

THE PINE BRANCH



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THE PINE BRANCH

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BIRTHRIGHT

Ever and ever
I've had fears
Of goat-like feet
And pointed ears;
It seems to me
There's always been
An occasional race
Of satyr-men,
Who pick the grapes
And leaf the vine,
Who dash the pulp
And gulp the wine.
Such a man
Was Esau then,
Who lived with beasts
And loved not men,—
Since in Canaan's
Garden grew
Some slender reeds
For blowing through,—
By strange mutation
Of his hide,
He seemed as Pan
Re-deified.
Ever and ever
I've had fears
Of charming men
With pointed ears,
For when satyrs are born
In the form of men,
Birthrights have
No value then.

MARY KATE BURROWS.

THE PASSING OF THE CHURN

Modern machinery with its steam driven cylinders and valves has made many changes in our homes. The change which has meant more than any other to the small boy or girl in the rural sections has just taken place recently—so recently and gradually that it has neither appeared in newspaper headlines nor been mentioned in a “rider” to a congressional bill. No, the public has not noticed perhaps, but the old-fashioned family churn has disappeared from nearly every home.

Long, long ago during the days when stone hatchets and fur clothes were in style—both winter and summer, the youngest son of Mr. Cave-man got his daily dozen by rocking or beating a goat-skin bag of milk until butter was produced. This son was so strong and healthy that his descendents, who attributed his strength to his method of exercise, have all been forced to churn.

As time passed and family needs increased, the churn also increased in size. The cylindrical urn with its dasher and lid was installed in every well equipped home. Of course, other types of churns were invented—such as glass ones with little wheels, but the former was the only type that didn't have a patent on it so everybody used it.

I had lived a comparatively happy life until I was about five years old, and had my first experience with a churn dasher. I went to visit my grandmother who lived in the country; the very first time I attempted one of my childish pranks, Grandmother, without any previous warning, took me in the kitchen and gave me a lesson in the artistic science of churning. That one day wasn't so bad, because the task was a new experience, but somehow, ever afterward, it proved convenient for me to produce the butter for the family. If I had an expedition planned to the woods or in the east meadow, I would be called back to churn. If you have ever had a similar experience, then you know how my arms ached as I sang “Come, butter! Come, butter! Come, butter, break! Granny wants butter for her hot hoe-cake,” to the chug-chug of the dasher, and wished that I might, for once in my life, be allowed to churn with my toes.

Anyone who is interested in endurance tests is especially urged by me to try churning on a cold winter day. After that, I don't think he will be interested any more.

It was at the altar of the family churn, while I monotonously moved the dasher up and down at an angle of forty-eight and a half degrees, that I acquired my best traits of character; perseverance, neatness, and carefulness were among them. Thoroughness was

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taught and hasty work discouraged, because it was thought that butter which had been churned less than forty-five minutes was softer and less palatable than it should be.

Now, this altar, with others, has been relegated to the past. Butter is made in factories through the use of cream separators, and cold buttermilk may be bought at any drug store. I am wondering if the disappearance of the churn will mean the disappearance of those traits of character which it encouraged, or is the passing of the churn merely the passing of another of the quaint customs of our forefathers.

LILLIAN M. HOPPER.

RECOMPENSE

I sleep where I can see the skies;
Though I'm 'wakened by the morning light
Glaring in my eyes,
I catch a glimpse of stars at night.

EMELIZA SWAIN.

ON FANCY'S RUG

On Fancy's rug of mystic dyes
My interwoven thoughts arise—
To soar up in uncharted skies.
 A magic rug of princes fair
 Who rode the carpet everywhere,—
 And lo! They were already there!

'Twas used by sage in ancient days,
By singers of the wand'ring lays,
And by the wee bewitching fays.
 And now the rug has come to me—
 From Fancy's wings to set me free—
 My coach and four then shall it be.

From Fancy's heights, on looking down,
I see the drabness of the town,—
And hear false laughter of the clown.
 But what care I
 When I'm so high—
 And riding in a wonder sky?

For Fancy long ago was made,
But novelty with it has stayed,—
That gift to souls with fears allayed.
 And now the rug has come to me,
 And in the town I'll no more be—
 Nor clownish faces shall I see.

