

# THE PINE BRANCH



1925  
OCTOBER

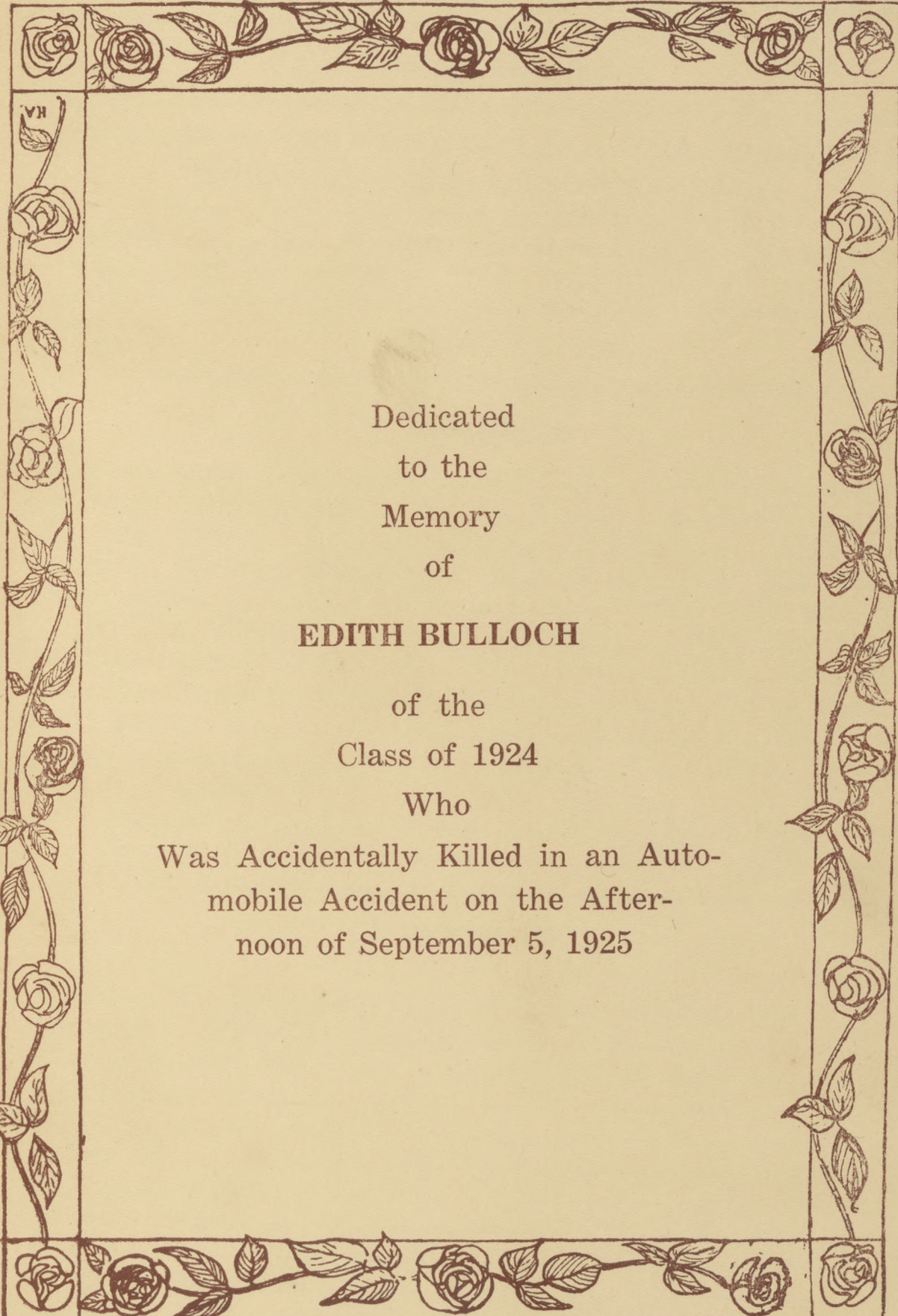
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Number 1



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Dedicated  
to the  
Memory  
of

**EDITH BULLOCH**

of the  
Class of 1924  
Who

Was Accidentally Killed in an Auto-  
mobile Accident on the After-  
noon of September 5, 1925







