

THE PINE BRANCH



MARCH
1929

Volume X111

Number 5

THE PINE BRANCH

Issued Monthly

PUBLISHED BY THE WRITERS CLUB OF THE GEORGIA STATE
WOMANS COLLEGE, VALDOSTA, GEORGIA.

Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103,
Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized January 20, 1919.

VOL. XIII.

MARCH, 1929

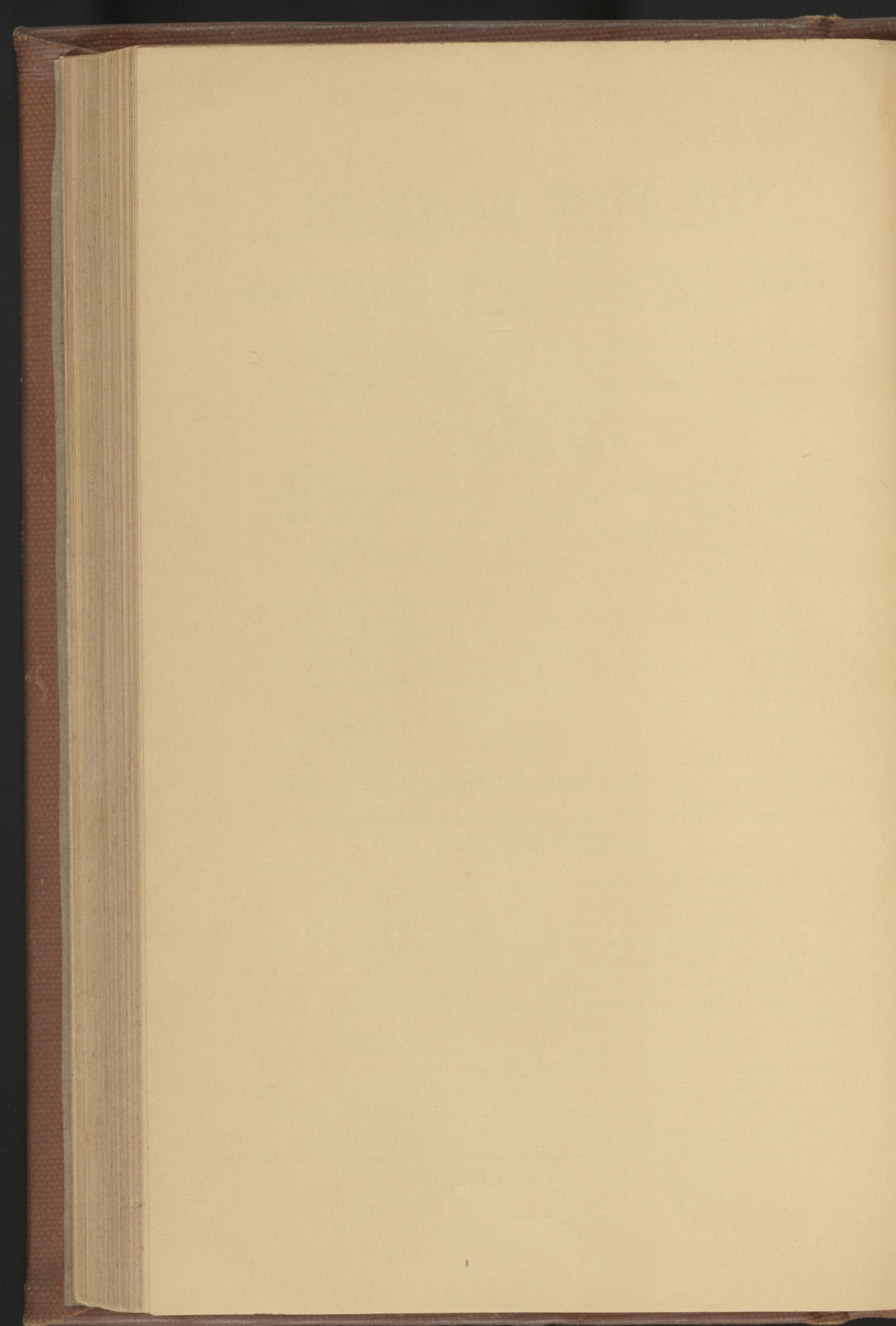
NO. 5

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Louise Forbes
Associate Editor-in-Chief	Catherine McRee
Business Manager	Dorothy Stovall
Assistant Business Manager	Rebecca Rabun
Alumnae Editor	Martha Youngblood
Athletic Editors:	
Phi Kappa	Margaret Brabham
Phi Lambda	Katherine Harrison
Exchange Editor	Mary Smith Hodges
Joke Editor	Hazel Sawyer
Local Editor	Georgia Patterson
Society Editors:	
Argonian	Virginia Fraser
Sororian	Evelyn Deariso
Y. W. C. A. Editor	Lillian Hopper
Mailing Department—Lillian Exum, Ida Burroughs, Mary Carmack, Lillian Cassells.	

CONTENTS

	Page
Red Roses—Mary K. Burrows	3
Mais Oui—Eunice Chute	4
Mist—Lucile Nix	9
"It's a Long Lane That Has No Turning"—Lucile Nix	10
Four Songs of Girlhood—Hazel Donahue	14
What Was In It?—Dorothy Harper	15
Is It Better to Have Loved and Lost?—Rose Morrison	20
Editorial	25
Y. W. C. A. News	26
Athletic News	27
Society News	28
Alumnae News	30
Local News	33
Jokes	36



RED ROSES

Amelia, the girl of the delicate bloom,
Left, one night, her lavender room
To find white roses by a white moon
For the tall dark one who was coming soon.
The roses were high, and the brambles tall
Where they leaned against the lickened wall.

And the moon can spin,
Oh the moon can spin,
Long skeins of moon-silk rare—
Oh the moon can spin her moon-silk thin
And it made a net for her hair.

But to gather white roses,—how could she know,
That the moon-silk and thorns had enmeshed them so?

Oh thorns can prick
And thorns can stick
Then her fingers bled—
For thorns can prick, and stick, and prick,
And make white roses red!

“Lover, dark lover, I am waiting for you.
Love, with your eyes like two shadows of blue;
Alas,” said Amelia of delicate bloom,
“Alas that I left my lavender room.
Look now, my lover, my fingers have bled—
Alas, now alas, for my roses are red.”
From the two dusky shadows there came a quick gleam
He knew that all roses are not what they seem.
But not so Amelia, Amelia had fled—
Her fingers were torn, her roses were red.

Her fingers had bled,
Oh her fingers had bled,
She discovered that night,
That roses when gathered are red, red, red,
But roses not gathered are white.

MARY K. BURROWS.

THE PINE BRANCH

MAIS OUI

“ ‘Round up the gang, and we’ll have a celebration. I return au college demain.

Toujours,
Francis.’

“ ‘Au college—demain—toujours.’ Well, he wasn’t as mentally deranged as one might have thought he would be after such a wreck and such an operation as he had gone through. Truly, though wishing my buddy no hard luck, I had hoped that through the shock of the accident or the use of the surgeon’s knife, the nerve connections that are responsible for his habit of using French instead of perfectly respectable English, would have been jarred loose. ‘Mais non,’ he would say, ‘ce n’est pas vrai.’

“And here, if he doesn’t sign his name Francis; guess he’s found some noble French king he rather be called after than the hordes of barbarians—the Franks which gave France her name. He used to say—“Maybe, ‘all Gaul is divided into three parts’ once and Julius Caesar was interested in it, but what is that in French history in comparison to the coming of the Franks”—and he used to talk of dear old Charlemagne as if he had been his favorite great uncle. His explanation of his adoption of Francis will be interesting, though exasperating by virtue of the French spicing.

“I’m dissatisfied with some things myself, but not with my mother tongue; it says things well enough for me—and for Frank too. But he’s just out for being different, or—perhaps in training for the ambassadorship to France. . . . No matter what his purpose is, I’m getting tired of that French, and so are the rest of the boys—though he is the favorite of all of us.

“A true friend is one who helps his friend see his faults, then helps him correct them. That may not be Frank’s conception of a friend, but I’ll be that friend, and he’ll never know it. I must see some of the other boys, so we can get together before he comes. It’s a shame to plot against him while he’s away, but it’s the only way.”

This was Harry Sanford’s train of thoughts after he had received the above quoted telegram. He was excited over his pal’s expected return. Frank Palme had been out a month on account of an almost fatal injury he had received in a horrible wreck. Things about the frat house were rather lonely without him, but—the boys had rather enjoyed the calm that came with not having every remark interrupted by French exclamations, or all questions answered half in French, half in English; sometimes entirely French, never entirely English.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

They had enjoyed the peace too much to have it interfered with again. . . . Something had to be done. Harry must find Vernon!

