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CONTENTS

A Greeting From the President	-----	Page 1
Three Wishes on a Charm	-----	Page 2
To a Sycamore	-----	Page 9
A Canterbury Tale	-----	Page 10
Dialect in Modern Fiction	-----	Page 13
Editorial	-----	Page 15
Locals	-----	Page 17
Y. W. C. A.	-----	Page 20
Alumnae	-----	Page 21
Jokes	-----	Page 23

A GREETING FROM THE PRESIDENT

It is with unusual pleasure that I write this word of greeting. It is a homely trait of human nature that we all like to tell good news; and I have the best news about the College to tell you.

The physical development of the College has been most encouraging. While the total growth of the Freshman class for the last five years has been almost exactly two hundred per cent, the growth this year over last has been exactly fifty per cent. The graduating classes have grown on the whole slightly faster than the Freshman classes—which indicates that the high schools are sending year by year slightly better prepared students, of whom fewer fail.

Yet the College has never emphasized mere numbers as a criterion of its worth and has always placed "quality above quantity." It is therefore gratifying to know that this policy is approved by the people in that more and more of them select for their daughters a college that makes no compromises with standards.

It is needless to say to the students in residence that the College is crowded to its limits both in dormitories and in class rooms; they have convincing personal evidence of the fact. The alumnae, though, will be pleased to have this evidence that others in larger numbers share their faith in their Alma Mater.

While the physical growth is gratifying, the fine spirit of students and faculty is more so. Year by year the College spirit takes a deeper grip upon the new comer. The watchword, "Character first," is everywhere being translated into action, into living.

I but express the thought of all the College authorities when I congratulate the student body on their handsome get-away for the year's run and predict another year of which not only may the College be proud but with which the whole State may be pleased.

R. H. POWELL, President.

THREE WISHES ON A CHARM

Along the street, walking arm in arm in the autumn sunshine, came two girls talking animatedly. Both seemed of about the same age—probably twenty, though with her small stature and bobbed hair, the dark-haired girl might easily have been eighteen. As she talked, she emphasized her words with motions of her hands, and her eyes flashed excitedly. Her companion seemed to be quite her opposite, blond and placid, less emotional and enthusiastic in her interest in the subject under discussion.

"My gracious, Elise! Don't get so excited! You always do let your emotions run away with you. Calm down and tell me about it," said the more practical-looking girl to her vivacious companion.

"Oh, Annice, I can't help it! Honestly, he's perfectly adorable. He's about thirty-five and has the most soulful eyes, and the dreamiest way of smiling. He's heaps better than the leading man they had last year. He is so romantic-looking. I wish that—" then pausing abruptly, Elsie stopped and caught her friend's arm. "Annice, do you suppose there is anything in what Jimmie told me last night when he gave me the charm I'm wearing? He said that he got it from that old Chinese notion shop over yonder on that old side street that runs parallel with the bay. It's supposed to be a magic charm, you know, and to grant anyone's wish. Don't you wish it really would? Just for fun, let's try and see. Here, you hold it and wish on it first. Come on, be a sport, it can't hurt you!"

"Oh, you simple one! You are the silliest thing! Of course it hasn't any magic power. It's very pretty, but that's all there is to it. I wouldn't be so perfectly idiotic as to waste time wishing on it. Come on, let's stop in here and get something to drink. Perhaps it will cool your fevered brain. Your imagination is running away with you."

"No, I don't care for anything to drink now. It is foolish, of course," with a deprecating smile at her own fancy, "but just the same I'm going to wish. I'm going to wish, let me see—I know, I'd rather have a romantic lover than anything else! One about thirty-five, with soulful eyes, and a dreamy way of smiling; a romantic-looking one, not a plain, prosaic boy like the ones in our bunch. He must be—"

"Mr. Don Barry," finished Mary, interrupting rudely, "If I remember correctly, from your description of a while ago,

THE PINE BRANCH

he will fill all requirements. It's a shame, Elise, for you to call Jimmie a 'plain, prosaic boy.' You know he's neither plain, nor prosaic, and as for his age, I would rather have a cute boy like him any day than an old man like that Barry actor. You're just crazy!"

"Yes, my dear, so you've told me several times already;" then with a blush denying her words, she added, "You are wrong. I was not even thinking of Don Barry, though he does come nearer to my ideal than some other people I know. Why don't you take Jimmie since he's so near your ideal? I'm sure that I wouldn't care."