# THE PINE BRANCH

Issued Monthly

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## THE STAFF

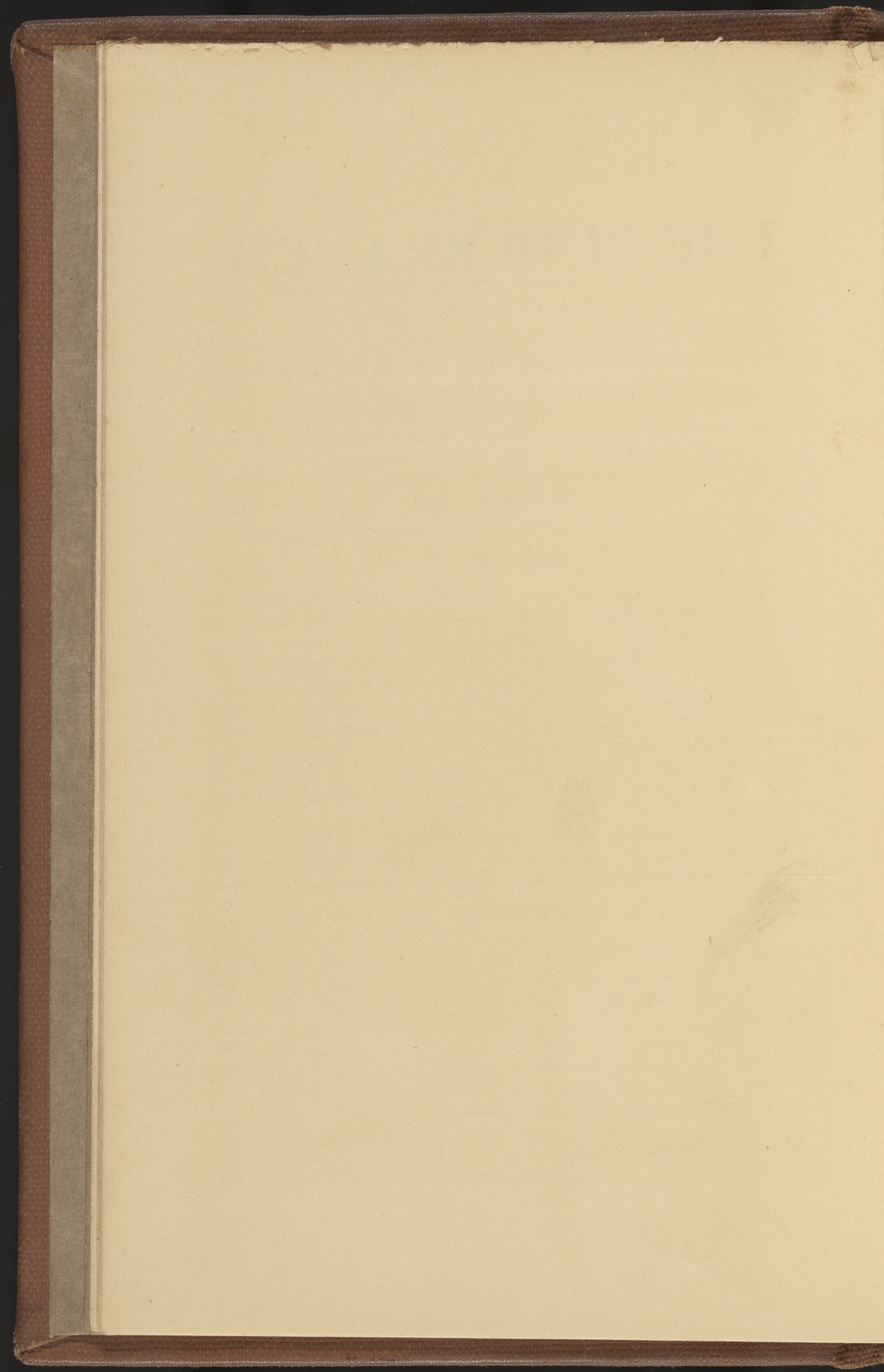
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## BECAUSE WE LOVE BEAUTY

Because we love beauty we shall use our gains  
Through years of toil, sublime in strife  
To give to others what we have attained  
And so enrich their souls for perfect life.

And we have thought that when our lives grow  
Great in the land, others would seek our hand  
Feeling no need for words, content to know  
We who loved beauty would understand.

Ora Mae Byles.



## NEITHER A BORROWER

Anne came bounding into the room, her cheeks aflame with the glow of youth, her blue eyes sparkling. The low cut of her linen frock disclosed a neck of soft velvety whiteness. Helen casually looked up from her book to see just what new outburst would come from Anne this time.

"Helen," she began, "the date of the bazaar has been set for the fifteenth, and I'm to preside over one of the booths. I've been wondering what I'd wear."

"That ought not to be difficult," answered Helen, "why not wear the little tan sport dress?"

"I want something different," she answered.

"Well," asked Helen, "didn't your mother add enough to this month's allowance to get a new sport dress? Why not buy it before the bazaar?"

"I don't know," answered Anne lightly. "I'll think more about it."

But through the days that followed, Anne was unable to find anything in the shops that quite pleased her or to reconcile herself to any of the clothes already in her wardrobe. However, all the girls she saw seemed to possess something that she felt she'd like to wear. At last, to Helen's relief, she decided what it should be.

"Yes, Helen" she said, "it shall be all white with possibly a little touch of blue somewhere—a tie maybe, and I'll have to have a white sweater to wear, too."

"I wouldn't go to that expense," answered practical Helen, "why don't you wear something that you already have."

"Expense?" asked Anne, "who said anything about buying a white sweater? Maurice has a perfectly darling one. I'll just borrow it."

"It never pays to borrow, Anne," cautioned Helen. "If you must have a thing go ahead and buy it, but never borrow."

"Well, never you mind about that," answered Anne, and went gaily down the corridor to Maurice's room. She soon emerged from the door with a snow white sweater, but noticing a society pin on the cuff, rushed back to leave it with Maurice.

"Just go ahead and wear it, if you'd like," answered Maurice. "It has a safety catch and I think it'll hold."

On the evening of the bazaar, Anne decided that, to further emphasize the blue of her eyes, she must have one of



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the blue crepe paper caps that were being sold at the booth on the right. She straightway purchased one and then stationed herself behind her own booth and very diligently displayed her handsome array of articles.

The clouds were beginning to hang heavy. There was a warm sultry breeze beginning to stir the branches of the trees. Soon there was a slight sprinkle of rain which grew heavy and heavier until Anne and her co-workers found it necessary to transfer the booths inside the building. This accomplished, Anne took her place behind the booth in its new setting.