And common sense I'll cast aside,
Then ever on my rug I'll ride,
With loves wraith only by my side.
 For what care I
 When I'm so high—
 And riding in a wonder-sky?

JULIA MAYE MURRAY.

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WHITE ANGEL

Women are most like the weather,—changeable. Men, people,—everything in fact is changeable. Sweet praises for that!

Mitch was thankful, for she was not past the age when the weather and men had become generalities to be defined and written of philosophically.

Since the weather had assumed such a bland expression for the present, Mitch did also, and loitered about the log hut where the house-party had been in rapid session for three days. She walked for a distance in the general direction of the spring where the pines grew tall and round-bodied with great perfection, some would have been very good walking canes for cyclops. Having once stood at the foot of a tall pine, and having tried to follow its bigness into the infinity one feels smaller by comparison or thrilled by a kinship that is sometimes felt for nature in her most eloquent expression. Mitch stood in this attitude. She wore an egg-shell colored silk blouse open at the neck and a blue flannel shirt. She was standing firmly with arched back and high chin, her mind was sailing off into space with a dirigible like cloud when the sound of some one brushing his way through the thorny growth reached her.

It was David. He was doing a very graceful piece of lumbering along. David could do that among other things. Mitch greeted him.

"Hello David, you terrible big monster! Why didn't you go to town with the rest of them."

Then she laughed, not like clear sparkling liquid out of a jug as some women are said to do, but a dark, low laughter. Dark as seen in the depths of her black eyes with highlights that break and reappear and break again.

"Just now I was Persephone, and now you've come. Already I have eaten six of your pomegranates."

"All to no effect!"

"Well I am not really Persephone,—I was until you broke the spell. You terrible blond monster! A little more of your perfection, and I would throw myself into the river."

"Listen Mitch, be sensible."

"All right, all right, but I think I hear the bunch returning." From over the bridge on the highway was heard a song.

 "Once there was a man
 Named Willie the Weeper;
He had a job as a
 Chimney sweeper."

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David and Mitch knew the song well enough. The night before when the entire party had sat along the one gable that ran the width of the house, Mitch had strummed it on her uke. A strange tune it was, and it rose like slow smoke to the high tops of the pines and remained there murmuring.

Mitch had been singing it in a contralto oblivious to every one when she threw the instrument to David and slid down the slick shingled old roof. David followed her, and every one followed suit. They had landed on a drift of pine straws. David shook her and laughing, though half serious, said, "You little Apache, you'll break your neck."

She saw his white teeth flash in the camp fire light and she sobered a little.

"David, it is at times like this that I think you are an angel, a white angel, from heaven. Where is heaven?"

* * * * *

But today was another day. Yesterday had slipped through the slot in the west like an old coin and emerged from the east like a new one.

The party was fast approaching the camp. As they drew closer, Mitch asked David who the smutty-eyed man was.

"What Mitch, I never heard of him."

"Some one that has come with them. He has a delicate blue smudge beneath each eye; the devil's own look I'd say."

"That is Ed Sasson from the university. I'd be original and not fall for him if I were you."

"Why?"

"Because every one does."

"Heavens, Davy, he's not the angel you are."

David laughed and revealed his teeth again, but Mitch had not seen.

"The devil you mean," said David.

"Yes," said Mitch looking at the new comer, "The devil!"

That evening the atmosphere seemed to be filled with a sweetly smelling purple fog and the tree trunks were darker in the twilight. A mood of silly humor had settled on the group. They had made a new game. With girls standing each behind a tree and with only one foot extended, the boys were to guess the foot.

"Listen Smutty Eyes," said Mitch, "you choose me."

She hid behind a tree and extended one foot. It was jerked so hard that she immediately sat down. It was in this way that the tete-a-tete began. David saw them circling the tree

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Later when there was dancing to the tune of half broken records, Mitch over-heard David say,

"Damned little Apache!"

Smiling, she replied, "White Angel!"

After the activities were over and the lights were put out, a cry arose for the mosquito spray. On one side of the hall the men were not a little profane, the girls somewhat sleepless on the other. David was cursing, but not mosquitoes. Mitch stole quietly out and down to the spring.

The spring was a mammoth blue cup of cold water. There was a high bank on three sides with trees overhanging, making the space where the sky would have shown through considerably smaller than it would have been otherwise. The spring ran in a swift stream for about fifty feet to the river. Any one caught in the stream who could not swim very well was quickly swept out to the river.