"Well, in the first place, as you very well know, I couldn't get him unless you were dead and buried—probably not even then; and in the second place—well, you know I don't like boys anyway—that is, not like you do. That 'romantic lover' stuff never did appeal to me at all. I think it's silly and foolish, and—"

"Wait a minute, don't get mad. Let's talk about something else. Are you going to the theatre tomorrow? There's a change of bill there, you know, the second play of the week, and Jimmie and I are going. You and Grady come on too—Mercy, didn't we get home quickly? Come on in, won't you? Well, if you can't come in now, I'll see you again soon, tomorrow night if not before. Yes, I'm sure that Jimmie and I are going. We always do; he's really quite nice in some ways. We'll be there all right."

* * * * *

And they were. Perhaps that accounts for the fact that the next night as Mr. Don Barry was standing before the manager's desk in the office of the theatre, he saw lying out on the desk top a small, white object with some peculiar figures carved on it and painted black. Seeing the actor's eyes on it, the manager picked it up and said:

"You seem to be admiring this little charm that some one found and turned in at the office to be held until claimed. It doesn't look like it's very valuable though, does it? I doubt if anyone will go to the trouble and expense to advertise unless there is some sentimental value attached. Guess I might as well keep it here though, and see. Never can tell, you know."

"Let me see it a minute," said Don Barry, taking it as it was handed to him; on examining it closely he added, "It doesn't look very valuable, as you say, but it is a pecu-

THREE WISHES ON A CHARM

liarly fascinating little thing, isn't it? If you have no use for it, and no one calls for it, I'd be glad to buy it from you for a friend of mine who admires all such oddities."

"A friend, eh?" answered the manager, stroking his chin and smiling knowingly, "I wonder who—oh, well, that makes no difference! Here, take the little curio if you want it; if the owner calls for it you can return it—no, don't say anything. I haven't any use for it; I haven't a—friend, you see!" then, becoming serious abruptly, "now, about this matter we were discussing, I think that—"

"Oh, here you are, Don! I've been hunting you for ages! Aren't you ready yet? No, don't waste time explaining your tardiness. Explain on the way," and with this she took his arm and led him out of the office into the hall without.

"Now, Fay, I'm not as slow as you think. Here's a curious-looking charm that I just found in the office and got for you. I haven't ever seen one like it before, have you?"

"No, I haven't. I wonder who lost it. Isn't it adorable! I just love peculiar things like this!" said Fay, holding the small white object in her hand and regarding it closely, while the man held the broken ribbon in his, and drew the charm and the hand which held it toward his own, until he held them both, hand and charm, in his own palm.

"I wish that I could make you look like that when you think of me, and not just when you look at that old charm," exclaimed the man, no longer the romantic lover of the footlights, but a very human individual, as wistfully earnest as any man of more commonplace occupation, "Oh, I do wish that something would happen to warm your cold heart toward me! When you look at me so disinterestedly, my heart—"

"Oh, piffle, Don! Wasn't all that in the last role we had? I believe I remember hearing you quote it before, just like that," said Miss Gordon unfeelingly. "For pity's sake, come on, I'm starved, and even the midnight lunch will be closed in a little while. Ready? Then let's go."

* * * * *

On the opening night of the next week's play, Elsie and Jimmie sat out in the large audience which had come to see the new drama that the stock company was presenting. The hum of conversation died away gradually as the orchestra played the overture, and ceased altogether when

THE PINE BRANCH

the curtain was raised. The play was an old but very popular love story of the days which to every Southern heart mean the acme of chivalry and romance, the "days before the war," taking for granted as every true Southerner does, that the phrase could refer to but one war, the one in which state fought sister state, and brother often engaged in battle with brother. The scene was laid on an old Southern plantation, and there were the usual negro slaves to lend an atmosphere of Southern life before the war.

Mr. Don Barry in the leading role of a hot-blooded young Southern gentleman had portrayed his part well, meeting in every respect the romantic expectations of the intensely interested little black-haired miss in the audience, watching his every move so closely as to be oblivious of every other person about her, even of the young man at her side who from time to time looked at her, smiling sardonically, whether at himself or at someone else, one could not tell.

In the third act the interest in the audience was intense. The actors were all playing their best, buoyed up by the electric current of interest which seemed to flow from the audience to the stage. The young hero of the drama had come from a disappointing talk with his young fiance from the North when he saw a young negro teasing a favorite hound. Already worried by the perplexing attitude of his fiance, and hurt at her seeming indifference, the sight filled the young man with rage, and he advanced threateningly upon the young negro. The young actor entrusted with the role of the colored youth played the part well. His pretense of fear was at once realistic enough to please the most critical, yet humorous enough to relieve the somewhat heavy character of the scene. The young aristocrat came near the slave, seized him by the collar, and tried to speak. He could not; he tried again, still without success. Then suddenly the electric contact between the hero and the audience was broken, and the hero became not a hero of Southern days at all, but Don Barry of a company of stock players presenting "Ante Bellum Days."

