of the boys explained, "but gee, dad doesn't act nearly so stiff and prissy. He's as grumpy as an old sick hen most of the time, but you know, we have seen him looking like he's going to see his best girl."

"Huh, you can just bet your bottom dollar that he's not going to see no girl—not him. He hates 'em like poison. You know last year when there was some talk of making this a co-ed school, he was set dead against it. He just told them that he'd resign immediately if he had to have a girl in his class."

"I wonder why he hates women so—gee, but you'd think they were something awful the way he shuns them."

"I've heard that he was disappointed in love, and that would account for his cynical attitude toward women."

Disappointed in love—disappointed in life—what's the difference? James Drier had not always been a crabbed hard-boiled professor.

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He had once been a lover, once a husband, and once a father.

As he sat at his desk that afternoon, he was once more the lover—the rejected lover.

He sat with his head in his hands. Sometimes a shudder would shake his frame as if a great sob had passed from his heart. Slowly raising his head, he opened a large drawer in his desk and drew out a small box. Reverently he drew off the lid. As he gazed at the contents, he shuddered violently—would he dare to touch it? With the tip of his fingers, he pulled out a small lace handkerchief. It had once been white, now it was ivory tinted—what unhappy memories it brought back—why did he look at it. With biting pain he recalled the day he'd got it. Ah, but she was sincere then! They had gone for a walk in the woods fresh with the odors of spring. Love—the hated word!, was in the air. She sat down on a fallen log. Her yellow gold hair fell in ringlets about her shoulders. Why did he remember it? Her dress was white. He wanted her as he had never wanted anything. But why did he tell her so—fool!

He fingered the bit of lace in his hand. In one corner her name was daintily woven, "Camilla". How exotic! He replaced the handkerchief, but he could not replace his thoughts.

Those first years of married life—why had he been such a dunce as to think she cared for him!—but she had borne him a son—oh! but that son was his excuse for living.

With a contemptuous snarl he remembered a day later in his life. It had been an unusually hard day at the college! Then as he opened the front door he sensed something wrong. On the table he saw a letter addressed to himself, in her soft flowing handwriting. "It's not that I love you less, but that I love him more," she had written. Then, as now, he had no idea who "him" might be.

Then, all that had been love turned to hate—a hatred more bitter than he thought to be in his power to possess.

He worked then, worked as he had never worked before. He was made head of the mathematics department—but still he worked. The joy of working made him forget the pain of living.

\* \* \* \* \*

A knock was heard on the door, and the student, whom he had undertaken to coach in math entered.

"How do you do Professor?" he asked politely as he sat down.

"You were troubled with factoring I believe; let's begin here. Let  $X =$  the unknown quantity" and so he continued.

They had finished the lesson, but the boy lingered. The professor

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had seemed to show an interest in him. He had that day received a letter. He would like so much to tell somebody about it.

"Professor," he finally managed to say, "my mother is very ill."

"Sit down, and tell me about it," the professor asked.

"She wasn't so well when I left home, but I had hoped that she would improve. No one seems to know her troubles, but professor, can unhappiness kill a person?"

The professor did not answer for a moment, wasn't he unhappy and living—yet, being a woman she might be ——

"I've heard of rare cases of that," he finally answered.

The boy told how unhappy his mother was, and would have dwelt at length on the topic had he not noticed that the professor had stopped listening. He excused himself, but the professor took no notice of his absence.

"Unhappy—thank God!" he murmured.

Between the boy and the professor there had sprung something approaching friendship, but each time the boy thought that the professor was human he met with some unexpected rebuff.

And each time the professor thought the boy more likable he found in him some new likeness to the woman who had ruined his life, and try as he might, he found it impossible to overcome that barrier—hatred.

\* \* \* \* \*

The professor was looking over the day's algebra problems. "Let  $X =$  the unknown quantity." What is the unknown quantity? he wondered.

Abruptly the door opened and a boy entered.

He was in trouble. His eyes were red, but his mouth was held in a firm line. He handed the professor a yellow envelope.

"Read it" he gulped.

Tremblingly the professor pulled out the yellow sheet of paper. The message was very short: "Your mother died at ten today."

The professor looked up at the boy trying hard to be brave, but tears streamed out of his eyes, and his mouth—the adorable mouth that looked so much like hers—quivered.

The professor could stand it no longer. He opened his arms, and like a flash the boy was in them. "My son, my son!" he murmured passionately over and over.

He had solved the equation—the unknown quantity was love!

ESTHA FREEMAN.

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## CATALPA TREE

I will sing you a song catalpa tree.  
Why do not poets praise you?  
You are as beautiful as any orchid,  
Besides your panicles of spotted white flowers  
the rose is insipid.  
Is it because they cannot climb your tall limbs  
to look at you?  
Yet the ground is covered with your fallen trumpets;  
Their odor drops with them,  
Drenching me with fragrance.

MARY SMALL.

## THAT FAMILIAR NUMBER

"What could be done?" was the question which had been foremost in Jack Stetson's mind for the last week—in fact for many weeks previous, but it was more keenly realized after receiving a letter from his fiancée announcing her arrival on the steamer St. Louis due the afternoon of the following Wednesday.

He wondered, "Had he been true?" Perhaps he had been true to the girl to whom he was engaged and he would be true, he violently declared to himself as he quickly rushed to the 'phone, picked up the receiver, and called that familiar number "2193."

"Yes, I would like to speak with Margie, please—that you, Margie? Wonder if you have anything planned for tonight. No? How would you like to see a picture. Very well, will be around about 8:30."

As Jack hung up the receiver he wondered if it would be possible for him to endure a picture in his present state of mind. Oh well, afterwards he would tell her all—and then no more would he call that familiar number. Of course she would not care, but the very thought of this seemed to appall him, but he could not want her to feel otherwise. Yes—they had enjoyed each other's company; seen many pictures together; he had been her escort to many dances, dinners and such—but, in fact, they had been only good companions.

