

THE PINE BRANCH



NOVEMBER
1929

Volume XIV

Number 2

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. XIV.

NOVEMBER, 1929

NO.2

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Kate Jones
Associate Editor-in-Chief	Marguerite Langdale
Business Manager	Mary Winn
Assistant Business Manager	Helen Steele
Alumnae Editor	Florence Breen
Athletic Editors:	
Phi Kappa	Elsie Quarterman
Phi Lambda	Ethel Castleberry
Exchange Editor	Bertha Ferrell
Joke Editor	Elizabeth Chance
Local Editor	Phara Ellarbee
Society Editors:	
Argonian	Jean Loughridge
Sororian	Virginia Carswell
Y. W. C. A. Editor	Linnie Mae Hall
Art Editor	Julia Kate Bowden
Mailing Department—Leta Mac Stripling, Laura Young, Alda Du- Priest.	

CONTENTS

	Page
Fulfillment—Julia Mae Murray	3
Song Of A Spinner—Julia Mae Murray	3
Can Headaches Be Avoided—Dorothy Harper	4
You Wonder Why—Lillian Hopper	8
To A Cold Lover—Mary Kate Burrows	9
The Compelling Encounter—Edmonia Beck	10
Eyes For The Vision—Elsie Quarterman	12
Wares—Julia Mae Murray	12
Ponce De Leon's Search Continued—Eunice Seagraves	13
Sunrise—Elsie Quarterman	15

(CONTENTS CONTINUED)

	Page
Editorial	17
The Editor's Account of Herself—Kate Jones	19
Y. W. C. A.	21
Societies	23
Athletics	24
Alumnae	26
Locals	28
Jokes	30

FULFILLMENT

Exuberant Autumn bears the fruit of early spring's conception
And prepares a sumptuous gala fete for its reception;
Trees are hung with orange-gold and crimson flags that flutter
To Aeolus' whispered breath provoking them to mutter.
And the golden harvest moon dips down to paint the scenery—
Gilds with sweeping brush the plumes of Autumn's festal finery.
Richness everywhere and promises fulfilled—
For Autumn brought the fruit the year had tilled.

JULIA MAYE MURRAY—'30.

SONG OF A SPINNER

Bits of a broken song,
Threads of a frayed delight
Find their way to me
From vagrant memory.

Gath'ring the shreds of song
Into my willing heart
I compose a sweet-belled whole
And sing it to my soul.

Tying the threads of Past
Onto the fringe of Now
I make a scarf of blue
From fibres old and new.

Bits of a broken song
Threads of a frayed delight
Are spun anew by me,
To embellish memory.

JULIA MAYE MURRAY—'30.

CAN HEADACHES BE AVOIDED?

"Oh, dear me! I am all in—simply tired to death, and I can't move one step more," sighed Mrs. Brawne as she dropped into a chair and flung her little black hat on a near-by bed. She slipped her fingers through her short ruffled hair which began to stand out again and show faint signs of a permanent wave which had been held in bondage for several hours.

"Whew! I'll rest well tonight," she continued.

"Where you been—at some tea or dance?" asked Mr. Brawne who spoke without looking up from his newspaper which he was accustomed to read every evening at that same hour.

"No! I've been playing bridge all afternoon. You ought to have seen the punk hands I . . ."

"Bridge!" interrupted Mr. Brawne. "One would have supposed you had been dancing all afternoon, you are so tired. It's a pity you hadn't been making money for your club instead of having us men folks to dish out the money and pay that debt."

Mrs. Brawne did not reply. She was busy pulling off her close-fitting slippers so that she might wiggle her stiffened toes.

"Oh!" she cried, "My corns! My corns! How they do hurt! They are simply killing me by degrees."

"Yes, no wonder. You ache for beauty's sake with those—what kind of heels do you call 'em?—They look like two story heels to me. Yes, I'm sorry you don't know any better. See mine?" And he pushed out his foot which was wearing a heavy serviceable shoe.

"'Sa-ci-ety,' as father used to say, 'sa-ci-ety' will be the ruin' of us all, but not me."

Just at that moment the telephone rang, and Mrs. Brawne tiptoed in her stockings over to the telephone and answered. "Yes, I'll be delighted to go . . . No, not tired one bit . . . That was a wonderful party, wasn't it?—a grand success . . . No, I'm afraid not. Mr. Brawne has a terrible sick headache and I know he wouldn't . . . Well, I'll see you then."

She was hanging up the receiver, "I say, 'a wonderful party.' It was the 'punkest' I've ever been to."

Then she turned to Mr. Brawne. "I wish you would go with us. I knew you wouldn't, so I had to tell Mrs. Banks you had a terrible headache. I hated to tell her that, but I had to tell her something—but—oh well . . ."

"Just another social lie," put in Mr. Brawne. "I wonder if I'll ever quit having headaches, any way. You go ahead. I'm going to

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

read and look over some of my books tonight. I want to brush some of the cob-webs out of my brains."

"But," he continued, "I thought you couldn't move a peg. Aren't you tired?"

"Of course, I'm tired, but I'll have to go 'cause she wouldn't ask me again if I didn't; and, any way, her daughter is going to college next year where we are going to send our Frances."

"Frances!" repeated Mr. Brawne. "Frances, if I stay in my right mind, is never going inside one of those society halls. No sir! She's going to work and . . ."

"Well, never mind," interrupted Mrs. Brawne who understood that she had mentioned the wrong thing, "We can see about that later."

She walked out while slamming the door,—perhaps, on purpose.

Frances, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brawne, finished high school with the rest of her class-mates at the end of the term just as she should have done. The other girls talked of going to college and so did she.

Three months were left for her preparation. She must have pretty clothes. Her mother would start buying early.

Her reservation fee had already been sent in, and preparations were being made. Mr. Brawne did not see all the sewing that was carried on, and he was unconscious of the fact that plans had gone this far,—that is, until one day he came in very elated over his success of the day.

"Good news for you, Frances. I have a position for you—a position as stenographer for the Adams Motor Company in Darton." He paused, but Frances turned pale and dreaded the interview between her father and mother.

"What! Aren't you glad? Don't you appreciate what I've done for you? Why!—What is the matter?" he questioned as Frances turned and left the room without answering even one of his questions.

Between her sobs she listened from her room.