Tonight there was an unusually white glamour caused by the moon. All was deep blue and frosty white. Mitch was suddenly struck with the idea of going in. She left her clothes on the rocks.

Suddenly interrupting this cold meditation some one hit the water bodily with a splash as though such a sudden plunge was not intended. Then from the high bank Mitch heard some one call. It was David. She heard him come around down to the low bank.

"Mitch!"—

"Yes David!"

"Why do you go swimming like this at night?"

"I don't know, I just couldn't sleep, that was all."

"Well, neither could your 'smutty man',—I just knocked him off his props."

"Yes, and I suppose he is in the river now."

David put Mitch's clothes at the water edge and turned his back. She soon placed cool fingers on the back of his neck.

"David,—White Angel?"

"Yes?"

"I hope he washes some of the smut off."

"Do you think you can be interested in heaven again?"

"Yes, David, where is it?"

MARY KATE BURROWS.

AVOIRDUPOIS

Whenever I chance to meet distant relatives or acquaintances, especially those of feline extraction, I invariably receive the same type of salutation. It is either "Marguerite, when do you think you'll be grown," or "If you continue to grow, you'll be grown after awhile." When this began about eight years ago, it was exceedingly annoying and rather embarrassing, for I was always in the company of rather slender persons. But now, such a salutation has no effect whatever upon my poise. I can be nonchalant, return stare for stare, and reply ever so sweetly, "Yes, isn't it so?" One can become inured to anything!

This matter of salutation is nothing compared to the trials and tribulations that occur continually to one of my position. Therein lies the source of all my trials,—comparisons. I am always thought of in terms of those around me, and not having the proper setting, I suffer by comparison.

There is the danger of being called upon to appear before the public in some absurd and illogical position. Just as I was once called upon to "trip the light fantastic" as one of many snowflakes. The situation was absurd and ridiculous, not only for me, but for several others, who, similar to myself, were colossal snowflakes.

I still quake with apprehension, whenever I think of the sobriquet, "Two-Ton," or still worse, that of "Tiny." This is the only piece of good luck that I have ever had,—escaping these menaces. However, I admit that my escape was only made possible, because others had previously received the terms as sobriquets.

Even now, whenever any heavy work, such as piano moving, lawn-mowing, or the like, is to be done, I am invariably one of the elect. While, much to my sorrow, my thin sisters preside at tea-tables and candy booths, a logical but a difficult situation to endure.

One of the most difficult of my trials arises from the idea that all of my kind are invariably good-natured, and since I have a vile disposition, it isn't easy to smile sunnily, or rather grin, and say, "Oh yes, Oh yes." But if one isn't good-natured, one is peculiar; so apparently, the lesser of the two evils is a pretense of a sunny disposition. My pretense though is often weak; so after all, I do not escape criticism.

However, my outlook is not all dark and hazy. For once a year, at least, I revive my drooping spirits by visiting the carnival. There, I gaze and gaze upon the proverbial "fat lady." There, I am in my proper setting; I no longer suffer by comparison.

Invariably now, I seek someone or something, more or less huge with whom to be compared. In short, I seek to find my proper setting.

MARGUERITE LANGDALE.

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SILENCE

In silence all great works are conceived; in silence great minds have visions and great hands create masterpieces. In silence the plans of great battles that often determine the course of world affairs are projected. In silence great authors create an imaginary world for the reading public. In silence the deeds of today are recorded for the readers of tomorrow; and in silence the readers of tomorrow will refashion the world. Again battles will be fought, for the soul of man in any time is strangely akin to the soul of man of all other times.

"The greatest battles that ever were fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?

On the maps of the world you'll find them not,
They were fought in the souls of men."

In the souls of man, away from the prying eyes and gossiping tongues of the world great dreams are dreamt, great thoughts are thought, great plans are made, and great deeds are wrought.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

These wonders are performed in the calm, bright silence of a June sun, in the deep, restful silence of the forest, and in the burning, glaring silence of the desert.