Eight-thirty found Jack ascending the steps of Margie's home—and Margie as usual was in the living room waiting for his familiar footsteps. It seemed ages to Jack since he had last seen her, but in actuality it had been only a few days. Somehow he could not help wondering if Margie had had this same feeling, although he knew that he had no right to even wish her to do so.

Quickly the door was flung open. "Hello, Jack—why I have not seen you for a long time. What have you been doing with yourself? Working hard, as usual, I suppose?" But Jack was entirely unaware of the last two questions, which had been asked. Her first statement had so entirely absorbed his attention that he for the time being was deaf to all other remarks.

"Jack, I don't believe that there is a particularly good picture on tonight and I thought maybe you would enjoy sitting by the fire and reading to me while I finish this little birthday gift I am making

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for one of the girls. It will be so cozy and comfortable here. Let me have your hat and coat."

"Hang it!" Jack thought, "why was Margie so different from other girls? Most of them just wanted to gad about all the time, and here he had found a girl who really enjoyed staying at home. Immediately he thought of Jeannette. No, she would never be satisfied to sit at home. Now, that he recalled the many dates he had had with her in the summer following their engagement, he could not bring to mind a single one in which they had not gone somewhere or had something to do. But Margie was entirely different. She was so true and sincere, and yet he had always thought that these traits would never be found in a modern girl. True enough Margie was certainly modern—in style, manner, and many other ways.

"Here, Jack, is a book of my favorite poems I will let you read to me," Margie gayly remarked as she handed him the small volume.

Jack took the book and seated on the couch with Margie by his side slowly began to turn the pages as if scanning its contents, but still there lingered in his mind that fatal question which had tormented him for some time, "What could be done?" Of course he must tell her, and he would do so this very minute. Yet he could not bear the thought that it would make no difference to her.

Quickly closing the book he cast it aside and turned to Margie.

"You know, Margie, we've been pretty good pals now for over a year, and I don't believe that I've ever told you anything about myself, have I?"

"No, Jack, but I hadn't thought that necessary."

"Oh, well perhaps not," he replied. And he again picked up the book as if in search of some particular poem. His eyes fell upon the following title: "At An Evening Party."

And from this Jack, hardly realizing what he was doing, picked the following verse to read aloud:

"And when at last we come to say good-bye  
No one can pose indifference more than I,  
I give my hat a poke and twitch my dress  
And chatter casually so no one can guess  
That I would dare to love you, love you so!  
And you yourself—of course you must never know."

Jack was amazed. Why had he read this poem to Margie? He dared not look into her face, but somehow he knew that her sewing

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was no longer in her hands, but resting on her lap, while her eyes gazed fixedly into the fire.

He must tell her, but how? Of course, he realized that Margie was a wonderful girl, quite an unusual type, and he was almost positive that he could have never won her love. But he wondered why he had not told her about Jeanette long ago. However, he excused himself on the fact that one girl was perhaps not interested in hearing about another, and he was sure he had been fair to Margie for he had never mentioned love to her; although he had never as much as hinted that he was "mortgaged property". Yes, he had tried to do so on several occasions, but somehow he had not been able to approach the subject in just the right way and had always put it off; he feared it might sound as if he was trying to say, "Now, Margie, it will be quite natural for you to fall in love with me, but I just want to tell you that I belong to someone else." Should an engaged person always carry this tag?

He dreaded to think of bidding her good-bye. Would it be just as the poem had said—"she must never know."

While Margie was taking the last stitches in the lacey frill, Jack said, "You see, Margie, I am afraid this will be our last date together, as Jeanette, the girl to whom I am engaged will return next week and perhaps soon afterwards we will be married."

Never would Jack forget the expression on Margie's face—not one of anger, grief, or pain—but there was the twitch of her lips.

"Tell me, Margie, that I have not hurt you," he gasped, catching her hand as he glanced into her misty eyes.

There seemed to be a lump in Margie's throat that prevented her from speaking—and yet she kept saying to herself, "He must never, never know my true feelings." She fought back the tears that were quickly gathering and finally summoned courage enough to say, "Why, no Jack."

"There, I knew it wouldn't," he calmly remarked dropping her hand and settling down to a more comfortable position. And yet he had even been so foolish as to think that she would care. Margie was always truthful and sincere, so quite naturally he had expected the same on this occasion. Still he wondered at the queer expression on her face—and he had even thought there were traces of tears. Perhaps after all this was only his imagination.

Closely Margie watched the expression on Jack's face. She knew that he did care. It was not the other girl that he loved, but the

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one who was sitting by his side. And yet she wondered. Perhaps he was trying to be true to the girl to whom he was engaged, but was he being fair to her?

"Oh, do tell me all about her," Margie gasped, "for I know she must be quite wonderful."

And then Jack began to relate an experience that had occurred during his last year at the University.

"It was just this way—while in college my one hobby was truthfulness and sincerity. I never could understand how boys could string so many girls and yet it did not seem to bother them at all. In fact, some of them even boasted of being engaged to at least three or four girls at the same time, and then when questioned about it, would only remark in a casual way, 'Oh well, girls are the same way, so why should we care?' I was determined that I at least would be different. I would not become engaged until I could be true to one girl. Then there came a fatal night—one which I shall never forget—our last fraternity dance. There I met Jeanette, who had come on Bob, my room mate's bid. Well, at first sight I was carried away with her. And realizing that Bob did not care I allowed myself to become entirely subject to her charms, forgetting entirely for the time my hobby of truthfulness or sincerity for, of course, Jeanette could never be sincere or true. I was fascinated with her dashing charm; her enticing personality and ecstasy. We danced together, spent our intermissions together, and in fact during the entire evening we were hardly separated for a moment. I feasted myself madly in love, and at the close of the evening found myself engaged to this little bit of frivolity. I was kidded by the boys and constantly reminded of my hobby. But I at least was determined that I would be true to Jeanette, although I knew that it would not matter to her. The following summer it so happened that it was possible for me to see Jeanette a number of times. She never changed, always on the go and wanting some amusement which I was constantly racking my brain to give her. Then there came a time when Jeanette's father was called abroad and Jeanette was to accompany him. She was thrilled, wild with excitement, but still we continued to be engaged—perhaps through fascination. And since then I have wondered if I am only chasing a boyhood fancy. Until I met you, Margie, I sought companionship with many, not allowing myself to be with the same girl too often. But somehow with you it seemed different. I have tried not to ask for dates, but upon going to the 'phone and picking up the receiver it came natural for me to call that familiar number "2193" and hear your gay little voice. I had

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not realized that you were so different until I had been with you on several occasions. I had meant to tell you this long ago, but could not. And now next week Jeanette will return."