"How dare you to want Frances to become a stenographer—the very idea! Frances is going to college,—and that's a decided fact."

"Decided nothing!" interrupted Mr. Brawne. "I've decided otherwise. She's going to work and do something in a practical and worthwhile way," he shouted as he hit his fist repeatedly on the arm of the chair. "She's not going to college to learn to be a spendthrift, an idler, a dancer, and a society leader, and to dress fit to kill trying to keep up a style show all the time, I say she'll not go."

"But society demands that a person go to college these days in

THE PINE BRANCH

order for a person to get along, but not to get along as you have stated," calmly replied Mrs. Brawne, who had long expected this outburst. "Some social demands must be met, but you, you're entirely too practical to see"

"Yes, practical enough to know that Frances will accept this position and not go to college."

Yes, it was true Frances had studied stenographic work and was very efficient. Was she going to waste that knowledge? Was she going to let society dictate to her as it did to her mother? Or would she do something immediately practical and worthwhile?

Luckily the argument was interrupted by the telephone. Mrs. Brawne answered. "Mr. Brawne is sick with a terrible headache. I'll speak for him." He would never know who it was. "No He has decided differently She will not go So you need not expect her."

She hung up the receiver and continued, "I hated to tell the Dean that—but it's a decided fact now that Frances will not go to college. She will do as you say."

Frances cried aloud, but tried to subdue the sound with a towel. What! Had her mother given in so readily? Had she fully consented? Frances could not understand.

Her mother had agreed with her father that she must be a stenographer. Her trunk was packed, and Frances left home a week before the time she had planned to leave for school.

Within two weeks' time, she was writing about her typing, and how much she enjoyed it, how short her hours were—and wanted to say many other things which had to be left unsaid.

Then one day she wrote her mother a special—was it a fatal message? Anyway, her mother was away from home for a day or two, and Mr. Brawne was distressed—so distressed that he could not resist opening the letter.

He read the letter and the postscript which said, "I know you'll burn this letter before dad sees it, and there is no need for me to tell you to do so."

As he read, he trembled, clenched his teeth, and stamped his foot. "Tricked! I should have known better than to have sent her to the same town where that college is—what has she meant by writing about typing?" He spoke aloud, but no one was there to reply.

Yes, he would go for Frances. He would take her away and bring her back home.

* * * * *

When the train reached Darton, Mr. Brawne hurried to the college. He asked for Frances. Every one said she was very busy,

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

but would, perhaps, spare a few minutes of her time if anything was important. Busy at some party, he supposed. He did not like the way in which the college authorities received him. He was furious! He would see Frances immediately!

Finally, he introduced himself as Mr. Brawne, the father of Frances Brawne. Then the dean of women congratulated him upon having a daughter with such a noble character and lovable qualities. The assistant dean spoke of her as a girl with high ideals, and one of the seniors complimented her as being a very capable girl with business-like qualities.

What was it? He tried to suppress his feelings. Was he proud of his daughter—of her, whom he thought had broken his practical ideals and had followed the dictates of society by going to college to rise in a social way?

He was shown where Frances was. He expected to see her dressed in an evening gown. What could she be doing in an office? Yes, it was her office hour and she was busy typing as he went in. She did not look up, but continued to type. So, after all, she was a stenographer, too?

He turned to go out, but Frances glanced up to see her father. She ran to him.

He did not speak, but they embraced, and Frances said, "Let's get mother and go to the college tea they are giving for the parents. You're just in time."

"But," he began, for he knew Frances would be disappointed to know he did not bring her mother, "I can't. I have a terrible sick headache." He remembered that was what his wife always said for him, that is, when he needed to have one.

"But mother is over at my room. I was so surprised, but pleased, when she came. She was afraid you wouldn't come even after she sent you the telegram."

His headache was cured—or did he not have one? Surely the telegram had brought him. Later, he would get the telegram from his office, and no one would know his real purpose for having come. Yes, his headache had to disappear!

His eyes glanced on the type-written page as he passed out hand-in-hand with Frances. Whether he really saw the words or whether he imagined them, he later swore to himself that on the typewritten page, he saw the words, "Headaches can be avoided."

DOROTHY HARPER—'30.

THE PINE BRANCH
YOU WONDER WHY

You opened only a small crack in the door; you slid through the crack; you shut the door very carefully and quietly; then you tiptoed across the porch and down the steps. Even when you strolled toward the front gate, you did not move in that energetic way which is characteristic of a child of your age. Your face was seriously thoughtful; you were wondering, just as man has always wondered, why things are as they are.

For some time, Mother had been spending much of your time, as well as her time, in trying to teach you two "don'ts"—"Don't hold the door open—the flies will come in," and "Don't climb trees with your best clothes on." When she was talking to you, you made many good resolutions, but—somehow—a little later, you "just forgot."

This afternoon you had had company. Mrs. King had come to call on Mother and had brought her two nephews to play with you. All went well until one of the nephews climbed upon your favorite bough of the pecan tree and began to do acrobatic stunts. You stood there and watched for exactly three minutes. Then, forgetting Mother's "don't", silk blouse, and velvet pants, you said disdainfully, "Huh, you can't do nothin'. Just watch me." You scurried into the tree, and were in the midst of showing them "how it should be done" when you felt something rip. Immediately you thought of Mother's "don't," of silk blouse, and velvet pants. You were sorry you had forgotten.

You changed your pants around so that the rip would be in front—thinking maybe you could keep your back to her—"or something." It was in vain! As soon as the guests left, Mother asked why you took such short steps when you walked. It did not take her long to find out, and you felt—oh, so wicked.

She took you into the house and put you in the closet. She held the door open and stood in the doorway while she told you how she hated to punish you, and how it hurt her for you to be disobedient.

Suddenly, you thought of that other lesson she had been teaching you; and, in the midst of one of her sentences, you yelled, "Shut the door; the flies'll come in."

Entirely unexpectedly and to your utter amazement, Mother had bit her lip and a puzzled expression had come to her face. Her curiosity had been aroused; she was not sure that she should shut you in the closet.

A few minutes later, you were glad she had wondered, because she had not punished you. You were free; you were outdoors again; but you still wondered why.

LILLIAN HOPPER—'31.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

TO A COLD LOVER

Mock me not Skies
Nor sympathize
He does not—
And his eyes
Are wise;
As wise as you—
O grey Skies!
O blue Skies!

