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# THE PINE BRANCH

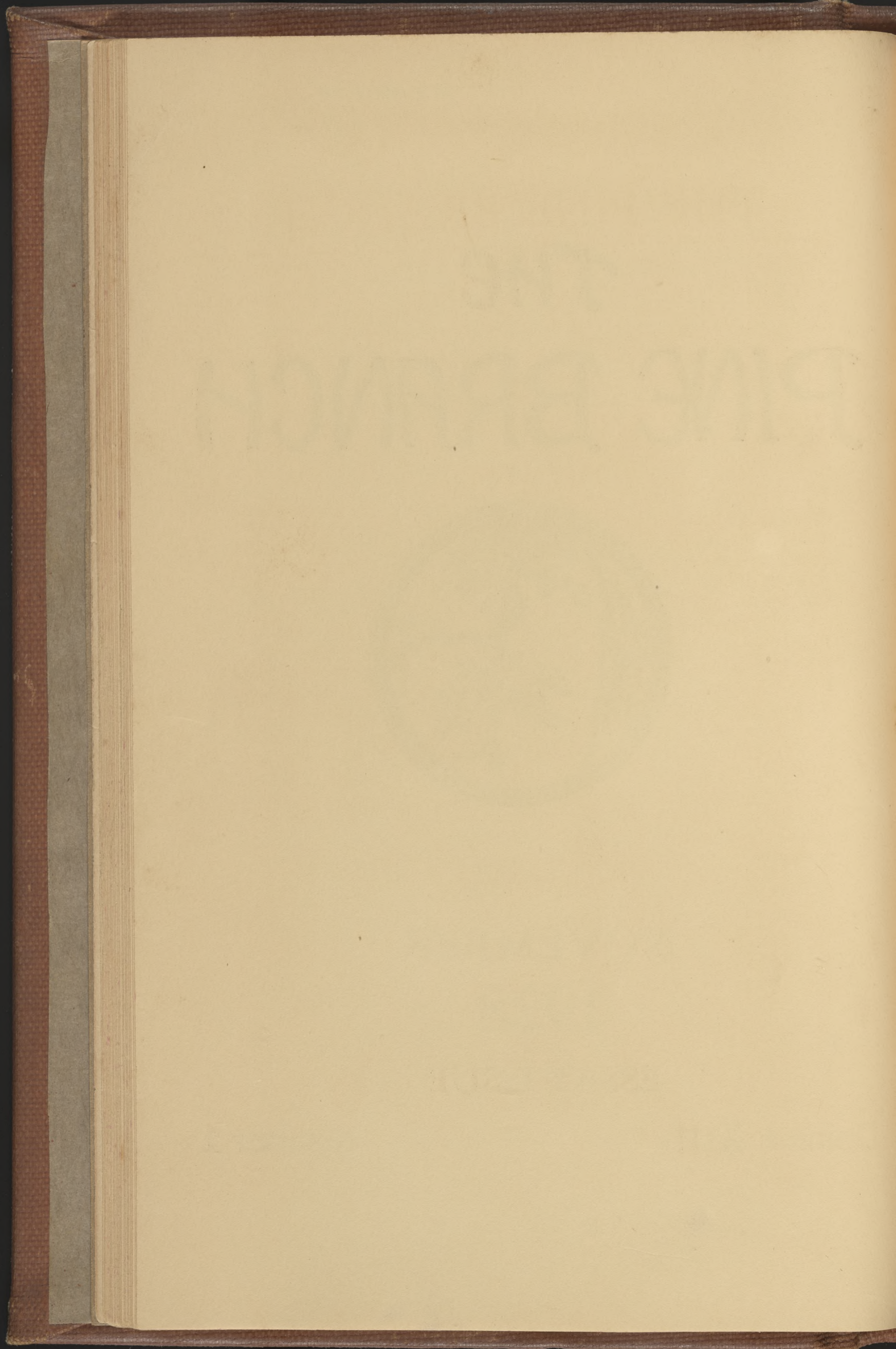


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# THE PINE BRANCH

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## NATURE AT HER BEST

### ON HIGH TOP

On a certain misty morning, when the Creator was surveying his many works, He must have noticed on one of the rough spots of His old world a minute stream of unidentified moving things, struggling upward. In a flash, however, there came to His infinite mind a memory of the yesterdays of twenty centuries ago, when on Sabbath morns, in a far away land he had watched affectionately one Solitary Figure as He struggled toward one of His Father's Holy Sanctuaries where He could be near the Comfortor of all mankind, the God of Love. Then, as the Invisible Observer viewed again the moving stream, it was as if through a microscopic eye, for He recognized it as a number of human souls in search of one of the beautiful places which God had set aside as His Holy Temple. Another reminder came. The spot toward which these forms were moving was the favorite veranda, High Top, which He had built so that man might view the most artistic works of the Master Painter—The Sunrises.

It was not yet day when these observations were made, and the mist was still heavy—not promising weather for a perfect blend of color on His canvas. But the Indulgent Father would not have His children disappointed. He took in the tiny lantern from the sky; He drew the mist back unto Himself; and sent a faint gray light over the earth so that the followers of His Son might see the first stroke of His brush which would produce the faintest tinge of color on His eastern canvas. Then He allowed His spirit to descend to His mountain top sanctuary that His Presence might be felt by His worshippers.

It was a loving Father who noted the reverent hush that came over His children when the first foot crossed the threshold of the Temple. So touched was He when He had heard the soft low strains of "Into the Woods My Master Came," and the sincere supplication to Him for guidance and care, that He threw about the shoulders of each a mantle of His Spirit of love and appreciation; so that their own reverent spirits might not be chilled or altered as they became the spectators of His handiwork.

Then the Great Artist began one of His master paintings. As His great brush swept back and forth across the immense canvas which hung above what seemed to be a bottomless sepulchre, the myriad colors of His limitless paint box were blended so as to produce an overwhelmingly beautiful background. When the brush had made its last stroke upon the canvas, there rose from the sepulchre below

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a light which gave new color to the sky and earth. Then above the edge of the tomb, a perfect blood-red sphere appeared, it remained suspended and still for only a second, as if to take a peep at the beauty which God had painted on His canvas in the sky—the background across which it was to glide. The view was enough to start the ball of fire on its route. It began its movement slowly, calmly, and peacefully across the various colors of the sky. When someone breathed—"How like the Resurrection or the Ascension," the Master was pleased, and counted His work a success, for these children remembered their Father and His Son.

EUNICE CHUTE.

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## INDIAN RIVER

When Ponce de Leon, in the course of his famous quest, came upon that section of Florida which is known as the Indian River country, he must have yearned for youth even more. It must have been hard to think of dying and leaving such a beautiful country. If he had found his "Fountain," he would surely have returned to spend the days of his renewed youthfulness along the curving banks of the Indian River.

Strictly speaking, Indian River is not a river. It is a long stretch of salt water, shut off from the ocean by a chain of long, narrow islands. Nor is it the only river of its kind along the Eastern coast of Florida. There are other such rivers and other chains of islands between it and the Atlantic, but it is the one which washes the mainland and gives its name to that section of Florida. It is by far the longest of these rivers, washing the coast for many miles. It is also the widest, being in many places, at high tide, more than a mile wide. Indian River is certainly the most beautiful of these rivers.