Evidence that calm and quiet is helping to rebuild neglected bodies is not far. Every day the doctors are sending physical wrecks to the healing silence of the forests and mountains. Every day mental wrecks are hiding themselves in the friendly silence, away from the busy thoroughfares, to gain back the poise and balance that was theirs. These physical and mental wrecks are not the only people who receive benefit from silence and quiet. In silence spiritually sick people sometimes get the grasp of the Guiding Hand that they could not touch in their busy noisy life in the city.

Often God's great apostles have walked in silence and communed with their Master. In silence Moses left the wrangling masses and went up the mountain side; when he came down he bore in his arms the Stone Tablets. In silent weeping the women waited at the Tomb until an angel appeared and told them where to find their Risen Master. In silence Paul walked much of the way.

Someone has said that a person should never have friends until he is able to entertain himself when alone. The way a person spends his time when alone is a large factor in determining his character. Solitude is friendly to those who'll let it be. In silence the head may come to know more intimately the heart. In silence all important

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decision should be made, for then, if it is permitted, the heart and head meet and cooperate; there is no one to play on the emotions and try to curb one and encourage the other. There is no one to whisper to the heart;

"You are right, don't give up. If you can't get what you want, don't take anything."

And there is no one to whisper to the head;

"You are wise; you know what is best, take it. Let Friend Heart be ignored for the present. He will come to think as you do later."

When the two meet on equal ground there is much less probability of regret over the decision they make. 'Tis better to decide in silence and never repent, than it is to "decide in noise and repent at leisure."

Every day new names are added to the list of those who have forgotten the value of silence.

EUNICE SEAGRAVES.

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THE DERELICT SHIP

A reddened derelict ship
Sails a pale mauve sea
Beset with darkened reefs
And shoals of blue debris.
Forlorn red sinking craft—
Its prow turned to the west,
To end its voyage long,
And to the deeps addressed.

It drifts between the reefs—
Reflecting jets of flame
That make a crimson sea
Splash round its splintered frame.
A burning derelict ship,
Thru which gold water seeps,
Stands poised in the west—
Then sinks into the deeps.

JULIA MAYE MURRAY.

THE FRUIT STORE

Have you ever thought of the marvelous panorama of color, the thrill of adventure that the seemingly prosaic fruit store offers? Before your very eyes, there is all the many-hued magnificence of the opulent East, the soul-soothing tints of the dying sun, the yellow brilliance of the sunny South, and the green coolness of the North.

Enshrouded in each purple plum is the regal splendor of ancient Persia with its clashing cymbals, and shining brass. Visions of regal hauteur, barbaric feasts, and lustful pleasures all centered in one purple-fleshed plum.

Then persimmons, with their peculiar coloring of red, blue, orange and purple mixed by nature's brush, convey the true philosophy of life, bitterness and sweetness going hand in hand towards happiness; for life is neither sweetness nor bitterness, but a combination that makes happiness possible.

Behind the cloying sweetness of dates, stretches mile upon mile of wind-blown sand, with here and there the plodding "ship of the desert;" and, to give the necessary fire and spirit, there are visions of the hooded denizens of the "painted ocean" swooping upon their prey.

In the yellow bananas flecked with brown, there is the suggestion of inertia. An inertia that enables one to gaze at a never-changing sky, and watch the passage of day upon day, each day more mellow than the last. There is the picture of a ship sailing day after day upon a glassy sea, or idling near a palmy isle. In each banana is the picture of the lazy indolent life of the enervating tropics.

Oranges, lemons, limes, and grapefruit bring the concentrated sweetness of the Southern sun. They bring, also, the balmy breezes that permeate the spirit with a sense of well-being; and, now, and then, there is a glimpse of lowering elements lashed into a fury that is inevitably succeeded by calmness.

The grapes, that are accepted so naturally, contain the chill of the Arctic and the translucence of the South Seas. That smooth green color that suggests shivered ice, and also, the becalmed waters of the South upon which ships have labored and lost.

The stories are endless, and the portraits ever new that fruit presents; and yet, how prosaic it is to buy a dozen oranges, a pound of grapes, and a package of dates.

MARGUERITE LANGDALE.

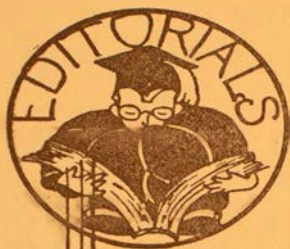
I SING THEM IN A RIME

Slender fingers—pale white hands—
How do you spend your time?
I spin silk nets to catch moonbeams
To weave into a rime.