A few minutes later when John had called Vernon from the tennis court, and when Vernon had read the telegram, the two heads were put together to form a plot. Silence for a while—then Vernon broke it with—

"Say, Harry, who is that Frenchy looking co-ed you've been following about lately?"

Any other time Harry would have made some slight remark about the girl to throw Vernon off, but he caught the idea that was probably hatching itself out in Vernon's mind.

"I hadn't thought of it before, but she does look like a French mademoiselle; doesn't she?"

"Do you think she would like some fun?"

"I'm sure she would. She's just moved to the city . . . she's kinda lonesome, and of course, nobody on the campus is unduly friendly . . . she'd appreciate our taking her in on the fun. Shall I ask her?"

"Not so fast! Do you know what we want to take her in on? Does she speak French?"

"I think not . . . the subject was brought up the other day. I couldn't resist telling her about Frank, or Francis I believe it is now. She said, 'If we should ever meet, I could only say, "Je ne comprends pas," for French is beyond me'."

"Good! Maybe we could teach her his 'mais oui' and 'mais non'. That would be enough to get by with."

"Could you arrange it with her—For tomorrow night? We'll let Francis meet this imported Parisian, Celeste."

The next night, the frat house was more alive than ever. Frank, in the person of Francis, had returned that afternoon. In great joviality he had "Bon-jour-ed" and "comment-allez-vous-ed" all of his old friends, and told them what "un grand plaisir" it was to be back. Just now he had robbed one of his frat brothers of his date, Francis really had her marveling at his wide knowledge of French history and his command of French words—(why he didn't say a single sentence without putting in a few French words—and they were so pretty).

Francis left one of his Frenchy speeches unfinished, as he saw Harry and an amazingly attractive brunette standing in the doorway. He called the unfortunate frat brother, and returned his innocent charge to him. Then Harry called—

"Frank, when you aren't busy, come out on the porch."

THE PINE BRANCH

"Busy! What did he think I gave up that blonde for—if it wasn't to meet that brunette." Thus Harry thought, but he said aloud—"Coming now."

In a few minutes Harry was saying "Mademoiselle Cleves, puis-je vous presenter mon ami, Monsieur Palme. Celeste—Francis." Harry then explained to Francis in French (wonder of wonders to Francis) that Celeste had just recently come to the college town to spend the winter. She was directly from Paris; therefore somewhat lonely, being away from friends and homeland—all of which was a very improbable story to one who could have translated his speech, but Francis couldn't. He did gather from it that she was directly from Paris. Now was his chance! The boys had laughed at him to try to make him drop those French phrases, but now since this Mademoiselle could understand no one but him (he flattered himself) he would feel repaid. . . . How did Harry manage that flow of French. . . . Of course, someone had taught him that speel. . . . Maybe Celeste could understand some English. Gee! if she couldn't—and she was so good to look at. Francis' thoughts were interrupted with—

"Pardonnez moi, s'il vous plait, Mlle. Cleves. Je vous laisse avec Monsieur Palme." And he said to Francis in English, "Try to entertain her—she's lonely, tired of hearing English which she doesn't understand at all. She'll be so glad to hear her native language spoken again. Good luck! I'll be back to drive her home."

Celeste cast a hasty glance at Harry. Francis interpreted it as fear at being left alone with so complete a stranger. Harry knew that it meant Celeste was a little uneasy about the part she was playing. If Francis spoke French too well, she could truly say, "Je ne comprends pas," but for the looks of things she could not. And goodness! how was she to know when to say "oui" or "mais non." It was risky, but she was willing to try. She assured Harry of it with a smile. To Francis this smile was reassurance of her beauty.

After Harry left there was a miserable silence—How could he begin?—Or maybe she would. . . . He waited a minute, but she looked at him as if she expected him to begin. He began—at first rather hesitant between his French phrases; then he continued in his usual lively way. Oh, she was French; she could appreciate his family tree. He traced his ancestry back to the old Frankish Kings, half in French, half in English. Celeste smiled all along, but when he included less and less French she laughed outright and said—

"Mais je ne comprends pas l'anglais."

My, that was a pretty laugh! But it had made him blush for a second,—then he came to himself.

"Mais oui, pardon, s'il vous plait."

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Then Francis began telling some more of the French history back of him—how he had been named after Francis I, the old gentleman who had introduced so much splendor to his court. . . . Tried to tell how romantic it would have been if he had been a knight in those days, and Celeste his lady. To which she replied:

“Mais oui, Monsieur.” She smiled when she said that too.

There was no doubt about it, Francis liked Celeste. If she could only understand English! He had never realized that it was such a job to manufacture French. Well, he'd never had such a big order before! He'd just try teaching her a few English words—basic ones. He had made up his mind on this when he saw Harry's figure moving toward them. Hang Harry! Francis was just getting interested. Why they hadn't even talked about the moon.

“Pardon,” Harry broke in. Then to Francis in English—“Promised the chaperone if she wouldn't come, I would have Celeste home by twelve. Would you like to come along. I'll be chauffeur. You take care of Celeste. I've run out of French.”

“He said that in a mocking tone,” thought Francis, “but he's jealous. If he only knew what a time I'm having.” However he said, “Thanks, Harry, old sport, you're great. Celeste and I will take the rumble, so we can enjoy ‘le clair de lune’.”

Francis continued his incessant play of words, mostly English, until Celeste would interrupt with “Je ne comprends pas”, after which he would slow up, Frenchify his words for a few sentences—then asked—“Comprenez-vous?” and her answer was “Oui.”

Frank suddenly realized that he hadn't made any plans to see Celeste tomorrow, and he really had to—for he felt that way inside. He might even be in love with her—At any rate he must see her.

“Jouez-vous au tennis, Celeste?”

“Oh, oui.”

So it was arranged.

The next afternoon in spite of many interruptions, Celeste and Francis succeeded in playing a few sets of tennis. Before, during and after the games, Francis had not been able to make Celeste say more than the few phrases of tennis in addition to her usual “oui”, “Je ne comprends pas” and “mais non”—in spite of the fact that he had studied someone's French dictionary very diligently the night before. However, he was half afraid though that she would start,—then he couldn't understand; he'd be caught! There was really no need for her to talk though—her face was very expressive. It was one delightful expression to Francis.

A week later, the boys and some of their friends were dancing at the frat house. Celeste was there for Francis—she had said “oh,

THE PINE BRANCH

oui" excitedly when he asked her. But she was being rushed too much for Francis to be at ease when dancing with other girls. They reminded him that he wasn't very sociable. Who would be, if they were in his position? There was Celeste dancing with Vernon talking very seriously to him, and a few minutes ago she had been talking very gayly with Harry. He really believed they had understood each other. While Celeste, whom he loved, said only "oui," "mais non," etc. to him. He was furious—furiously jealous. Gee! the heat was terrible! He would sit out the next dance and cool off.

Ten minutes later Celeste found him slumped in one of the comfortable chairs on the porch—

"Pardon, pourquoi—?" He didn't stir. He was stunned! She had said, "Pardon, pourquoi." Maybe silence from him would make her talk, but again the fear of being caught got him.

"Jouerons nous au tennis demain?" She began hesitantly. If he didn't answer, she was at her wit's end. She had run out of French too.

Francis faced her suddenly. "I'm tired of staging tennis games and dances for the other fellows' benefit. They interrupt our games; they break on us at dances. Here, we haven't had a full dance together tonight . . . It's madness when a fellow loves." But he had said it in English. She hadn't understood a word. He could say all of that over in French. But there was a light in her eyes—of understanding, perhaps, of happiness, at least. He added quickly "Je t'aime,—I'm going to take you away from the crowd, under 'le clair de lune', and have you alone."

She had time for nothing more than "mais oui," as if to say she'd be glad to get away too. But Francis didn't hear her. He raced her out to his big blue roadster. Soon Francis was driving at a reckless speed through the town and then down the open highway. He wasn't talking much—thinking of the difficulties in the way of his love for Celeste. It wasn't an easy matter to be gay and romantic when you had to say it in French. But Celeste was so good to look at, and you could read so much in her face! If she could only read his mind! But she wondered why he shot her such quick uneasy glances. She was about to return them with questioning ones, when she was blinded by the lights of the car which had just turned the curve. It was coming straight towards them on their side of the road.

"Monsieur!" she exclaimed.