At the first sign of a cessation of the downpour outside, the patrons of the bazaar began to betake themselves home. As Anne started upstairs, Helen rushed up behind her. Anne's blue cap had lost all of its crispness of the earlier part of the evening and the top point, which had stood so proudly, now drooped downward like the fringe on the horns that she had been selling. But in the rush of the evening, Anne had completely forgotten the cap.

Helen, at a glance, saw that something was wrong with the costume and asked, "Anne, what have you done to your sweater?"

"Nothing at all" answered Anne

"But a tragedy has befallen it, Anne, your cap has faded all down the back of it, and on your skirt, too."

"Where? Has it faded on it very much? You suppose it'll come out?" she asked all at once.

She went upstairs, undressed and hanging the sweater in the closet, went to bed. However, her tired eyes seemed to refuse to close in sleep. She tossed and tumbled-- and finally when sleep came to her, her dreams were filled with ghost-like figures darting here and there, many of them wearing sweaters,—white sweaters, some of them short, some of them covering the figure. She awoke with a start, and looking at her watch found that it was only three o'clock. She did not go back to sleep, but lay thinking. What was it that she learned in chemistry about removing dyes? At last, she thought of the little chart that gave information on that very point.

The following morning found Anne searching anxiously after the chart. Finally she found it. She scanned it hurriedly. "Cotton materials, silk, silk and cotton, wool and



## NEITHER A BORROWER

silk, all wool materials, here it is." To the chemistry laboratory she now went and purchased a bit of Javelle water. She tripped lightly back to her room and worked diligently for an hour with the sweater. When Helen came in to lunch, she found Anne sitting by the window looking a bit disgusted with the world, the table, minus its runner, serving as the resting place for the white sweater.

"Se you've been working with the sweater. What luck did you have?" she asked.

"No luck at all," said Anne. "I'll get some tartaric acid after lunch. See if that won't get it. The chart says use tartaric acid if Javelle water doesn't do it."

After lunch, Anne purchased some tartaric acid and again worked with the sweater for a good hour or two, but to no avail. Soon she decided that she'd discard the chart and try her own knowledge of the subject. First, it was gasoline, then benzine, but still those dazzling blue spots glared mockingly back at her, and when Helen came in late in the afternoon Anne was almost in tears.

The coming of morning found Anne again going in search of the chart. Helen went her way wondering what Anne would try next. As she approached the room at lunch time, she heard a series of sneezes inside. "What can Anne be using—" There was an answering sneeze from Helen, for she had now come within range of "what Anne was using."

In addition to all the sneezes and coughs,, she found an occasional tear trickling down Anne's cheek. The ammonia she was using seemed to have no more effect than the other things she had tried—She had reached the end of her own knowledge and that of the chart, too, and still those spots glared at her.

The vision that she had had of a good looking new sport dress was growing dimmer every minute. She couldn't return the sweater to Maurice like that, and yet she must return a white sweater; so there was no way out of it except to take the money her mother had sent her and buy a sweater for Maurice, then wear the old one herself. "Mother would never be able to understand," she said to herself. "She thinks I'm so extravagant anyway."

That afternoon, Anne went from store to store in search of a sweater like the one she had borrowed from Maurice,



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but it seemed to her she would never find it. On the other hand, she had never seen quite so many lovely dresses—"Why couldn't these sport dresses have come before that bazaar, Helen?" asked Anne. "If they had I would probably have bought one and not borrowed that old sweater." They searched for sometime, and finally found a sweater that seemed to meet their need.

That night, Anne started out of the door to take the sweater to Maurice, but to her horror she saw that the society pin that had been in the cuff was missing.

"Helen," she asked eagerly, "where is that pin? Have you seen it?"

With Helen's indication that she knew nothing about it the room instantly began to lose its tidy appearance, for everything was moved out of its accustomed place in search of the lost article. All search, however, seemed in vain. The corners of Anne's mouth began to droop. Would she have to replace the pin, too!

"Anne" asked Helen, "didn't you hang the sweater in the closet last night? Let's look in there," and straightway articles of clothing and shoes came sailing out of the closet. After several minutes search Helen pulled the lost society pin out of the folds of her dinner gown where it had caught as it fell from the sweater. Anne carefully pinned it in the cuff of the sweater, took both down to Maurice and returned to the room.

The vision of the new sport dress had by this time become a ghastly spectre over which hung a white sweater with a horrid, haunting, purple fringed spot of blue on the back.

Gussie Belle Rentz.



## NOR A LENDER BE

Young Mr. Morris stood in the door ready to depart. Young Mrs. Morris was standing in the door before him, and in accordance with their daily custom, they were continuing until the last moment the conversation begun at the breakfast table. The subject which engaged their attention on this particular morning was that of borrowing and lending.

Mrs. Morris had remarked rather ruefully during the conversation of the morning that nothing was free from the neighbors—not that they would come in and take anything without her permission—oh no! but, as she added fretfully, “nothing is safe from their borrowing. It seems that they would notice that I never borrow!” she exclaimed. “Not once since I’ve been here have I borrowed even so much as a cup of sugar or a loaf of bread. That doesn’t seem to bother them though. It hadn’t been so bad up until a few weeks ago, possibly because we’d just moved in, but now—why, Jack, I can’t keep a thing! Not even my clothes are safe, for Mrs. Elton’s daughter came over yesterday and borrowed my new hat—the one you helped me choose—because she was going out today to some very special affair and had worn hers before. I don’t blame her, but it looks like rain and I hope—

“There now, Polly, I know it’s a nuisance! It’s the same way down at the office. Some men are always dropping in to borrow something—usually not much, sometimes only a cigarette, or a pencil, but it is a nuisance. Bear up, tho old girl,” he added patting her shoulder, “remember this is our first neighborhood together, and we can’t afford to antagonize our worthy neighbors. If that young lady ruins that hat, why we’ll just have to get another one for you. Well, it’s more than time for me to be gone if I intend to get to the office in time, and Dad’s very particular about punctuality, in his own son even more than in anyone else, it seems to me. So long; I won’t have to leave so soon when we get that car!”