For a few moments Margie sat spellbound. She could not speak. Then she finally remembered what the poem said and began to chatter, "Yes, Jack, I know that you have tried to tell me this several times. I knew that something was on your mind, but did not want you to feel forced to tell me."

When Jack left that night his question "what could be done?" was not solved to his complete satisfaction. There was perhaps only one thing that could be done. Jeanette would return from her trip abroad the same as ever, and as planned they would be married as soon as arrangements could be made.

Try as he would Jack could not forget Margie, and sometime past midnight found him madly pacing the floor. The one question that had been in his mind for so long now gave way to dozens, hundreds, and even millions. His whole mind was in a turmoil of questions that could not be solved. Was he living up to his hobby of truthfulness and sincerity? Had he been fair to Margie in trying to be fair to Jeanette? Would he be fair to Jeanette when he married her and yet carried this doubt in his mind?" He wondered about Jeanette.

Perhaps two years abroad had changed her entirely. "Would she be more flippant or more settled in her ways?" He could not imagine the latter applied to Jeanette. This one night was only the beginning of many more of similar nature. The following found Jack as restless, and in such a state of mind that he was positive he would go insane if something was not done.

Several times he had been on the verge of calling that same familiar number "2193," but had only refrained through his strong will power, realizing that if he did so he would lose the fight. No, he had not seen Margie since the night when he had told her all, and upon parting had gently pressed her lips to his—supposedly a farewell kiss.

On the following Wednesday Jack found himself standing on the dock—not anxious to see Jeanette, but more anxious that the greeting should be over. The boat had anchored; he stood in a daze. Quickly two arms were thrown about his neck, to which he could make no response.

"Well, I do declare Jack, I believe you're just the same old brick as ever. Tell me all the news—about yourself and everyone. Surely have had a gorgeous time rushing around to all the dances, dinners,

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theatre parties, etc. And Dad has already promised that he will take me back with him next year in the hope that I may take part in the celebration which is held annually in France."

But here Jack found a chance to interrupt long enough to ask in a somewhat surprised voice, "But Jeanette, I thought we would be married before then."

Jeanette realized that Jack had not changed. "How could he be so sincere in such an age as this?"

"Oh forget marrying Jack, there's too many other things to think about. Why I could never settle down."

This was quite true. Never could Jeanette settle down—at least not until she had changed considerably. She was eagerly searching for worldly pleasures and only using others as a means to this end.

A new light seemed to dawn upon Jack. He realized this and was completely overjoyed. He knew now that it was not Margie who would not care, but Jeanette.

Jeanette wanted to arrange about her baggage with the custom officer, and while she attended to this Jack seized the opportunity of excusing himself.

Quickly he stepped inside the telephone booth which was close at hand. At last his question "what could be done?" was settled to his complete satisfaction. He picked up the receiver and once again uttered that familiar number "2193."

NELL BRACEY.

## WHY IS A SUMMER SCHOOL?

There has swept over America in the last few years a profound interest in education. The trend of education has been debated pro and con. Modern units of the great educational scheme have been minutely examined and written about. The cause for this on the part of the American people may be placed at many doors. Some will contend that they are beginning to realize the wisdom of that Biblical verse, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." But whatever the cause, a failure to find a reason for it has not kept the public from prodding back and adding to the interest and romance of modern colleges and institutions their colorful histories, and the sharp experiences they have gone through.

Perhaps the spirit of the fad spread to me, for my feminine curiosity was active one day, and following the trend of interest now prevalent over the nation, I determined to uncover some of the facts lying back of that unpretentious name catalogued in our college activities—The Summer School. Or the full name—Our Georgia State Womans College Summer School. Though I had been a student here a long time, I had never heard the history of our summer school discussed; there hung a cloak of mystery over its origin. Others may take our summer school for granted, but I would not. I would untie the knots, and find the end of the rope.

I found that for a real appreciation of what G. S. W. C. summer school for teachers is in 1927, requires a knowledge of what its remarkable founders were, and did nearly fifteen years ago. I found such information as timely, and interesting as the grow-lean statistics or a pugilist's varied career. I had to dig into old scrap books, prod the minds of some of our old faculty members, search state papers, and brush the dust from our college records, but I finally "got my man"—Mr. Fact. I found he was well worth the trouble I had tracing him up—in fact he was fascinating! G. S. W. C. Summer School—I didn't know so many varied colors lurked in your history. I didn't know you had been the heroine of so many vivid experiences. I didn't know you had been a pioneer!

It was fourteen years ago that it was opened—a unique school under summer skies and on a southern campus. It was unique in that it was the only summer school then in Georgia for teachers, except one that existed at the State University at Athens. It met for the service

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of teachers, and how faithful to their post were those first leaders who guided it during those lean years. There was intellectual famine in the land; they tried to give to the hungry a portion of food. For four long years some of the far visioned teachers that taught regular work during the nine-months school grind, stayed on during the summer, giving of their time and encouragement to those that they felt were least served in the state—teachers out in the field. Without recognition, or honor, without **EVEN A PENNY OF PAY** they stuck to their colors, and gave and gave of themselves. No wonder the school that reigns now on our campus during the summer months lived. Its foundation was laid not in material gain or honor to the founders, but as a crystallized expression of love for teacher-kind, and an effort to solve a great human problem looming over our southern state.