Francis saw the danger. In a flash he cut directly in front of the car to the other side of the road, but the speeding car hit the back

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

end of the blue roadster and sent it toppling down the embankment which, happily was not very steep. Francis soon found French enough to ask Celeste if she were hurt.

"Mais, non," she replied, "but look at you—why your face is bleeding. You're hurt! We must stop a car and get you to town."

The next day, Harry and Vernon received a note from Francis—

"The Franks, old Uncle Charlemagne and King Francis are ancient history. This is Frank writing. Don't dare let Celeste be lonely while I'm caged up here, then when I'm free, I'll see to that—thanks. Say, don't speak French to her—she'd only say "mais oui"."

EUNICE CHUTE.

MIST

A white ghost walks among the trees,
And veils the rising moon;
A wistful wraith with silver hair,—
A silken snare—for moonbeams!

The lonely ghost of a moon-kissed maid,
Who roams through the night forlornly,—
Her filmy garments floating free—
A phantom sea—in the moonlight!

LUCILE COLE NIX.

"IT'S A LONG LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING"

The first faint rays of the rising sun were gilding the tops of the distant hills as Louise Storey tiptoed up her boarding house steps, and raising the screen, slipped through the window into her room. The light which her room-mate had left burning for her was still on—a pale yellow blur in the morning light. She turned it off,—then fell in a limp heap on the bed. Through her mind like soldiers on review passed the events of the night which had just ended.

Why had she been so foolish as to give Lawrence Winslow a date—a late date, at that? She had been warned against him innumerable times. He had, even in this age of freedom, an exceedingly wild reputation. He was an inveterate drinker. Yet, in spite of, or perhaps because of, his wild reputation he was strangely fascinating to her. Perhaps like all women, she was somewhat of a reformer at heart, or perhaps his charm lay in his soft dark hair, his slender arrogant height, or more probably in his dark, restless eyes, described by his contemporaries as wicked. At any rate, after a date which had ended very properly at eleven-thirty, she had given him a late date.

At twelve she slipped out her window, and ran out to meet him. He was waiting for her in his roadster, parked in the shadow of a huge tree in front of the house. She jumped in, and slammed the door; before she could sit down they were off. They rode in silence for a while through the already sleeping city,—out past the city limits, and on to the highway. He had been drinking—she knew—he fairly reeked with it. She felt a slight shiver of apprehension; according to the stories she had heard he was perfectly unmanageable when drunk. What was she going to do? That was just it—there was nothing to do. She couldn't jump from a car whose speedometer was registering between sixty-five and seventy miles an hour. She looked around—far to the west hung a lop-sided red moon, low over the hills—even the moon was drunk. She turned to Lawrence, "Where are we going?"

"To the country club—we're going in swimming."

"Lawrence Winslow, if that's what you're planning, you'd better take me home. I can't go in swimming—I've got to get back before long."

He shrugged his shoulders. "You needn't start arguing, baby. You heard what I said. We're going in swimming. I have two suits in the rumble seat. You can use one of them, or you can ruin

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

that perfectly nice little dress you have on—because you're going in, if I have to throw you in!"

And she knew that he would. He meant exactly what he said.

Just then, they slowed down, and turning off the highway, began the steep ascent to the country club lake. At the foot of the hill he stopped, got out, and opened the door for her. There was nothing else to do—she got out, and took the bathing suit he handed her. They walked down to the bath house in silence. At the first door he gave her his flashlight, told her to hurry, and groped his way through the darkness to the next room to put on his own suit. Hurriedly she put on her bathing suit, and walked out on the porch which extended out over the lake. She thought of running back to the car, but she remembered that Lawrence had taken the key out, and put it in his pocket. She must make the best of the situation.

The night was clear. The lake lay still like dark polished metal reflecting the glittering stars overhead. Far across the lake the dim outlines of tall cypress trees showed dark against the sky.

Suddenly she heard a board creak behind her. Turning she found herself almost in Lawrence's arms. As he reached for her, she swung around, and dived into the warm, dark waters of the lake. Lawrence dived in after her, and together they swam out to the diving tower, leaving a broken trail of rippling silver behind them. They pulled themselves up on the tower, climbed to the highest platform, and sat there slightly chilled by the night air against their wet suits. She shivered, and Lawrence put his arm around her, but she drew away. He looked at her in astonishment, "What's the big idea? Trying to be snooty?"

"No, I'm not, but I want to go home. It must be three at least, and we've no business out here, anyway! Suppose someone should come."

"Well, if that isn't just like a woman—trying to back out at the last minute!"

With a sudden movement he seized her by the shoulders, and turned her around. "Look here, baby, this is one time you're not going to back out! What in the Hell do you suppose I brought you out here for? Why do you think I asked you for a date, anyway? Don't open your eyes at me—that innocent stuff won't work with me. You're no fool—and you're going to stay right here until you can make up your mind to do as I say!"

"Lawrence, for heaven's sake—listen to reason!" But she knew he would not listen to reason—his plunge in the warm lake water had not sobered him in the least. For the first time in her life she

THE PINE BRANCH

was really and completely frightened. Suddenly through her confused mind flashed a plan of escape. Perhaps she had read it; perhaps she had seen it in a movie—never mind—the question was, would it work? With a quick movement she twisted away from him, jumped to her feet, ran to the edge of the tower, and dived headlong into the lake—deep down—as far as she could force her way. Opening her eyes, she made out the shadowy supports of the tower. Swimming frantically she reached the shadow under it, and came to the surface almost strangled, fighting for breath. She tread water, and looked about her. The top of her head struck against the lower floor of the tower. There was scarcely room enough for her to keep her head out of the water, but this only made her position more secure,—Lawrence would not think of looking for her there. She grasped one of the supports, and remained perfectly quiet. She could hear Lawrence swimming about, diving, splashing, calling her name frantically. He must think she was drowned—she hoped so—maybe he'd sober up a little.

In a few minutes she heard him swim back toward shore; then she heard the sound of oars. Above their splash-splash, she could hear him calling her name more frantically than ever. The plan had worked so far!

The sound of oars drew farther away—he was heading toward the middle of the lake—now was her chance! Slipping out from under the tower, she swam silently and swiftly toward shore. A breeze had sprung up, and the small waves which it stirred up slapped her in the face, and splashed against the bath house.

When she reached it, she found his clothes, and by turning the pockets inside out, discovered the key to the car. Then she gathered up her clothes, and ran for the car. Starting the engine, she swung the car around, and turned the headlights toward the center of the lake. There sat Lawrence—a perfect picture of wretchedness and despair, the oars lying idle, the boat drifting with the wind. As the lights reached him, he jumped up, almost upsetting the boat, and gave one unearthly shriek, but she did not wait to hear or see anything further—she turned the car toward town, and stepped on the gas!

Long before Lawrence had reached shore, she was back on the highway, speeding toward home. When she reached the house she hardly stopped to turn off the engine; she snatched up her clothes, and ran for her room.

Now—here she was in her own bed—the whole night seemed like a foolish dream—but then it wasn't—she still had on some one's bathing suit. She wondered what Lawrence was doing; then smiled

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

sleepily—she could see him trudging down the highway in the early morning—walking home from a ride! She'd bet it was the first time he'd ever done it!

LUCILE COLE NIX.



THE PINE BRANCH

FOUR SONGS OF GIRLHOOD

1.

My heart has been your toy,
To toss about the floor;
But a wise child does not toss
His toys out the door.
Broken toys are mended,
Made as good as new—
When you're tired of my heart
I want it back from you.

2.

Skies are blue in Arcady
When sunset glows—
Skies are blue in Arcady
As well he knows.
Skies are gray in Market Town,
Where he fled away;
Skies are gray in Market Town,
He'll be back some day.

3.

Your voice was dear in April,
Your kiss was sweet in May—
I laughed at you when June came
And you went away.
How can my ears remember
Your laughing April song,
When it is white December
And nights are long.

4.

I left my laughter in your care,
Silver-belled and free—
I traded for a weight of care
That bruises memory.
I left my heart within your care,
It was gay and free—
And now that you no longer care,
Give it back to me.

HAZEL DONAHUE.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

WHAT WAS IN IT?

"Oh, mother, look! The moon!" cried ten year old Helen. A silence ensued in which Helen received no reply and she continued to watch the moon. Then, "Mother, Mother! I believe the man in the moon is lonely. Mother, can't you tell me why? . . . Mother!"

"Oh, I suppose," began Mrs. Davis, who was reading, "I suppose he has some secret which you and I aren't supposed to know."