“Here wait a minute. It looks more like rain than ever. Take this umbrella with you. Goodby! Don’t be late for dinner,” cautioned his wife as he ran down the steps.

She stood in the door and watched him until the town-bound street car bore him out of sight. Then she turned quickly back into the house to superintend the work of the



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little darkey who sat on the back step apparently much interested in the gathering clouds, taking her ease until her young mistress should call her in and set for her a definite task.

The door bell rang sharply just as Polly reached the kitchen, and Susy, glad to postpone for another few minutes the arduous task of clearing the breakfast table ran quickly to answer it.

"Mis' Polly!" she called shrilly to the young woman in the back of the house, "Here's a lady wants to borry a cup o' sugar."

Young Mrs. Morris' vexation at having a caller announced in such a manner was quickly drowned in a stranger rush of feeling.

"Another borrower!" she groaned as she went to the door.

At dinner that day Polly Morris became aware of a shadow which was darkening her young husband's brow. Interrupting herself suddenly in the midst of a recital of Susy's newly developed idiosyncrasies and their relation to the, at present, all-absorbing task of really keeping house, she asked anxiously,

"What's the matter, Jack? Aren't you feeling well? Here I've been talking all along and not letting you say a thing—what's the matter?"

Young Mr. Morris smiled wryly.

"Nothing much, Polly, but I'm afraid we'll have to put off getting that car a little longer."

Then, with an apparently abrupt change of subject, he asked, "Do you remeber Merle Thompson?"

"Yes, of course," answered Polly quickly, determined to rid the conversation of this new element as rapidly as possible so that she might find the reason for that worried look which still hovered gloomily upon her husband's face. "He was a college friend of yours, wasn't he?" "But," teasingly, for she saw no connection at all, "what connection has he with our car. He hasn't borrowed it, has he?"

"Just the same as," answered Jack looking at her tho' he rather feared how she would take that.

"How?" was all she said, but a tiny bit of shadow upon his face had now communicated itself to her, for the car seemed to her now the only thing, the very thing, needed to complete her happiness.



## NOR A LENDER BE

Jack rose from his chair and came to stand behind hers. He put his hand on her shoulder as tho' asking her to understand, then began his story.

"This mornining as I got on the car I met Merle. He was standing in the back and looking seedy enough and gloomy enough to please his worst enemy, if he has one. He was just back from the West—you remember he didn't quite finish college but quit and went to Arizona in his Sophomore year, and he was dead broke. Of course he didn't greet me with a touch, but by the time we reached town he had gone far enough that when he went on up to the office and asked me for the five hundred I wasn't at all surprised. Poor old Merle! he's had a hard time, and he does want so badly to start again!"

Then, as all good lawyers do, at the psychological moment, Jack rested his case.

Polly reached up and patted the hand which lay on her shoulder. Her heart swelled with pride. Her husband wasn't a tightwad or a miser! In fact, he was just the very opposite. The thought of his extreme generosity made her ashamed of her momentary feeling of dismay at the thought of postponing the purchase of the car. He needed the car worse, much worse than she did, and he had unselfishly given it up when a friend in need had called on him for help. Just such things as that furnished proof each day that she had the ideal husband.

Again she patted his hand softly, and then she said,

"Oh, Jack, I think you are wonderful! I never, never would have been unselfish enough to give up the car like that, but of course you did exactly right."

Jack's face lost its gloomy look. He leaned over and kissed his young wife enthusiastically.

"Polly, you're a trump! Not many wives would be willing to give up a car just because a friend of their husband's needed money!"

"Oh, but I'm not giving up the car! We can still save for it."

Jack laughed and teasingly pulled his wife's bobbed hair, then suddenly became serious.

"Polly, I wish you could have seen Merle. He's changed so much since he left school and not for the better either. He needs some one to look after him."



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Polly blushed, and then jumped up abruptly.

"Heavens, Jack, look at the clock! You're going to miss the one-thirty car. Hurry!

Some weeks later, Mrs. Morris sat on her front porch and idly turned the pages of her latest magazine, but her gaze often wandered off its pages to rest upon the passers-by in front of the house. Her face brightened as she saw Mrs. Elton's daughter run lightly down the steps of her home and come down the walk.

Polly bowed cordially but felt her smile frozen on her face by the icy bow of the other young lady.

What could be the matter? she wondered, surely it couldn't be because that hat which Polly had lent her had been wet in the shower of rain which had occurred during the afternoon on which she had worn it.

"Why," thought Polly, "I should be the one to get angry about that—perhaps that's it—perhaps she thinks I'm angry about it—but surely not, for I wore the hat the very next day—in spite of the fact that the feathers in it looked rather peculiar as a result of the wetting. She knows that I wore it too, for I saw her and a party of her friends while I had it on—what can be the matter?"

At that moment, Susy, whom she had never been able to break of the habit of standing in one part of the house and calling shrilly to her mistress in whatever part of the house she happened to be, called out according to her custom.