Just as the young slave became most fervent in his protestations of innocence and pleas for forgiveness, in spite of the earnestness of the portrayal, the humorous side became uppermost, and Don Barry laughed! At first the audience thought that the young hero had relented and was about to forgive the offender, then they realized, the laugh

THREE WISHES ON A CHARM

in the ways of women than he, he said nothing, but made his way as rapidly as he could through the crowd.

Elise remained pensively silent during the first part of the drive home in Jimmie's roadster, then sighed gently,

"Oh, Jimmie!"

"What is it, old dear?" asked Jimmie, cheerfully, but quite unimaginatively.

"Jimmie, does the moonlight mean romance to you? See how it softens all the harshness, hides all the ugliness and makes all it touches beautiful. That's what romance does for me. I do love it so, though I don't believe there are any romantic people now. I'm afraid that the charm that you gave me doesn't work, but I'm sorry that I lost it," she added, seemingly irrelevantly, but bitterly conscious of the way it had failed her.

Jimmie was quite unprepared for the soft wistfulness of her tone, for though of a very romantic nature she had always maintained barriers of strictest reserve toward him when they were together; but being a wide-awake young man, he immediately seized the opportunity which presented itself.

Taking her hand gently in his even as he drove on with the other, he said before she could withdraw it,

"Oh, yes, Elsie, there is romance in the world now. On such a night as this, I can't help but tell you what I have felt for ages past, but haven't been able to tell you because every time I see you my tongue just won't behave right. Sweetheart—" but just then the man in the moon ducked was not in the play! The hero had simply become the man before their very eyes.

There was a tense moment of silence, then the play proceeded as if nothing had happened, but for at least one person in the audience, the drama had lost its interest. After the first shock of the incident was over, Elsie experienced a dull feeling of loss, and indeed she had lost something, for never again could she clothe Don Barry with the romantic mantle which she had woven for him. Always afterward he would be to her only a mortal fit for the lowest consideration, an idol whose feet of clay she had discovered.

As soon as the play was over, she arose, and turning to Jimmie, said,

"Let's get out of here. I'm suffocating!"

THE PINE BRANCH

Jimmie looked at her queerly, for always before she had wanted to linger and look dreamily toward the spot where her idol had last stood, as though in her mind he was still there. However, with the wisdom of one more experienced under a cloud, and what he may not see or hear, surely we may not.

Some time later, however, he again emerged from his vaporous screen in time to hear Elsie say,

"But, Jimmie, darling, I didn't know that you could be so romantic and nice." A short pause, a giggle from Elsie, then, "Maybe that charm did work after all, Jimmie, but just not in the way I thought it would!"

"Well, Elsie, my dear, I didn't know that you made a wish, and I don't know yet what you wished, but I can vouch for it that if you did, there are two wishes at least that it has granted; for I wished for just such a night as this before I gave it to you. Of course," he added grinning shamefacedly, "I don't really believe that is what did it—though I can't offer any other explanation, but I didn't believe at the time that it would, and—shucks, what's the use of talking about a silly old charm anyway? You're lots more interesting!"

* * * *

But what of the charm and the other wish? Let us see.

After the performance Don Barry sought his dressing room, heavy of heart. Hopes for a promotion to a larger city were gone; hopes for a brilliant dramatic career gone; and with them, what was dearer than either, hopes of winning the love of the little star, Fay Gordon.

As he sat, with his head bowed in his hands, behind the scenes after removing his makeup, he felt a light touch on his shoulder and a well-loved voice, much gentler than usual, said close to his ear,

"Brace up, old boy, what's troubling you?"

"Troubling me?" he asked bitterly without even looking up. "can you ask that when you saw what a hopeless fool I made of myself out there? Why couldn't that have happened during a rehearsal, if at all? It only proves that I should be sweeping streets or laying bricks! I—"

"Now, Don, buck up! They say there's a silver lining to every cloud. I'm no preacher, but maybe there's one to this too. Perhaps your near failure made someone realize how much they would have cared if you had failed utterly,"

THREE WISHES ON A CHARM

she proceeded, more and more softly as she became more embarrassed, "Oh, Don, will it make your seeming failure less bitter if I say that your laugh out there on the stage made me see you as you are, and that I loved what I saw? Always before you have seemed so artificial, always the actor, never the man; but tonight you did what seemed to me the only natural thing that I have ever seen you do—you threw aside posing and affectation and became a human being for once; one whom I—" but she broke off laughing almost hysterically, and catching a black ribbon which hung around her neck, she drew it forth.