It was genius that guided the pen from which flowed the program which led the school at the start; it was a clear vision of the future which made the first program so practical that the school has **NEVER** departed from its aim:

“To improve actual teaching of actual children in actual schools by assisting actual teachers to use more effectively the actual textbooks and the other actual resources of their jobs.”

An aim well worth while. An aim that in its clever phrasing contains that element of humor which kept the spirits of those first teachers up to par. An aim that stressed “Actual.” There was offered no training for a school laid in Utopia, but training for a school that laid in Southern Georgia taught by South Georgia women.

To carry out this practical aim there was thoroughly organized, and outlined a series of courses for teaching various subjects taught in the grades. The teacher from the field came to this pioneer school, and asked—“How may I **BETTER** teach Math., or History, or English in my school?” Her question was answered, and she was taught the best methods of “how”. She was told the best answers of “why.”

The plan succeeded admirably. Why hadn't the practical idea occurred to some educator before in Georgia? Why had practical courses been unavailable for teachers in the field these many years before? The news of our summer school spread. Tidings went forth that here was an institution fulfilling a long felt need. Inquiries and congratulations poured in and letters asking “What are you doing and how?” Another endorsement of our program appeared when the State provided funds for general summer school training some four years ago. At this time the State Superintendent largely took over our plan of instruction worked out by these pioneer thinkers in

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this school, and when two years later this school entered into co-operation with the State Department of Education in general institute work there had to be changed hardly an item in the program to do so. Indeed! a blue ribbon for these pioneer founders here—to thus give to their state a new and original educational program!

This was back in those days when a degree was the unusual thing and not the usual thing as today. In days when many teachers over our state had not even finished high school themselves! But time went on, and with it educational development in Georgia. As work progressed and thrived during the warm, sunny days on our campus, the college moved forward to another stage of its offering, meeting the growing insistence on high school graduation on part of teachers. In spite of the fact that the college had always in work proper insisted on absolute college standards, it deliberately in its summer school made its pride consist of the very thing that pride might be supposed to prevent: it set aside its ambition to do college work and its insistence on college work, and offered high school courses. High school courses had become the great need of the teachers in the field; so the summer school during those years was carried on according to its practical slogan and offered professional courses supplemented by typical high school courses.

But even these two units were not destined to hold reign over the entire stage. Having met these two needs, and having led other schools to meet them, as the preparation of teachers advanced and teachers of more extensive training entered the summer school the college heeded the insistent call for another type of work. College courses were urging to be admitted; and as they were called for, they were introduced—completing a vivid, jewel trio of fascinating courses—General institute courses; high school courses; and college courses. All of the highest standards, they were taught by the SAME specialists that motivated and inspired the regular work during the regular nine-months school.

And so our summer school had its origin and beginning. And so it grew from a solo to a trio scheme of offered benefits. But always there was kept in the mind of the college, and in the hearts of the instructors the practical slogan:

“To improve actual teaching of actual children in actual schools by assisting actual teachers to use more effectively the actual text books and other actual resources of their jobs.”

With this well-worth-while aim it is no surprise that we find a close, cordial co-operation between our G. S. W. C., and the State Department of Education during all of these formative and develop-

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

ing years (except for a short span of two years—a blot of ink whispers to us.) One may find in its splendid assistance to the State Department in its main, and high purpose of improving the morale of the teaching force one of the outstanding ways that the college has of expressing its purpose. During these formative years, indeed one may have found our college always in the role of a helper to the high head—the State Department and to the teachers all over the state.

As a truth that is always noted—a structure may not fall with a strong, common sense foundation and daily building of additional fine materials, so the G. S. W. C. Summer School stood the winds of adversity and the floods of hardship, and stands now as famed and substantial as any of the other departments of the college. It has a definite beautiful character of its own and a fighting spirit hardly to be found in the other units of the college organization. Marching forward with the purpose always by its side, "To improve the professional training of teachers in service," it strives ever toward that goal of improved service and more perfect personal help.

How glad I am that I blew the dust from an old scrap book, and dug out the gems of facts pertaining to the historical stretch of our own G. S. W. C. Summer School. How glad that I reviewed this enchanting chapter in the education of Georgia, of how a school sensed and met a great throbbing need—to teach teachers in the field.

E. McREE.

THE PINE BRANCH

SPRING

Tremulous, slender, lacy trees  
Against a blue-green sky—  
Hurrying, scurrying, dancing clouds,  
Wee fairies at their play.  
A world of liquid sunshine,  
And shrill, sweet elfin tunes—  
A world of dreams and make-believe,  
A world of youth and spring!

LUCILE NIX.

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### A LORD CHESTERFIELD

"Hello! Corinne? This is Miriam. Honey, I am simply desperate. I just received an invitation to the big advertising ball at the auditorium Tuesday evening and I am afraid I can't go. Why? Because Aunt Julia invited her guests two weeks ago to a dance Tuesday in honor of Madge and me, and she would be furious if I should disappoint her at this late hour. Aunt Julia is so particular, you know, and I should never be able to explain to her. Besides she is crazy about Richard, and he wouldn't miss it for anything. But, Corinne, I just love costume dances, and I'll never get over it if I don't get to go to that ball \* \* \* Who? Frances Tompkins?—That pill! What? \* \* \* So she is determined to win the prize for the most original costume, is she? Well, if they offer a booby prize I'm sure she'll get it. Now I know I am going to that dance just to humiliate Frances Tompkins.

What?—Oh, yes, well, that's all life is anyway; just one big scheme of every one trying to have his own way, and carry out his own selfish plans. But I'm going to have my way this time. If I have to turn over half the world to do it, I am going to that ball. Oh, Corinne, stop your lecturing! There may be something better than having your own way, but I doubt it. Anyway, it would take a great deal to satisfy me. Gee! I must go. Call me sometime, and come over. Bye."

