

THE PINE BRANCH



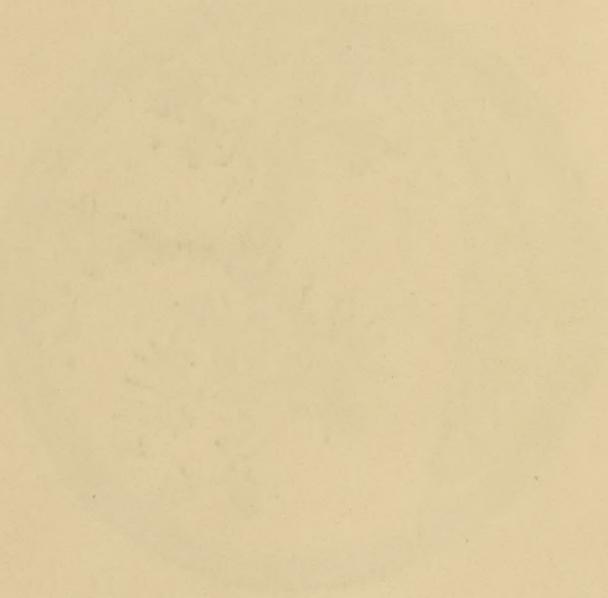
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JIM'S MYSTERY

The brilliance of the tiny bits of dust transformed into gold that chased up and down the long column of sunlight that fell obliquely across the sun parlor was nothing compared with the copper lights that shone from Suzanne's short ringlets. They sat saucily on her head forming an exceedingly glossy cap and frame for a face capable of a most appealing smile or frown—what ever the need might be. Suzanne, as her boy friends would say, looked just like a girl ought. This was indefinite, since there are many ways a girl could look and still look as she ought. To give a romantic description, her eyes were a heavenly blue or were deep pools of some jet liquid. Either would be equivocation, for they were neither blue nor black. If I tried to analyze the color and look first for blue and then for black, I would find that no two colors were evident. There was nothing I could compare them to unless perhaps it was a bit of color from a tiny lake I saw once. It was called Willow Lake, because of the willows that dropped their long fronds carelessly and listlessly over the waters. The color which most matched Suzanne's eyes came just at twilight when enough light was left to see beneath the willows a dusky mysterious hue which at once thrills and provokes.

Just beneath the nose, which was daintily upturned, was Suzanne's next most interesting feature. Some said the lips were a trifle large. Personally I did not think so. Perhaps it was because I had always heard that full lips were a sign of generosity, but most likely it was because they were consistent with the rest of her. They were like the benediction of a church service, a lovely chord at the end of a piece of music, or the completing detail of a picture. There were no cupid's bows, or rose leaves, just a soft easy curve which puckered for a kiss or rounded for the refusal.

Of late, Suzanne was bored and it worried her, because she could not understand why. Usually when she felt this way she began thinking about Jim. She loved Jim in a way.

Would it not be really glorious if she could love Jim as she ought, or rather as much as she knew that he loved her? It was pleasant to imagine that she really did, because then she built air-castles in the form of bungalows and rambling gardens. Soon she discovered that she anticipated the joy of having a bungalow and garden rather than the pleasure of living with Jim. Then her conscience pricked

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because she knew that this should not be, and Suzanne was conscientious.

It was at this point that Suzanne decided she was not for Jim, and she had ambitions. She felt fate had something momentous in store for her, and that it had nothing to do with Jim. There were a great many things Suzanne enjoyed doing. She knew that one of them would materialize sooner or later.

Days came and went. Jim came too—again and again. With each day came dreams and efforts. Suzanne worked hard and accomplished her desires after a fashion, but the dreams gave way to new ones and her efforts never quite succeeded—enough to please her.

Jim could not fathom her; neither could he fathom the expression of her eyes. They seemed to look past him to something unknown and undiscovered.

Jim did not know, but I did. I watched and thought until I shook, as it were, her secret from her. There was no other explanation; Suzanne was selfish. She was talented and beautifully touched with lovely graces as caressingly soft as breezes that blow through palm trees, but she was selfish. Would Jim's adoring eyes out last this dilemma, or would she dream too long? She was a mystery to Jim.

I think Jim should ask the willows down by the lake; they should know what it is that lurks in the shadows of deep blue.

M. K. BURROWS.

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A DAY

A radiant sun,
Long slender shadows,
Fresh green grass,
Half blown buds.

A brilliant sun,
Short heavy shadows,
Pale stiff grass,
Wide open buds.

A descendent sun,
Long fading shadows,
Cool dark grass,
Sweet fragrant flowers.

SHIRLEY GASKINS.

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PEG'S DILEMMA

Thirty or more college freshmen were busily engaged one morning with the decoration for the May Day Festival that was to be held on the college campus late that same afternoon. A great deal had to be accomplished! When an affair was to take place out of doors the decorations had to be attended to at the last possible hour, because one could never tell the exact mood friend weather man might be in. If he were disgusted with the world in general, as some freshmen were apt to be the day before exams were scheduled, then it was very evident that the rain would help wash away his blues. On that morning in May the weather man must have been in high spirits and on good terms with his friend Aurora since the early morning dew had reflected clear dew drops by seven o'clock.