"See, Don," he added, "here's that little charm that you gave me last week. Let's pretend that it is a wishing charm, and wish together for happiness."

"What more could I ask for now?" asked Don, looking up at last. "You have given me all the happiness I could wish."

Then rising, he once again took her hand and the charm which it held into his own hand, and gazing into her eyes he saw there the expression which he had desired so eagerly for so long a time—the expression of a woman looking upon something which is well-beloved.

"Yes, Don, you're right," she answered softly, "For me, too, no charm like this is necessary," then with a smile she added, "Your charm is my charm now."

Martha Youngblood.

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TO A SYCAMORE

When April's grief is a magic sound
Your buds are sheathed in feathery down;
When June is riotous with color and sheen,
Your gala dress is an emerald green;
Then comes September's drowsy deep
Which lulls your sun-flecked leaves to sleep.
Soon keen November's cutting wind
Makes your weary leaves descend.
Then January's icy fingers mark
Silvery patterns on your bare brown bark.
But in March your life comes creeping in
Reminding that all life lives again.

Evelyn Brown.

A CANTERBURY TALE

(Had Chaucer finished giving to us all the Canterbury tales, as told by the pilgrims to Thomas A. Becket's tomb, I imagine the Good Wife would have told one like this:)

PROLOGUE OF THE WIFE OF BATH

"Despite the tale of 'patient Griselda' by the Clerk, I still hold that woman should her husband rule. Perdy! Well I wot where man would be were it not for woman. Drunkard and dotard would be his lot."

Here beginneth the Good Wife's Tale.

There was once a carpenter, Guy by name, who went to search out for a wife. He was rich in this world's goods, the goods having been left him by his father (so people said), but in truth, they really came from the mother of Guy, for she had the power over the life and body of her husband.

It was a beautiful morning when the youth set forth on his quest. The sky was as rosy as a maid's face, when she receives a pretty speech from a knight; green was the mead, and the dew on the grass and leaves twinkled as a widow's eye, for she is wise.

Guy was a comely man, his hair was crisp and straight, and of the color of butter, and was tied after the latest fashion, with a riband at the nape of his neck. No maid or wench looked upon his countenance, but she immediately lost her heart. His figure was as slim as the reed by the brook, and his eyes were blue. His horse was plump, and shone like a well rubbed apple. And well he rode the horse, I trow! Never yet have I seen so comely a personage.

Now, this carpenter was cunning in his way of selecting a wife, it having been taught him by his helpful mother. A wife he wanted, who could cook, spin, weave, and above all—save! It so happened that this particular horse he rode was fond of bread dough, and in this way he expected to find a wife.

After he had gone a few miles he came to a little cottage. Upon his knocking, came a lovely maid to the door.

"Perdy!" thought the carpenter, "what a comely wife she would be!"

"Could you give eat and drink to a traveler?" he asked.

"Certes," replied the maid, and requested that he enter.

"I must ask thee also if thou wilt save me the scrapings of the bread tray for mine horse, who will eat naught else?"

THE PINE BRANCH

"Certes," again the maid replied, and with a sly smile she departed.

Now it so happened that this girl's mother had been dead many years, and of course, only having a father, she had no one to counsel her wisely.

"What a handsome man," thought the maid, "I'll leave many scrapings of the bread in the tray, and mayhap I'll gain his favor."

So the poor foolish maid left many scrapings of the bread in the tray, and the carpenter after thanking her kindly, paid her a shilling for her bounty and went his way.

"Forsooth," said he to himself, "she will not make me a good wife, but will through waste, rid me of my fortune."

He sought every house and place wherein he expected to find a wife, but alas and alack, they all lost their hearts to him, and in so doing lost him. For, in sooth, each time they came out with a well-filled pan of bread scrapings, by reason whereof the carpenter would smile kindly, thank right heartily (for some of the maids would take no pay), and pass on, with a sad and crafty smile.

Now it came to pass that as he was riding along a by-way, downcast in spirit, he saw a buxom young woman standing in the doorway of a cottage. She was not fair; neither was she homely. She was of medium stature, and capable she was by look. Much spinning and weaving had she done, I trow!