And in seeing—
Never feeling—
He is numb
Dumb,
Speaks not
And cannot feel.
But with too piercing eyes,
In seeing me,
He sees me not.
Because love is a crystal plant
And is nothing,
Because tears were ever
transparent,
Ah God

O for a red flag
Red enough,
A trumpet
Loud enough,
An iron
Hot enough,
To startle
This wise imbecility!

Burn on, wild fire of life,
Blind me glorious sun,
Call to me
Musical creakings
Of this universe!

To you Skies
I say,
It is not enough
That you are wise,
As he is wise;
Mock me not,
Nor can you sympathize,
O blue Skies!
O grey Skies!

M. K. BURROWS—'30.

THE COMPELLING ENCOUNTER

At the busiest street corner, she waited at the curb for the signal. Three times the green light turned her way, and still she stood at the edge of the walk. The streets were jammed. She realized now that life was made up of go, stop, go. Then . . .

Directly in front of her, the door of a gray roadster, held by a masculine hand in a heavy driving glove, swung open. The face which Janet saw was keen and sensitive, and with something intangibly foreign about it. The dark eyes now gleamed with amazed excitement.

"Of all incredible luck!" he said swiftly. "Please get in! Quick! The signal—"

How absurd! Janet Chandler, the most conventional woman in the little city, settled into the seat as though she belonged there. The high-powered car shot around a corner to escape the crowd, through a dirty market square, across a half dozen railway tracks, and out at last into a broad boulevard that stretched away through the country into an orange sunset.

It seemed natural and proper to be driving into the sunset with this stranger. He stared straight ahead with the faintest smile, not triumphant, but gentle, and a rich contentment was in it.

"It was such a sporting thing to do—your getting in like that!"

"No, it wasn't. I couldn't help it."

"How long had you been waiting for me?" he asked, still looking straight ahead.

"About ten years, I think."

Could this possibly be Janet Chandler, known as "the iceberg" to her friends?

His eyes grew graver as he returned quietly, "It takes courage to be as frank as that."

"Today, nothing else seems possible. Tell me all about yourself."

"But how can I tell you? My career has been as an old crazy quilt,—varied and haphazard. I did everything when I was a youngster from selling papers to shoveling coal on a freighter. Afterwards, better jobs, night school, that sort of thing—Finally, I worked my way through a middle-west university. It took me seven years, because I was in France three years. Then I was free—free to do what I liked."

"And that—"

"I roamed the world. There aren't many corners of the earth where men can go that I haven't explored. I went hungry lots of times and did all sorts of work to carry me along, but it was worth

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

it. Then success came—material success I mean,—out of the clear blue sky. But you know all that!”

“Some of us dream of such years as tropical fowls in cages must dream of their habitat,” sighed Janet.

They were having tea in a pretty little country inn. Janet was pale,—at last she was frightened—frightened at the vistas which opened before her. Isabel Jones was charging toward them; behind her minced Jack Jones, her husband.

“Maxwell Knight! Of all people! Am I walking in my sleep? Last summer we left you in a Swedish hotel, and here you are in this village taking tea like any mid-western provincial. Jan, you sly, selfish minx! No wonder you were so aloof at luncheon! With this—”

Mr. Knight drawled a determined interruption. “Nice to see you both again. In behalf of the young lady with whom I’m taking tea so delightfully, she didn’t at luncheon know what she was in for. I kidnapped her later.”

Janet felt as though she were sinking. Maxwell Knight! Max Knight, super-wanderer; the vogue of two hemispheres for his masterly novels, for his dramas which catch the very spirit of the Orient. Why that very morning she had read a review of his latest drama. Perhaps no one had ever seen his portrait. She hadn’t!

Vaguely Janet recalled the tall, shy boy, a number of years older than she, who had lived with his mother in one of Justin Chandler’s houses free of charge. They were miserably poor. On the day after his mother’s burial, Max disappeared. No one heard of him again till he was famous.

For a moment Max Knight was silent. Seeing the desolate hurt in her dark eyes, he said to her what he had not meant to say that day, nor for many days, “Janet, our encounter was a strange one. You aren’t sorry, are you? Do you know that all these years, ever since I used to see you pass our house, I have dreamed of meeting you like this? You always came gladly and freely as you did today. I vowed to myself that some day I would have achievement and wealth to offer; then I’d come back. I have come back, Janet!”

The desolation in her white face vanished before a wave of exquisite color.

“I wish,” he went on, “it will sound absurd, but I wish you had not known me. That is how I imagined it. I wish you had whirled away with me, not because I am the Maxwell Knight you know, but but because you couldn’t help it. Janet—”

Something in her face was plain for his ardent reading.

“Janet, was it like that?”

EDMONIA BECK—’32.

WARES

The artist stroked his brushes,
The flutist loved his flute;
And all his customers could say,
The vender prized his fruit.

And I, like all the others,
Esteemed my tools and ware;
And wrung from them a liquid song
With not a drop to spare.

Above the shelf 'mid jars and jugs,
There rests a blunted quill—
What once I prized I'll not discard,
Tho' it has long been still.

JULIA MAYE MURRAY—'30.

"EYES FOR THE VISION"

Down long white ladders of moonlight,
Out of the kingdom of starlight,
Vapor-white, silver-bright moonmist and stardust
Circling and swirling, evermore curling,
Whirled by the wind into figures ecstatic,
Magic-wrought batik of diamonds and dewdrops;
Long lanes of lightness, luminous brightness
Filtered through azure and silvered by star-nymphs,
Wrought iredescency, opal transparency
Woven with stars into crystalline dreams;
Then dropped by Queen Mab with a careful precision
Only on those who have eyes for the vision.

ELSIE QUARTERMAN—'32.

PONCE DE LEON'S SEARCH CONTINUED

When Ponce de Leon sailed with Columbus on his second voyage to the New World, he little thought that that voyage would lead him to eternal fame, and all his masculine successors on an everlasting search. He learned on this voyage of an Indian tradition locating a fountain of youth on the Island of Bimini. Immediately after returning to Spain he secured the permission of the king to go in search of the fountain. His failure is traditional; his search is continued.