"Ha!" exclaimed Helen, "But we will know some day, won't we?" Yes, Helen really thought the man in the moon had some secret, a secret which some day she might hope to know—just to know if for no other reason.

Mrs. Davis was very tired that night and was trying to read the paper which she had not found time to read during the day. But Helen with her oft-repeated "Mother" was disturbing her. After asking only a few more questions, Helen sat still on the stone steps and watched the stars, and then the lightning bugs, as they flitted to and fro.

It was soon bedtime and her mother called. Helen jumped up and ran to her room. She stopped. Yes, she had seen her mother's little chest in the closet between their rooms. It was unlocked, too! The first time she had ever seen it unlocked, or she supposed it was, for there was the key in the lock. But she hadn't dared to touch it.

While she picked up a pin on her dressing table and pushed it in and out of the pin cushion, again and again, she tried to reason out answers for the questions that came to her mind. Why did her mother always keep the chest locked? What was in it? Why was it such a secret? Only yesterday after she had taken a blanket from the closet, she had noticed that her mother, just a few minutes later, had gone to the closet. She had carried nothing with her and she had brought nothing away. It seemed as if she went only to see if the chest was there—and locked. Helen remembered now that just before her mother had sat down to read, she had heard her in the closet and had heard something being moved—perhaps her mother had unlocked the chest then. Her mother was still reading she knew. She threw down the pin cushion hurriedly, and tiptoed back to the chest—so pretty! What was in it?

She lifted her hand to raise the lid. She would only take a peep, then lower the lid again. But as she lifted her hand and almost touched it, she heard her mother's footsteps. That meant bedtime. She jumped as if caught, for she felt guilty. She spent only a few

THE PINE BRANCH

minutes in getting to bed, and soon she was dreaming—perhaps of the chest and what was in it.

The Davis family lived only two miles from town—a small community, in fact, in which every one tried to keep up with all the business of every one else.

Early the next morning there was a stir within the Davis home. Helen and her sister, Mary Sue, went to grammar school in town.

"Oh, mother! We'll be late. Our lunch,—is it ready?" asked Helen.

"Did you find your clean socks, and have you both polished your shoes, and brushed your teeth?" Mrs. Davis' main effort was to have her children always neat in appearance.

Helen did not reply to the oft-repeated question. "And, mother, if you see Jeanette, ask her why she passed me yesterday in such a hurry."

After farewells the two children rushed out to the ponies. Mary Sue called back, "Oh, mother, I got in the wood just as you said, and you promised to cook me some good old pancakes for supper. Will ——?"

"Pancakes!" interrupted Helen. "That's the very thing Vivian likes so much. Can't I ask her to come home with me tonight?"

"Yes—yes—I suppose so. Now hurry along. It will soon be school time," warned the mother.

With a gentle touch of the whips, the two ponies were off, and Mrs. Davis was left alone with the beds to make and the dishes to wash. When she was putting away the blankets that morning, she noticed that the chest was unlocked. There was the key still in the lock where she had forgotten it.

"How long have I left this unlocked? I wonder if the children knew it was unlocked. No, of course not." She answered her own question and dismissed the thought.

The day was soon spent. Mrs. Davis was proud to look out and see the children coming. She saw Vivian, too. Vivian was the miller's daughter. As Mrs. Davis expected, Vivian was ready to tell all the gossip, for her mother was one of those women who knew a little of everything that happened in the community—whether it happened or not.

"Oh, Mrs. Davis, have you heard?" asked Vivian.

"No, dear, what has happened?" asked Mrs. Davis, pretending to be very interested.

Vivian was out of breath by now, but Helen had learned every thing from Vivian and she began: "Jim and Edna's run away—run

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

away last night. And they said yesterday at Edna's bridge party that Mildred just simply cheated outright just to get the prize, and ——."

The children continued to tell the school news while they helped Mrs. Davis prepare supper. After supper, the two children went to bed early. Mrs. Davis kissed them good night, put out the light and closed the door. They were not sleepy in the least. They were alone now, and they would talk and tell each other gossip and stories that the other hadn't heard.

"Betty says her daddy is coming for her at Christmas time and take her to New York, and,——"

"Ah!" interrupted Vivian, "I don't believe it. She makes me tired. Who'd believe that?"

"Well, I do. She told it as if she really meant it. And I believe it."

"I don't. My heavens," exclaimed Vivian. "I can tell plenty of things that plenty of people would believe."

"Well, I reckon you'll believe this, won't you? I heard that you, when you were a baby, you used to cry all the time, and you wouldn't let your sister play with a thing of yours."

"Ah, that's all right, if I did. My own mother cared for me and that was my own sister I treated that way," answered Vivian shortly. They were getting rather personal now, and Vivian was not approving, but she would get ahead.

"Listen, Helen, come over here closer to me, so nobody will be sure to hear, and I'll tell you what I heard the other day. I think you ought to know."

"Well, go on. What didcha hear?"

"Oh, it was this way. I over-heard my daddy and mother talking, and would you believe it? No, I better not tell you 'cause they may have been mistaken, and, anyway, you might be sorry if I told you."

"Oh, my! my! Gwon and don't be so fraidy," protested Helen. Helen's curiosity was aroused just as it could be aroused over anything. She was always curious to know—to find out even if she knew she would be sorry when she knew about it.

Vivian was really sorry she had mentioned it, but she hadn't liked what Vivian had said about her. Yes, she would set Helen down and show her she couldn't get away with calling her a cry baby.

"What did your daddy and mother say about me?" Helen again insisted.

"I heard 'em, and they said you and Mary Sue sure did look enough alike not to be sisters."

THE PINE BRANCH

"Not to be sisters!" exclaimed Helen. "What a joke! That's a good one."

"Well, that's what I heard 'em say. I don't know myself. But do you know?"

"Ah, let's hush and go to sleep. It's time anyway."

Long after Vivian had ceased her giggling and had gone to sleep, Helen was still rolling her eyes and looking into the darkness. Vivian's last words, "Do you know," were becoming more and more unbearable. She would have counted "Do you know" one of Vivian's jokes told to make her believe,—and would have dismissed the thought, but, as she had heard the words, a clear picture of her mother's little chest had appeared before her eyes. There! The secret was evident. She knew her mother was keeping something concerning this concealed in the chest. If she and Mary Sue were not sisters, of which one was Mrs. Davis the mother?—Mrs. Davis, the one whom she repeatedly called "mother" every day.

She was unconscious of the fact that she had turned over and was scratching on the wall with her finger nails—a thing entirely forbidden by her mother. She was conscious only of the fact that she was drawing her own conclusions—conclusions that it was Mary Sue's mother who lived, and it was she herself who was the adopted child. That day for lunch her mother had sent Mary Sue a large piece of cake—larger than her own. She had said Helen must quit eating so much cake as it wasn't good for her—as if it was any better for her sister. She pulled the sheet further up and continued her train of thought. She wouldn't have cared so much if it hadn't been her favorite cake. Well, never mind that! But once she and Mary Sue had been invited to spend the night. Of course, she, being the older of the two, had to give in and stay at home to wash the dishes, because her mother couldn't do without them both. Another time she and Mary Sue had gone wading. She was spanked and Mary Sue wasn't, according to her reason, simply because she had a bad cold and Mary Sue happened not to have one. Yes, she was thoroughly convinced that her conclusions were right.

In fact, the chest was haunting her. That was the only thing she had ever known her mother to keep locked—the only thing in the family which even appeared to have any secrets. The chest would tell secrets. The chest would tell her the truth—whether or not she was the adopted child—or at any rate, it would tell the one secret of the family. She had to know—to find out if possible.

Quietly she left the bed, tiptoed to the chest. She heard her

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

father snoring, heard her mother breathing deeply, and heard her sister, too.

She picked up the chest, and there underneath was the key. She grasped the key and walked quietly out. She thought she heard her mother turning over. Her knees shook—quivered. She didn't dare turn on the light. The moon had risen by now, and was shining brightly. She went out on the sleeping porch where the moonlight was shining clearly.

She sat down, held the chest in her lap and looked at it. She feared to open it. In her mind she saw a woman's picture which she took to be her real mother's picture. She saw a bracelet which she imagined was to be handed down to her from her mother. Then there was a diary which contained the story of her own life which was yet unknown to her. She even imagined the words of the diary. She looked up. She believed she had rather not know, but then—always that doubt! No, she would never live in doubt if she could know.