"Mis' Polly, the washwoman's Mis' Lizzie, done come.

"Mis' Polly" rose and went back to the kitchen. As she entered the door, she was greeted by a loud burst of laughter from Susy, followed by a still louder explosion from the negro woman. She looked at them in amazement, but before she could enquire as to the cause and nature of their mirth, the woman, Lizzie, saved her the trouble.

"Law, Mis' Polly, chile, I'se got a good joke to tell you this mornin'!"

"What is it, Lizzie?" asked Polly, forgetting the question of why Miss Elton had bowed so frigidly, and smiling in spite of herself at her two servant's boisterously evident mirth.

"I'se just carried Mis' Elton's wash home, and I wuz talkin' to Miss Hannah, her cook, and—



## NOR A LENDER BE

Mrs. Morris thought, "neighborhood gossip! Jack hates it," but as she started to hush the woman's garrulous tongue, her attention was caught by the words, "So she borrowed a hat."

Immediately Lizzie secured the full attention of her mistress.

"Borrowed a hat? Who? From whom?" Polly asked quickly.

"Why, Mis' Polly," Lizzie explained patiently. "I'se just tellin' you, Mis' Elton's girl's done borrowed a hat—a hat with a feather. Mis' Hannah doan know who she borrowed it from, somebody round here—but gee! I shore is glad it wan't me!"

"Why, Lizzie? Go on" explained the young woman impatiently, "why are you glad that it wasn't you?"

"If you could hear all the things folks been sayin' 'bout the person that loaned it to 'em you'd be glad it wasn't you too." Polly's heart leaped guiltily and her face flushed rosily but she allowed Lizzie to proceed without interruption.

"Miss Elton borrowed this hat and wore it out in the rain 'cause all her fine friends had on new hats. While she was wearin' it, the feather on it got all wet and began to hang funny. All the folks with her laughed at the funny way it did."

"Yes, thought Polly grimly, I know very well how it did! I guess I had to wear it next day!"

"But, Mis' Polly, listen! That's not the funny part yet. Next day Miss Elton was goin' to town with some of those same friends and who do you 'spose they saw?" Lizzie paused for dramatic effect.

Polly went hot and cold. She felt that at last she was beginning to see. Poor girl! Still—

Lizzie continued triumphantly, proceeding as to the great climax in a drama.

"Who do you 'spose she saw?" she repeated rhetorically, "The woman what loaned her the hat, and the woman had it on!"

Again Lizzie paused dramatically, chuckled, and then went on.

"Mis' Hannah sez she done hear what Miss Elton sez to her Ma when she got back. She sez that Miss Elton done think that the woman what loaned it done that on purpose



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just to show all her frien's that she borried the hat. Course they knowed 'twas the same hat 'cause the feather was all crooked wrong."

"An' then Mis' Hannah sez that ole Mis' Elton done begin to talk an' say as how don' none o' the folks roun' here think much o' this lady what loant 'em the hat. They all think she's stuck up, and—"

But Polly had turned around abruptly and had left the kitchen saying briefly as she left, "Wait Lizzie, I'll have your money for you in a minute."

Lizzie felt her dignity somewhat ruffled by the young woman's apparent lack of interest, but she felt that it would not be polite to show her feelings for she was short a dollar of her account at Cohen's Credit Store, and Mrs. Morris seemed her best chance for obtaining it.

Polly went to her room with her feeling in a tumult.

"Stuck up!" How could they think such a thing? Was it possible that Mrs. Elton had only said that because she was angry at the fact that her daughter's friends had discovered that the hat which she wore was not her own? No, Polly's own feelings told her that was not the case. She had felt for some time a certain restraint in their manner towards her—the only time in fact that they even approached their first kindliness of manner was at those times when they rushed in to borrow something which they never seemed to remember to return.

"Stuck up" indeed! Why she knew that wasn't so! She didn't feel a bit superior to these people. She just wanted them for friends; they hadn't thought her "stuck up" when she first came, and she knew that her manner hadn't changed.

If the change were not in her, then it must be in the people of the neighborhood. What could be the trouble?

While Polly's thoughts were traveling so rapidly she had not been idle, and at this point in her musing she found herself back in the kitchen with Lizzie's money in her hand.

"Mis' Poolly, Ma'am," Lizzie was saying, "Can you loan me a dollar jus' this week? My rent man—"

Smiling wearily Polly handed her another bill—Another borrower! Then struck by a sudden thought she said aloud,

"I wonder if this will lose my washwoman for me!"



## NOR A LENDEK BE

"Ma'am?" said Lizzie, questioningly.

"Nothing, Lizzie, that's all right. Be her early Monday morning."

When Jack returned that night, Polly ran to him impulsively to tell him all her troubles but stopped at the look on Jack's face. What were her troubles when Jack was worried?

"What's wrong, Jack" she asked anxiously as she took his hat from him.

"Everything!" the young husband answered." Polly, dear, the car's further off than ever, and that's not the worst of it—Merel's gone!

"Gone?" Polly asked not understanding, "Not dead?"

"No—worse—he's gone away leaving all his debts unpaid, and taking all the money he could borrow with him. I let him have the other fifty we'd saved towards the car the other day. He hadn't been the same since I lent him the money the first time. Honestly, I believe he thought less of me after I lent him the money than he did before. He always seemed to feel that I was dunning him for it. Goodness knows I didn't, but everything that I'd say—for instance, one day I met him on the street and we went up town for lunch together. When we got on the car, I said that as soon as we could save enough, no more street cars for mine, and he got huffy right away and said he guessed if he'd pay me what he owed me, we could get the car right away. He seemed to think that was what I'd meant—things like that happened not just that once but many times—why I couldn't even offer to buy him a dope without his thinking that I was hinting that since I'd lent him money, he couldn't pay five cents for a drink!"