Miriam Jordan snapped the receiver on the hook and sighed. "Oh, gee, why couldn't Aunt Julia have had her dance some other time. But of course she couldn't have known that Miriam would receive an invitation to the Advertising Ball. Then, there was Richard, who would be determined to go to Aunt Julia's, and quite naturally, for he was bitterly opposed to this Advertising affair. But she'd win him over some way—yes, she was determined to carry her point this time.

Being the only child of the wealthy Samuel Jordan, and a motherless daughter since she was three, Miriam had long ago learned that with her father her will was supreme. For whatever she desired, she had only to turn her father's wavering sympathies, and her wish was immediately a reality. If every one were only as easy to win over as her father.

On Tuesday evening, Miriam dressed fully half an hour before

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time for Richard to arrive, and stood at the living room window gazing out over the moonlit gardens surrounding her home. The thrill of excitement and expectation pervaded her whole body and a little cold shiver ran down her spine as she slowly drew aside the curtain.

"Oh, what a glorious night, and gee, how exciting it will be. I wouldn't miss it for anything," thought Miriam. But her mind went back a little, what did Aunt Julia think of her, and how would she ever reinstate herself in Aunt Julia's favor? Then there was dear old Richard. He hadn't been quite as hard to win over as she had expected. Of course, he had argued Aunt Julia's side of the question, and had even hinted that he thought her foolish and just a little selfish, although he hadn't said very much. But what did she care, so long as she had won her point, and was to have a glorious evening as the result. Still she wasn't quite so enthusiastic as she had been before—Richard had acted so queerly when he left her that last time. She wondered if he had been hurt with her. She tried to recall his last words as he had gone out the door, and finally remembered that he had said very firmly, "Yes, Miriam, I'll take you to the dance, and I'll also see that it will be a night you'll never forget." It was so unlike Richard to talk like that. But her reverie was broken by a loud ringing of the door bell, and Miriam dropped the curtain, paused in front of the console mirror just long enough to pat out a little frill on her dainty frock, and wonder how Richard would like her costume, then ran hurriedly to let him in.

"Gee! Richard, how swell you look. You could easily pass for an English Dandy. Come right in, Lord Chesterfield. One can guess you easily Richard. You are great!"

"Thanks, Miriam. At least I am making a brave beginning to carry out my slogan. You're not bad to look at yourself. Think you'll captivate the whole bunch in that costume, don't you? Well, get your wrap, and let's hurry along."

A swiftly disappearing little figure gave Richard an opportunity to muse for just a moment. "Miriam is such a dear,—winsome little thing, but that obstinacy of hers is about to ruin her. She is a beauty tonight, though," thought Richard. In that fluffy ruffled, taffeta dress with her socks and patents one might mistake her for a twelve year old child."

"No," he thought—"If one should catch a glimpse of that misty blue in her eyes, one might come nearer taking her for a woodland nymph or a full grown fairy."

Miriam allowed him no time for further thought, for she came

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rapidly down the stairs. They hurried into Richard's little Gray Goose roadster and sped away.

A half hour's ride brought them to a sudden stop and a parking place beside one of the hundreds of other cars already standing in front of the huge auditorium.

"Oh, it's glorious!" gasped Miriam as they walked into the entrance. A vast panorama of signboards and advertisements met their eyes as they scanned the great throng. A perfect kaleidoscope of colors was formed by the shades and tones of the many costumes as they flashed and sparkled under the lights. A Camel, the little Sun-Maid Raisin Girl, His Master's Voice, Pep, and even Aunt Jemima and Princess Pat vied with hundreds of others for the crown of popularity and beauty as lights flashed on and off.

Miriam and Richard soon became a part of that great sea of varying light and color. Through a mystic cloud of confetti the signboards and advertisements were receiving their one opportunity to live, to see life, to actually feel as human beings, which many of them so adequately portrayed. They were capable of witnessing for themselves once their social standing and popularity in the world outside mere advertising.

So the evening passed. Each created sign appeared, vanished and reappeared, again and again as the great circle went round. The whole formed one huge amalgamation of signs, of figures, of lights and of colors, like many rainbows come to life in one joyous dance for freedom.

It was almost two o'clock when Miriam, peevish and angry, drew Sam Franklin out onto a landing in pretense of the need of fresh air. But it was not fresh air Miriam was seeking, but a better view of Richard whom she had seen dancing for the fourth time with Frances Tompkins, "That detestable Frances Tompkins!"

"Just let me rest for a minute and get a few breaths of fresh air," said Miriam aloud; but her heart said, "Let me have a minute to think over the situation and see if I can find any new evidence against Richard."

The great circle spun round. A handsome Dandy and a bit of the filmy cloud with just a touch of color, paused near a window not ten feet from Miriam and Sam. Miriam breathed deeply and sighed.

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She looked and listened. Presently she saw that filmy cloud almost envelope the Dandy and she heard a low murmur.

"Richard, you're so enticing—"

Then came a more familiar drawl—"Frances, you're a beauty to-night. I could love you to death."

Miriam breathed deeply and sighed. But she listened and looked no more.

"Come Sam, let's go in. This air is so invigorating. I feel I could dance myself to death now."

But the dance had hardly begun when a great gong sounded. The music and dancing ceased and only one sound was heard in all that sea of color. Miriam and Sam paused in a doorway. The voice of the President of the Advertising Association was heard distinctly,—

"Will Mr. Richard Chesterfield please come forward? As Lord of the Chesterfield we will ask him to crown the queen of the evening."

Miriam saw Richard stride out onto the platform and just ahead of him tripped that bit of filmy cloud suggestive of a Turkish costume. Then she heard again that familiar drawl.

"It is with the keenest pleasure that I crown Miss Fatima, queen of the cigarettes; Miss Frances Tompkins, queen of the evening."

The auditorium shook with a volley of applause. Then once more the gong sounded and silence fell.

Richard's voice was heard distinctly over the auditorium. "The second prize for original costume is awarded to Miss Miriam Jordan. Will Miss Jordan please come forward?"

