

THE <sup>14</sup>  
PINE BRANCH



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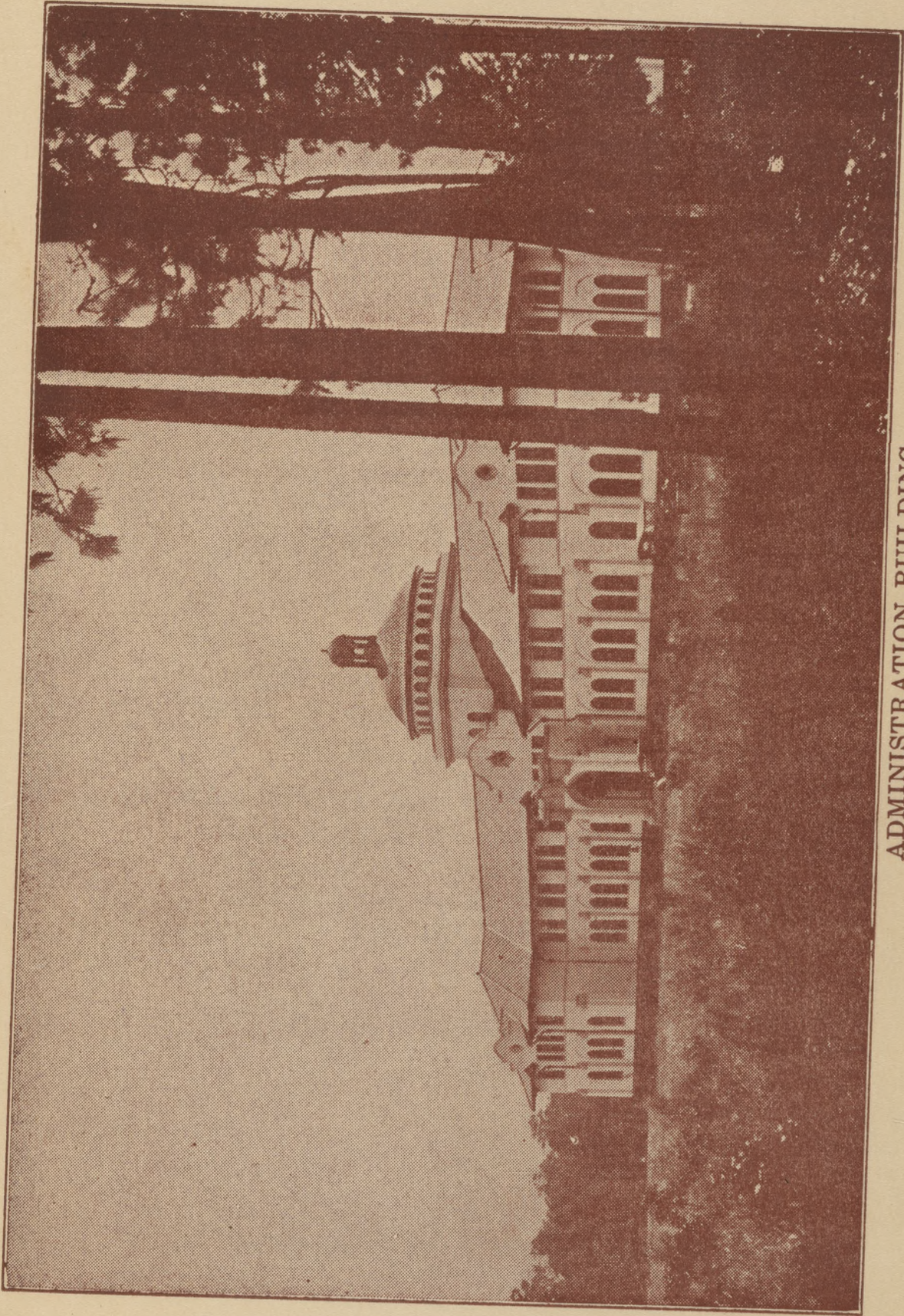
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THE PINE BRANCH



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING









## Autumn

The roses blush a deeper hue  
'Neath glance of autumn sun,  
And summer flower'ts pine away  
To think their work is done.

The autumn winds are whistling  
The barren branches through.  
Brown the leaves all scattered lie—  
With nothing more to do.

November's not withered or dead;  
This wonderful month of ours  
Drest by nature in regal splendor,  
Envies not the bringer of flowers.