As the freshmen gathered in the early morning to begin the tasks of a full day, they exchanged cheery smiles and hearty greetings. They were willing to work hard with such a lovely day in store.

One group busily engaged themselves with the long pergola that covered the entire front walk. Another group was down in the gymnasium covering the May Queen's sedan chair in silver and bordering this in fresh green ivy vines. A third group was endeavoring to decorate the background of the stage which in its present form consisted of a wire fence and several tall posts. Still another group was actively engaged with the covering and beautifying of the queen's throne and canopy.

This alone was enough to impress upon one's mind that that morning was the opening of a festive occasion and the freshmen were doing their share by lending a helping hand.

* * * * *

The pergola had been transformed into a picturesque canopy of vines and flowers. The background of the stage had rapidly changed into a blanket of green foliage interspersed with roses, wisteria, sweetpeas and other May time flowers.

The girls in the group that had covered the throne and canopy were resting in the shade of a camphor tree near by. One girl looked a little worried and when questioned by the class mates she replied, "Well, you know I'm perplexed as to what I shall do to amuse the crowd this afternoon."

"Why, Peg," remarked the astonished Kitty, "you will not be troubled in the least with that. Anyone as clever and witty as you will easily prove a fascinating, hilarious court jester. It is not neces-

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sary for you to plan your program of action because that will come spontaneously to you and you know it."

"Yes, I'll admit I am quite a fool at times. You know I have a feeling now that this job isn't going to be as easy as I and all of you have taken for granted it will be. However, I'll pull up my socks and grin, for it's too late now to drop out of sight. I'll soon be out there gesticulating, mocking, and laughing, and hoping to be laughed at. I may as well stop thinking about it though because a fool has very few serious thoughts anyway."

"Say," exclaimed Rags, "We had better rush things up a bit. My costume must be pressed and I am responsible for putting the streamers on one of the May poles."

The girls dispersed soon after the last group completed its work and the front campus was deserted; all of the girls went into the dormitory.

They left behind an entirely different scene from the one that confronted them earlier in the day. Just one glance at the college campus bespoke the glaring truth that Spring in all her color and grandeur had arrived with the coming of May.

It was somewhat later that same day, about five o'clock to be exact, that Peg was acting the part of a fool in the seclusion of her own room. An amused group of freshmen reclined on beds or perched on the radiator convulsed with laughter.

"I," said Peg, "am Jack Frost, just watch me caper."

And caper she did until the talcum box fell from its perch onto the floor. Then came a soft knock on the door.

"Come in," they answered in chorus. "Girls, report yourselves to court for unnecessary noise; I heard you from the first floor," and then the monitor softly closed the door.

Several throats that had ceased to function, either to speak or to swallow suddenly were relieved and Peg, feeling rather small and insignificant, murmured, "I guess my capers can wait for free expression until I get out on the green."

Smothered giggles followed this remark, then realizing that it was time to find their respective places in the May Day procession they started over to the adjoining building.

* * * * *

The procession could be seen emerging from the far end of the showy pergola. Such an array of gorgeous color had never been equaled. The queen, seated in the sedan chair, looked exceedingly amiable and charming.

There was a flare of disorderly color among those harmonious ones that caught and held the attention of the onlookers. It was none

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other than the Peg who had caused such calamities a few minutes before.

"Great scotts alive," thought Peg. "I must look like the devil himself in this outfit. Here I am hopping along as if there were a bee in my bonnet. There is no wonder that the poor kid is crying after looking at me. Gee, these colors in my suit must clash and crowd all the pretty ones about me. Just one loop-hole and I'd get out of all this. However, I feel like a fool as I guess I am acting the part of one and I'm sure I look the part, so why worry."

Peg continued to feel rather self-conscious, especially when her first appearance had to take place. She thought perhaps she could imitate the gypsy dancers, in fact she had to, so she stepped out to the center of the green.

"Here I am and what can I do" thought Peg. "If I hop around and hit a tambourine maybe that will do."

She hopped and hit, but the response from her audience was faint, so with racing heart and beads of perspiration on her upper lip, she pranced back to her stand near the throne. "I'll do better next time," she promised herself.

After the freshmen, who were dressed as Robin Hood men and Peasant maidens, had danced, Peg was firm in her effort to do something that would hold the attention of her audience.

She ran out to center stage position and gallantly began imitating the previous dance steps that had been used. She made believe that she had a partner and thought to herself—"this must look rather silly, but it at least will cause a little laughter."

All at once, the audience seemed to awake and loud laughter, clapping of hands and shrill whistles could be heard. Peg, whose back, at that moment, was turned, was startled and then a pleased smile spread over her queerly painted countenance. "Oh," she thought, "they are really enjoying this old fool at last."

She turned to make a grand bow, but one glance at the crowd showed her that they were not interested in her in the least. Humiliated and broken hearted she rushed off stage and tried to see what had taken place, though this was difficult; the tears were gathering in spite of her effort to keep them under control.

Little Jack Frost had rushed from the queen's throne only to fall over some tangled roots. Naturally the audience was over come with mirth when spring fairies had to help Jack Frost regain his feet. Poor Peg had mistaken the applause as being caused by her own earnest endeavors.

Peg was greatly relieved when she knew that the serious and

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beautiful part of the program had been reached and that she no longer had to appear.