Was she one of the plenty of people Vivian had said she could make believe? Well, any way, she wanted to know what was in it. She unlocked the chest, lifted the lid and looked inside. An exclamation of surprise came to her lips, but she dared not utter a sound. She sobbed for joy or sorrow—which was it?—as she turned to the moon and said, "I'm glad I'm not lonely like you."

It was true. The moon had revealed its secret. The moonlight was shining brightly into the chest. Her mother's pearls had been sent to be re-strung.

The chest was empty!

DOROTHY HARPER.

IS IT BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST?

Bob Stanley had saved a life. Yes, he had saved a life, but whose life was it? When he was struggling with it in the surf the afternoon before, and when he brought it ashore and worked making its breath come back till his muscles were numbed, he had thought it a little girl. A child, he thought—but now, as he reflected, he could remember only the deep, deep blue of her eyes.

Bob was doing Life Guard work on Glynn Island just to get football training for the coming season at Harvard.

"I must be crazy, Jack, but I'll be John Brown if I can forget that kid's blue eyes." Jack shared half of Bob's tent set unsteadily in the pine grove nearest the ocean.

"What kid's eyes?" said Jack as he pitched aside the College Humor he was reading, and sprawled himself out on the creaky canvas cot.

"Why, that kid I brought from the briny deep yesterday while you peacefully caught your siesta. I say, she has the bluest eyes."

"Listen, Bud, it's fine for you to save a life and all that, but there isn't any use losing your mind over it. You talked about that child's eyes all night long. Evidently you never acted the part of a hero before. It's funny how heroes fall in love with the object of their heroism—except me—I never did! You say she was just a child?"

"That's what I thought."

"Bob Stanley, you never have been around girls enough in your life even to tell a child from a woman. I used to try to make you go with me last year to see the dames in New York, but you were forever training. Now you're losing your mind because you can't figure out whether you've saved a child or a potential heroine." Jack patted himself on his chest—"Now, I'm a connoisseur of women—but I can't help you out, because I was carrying out that pleasant old Spanish custom of getting beauty sleep when you did your heroic act. Too bad we're poor boys and can't do society on this island. Maybe we'd know all the heroines—it's just a turn of fate."

Bob shook his head. "Tough," he said, and ran down the beach.

Later Jack heard a roadster stop outside on the road and looking up from his book his eyes met a pair of the bluest eyes he'd ever seen. After a second, he realized the eyes belonged to a girl of about nineteen who stood in the door of the tent. Maybe it was the blue of her sweater or the reddish-brown of her hair that made her eyes seem so blue. Jack couldn't tell. He sat there reasoning.

"Aren't you going to ask me in, friend live-saver?" she said.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Jack's senses came back to him in a flash. No wonder Bob hadn't slept the night before. This was what he had saved!

"Why—why certainly. Please come in; and won't you share my humble cot? It's the only chair available."

"Thanks—no—I only wanted to repay you in a tiny way for doing such a brave and wonderful deed yesterday. Dad sent this—but, of course, all my life I'll be indebted to you—and never can reward you enough."

The girl held toward him a check. But Jack shook himself back to the present. "This is a horrid mistake," he thought. "God, that girl has blue eyes—darn Bob's luck, why was I sleeping yesterday?"

To the girl he said, "But you don't understand—you have the wrong person. It was Bob—Bob Stanley, who brought you in yesterday. He's gone up the beach but will be back after while. Won't you wait? Pardon me—but—to think Bob was such a fool as to think you a little child he had saved. He's never had a date in his life—but even then—"

The girl laughed outright—a musical laugh, "Which way did Bob go? Let's go and find him."

Jack didn't need a second invitation. He jumped into the blue Packard roadster beside the girl and thought, "Some style to this babe. Bob is a little good after all."

When the car stopped for Bob to come up from the water, Jack realized he had talked a blue streak and that he had even been so unthoughtful as to hint at the poverty of his and Bob's position—just college boys trying to finish Harvard on a little inherited money. Terrible first impression!

Bob looked up and down the beach, then saw the roadster and recognized Jack. Amazed by the sight he ran up to the car. Bob could not understand the queer sensation that passed over him. Hot, pleasant waves seemed to surmount his whole body as he saw what blue eyes this girl beside Jack had. There was something familiar, but very different—could it be true, or did he imagine that a faint flush covered her face, too?

There was a moment of embarrassed silence; then she spoke.

"To think that you don't even know my name, nor I yours, and that it's to you I owe my life."

"Why—why ——— that's all right—er—. I'm Bob Stanley, and of course—Jack has introduced himself."

"On the contrary, he has not—but—I am Jean Whitelaw, and I've been to your tent to try to repay you a little—"

"Oh—don't mention it. I'm sure what happened yesterday will give me more happiness than anything else. I'm indebted to you."

THE PINE BRANCH

"Bully for you, Bob—I thought women made you tongue-tied"—put in Jack.

Then they all three laughed, and Jean realizing how crude would be the offering, tore up the check.

"Jump in, won't you, please? The tide is low and we can ride to the jetties before lunch."

Perhaps it was chance when, a few nights later, Bob wondered why Jack was putting on his clean linen suit and best blue tie. He slumped down in the deck chair and waited till Jack emerged from the tent.

"Where are you going, Jack?"

"Thought I'd take advantage of —— her invite, Bob. Won't you come along?"

"Guess not, thanks—Look at her twice for me—please!"

"Sure, will be in 'bout eleven. Good night."

"Luck to you."

Bob looked out over the water. A moon was coming up.

"Good Glory—full moon, and here I sit, and I'll be darned if Bob Stanley, Jr., son of the former poor old professor, hasn't fallen in love. Crips—that's a tough break. Jack loves her and he'll be rich some day. Bob, ole son—we'll smoke our pipe and forget there's such a thing as precious blue-eyed girls with plenty of money.—So her name is Jean!"

Just then a twig snapped beside Bob, and looking up he saw what he thought was a nymph in the moonlight. He sat still, the figure moved away from the tree and said—

"A penny for your thoughts, Sir Raleigh."

Then Bob did become tongue-tied, but he had to live up to his title. Springing to his feet he made a sweeping bow.

"My thoughts were of you, dear lady."

"Goodness, you're bold," she said. And running from the tree she joined him on the sand. "But perhaps you think I'm the bold one—and really I am just that. However,—Bob—yes, Bob and you call me Jean—I was bored at the cottage, bored with the eternal mob that is always hanging around—dancing, playing cards, smoking and talking about nothing. I love them all—each one is a dear, but this—" and she looked around her, "this is a little nearer heaven—Oh, I almost forgot myself. I really came here to scold you for being so perfectly 'high hat'. Why have you not accepted my invitation to call? I wanted you to most awfully."

"Well, Jean—Jack has gone to do the honors tonight. As for me—I'm watch dog for the camp, and I left my calling togs at home."

Again they laughed, and Bob with blankets and pillows made a

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

soft cushion on the sand. Jean hadn't intended to stay. It was rather backward convention, but then—. It was Leap Year; the moon was full; the night was June; and she, too had felt the tingle of warmth in her heart that day on the beach.

Eleven must have come, but neither Bob nor Jean knew how. At any rate, they both jumped up at the sound of an intruder on the scene.

"Well, if the culprit hasn't been found! Exactly what does this mean? Someone has stolen a march, and I don't feel a bit guilty."

Bob blushed a deep red, which no one could see in the moonlight, and of course Jean had to explain.

"Surely, Jack, you can understand. I came to take Bob up home, and the view was so pretty we stayed here instead. Why didn't you and the others come down?"

"Well now, really, two is sufficient, eh what, Bob?"

The only thing left to do was to laugh, so they all three laughed again.

A month went by filled with perfect bliss. Bob knew that Jean loved him. In spite of her mother's ambition for wealth and her father's gains in the market, Jean loved him, a poor college boy who had no hope of wealth. She loved him for himself, and they were so happy together. There were others for Jean—Lawton, the millionaire, with a double-chin—Lawton, who constantly dined with Mrs. Whitelaw. Bob knew Jean's hands were played in that direction. There was Bill Keystone, who managed Olympics and had so darned much prestige. There were Tom Law, Dick Holcombe, and Jerry Richards who were each nagging Jean to marry him, and yet darling Jean, the most sought-after girl on the island loved only him. So completely and entirely did she love him that she begged him to marry her, and to take her away from the riot of people and money. It was unbelievable, it was wonderful, yet,—so terrible. She was coming to his tent in an hour and he knew he'd have to be firm.

Bob, who was training for football had smoked a pack of cigarettes in two hours. Bob, who had never known love before was talking in a monotone to a vision of blue eyes. Jack had gone to town for the week-end. Dear Jack always understood.