Sleepy eyes and eyelids heavy—
How do you spend your time?
I sleep and dream exquisite dreams
To weave into a rime.

Dear little heart—my little heart—
Why throb you all the time?
I hoard my love and live my dreams
And sing them in a rime!

JULIA MAYE MURRAY.



"Everything that has life has some means of expression and the State's youngest institution—the baby of the system—is now old enough to talk." This is a quotation from the first edition of "The Pine Branch" which became the means of expression for our college when it had become old enough to talk. At first, as with all young things, the speech of "The Pine Branch" was rather halt-

ing and the vocabulary not so rich as one might wish, although the college was a precocious child. But soon "The Pine Branch" grew and after childish stammerings it spoke to an entire State. Every one points with pride to the growth of "The Pine Branch," but it must be remembered that its growth is very small in comparison with the development of the college which fostered it. This unparalleled growth of the college can be clearly seen by a brief review of its history.

On January 2, 1913, the South Georgia State Normal College opened its doors to South Georgia's young womanhood and admitted fifteen students, all of whom were High School students except three. Today the Georgia State Womans College has three hundred students, all of whom are High School graduates and full fledged college students. This means that it has multiplied itself a hundred times in only a few short years. This development has come in spite of the fact that the college was established in the great virgin part of the State, never touched by a college before. It has come in spite of the fact that in its second year it was confronted by the great disturbance of the World War. During this trying period the girls organized themselves into a relief club and wrote to the Secretary of War to find if there was anything they could do to help. "It was the first college to fall in line"—says a "Pine Branch" of that period.

The development has come in spite of the difficult financial stages through which the State has passed since the war.

Together with the increase in the student body has come the corresponding increase of the faculty. When the college opened, the faculty consisted of twelve instructors of whom three had the mas-

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ter's degree, five had the Bachelor's degree and the rest had no degree at all. Now the faculty consists of twenty-eight instructors of whom five have the Doctor's degree, thirteen have the master's degree, and the rest the Bachelor's degree.

The library and laboratories have developed equally. The laboratory equipment has always been the best that could be provided with the money, and when there was only enough money to provide good apparatus or handsome furniture, the best apparatus was provided and placed on pine tables.

This great growth can be accounted for by only one thing—the insistence upon the observance of the college motto, "Character first." The college has never offered any course that it could not offer on sound educational standards. No appointments have ever been made on any other grounds than professional fitness. Every building has been the best that could be provided by competent architects.

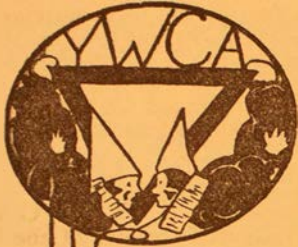
The college has been exceptionally fortunate in that it has had almost no serious illnesses and no deaths since it has been founded.

In one of the first publications of the college, the ideal was voiced that the college must offer a service so excellent that the wealthiest citizens of the state would not be able to purchase better for their daughters elsewhere, and furnished at so low a cost to the student that the poorest student can come if she has the ambition. The school is so democratic that it believes that the very best is good enough for all its students.

However the school has just begun, is just on the threshold of its development. At present the dormitories are filled past comfortable living. The rooms in the administration building are doing full duty and many are serving two departments. All the resources available have been devoted to internal development.

In the light of the past great development, should we not be able to expect even greater things in the future? May "The Pine Branch" continue to be a worthy expression of the Georgia State Womans College and may "The Pine Branch" continue to have the impetus that comes with a rapid developing, ambitious institution like the Georgia State Womans College.

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The Young Woman's Christian Association of G. S. W. C. opened the year most successfully by meeting the Freshmen at the train and escorting them to the college. It is hoped that they will remember the Y. W. C. A. as the first friend they made at G. S. W. C.

* * *

The Y. W. C. A. was in charge of the entertainments during the opening week—the first being the "campus sing" on Tuesday evening. On Wednesday evening, the Freshmen were given a theatre party. On Thursday evening Miss Ann Talbert, President of the Y. W. C. A. gave an inspirational talk on "Various Angles of the Triangle."

The climax of the week, the Big Sister-Little Sister Party, came on Saturday evening. Miss C. B. Sharpe directed the entertainment, and everyone declared it a success.