She rises superb as the lofty pine;  
Like a vision of a brilliant pearl;  
Like a dazzle of walls of jasper;  
Like a glimpse of another world.  
Radiant! Perfect!

M. E. P., '22.



# A Boarding House Anthology

## The House.

There are boarding houses and boarding houses and still more boarding houses, but this boarding house is a wee bit different from other boarding houses. Well, you know how houses are; they are just as interesting as the people who live in them; each personality imparts an indefinable something to the atmosphere of the house, until, after awhile, the house has a personality of its own. So it was with this house.

It is an old house, a Colonial house, a dignified house; a house that has only recently received the affront of becoming a boarding house. It has bent a trifle under the shock, and has the air of having fallen back on its pride as its last resort. Within its walls there is lived from day to day the Drama of Life—here Comedy laughs; there—Tragedy sighs.

### Mrs. Mandeville Jones.

"Them that was, ain't," as every one very well knows. A lady of old and distinguished family, but unfortunately, poor in the goods of this world, was the landlady—"of the Mandeville-Jones, you know." Poor, proud and positive.

### Ann Jones.

On the steps is the daughter of the house, with a man on each side. A poised, self-confident little creature is Ann. Imperious, worldly-wise, she is part and parcel of the generation that's next.

### Miss Johnston.

Here is the woman who should have married, but somehow missed being asked. Tall, thin, angular, but with the mother heart in her eyes. So Miss Johnson does kindergarten work and consoles herself with other people's children.

### Mr. and Mrs. Bridges.

The woman who shouldn't have married, but did, is Mrs. Bridges. Fat to the point of obesity, irritable, meddling, childless, she can weep large tears at any moment, making rivers and lakes of her chin.

Mr. Bridges, the living skeleton, a patient, hen-pecked thing, whose shoulders continually ask of an avenging Fate "what have I done to be so cursed?" attempts to pet the wife of his bosom by "Now Baby! Lucy darlin', don't you cry."



## A BOARDING HOUSE ANTHOLOGY

### Miss Mead.

Coming up the steps is the maid of uncertain age, who is pursuing a man—oh, any old man. She would have an exquisitely beautiful singing voice if her heart were kind and good. She is a shrewish, sharp-tongued, sarcastic woman, having a catty greeting for everyone.

### Mr. Moore.

Everyone dislikes Miss Meade except Mr. Moore, a prying, meddlesome old foggy, with an over-developed taste for gossip. They sit in corners, whispering about other guests—“Have you heard the scandal about P——?”

### Mrs. Daniel Crawford.

Have you met the lady with the “superior than thou” manner? A tall, haughty personage, who nags poor Daniel for money. She has suffered from all the ills that flesh is heir to, and she is never happier than when recounting her “attacks” to strangers.

### The Young People.

In the living room is the fat and jolly school teacher, dragging the latest rag out of the old piano, while the pretty girl with the soprano voice renders in a poignantly expressive tones, “The rich get richer and the poor get children—but in the meantime, ain’t we got fun?”

On the couch, an ultra-sophisticated youth, of the type known as tea-hound, gracefully reclines, favoring the company with a bored glance as he languidly flicks the ash from his cigarette. While Dr. Adams tells evryone in general and no one in particular the identity of the girls whom he kissed last night.

### Colonel Landing.

The Colonel stands aloof, an elderly, detached figure of the generation that’s past. Witty, with a dry kind of humor, he gazes cynically at the passing show of 1921, and sorrowfully shakes his head.

### The Card Table.

Gathered around the bridge table is the man who worships his wife, and the wife, who, forsaking all others, cleaves only unto her family; the poor ragged Daniel with the haughty personage, and the lonely old woman who dreads age and fears death, trying to fool the world and herself with a loud laugh and many cosmetics.

The house, wrapping itself in its mantle of pride, dreams of things as they might have been, turning from things as they are.

Evelyn Kendrick Brown.



## Isn't It So

[Reflections of a college girl concerning a small boy's attitude toward his delinquencies.]

When dad was a boy, he liked to work! He adored it! Oh, yes! He thrived on it! He was a geyser of energy; he couldn't tire; he split the kindling; brought in the wood and the water; hoed the garden; watered the lawn; milked the cow; fed the stock; mended the harness; helped his mother; studied his lessons; never missed his spelling; liked to read; washed behind his ears; neither absent nor tardy; never remained after school—but always came home whistling with a shining face.