When it was all over her pals patted her on the back, saying, "It was great, Peg old dear."

Peg knew this was said in a spirit of pity and sympathy. She rushed to her room, tacked a "Busy" sign on the door and fell across the bed where she wept. Letting the tears come unhindered she firmly resolved never to cut the fool in public at any cost. It simply couldn't be done regardless of her wit and cleverness that seemed so much a part of her in her every day life.

NAN SMITH, '27.

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AFTER THE RAIN

The rain has ceased,
Leaving the drenched earth a death-like silence,
Broken only by far-off, unreal thunderings.
The trees rest in grateful stillness,
Tired from the wind's wild caressing.
The sky is no longer threatening;
It is tender and luminously grey,
Bending low o'er the earth with a promise,
A promise of sunshine to be.

LUCILE NIX.

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ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN

It may not pay to do things in bits, to reimburse one's obligations in parts or to buy an object during one's weak moment and pay for it in long drawn out installments—but then it might pay too. Take the case of the Hunts!

* * * * *

Montrose boasted of being the largest of the small Mainstreets in her state. All of her citizens could vouch for the fact that she had a firmer financial standing than any of her rivals, and a brighter future. They could tell you much more if you would only lend them your time and listening ear. Her stores carried all of the newest fixtures, and practiced the most modern business methods, and could boast, at almost any season of the year, of a young, newly married couple.

The last rice and old shoes had been thrown at Mary Hunt and her husband, Jim, and they were now existing in that time locally called honeymoon days. Jim was an ambitious chap, but did not have a bursting bank account, and there were those that wondered, when they received the wedding announcement, if Mary could manage and be happy on a small sum. Mary put their doubts to flight when she knowingly nodded her head, and said she knew a way—and if two couldn't live as cheaply as one, they could nearly achieve the feat by her plan.

Her first year of married life certainly proved her right too, for they celebrated their first anniversary in their own little home. For the small dinner which she gave, she did not even have to borrow a spoon from her neighbors. The rooms reflected her good taste and contained every piece which any furniture catalogue would term "necessities for the well-furnished home." She was groomed carefully and was very chic as she acted the very correct hostess. Jim was an effective background and in his good comradeship could be counted on to make the other men folk more comfortable in their "party clothes." They were typically a young, modern couple, happy and making a good appearance to their friends. During the evening between congratulations and compliments they explained additions they were planning to make for the comfort, and beauty of the home; a rug for the guest-room, awnings for the west front porch, and porch furniture that would exactly match.

"And of course a little later," Mary flushed with happiness as she

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told the ladies, "we can look toward bigger things—a little car, perhaps a maid in the kitchen."

"A nursery, too, I wager," suggested one of the older matrons.

"Yes, of course. We intend to help keep the old race on its feet, and I love children. Uncle Bill always said no happy home without them, and I agree with him. Oh, yes! I think he may visit us next month and I want you to be sure to meet him. He is old-fashioned, but sweet too!"

Although Mary was an efficient house-keeper and her meals served always on the dot, she still found time in the morning to slip out and up town. Since she had murmured the timid "yes" to Jim months before, bargains had become her hobby. Not just bargains that were cheap—for she knew that they would prove after all not bargains, but a marked down piece for a certain niche, or an article to lay just there—well that was a bargain!

All of Montrose's stores boasted their "bargain days," but Mary found most of her treasures at Meg's Furniture Store. Almost any morning one could see her standing on their front looking searchingly through the big plate glass window. This window always sheltered enchanting signs and posters; enchanting certainly to any young bride. Stands, tables, chairs, mirrors were all placed and turned to give the public their best possible profile. Gracing each was a white placard flashing to the world their apparent standing, whether high or low, according to their material world. But it was not the initial part of the sign that Mary's eye was in the habit of drifting toward, but always the last part. Meg's owner was a modern merchant and one could buy from him by modern methods—so certainly a big part of the signs were occupied by the wordings, "Easy payments," "Little cash," "Pay later," "Enjoy them on us."

Paying by installment! That was the up-to-date way to get things that were a tiny bit beyond one's reach; that was the new chapter that modern life had added to the Book of Living. Buying by the installment plan was Mary Hunt's method, for she was anything but fogy and old in her methods; paying by installments had been the secret of her being able to acquire so many comforts and necessities.

Since the Hunts had received a letter from Mary's Aunt Sue, saying that her husband, Mary's Uncle Bill, was going to visit them on his way home from a business trip, the bargains up town had not received such daily scrutiny. Aunt Sue was a capable housekeeper and Mary did not want to be compared unfavorably with her. Every corner of the little home received guest-cleaning, and the pantry boasted of more than dishes. The new awnings fluttered in the breeze, and the big, gaily painted porch chair was placed just where

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Uncle Bill could enjoy his paper and catch glimpses of the passers-by.

It was with pride that Mary showed him over her possessions on the afternoon he arrived. He left his suit case in the blue and white guest room, and with his arm linked in hers she pointed out details that she was afraid he would not notice.

"There is the tea wagon you and Aunt Sue sent to us. And oh! don't you love my new pink floor lamp?"

They went from the kitchenette to the front walk, and even detoured through Mary's small, just-begun friendship garden. At last they stood again in the living room.