Indian River Road is a favorite route of Northern tourists, because of the undeniable beauty of the scenery along the route from North to South. They prefer the dangerous, winding curves of the River Road with its accompanying loss of time, to the safer, straighter, but uninteresting highway, hemmed in on either side by stretches of barren, palmetto country. They are amply repaid for the loss of time by the pleasure which may be derived from the scenery along the way—the river on one hand, the orange groves on the other.

A drive of this kind is, however, only a slight introduction to the charms of the changing, variable moods of nature which make themselves evident in this almost tropical country.

At the dawn of a still morning, the river lies smooth and shining,

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not a ripple marring the polished smoothness of its surface reflecting the first faint rays of the rising sun, the palms which overhang its curving banks, and the small boats which float idly near the shore. As the sun rises slowly above the islands toward the east, the river reddens like the rosy clouds on the horizon, takes on deeper and richer hues—then suddenly all is lost in a burst of golden, blinding glory.

During the long, sunny days, the river is a constantly changing expanse of rippling blue, broken occasionally by the white tip of a small wave. Motor boats chug up and down the channel, leaving ever-widening trails of churning, salty waves which break against the sides of small fishing boats which remain quietly nearer shore.

By the light of a full moon the river is verily beautiful. The moon, almost tropical in its splendor, as it rises, hanging low over the misty length of the islands, is unbelievably large and round and golden. It hangs suspended there in the sky, ghostly, unreal, surrounded by its own strange light. The palm trees along the banks, black against the sky, rustle and stir uneasily as the moonlight breaks a glittering path across the dark surface of the water to the thick, black shadows which surround them. As the moon rises higher, a slight, salty breeze sweeps across from the ocean and sighs among the orange trees near the river, spreading abroad the pungent odor of the ripening fruit through the heavy, golden air.

The river during the storm presents a different appearance. By day it is a threatening, grey stretch of foam ridden waves which dash angrily against the bridges, docks, and securely anchored boats, and over the low banks which protect the River Road. By night the river is lighted by the unearthly glow of phosphorescence on the crests of the black storm-driven waves. Small boats are dashed to pieces against the docks to which they have been secured, and the River Road is rendered impassable while the palms sway and shriek protestingly.

Such storms are, however, of brief duration; this section is pre-eminently a land of sunshine. Ponce de Leon must have seen and had in mind the Indian River country when he named his discovery—Florida.

LUCILE NIX.

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## SUNSET ON A LAKE

After weeks of rain with not one ray of sunshine, the sky was resplendent one February afternoon with a few moments of sun and

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then a glorious sunset. The Master Artist had begun His work again.

The crude materials with which He began His work were a stormy lake, surrounded by drooping evergreens, a dark sky shrouding the dreary earth, and pelting rain which was trying to beat any living thing out of existence.

The Master Artist touched His brush of "comet's hair" in the paint, and with the delicate hues of the rainbow tinged with deeper scarlet, rose, and purple, painted on a canvas of cold, dismal rain-drops a masterpiece.

From this faint beginning the menacing sky rolled back to disclose a perfect blue. King Sun stood for a moment on the door step of his shining palace to bid the gloomy earth a happy good-night with a promise of a fairer morrow.

The lake grew calm save for tiny ripples capped with pure gold. The heavily drenched ever-greens bravely lifted their heads in silent swaying worship.

Again the Artist tenderly lifted His brush, dipped it in the star dust at His side, and just above the tree tops He drew His first line. Then followed other colors as radiant and tender,—scarlet, purple, and rose—fleecy clouds which lifted slender arms of pink, yellow, and lavender to support the azure sky above.

In the lake below the color was reflected in the majestic train of the Sun God's royal robes.

The colors grew dim and dimmer. The Master Artist gently and silently lifted the picture from the easel and hurried away to place it in the Art Gallery of Heaven.

KATHRYN SAWYER.



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## CAMPUS TALK THANKSGIVING

"The world is too much with us, late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers,  
Little we see in nature that is ours."

Thanksgiving—the last Thursday in November, a day set apart, a legal holiday, and for what? To get away from the regular, sometimes monotonous, routine of life, and to do all in our power to make possible one completely happy day in the year? Yes, but where does our happiness begin?

If our forefathers, those staunch pilgrims, originators of that beautiful observance, Thanksgiving, could be with us, what would they think of our idea of Thanksgiving? One might say that their Thanksgiving, too, was spent in feasting, dancing, and making merry. But it is sometimes forgotten that the day began with an open declaration of love and praise to God for His manifold blessings.

Yes, theirs was a Thanksgiving! But what does the day mean to modern America? Would the Puritan maid of yesterday be willing to join me in my Thanksgiving today? Surely it will be a full and happy day from the beginning to the end. For, first, there is the big dinner to prepare, and I must do my part in helping roast the turkey and bake the mince pies. Then, in the afternoon, the big football game, the chance of seeing everybody and rooting for my favorite team. And, best of all, the big celebration dance that night. Certainly my day is full to overflowing, but wouldn't my Puritan friend say that I had left out something that was most important?

Would I be ashamed to tell her then, that this sort of Thanksgiving is not only characteristic of the youth of America, but of the older people as well? For, do not both young and old enjoy the same games together? And as for those who do not seem to care for the sports, how do they spend their Thanksgiving? For example, the prominent business man, how does he spend his holiday? Usually, to him, Thanksgiving is looked forward to as the day of all days to spend in hunting. No matter whether he bags any game or not, but just one long day in which to hunt.

But, isn't there something lacking, something vital missing in a constant search for happiness on this holiday. Shouldn't one little part of Thanksgiving be devoted to the original observance of the day? Shouldn't there be set apart at least one moment of seriousness and solitude in which to offer up sincerest gratitude to the Great Bestower of Gifts?

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I am afraid that in the rushing work-a-day world of today, the things most vital in our lives are often times forgotten. Pick up any newspaper or magazine published during the week of Thanksgiving, and what do you find? Menus of big Thanksgiving dinners, recipes to tell the housewife, who knows only too well, how to bake her pumpkin pies; sport columns that tell of the big football games, of the scores of each team, with page after page describing the different plays, for the thousands, who have already seen the game, to read. And maybe—in one little corner (somebody has not forgotten)—one little poem of thanks has been published, in meager offering for the real meaning of the day.

Can it be that America—richest, most beautiful, most prosperous, most resourceful, most powerful of all nations, the instigator of that beautiful observance, Thanksgiving—has forgotten so soon? Well might she call her busy world from its rush and hurry, and remembering, utter with Kipling and England this prayer:

“Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget.”

MARY ALEXANDER.

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## MARKS OF A CITY

A town is transformed into a city not so much by an increase in population and by investments as by the actions of the people within its bounds.

After such a transformation a strange woman wearing a dress of the latest style and leading a Boston bull dog may walk down the street without causing a halt in traffic or bringing all the shopkeepers to the front doors of their shops.