"Fair maid," quoth the carpenter, "hungry is my horse, and he will eat nought else but the scrapings of the bread tray, wilt thou give me of thy tray?"

"Sir fool," said the maiden, "get thee hence, or by my life I'll set the hounds on thee."

"Wherein have I erred lady, I beg thee tell me?"

"Devil take thee," answered the maid, "when I make bread, no scrap is left, not even enough for the birds, besides for a horse."

"This is the wife for me," thought the carpenter, and straightway sought to gain her favor.

When she saw he loved and wooed so well, she set no value on his love. He was full glad when, at last, she spoke friendly to him.

A fortnight from their meeting they were wed. There was no joy or celebration, the prudent wife not willing to waste goodly store in mere pleasance.

A CANTERBURY TALE

She took into her hands the bridle of all governance of the house and estate. The husband had tribulation upon his flesh whilst he lived. God wot she chid him without mercy, for she had power over his life and body.

So endeth my tale. A husband will have a plenty of worldly goods, and fare good, if he will but let his wife rule the household. But I pray Jesus to shorten husband's lives, who will not by their wives be ruled.

Mildred Williams.

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DIALECT IN MODERN FICTION

In the cultivation of the English dialect there has been, and still is, discussion as to its value and the extent to which it should be taken seriously; and when the view is favorable, there will be varying degrees of opinion. As it is always well to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in us, it may not be out of place to mention, by way of suggestion or reminder, some of the attributes of the vernacular which make it worthy of study and cultivation.

The life of every section is reflected in its speech. Home-spun language has a past; in it beats the heart of deep feeling and its sayings and phrases have a race-old distillation of wisdom. To become ashamed of speech with a colloquial flavor is to become ashamed of every speech that has primitive thews and muscles. Goethe says, "Every province loves its own dialect, for properly speaking, the soul draws from it its very life breath."

Dialect gives a flavor to speech; it is essentially of the plain people who are better understood as a result of their variations of language. These variations are often looked upon as errors of the ignorant—"bad grammar" to be avoided, "bad usage" to be suppressed. The truth is that these variations represent one of the most important groups or classes of fact on which the scientific study of language rests. Many of them are survivals from older periods—decayed aristocrats of speech, perhaps worthy to be restored to their heritage; many are new words formed or adopted to meet a new need arising from new conditions, and so are gaining a place in standard English. Many represent variations in pronunciation, illustrating changes which are constantly going on in the development of the spoken language. When we are speaking of dialect it is well to distinguish between long established speech and passing slang, between what is homely and permanent, and what is vulgar and ephemeral.

One of the most extraordinary things to be noted about dialect, as a literary factor, is that it has varied little since the time of Shakespeare. As you recognize the artist's combination of lines and dots as a woman, so you recognize the author's dialect as the speech of an Englishman or a Scotchman, as the case may be. In the case of the artist, the grotesque is used to convey ideas that could not be represented in plain drawing, in the case of the author, dialect is used to express sounds of speech which could not be ex-

DIALECT IN MODERN FICTION

pressed in the ordinary combination of letters.

Dialect cannot be successfully adopted in literature by any but authors who have learned the forms from the lips of the people using it; first hand study is necessary. Of modern dialect, the Scotch and English are undoubtedly popular, but there is danger of the devotees overdoing the use of them. For instance, Scotch dialect written by Hardy is enjoyable to readers of all conditions, but when patriotic and enthusiastic Scotchmen attempt the same, it becomes something which only the initiated can understand. Dialect is pre-eminently proper to authors reared to speak it as a native tongue, but it has a more restricted usefulness to others. It is evident that the class of dialect poets and writers of fiction must grow smaller and, with the standardization of English, perhaps in the end almost disappear.

If it can be shown that the cult of old tradition, usages, dialect and anecdote contribute to geniality; and further, if it furnishes an interesting subject of historic study; and still better, if it can be made a source of stimulus toward the acquirement and practice of robust forbears, surely all this will go to show that the movement for preserving the mother tongue is of no mere dilettante sort, but deserves commendation, appreciation and encouragement.

Mildred Price.

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EDITORIAL

In this, the first issue of the Pine Branch for the year 1923-24, we wish to extend a hearty welcome to all those who have come to be with us, and to say a few words to others whom we think are interested in our magazine.

First, we welcome the student body. To the old girls we feel that a formal welcome is unnecessary, because having been here before, you are already aware of the spirit that prevails in our group. You feel that you are a part of us, and that, naturally, everyone is glad to have you back. We feel sure that you will be proud to do all you can in guiding and helping the new girl as she is trying to fit herself into our way of living.