"A pretty home, Mary, a pretty home! A mighty pretty love nest for you and Jim. And you've got it all so soon too! My, it took your Aunt Sue and me longer than that to furnish one room."

"But, you didn't have the modern business methods which we have today."

"No, it isn't that. Jim must just be a better business man than I was, 'cause it takes a good one to start a home like this."

"Yes, Jim is wonderful!"

Mr. Moody puffed on his cigar, and continued his inspection of the room. He was well enough along in years not to argue with a young bride when she raved over her new husband. His mature thoughts and inspections were cut short by a grasp from his niece.

"Oh! Uncle. Your ashes! They are about to fall! Here! Shake them in Jim's ash tray."

"Huh? my, yes! Sue thought she had me trained about that thing, but I forget if she isn't around to remind me."

He shook his cigar over the small mahogany ash stand, and a teasing look came into his eyes.

"But don't call it Jim's ash tray, for it's going to be mine too on my visits here."

"Of course the ash stand can be half yours. I know it feels honored. Don't you think it is a gem? It is one of my newest treasures. I selected it last week, and got it on the most unusual terms. Just a few dollars, I had to pay down, and Mr. Meg said for me not to worry one bit about the rest."

Mr. Moody was intent on seeing if a spark still lurked in the end of his smoker.

"Did you say 'Meg', dear?"

"Yes, he is one of the most reasonable merchants in Montrose. So helpful to all of us struggling housekeepers. We just couldn't get along without him and his easy payments."

"Payments!" Mr. Moody's head suddenly jerked up. "Payments on what, Mary?"

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"Why, on all of the furniture we get from him. Our rugs, our cabinet, and well—just everything!"

"Mary Hunt, you don't mean you have this house full of things you haven't paid for." The conservative business man in Mr. Moody was shaken.

"Yes, we have paid some on them, and pay more every single time a month passes by."

"A house full of things not even paid for—still belonging to a merchant up town?"

"Why, Uncle Bill. He doesn't mind. They like for you to buy things even if you can't pay for all at once. Just so you pay, and just so you buy!"

"But Mary! how can you live with the sword of debt above your young heads? I would have night mares. I would rather sleep in a park than do it."

"Well, Jim and I would have to become public charges and slumber in the parks if we had to pay cash for everything."

Mr. Moody forgot his cigar, and its weakening spark and his face became flushed at this debt-absorbing habit of common sense people. For of course they were common sense people—she was his own niece.

"Pay cash! Why, that is the only way, and I have proved it for twenty years."

"But Uncle, we are happy and we live comfortably—what more do you want? We are young and don't mind the installments yet to be paid."

"But your future! I am thinking of your future. No body can gain anything by going into debt, and if you don't mind your whole life will be ruined."

"But," Mary persisted, "we have gained things—this house and all of this furniture. The installment plan has enabled us to get our whole home and maybe it will help us get other things."

"Mary, Mary! Debt will ruin you. I want you to finish these payments and then never do or buy anything else on the crazy plan, won't you?"

"Well, perhaps. But I don't know whether I can do without the things we planned to get by it—so many things!"

"Yes, you can and you will be thankful some day you followed my plan."

When Uncle Bill's visit came to an end, as all visits will, he left with a gayer, louder laugh than when he came. For isn't one to be praised that brings one's mature judgment and advice to the aid of young couples and shows them a mistake that may have ruined their whole life? Uncle Bill had not missed an opportunity during

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his entire stay to show Mary, and Jim too, when he was around, the false program of buying by installments.

"Don't buy anything you can't pay for right then. If you have to give up some things, give them up!"

His convictions had quieted them, and he could easily see they were taking his words to heart. They knew that he knew what he was talking about, and they would follow his good advice.

* * * * *

"Well, well, Sue. Look what just came in the mail—an announcement!" Mr. Moody sat forward in the wicker swing on their screen porch and shook the chair of his wife.

"Mary and Jim have a boy; what do you know about that! And look," his hand shook with excitement as he held the card for her inspection, "they named it after me—William Moody Hunt. Named it for me, can you beat it?"

"Why, isn't that a surprise," murmured Aunt Sue as she examined the tiny card that had brought such news.

"Biggest one of my life. Mary has always been like a daughter to us, but Sue—I've got it! They named that little rascal after me 'cause I helped them so on that installment plan trouble. I saved them from a big mistake, and they are just thanking me. Little Bill came into the world with his parents sworn off of these modern ways of buying and getting, and it was all through me! No, sir. Mary wouldn't get anything else by installments, I know!"

Wouldn't she? Such is the reasoning power of men. Uncle Bill would have been less liberal in self praise if he could have listened but a moment to a conversation that was going on in a distant city between a young happily married couple over a tiny pink and white crib.

"Oh, Jim," was saying Mary as she slipped her hand in his, "and just two more payments to the doctor and little Billy will be our very own."

ELIZABETH McREE.

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BREVITY

(In Vein of Japanese Hokkus)

Friendship, a vision,
Suffering many losses,
Vacancies refilled.

Love, touch of beauty,
Faintest rainbow through the mist
Soon withdrawn again.

Happiness, mirage
Scintillating though quite near,
Scarce attained by man.

Life, Captivity
Between vast eternities,
Brief experience.

The Soul, one power
Alone, which mortals may know
Is everlasting.

CHRISTINE MEADOWS.