One may walk down the street and not speak to everybody he meets, and the whole town will not be in a fret about how important such a non-speaker considers himself.

The city groceryman may not put a white-pine box on the sidewalk in front of his store, but he will not be branded as a tight-wad because he doesn't supply a seat for the whittlers.

The crowd at the drug store corner will not gather around the recent returned-from-abroad traveler to ask him how many kings he saw, or if the trip was worth the money it cost. And no one gaps when a city dweller goes off to get his Ph.D.

Parties and dances may be held on prayer-meeting night, and banquets given during revivals, but no one will remonstrate.

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Young people may talk to their elders about the latest show, bridge party, or dance without inspiring a lecture on thrift—thrift of money, of time, and of energy.

Everybody will not be so much interested in the other fellow's business, and gossip and scandal will not reach every part of the city as quickly as the local telephone exchange can give the connections.

These are unmistakably some of the marks of a city.

C. B. SHARPE.

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## ON MUSIC

Personal opinion has its effect on me, and from all I can hear, it has done the same for others down through the ages. Human nature seems to spin on an axis of opinion, and that opinion often begins with the personal and works to the general.

Furthermore, tradition has handed down the superstition that luck never comes singly, and I'm about to believe it's so. Not being musically inclined, I know nothing of music and its trials; however, I have had the luck to be surrounded by musical people all three years of my college experience.

My room-mates of the first year took piano, and their constant worry and talk about the eternal practicing convinced me that music was too much trouble. I soon believed that with a restless disposition like mine, I could never be so persistent in one thing. It seemed to me that every afternoon after all classes were over, when we were in the room, the familiar quietness was broken by a sudden "Oh, this is my practice hour, and I have a lesson for tomorrow, and haven't touched a piano since my last lesson." After the first excited pitch of the voice, I settled back in my chair with an indignant sigh when I realized that only a practice period had disturbed me in the midst of a very interesting psychology lesson. No, I would never be inveigled into taking music, unless that art could be acquired without practice.

Last year the Gods sent me a room-mate who adored music, and who intended to make the study of it her life work. Again I lived through the misery of mentally cutting practices when going to town would have been a far more pleasing pastime. Scales, measures, notes, time, and rhythm were muddled together and of absolutely no consequence. All of these parts of music counted nothing in my life—they were only for those who thought they liked music. And horrors! harmony, no end! I dreaded for my room-mate and

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for myself the nights before harmony recitations. Though there were no words actually pronounced, I could feel in the atmosphere a profound discontent and worry. Harmony was just a project in music with its neat little lines waiting to be filled with neat little knots with straight tails to them—notes they were called! I have a suspicion that harmony never did anyone any more good than to cause worry and wonder about the task at hand ever being accomplished.

Heaven blessed me twice. Ay, thrice! This year, I am the only one of three room-mates who lacks musical talent. My days are constituted of "fifths and octaves" (if you know what they are, you know more than I do). "Double thirds" in their place are wonderful, but out of place they cause ejaculations and mutterings. I wonder what the matter can be? When it isn't "Harmonic Analysis Night" then it's "Form and Analysis Night," and then more mutterings about "augmented sevenths, appoggiatura, anticipation, embellishment, and passing tones" are prevalent; and goodness knows when I do get to sleep. Notes and curious little creatures dressed in strange attire dance over the bed and me, and what strange songs they sing!

I class all this influence under the effect of personal opinion on my idea of music, because this opinion has through all these years changed my view-point. But I still have some love for music—when others play the master's compositions. And the strange thing is that even though I've heard all the grumbling and mumbling which usually gives evidence of dislike, these various room-mates of mine after all the trials and worry still enjoy music.

KATHRYN SAWYER.

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## THE CHARM OF THE FAMILIAR

When Glad picked up the gaudily colored envelope from the bed, she noted the hometown post-mark on it, recognized Peg's handwriting; then calmly unarmed herself of books and notebooks in order that she might settle down in comfort to read whatever Peg might have to say. No doubt she would tell the same story of familiar haunts which Glad and Peg had previously frequented together, and of the hobbies they had indulged in with the rest of their clique, but which Peg now visited and enjoyed with a younger smart set.

So the college girl read—"Glad, why did you go to college anyway? I'm sure you didn't realize the fun you would miss, but I don't understand how you could have but known since you were

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the jolliest girl in high school. Even though you were foolish and forward looking enough to leave home to go to college, I'm sure you're dying to know what's going on now. So here goes—

"You remember our exciting early morning returns from the best dance of the season when we were too thrilled to realize that with every joy there's a sorrow; and that sorrow was more than a reprimand from fond or over-indulgent parents! Then I have only to tell you that on Thursday night the pavillion at the Lake was the spot of many thrills for one young set. There was Blue Steel, the lake, the moon, the favorite handsome youths from one of the neighboring towns, a few choice flappers of our city—of whom I was chief. Do you wonder that it was a gay night?

"Tomorrow night the seniors are entertaining the football team and the visitors will be so ingloriously defeated that only a crowd similar to ours could revive their spirit. That's enough to let you know what you're missing, but don't get too homesick, for it's only a short while until holidays.

"Of course, you know the Fair comes off this week. We're to have our same shack at the Fairground. I wonder what a Fair would be without my being there; or a greater puzzle might be, what would I be if I could not live at the Fair; for I'm not through making memories to be associated with our familiar old shack, nor am I through enjoying those I have already made. Glad, dear, do you ever have time to remember your glorious good times of the past? If you don't, I'm sure you must be miserable!"

Peg's letter ran on in this vein for several pages more, but Glad finally read the closing sentence; "Do hurry and come home, but be sure to leave all your new-fangled ideas about some things behind, and we'll revel in the glories of the past once more, together."

"Poor Peg!" sighed Glad, "she's hopeless; but what more could one expect of her. She's typical of those few who finish high school with ambitions to continue to live the high school days over and over again; to visit only familiar spots; to indulge in only familiar sports and hobbies; to be associated with only those whom they liked best. I honestly believe Peg's definition of a radical would be one who goes to college seeking higher and better things than the hometown high school can offer. No doubt, in her sentimental moments she still cries over 'Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm' and 'Polly Anna'."

EUNICE CHUTE.

## OLD FAMILIAR FACES

### MY GREAT GRANDMOTHER

I want you to know Granny! Granny was an anachronism; she should be living now. But the atmosphere of Granny still lives. It lingers around her flowers, and about the memory of her idiosyncrasies, and with the household bywords which are the things she used to say.

Oh, you may be sure that Granny had an atmosphere. She was only five feet, but she had worlds of atmosphere,—the permeating, cheerful kind. In recent years some one said that Granny was collegiate, and that she had plenty of "It". Now the truth is known, she did have "It." In those days "It" had another name.

How can one reconcile a silver haired, little, old lady with "It"? That is a long story which dates back to the days in Tennessee during the Civil War. Granny's "Itness" was evidenced even in those days. Once a kiss lightly blown from Granny's fingers served as the password to get through the lines. Again she bribed an officer with a smile and a bunch of roses. That officer was heard to say that "These southern women are sugar, and spice and vinegar at the same time." Granny's charm must have been very potent.