Such is the myth of age and the land of used-to-be. Has it changed? Not a whit. Adam told it to Cain; Cain being a vengeful person passed it on. His descendants dwelled upon the ancient combination that would conquer heaven and the old hypocrisy has continued to be nourished ever since. Dad never lived as leisurely as I. Perfection vanished from the earth when I came here. Ask dad—he knows.

I'm so glad I'll be a grown up man some day. Then I can tell my children what I used-to-do and what I used-to-be when I was a boy. I'll be as industrious as Benjamin Franklin—forget that I was a vegetable instead of a flower, and have the energy of Teddie Roosevelt. I'll try Mrs. Do-as-you-were-done-by's method and even have the brain of Edison.

Clarice Weathersby.



## Prep II's October Hike

The Prep II class all hiked away.  
To Jones' pond they turned their step,  
All jolly good girls and full of pep.  
They romped and skipped and talked and sang  
Until the woods with echos rang.  
Thru oak shrubs thick and pine groves tall  
They heard cold weather give her call.  
They found the lake with moss clad trees  
And sunny spots unhid by leaves,  
They sang class songs, and ate their lunch  
And drank their bottles of cherry punch.  
So after fun they faced about,  
And to the college trod their route.

Harriet Jones.







## Disadvantage Of Having Ears

"Well, I just will not go back, that is all there is to it, the very insult of her talking about me in that way, and then asking me to come back and spend the night with her. No! I won't go, and what's more, I'll tell her the reason why I won't," stated Edith before her mother had the least chance to find out what the matter was. The mother finally discovered from the sobbing girl that while she was sitting on the porch of her best chum, she heard the following conversation between Mary and her mother:

"Well daughter, I won't have her here, that is all there is to it," said Mrs. Daniels.

"But mother," was Mary's reply, "I know she's not very clean, and may even have fleas on her, still she will be company for me."

"No, I will not have such a thing in my house," was the only reply Mary received.

"Since you insist I reckon it would be best; I will have her tomorrow night and then drop her," agreed Mary.

"Why mother," said Edith, "I just couldn't get away from that place quickly enough."

Edith's mother, thinking she would allow for misunderstanding, 'phoned Mary that Edith wasn't feeling very well and couldn't come that night.

The next morning Mary came by for Edith very early, she was in her car, and in the back seat was a bag that seemed as if it had something alive in it.

Mary, looking very sad, asked Edith to ride out in the country with her. She told her she had found a little kitten, but that her mother insisted on her getting rid of it, for it was dirty and had fleas; so she was going to drop him near a farmhouse.

The only part of the conversation Edith had missed overhearing while sitting on the porch was

"Drop her kitten near a farmhouse." Stella Taylor.



## EDITORIAL

# College Coming Into Its Own

A young college like other young institutions, may be likened in one important respect to a young animal. Its chief business is to grow—or rather to develop. (A squab is sometimes bigger than a pigeon; but the young bird's business is to become a pigeon). Of course the business of a State college is to serve the people; and a young college in growing to a full fledged server of the people passes through many interesting phases of development. So at least has it been with ours. This fall two results of this development stand out conspicuously for those of us who have, as it were, grown up with the school. The College has had its infancy. Like other colleges in that stage, it had many "preps" and fewer seniors. Majority rules in more ways than merely political; and the institution in the earlier years was colored largely by the younger group. This year the younger classes have been held to a strict and very small limit and the more advanced classes have grown extensively. The present senior class is fifty per cent. larger than any before; and the junior class is also larger and stronger. The atmosphere has changed accordingly.

Gradually the institution as it has grown, has widened its territory and gained the confidence of the people, and this has brought about a modification of emphasis in the curriculum. We notice wider choice of subject matter and a broader selection of courses. There is hardly any interest of women that is not now reflected in a strongly organized department. The emphasis of college work is of course still on the training of teachers, but the broad cultural atmosphere in which the work is carried on reveals the kindness of the institution not only to the best teacher-training institutions, but also to the so-called cultural colleges.

The College has always stood for very exacting standards of scholarship, whether of preparatory grade or of college grade; but the noticeable thing this year about the facts mentioned above—the thing that gives us joy and a sense of growth—is the ripeness of the College note, the fullness of the College spirit, and the dominance in the College of College life.

The result to us students is a feeling of a larger world, a larger freedom and a larger sense of responsibility—plus the happiness and joy that accompanies one's realization of a larger world and freedom.