* * *

One of the most beautiful and impressive occasions of the year was the Recognition Service in which the new students were welcomed into the Y. W. C. A. The members of the cabinet formed a triangle in front of Ashley Hall, the symbol of the Y. W. C. A. In white dresses, the new girls lighted their candles from those of the former students, and formed the Processional, singing "Follow the Gleam." The choir sang "The Lord is in His Holy Temple," after which Miss Marion Laing offered prayer.

Miss Ann Talbert, President of the Y. W. C. A., welcomed the new girls. Miss Agnes Jones, President of the Sophomore Class gave the response for the former students, and Queenie Carmack, for the new girls. The choir sang "Hymn of Lights." Miss Ann Talbert gave an earnest and inspiring message in "Challenge to Membership." The choir sang "Peace I Leave With You"—then came the Recessional—quietly and silently.

* * *

Miss Ann Talbert led the Vesper Service Sunday evening, September 22. "Going to College—An Adventure" was given in an interesting manner by Miss Seyward. Thursday evening, September

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26, the play "The Budget Ghost" was given. Sunday evening, with Miss Lois Merritt leading, Mrs. David Stubbs brought some beautiful thoughts to the group in "Friendship." October 3, Miss C. B. Sharpe led Vesper Service, and Miss Eunice Seagraves talked on "Service Through Finance." October 6 and October 10 meetings were devoted to hymn singing; Miss Annie Lou Stanaland and Miss Mary Winn were leaders.

* * *

On Wednesday afternoon, October 16, the Y. W. C. A. served tea in the Rotunda. Miss Ann Talbert, President of the Y. W. C. A., presided at the tea table, assisted most ably by the members of the cabinet.

* * *

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LINNIE MAE HALL.

PHI LAMBDA NEWS

Cheer for the Lambdas, Lambdas to win!

Lambda girls are out working faithfully on volley ball and American ball, meeting practices three times a week in order that they might see "Lambda" carved on the silver plaque at the end of the year.

Margaret Bullock, of Adel, has been chosen manager of the American ball team, and Helen Brasington, of Waycross, manager of the volley ball team. With these efficient leaders and with all the new Freshmen Lambdas putting their spirit into these games, we are hoping to get somewhere in the end.

The athletic drive for dues was held Saturday morning, September the twelfth. The Lambdas, under the leadership of President Lillian Exum, were organized splendidly, but the Kappas seem to have been organized better and won the drive. That says the Lambdas will have to work doubly hard to gain those lost points and we can do it, so come on Lambdas, let's go!

ETHEL CASTLEBERRY.

* * *

PHI KAPPA NEWS

Another summer gone; another fall begun; another opportunity to win or lose the honor plaque, has come—Which shall it be, Kappas?

The first athletic event of importance was the Kappa-Lambda party that was given in the dining hall on October the first. Miss Ivey led the group through many dances and games, emphasizing contests between the old and new girls, until the main purpose of the party was reached—the giving of bids to the freshman. After that, there being no longer "old girls" and "new girls" but Kappas and Lambdas, the dancing was renewed with fresh enthusiasm. The party closed with both associations well satisfied.

Then came the excitement and spirit that culminated in the athletic association drive for dues. The Kappas were victors in this first contest between associations.

The Physical Education department and Athletic Council have



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introduced into our schedule of games for this fall, a new game—"American Ball." No one except the coach and players know much about it yet, but we hope to find it as interesting and successful as our old athletic stand-bys.

And now Volley Ball practice started with a bang—both associations have good material for teams—but best of all, plenty of spirit and vim.

You've started well, Kappas! Keep it up—we're backing you!

ELSIE QUARTERMAN.



LOCALS

One of the loveliest occasions in September was the faculty reception. The guests were entertained by a program which was given by members of the faculty. Miss Jenkins gave a humorous reading, "The Sisterly Scheme," Miss Temple and Mr. Dasher sang, Mrs. Pardee played a violin number, and Miss McRee gave a very beautiful dance.

* * *

All classes have completed their organization and are now ready for work and the real pleasure of college life. The Freshmen and sophomore classes are looking forward to October 19, which is Hat Day. This will be a busy day for the Freshmen searching for the hat which the Sophomores have hidden. This is one of the traditions of the college and is regarded with keen interest.