But all of that was before Granny came to Georgia. Why she left Tennessee is another story. You might understand if I told you that Granny's favorite boast was, "I am a rebel, and have never been reconstructed!" Classed with her antipathy of worms, was her hatred of the Yankee.

When I knew Granny, she was not so sprightly, but none the less vivacious. She was still irresistible. Did anyone ever refuse her anything? I drank my water in tiny sips because she wished it. "Don't gulp-gulp," she would say, "that is like a horse." I also refrained from playing in the dirt, because of the germs she said collected under my nails.

Wherein lay the secret of Granny's fascination? To be near her was an experience; the men adored her even in her old age. She was a philanthropic informer who never lacked an audience; she put on airs, but never annoyed; she corrected, but never offended. Great was the charm of Granny! I fear she took her secret with her, but I can give a few hints. Her manner was French, and her habits dainty. One could not resist what she said when eyes, hands, and brow gave triple testimony. A deeper insight showed love for every living thing, and every living thing loved her. There is surely nothing strange about that!

Poor Granny, her roses still bloom and her tea bush lives; but the

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mimosa tree is no more. Granny, who likes bees and trees, and had screech owls for pets! Granny who loved Shelley's poetry and hated Yankees!

But Granny was modern, don't forget that! She said "the devil!" when she was vexed, and hated house work, and had plenty of "It."

MARY KATE BURROWS.

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### MISS PRITCHETT HERSELF

If anybody knew Miss Pritchett, I guess I did. I was just five, but how well I remember the very first day she came to our house to live! It was a cold rainy day in February, and she was wet to the skin. She was rather shy and hated to come in,—but well, she just didn't have a place to call her home. Mother, being of a very sympathetic nature, insisted that she have some warm milk and be put straight to bed. After that she just stayed because nobody wanted her to go.

Everybody loved Miss Pritchett; she had a way about her—and then too, she was such a dear, you just had to love her.

Dad said Miss Pritchett was an old maid. She did have her queer ways. She always wanted her bed on the same side of the room and her chair in the same place by the hearth. She didn't like it if they were ever moved. She never ate with the family either, but always had her meals in her own little room. Mother said it was just as well since she never put anybody to any extra trouble.

Miss Pritchett certainly could assert her own rights. If the President himself were to come in, mother wouldn't dare offer him the big arm-chair, because Miss Pritchett had long ago taken that away from Dad; she might walk in any minute, and she wouldn't like it if somebody else had her chair.

My family didn't mind her little eccentricities, however, because she was such a companion to all of us. In the long winter evenings when mother would knit, Miss Pritchett would sit up for hours with her; and although she, herself, couldn't knit, she would get a ball of yarn and pretend she was knitting too.

And as for me, wasn't she just the best pal anybody ever had? When mother would scold, I could always count on her for a sympathetic hearing of all my woes. I can see her now in her pink ribbon (she loved pink ribbons) as she sat in the big arm-chair, her little gray eyes winking at me, and soon I would be laughing too, forgetful of all my troubles.

One thing that used to worry me about Miss Pritchett was that

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she never talked. Dad tried to explain to me that she wasn't a conversationalist,—that she was not born one. I tried hard to understand, but how often I wished she might answer me when I talked to her. How I wanted to know what her real thoughts were.

I never could decide, but I believe Miss Pritchett was vain. She knew she was pretty, and that pink was extremely becoming to her. I think she must have smiled to herself when Dad would come in and take another chair with never a grumble about his favorite rocker. She showed very plainly she liked it when I would run in and hug her exclaiming, "Isn't she the dearest, prettiest kitty any little girl ever had?"

MARY ALEXANDER.

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## AN AGED FRIEND

He was an aged man—this old friend of mine. The last day he spent in my home was typical of all the days that he had spent before. I can remember, as if it were but yesterday, when he held me upon his knee and told me of his day's adventure. Sometimes, I heard no more than the first few words of his story, for, like any child, I enjoyed playing with his snow-white beard, which fell upon his thin chest, as he told in a soft voice what he had done the day before. At times, he held my hand and rubbed it gently with his long fingers which were soft with wrinkles. But, when he began to tickle the palm of my hand with his thick finger-nails, I slipped my hand away and played with the patches on his trousers. His dull blue eyes grew brighter, and he smiled as he watched me trying to run my tiny fingers underneath a patch, even though he knew I would break the thread which held the patch loosely to the ragged trousers.

Of course, I felt in all his pockets. One was filled with nuts. In another, I found a knife made of wood which would actually open and shut; several "good-luck" pennies, as he called them; an indelible pencil, with which I had played before; some Jack stones, with which my older sister liked to play; and, an old pipe which I had often seen him smoke; not to mention all the materials he had for making comical toys. I noticed several pins on his shirt pocket. He explained that he had found them pointing toward him, and had picked them up for good luck. Then he filled my hands with nuts, and I ran to show them to mother.

When I came back, I found my old companion lying on the edge of the porch, with a pillow made from his old woolen coat which



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he had carefully rolled underneath his head. There he slept and snored for hours. The sun soon crept from his wet shoes and shone upon his face, which was already sun-burnt.

He awoke toward evening, as was his habit, and took out from a spectacle case an old pair of glasses, the rims of which had turned brass with age. These he propped halfway his nose with the ear-pieces not pushed behind his ears. He enjoyed reading any paper, even though it were more than a week old. He read for more than an hour, read all the advertisements, the lost and found columns; and, with special interest, he read about medicines and remedies which guaranteed to cure a person overnight. He laughed as he read all love troubles, for he had never had a wife; and, hence, understood nothing about divorce.

When he had finished reading, he took from his pocket, a piece of dry cornstalk, some splinters, and strings. Although he had never heard of the wooden horse of Troy, he soon had made for me a very good imitation of that famous horse.

Afterwards, he went to the stable and brought out an old red ox, which was lazy and showed no signs of having had to work. This ox, known to every one in the community, was treated with all respect. My friend loved him dearly and never applied a whip, for the laziness of the animal was in harmony with the slowness of the old man. His buggy, too, was known throughout the community and was recognized at long distances. On the back of this buggy was a box filled with all kinds of nuts, jumping jacks, and numerous toys, which he had made out of snuff and tobacco cans, wooden boxes, and spools. Of course, he had made rolling pins and trays for the mothers.

On this particular day, as usual, he had geared the ox to the buggy. Lifting me to the box, he told me to get what I wanted. I picked up a little wooden wagon—just the thing to tie to my wooden horse! I put a piece of silver in the old man's hand. He thanked me and kissed me good-bye. How I hated to see him go! I climbed the fence, waved my hand at him, as long as I could see him in the distance; and, when I saw only a moving object, I turned away looking forward to the time when he would have made his round in the community and would come again to visit in my home.

Today, when I look at the little horse and the wagon, which I filled long ago with good-luck pins and pennies, I have a fond remembrance for one so much beloved by old and young alike.