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PASSING OF MODESTY

"Why, my dear, who would ever think of going out with nothing but that scanty outfit? In my day one would have never thought of wearing such a small amount of clothing except in the privacy of one's own boudoir, and then it must have been rather embarrassing to the wearer! Why child I can almost see the people stare as you walk down the street. You alone aren't the sole object of the town gossips, the whole family is involved. I even dodge some of my supposedly good friends because I know what their thoughts must be from their knowing looks which are focused on me. They know I'm your grand-mother. Just the other day, for instance, Mrs. McBane met me in a dry goods store during a sale and asked me if you didn't need some clothes! Yes, naturally you would say she didn't mean to be catty, but I know that woman too well! It just shows what the public in general think about you and your modern friends. Yes, I know it's none of their business what you wear, but you must remember the family—we've never had a blot on our name yet, but if something in the nature of a reformation doesn't take place concerning you, who can tell what may happen?"

All right, go on for just this one more time if you truly think you have on all you can wear, and feel right about it—however, I sincerely hope you will realize some day the things I have been trying to impress on you, and maybe it won't be too late."

The scene for this conversation, or rather lecture, is in any modern girl's room at any time when she may be dressing. It is just a carbon copy of many others of which she has been the object. Why can't our relatives progress as swiftly as time? Will they never change their view-point, and agree that the present dress utopia is to be as comfortable as possible?

As a rebuttal to their horrified lectures one may expound for hours on the contrast of past and present styles.

For instance, the low neck lines of the past were the height of immodesty. The entire shoulders were exposed, while now the straps do cover a small portion. For our arguments we have the family album, which is enough for our convictions. It would be useless to attempt to persuade a member of the old school of fashion to discuss her styles, except to exult in her long, flowing skirts which dragged the floor, performing the functions of the modern carpet sweeper. She never realizes that the neck lines coming over the shoulders, not on them, are more preposterous than the knee-length skirts. In the present day nothing seems to be so undesirable and ill-proportioned

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as the cumbersome bustles which, in grand-mother's day, were the epitome of fashion.

Again, what could have been more uncertain than the very full hoop-skirts which were once in vogue? If they weren't arranged in perfect order, and the proper movements executed at just the crucial moment, they were more than likely to play havoc by being knee high. The embarrassing part was that they never gave the slightest warning! A train blows for its crossing and a snake hisses before it strikes, but not so with hoops—the warning and action are simultaneous with the disaster! What could be more trying on the nerves? A ball and chain could have hardly been a greater hindrance to movements; while to get in a hurry was fatal to all concerned.

I can imagine the inevitable comments of the flapper on her return from the dance, to which she must surely have been going, to warrant such a lecture from her grand mother.

"Grand-mother, everyone thought my dress was just adorable, except it was maybe a wee bit too long. Do you suppose you could remedy that? Knees must not be so objectionable, after all, they certainly seemed to be in the majority tonight. And oh, yes about the petticoats you spoke of just before I left—"

Grand-mother all the while remains firm in her belief that the modern generation will finally freeze to death and in the mean time lose all the personal propriety it inherited from staid ancestors. Soon she tires of listening to flapper dialect and begins to nod, dreaming the while of days when lavender and old lace were fashionable.

JULIA DEVEREAUX.



EDITORIAL

A FEW WORDS FOR MEDIOCRITY

Mediocrity! When the average college girl sees that word, her immediate reaction is to call to mind a person of only average mental endowment; a girl with only mediocre ability. Innumerable are the times when you've heard a girl make the extravagant statement that she had actually rather be dumb (pardon the slang please) than be a person of only average mental endowment. Again, you hear countless times a college girl say that she would give anything in the world if she had even one outstanding talent. Such sayings as these are not uncommon, "why can't I do something unusually well? Look at Sue; she can play and sing—and there's Mary, who is an adorable dancer; why, Joan is a born actress"—then comes a long wail, "and poor me, what can I do?—a little bit of this, and a little bit of that, without doing a single thing decently. Why, oh why, am I such a mediocre person?" Such a girl has not considered the fact that a mediocre person has some advantages over a person with superior ability—let us take a look at some of these advantages:

A person with superior intelligence is often very temperamental. All of us have acquaintances who are considered as persons of superior ability and, all too often they are also considered "queer." It seems that superior intelligence and idiosyncrasies go hand in hand. A person of this type finds it exceedingly hard to adapt herself to varying circumstances. Frequently she is an outsider, whereas a mediocre person is much more capable of orienting herself into practically any average group. As a result of this power of adaptation she is capable of making many more friends than is the superior person.

One frequently finds an average person more sympathetic—and why should she not be, as she fully understands the shortcomings of her type. On the other hand, a superior person is often cynical and supercilious which makes her very unpopular with the majority of her fellow classmates. Then too, an average person has it all over

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her superior friend when it comes to common sense. And what is a person going to do without the essential quality of common sense?

Some of the advantages that we have named, of people who have average mental endowment are: power to adapt themselves to varying circumstances, power to make many friends, power to sympathize and understand, and a goodly portion of common sense. A college girl of this type is the normal, healthy, cheerful girl who faces the problems of living with girls fairly and squarely. On the other hand, the girl with a superior intelligence is more often cynical, sensitive, unsympathetic, unable to partake in all group activities since she lacks understanding and common sense. She holds herself aloof and misses the best things in college life.