"Jean, Jean, I love you with all my being," he kept muttering. "I guess I've always loved you. Love could not be more perfect than ours. Can't you understand? It's because I love you that I cannot marry you now. I cannot take you away. You would be miserable in poverty, and I would never use your money. You can understand that. If you'll only wait, dear, just a year or two, I'll make money. I'll make it some way."

THE PINE BRANCH

Again Bob heard a twig snap, and he knew Jean was there.

"Bob," she said. "Bob, you're—What is it, darling, what is the matter?" She ran to the deck chair and trembling all over clasped Bob's head in her arms.

Bob shook violently, then, standing, he thrust her aside. "Jean, this is all foolishness—and it has to stop. We've planned to run away and marry. Marry—you and I! Imagine that! A poor brute of a fellow I'd be married, when I can hardly pay for the food I eat."

"Bob, you poor foolish boy. You know I have my money, and I love you with all my heart and soul. You've given me happiness! You've given me life, and I'll love you forever and ever, amen!"

"Hush, hush, can't you see? You're tempting me. Go away, go away. I'll die first before I'll sell my honor, the honor of a gentleman."

"Honor —— honor—what can you know of honor when love is at stake. Surely, you can't love as I do!"

Bob was silent. Far away a moaning dove sobbed and the pine trees sighed in a single breath.

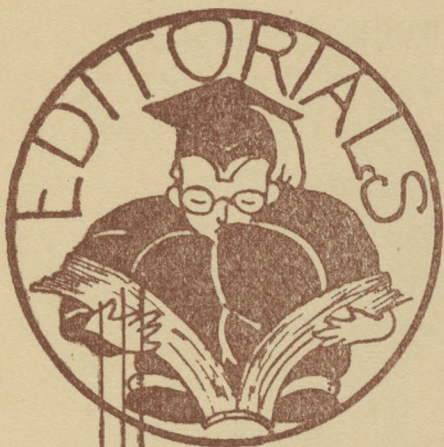
"Very well, I've heard your answer. I, a Whitelaw, have been jilted. Goodbye, Bob, Mother is taking me — to Europe tomorrow."

"Good-bye," Bob whispered—then—"Jean, believe me, I love you, dear."

But Jean ran away blinded with hot, burning tears.

Bob threw himself on the cot and hard, dry sobs shook his whole body. "My God, my God, what have I done? I have let her go — Jean, beloved."

ROSE MORRISON.



WHICH COLLEGE?

As the school year draws to a close the high school Senior is looking forward to many things. In the immediate foreground is graduation with its attending joys and thrills. But after graduation—for graduation is only a step to other things—there appears the alluring prospect of college.

Then comes the momentous question of "which college?" The choice of a college is dependent upon many things. Some high school girls would like to go to the college their mothers attended, the college around which many of their earliest impressions are formed. This would tend to exclude many young colleges, including G. S. W. C., who by their youth have not many memories and traditions; but who, because of this same youth, in conforming to the needs of modern young women are unhampered by worn-out traditions and memories.

Memories and associations of other kinds are also influential in determining the answer of "which college?" What girl would not like to attend the same college as her sister? Or have her younger sister attend the college that she attended? The answer would be overwhelmingly large. As an example there are many sisters of former students on the G. S. W. C. campus, showing that some happy association had been formed.

Perhaps the greatest influence upon the answer to "which college?" is that of one's friends. No high school girl would like to go to college—no matter how thrilling it is—without her "bunch." But how does this "bunch" decide which college? After weeks of looking at catalogues, talking with older college girls, and discussions, what determines the final choice?—Perhaps it is the student activities, as the college magazine, the annual, the athletic clubs, literary societies, special occasions as May Day, etc. Perhaps for others it is the privilege of student government. Still others are influenced by the high scholastic standards of the college.

But whatever influences the high school girl on the question of "which college?" G. S. W. C. extends to her a cordial welcome with the hope that she may attain her expectations at G. S. W. C.

THE PINE BRANCH



THE VESPER services this month continued the study of the topic, "Belonging to the Great Human Family." They were as follows:

Relations With Her Boy Friends

Talk by Louise McMichael.

Book report on "Men, Women, and God."

Where Does the Church Come In?

Talk by Annie Lou Stanaland.

What Responsibility Does She Have to Her Community?

Talks by Elizabeth Hayes and Meta McIntosh?

Negro Program

Negro Achievements—Roselle Hatcher.

Sketches of Negro Life—Mary Smith Hodges.

Negro Poems—Willie Mae Fletcher.

Negro Spirituals.

Leader—Grace Chastain.

Discussion Groups

Racial Relations in the South.

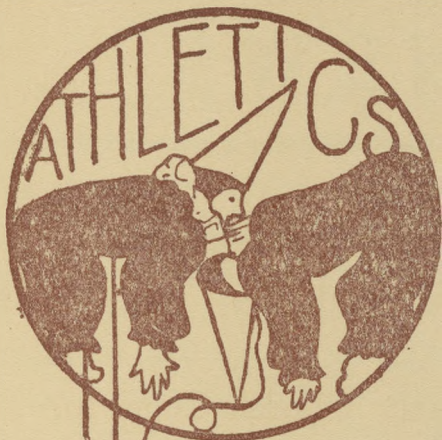
Relations with other nations.

* * *

The outstanding event of the month for the Y. W. C. A. was the visit of Dr. Smart, of Emory University. This visit is made annually and is always looked forward to by the entire student body.

On Saturday night Dr. Smart gave his first lecture, "Capacities Which Enable Man to Enjoy the Highest Type of Living." Sunday morning he took as his theme, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." In his development of this topic, he emphasized the fact that "seek ye first—" did not mean first in point of time, but in point of importance. On Sunday afternoon an informal discussion group was held in the board room. In his lecture Sunday evening, he showed the futility of giving undue emphasis to legislative control.

KAPPA-LAMBDA NEWS



The Speed Ball and Basket Ball Tournaments ended March 2nd, after a series of three games each. The two associations shared equal victories, the Kappas winning Basket Ball and the Lambdas winning Speed Ball.

Although this was the first year that the College has had Speed Ball, very good teams developed in both associations. Though the Kappas lost, it was not due to the fact that they did not play well. There were no stars, because every member of both teams played well.

Lambda Lineup: Helen Brazington, Milwee Minick, Ann Dolvin, Eunice Chute, Dorothy White, Dee Dee Godbee, Linnie Mae Hall, Mary Morris, Grace Griffin, Eunice Seagraves.

Kappa Lineup: Lillian Hopper, Dorothy Lile, Dorothy Harper, Rebecca Rabun, Margaret Jennings, Vivian Clements, Jean Loughridge, Margaret Booth, Katherine Bessent, Carolyn Reddick.

The basket ball games were very interesting and exciting, although the Kappas were overwhelmingly victorious. The second game of the series was the most interesting, the score at the end of the first quarter being nothing and nothing. Although the Lambdas never failed to offer resistance, the Kappas piled up points making the score 20-2.

Lambda Lineup: Hazel Sawyer, Margaret Bullock, Gladys Arnold, Averylea Burch, Agnes Jones, Lois Nichols, Lavanne Watson, Louise Clyatt, Katherine Harrison.

Kappa Lineup: Myrtle Vick, Elsie Quarterman, Louise McMichael, Virginia Clark, Grace Chastain, Elizabeth Hayes, Mary Louise Maxwell, Delia Bonner, Rose Morrison, Margaret Brabham, Bernice Jones, Jonnie Ruth Stripling.

SOCIETY NEWS

SORORIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

On February 16, an informal debate was held for the Sororian Literary Society. The names of six society members were posted the preceding week under each of the three topics selected, and were informed to be prepared to defend either side. At the beginning of the meeting four girls from each team were selected to debate on the sides assigned.

The subject of the first debate was: Resolved: That Women holding the same positions as men should receive the same salaries. For the negative side Miss Lillian Lively and Miss Ruby Dowling were chosen, while the affirmative side was defended by Miss Margaret Warfield and Miss Dorothy Harper.

The second topic for debate was: Resolved: That reading fairy tales and myths to children is harmful. The affirmative speakers were Miss Kathryn Sawyer and Miss Annie Lou Stanaland, and representing the negative side were Miss Willie Mae Fletcher and Miss Elsie Quarterman.

Every member, at the conclusion of the debates, was given an opportunity to vote on the three best debaters, disregarding sides. Miss Stanaland was accorded first place, Miss Warfield, second, and Miss Harper, third.