DOROTHY HARPER.

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### FLAPPERS AND BELLES

I was sitting on the terrace of a fashionable hotel at a well known resort when I made a few observations on the younger generation, or as they are disdainfully called by the older generation—flappers.

Sitting in a row were five ladies, who were members of a younger generation many years ago, and were probably disdainfully called Belles by their older generation.

I noticed them leaning very stiffly toward each other every few minutes and mumbling in low voices, but I did not catch the trend of the conversation. However, I was startled a minute later by: "Why my dear!" "The idea of such a thing." Many "ahs!" and "ohs!"

I could not imagine what the object of these exclamations could be. I looked in all directions hunting for an escaped circus clown or some such interesting character.

Then I understood! A very attractive young girl was walking—I'd hardly call it walking though—but moving along with unconscious grace down the walk. I saw five pairs of eyes, not so bright, focused on her. They were remembering how they dressed and acted when they were girls.

For each exclamation they made, I could think of a complimentary phrase. The length of the flapper's dress brought forth some utterances, for it came to the top of her knee. She had on little slippers with narrow heels about four inches high, and the very thinnest of hose. Those were the things the Belles were talking about. But I could not blame the girl, because her feet and legs were certainly worth showing off. And the Belles were probably glancing at not too slim ankles and wishing they could wear their dresses just a little shorter.

The little flapper's hair was beautifully golden and cut extremely short—but the little that was left was in ringlets framing her oval face. I could see five hands reach up and pat five large knots of hair—the Belles looked scornfully at the flapper. But I noticed that three of them had hair not exactly as mother nature meant it to be.

One of them was exclaiming over the make-up of the young thing whose face was white with a rosy spot on each cheek. I suspect each Belle had carefully considered applying a little rouge to her pale, worn face. The flapper's lips were scarlet, but the contrast they made with the brief green frock was most cheering.

After the flapper had passed out of sight the Belles could settle down for a long interesting discourse on when they were young. The modern young people think only of dancing, playing cards, and

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riding at break-neck speed—at least the Belles say so. What a pity the horses couldn't have gone faster, for it would have given them a thrill. Why fifty years ago the girls thought of other things—they did not think always of dancing and running over the country. But I've never heard of the things they refused, because they had more worthwhile things to do. They went every time they were asked. They did not have the pep and originality in former times to always have something interesting to do.

The Belles were taught to sit up and look innocent, to drop their handkerchief, to blush, and to flatter the men. Their one idea was to find a husband. I know those five Belles were envying the flapper her independence.

The Belles talked for a long time, but when it grew a little chilly, with a swish of voluminous silk, they went inside.

I wonder if the flappers fifty years from now will have forgotten the way they dressed, and the way they acted. Will they sit and gossip by the hour about the younger generation?

MARGARET DASHER.

## TRIVIA FROM FOREIGN TRAVEL

## THE STUDENTS, AS SEEN BY A PASSENGER

The passengers waved good-bye to friends on shore; the large ocean liner slipped stealthily away from the dock; young girls, faces flushed with excitement of the coming ocean voyage, stood with arms full of "bon voyages"—flowers, candy, baskets of fruit, letters. All was in confusion and anticipation except one bored young man who had, immediately on boarding the steamer, sought out the bar to order a liquor. He sat solemnly meditating as if his thoughts were far more important than an ocean voyage. His red moustache, slouchy overcoat, and mashed felt hat marked him at once—a student. Why then was he thus unattracted by the flirtations directed towards him? He finished his drink, paid the bar-tender, and went to his cabin. The girls who had seen him sighed over his indifferent attractiveness and wrote him down as a self-evident eligible.

The Purser's office was visited next, and the passenger list examined. "The bored man is from Boston," the Purser said, "and, incidentally, a graduate of Harvard." This remark increased the interest of the Fair Sex. At dinner the student sat alone, read a magazine during the meal, spoke to the waiter without glancing up, and smoked pensively in a Harvard manner. He was most unsociable! After dinner he spoke to the Purser, went straight to the bar, and remained there the entire evening. He went outside to walk briskly around deck before early retiring.

He awoke the next morning to find his deck chair next to a talkative old maid with two lap dogs which were to be coddled. By afternoon his chair was moved to the secluded end of the deck. There he remained ignorant of the fact that others on board were by this time acquainted and enjoying shuffle board, bridge, dancing, tennis, the gymnasium pool, and "What Have you for Amusement?" Even champagne parties that came and went were ignored. Girls left him openly as hopeless, but inwardly quaked at the sight of him. They found other romance, for the moon was full; but often made secret and solitary strolls at night to get a sight of him, or if more successful, to meet him on some obscure part of the deck. He never failed to be polite in a condescending way, but that was all. It was exasperating!

The hopeful aunts and mothers marked him at first for a man in love, and looked elsewhere for material. However, he always seemed unconscious of the full moon, and their hearts took hope again. He was addressed by the most hopeful aunt who proudly knew a mutual friend. He replied in a Harvard drawl and Boston manner to all

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her inquiries, excused himself and retired to his cabin. Another aunt-rejuvenate even tripped in front of him on the stair in order to secure an introduction for her neice. Another man caught her, and although her heart trouble was increased, her attempt was futile. Such was her fate!

The fourth day at sea the student had donned spectacles; read six thick-set, leather-covered books; and developed a horrid cold. In spite of this he remained the topic of interest; and was, even now, a subject of sympathy. Four days and nights he had lived his routine, entirely ignorant of coquetry. Not once had he referred to his intentions, past or present, nor had he ever ventured a conversation. There were counts and ambassadors who relished dancing, Russian refugees, and any number of interesting people on board. None as self-evident as he!

The final grand ball of the fifth and last night was in full swing. Aunts and mothers dressed in low-cut jet and pleased expressions sat around the wall. All the men danced, or rather, attempted to. Champagne flowed in a steady stream; serpentine confetti hung from every available thing; horns, caps, whistles, and snakes made merry at this, the most gala occasion. Bright young eyes, many pairs of varied colors, searched in vain for the student. One quiet, but intelligent and attractive young southern girl dared to leave the excitement to go on deck alone and breathe the cool, salty air. She stood bathed in the light of the moon—steeped ocean oblivious of everything except the radiant night when a voice aroused her. It was that of the student. Strange to say, she had been indifferent to his presence on board. He talked to her an hour about himself! They appeared in the ball room together; danced once around the floor; someone broke; and the student retired on deck. The girl was surrounded and besieged with questions on her success. She merely smiled as the intelligent girl she was, and said, "You see; first, he's from Harvard, that made him indifferent; next, he's a Bostonian, that made him exclusive, but condescending; last of all, he's a man with his first position and that as a foreign secretary. Isn't that enough excuse for the poor boy's self-importance?"

ROSE MORRISON.