All of us girls of average intelligence need not be down-hearted. We may rejoice that we have some advantages over the superior person, for we shall keep in mind the deeper significance of the word—**Mediocrity!**

MARY FITTS.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

Miss Miriam Goodwin, Traveling Secretary for the Student Volunteer Movement, was with us May 1st and 2nd. Miss Goodwin was quite busy during her stay, having interviews with different Student Volunteers and different members.

Sunday night she was entertained at dinner by Student Volunteers. In vesper she made a most interesting and helpful talk on, "One's Life Purpose."

After Vespers the Y. W. Cabinet entertained informally in her honor at "The House in the Woods," at which she gave some beneficial suggestions for carrying on Y. W. work next year.

* * *

Quite a number of new books, both modern fiction and helpful program material have recently been added to our Y. W. library. The books are being enjoyed by the whole student group. On April the 19th, the Y. W. C. A. entertained at a book party in the form of an Easter egg hunt.

Dr. Smart, of Emory University, will be with us May 14th and 15th. Every G. S. W. C. student is looking forward to his coming. For the last few years Dr. Smart has been coming to our College and he is always one of the real treats of the year.

* * *

The Y. W. C. A. cabinet for the year 1927-28 has been chosen, and is as follows:

President—Miss Susan Bedell.

Vice-president—Miss Lois Sharp.

Secretary—Miss Iva Chandler.

Finance Department—Treasurer, Miss Catherine Trulock; Country Store Chairman, Miss Mary Nell Fitts.

Religious Department—Vesper chairman, Miss Lois Sharp; Bible Study chairman, Miss Opal Thornton; Music chairman, Miss Cora Burghard; Pianist, Miss Marie Parham; Room chairman, Miss Willie Belle Sumner.

Publicity Department—Bulletin-board chairman, Miss Mary Belle

THE PINE BRANCH

Ellis; Poster chairman, Miss Clio Mansfield; Library chairman, Miss Ethel Dent.

Social Department—Entertainment, Miss Hazel Furlong; Social Service chairman, Miss Annie Maude Ferrell.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

SOCIETY NEWS

A call business meeting of the Argonian Literary Society was held in the Lecture room, Tuesday morning, April 19, for the purpose of electing officers for the year 1927-28. The following officers were elected:

President—Louise Benton.
Vice-president—Louise Harden.
Secretary—Mary Eva Fambrough.
Treasurer—Mary Groover.

* * *

A regular program meeting of the Argonian Literary Society was held in the Rotunda Saturday evening, April 23. The following program was given:

The Negro in Popular Song—Velma Kennedy.
The Plantation; Development on the Stage—Clio Mansfield.
Negro Spirituals—Cora Burghard and chorus.
Poems—Sara Mandeville.

* * *

A regular program meeting of the Sororian Literary Society was held in West Hall on April 23, 1927. The following program was given:

The Popular Conception of the Plantation—Iva Chandler.
Poems: Heyward and Allen—Frankie Hartsfield.
The Plantation in Minstrelsy—Lillian Drake.
Group of Negro Spirituals—Miss Youngblood and chorus.

* * *

The following officers of the Sororian Literary Society for 1927-28 were elected at a recent business meeting:

President—Iva Chandler, Cordele, Ga.
Vice-president—Sara Maude Stewart, Dixie, Ga.
Secretary—Mary Alexander, Nashville, Ga.
Treasurer—Myrtle Jordan, Reidsville, Ga.



LOCALS

The May Queen election was held in the lecture room on Friday, April 8. The candidates were Eunice Cassels, of Cairo, and Helen Hightower, of Valdosta. Eunice Cassels won over her opponent after a hotly contested vote. Her blonde type and stately bearing makes her an ideal May queen.

* * *

The poetry contest sponsored by "The Pine Branch" closed a few days ago. Much interest was manifested in it. The winners and their prize poems were: Lucile Nix, "Mist", first prize; Mary Small, "Catalpa Tree," second prize; Christine Meadows, "Nature Holds Sway," third prize.

* * *

The annual freshman-sophomore reception was enjoyed by members of the classes and their friends on Saturday evening, April 16.

Pergolas were used over the walks on the front campus. Each pergola was twined with ivy and pink roses and lighted with lanterns in the sophomore class colors.

The terraces also carried the class colors. At each end of the terrace was an ivy covered bower from which fruit punch was served. The rotunda was festooned in freshman colors, green and white. Quantities of greens banked the mantels, and tall baskets of larkspurs and ragged robins were used in the entrance.

In the receiving line were Sara Maude Stewart, president of freshman class; Louise Harden, president of sophomore class; Miss Annie P. Hopper; Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Powell.

Promenading was enjoyed throughout the evening. At the end of the "proms" a two-act skit was presented by a group of freshmen. The first act was a burlesque comedy, "Wild Nell, the Pet of the Plains." The second act, "In a Little Spanish Town," featured an orchestra of freshmen. They gave several popular numbers, which were concluded by a Spanish tango, given by Alice Parker and Annie Mae Brower.

After the program a delightful salad course was enjoyed.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

The Philharmonic Club held a regular program meeting on Friday, April 15. The following program was given:

"Death and Maiden," "The Front," (Schubert)—Miss Bradley.