"Never mind about the car, dear" said Polly soothingly, adding wisely, "Come on in to supper. You'll feel better afterwards."

During the first part of supper an absolute silence reigned—a silence gloomy on the one hand, sympathetic on the other.

Then suddenly Polly's face brightened; she reached across the table and held her hand out to Jack.

"Do you know what tomorrow is, Jack?"

In his turn Jack's face brightened and he exclaimed eagerly,



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"Sure Polly! and I am not the only one who remembers either! Guess what Dad's going to give us for our first anniversary present."

"A car!" guessed Polly, quickly.

"Nope," Jack answered slowly, "Not a car—something even better, I think," he added rather doubtfully, wondering whether Polly would agree with him.

"Oh, don't keep me in suspense, tell me!" begged his wife.

"A promotion—it'll mean moving further into town. Do you mind? I know you like it here, but—"

"Mow marvelous!" Polly exclaimed. "Further into town! Then we'll get into a new neighborhood, and you won't need a car."

"We'll get one soon, though, for with the raise Dad's giving me—"

"Your father is wonderful to us. Oh, Jack, I'm so happy. And listen, Jack I've been thinking about what Shakespeare said. I think that it will apply to us when we move and start over again. You remember what Polonius said—in Hamlet wasn't it?—he may not have been very wise himself, but he surely said some wise things.

"This seems to apply particularly to us: 'Neither a borrower—'

Jack looked up protestingly and Polly added quickly, "Nor a lender be; for loan oft loses both itself and friend."

Martha Youngblood.



## BEGINNINGS

Everything has a beginning sooner or later, and I was beginning to be disgusted. It was not "way back in the sixties" as everything in history invariably seems to have its beginning, indeed, it was very near, considering that this was the end of the first week of the school year, 1925, at the beginning of which I had entered college. Furthermore, the object of my disgust was not a boresome tea, or a long rainy afternoon—on which I had planned a party—or a broken engagement; rather it was the fact that my work as assistant librarian had been suddenly changed. I found myself facing the problem of a haggard, dirty, besmeared book, inside out. I had been told to clean, to repair and to rebind it so that it might be used. I think that if I could have given vent to my feelings then, in the presence of the source of my misery (all book wreckers), rather than producing the placid smile with which I did manage to tackle the job,—well, at least the beginning of this great work would have been folded away in the pages of that, or some other book, with more force and meaning than I can relate it here.

In deed and in truth, book mending has, and ever will be, a rather unpleasant job. Binding a broken heart, I imagine, leaves one with a half conceited air of 'haven't I done humanity a great deed?'

Binding up a wound leaves one feeling in a measure as the little boy who put his arm in the dike must have felt when he realized he had saved his town. Binding the neck of a dress leaves a felling of proportion, evenness, and beauty. I was glad when I learned to bind a dress neatly, but as I attempted to bind my first book I repeat I was candidly disgusted. I dare say you are wondering why I felt thus. Perhaps there are those who know of a more unpleasant undertaking, if such be the case, I plead with them to publish the fact so that folks struggling to get the best out of life may steer their craft away from this treacherous shipwrecking boulder, even as I am attempting to aid someone by turning on this red light.

The process, as experience has taught it to me, involves much endurance and a spirit well up to par. First a small container is unearthed from somewhere and filled about two-thirds full of water all of which is really absorbed by a piece of sponge placed in it. Minor details are very impor-



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tant in this work or else when I hastily push the sponge down into the water, while observing that my friend, Miss Dontcare, has really done her hair a new way—splash! there it goes all over the library table. Then after I have run around, past, by, everyone over to the other building and searched in vain in at least thirteen rooms for a tiny bit of rag, I finally came back to an ugly freckle-like spot on the table. There is no time to worry, however, the work has to proceed. So I empty part of the water and with an apron to protect my lap I sit down to begin again only to discover that all my binding tape and glue is in a box under two other boxes in a far corner of the library. I feel terribly exasperated but the library is a public place so quite cheerfully I jumped up to chase after this. Then I begin.

From this description of the mere beginning doubtless you have already decided that the finished process would warrant rare disgust. But as Emerson has so fully taught us, there is compensation for all things, and I had a reward for this long tedious job. The book I had repaired, though not sparkling with newness, was back in line for service. This was a thought worth the essence of all my beginnings, for to me it must be a sad day in the life of a book when torn, dirty and unattractive it is thrown on the discarded shelf.

So I am beginning to like book binding.

Lucile McGregor.



## FAITH

We sway back and forth in the cradle of life,  
Swayed this way or that by joy or by strife--  
And often we pause to wonder why  
God lets us live and lets us die.

A wonder mind has planned it all,  
But we struggle on; we rise—we fall,  
Blind to the reason, and blind to the way,  
Hoping—hoping—for light some day.

Sure that the hand which leads us on  
Will banish the darkness and bring the dawn;  
Yet pausing often to wonder why  
He lets us live and lets us die.

—Frankie Hartsfield.



## EDITORIAL

Again our College opens its doors to those seeking knowledge and learning for the higher goals of life. Again our Pine Branch make its appearance.