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## BADGASTEIN

Not many miles from Vienna, Austria in the cupped-bottom formed by the culmination of large but peaked mountains lies Badgastein, the bath place of Austria. Here old and young come for

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rest and recuperation. Here is found a recently built hospital for World War disabled soldiers. An enormously powerful water-fall completely severs this small town and flows directly by the side of the hotel in which I was staying. The water dashes with such a tremendous force against the rock foundation far below that the uproar is tremendous and the atmosphere misty from the spray. From this fall comes the radium baths that make Badgastein famous. The whole atmosphere of this little place in the mountains is invigorating and uplifting, yet peaceful and quiet.

In front of the hotel is a small court which leads, on one side, to the glassed-in-bridge over the fall. On the other side, the court is cut off perpendicularly by a tall bulky mountain. From this court one white road can be seen going around the mountain to another hotel and to a small shop. Here an old white-haired woman in a dark green dress and small white apron bordered in bright figurines sells souvenirs, music-boxes, work-carved-in-wood, trays, toys, and peasant dolls. During the bright days I could see, going up and coming down this road, men and boys quaintly but typically dressed in heavy shoes, knee socks, short dark trunks attached to bright suspenders, white blouse, short coat, and a creased felt hat in the band of which is a vari-colored feather. They carry a sharp-pointed stick, for they are mountain climbers, shepherds, and farmers—the peasants of the town and neighboring valleys.

On Sunday afternoon I followed this road around the mountain, and up and up, to a tea-house which barely hangs on the edge of the mountain over the valley far beneath. I stopped here, and sitting at a small table on the outermost edge of the terrace, I drank hot chocolate, rich with cream. Miles below me I could see in the valley the seemingly miniature hay-stacks, streams, red-topped churches, green, green trees, rough houses where these peasants lived, worked, and worshipped. The small farms looked like patch-work quilts with thread-like borders—these were the streams. A miniature train evolved from the tunnel in the mountain and moved solemnly across the valley. Soon, I resumed my walk up this so-white road over-hung with heavy dark green trees. I passed a small shrine; a little further on, a snugly built cottage of an English writer. Finally, having left behind me all life connected with the wealthy people of the hotel, I went up some crudely built steps at the side of the road and followed a rough path broken in steepest places by other steps. This was a short-cut down the mountain. I passed a shepherd's cottage hewn from the surrounding woods. Here only the barest necessities of life were evident—a barn, some new-mown hay. The odor of milk, cows, and pasture hung in the air. Up the mountain-side

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sheep grazed. A stream trickled by to join the water-fall below. The rest of the path was solitary except for the woods pregnant with nature-lore. I came to the last steps which brought me back to the court.

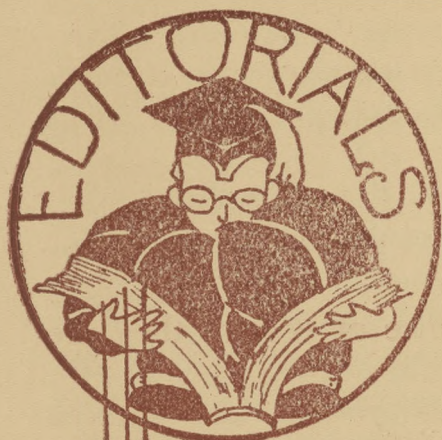
It was not yet dark. I wandered on across the glassed-in-bridge connecting the hotel with the town. Here was the casino,—a stolid building where the rich amused themselves. On cold and rainy afternoons when the open tea houses were inaccessible, they came here to have their "cafi melangie," German bread, and cakes; to read the news; to smoke; to gossip. Here was the young doctor's office, and here, the American Express Company. Then the road through the town ascended to the summer hotel.

As I followed this road I suddenly heard a fierce rumbling of wheels, horses' hoofs beating regularly and quickly on the hard road, men yelling in hoarse German. Around the bend in the road which descended steeply came four fierce, foaming, frightened horses drawing a large covered carriage seemingly alive with old white-haired men dressed in the bright coats of the old Austrian army. The carriage in descending the mountain had rolled down on the horses' heels, and so frightened were the horses that they rushed down the mountain-side. A wheel of the carriage broke and as the carriage went along the road it wobbled back and forth spilling the screaming men out in torn, bleeding heaps. Someone rushed from the shop and stopped the horses. Twelve suffering and fainting men lay along the road. They were gathered to a hospital and the quiet street scene was resumed in an hour.

I returned to the hotel exhausted from having seen such a disaster. The next afternoon I walked in an opposite direction along the pleasingly cold path by the side of the waterfall. I came to a babbling stream and rustic bridge in the next valley. Here I saw a one-legged man—a shepherd—optimistically climbing the mountain to tend his sheep. Here an artist sat, on the edge of the stream, painting contentedly. Here I lost sight of the cruel picture made in my mind the afternoon before, and I absorbed again the atmosphere of peaceful Badgastein.

ROSE MORRISON.

## WHY BEAUTY?



The plan of the Georgia State Women's College is considered to be the most beautiful in the state. This distinction is one of which we are very proud and which we shall strive to keep.

Who on entering the campus does not feel a thrill of appreciation at seeing the sun gleaming upon the crimson tile roof and white walls, at the beauty of stately pines? Surely not those who have learned to love the beauty which is characteristic of G. S. W. C.

Upon a moment of thought one could see that all this beauty and loveliness did not just happen. It is the result of thought, attention, and time of those who wished Georgia's young daughters to be surrounded by beauty.

The lovely Spanish Mission buildings in their setting of green shrubs could have been just dormitories with a roof and four walls. The Rotunda with its air of beauty and gracious dignity could have been an assembly hall. But this was not the plan of those most interested in this college and its relation to the young women of Georgia.

These founders of G. S. W. C. realize the need of beauty and its influence. Perhaps they agreed with Keats when he said:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

Beauty has a most important function in life. It is almost proverbial that the feeling developed by the beautiful is refining, both in manners and in spirit. The Greeks, among whom perception of the beautiful attained its highest development, realized the need of beauty in life and surrounded themselves with the beautiful.

Beauty has a moral function which can not be minimized. One of the most important tasks of culture and education is to submit man to beauty, for through the beautiful the moral state is developed. Schiller tells us that it is the beautiful which must bring man back from false roads, that "beauty is closely connected with the better



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portion of our happiness and not far removed from the moral nobility of human nature."

For this reason such organizations as the Y. W. C. A. and the Literary Societies are such potent factors on the college campus. The accumulated beauty of all the ages surrounds the students, and by its subtle influence they are shown the path of spiritual nobility.

When high school graduates first come to G. S. W. C. they are more or less narrow. Through their contact with beauty these girls are led into a world of ideas. By the influence of beauty they are shown the way to freedom—freedom of the mind and spirit.

Emerson says that some thoughts keep us young, and such a thought is the "love of universal and eternal beauty." To Shakespeare beauty has another function for he says "For beauty lives with kindness."

But where is this beauty found which fills man with thoughts of youth and kindness? It is found everywhere on the G. S. W. C. campus, in the productions of the Sock and Buskin Club and the Glee Club, in the meetings of the Literary Societies, in the theme and execution of the Pine Cone, in the May Day and Christmas Festivities.

Beauty has thus been one of the controlling factors in the development of G. S. W. C. Beauty has not been restrained to one thing, but has been manifested in all types of activity. Thus has the Georgia State Womans College realized one of its greatest assets—beauty.