Today when men take time from their business to inform the world how much money the women are spending in an attempt to keep their youthful complexion and form, they do not stop to analyze the extent of their own efforts in the same direction. No, men are too masculine to admit that they too fear the grim specter of old age. But who knows how many of them scan the advertisements in the magazines for any light on retaining their youth.

Statistics cry aloud to the whole world the vanity of women as portrayed in dollars and cents. Statisticians must all be men, for the cosmetic expenditures of men are never printed except in conjunction with that of women, conveying the impression that the women do all the spending.

Our grandmothers stand aghast at the array of bottles and jars on the dressing tables of their daughters and granddaughters. What do our grandfathers do when they behold the efforts of their sons and grandsons? They smile and wink their eyes, they've been through it all in their own days. They know better than they care to admit just how much vanity lies behind the apparent shyness of their sons.

Of course, men do not attend beauty parlors, as do women, but it is only because they get the same service in a barber shop. Of the millions of manicures given by trained manicurists every day, more than half are given to men. They may offer excuses,— a pretty girl holds the hand; it is a business necessity; they do not know how; or any plausible excuse that may suggest itself at the psychological moment. Observe one of these same men who has manicures for business reasons. As soon as he is away from the shop he lifts his hand and secretly admires the effect. A slow smile of satisfaction spreads over his face; he is well pleased with himself and returns to his office.

It is impossible to estimate the number of facials and massages that are given men. But a round of all the barber shops and beauty shops will reveal more men than women taking facials. Some men

THE PINE BRANCH

are known to use rouge, and the past summer one man in Valdosta actually had a permanent wave put in his hair.

Men seem to get a special kick out of ridiculing women for dieting, but even Jiggs was among the early practitioners of the eighteen day diet. The majority of men are too busy or interested in keeping man's traditional appetite up to par to diet. However, they do not mind spending unpleasant hours teeing and driving on the golf course. A few may play for the recreation, a few because it is a good business asset, but many play in an attempt to keep the waist line down.

These masculine seekers after youth show an unusual persistence. They endure untold hardships, and yet when the frost begins to touch their temples and the waist line begins to vanish, they are still hopeful. A glance into any night club or show will reveal several men with furrowed brows escorting girls who were only yesterday freed from the apron strings. Perhaps, they think youthful companions will help keep the viewpoint youthful.

I wonder if Ponce de Leon looking back on the world he once thought held some secret of perpetual youth, doesn't sometimes chuckle and say, "Bless my soul, I started them on a search they'll never give up."

EUNICE SEAGRAVES—'31.



SUNRISE

"Alice, where are you, daughter?" The weak voice quavered pitifully as the old man turned sightless eyes towards the light and his hand groped blindly among the bed-clothes until the young woman took it in her strong grasp and answered softly,

"Yes, father?" With one hand she rocked a cradle where her young son lay sleeping, and with the other she held the fingers of the broken form on the pillows that ceased their feverish groping at her touch and held her hand as a ship holds to its anchor in a storm.

"Alice, has Jim come home? It's late—Alice, Jim—tell Jim—" The old man drifted off into a fevered, troubled sleep which was broken now and then by half intelligible calling for his son.

Alice, watching the tossing form on the bed, let her memory go back until—instead of a blind, broken man—she saw the strong, handsome master of Cable Mansion whose only son had wooed her when she was eighteen. She saw Jim, a small boy, with his father saddling a pony out beyond the garden that joined the yard of the big house. She saw a small girl with large eyes like pools of gray-green water, watching admiringly from the garden gate as Jim cantered by on his pony.

Her thoughts flew on to a Christmas ball at Cable Mansion. The master of the house was the most genial and cordial of all the men there. He stood tall and straight before the great fireplace talking politics with his friends—serious words of secession, of state rights, of the work of New England abolitionists; yet when the music started he was the first to lead out a partner, and his grace and wit made gay many a set of Virginia Reel and Sir Roger de Coverly.

But with all his charm, the master of the house ranked much lower, in the estimation of one gray-eyed girl, than his son, Jim. To her, he was the epitome of chivalry—he was Galahad, Lancelot, Arthur—he was all that and more. What was she to him? His eyes told that when he led her before the company and announced their betrothal.

"Jim!" The sudden cry of the old man called Alice back to the desolate present: but soon she saw another scene.

Jim and his father, both in uniforms of Confederate gray saying their good-byes to wife and daughter on the wide steps of the old mansion. She saw the love and courage of her Jim in his face when he looked at her and whispered,

"Alice, love, I'll never forget—Good-by!"

Just a week ago she had taken little Jim and gone to the hospital camp to say goodbye forever to her gallant lover; and just two days

THE PINE BRANCH

later had gone again to bring home the shattered master of Cable Mansion,—home—from the desolation of a battlefield where father and son, neither knowing the other was there, each received his death-wound, and both of whom turned to Alice as a patient angel of mercy.

“Alice, oh Alice, I see Jim now! Thank God he’s unhurt! I’m so glad—bless you—Alice.” The lips quivered into a smile and the shattered form lay still and calm.

Alice, gazing through tragedy-cleared eyes, saw the beautiful peace that lay on his face, looked at her sleeping child, then up at the silver of dawn shining like arrows of light through the dark of the pines, knew that though her heart had shed most of its life to help stain the battle-fields of Atlanta, she would treasure the rest to use for her son—and Jim’s.

ELSIE QUARTERMAN—'32.





EDITORIALS

Thanksgiving! What a wealth of imagery this one short word recalls! Visions of turkey and plum pudding! Visions of many Thanksgiving holidays filled with happiness. To us at G. S. W. C. the word Thanksgiving brings memories of the home coming of the Alumnae, renewed friendships, warm handclasps. It brings memories of hard fought ball games, yells, groans, and finally one athletic association looking a little more thankful than the other. It brings visions of long tables filled to overflowing, class songs, class yells, class spirit, and finally what is greater—school spirit.

But wait! Is this all that Thanksgiving means to us? In the rush and excitement of Thanksgiving, most of us never think of the real significance of the day, of the many advantages and opportunities for which we should be thankful.

It would be impossible to enumerate the things for which we should be thankful in our school life, but there are a few which stand out as significant.

First of all, we are grateful to those at home who are making our presence here possible.

The appreciation of our "College family" is perhaps not always shown, but it exists. We are thankful for our President, for our understanding "College mother," and for each member of the faculty.