We desire in its first issue to express our sincere appreciation and gratitude to the legislature for the liberal increase in maintenance which has been granted to the College. These greater financial resources enable the College to go forward with renewed energy to its ever-increasing work of the high quality which it has stood for from the early beginning.

The Georgia State Womans College from its origin has offered only such courses and work of such nature as would always be recognized and credited by the higher universities and institutions of learning. It has ever been the ambition of this College, not only to have its diploma and degree recognized by the Higher Colleges as standard on an education basis, but more important, it has labored to give to its young women the best training available in the higher and nobler aspects of life and womanhood.

At every step of its growth our College has stood for richer development, striving always to the ultimate goal of perfection. Due to our increased finances, this year has already seen a great step in advancement, which has resulted in an increase of our library facilities, the purchase of more laboratory equipment, and the addition of several new and highly efficient faculty members. With these new improvements we feel sure that no womans college in our state can boast better works nor higher service than the Georgia State Womans College offers to the young women of the state.

But it makes our hearts sad when we think of the few who are benefitting by our service in comparison to the many we could develop, had we our greatly needed Auditorium and new dormitory. But we feel that the appeal for increased capacity can not be resisted much longer; for the young women of the southern part of our state realizing what quality of service is offered to them here, will make absolutely necessary an increase in our ability to serve a greater number than we are now able to accommodate.



## ALUMNAE NOTES

At the beginning of the new year, I wish to ask the co-operation of each member of the Alumnae Association in making this a year in which every member of the the Association is accounted for. If you know of the activity of a fellow alumnae, won't you send this information to the Alumnae Editor that she might tell others through the Pine Branch, of the activity of this member?

Stella Mathis, of the class of 1918, who for the last three or four years has taught in the schools of Porto Rico, was a visitor at the college during the opening days. She is now teaching Spanish in the schools of Jacksonville, Florida.

Bernice Rivers, of the class of 1921, is again teaching Home Economics in the Hoke Smith Junior High School in Atlanta, Georgia.

Again wedding bells have been heard to ring! a wedding of the summer was that of Alma Thompson, of the class of 1921 to Mr. J. Frank Kneece, Superintendent of the city schools at Ridgeland, South Carolina.

Jimmie Carmack, of the class of 1922, is teaching Home Economics in the high school at Punta Gorda, Florida.

Juanita Parrish, of the class of 1922, is teaching the third grade at Dawson, Georgia.

Julia Harrell, of the class of 1922, is teaching the third grade at Jacksonville, Florida.

Another wedding of the summer was that of Bessie Barrett, of the class of 1923, to Mr. Arthur R. Walton, formerly of Jersey City, New Jersey, but now head of the department of Mathematics in the Waycross High School. They are living at 903 Elizabeth Street, Waycross, Georgia.

Jewell Carmack, of the class of 1923, is again teaching Home Economics in the High School at Bridgeport, Alabama.

Catherine Wheeler, of the class of 1924, is teaching the third and fourth grade at Darien, Georgia.

Mildred Williams, of the class of 1924, is teaching the first grade at Jennings, Florida.

Florence Bates, of the class of 1925, is teaching at Blackshear, Georgia.



## THE PINE BRANCH

Martha Groover, of the class of 1925, is teaching the second and third grades in a consolidated school near Quitman, Georgia.

Irene Kingery, of the class of 1925, is teaching in the graded school at Cottondale, Florida.

Nana Alexander, A. B. graduate, of 1925, is teaching Mathematics in the High School at Orlando, Florida.

Evelyn Brown, A. B. graduate, of 1925, is teaching English and History in the High School at Lakeland, Ga. (formerly Milltown.)

Grace Buie, A. B. graduate of 1925, is teaching French and English in the High School at Pinehurst, Georgia.

Eppie Roberson, A. B. graduate, of 1925, is teaching English in the High School at Stevenson, Alabama.



## SOCIETY NEWS

The Sororian Literary Society held a regular program meeting Saturday evening, Oct. 3rd. The meeting was called to order by the President, Miss Mary Alice Sineath. Interesting talks were made by Miss Martha Youngblood on "Nature of Program Meetings for the Year" and by Miss Mary Small on "How to Study a Picture from the standpoint of Art," after which a one act play—"The Beau of Bath," by Constance D'Arcy Mackey was artistically rendered. The cast of the play was as follows:

Beau Nash .....	Miss Christine Meadows
Jepson, His Servant.....	Miss Frances Faries
The Lady of the Portrait .....	Miss Agnes King.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Argonian Literary Society of the Georgia State Wo-  
mans College, held its first regular program meeting Sat-  
urday night, October the twenty-second. The meeting was  
called to order by the President. The program was in the  
form of an installation service, about a hundred new mem-  
bers being taken in. A piano solo by Miss Edna Sineath  
concluded the program.

Edna Sineath.

\* \* \* \* \*

The first meeting of the Sororian and Argonian Literary  
Societies was held in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall Wednes-  
day, Sept. 23rd. The purpose of the meeting was two-fold:  
to welcome the new members and also to give them some  
idea as to the standards of the societies. The meeting was  
presided over by Miss Mary Alice Sineath, President of the  
Sororian Literary Society and Miss Emma Moore, Presi-  
dent of the Argonian Literary Society. An interesting talk  
was made by Miss Gertrude Gilmer, head of the English  
Department, on "Observations of a Faculty Advisor."