"Paper on Schubert"—Hazel Furlong.

"Menuetto From Sonata" (Schubert)—Esther Holland.

"Schergoemi" (Mendelssohn)—Dorothy Dasher.

"Paper on Mendelssohn"—Mary Eva Fambrough.

"Spinning Song" (Mendelssohn)—Mary Beth Parrish.

* * *

This year the Southern Intercollegiate Association of Student Government met at Alabama College, Montevallo, Ala., from April 21, to April 23. Florence Breen, President of S. G. A., and Lucille Dowling, President-elect of S. G. A. attended the conference.

* * *

The annual May Day exercises were held on the green Tuesday evening, May 3. They were very beautiful this year.

Characters and Order of Events:

PART I.—PROLOGUE

Jack Frost—James Wood.

Spirit of Spring—Ann Smith.

Joy Fairy—Marion Reid.

South Wind Fairies—Fifth Grade.

Raindrop Fairies—Fourth Grade.

Sunbeam Fairies—Ninth Grade.

Rainbow Fairies—Seventh and Eighth Grades.

Butterflies—Sixth Grade.

Moths—Mary Small, Velma Sirmons, Frankie Hartsfield.

PART II.—PROCESSIONAL AND CROWNING OF MAY QUEEN.

Song: May Morn—Miss Alimae Temple.

Heralds—Opal Thornton, Elizabeth Teasley.

Ladies in Waiting—Virginia Hightower, Louise Harden, Susan Bedell, Mary Lee Moran, Helen Seals, Evelyn Kirkland, Helen Hightower, Zakie Carmack, Hazel Donahue, Lucile Nix.

Pages—Freshmen Girls.

May Queen—Eunice Cassels, elected from Sophomore class.

Train Bearers—Frances Giddens, Floyd Fender.

PART III.—DANCING AT COURT OF MAY QUEEN.

a—Mage On a Cree, Bo Peep, Robin Hood's Men, and Village Maidens—High School and Freshmen.

b—The Sleeping Beauty, Children at Play—Little Trainbearer, Jeff

THE PINE BRANCH

Eister; other members, first, second and third grades.

c—Gypsy Festival—College Girls.

d—Trip it Lightly—Elizabeth McCree and Alice Parker.

e—Jolly Jesters—Boys of Training School.

f—London Bridge (Peasants)—High School and Freshman Group.

g—All on a May Morn, Lords and Ladies—College Girls.

h—Winding May Pole—High School and College Girls.

Pianists—Helen Ryon, Marie Parham, Henrietta Armstrong.

Violinist—Mary Alice Sineath.

* * *

The Rotary Club of Valdosta entertained the members of the graduating classes with a picnic at Ocean Pond on Thursday, May 5th. In addition to swimming and boating, the guests were entertained with an impromptu program in which the double male quartette of the Rotary Club, and members of the College Glee Club took part. Readings were given by Miss Louise Sawyer, head of the Department of Vocal Expression, and Miss Christine Meadows, also of the College. A delightful picnic supper was served by the "Rotary Anns."

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

ALUMNAE NOTES

Mildred Smith, Mrs. J. P. Kelley, of the '20 class lives at 510 Commerce Street, Albany, Georgia.

* * *

Mildred Liggitt, Mrs. Pat Brannon, of the '21 class is living in Darien, Georgia.

* * *

Helen Bruce of the '22 class is teaching in the grades at Blackshear, Georgia.

* * *

Jewell Meeks of the '22 class is doing office work in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

* * *

Ruby Meeks of the '22 class is teaching in Waycross, Georgia.

* * *

Gertrude Moore of the '22 class is now Mrs. C. W. Wade, and is living in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

* * *

Clyde Palmer, Mrs. Clyde DeWitt, of the '22 class is living in Sale City, Georgia.

* * *

Jessie Evelyn Perry, Mrs. T. B. Twitty, Jr., of the '22 class is living in Camilla, Georgia, and teaches the first grade there.

* * *

Alna Williams, Mrs. Nathan Burnett, of the '22 class is living in Albany, Georgia.

* * *

Irene Archer, Mrs. N. A. Moore, of the '23 class is living on North Lee Street, Fitzgerald, Georgia.

* * *

Bessie Barrett, Mrs. A. R. Walton, of the '23 class announces the birth of a son, Henry Roland, on January 5th. She may be addressed Box 401, Waycross, Georgia.

* * *

Deborah Creighton of the '23 class is taking a business course in

THE PINE BRANCH

Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

* * *

Arlouine Fitch, Mrs. Lamar Jester, of the '23 class is living in Blackshear, Georgia.

* * *

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

* * *

Thelma O'Quinn of the '23 class is teaching in Bethany Consolidated School, Summerfield, North Carolina.

* * *

Belle Reese of the '23 class is teaching the fourth grade in Princeton Avenue School, Orlando, Florida. She is living at 448 Lake Street.

* * *

Stella Taylor, Mrs. Joe Pafford, of the '23 class is living in Blackshear, Georgia.

* * *

Gertrude Anderson of the '24 class is teaching the sixth grade in Montgomery, Alabama.

* * *

Edith Brinson of the '24 class is teaching in Sarasota, Florida.