Outstanding in those things which merit our thanks, is our school spirit, that spirit of loyalty, of happiness, and of harmony.

To those who have been held down by oppressive restrictions, our normal regulations, neither too harsh, nor yet too lax, are especially worthy of gratitude.

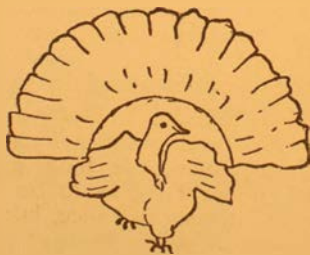
The high social basis of our college is another cause for thanks. Not once, but many times has the culture, the personality of our

THE PINE BRANCH

college been commented upon. Once a prominent educator said of our school: "This is a college which stands for high standards." Is that not something to give thanks for?

These few expressions of gratitude do not begin to cover all of the many things for which we should be thankful. This proves that we need longer than one day for Thanksgiving, so let us get into a thankful state of mind and make every day one of Thanksgiving.

K. JONES '31.



THE EDITOR'S ACCOUNT OF HERSELF

I am self-conscious! In fact, I am so very self-conscious that I approach timidity. Authors have written of people who are painfully this or painfully that, well that's my adverb. I am painfully self-conscious. I know of no physical pain that I have ever experienced—no not even that caused in my youthful days by an ably wielded hair-brush—that can equal the pain which I feel when any one glances in my direction. The first thought I have upon these rare occasions is "What is wrong with me? Is my dress on backwards? Did I leave off some article of wearing apparel?" And how great my relief when I realize that it isn't I after all that is being given the "once over," but the pert little self-assured flapper at my side whose dress is always cut on exactly the right lines, and who, if she had left off another article of clothing, would have been better prepared to take a trip to the shower rather than to town.

Probably the hardest ordeal for me to endure is an introduction. On being introduced I say, as mother taught me, "How do you do!" Then I become as dumb as an oyster. Round and round whirls my brain trying to think of something clever and witty, and in the meantime my flapper friend has monopolized the conversation by some amusing remark which seems to me utterly lacking in sense, but which is extremely funny and clever to the others. My kingdom for the ability to say clever things!

Another trial is parties! At every one I have ever attended I am a total loss, a "flop" and "all wet." Hostesses consider me a white elephant when they consider themselves duty bound to invite me. I have the name of "that quiet little Jones girl, don't you know?" Ugh! How I hate it! How I'd love to be boisterous and slangy and flapperish. I've tried it once or twice, but I'm worse than ever. Imagine a runty little girl wearing horn-rimmed spectacles on the end of a pug nose trying to act the "cute little vamp." No, I must stay in my class and be myself. I must sit in the corner discussing the "Tariff Question" with old Mr. Harris while other girls are discussing their boy friends.

Finally, there is even a greater problem to be solved, the problem of a career. In my young and foolish days I aspired to be a lawyer. Now, I don't think I should be a success in that profession. Imagine a lawyer who would simply fold up when the judge gave him a hard look! A lawyer who would turn a brilliant brick-hued shade and stammer "why y-e-e-s, I th-think you're r-right." No, that would never do, so I must turn my attention elsewhere. I wouldn't mind

THE PINE BRANCH

being a school teacher, but there again I would be a failure. The children could cower me with one snicker. The old ladies say I would make an ideal wife,—so steady, so quiet, and so home-loving. The old men say I would make an ideal wife because I talk so little. This is all very well for them to talk about, but there is another factor to be considered in this marriage game—the young men. They say nothing about me at all. I am merely a night-mare, that timid little girl whom the hostess dumped upon them. Therefore, marriage is quite out of the question. The only thing which I see left for me is to write articles for "The Needle-Craft Magazine," or "The Family Friend." In that way no one would see me and make fun of me.

All of you girls who choose these other careers, think of me writing,—writing in the seclusion of my little attic room, and come to see me. But don't bring your husbands, pupils, or clients. I can't endure introductions!

KATE JONES—'31.





Y. W. C. A..

One of the most impressive and beautiful ceremonies of the year was held in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall, in November, when the Y. W. C. A. conducted the annual fire-lighting services.

Red candles gave a mellow glow to the setting for this service. As soft music was played the students gathered in the Rotunda and after all were seated the Y. W. C. A. choir sang "Now the Day is Over." The Invitation was extended by Miss Annie P. Hopper, dean of women. Miss Anne Talbert, of Brinson, president of the Y. W. C. A. recited "The Sacrament of Fire," then kneeling, she lighted the fire on one side of the Rotunda while Miss Mary Alexander, of Nashville, president of the Student Government Association, lighted the other.

After the fires were burning brightly, representatives from different organizations of the campus brought fagots and placed them on the fire naming the quality which her organization contributed to the fire of fellowship.

Miss Anne Talbert brought for the Y. W. C. A., spirituality and service; Miss Mary Alexander, Nashville, for the S. G. A., justice and tolerance; Miss Mildred Minchew, Baxley, for the freshmen, enthusiasm; Miss Agnes Jones, Brunswick, for the sophomores, unselfishness; Miss Maye De Lois Summerlin, Pelham, for the juniors, sympathy; Miss Catherine McRee, Valdosta, for the seniors, insight; Miss Margaret Jennings, Waycross, for the Argonian Literary Society, culture; Miss Lillian Exum, Walstonburg, N. C., for the Phi Lambda Athletic Association, determination; Miss Margaret Brabham, Moultrie, for the Phi Kappas, good sportsmanship; Miss Dorothy Harper, Ocilla, for the Sororian Literary Society, appreciation; Miss Annie Lou Stanaland, Thomasville, for the Glee Club, joyousness; Miss Evelyn Blanton, Valdosta, for the Home Economics Club, health and happiness; Miss Joyce Roberson, Screven, for the Philharmonic Club, love of good music; Miss Edna Durham, Sycamore, for the Sock and Buskin Club, humor; Miss Pauline Griffin, Valdosta, for the Fine Arts Club, appreciation of art and sculpture; Miss Hazel

THE PINE BRANCH

Taylor, Valdosta, for the Valdosta Club, adventure; Miss Nannie Pope, Valdosta, for the International Relations Club, appreciation and understanding for the people of other lands; Miss Edith Patterson, of Boston, for the Alumnae Association, loyalty; Miss Lenora Ivey, Boston, for the faculty, desire for truth and sharing.