There was a moment of stillness and suspense, followed by a general hubbub of inquiring voices. Richard, shocked and stunned, stepped down from the platform and passed rapidly through the crowd in search of Miriam.

"What could have become of her?" He rushed out to his car just in time to see Miriam start off in it. He called to her, but all he heard in response was the purring of the engine as the car sped away, and the half uttered words—

"I hate you! Never speak to me again."

Richard, dazed by Miriam's sudden violence, and knowing her to be angry enough to do something desperate, hurriedly jumped into a car to follow her.

But Miriam was clear of mind, for when she turned into the high-

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way, she stepped on the gas vigorously and the little car sped forward.

Not a sound was heard in the calmness of the early morning hours, save the rhythmic purring of the engine and Miriam's own heart beat as it whirred in unison to the purring.

A heavy gray blackness had replaced the moonlight of earlier evening, and it swallowed up the little car leaving only one long streak of light extending a few yards in advance of the front bumper.

At frequent intervals appeared the well-known signboards and their lights shot out like fiery demons challenging the blackness to surround them. Their frequent appearance was all the more striking because of the intense darkness around them. At each appearing reminder Miriam became more and more infuriated. A bold Fatima loomed up in the foreground and the little engine grew swifter, as Miriam's mind worked faster.

"I hate him! I hate him!" she thought. "How could he ever have treated me like this? How could he have had the audacity to offer me second place after Frances Tompkins had received the first?"

Soon another Fatima appeared and the little car with an angry jump, increased its speed and shot forward over the smooth-paved highway. It fairly hummed as the pavement spread out under its fast-flying wheels.

But presently at the curve of the highway a huge brilliantly lighted Chesterfield came into full view. It was too much—Miriam snatched a large wrench from the seat beside her, slowed down the car just a wee bit and made ready. When she was near enough to aim she leaned halfway out of the car and threw the wrench with all her strength at the largest figure on the signboard, but as she did so the hand which guided the wheel slipped, the car swerved to the right and instantly smashed into the signboard.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another car came to a sudden stop at the curve on the highway. Richard jumped from the running board and rushed over to the half torn up car.

"Miriam, what do you mean?" he said as he helped her from the wreck.

"Oh, Richard, I—I—I hate you!"

The tears ran down her cheeks as he gently drew her to him.

"But Miriam, darling, it takes a Chesterfield to stop you, and you know that only a Chesterfield can satisfy you."

CHRISTINE MEADOWS.



## EDITORIAL

“A thorough survey of the fraternity journals, in an endeavor to find what type of freshman is being most widely sought for by various organizations, reveals the fact that the football star, the moneyed youth, the handsome chap, the most popular in high school type, and all the traditional favorites are no longer in the ascendancy. The new favorite who is taking the place of the old is THE MAN WHO WILL STAY FOUR YEARS.”

We quote the above from the “Garnet and White” published by the Alpha Chi Rho Fraternity.

Although this four year type is a new favorite of the fraternity, it has long been our standard type.

Years ago, in order to supplement the inadequate high school course offered in the state, our college offered two years of work, equivalent to the last two years of high school. In addition to the high school work, there were two years above high school, at the end of which course one was entitled to a professional diploma. This, of course, required four years.

Now that the high school standard has been raised, it is no longer necessary to maintain a high school department. Instead, we have put the standard forward two years, and now offer courses leading to a degree.

Since the four year type is becoming more popular in college life, and has been popular in our school for a number of years, why, then, do so many girls enter for only a two year course?

Perhaps this will explain it: Although it hurts our pride, we will have to admit, from the facts put forward, that the ideals of the family have almost reached a standstill while society is plodding steadily forward.

Five years ago the family thought it a very matter of fact procedure to send the daughter off to school four years in order that she might get a professional diploma. Now, it is a rare occurrence for the family to make plans for the daughter to stay four years in order that she might get a degree. The only solution offered is that

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there has been a dreadful slump; and, since there has been great advancement in the school curriculum, we must admit, although we hate to, that the slump has been in the family.

Our problem then is to let the family know that it is a little behind the times. When the family realizes the urgent need of the two additional years training; when it finds out that professional diplomas are almost as common as high school diplomas; and when it knows that the public demands a degree for every teacher then, and then only, will it awake from the stupor that seems to overpower it, and an increase in the four year type will be the immediate result.

There are girls in school now, doubtful as to whether to go out into the state, already flooded with professional diplomas, to teach, or to stay and be one of that rare group—the group that stays four years. As they are debating this question, may we leave this parting bit of advice for them?

“A winner never quits, and a quitter never wins.”

ESTHA FREEMAN.

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Y. W. C. A. NOTES

The Thursday evening Vesper services of the second semester are to be in the form of projects. These projects, four in number, were presented to the girls in December by Miss Christine Meadows who later allowed the students to sign for work on the project in which they were most interested. The following projects are under way: "The Charm School," under the direction of Miss Sara Thomas, of Adel, Georgia; "Songs of The Out of Doors," directed by Miss Susan Bedell, of Woodbine, Georgia, and "The Social Aspect of Our Clothes," directed by Miss Mary Bell Ellis, of Statesboro, Georgia.

\* \* \*

The Y. W. C. A. was quite fortunate on Sunday, January the twenty-third, in having Dr. Simpkins, of Emory University, speak to the student body. Dr. Simpkins delivered a very interesting address on the "Church and the State in Mexico."

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# SOCIETY NEWS

A joint call meeting of the Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies was held in the Rotunda Saturday evening, January 29, 1927. The meeting was called by the faculty advisors for the purpose of discussing the annual inter-society debate. Mr. Stokes explained the new plan of having a preliminary debate on February 19, in which any one may take part. The debaters will be chosen at that time by the faculty advisors. The inter-society debate will be April 2, the subject being: "Resolved: that the school of thought as typified by Mencken is an evil influence in American life."