To the new girls, we want to say: "We're happy to have you here." Every summer we look forward to the opening of school, not only to meet again our old friends, but to greet and welcome the new. We always find great pleasure in learning the names and faces of those who are new in our midst, and also in watching their development. We are expecting great things of you; we know at least that you have good judgment, because you have displayed it well in coming to our school.

To our President and faculty we extend a most royal welcome. It gives us a feeling of deepest joy to see the ones we've learned to love with us again. We all feel more or less something of a "family reunion" spirit when we meet again at the beginning of the year.

A little sadness is felt when we miss from our faculty certain faces that we have become accustomed to. However, our hopes are always brightened when we meet the ones who have come to fill the vacancies. They soon win our love and admiration, and we find them rapidly taking the places of those who are gone.

To the members of the legislature who often please us by reading our little magazine, we want to say, "Thank

EDITORIAL

you" for what you did for us last summer. We feel that you acted wisely in granting us the \$8,500 addition to our maintenance appropriation, which we think will enable us to hold our own during the year. We have always felt and deeply appreciated your loyalty to us, and we hope that as we students go out from the Georgia State Woman's College, we can make you proud of what you've done for us while here.

Last, but not least, we wish to say a word to the High School students, to whom we expect to send some of our Pine Branches. We are looking forward to having you with us next year, and hope that you will not disappoint us. We believe that you will realize, as we do, the unusual privilege of having right here in our own South Georgia a college which offers most liberal courses of highest standard in all departments of educational endeavor of interest to women—a normal school, Junior College, college of education, standard academic college, college work in music, art, physical education, in fact all the phases of training that the great and varied State of Georgia desires for its daughters.

We hope that you will look our magazine over, and whether you like it or not, come next year to help us make it better.

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The board of trustees held its first meeting of this school year on Friday, September 14th. Evidently the business of the meeting was quickly over, because we had only two of our friends with us for dinner, Chancellor Barrow of the University of Georgia, and Mr. B. D. Purcell, superintendent of Wayne county schools. The girls who were acquainted with our good friends were very happy to have them with us again and those who are new in our midst were equally as happy to meet and know them.

Knowing that for the coming year the students would keep them entertained, the faculty decided to do their part in the beginning and gave a reception for the student body on Saturday evening, September 22nd. After the usual "proms" in the beautifully decorated rotunda and on the terrace, the faculty entertained us by singing, dancing and mind reading. Mr. Charles E. Poston sang the following solos, "Magical June" by Hilton Turvey, and "Invictus" by Bruno Huhn. Misses Gilmer, Groom, Strunk, Goodlet, Abernathy, Patterson and Demaree returned to their childhood days in spirit and in dress and danced for us. Miss Campbell, with the assistance of Mr. Poston, read and answered questions which were puzzling the minds of certain of the faculty.

The Argonian Literary Society.

The Argonian Literary Society met for the first time this year on Saturday night, September 15th. The purpose of the meeting was to appoint committees for different phases of society work during the year and to discuss other plans of the society.

Another short meeting was held on September 19th for the purpose of taking in new members. A short program was given, which was as follows:

Seventeen

LOCALS

Piano Solo—Omeara Minter.

Reading—Louise Howell.

Duet—Jewell Carmack, Sallie Lou Powell.

Dutch Dance—Madeline Culbreth, Katie Herrin, Grace Buie, Nanna Alexander.

On September 6th the new members were initiated into the society and a short impromptu program was given.

The society is greatly encouraged at the vast number of new members, for with such excellent material, the Argonians are sure to uphold their past record, and make their presence felt throughout the school.

The Sororian Literary Society.

The Sororian Literary Society held its first meeting for the year 1923-24 on September 19th.

The President, Christine Meadows, appointed membership, program and amendment committees to serve throughout the year.

The president gave a short talk on the improvement of the society and on the necessity of every one co-operating with the officers. She then opened the meeting for new suggestions for the year's work. The society decided to study parliamentary law in its meetings during the year.

On the evening of September 29th the society entertained in honor of the new girls eligible to the society. A short program was given as follows:

While the World Is Waiting for the Sunrise

-----Gertrude DeLay

Where My Caravan Has Rested-----Grace Cochran

Biff Perkins' Toboggan Slide-----Jewell Michel

The guests were then invited out on the terrace where all literary ambitions were forgotten since all became small children once again. Such games as "drop the handkerchief," "the farmer wants his wife" and others were played. To carry out the kid party idea ice cream cones were served. A most delightful evening was enjoyed by everyone in playing once again these childhood games.