Miss Mary Alexander recited the pledge and the choir sang softly, "O Love That Will Not Let Me Go," followed with a prayer by Miss Marion Laing, Glennville. The hymn "Father of Lights" sung by the choir, was used as a recessional.

One of the most impressive devotional services of the month was led by Miss Jean Loughridge, of Blackshear. Miss Roselle Hatcher, of Donaldsonville, gave a most interesting and worthwhile talk on "A College Education." Miss Hatcher's talk was given in the form of asking questions; some of them were, "Why should a young woman attend college? What is the value of a college education? What does it take to get a college education?"

Another devotional was held by Miss Lillian Patterson, of Cordele. The group joined in the responsive readings and furthered the spirit of the hour of devotion.

The Y. W. C. A. has been very fortunate in obtaining competent teachers for the Bible Study Classes. Dr. Durrenberger teaches the Junior and Senior classes; Miss Hopper teaches the Sophomore class, and Miss Gill teaches the Freshman class. The attendance at Bible Study has been exceptionally good and we are expecting an unusually good year.



SOCIETIES

The Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies held a joint meeting on Saturday, October 19.

Modern Tendencies in Southern Contemporary Literature, Music and Dancing was the subject. The program of the evening dealt especially with the life of the Southern negro. *Ole Man Adam and His Chillun*, *Porgy*, and *Mamba's Daughters* were given as typical examples of this phase of Modern Literature.

Ole Man Adam and His Chillun depicts the religion of the negro in its truest form. All through the book are bits of sparkling humor that give one a newer conception of his religion. This was brought out in a report by Mary Jane Littlefield, of Folkston. She read one chapter to give an idea of the style the author used.

Virginia Carswell, of Waycross, gave a report on *Porgy* which is a very true picture of the negro life in Charleston, S. C.

Mamba's Daughters, also a story of South Carolina negroes, was reviewed by Margurite Powell, of Griffin.

To further carry out the subject, Miss Helen Ryon played several familiar and characteristic negro songs.

Several members of the Folk Dancing class gave a spirited demonstration of the Virginia Reel.

On Saturday, November 2, the Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies met together.

One of the modern plays, "Lima Beans," written by Alfred Kreymborg, was presented by members of the Play Production class. As a prologue Jean Loughridge gave a sketch of the author's life and a brief discussion of some of his poetry and other plays. Those taking part in the play were Essye Alligood, of Cairo; Virginia Mathis, of Ashburn; Hazel Allen, of Valdosta; Alice Hicks, of Thomasville, and Myrtle Vick, of Moultrie.



ATHLETICS

PHI LAMBDA NEWS

Lambdas, now that holidays are over, we want to get down to real work and put some "pep" in the volley ball and American ball practices in order that we may come out as victors in the next games which are scheduled for Friday,

November 22nd.

The first volley ball game of the season was played Thursday, October 31st. It was a very good game and although the Lambdas were in the lead at the beginning, the Kappas came out as winners, the score being 16 to 36. The Lambda line-up was: Kate Johnston, of Sasser; Lavanne Watson, of Lakeland; Lillian Exum, of North Carolina; Louise Jackson, of Valdosta; Alda DuPriest, of Sylvester; Ethel Castleberry, of Ashburn; Helen Brasington, of Waycross; June Fulcher, of Savannah; and Grace Griffin, of Live Oak.

Kate Johnston, of Sasser, was chosen captain of the volley ball team, and Helen Brasington, of Waycross, was chosen manager.

Lambdas, be out at the next games and back your association—That will help a lot!

PHI KAPPA NEWS

"Kappa spirit's never dead,

Kappa's going to rise again!"

How many times that battle-song has been shouted by enthusiastic "rooters" on the athletic field! and how many times has it been proved!

The volley ball game on October thirty-first furnished even more proof for the statement. The first quarter of the game indicated that the Lambda team was going to win without the Kappas scoring; but the Kappa team soon settled determinedly to work and slowly made the score equal, then—"Kappas ahead!"; and ahead they stayed

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

until the game ended in their favor with a score of thirty-six to sixteen.

The American Ball team has not yet had a chance to show its mettle in a match game, but as the season is scheduled to close with the Thanksgiving Day game it will not have to wait much longer. Under the leadership of the captain, Grace Chastain, of Thomasville, and the manager, Delia Bonner, of Vienna, we expect this team to show us how well a Kappa team can play.

ELSIE QUARTERMAN.





ALUMNAE

The College enjoyed visits from her daughters during the commencement season. Those who shared in this happy reunion were:

Ina Askew Hancack, Clarice Askew Hendricks, Mattie Campbell Lester, Rena Mae Campbell, Katie Herren Hubbard, Frankie Hartsfield, Clara Nell Speight, Lucile Dowling, Clyde Purcell Patten, Evelyn Purcell, Susie Mae Brinson, Otho Minick, Dorothy Larsen Parker, Leola Smith, Lottie Jarrell Stump, Natalie Sirmans Williams, Ollie Gaskins Fezell, Emma Sue Morris King, Clair Bray, Hester Bruce, Shirley Gaskins Thomison, Mary Eunice Sapp, Martha Lucas Baker, Evelyn Calhoun, Clara Bell Penny Hurlbert, Kathleen Strippling, Alice Perham, Pauline Scheider, Lorene Tittle, Lula Zeiglar Sellars, Emma Moore, Ida Groover, Johanna Voight, Evelyn Brown, Tennys Jones, LaForrest Smith, Lena Mae Smith, Mary Small, Clarice Ivey, Inez Sharpe, and Lois O'Quinn Spence.

* * *

The A. B. Degree Graduates of 1929 may be found holding the following positions:

Cora Jackson Burghard is teaching English, History and Penmanship in Junior High School, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Iva Chandler is filling the vacancy of the assistant dean of women of the Georgia State Womans College made by Verna Scarborough Thoroughman.

Eunice Chute is teaching eighth and ninth grades in St. George, Georgia.

Emily Dalton is studying dietetics in the Henry Grady Hospital, Atlanta, Georgia.

Dorothy Dasher is teaching violin, voice and several high school courses in the Newington, Georgia High School.

Hazel Donahue is spending this year at her home in Valdosta, Georgia.