Mr. Patton told the societies something about Mr. Mencken and his works, and Miss Gilmer gave a short talk telling why she had selected this subject for debate.

\* \* \*

### SORORIAN NOTES

The Sororian Literary Society held its regular program meeting in the Rotunda Saturday evening, December 18, 1926. The following program was given:

A Reading, "A Daughter of the South"—Annie Maude Ferrell.

Piano Solo, "Night"—Mary Alexander.

"The Gullah Negro"—Estha Freeman.

"The Old Regime in the South as portrayed by Louzalles"—Ethel Dent.

Sailor's Dance—Gladys Butler.

\* \* \*

A regular program meeting of the Sororian Literary Society was held in West Hall on January 15, 1927. The program, which was given by members of the Argonian Literary Society, was as follows:

"Life of Rutledge"—Irene Taylor.

Piano Solo—Lucile Nix.

"Days Off in Dixie"—Mary Fitts.

Vocal Solo—Martha Youngblood.

Reading—Zackie Carmack.

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ARGONIAN NOTES

A regular program meeting of the Argonian Literary Society was held in the lecture room of West Hall, Saturday evening, December 18, 1926. The following program was rendered:

Life of Rutledge—Irene Taylor.

Book Report, "The Heart of the South"—Lois Hiers.

"Days Off in Dixie"—Mary Fitts.

Reading—Zackie Carmack.

Vocal Solo—Miss Martha Youngblood.

\* \* \*

A regular program meeting of the Argonian Literary Society was held in the Rotunda Saturday evening, January 15, 1927. The following program was given by members of the Sororian Literary Society:

Reading: "A Daughter of the South"—Annie Maude Ferrell.  
Dent.

The Negro; His Qualities and Speech—Estha Freeman.

Piano Solo, "Night", (Dett)—Mary Alexander.

Sailor's Dance—Gladys Butler.



## ATHLETIC NOTES

The last soccer game of the season ended with a score of 1-0 in favor of the Phi Lambdas. The game was an interesting one as the close score would indicate. It ended successfully G. S. W. C.'s first soccer season.

The Phi Kappas and Phi Lambdas held a joint meeting on January 23rd, at which Miss Ivey, director of Physical Education, read and discussed the means of obtaining points towards winning letters or numerals, and towards winning the silver loving cup which is to be given to the association having the most points at the end of the year. The girls were urged to turn in a record of all points made during the first semester to the secretaries of their respective associations.

Basketball practice has begun in earnest, each association practicing three afternoons during the week. Three games are to be played in the near future.

Plans are also being made for parties or dances at which the associations will entertain each other.

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LOCALS

Much interest was manifested in the popularity contest during the week of December the twelfth. The following girls were elected to feature in the year's edition of the "Pine Cone":

- Miss G. S. W. C. .... Florence Breen
- Most Beautiful ..... Evelyn Calhoun
- Most Attractive ..... Annie Mae Brower
- Most Cheerful ..... Christine Meadows
- Most Athletic ..... Ann Smith
- Most Intellectual ..... Catherine Trulock
- Most Talented ..... Cora Burghard
  
- Most Popular ..... { Elsie Gunn  
Mary Alice Sineath  
Helen Seals

\* \* \*

The annual Old English Christmas Festival of the Georgia State Womans College was held in Ashley Hall on Tuesday evening, December 21st.

As soon as the guests arrived, a jolly group dressed as English peasants brought in the Yule Log, after which the guests formed for the processional singing "Adeste Fidelis." The Lords and Ladies then assembled at the great banquet board. Before the feasting started the Boar's Head was presented and the "Boar's Head" carol was sung by "Ye Singers." This was followed by the asking of the blessing by Dr. R. H. Powell, President of the College.

- During the banquet the following program was rendered:
- Hail Old Father Christmas ..... Ye Singers
  
  - Ye Puppette ..... { Elizabeth Powell  
Opal Thornton  
Elizabeth Teasley
  
  - Saint George and the Dragon ..... Certayne Maskers

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Organ Grinder and Bear ..... Ye Frolickers  
 Lutterworth Christmas Play ..... Certayne Mummings  
 Laudnum Bunches ..... Morris Men  
 We Three Kings of Orient Are ..... Ye Singers

Les Amoures de Columbine ..... { Clyde Jones  
 Elizabeth McCree  
 Ann Smith

All Night Bright Angels Sing ..... Ye Singers  
 Minuet ..... Certayne Ladyes and Lords

After the candlelight recessional there was a general exchange of Christmas greetings and wishes for the New Year.

\* \* \*

The final examinations were held during the week of January 17th. These examinations concluded the fall semester. The spring semester opened Monday, January 24th.

\* \* \*

The third faculty recital was held on Monday evening, January 31st, at the Woman's Building. Miss Alimae Temple, instructor of voice, and Miss Louise Sawyer, director of the expression department, gave a joint program.

\* \* \*

The Russian Symphonic Choir under the direction of Basile Kib-  
 alchieh came to Valdosta on Friday evening, January 28, under the  
 auspices of the Philharmonic Club of the Georgia State Womans  
 College. A brilliant and colorful program was enjoyed by a large  
 audience.

ALUMNAE NOTES

From Mrs. Frank Barker, Frances Kaylor, of the '18 class comes the announcement of the birth of a son, George Frances, Jr., on September 14th. She is living at 1002 Slater street, Valdosta.

\* \* \*

Hazel Fillingame, Mrs. D. W. Watson, of the '18 class is teaching in one of the Atlanta schools. Her address is 58 Lexington Avenue.

\* \* \*

Ida Groover of the '18 class, who has been teaching in South America during the past year, is now at her home, Dixie, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Catherine Spence of the '19 class is teaching Home Economics in Glynn Academy, Brunswick, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Kennie Lasseter, Mrs. A. C. Willis, of the '20 class may be found at Meigs, Georgia, Route 2.

\* \* \*

Evelyn Powell, Mrs. Troy Edwards, of the '21 class is living in Claxton.