The program for October 6th was as follows:

MOCK TRIAL

Cases Scheduled

Third Year Type -----Gertrude DeLay

Flapper Type -----Helen Youngblood

Glee Club Type -----Dahlia Baker

Eighteen

THE PINE BRANCH

Monitor Type -----Carabel Williams
"Cut Up" Type -----Edith Brinson
"Grind" Type -----Mirian McNair
Athletic Type -----Francis Faries
Class President Type -----Margaret LaFar

Judge—Lemuel Jay.

Jury—Gertrude Anderson, Louise Poppell, Gertrude Cas-
ser, Catherine Turner.

Popular Music -----Olin Bland

The officers for the year are as follows:

President—Christine Meadows, Tifton.

Vice President—Lemuel Jay, Statesboro.

Secretary—Anne Rankin, Blackshear.

Treasurer—Carabel Williams, Statesboro.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Gladys Butler, Cairo.

STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE ARE REQUESTED TO BUY
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Y. W. C. A.



Great enthusiasm has been manifested in regard to the work of the Y. W. C. A. and already the majority of the girls have enrolled as members. Every effort is being made to make this the best year for the Y. W. C. A. in the history of the college.

The members of the cabinet arrived early in order to welcome the new girls to their college home. Each train was met by members of the Y. W. C. A., who took charge of the new students and escorted them to the college.

The annual first Saturday evening hike proved to be a very unique occasion and was thoroughly enjoyed by all who took part. After a brisk walk, the hike terminated at the campus of the home of the president, where a mock Field Day was conducted in such a style as to put the real Field Day in the shade. Everyone took part in the relays, dashes and other competitive events with pep and enthusiasm. The winners were awarded tin cups as trophies. The competitors, then, were only too glad to devour a huge quantity of punch and doughnuts, after which repast the return hike to the college was resumed.

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ALUMNAE

J.B.

In the first issue of the Pine Branch we feel that it would be of the utmost interest to our newest alumnae members to give an account of the members of the class of '23. This we may begin by giving the names of those returning to G. S. W. C. for the bachelor's degree, namely: Alene Alexander, Nanna Alexander, Katie Herrin, O'Meara Minter, Jewell Carmack, Frances Dekle, Rebecca Hill, Ruth Carrin, Kathleen Moore, Eppie Roberson, Verna Scarborough and Clarice Weathersbee.

Gussie Bell Rentz and Deborah Patterson may also be found at the college, Gussie Bell devoting all her time to the office, while Deborah is assisting the Dean of Women within the college home.

Pauline Culbreth is teaching the first and second grades at Antioch, North Carolina. Address her at Red Springs, North Carolina, Route One.

Mary Young is teaching science and home economics in the high school at Jesup, Georgia.

Joyce Sikes is assisting her father in the orphanage at Vidalia, Georgia.

Bell Reese holds the position of sixth and seventh grade teacher at Morgan, Georgia.

Arlovine Fitch is located at Blackshear, Georgia, and Alma Kicklighter at Glenville, Georgia.

Clara Bell Penny chose a point farther south. Panama Park, Florida, is her teaching address.

And others we have in the Carolinas: Elizabeth Funderburke located at Nichols, South Carolina; Freddie Hunter, Varnsville, South Carolina; Albertine Jones, Kingstree, South Carolina, and May Gibson, Paw Creek, North Carolina.

Mary Pearl Patterson, as we were expecting, is now Mrs. Bill Holder and she resides in Waycross.

Edna Meeks is with her parents at Pearson, Georgia. We wonder if she is contemplating the example set by Mary Pearl, since she was in no haste to enter the teaching profession.

ALUMNAE

Marion Chauncey left recently for the Conservatory of Music at Ithaca, New York.

Corinne Studstill has been employed as a critic teacher in East Texas State Normal, Commerce, Texas. The position came her way while she was in attendance at Peabody College, summer of '23.

Lucy Fleming is a teacher in the primary department at Titusville, Florida.

Bessie Barrett and Stella Taylor are teaching at Hebardville, Georgia.

Velna Cassels and Leila Sasser have joined Edna Sasser in the field of teaching at Cairo, Georgia.

Deborah Creighton is attending the Emerson College of Oratory at Boston, Massachusetts.

Ruth Wilson is teaching at Coolidge, Georgia.