Mary Eva Fambrough is teaching piano in Boston, Georgia.

Marguerite Ford is teaching History in the High School and the fifth grade at Clyattville, Georgia.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Catharyn Giddens is teaching the fourth grade in Edison, Georgia.

Helen Hightower is teaching English in the Valdosta High School.

Virginia Hightower is teaching fifth grade in the Valdosta Public School system.

Annette Isabell is teaching second grade in the Public Schools of Adel, Georgia.

Maggie Lawson is at the head of the Home Economics department in the High School at Adel, Georgia.

Mary Louise Maxwell is remaining at her home in Cavalry, Ga.

Rose Morrison is spending this year traveling in Europe.

Helen Ryon is assisting Miss Warren in the Music department of The Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta, Georgia.

Ila Spooner is remaining at her home in Donaldsonville, Georgia.

Mary Stewart is teaching Home Economics and Science in the High School at Screven, Georgia.

Bessie Young is in the Latin and English department of the Milner Georgia High School.

Catherine Lee is teaching Science at Lumber Bridge, N. C.



LOCALS

The Student Government Association entertained the faculty and student body at an informal tea on Wednesday afternoon. Miss Mary Alexander, of Nashville, Ga., president of the association, and Miss Myrtle Vick, of Moultrie, Ga., secretary and treasurer, presided at the tea table.

* * *

The Georgia State Womans College was happy to have the three hundred delegates to the State Kiwanis Convention in Valdosta at dinner on Thursday evening, October 24. Various departments of the college took part in the after-dinner program—dances by the physical education department, a group of songs by the glee club, and a one-act play and readings by the expression department.

* * *

A call meeting of the International Relations Club was held last week. Miss Nannie Pope, of Valdosta, president of the club, presided. Miss Louise Johnson, of Valdosta, was appointed chairman of the program committee. The following new members were voted in: Miss Grace Chastain, of Thomasville, Ga.; Miss Frances Cleveland, of Valdosta, Ga.; Miss Mattie Lou Doss, of Valdosta, Ga.; Miss Bertha Ferrell, of Quitman, Ga.; Miss Etta Giddens, of Arlington, Ga.; Miss Frances Hughes, of Glennville, Ga.; Miss Margaret Jennings, of Waycross, Ga.; Miss Dorothy Lile, of New Philadelphia, Ohio; Miss Catherine McRee, of Valdosta, Ga.; Miss Ruth Norman, of Norman Park, Ga.; Miss Margaret Parrish, of Valdosta, Ga., and Miss Georgia Patterson, of Boston, Ga.

* * *

On Friday evening, October 25, the regular program meeting of the International Relations Club was held.

* * *

Tuesday evening, October 22, the Valdosta Club, of the Georgia State Womans College, entertained the student body and faculty of the college at the first annual "manless" dance of the season. Mrs. Horn's Orchestra furnished the music.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Miss Louise Johnson, of Valdosta, was elected vice president of the Glee Club for the year 1929-1930.

* * *

Following a custom started last year the home town and county clubs were organized. In these clubs the girls from the same towns and counties organize into groups with club songs and yells. The purpose of the clubs is to bring the girls closer together and to form a social unit.

* * *

Mr. C. C. Brantley spoke at chapel during the month concerning the history, name, and development of Valdosta. The students found Mr. Brantley's talk of great interest in giving them an understanding of the town in which they were spending their college years, and his witty remarks caused him to be proclaimed as one of the most entertaining of chapel speakers.

* * *

The Sock and Buskin Club held its first regular meeting in October in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall. Miss Louise Lastinger, of Valdosta, president of the club, presided. Miss Mary Small, acting head of the art department, spoke on "Tie Dying and Batik." A short business meeting followed, in which Miss Kathleen Little, of Ocilla, and Miss Pearl Fairchild, of Waycross, were elected as members.

* * *

Miss Emily Tillman, of Valdosta, was elected secretary-treasurer of the Senior Class for the year 1929-1930. Miss Ruth Norman, of Norman Park, was elected song leader.

* * *

Mr. D. G. Bickers, of the Savannah Morning News, spent a short while on our campus this month. He gave a short talk on the origin and meaning of certain words. For many of us it was the first opportunity of becoming acquainted with him whose column in the Savannah Morning News we have been familiar with for a long time.

* * *

Thursday evening, November 14, Miss Gladys Warren, pianist, and Mrs. Frances B. Pardee, violinist, gave a recital, An Evening of Modern Music, at the Woman's Building. Mr. James Dasher, another member of the department, was accompanist for two groups played by Mrs. Pardee.

SOXES

Miss Price: Do you know why Washington threw the silver dollar across the Potomac?

Smart Freshman: He was teaching a couple of Scotchmen how to swim.

* * *

Emory Junior Lad: I think I'll open up an office when I graduate.

Ditto: I'll probably turn out to be a janitor, myself.

* * *

Miss Temple: Do you sing soprano?

Sally: Sure, how does the first verse start?

* * *

She: I want that car in the window.

He: Well, it's in the window.

* * *

Student: I wanna exchange this text book.

Librarian: Too late; you've had it a whole term.

Student: But I just found out that every other page is missing.

* * *

Wise Soph.: Hannibal believed in the open game.

Prof.: Why do you say that?

W. S.: It says he crossed the Alps by means of passes.

* * *

One girl: Can you tell me the way to a man's heart?

Another girl: What do you think I am—a surgeon?

* * *

First Business Man: I think Mr. Chaucer must have had a stenographer.

Second B. M.: Why?

First B. M.: Because his spelling is so bad.

* * *

Fair Young Thing: I wonder what causes the flight of time?

Brilliant Young Thing: It is probably urged on by the spur of the moment.

* * *

G. S. W. C. girls patronize their advertisers.

ELIZABETH CHANCE—'32.

AN HONORABLE COLLEGE

IN A BEAUTIFUL SETTING

AND

A PERFECT CLIMATE

The Georgia State Womans College
At Valdosta

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES OF HIGH STANDING
ARE INVITED TO SHARE ITS ADVANTAGES.