LOUISE FORBES.

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ON THE first Sunday night in October, the Y. W. C. A. had its recognition service for the new members. The members of the Cabinet, dressed in blue and white and holding lighted candles, formed the skeleton of a triangle in front of Ashley Hall. After music by the choir, the president, Miss Eunice Chute, extended a welcome to

the new members, saying that the triangle was not complete without them and asking that they hold high the torch which was being passed to them. Miss Mary Winn, as a representative of the new girls, responded to this welcome. Miss Chute then gave a challenge to the old members to uphold the standard of the organization and to "carry on." A representative of the old girls, Miss Ida Burroughs, responded to this. She then turned and lighted the candle of Miss Winn. This was the beginning of the beautiful procession of girls which filled in the triangle—each old girl lighting the candle of a new girl. And, as the ceremony came to an end with the singing of "Follow The Gleam," each resolved to do her part to hold high the torch which had been placed in her care.

\* \* \*

One of the interesting Thursday night programs of the month consisted of discussion groups on the subject: "Our Hobbies—Are They Beneficial?"

The first two of a series of World Fellowship programs were given this month. One, on Thursday night, was a discussion of "Campus Fellowship." Miss Rose Morrison led the discussion for the old girls and Miss Lillian Lively for the new girls. Miss Iva Chandler led the second program. It was entitled, "A Worship Service for Women" and consisted of the reading of quotations by the leader and responsive songs by the choir.

\* \* \*

On the last Sunday night in October, Ashley Hall was the scene of a beautiful ceremony celebrating the lighting of the first fires in the huge fireplaces of the Rotunda. The students assembled in the

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darkened Rotunda during the playing of soft music. Miss Hopper, Dean of Women, then extended the following invitation:

"Friends of the misty mountain heights,  
Rest by the road awhile,  
Cast your burdens aside for an hour  
To chat a bit and smile.

The heart of humor is in your eyes,  
Your bodies swinging to the measure;  
Beside the road are gorgeous things—  
Let's be tempted by their pleasure.

Come—think of fellowship's fine grace  
Beside our hearth's first fire;  
Let's feed its flame with fagots rich  
From thoughts we each inspire."

The President of the Y. W. C. A. recited "The Sacrament of Fire" by John Oxenham. After which, she and the President of the S. G. A. lighted the Fire of Fellowship, each placing a fagot thereon for her respective Association. The President of each organization on the campus then placed upon the fire, fagots, accompanied by thoughts symbolic of her organization. The qualities brought to the Fire of Fellowship were:

Y. W. C. A. ....	Spirituality and Service
S. G. A. ....	Justice and Tolerance
Freshmen .....	Enthusiasm
Sophomores .....	Unselfishness
Juniors .....	Sympathy
Seniors .....	Insight
Argonians .....	Appreciation
Sororians .....	Culture
Lambdas .....	Determination
Kappas .....	Good Sportsmanship
Glee Club .....	Joyousness
Fine Arts .....	Love of the Beautiful
Home Economics .....	Health and Happiness
Philharmonic .....	Love of Good Music
Alumnae .....	Loyalty
Dramatic Club .....	Humor
Faculty .....	Quest for Truth

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## PHI LAMBDA NEWS

The Athletic Association's drive came off with a "bang." Much enthusiasm was shown by both Associations. The Phi Lambdas wish to thank every member, and especially the town girls, for their worthy support. Kappas as well as Lambdas were up early on this day, and as soon as the bell rang at 8:30

every member was ready with her dues.

Soccer and Volley Ball teams have had very "snappy" practices. Some interesting match games will be played soon. Lambdas, do your stuff!

Now, Lambdas, we've won the drive, let's keep on winning and get our name on the "plaque." Whatcha say!

\* \* \*

## PHI KAPPA NEWS

Do you know that G. S. W. C. is haunted? If you'd been here on Friday, October 19, and witnessed the very exciting and peppy drive the Kappas and Lambdas put on, you would have been very much aware of the "Kappa Spirit" which prevailed over the entire campus. We heartily congratulate the Lambdas on their fine sportsmanship, their excellent organization and speed with which they won the drive. The drive started at 8:30; by 8:45 both associations had 100 per cent. This victory, on the part of our opponents, has only filled us with grim determination to redouble our efforts and fight harder than ever before.

Before this comes from press, our first soccer game will be won or lost. Which shall it be? If every member of our association was like you, what kind of an association would it be? Let's back the Kappa Association whole-heartedly and enthusiastically to the finish!



# SOCIETY NEWS

## ARGONIAN AND SORORIAN SOCIETY NEWS

The Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies held their first joint meeting of the year, October 20th, 1928.

Miss Eunice Chute was the leader of the program, which consisted of very interesting talks on "Modern Tendencies in American Art, Music, Literature, and Dancing." The program was as follows:

- Modern Tendencies in Art—Margaret Lawson.
- New Trend in Music—Song by McDowell.
- Scherzando, by Beecher—Mary Eva Fambrough.
- Women Realists of Today—Marguerite Ford.
- Women Idealists of Today—Eunice Chute.

\* \* \*

The Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies held a joint program meeting November 3rd.

The program pertained to American drama and one-act plays, which was very entertaining and interesting.

Miss Sawyer, director of the department of expression, presented a one-act play, "Nevertheless," by Stewart Walker. The characters of the play were: The boy, Miss Lillian Hopper; the girl, Miss Ila Spooner; the burglar, Miss Mary Louise Maxwell.

Preceding the presentation of the play, Miss Catherine McRee gave a discussion of American drama and one-act plays. This discussion was given as a survey of drama, from the origin of drama on to the present day, giving interesting facts about the men who have contributed most to the drama and one-act plays of America.

## ALUMNAE NEWS

Frankie Hartsfield, A. B. '28, is with the News in Tryon, N. C. She is proof-reading and writing the social news.

\* \* \*

Estha Freeman, A. B. '28, is teaching in the High School in Colquitt, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Loyd Liggin, of the class '25, is teaching handcraft at the Scottish Rite Memorial Hospital, in Atlanta.

\* \* \*

Katherine Blackshear, A. B. '28, is teaching Home Economics in the High School in Nokomis, Florida.

\* \* \*

Sara Rees Strong of the class of '26, Mrs. William Few, is living in Waycross, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Elsie Gunn, A. B. '27, is at home in Rome, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Nan Smith, A. B. '27, is teaching dancing in Brunswick.

\* \* \*

Evelyn McArthur, of the class of '25, is teaching in the grades at Dalton, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Eunice McArthur, of the class of '24, Mrs. Bruce Swayne, is with her husband, who is studying at the Southern Y. M. C. A. College, Nashville, Tennessee.

\* \* \*

Marie Clyatt, A. B. '26, is teaching in Nashville, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Frances Faries, A. B. '26, Mrs. Edwin Thomas, is living in Tampa, Florida.

\* \* \*

Clarice Ivey, A. B. '26, is teaching Chemistry in the High School at Valdosta, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Chloe Ivey, A. B. '24, is at her home in Valdosta.