* * *

The Sororian and Argonian Literary Societies held a regular program meeting Saturday, March 2nd. Carrying out the theme of the program, "Modern Tendencies in French Art, Music, and Literature," Miss Margaret Warfield gave an interesting discussion of modern French Art. As an introduction to Chaminade's "Romance" played by Miss Mary Alexander, Miss Averylea Burch read a paper which had as its topic "Modern French Music." The book reports of Anatole France's "Abeille" by Miss Dorothy Chapman and Perchon's "Nene" by Miss Eunice Chute proved very interesting. Following a song by Miss Dorothy Dasher, "Ouvre Tes Yeux Bleus," Miss Lucille Nix gave a discussion of modern French Poetry.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

ARGONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The regular meeting of the Argonian Literary Society was held Saturday, February sixteenth. Miss Grace Chastain was leader of the program, which was an informal debate.

The question for the first debate was: Resolved: That a college education should give one a vocation. The debaters for this question were: affirmative, Miss Cora Burghard and Miss Julia Mae Murry; negative, Miss Virginia Fraser and Miss Rose Wood.

The question for the second debate was: Resolved: That the present system of courtship should be changed. The debaters for this question were: affirmative, Miss Rose Morrison and Miss Mary Stokes; negative, Miss Lucille Nix and Miss Ann Talbert.

The question for the third debate was: Resolved: That universal language should be adopted. Miss C. B. Sharpe and Miss Kate Jones defended the affirmative side, and Miss Lucius Bedell and Miss Mary Chapman the negative.

The debates were interesting and educational, and provoked much interest within the group.

ALUMNAE NEWS

We wish to thank Shirley Gaskins (Mrs. W. A. Tomison) and Emylu Trapnell, secretaries of the class of '26, for a most excellent report of the occupations of various members of their class.

The following items are taken wholly from their report:

* * *

Evelyn Purcell, now County School Superintendent of Wayne County, writes from her home in Jesup: "I will hold my present position till January the first, as I am filling out my father's unexpired term. After January I expect to teach again."

* * *

Sara Hall is teaching the fifth grade at Hill View School in Manassas, Georgia.

* * *

Ora Mae Biles, who is now a Social Welfare Worker in Jacksonville, Florida, writes from her present home at 2881 Selma Street: "I love my work; it is most interesting and a wonderful foundation for an understanding of life."

* * *

Lorene Armstrong is teaching in the primary grades in Palatka, Florida. Her present address is 600 Emmett Street.

* * *

Ruth Youmans is teaching music in Thomaston, Georgia.

* * *

Annie Ruth Sawyer is teaching the fifth grade in Brunswick, Georgia. Her present address is 1312 Union Street.

* * *

Bernice Bradley, now teaching the first and second grades in New Era School, Americus, Georgia, writes: "Louise Bradley is teaching the fifth and sixth grades at Pleasant Grove School, near Americus, Georgia."

* * *

Alma Jack Ellis is teaching the first and second grades in the Byronville Public School, Byronville, Georgia.

* * *

Lucile McGregor is teaching English in the Junior High School of Anawalt, West Virginia. She writes from there: "I love my work better every day."

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Mary Chestnut is teaching the seventh grade in Vienna, Georgia.

* * *

Katherine Remington is teaching home economics in Clarksville, Tennessee.

* * *

Content Lines is teaching in the lower grades in the Mill Haven Consolidated School, Mill Haven, Georgia.

* * *

Margaret Lyle is teaching the fourth and fifth grades in the school of Rebecca, Georgia.

* * *

Fraser Livingston is teaching the third grade in Purvis School, Brunswick, Georgia. Her present address is Brookman, Georgia.

* * *

Louise Tomlinson is teaching the fourth grade in Arco, Georgia.

* * *

Daisy Simms, Mrs. Lester Hodges, is now keeping house in Leslie, Georgia. She writes: "Jeannette Simms is teaching the first grade at Lakeland, Georgia."

* * *

Lois Sharpe is teaching expression and history in the high school of Roberta, Georgia.

* * *

May Slott is teaching the sixth grade in Ocala, Florida. Her present address is 207 North Sanchez Street.

* * *

Shirley Gaskins, Mrs. W. A. Thomison, is now living in Dayton, Tennessee, where her husband, Dr. Thomison, is head surgeon at Cedar Hill Hospital.

* * *

Emylu Trapnell is with the accounting department of the Olds Motor Works, Atlanta, Georgia. Her present address is 27 Stewart Avenue, Hapeville, Georgia.

* * *

Mary Eunice Sapp, of the class of '25, is teaching one of the second grades in the schools of Brunswick, Georgia. She spent last summer at the University of Georgia, where she is doing some work for her Master of Arts degree.

* * *

Again we wish to thank these two class secretaries for their fine report. We are expecting some other reports just as interesting from other classes soon.

THE PINE BRANCH

* * *

The members of the Alumnae Association who are living in Valdosta met at the college on the night of February the fourteenth for their annual Valentine party. There were about twenty-five members of the local association present; and, under the direction of Verna Scarboro and Florence Breen, everyone entered into the Valentine spirit of the games which were played and spent a very pleasant evening.

* * *

Irelle Johnson, of the class of '27, is teaching in Dowlings Park, Florida.

* * *

Irene Kingery, of the class of '25, is doing clerical work in Statesboro, Georgia.

* * *

Ruth Watkins, of the class of '25, is teaching the third grade in Brunswick, Georgia. Her address is 1107 Union Street.

* * *

Sadie Culbreth, Mrs. H. R. McClean, of the class of '19, writes from her home in Raeford, North Carolina, of a young daughter, Betty Jean, who was born on the thirtieth of September.

* * *

Mae Keeffe, of the class of '28, was married on January the first to Mr. Kermit Sapp of Nashville, Georgia. They are living at present in Nashville.

* * *

Katherine Chastain, Mrs. Forrest Knapp, of the class of '19, is living in Thomasville, Georgia.

* * *

We learn with regret of the death of Aileen Parker Turner, of the class of '18. Mrs. Turner died on the nineteenth of February at her home in Moultrie, Georgia. We extend our sympathy to her family.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

LOCALS

The Valdosta Club held its regular meeting in the House in The Woods at noon on Tuesday, February 5. A very enjoyable luncheon was served. Misses Hopper, Brinson, Morrell, and Devers, members of the faculty, were present.

* * *

The Faculty Literary Club met Wednesday evening, February 6, in the Rotunda with Miss Gertrude Gilmer as hostess. "The Buck in the Snow" by Edna St. Vincent Millay was discussed in a very interesting manner by Dr. R. H. Powell, who was leader for the evening.

* * *

The Fine Arts Club held its regular meeting Wednesday night, February 13. "Modern Tendencies in Art" was the subject for discussion. Miss Margaret Warfield gave an interesting talk on "Modern Tendencies of French Art." The new members, Miss Dorothy Davis, Miss Mary Smith Hodges, and Miss Ida Burroughs, were cordially welcomed into the club.

After the program delicious refreshments were served and a social half hour was enjoyed.

* * *

One of the most enjoyable events of the month was a dance sponsored by the Valdosta Club. The dining hall, the scene of the event, was artistically decorated with valentines. Those attending reported a most enjoyable time.

* * *

Dr. Darby C. Fulton, secretary of Foreign Missions of the Southern Presbyterian church, while making an official visit to the Presbyterian church of this city, gave an interesting discussion on Japan at chapel. Because of his experience as a missionary to Japan, he was able to bring some very interesting information concerning their life and religion.

* * *

Miss Leonora Ivey and Miss Louise Sawyer were hostesses at the regular meeting of the Faculty Literary Club in the Rotunda on Wednesday evening, February 20. Miss Irene Brinson gave a review of the biography "Elizabeth and Essex" by Strachey.

* * *

George Washington's birthday was celebrated at the College with

THE PINE BRANCH

a Latin play given by the Latin 21 class during the chapel hour. The play was in the form of a radio program in which were broadcasted speeches addressed to the citizens of America by the Roman orators and writers. The closing address was given by George Washington, who urged his country to live up to the noble standards which he, as America's first president, set for them.

* * *

The Freshman class entertained the faculty and student body of both G. S. W. C. and Emory Junior College with tea on Wednesday afternoon, February 27. The Rotunda was beautiful with spring blossoms. Miss Lillian Lively, president of the class, presided at the tea table. She was assisted by Miss Mildred Lucas, secretary of the class.

* * *

The most interesting event of the past few weeks—at least to the sophomores—was the sophomore class play, "Peg O' My Heart," presented at the Ritz Theatre, Friday, March 1. The play was a great success. The popularity of the play itself was enough to assure its success, but with the characters so well suited to their parts the assurance was doubled.

"Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream." With such a theme, the play, and typically modern as it was, could not be otherwise than exciting, entertaining and sometimes a bit pathetic. Mrs. Louise Clyatt, as Peg, who was Irish from the top of her head to the tip of her toes, brought laughter at one moment and at another she brought her audience almost to the verge of tears. She was a poor girl living with her father in New York, but was made an heiress by the death of her uncle. In accordance with her uncle's will she was brought to England to live with an aristocratic, proud, haughty aunt, Mrs. Chichester, whose part was so well played by Elizabeth Cox. Mrs. Chichester's household was kept together by Peg's money, though Peg didn't know this. Margaret Brabham, as Mrs. Chichester's son, Alaric, was a most amusing person to Peg. Juanita Sweat, as Mrs. Chichester's daughter, Ethel, was pointed out as Peg's model; Peg resented this, yet because Ethel was so unhappy wished to gain her love. Jarvis, the butler, played by Lillian Hopper, was to Peg a person at whom she knew not whether to laugh or cry. Bennett, the maid, was the one person in the family Peg could overlook. This part was played by Margaret Sumner. Christian Brent's part, Ethel's pretended lover, was taken by Dorothy Stovall. Virginia Fraser was Montgomery Hawkes, one of the executors of Peg's uncle's will. Peg was completely out of place, or made to feel so,

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

in her new surroundings, but she won her way and also Jerry, who was so lovable and sympathetic. This part was played by Jessie Mae Prescott.

It takes both hard work and cooperation to put any project over, and every one, not just the sophomores, but the other classes did their bit. The success of the play was due not only to the cast of characters, but to the producing staff which was composed of:

Marguerite Langdale and Lucius Bedell, as business managers.

Dorothy Stroud and Bertha Ferrell, as stage managers.

Eunice Seagraves, as assistant director.

Virginia Jones and Elizabeth Pendleton, in charge of costumes.

Elizabeth Boyd and Cleo Shaw, as advertising managers.

Miss Louise A. Sawyer, as director.

THE PINE BRANCH



Rose Wood: "I'll help you with that English; I've got it all here in a nut shell."

Mary Morris: "Oh! you've memorized it, eh!"

* * *

Upper-classman: "My ancestors came over in the Mayflower."

Frosh: "It's lucky for you they did

—the immigration laws are stricter now."

* * *

J. Sweat: "Do you know the difference between a Freshman and an upper-classman?"

E. Gibson: "No, what is it?"

J. Sweat: "One says 'I seen,' and the other says 'I have saw'."

* * *

Miss Brinson, (In History class): "And the Britons still wore the same clothes that their ancestors did."

L. Hopper: "Oh, the dirty things!"

* * *

Mr. Stokes, (In Biology class): "Any questions?"

Agnes Jones: "Yes, what course is this?"

* * *

Margaret Brabham: "My uncle used to be on the stage."

Clara Hargraves: "Mine was a hack driver too!"

* * *

Miss Morrell (In Training School): "What is Boston noted for?"

Sixth Grader: "Boots and shoes."

Miss M.: "Correct. And Chicago?"

S. G.: "Shoots and booze."

* * *

Helen Steele: "I think I hear burglars. Are you awake?"

Mary Winn: "No."

* * *

Mrs. Dixon (In Training School): "Seventh Grade, can you tell me where the Malay peninsular lies?"

Voice from the rear: "It Maylay here, or it Maylay there."

DAFFODILS

VIOLETS, ROSES, GLADIOLAS, CHRYSANTHEMUMS, ANNUALS, PERENNIALS,—FLOWERS ALL THE TIME. THE GEORGIA STATE WOMANS COLLEGE INVITES HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES TO PURSUE THEIR COLLEGE EDUCATION WHERE AN IDEAL CLIMATE MAKES POSSIBLE AN IDEAL OUTDOOR LIFE ALL THE YEAR 'ROUND; WHERE HEALTH, HAPPINESS, AND BEAUTY FLOURISH AS THE FLOWERS.

Service—Quality—Promptness

DANIEL ASHLEY PHARMACY

A GOOD PLACE TO TRADE

Phone 700

McELVEY-FUTCH COMPANY

WHOLESALE

PRODUCE, FRUITS, VEGETABLES, SPECIALTIES

12,000 Square Feet Floor Space—10 Car Capacity Cold Storage

Two Telephones, Nos. 447-317—319 S. Patterson St.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

**VALDOSTA'S NEWEST SHOP FOR
THE GIRLS AND LADIES**

COATS—DRESSES—MILLINERY—ACCESSORIES

Specializing in Styles and Sizes for the Junior Miss

YOU ARE ALWAYS WELCOME

THE STYLE SHOP

111 N. PATTERSON ST.

SMART STYLES IN FOOTWEAR

Reasonably Priced—\$6.75 to \$8.75

VARNEDOE'S SHOE DEPARTMENT

(Formerly Duncans', In The Daniel Ashley)

C. C. VARNEDOE & COMPANY

SHOWING

The Newest Things for Spring

DRESSES, COATS, HATS, HOSIERY, SHOES, GLOVES,
AND ACCESSORIES.

PIGGLY WIGGLY SNOW COMPANY

All Kinds of Foods

WE THANK YOU

HOW TO GET WHAT YOU WANT

—Phone 1300—

SERVICE DRUG COMPANY

DAN SMITH'S STORE

Corner Central Avenue and Ashley Street

PIANOS—VICTROLAS

Victor Records, Sheet Music

MATHIS & YOUNG COMPANY

112 N. Patterson Street

A Tube of Tooth Paste Will be Given Free

TO THE FIRST 200 GIRLS WHO VISIT
OUR STORE BEGINNING APRIL 1st.

YEARTY DRUG COMPANY
Motorcycle Delivery At Any Hour

PHONES—812-813

ON MOTHERS DAY

Give Her Your Photograph

BLACKBURN

The Photographer

COMPLIMENTS OF

SMITH SEED & DRUG COMPANY

W. C. GRIFFIN & SONS

New Arrivals in Easter Ready-to-Wear Goods
DRESSES, HATS, SHOES, SILK HOSE

Wescott Hosiery Special \$1.00 per Pair

PATENT PUMPS AND OXFORD TIES—VALUES

\$6.50—\$4.95—\$5.95

CALIFORNIA FRUIT COMPANY

**Headquarters for Fruits and
Fresh Vegetables**

Phone 1010

We Deliver

SOME SPEED WHEN YOU CALL

Phones 803-804—Motorcycle Delivery

CASH DRUG STORE

VALDOSTA BEAUTY SALON

2nd Floor Whittington's

Telephone No. 1281

Shampooing	50c	Manicuring	75c
Finger Waving	50c	Marcelling	75c
Hair Cuts	35c		

NELLIE HARRIS—MABLE CHAMBERS
Beauticians

G. S. W. C. Girls Are Always Welcome!

V I N S O N ' S

121 N. Patterson St. Valdosta, Georgia

D - E - M - A - N - D

BAMBY BREAD

IT'S BEST!

W. H. BRIGGS HARDWARE CO.

Scissors and Shears, Cutlery and China

China Novelties

BISCUIT MADE FROM OUR

EASTER LILY FLOUR

Makes a Meal Something to Which One Looks Forward

THE A. S. PENDLETON COMPANY

DISTRIBUTORS

Gift Headquarters

THOMPSON & GIRARDIN

Jewelers

110 W. Central Avenue—Valdosta, Ga.

50 Steps From Patterson Street—Miles From High Prices.

CARDS FOR EVERY OCCASION

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
| —Tally | —Graduation |
| —Playing | —Place |
| —Engraved Calling | —Shower Invitation |
| —Convalescent | —Sympathy Acknowledgment |
| —Sympathy | —Pleasant Trip |
| —Birthday | —Gift Enclosure |
| —Friendship | —Fathers Day |
| —Birth Announcement | —Mothers Day |
| —Easter | —Congratulation |

SOUTHERN STATIONERY AND PRINTING COMPANY

Wholesale Paper Dealers

Stationery, Office Furniture and Supplies

Printing That Satisfies

209 N. ASHLEY STREET

Phone 241

Valdosta, Georgia

STAR LAUNDRY

ODORLESS DRY CLEANING—EXPERT DYEING

Only Master Cleaner and Dyer in South Georgia

SPECIAL PRICES IN LARGE LOTS

Housekeepers, please remember, we have only up-to-date Rug
Cleaning Outfit in the City.

Phone 54