* * *

The Valdosta club entertained at tea in honor of the Freshmen town girls Wednesday afternoon in the Rotunda. During the afternoon, Miss Hazel Taylor briefly explained the purpose of the club, and introduced each girl. The guests were further entertained by musical selections and a comedy skit by members of the expression class.

* * *

The Sock and Buskin Club held its first meeting October 1. The president, Miss Louise Lastinger, presided at the meeting.

* * *

On Monday evening, September 30, the Philharmonic Club held its first meeting of the year. The meeting was presided over by the vice president, Miss Joyce Roberson, in the absence of the president.

* * *

The Glee Club held its first meeting of this year in the lecture room in West Hall. Miss Lois Ford, of Abbeville, was elected president.

* * *

The Student Government Association met Friday evening, October 4th, in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall. The meeting was opened with the singing of the "Pine Branch." After the monitors, secretary-treasurer, and student recorder of points took their oath of office, Dr. Durrenberger, professor of Social Science, gave a worthwhile talk on "Government."

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

The Fine Arts Club held its first meeting in the art room, October 2nd. The new members were welcomed into the club and a program planned for the year. Among their plans are: an exhibition during National Picture Week and a play, "Art, Where Art Thou?"

* * *

The Presidents' Club held its first meeting at the House in the Woods. At this meeting all the new officers were received, and Miss Hopper, dean of women, explained the purpose of the club. Plans for the year's work were discussed and committees appointed.

* * *

Miss Evelyn Blanton, president, held a short meeting of the Home Economics Club in West Hall, October 2nd.

* * *

Another delightful event was the tea given by the Y. W. C. A. Wednesday afternoon, October 16th. The Rotunda was beautifully decorated with fall flowers, yellow predominating. Miss Ann Talbert presided at the tea table. She was assisted by various members of the cabinet. A program was given by members of the music department.

SOCIETY NEWS

SORORIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Sororian Literary Society held its first meeting Saturday, October 5th.

Dorothy Harper, president of the society was leader for the evening.

A very interesting program was held. Mary Mansefield gave a review of "Street Scene." A humorous reading was given by Kathleen Little. Lillian Lively made a report on "Scarlet Sister Mary." The program was concluded with a duet by Myrtice and Lois Ford.

VIRGINIA CARSWELL.

* * *

ARGONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Argonian Literary Society held its first regular meeting Saturday, October 5th, in the Rotunda.

Miss Margaret Jennings, President of the Society, acted as leader for the evening. A very interesting discussion of "Street Scene" was given by Miss Lillian Hopper. Miss Pearl Fairchild gave a humorous reading in negro dialect. A review of "Scarlet Sister Mary" was made by Miss Marguerite Langdale. The concluding number of a most enjoyable program was a piano solo by Miss Alice Hicks.

JEAN LOUGHRIDGE.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA



First Freshman: I heard a good joke on us freshmen yesterday.

Second Ditto: Let's hear it.

First Ditto: Gosh, I forgot it.

* * *

Emory Jr. Lad (arrested for speeding): But, your honor, I am a college boy.

Judge: Ignorance doesn't excuse anybody.

* * *

Freshman (trying for sympathy): And so here I am absolutely broke, with one single odd cent in my pocket-book.

Senior: That's fine. I need an odd cent to make a nickel.

* * *

Miss Temple: What key are you singing in?

Pat Walker: Skeleton key.

M. T.: Skeleton key?

P. W.: Yeh, fits anything.

* * *

Mr. Gulliver: Do you read Poe?

Smart Freshman: Naw—I read pretty good.

* * *

Officer: So one of the college girls is lost, eh? Can you give me a description of her?

Miss Breen: Well, she has bobbed hair and she wears her dresses up to her knees.

* * *

Thrilled Freshman: And at the end of his letter he put a couple of X's. What does that mean?

Big Sister Soph.: Simple girl; it means he's double-crossing you.

* * *

Excited Senior (rushing into the Rotunda): Freshman, call me a taxi!

Nonchalant Freshman: All right. You're a taxi.

* * *

Q. S.: A woman isn't necessarily a jewel just because she is set in her ways.

W. C.: Nor is she a Venus de Milo just because she has an off-hand manner.

ELIZABETH CHANCE.

Twenty-Five

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