\* \* \*

C. B. Sharpe of the '21 class is teaching Geography in Junior High School, Brunswick, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Estelle Barker of the '22 class may still be found at Bird-Mixson Hospital, Valdosta, where she is Laboratory and X-ray technician.

\* \* \*

Julia Harell of the '22 class is teaching in the Jacksonville schools, and may be found at 218 E. 1st Street, Jacksonville, Florida.

\* \* \*

Lucy Fleming of the '23 class is principal of the school at Taft, Florida.

\* \* \*

Alma Kicklighter of the '23 class is teaching the fifth grade at Screven, Georgia.

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<sup>N</sup> Neva Mathis of the '25 class is studying at Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio.

\* \* \*

Lydia Minter of the '25 class is teaching at Donalsonville, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Kathleen Moore, A. B., '25, is spending the spring at her home at Blackshear, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Another marriage of the Christmas season was that of Leo Prine, of the '25 class, to King Rouse. They are living in Atlanta, Georgia:

\* \* \*

Margaret Shields, Mrs. A. M. Mann, of the '25 class announces the birth of a daughter, Margaret Aline, on December 17th. She is living at Coconut Grove, Florida.

\* \* \*

A marriage of the summer was that of Ruth Simmons of the '25 class to W. J. Shepherd. They are living at 702 Floyd Street, Valdosta, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Frances Smith, Mrs. L. H. Collar, of the '25 class announces the birth of a son on January 19th. She is living at Coconut Grove, Florida.

\* \* \*

Grace Smith of the '25 class is teaching at Grovania, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Frances Thomas of the '25 class is teaching the fifth grade at Brunswick, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Annette Turner of the '25 class is teaching first and second grades at St. George, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Bernice Bradley of the '26 class is teaching at Cotton, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Mary Cubbedge of the '26 class is studying at the University of Georgia.

\* \* \*

Katherine Dougherty of the '26 class is studying at Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio.

\* \* \*

Alma Ellis of the '26 class is teaching in Dooling, Georgia.

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Mary Pearl Patterson, Mrs. W. C. Holder, announces the birth of a son, William Lewis, Jr., on January 6th. She is living in Valdosta.

\* \* \*

Corinne Studstill of the '23 class is critic teacher in East Texas State Teachers College, Commerce, Texas. She was a visitor to the College during the Christmas holidays.

\* \* \*

Lemuel Jay of the '24 class is teaching in the schools of Bonaire, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Helen Lineberger of the '24 class was married during the Christmas holidays to Leslie Culpepper. They are making Valdosta their home.

\* \* \*

Catherine Wheeler of the '24 class is teaching History in the Junior High School at Brunswick, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Lois Akridge of the '25 class is teaching the fourth grade in Glynn Grammar School, Brunswick, Georgia.

\* \* \*

A marriage of the summer was that of Eva Boyd of the '25 class to C. M. Parnell. They are making their home at 504 1-2 14th Street, West Palm Beach, Florida.

\* \* \*

Grace Buie, A. B. '25, is spending the year at home at Nashville, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Mae Chambliss of the '25 class is teaching seventh grade at Parrott, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Ina Mae Cromartie of the '25 class is teaching at Lake Stearns, Florida.

\* \* \*

Frances Folsom of the '25 class is doing secretarial work in the office of the Superintendent of Schools, Waycross, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Rebie Hill of the '25 class is teaching at Dooling, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Irene Kingery of the '25 class is teaching sixth and seventh grades at Bonaire, Georgia.

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Catherine Pendleton of the '26 class is studying at Peabody College, Nashville, Tennessee.

\* \* \*

Clifford Quarterman of the '26 class is studying at Peabody College, Nashville, Tennessee.

\* \* \*

Catherine Remington of the '26 class is studying at Peabody College, Nashville, Tennessee.

\* \* \*

Marjorie Seals of the '26 class is spending the year at home, Waycross, Georgia.

\* \* \*

May Slott of the '26 class is teaching at Ocala, Florida.

\* \* \*

Louise Tomlinson of the '26 class is teaching the fourth grade at Odum, Georgia.

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# JOKES

### BLOODY MURDER—

Vivian Walton: "I cut my calisthenics (class) today."

Ruth Norman: "Did it bleed very much?"

\* \* \*

### A PROMISING AUTHORESS—

Miss Gilmer: "Is this theme original?"

Mary Willis Nobles: "No, I wrote it myself."

\* \* \*

### STRICT RULES!—

Sara Julia Cox: "If I were to commit suicide here, do you suppose they'd "ship" my body?"

Matile Powell: "I guess they'd "campus" your ghost."

\* \* \*

### INDUSTRY AHEAD!—

Iva Chandler: "Why are you so far behind in your studies?"

Louise Causey: "So I can pursue them better."

\* \* \*

### BY WAY OF ESCAPE—

Librarian: "Isn't this book rather technical, Kathryn?"

K. Ulmer: "But it was just that way when I got it."

\* \* \*

### ONE WHO KNOWS—

Christine Meadows: "It's always good to begin at the bottom—except when learning to swim."

\* \* \*

### BLOWING HARD—

Elsie Gunn: "Don't you just love to blow in a cat's ear?"

Lucile Dowling: "What made you think of that?"

Elsie: "I just blew in Sara's."

\* \* \*

### ADVANCE STYLES!—

Sara Hall: "I got a dress and a hat with the cutest sleeves in it this afternoon."

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A POOR MEMORY—

Lillian Drake: "Was it in Queen Elizabeth's time that they began using forks?"

Shirley Gaskins: "Why, I don't seem to remember that."

\* \* \*

MUSICAL TALENT—

Virginia Touchton: "I have a new piece of music (names it); it's so pretty."

Mary Kate Burroughs: "I have that."

Virginia: "Which do you take, piano, or voice?"

Mary Kate: "Neither, victrola."

## SUMMER SCHOOL

This page is a special invitation to teachers now in service and to those expecting to begin teaching in the fall to become students of the summer session of the

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