Thelma O'Quinn is located at St. Simon's Island, Georgia, where she is teaching in the Boys' Orphanage.

We may find Ilene Adams at Tifton, Maude Myrick, Quitman, and Georgia Warren at Odum, Georgia.

Irene Archer has fifth grade work at Brunswick, Georgia.

And last, though the most difficult of all to locate, Alice Mooney we find at Aaron, Georgia.

A class this is that is "up and doing" with apparently a heart for any fate," teaching in the schools of Georgia, Florida, North and South Carolina and Texas, taking further training at the Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta, Georgia, Emerson School of Oratory, Boston, Massachusetts, or the Conservatory of Music, Ithaca, New York; or learning to "keep a husband" and we can not be certain but that the four whose work is as yet unknown to us are not expecting to meet their "fate" as did the "Pearl" of the class.

Jokes

May Lillie (after Psychology Exam.): "Did you get the second question?"

Lucie J.: "No."

May Lillie: "How far were you from the right answer?"

Lucie: "Five seats."

Inez: "I'm working very hard to get ahead."

Clarentine: "You need one."

Miss Craig: "Virginia, explain the law of gravitation."

Virginia Thomas: "Certainly, Miss Craig, what is there you don't understand about it?"

Miss Jakes (during a discussion of the skeleton in a class room): "The front part of the skeleton is called the anterior. What is the back part called?"

Bright member of the class: "The bacteria."

On entering the gymnasium and finding a disorderly class Miss Jakes immediately demanded, "Order." The noise continued. "Order, girls!" Miss Jakes said sharply.

"Ham and eggs," quickly replied Mary Jones.

Mr. Poston (in sight singing): "I am tempted to give you a quiz this morning."

Dorothy L. (sleepily): "Yield not to temptation."

Edith: "I have an appetite like a canary."

Jewel: "You certainly have; you eat a peck at the time."

Margaret C.: "Mr. Wood, what is the date?"

Mr. Wood: "Never mind the date. That test you are taking is more important."

Margaret: "But—er—Mr. Wood, I do want to have something right."

JOKES

One Freshman wrote home that she had had test in all of her classes except Gym. and she would be examined in Gym. this week. Her fond mother replied: "Be sure to study hard."

M. C. (after "trying out" for glee club): "Do you think I'll ever be able to do anything with my voice?"

Mr. Poston: "Well, it might come in handy in case of fire."

Miss Goodlet (in observation class of fifty girls during the assignment of a lesson which was in only a few books and wishing for every girl to have a book): "Does most of this group room together?"

A Fact.

You can often tell a Senior
By the manner of her walk;
You can often tell a Senior
By the bigness of her talk,
But the girl you think a Senior,
In knowledge ranking high,
Is often just a Freshman,
Even as you and I. —Exchange.

Junior: "What is the faculty?"

Freshman: "The faculty is a body of members that assist the Seniors in running the school."—Exchange.

Your School.

If you want to be in the kind of a school
Like the kind of a school you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And go on a long, long hike.
You will find what you've left behind,
For there's nothing new—
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your school—
It isn't the school—it's you! —Exchange.

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THERE IS A REASON

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THE COLLEGE HAS FROM ITS OPENING, ELEVEN
YEARS AGO, STOOD FOR THE HIGHEST STAND-
ARDS IN PHYSICAL EQUIPMENT, IN COURSES OF
STUDY, IN INSTRUCTORS, IN STUDENT CHARACTER,
—IN EVERYTHING PERTAINING TO THE MAKING
OF A HIGH GRADE MODERN COLLEGE.

AND THE PEOPLE ARE FINDING IT OUT.

THE COLLEGE IS A GIFT OF THE STATE TO ITS
DAUGHTERS:—A GIFT WORTHY OF THE HONOR
OF THE STATE AND WORTHY OF THE CHARACTER
OF ITS DAUGHTERS.

CHARACTER FIRST IS ITS WATCHWORD.

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SEE OUR COLLEGE AND MAKE YOURSELF

AT HOME AT

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"IF IT IS DONE WITH HEAT, YOU
CAN DO IT BETTER WITH GAS."

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DO YOUR EYES SMART, BURN AND BECOME
TIRED AFTER READING AWHILE?

PERHAPS YOU ARE HANDICAPPED IN YOUR
CHANCES OF SUCCESS BY DEFECTIVE VISION
THAT CAN BE REMEDIED BY THE CORRECT
GLASSES FITTED PROPERLY TO YOUR EYES.

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KNOW THE CONDITION.

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