* * *

Jewell Mitchell, Mrs. Rossie M. O'Berry, is living in Evergreen, North Carolina.

* * *

Ellie Peeples, Mrs. Joe Harvey, of the '24 class is living in Nashville, Georgia, and teaching the fourth grade there.

* * *

Louise Poppell of the '24 class may be found at Jesup, Georgia.

* * *

Grace Reese of the '24 class is helping her father in his business at home, Preston, Georgia.

* * *

Catherine Turner, Mrs. John S. Tyson, of the class of '24 is living in Folkston, Georgia.

* * *

Ila Watts of the '24 class is teaching near Lake Park, Georgia.

* * *

Mildred Williams of the '24 class is at home at Fargo, Georgia.

* * *

Mary Belin of the '25 class is at home at Pelham, Georgia.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Alma Church of the '25 class is teaching at Leesburg, Georgia.

* * *

Rebecca Cook of the '25 class is teaching in High Point, North Carolina.

* * *

Caroline Cubbedge of the '25 class is Assistant Dietitian at Wesley Memorial Hospital, Atlanta, Georgia.

* * *

Madeline Culbreth of the '25 class is at home at Waycross, Georgia.

* * *

Minnie Gruber of the '25 class is at home at Alma, Georgia.

* * *

Sara Mardre of the '25 class is at home at Thomasville, Georgia.

* * *

Nettie Reid Maddox of the '25 class after having taught in the Primary Department of the school at Clyattville, Georgia, has gone to her home at Jackson, Georgia.

* * *

Verdie Mills of the '25 class is teaching second grade at Bartow, Florida.

* * *

Olive Rogers of the '25 class is teaching the fourth grade at Hinesville, Georgia.

* * *

Ruth Royal of the '25 class is teaching at Jupiter, Florida.

* * *

Miriam Stokes, Mrs. H. D. Williams, of the '25 class is living in Savannah, Georgia.

* * *

Alice Westbrook of the '25 class is spending the year at home in Americus, Georgia.

* * *

Grace Beasley of the '26 class has a gift shop at Blakely, Georgia.

* * *

Christine Harvey of the '26 class is teaching fifth grade in Ideal, Georgia.

* * *

Anne Mardre of the '26 class is at home at Thomasville, Georgia.

* * *

Eugenia Milan of the '26 class is teaching at Kingston, Georgia.

* * *

Louise Milam of the '26 class is at home at Cartersville, Georgia.

THE PINE BRANCH

Alice Feltham, Mrs. Wilbur Ham, of the '17 class is living in Cartersville, Georgia.

* * *

Arlie Gaskins, Mrs. Max Feazell, of the '17 class is living in Quitman, Georgia.

* * *

Zella Raybon, Mrs. Alexander Arnett, of the '17 class is living in West Palm Beach, Florida.

* * *

Thelma Wilkes, Mrs. Roy Hutchinson, of the '17 class is living in Adel, Georgia.

* * *

Cora Anderson, Mrs. C. S. Pryor, of the '18 class is living in Smithville, Georgia.

* * *

Clarice Askew, Mrs. Bob Hendricks, of the '18 class is living in Nashville, Georgia.

* * *

Hazel Bourquine, Mrs. W. H. Briggs, of the '18 class is living in Valdosta, Georgia.

* * *

Jewell Woodard, Mrs. Charles Alderman, of the '18 class is living in Miami, Florida.

* * *

Helen Mizell, Mrs. Paul Shelley, of the '19 class may be addressed Box 117, Tallahassee, Florida.

* * *

Bessie Proctor, Mrs. Hal Kennon, of the '19 class is living in Adel, Georgia.

* * *

Bonnell Bivins of the '20 class is spending the year at home, Moultrie, Georgia.

* * *

Mamie Patrick of the '20 class is spending the year at her home at Wauchula, Florida.

* * *

Hattie Lou Roberts, Mrs. Wallace Strange, of the '20 class is living in Willacoochee, Georgia.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

JOKES

AN AMERICAN (COLLEGE) TRAGEDY—

Act I.—Cram.

Act II.—Exam.

Act III.—Flunk.

Act IV.—Trunk.

—Exchange.

* * *

DRESS ACCORDING TO ENVIRONMENT—

Miss Gilmer—The Franciscan Friars wore brown in Italy.

K. Myrick—Mr. Wood says they wore gray in History of Ed.

* * *

CONSIDER THE HEAT—

Miss Ramsey, (giving instructions for meringue kisses)—Now girls, I suppose you know the success of a kiss depends on the temperature.

* * *

Miss Youngblood—Louise, what do you think of "The Comedy of Errors?"

Louise Causey (brightly)—I think that is one of Shakespeare's best puns.

Miss Y.—What do you mean by pun?

Louise—Why, a pun is a play with words, isn't it?

* * *

"USE NO PREPOSITIONS TO END SENTENCES WITH!"—

The fourth grade teacher had promised to bring a story to class; instead of the promised story, she brought an article on travel, for the class to hear.

Pupil—What did you bring us that book to be read to out of from for?

* * *

When love's last vow has been whispered,
And the lovers have said good night;
When the parlor light is extinguished,
And no college man is in sight;
We parents will sleep—we shall need it—
Rest for an hour or two,
Till daughter brings another collegiate
To whisper sweet nothings to.

(E. D.)

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