\* \* \*

Rosaline Ivey, of the class of '26, is also at her home, 201 West Park Avenue, Valdosta.

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Mildred Price, A. B. '24, is at the Columbia University, completing her work for her M. A.

\* \* \*

Clarice Weathersbee, A. B. '25, is teaching in the Central Junior High School, New Rochelle, New York.

\* \* \*

Emylu Trapnell, of the class of '26, is with the Olds Motor Company, 428 West Peachtree, N. W., Atlanta, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Shirley Gaskins, A. B. '27, is traveling in eight states as advance booker and emergency coach.

\* \* \*

Mary Poindexter, of the class of '22, wrote to the college recently from Fordyce, Arkansas, where she was coaching the play, "It Happened at Midnight."

\* \* \*

Myrtle Stokes, of the class of '28, is teaching Home Economics and General Science in Nahunta, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Lorene Tittle, A. B. '28, is teaching in Doerun, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Marian Wiseman, of the class of '26, Mrs. Lamar Devane, is living in Adel, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Joyce Sikes, of the class of '23, Mrs. Floyd Ramsey, is living in Alma, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Alice Clarke, of the '25 class, won first place in a contest held by Atwater-Kent over W. S. B., in Atlanta. From there she will go to compete in the interstate contest to be held in Nashville, Tennessee.

\* \* \*

Emma Moore, A. B. '27, is teaching in Waters Avenue School, Savannah, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Annie Mae Brower, of the class of '28, was married in October to John Hall, of Tifton, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Mattie Baker, of the '27 class, who is teaching in Coolidge, Georgia, was a week-end guest of the College recently.

\* \* \*

Norma Middleton, A. B. '28, is teaching French and Latin at Bronwood, Georgia.

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Matile Powell, of the class of '28, is teaching the fifth grade at Morven, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Annie Maude Ferrell, of the class of '28, is taking a business course in Columbus, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Derrille Armstrong, of the class of '28, is substituting in the schools of Columbus, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Catherine Trulock, A. B. '28, is Principal of the High School at Whigham, Georgia.

\* \* \*

May Lillie Touchton, A. B. '27, is Laboratory Assistant at Brenau College, at Gainesville, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Edna Rogers, of the class of '28, is teaching in the schools of Graceville, Florida.

\* \* \*

Pauline Scheider, of the class of '28, is teaching in the grades in Tampa, Florida.

\* \* \*

Ruth Slade, of the class of '28, is teaching in Perry, Florida.

\* \* \*

Ruth Folger, A. B. '27, is teaching in a private school in Guyton, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Henrilu Ivey, of the class of '24, is teaching the first grade in the Demonstration School of George Peabody College.

\* \* \*

Margaret LaFar, A. B. '26, is teaching History and Geography in Waters Avenue School, in Savannah, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Mary Small, A. B. '27, is at her home at 209 East Force Street, Valdosta, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Mary Alice Sineath, A. B. '27, is teaching in the High School in Hahira, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Edna Sineath, of the class of '27, is teaching in the schools of Monticello, Florida.



## LOCALS

Spooks, ghosts, and witches roamed at leisure on the last day of October when the Freshman Class entertained the students of the Emory Junior College at a Hallowe'en party. Hallowe'en ideas were carried out in all decorations and entertainments.

The guests were met in the Rotunda by Miss Lillian Lively, of Savannah, President of the Freshman Class. The guests were assigned to different hostesses who led them through all the spooky passages of Mystery Hall, where they found fortune tellers, Bluebeard's Chamber, the Chamber of Horrors, cats and witches.

After a tour through Mystery Hall, the guests were accompanied into the Feast Hall to the time of a Funeral Dirge.

A dance of ghosts concluded an enjoyable evening.

\* \* \*

One of the delightful features of the Hallowe'en season at G. S. W. C. was a dinner given to the student body by Mrs. Beck, Dietitian of the College. This party was one of the most enjoyable surprises of the season.

The students entered the dining hall while a Funeral Dirge was being played. The room was decorated with Jack-o-lanterns, witches, and cats, and was in semi-darkness.

A delightful three course dinner was served, during which the students gave several toasts to Mrs. Beck in appreciation for the lovely surprise.

\* \* \*

The Student Government Association held its second regular meeting on Friday evening, November 2. The Presidents Club, which is a new organization on our campus, had charge of the program.

The presidents of the various organizations gave discussions on the following topics:

"The Scholastic Attainment in Our College"—Miss Dorothy Lile.

"The Quality of Our Group Spirit"—Miss Lillian Lively.

"Friendship in College"—Miss Ida Burroughs.

"Sense of Responsibility and Loyalty to Organizations"—Miss Eunice Chute.

"Promotion of Individual Welfare"—Miss Caroline Parrish.

"Enrichment of Character Through College"—Miss Iva Chandler.

After the program Miss Cora Burghard, of Macon, Georgia, was installed as President of the Senior Class, and Miss Lillian Lively,

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of Savannah, was installed as President of the Freshman Class.

The meeting was adjourned with the singing of "Alma Mater."

\* \* \*

The Sock and Buskin Club held its first meeting in Miss Louise Sawyer's Studio on October 2. Plans for the ensuing year were discussed. The work of this organization will consist of one play to be given to the public, other one-act plays to be given at each meeting of the club, and for Literary Societies programs, and several lessons in make-up.

A program committee, consisting of Miss Rose Morrison, Miss Lucile Nix, and Miss Evelyn Deariso, was appointed to carry out the year's plans.

The Sock and Buskin Club is one of the foremost organizations on the campus, and does much in developing personal dramatic talent of the students.

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Mr. Stokes (in Biology Class): "Can you tell me where secondary roots are found?"

Voice from the third row: "In unexpected places."

\* \* \*

Frosh: "Ouch, I just bumped my crazy bone."

Soph.: "Never mind, just comb your hair different and the bump won't show."

\* \* \*

Don't cry, little girl, because vacation's over. Pity the poor fishes; they have to stay in a school all the year round.

\* \* \*

Miss Brinson (in History Class): "In what battle was General Custer killed?"

Bright Stude: "His last one."

\* \* \*

"Mamma! Mamma! Poppa iss kilt!"

"Ikey! Vot you are sayink!"

"Hiram choost said, de hosses had et up de fodder!"

\* \* \*

Senior: "I'm going out to Adam and Eve's place."

Junior: "Adam and Eve's place? I never heard of that. Where is it?"

Senior: "281 Apple."

\* \* \*

Miss Campbell: "Well my little man, what made you late this morning?"

Little Man: "I over slept. You see, there are eight in our house, and the alarm was only set for seven."

\* \* \*

## POPULAR FICTION

"Let Bygones Be", by Gones.

"Yes", by George.

"Rock-a," by Baby.



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"De Fly," by Night.

"Missed," by A Mile.

"Benjamin Franklin's Auto," by Ography.

\* \* \*

Eloise Blich: "I believe this school is haunted."

Robin Ware: "Why?"

Eloise B.: "You are always talking about the school spirit."

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