Miss Frances Faries, a former President of the Sororian



## THE PINE BRANCH

Literary Society talked on "History of the Societies;" and Miss Frances Thomas, a former President of the Argonian Literary Society, discussed "The Place of the Literary Societies in College Life." Following the talks Miss Christine Meadows delighted the audience with a reading, after which Miss Nan Smith gave a beautiful interpretative dance.

After the program, an informal social hour was enjoyed, during which refreshments, consisting of cream and cake, were served. Miss Ollie Nicholdson furnished the music for the evening.



## LOCALS

The Music Department will give a series of faculty recitals this winter. The first of these was an organ recital at the First Baptist Church, Sunday afternoon, October the 4th, by Mr. James Dasher, assisted by Miss Elizabeth Walker.

The program was delightfully varied, consisting of numbers by note-worthy composers and artists and was as follows:

1. St Cecelia Offertory No. 2 —Batiste
2. Toccata in D—Kinder
3. The Mission of the Rose—Cowen  
Miss Walker
4. Melody—Dawes  
Waiting Motif from Madame Butterfly—Puccini  
Southern Phantasy—Haske
5. William Tell Overture—Rossini

The faculty entertained the new students at a reception on the lawn in front of Converse hall Saturday evening. In the first group of the progressive receiving line composed of faculty members were: Miss Hopper, Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Powell and Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Wood.

The following program was rendered by the music, expression and physical education departments:

"Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark"—(Bishop)' Miss Walker.  
Moravian Folk Dance—Miss Jakes and Miss Annie Smith.  
"Lift Thine Eyes"—(Logan) ; "God Touched the Rose"—(Brown), Mr. Dasher.

Elder Ford's Two Candidates—(S. W. Foss): The Gossips—(E. W. Wilcox, Maggie McFay, Dana Burnett), Miss Sawyer.

Song of India—(Rimsky Korsakow) ; Japanese Love Song—(Baker), Miss Walker.

Rhapsody in G Minor—(Brahms), Miss Smith

The Student Government association held training classes for a week, the purpose of the study being to acquaint the new girls with the regulations of the college and to get them into the spirit of the college life. The entire group passed the examination and signed the pledge. On Tuesday the



## LOCALS

officers of this organization took their oaths of office. The president of the association, Miss Frances Faries, of Savannah, Ga., installed the following officers:

Senior class president, Miss Louise McLendon, of Tallahassee, Fla.

Junior class president, Miss Sara Mandeville, of Jesup, Ga.

Sophomore class president, Miss Lucile Dowling, of Jesup, Ga.

Freshman class president, Miss Susan Bedell, of Woodbine, Ga.



## Y. W. C. A. NOTES

One of the first and most delightful entertainments given by the Y. W. C. A. was the BiG Little Sister Prom held on the lawn and terrace in front of Ashley Hall on Wednesday evening, September 9.

On the following Saturday evening a hike in the form of a treasure hunt which wound up on the lawn at the home of Dr. Powell, was given. The clues were worked out with difficulty, only one of the group ever being successful in finding all of them. As it began raining just as the treasure was found, all of the girls returned to the dining room of Ashley Hall, where games were played and contests held, after which delightful refreshments were served. Despite the fact that the weather was unpleasant every one seemed to spend a very enjoyable evening.

One of the most beautiful and impressive occasions of the year was the Recognition Service in which the new students became members of the Y. W. C. A. This year it was held in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall on Sunday evening, September 27. Seven girls representing the spirit of the Y. W., the old girls, the new girls, and the world Fellowship, Social and Membership aspects of the organization, formed a triangle in the centre of the group, each speaking concerning her respective phase of the Y. W. C. A. A most impressive and effective candle light service then followed, the spirit of the Y. W. C. A. lighting the candles of the other members of the triangle and they in turn lighting the candles of the other members of the organization. The students then passed from the Rotunda to the lawn in front of Ashley Hall where the service ended with the singing of "Follow the Gleam" and the Y. W. C. A. Benediction.

Other things which the Y. W. C. A. has contributed towards the pleasure of the girls have been teas, swimming parties and hikes.



## JOKES

Miss Goodrich—(In Ed. 22 Class)—“What is play Estha Freeman?”

Estha—“Play is spontaneous—er—combustion.”

F. Thomas—“I had a lovely nut Sundae.”

K. Myrick—“Yes, I have one coming tonight.”

Mary Young—“I once loved a man and he made a monkey out of me.”

Eunice Farnum—“My, what a lasting impression some people make.”

Miss Ivey—“And what else do you use in this experiment?”

Catherine Dougherty—“Uh-huh, I’ve got it right on the end of my tongue.”

Miss Ivey—“Spit it out! Spit it out! It’s Arsenic.”

Miss Lockett—“Now anyone who doesn’t understand this problem watch the board carefully while I go through it.”

Katherine Myrick (entering Turner Jones Shoe Store)—“I would like to see a pair of shoes to fit me.”

Clerk—“So would I.”

Grace McNair—“Well, I answered a question in class today.”

Mary Louise Maxwell—“What was it?”

Grace—“Present.”

Miss Craig—“Virginia, why were you late.”

Virginia Thomas—“Class began before I got here.”

Elsie Gunn—“How far back can you trace your descent?”

Julia Mae Murray—“To the time that I entered G. S. W. C.”

Miss Craig—“Name three articles containing starch.”

Estelle Davis—“Two cuffs and a collar.”

“It’s all off for the night” cried Evelyn Kirkland as she wiped her face with a towel.



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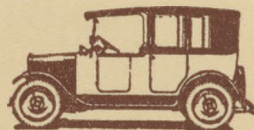
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