FRESH—PURE—APPETIZING—MRS. ROBERTSON'S

Home Made MAYONNAISE

NOT JUST ANOTHER MAYONNAISE—

A DIFFERENT AND BETTER MAYONNAISE

Manufactured by

Robertson Mayonnaise Company

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

ANNOUNCING

**the merging of the Valdosta Beauty Sa-
lon and Milady's Shoppe**

Second Floor Mrs. Whittington's

ALL EXPERT OPERATORS

Phone 1281 for Appointment

W. M. OLIVER & COMPANY

**Buy Her Christmas Gifts Here and They
Are Sure to Please**

"VALDOSTA'S SHOPPING CENTER"

W. L. ROBERTS ABIAL WINN J. Y. ROBERTS J. M. ALDERMAN

Valdosta Builders Supply Company

(INCORPORATED)

Manufacturers of

SASH, DOORS, FRAMES, STORE FIXTURES, CABI-
NETS, MOULDING, ETC.

Dealers in Lumber and Building Material of All Kinds

**A Cordial Welcome Awaits You at
VINSON'S DRUG STORE**

FINE STATIONERY—CANDIES—DELICIOUS SODAS
Packages Delivered—Phones 245-246

**Gifts For All Occasions
THOMPSON & GIRARDIN
Jewelers**

110 W. Central Ave. Valdosta, Georgia
50 Steps From Patterson Street—Miles From High Prices

DANIEL ASHLEY COFFEE SHOP

**Where You Find the Best
of Everything to Eat!
SERVICE WITH A SMILE**

MATHIS & YOUMANS COMPANY

**Pianos—Victrolas—Radios
Victor Records and Everything in Music
Valdosta, Georgia**

**You Always Have a Pleasant Taste When
You Visit Our Fountain.**

SERVICE DRUG COMPANY

Phone 1300

SUWANNEE RIVER CREAMERY

Valdosta, Georgia

Makers Famous Suwannee River Butter

Highest Prices Paid for Cream

ESTABLISHED 1867

INCORPORATED 1889

THE VALDOSTA TIMES

Daily and Weekly

VALDOSTA,

GEORGIA

Commercial Job Printers

SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.

Hemstitching and Picoting

We Appreciate Your Patronage

Phone 232

**We Deliver Anything to the College by
Motorcycle Delivery**

AT ANY HOUR—WE CALL IT FIVE-MINUTE SERVICE

YEARTY DRUG COMPANY

Phones, 812-813

SINEATH'S SILENT SERVICE

— Wish —

CONTINUED SUCCESS

— For —

THE PINE BRANCH

and

THE GEORGIA STATE WOMANS COLLEGE

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Valdosta, Georgia

Resources Over \$3,000,000.00

PIGGLY WIGGLY

Valdosta's Grocery Center

Always the most of the best for the least

WE THANK YOU

THE STYLE SHOP

111 NORTH PATTERSON

Ladies' Apparel

Specializing in Sizes for the Junior Miss

Now Showing the Newest Styles in Fall and Winter
Coats and Dresses.

YOU ARE ALWAYS WELCOME.

"TAKE PAINS IN BUYING YOUR HARDWARE"

PAINE HARDWARE COMPANY

Everything in Hardware

A Full Line of Sporting Goods

135 N. Ashley St. VALDOSTA, GA. Telephone 800

THE CITIZENS & SOUTHERN NATIONAL BANK

Capital \$5,000,000

Surplus \$5,000,000

No Account Too Large—None Too Small

Phone 828

McGOWAN MORTUARY COMPANY

Morticians

Free Ambulance Service

215 W. Hill Avenue

VALDOSTA, GA.

**We Serve the Best Drinks, and Give the
Best Curb Service in Town**

PARK WITH US

BROOKWOOD PHARMACY

WE MAKE PROMPT DELIVERIES

JITNEY JUNGLE

**Save a Nickle On a Quarter
Finest in Groceries and Meats**

3 Stores

3 Markets

LARSEN-FORBES HARDWARE CO.

Phone 525

Valdosta, Georgia

VALDOSTA AUTO PARTS CO.

Standard Replacement Parts

128 W. Central Ave.

Phone 900

Valdosta, Georgia

**Those Who Drink for Pleasure
Drink At
CONVERSE'S**

Soda Parlor

Tea Room

ROSCOE ROUSE

Plumbing and Heating Contractor

DEALER IN WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC HEATING AND
HIGH CLASS PLUMBING FIXTURES
ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

122-124 W. Central Avenue

Phone 120

**Use "PLEE-ZING" Canned Goods
Quality Products**

**THE A. S. PENDLETON COMPANY
Distributors**

LINDBERGH RESTAURANT

Quality Above All

DANIEL ASHLEY PHARMACY
College Headquarters
Packages Delivered by Motorcycle
AT ANY HOUR

FRIEDLANDER STORES, Inc.
JUST RECEIVED NEW SHIPMENT
Sport, Street, Afternoon and Evening
Dresses—Also Dress and Sport Coats
SEE OUR NEW COSTUME BAGS
AND NEW SHADES IN PHOENIX HOSE

FOR 15 YEARS A LEADING AND
FAVORITE BRAND
VALBESCO COFFEE
W. R. Youles Grocery Company
111 N. Ashley St. VALDOSTA, GA.

A. A. PARRISH COMPANY
ATWATER KENT
SCREEN GRID
RADIO
\$20.00 Down—\$10.00 Per Month
Phone 256 Valdosta, Georgia

**We Carry a Large Range of Sizes and
Styles of the Uniform Shoe at Moderate
Price for G. S. W. C. Girls—**

TURNER JONES SHOE COMPANY

**MOTHERS BREAD—BAMBY BREAD
SUPERIOR CAKE**

At Your Grocer

**“FISH ARE BRAIN FOOD”
“BRAINY FOLKS EAT FISH”**

Get In Line

**VALDOSTA FISH & OYSTER CO.
Phone 108**

RITZ THEATRE

**Where Only the Best In Amusements
Are Shown—Presents**

“RITZ - O - PHONE”

We urge your early selection of personal engraved Christmas Greeting Cards, before our lines are broken.

Family and general Greeting Cards are now on display.

Desirable Gifts for Everyone. It is a pleasure to show you.

**SOUTHERN STATIONERY AND
PRINTING COMPANY**

“Printing That Satisfies”

Telephone 241

209 N. Ashley St.

Valdosta, Georgia

SUITSUS
JERSEY MILK AND CREAM
Quality Products