# LOCALS

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Soronians are very enthusiastic to see their society grow in numbers and enjoy a real live society. A goodly number of old girls were present at the first roll call, and many new girls have filed their applications for membership and are waiting to be duly initiated. Officers for this year are as follows:

President	-----	Waver Hodges
Vice President	-----	Lillian Sasser
Secretary	-----	Lucile Allen
Treasurer	-----	Inez Sharpe

---

The Argonian Literary Society, which is composed of the Junior, Freshmen and Prep I classes, came to the front this year with a splendid enrollment of seventy-nine members. The Juniors came in strongly with a hundred per cent. membership, which is a marked improvement over the enrollment of the past year. However, this does not appease the Argonians and they are striving onward toward their goal to affiliate every student within their bounds.

The officers of the Argonian Literary are as follows:

President	-----	Eppie Roberson
Vice President	-----	Alma Kicklighter
Secretary	-----	Verna Scarborough
Treasurer	-----	Jewel Carmack
Sergeant-at-Arms	-----	Mary Pearl Patterson

---

Our Y. W. C. A. has made a very successful beginning for the year with the following girls as officers:

President	-----	Mattie Stipe
Vice President	-----	Mary Cobb
Secretary	-----	Maggie Lou Cook
Treasurer	-----	Gussie Belle Rentz
Undergraduate Representative	-----	Eppie Roberson



## LOCALS

The main emphasis on the work thus far has been placed on welcoming the new girls, and at the same time acquainting them with our organization.

The first part of the work was carried out very effectively in the beginning, when different members of the cabinet returned to school a day earlier in order to meet the new girls at the train and give them a reception as warm as possible. Practically all of the social activities have been provided by the Y. W. C. A., such as hikes, receptions and other amusements.

The efforts to acquaint the girls with our Y. W. C. A. were certainly not fruitless, because they not only became acquainted, but realized its value to the extent that we had a hundred per cent. membership in a very short while.

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### Who, What and Where?

S. G. S. N. C. is well represented in the Brunswick schools this year, for four of our members are teaching there.

Miss Kennye Lassater is principal and teacher of the fifth and sixth grades in the Arco School.

Miss Julia Bryan is teaching the third and fourth grades in the Glynn Grammar School.

Miss Augusta Brown and Miss Ethel Ingram are teaching the fifth grade in the Purvis School.

It seems as if the non-professional girls of the class of '21 are our busiest teachers. Miss Mildred Price is teaching fourth grade in Marion, O.

Miss Ruth Wolcott is teaching in Lumberton, N. C.

Evelyn Powell is continuing her studies at the University of Georgia.

Two of our members, Misses C. B. Sharp and Ruth Harrell, are teaching in Savannah.

Miss Buena McConnell is teaching English and history in the high school at Murphy, N. C.

Among the alumnae members who have visited S. G. S. N. C. since the opening of school were Misses Stella Floyd, Katherine White, Minnie Ruth and Augusta Brown, Catherine Spence, Lois O'Quinn and Effie Patten.

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### September Thoughts.

When September days with their cheer and sunshine have come, 'tis then our thoughts turn from the spent pleasures of summer time, and wandering back, dwell upon the pleasant memory of our school days.

We think of the day when we were called new girls. How we longed to be as happy and feel as much at home as the old girls did. And then the memory of our joys and sorrows come quickly to our minds. The memory of each day is dear to our hearts, and we would not have one changed, for with every day something was added to our life that we felt, made it better and more worth while.

Our school days are over, but our thoughts and best wishes are still with you, S. G. S. N. C.





**A New Novel—Author Unknown.**

Juanita: "Thelma, have you finished reading 'Ammonia?'"

Thelma: "'Ammonia!' I—I—am reading 'Romola.'"

**Another Excuse.**

Junior: "If it's heads, we go to bed. If it's tails, we stay up."

Senior: "Yep, and if it stands on edge, we study."

**Heaven on Earth.**

Pupil: "Does post-mortem mean examination after death?"

Teacher: "Yes."

"Well, if you don't mind, I'll take the rest of mine like that."

**How Strange.**

Birdie:: "You know there is a river near Blue Ridge so shallow you can wade across it."

Maggie Lou: "How deep is it?"

Birdie: "Why, you can wade across it without getting your feet wet."

**Civilian Clothes.**

Cynthia, to Lillian, who was getting out of uniform: "Aren't you going to vesper tonight?"

Lillian: "No, don't you know we can't go in civilian clothes."

**Two in One.**

Estelle, when announcing a hymn in vesper: "Let's remain seated while we stand and sing song number seventy-three."



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