

# THE PINE BRANCH

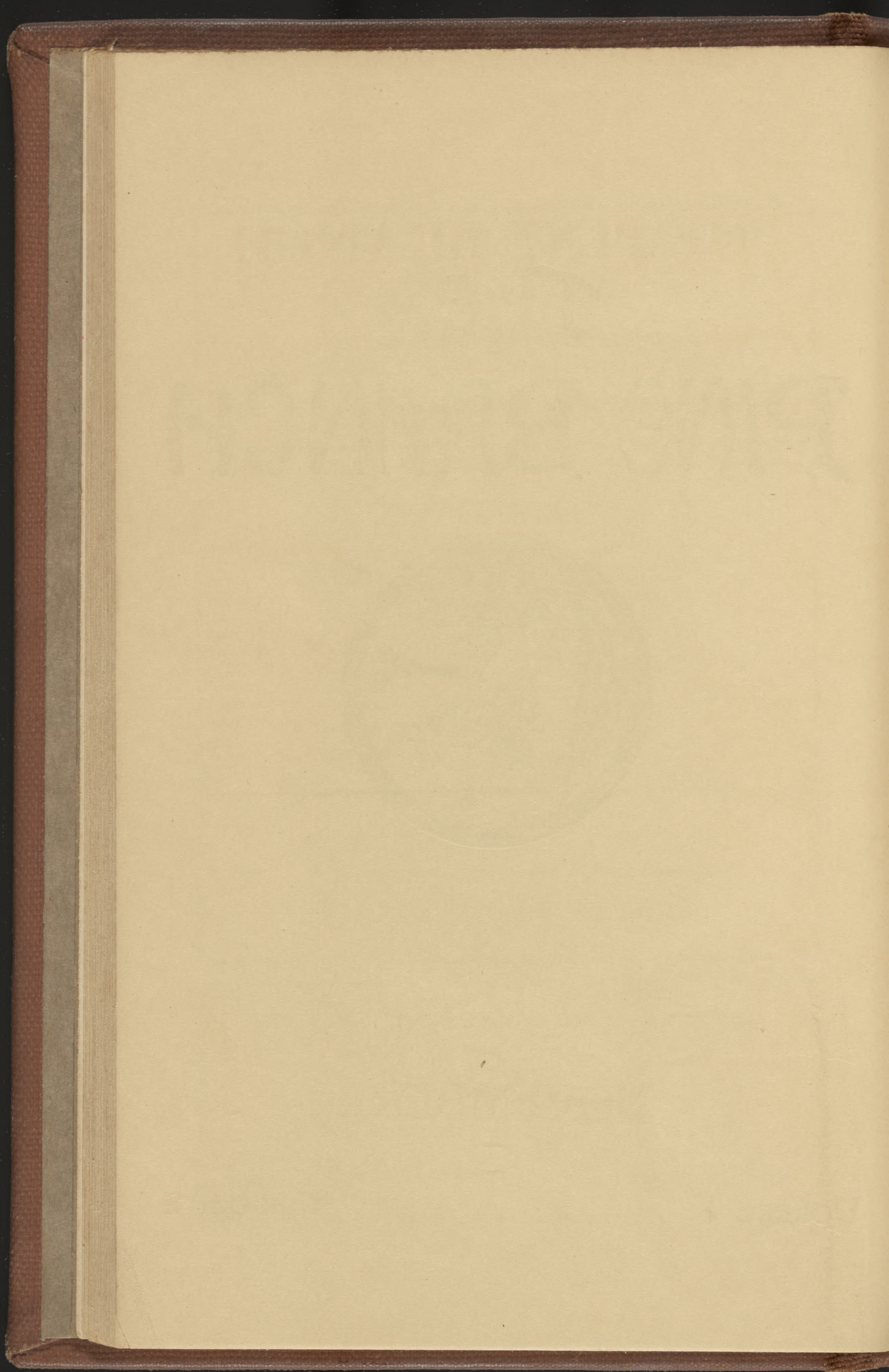


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# THE PINE BRANCH

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One







## A NEW DELIGHT

Day after day we find some new delight,  
Now 'tis Love that presseth on our minds  
That hath a touch as soft as God's in the night  
When He comes to troubled and wearied minds.

Then, when the day has come, perhaps the hour  
With its golden moments all clear and bright,  
We'll sense this Love, with keener faith in the Power  
And end our day with this poignant delight.

Ora Mae Biles.



## THE CHARIOT SWUNG SLOWLY

During the evening meal Mrs. Sinclair was most attentive to the needs of her family and to the neglect of herself. Finally her husband asked: "Dear, why aren't you eating tonight? Our meal is better than usual."

"Really, I'm not hungry. I went to Mrs. Paige's bridge party this afternoon and she served such elaborate refreshments. Undoubtedly she has the best cook in town."

\* \* \* \* \*

One morning a month later Mrs. Sinclair walked into the kitchen and exclaimed: "Why, Sally, you here so early. I wonder if you couldn't manage to get here this time every morning?"

"Well, Mis' Sinclair—I'm gonna try ter git heah eber mawning bright an' early. What mus' I fix fer breakfast?"

"Oh! Bacon and eggs—what Mr. Sinclair always likes."

Sally begun her work, then pausing a moment she asked: "Well, you hasn't heerd dot my Aunt Bess' fooneral is to be today at leven. Is you?"

"No, I hadn't."

"Well, hit is, and I wanten go ter pay'er my las' respec's. It was her dot gimme de name o'Sally atta her chile dot died. I'se got som'o' de mos' bootiful lace dot she gimme las' chris'mus a year ago dot she knit herself ter trim my weddin' dress in."

"But, Sally, you never told me before that you were married."

"No'm I isn't—you see Sam, he run away to South Carliny wid anudder gal jest a few days afore our sot weddin' day. But I'se proud o' dot lace till yit and prides hit mor' n'ever since Aunt Bess, she am dead. She tol' me when she gin' it to me dot she had alluz' loved ter gimme sumptin nice fer a present som' day 'cause hit wuz herself 'at named me."

"Very well, Sally, I shall let you go to the funeral. So hurry through your regular morning's routine, but remember what's worth doing at all is worth doing well."

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning Sally was on duty at the appointed hour. After Mrs. Sinclair had finished giving her instructions for the day, Sally casually remarked:

"Mis' Sinclair, dey wuz de biggest crowd ter de fooneral yistiday I'se eber seen to any one purson's fooneral. Bro. Langston o' Stillmore, he preached hit. Such an' inspirin' message—all about de



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soul in de hereafter, dot hit made some o' dem niggers shout fer joy, dem what 'spects t' go t' heabem—As fer me I sot on de mournin' bench but while I wuz glad in my heart dat Aunt Bess had gone ter de Celestial City ter lib' happy eber a' ter I mourned in my 'kerchief as I wuz 'sposed too, An' Mis' Sinclair, I disremember o' ther' being in a fooneral before' when dey wuz as many mourners outside de family. But dey wuz dere an' eberbody tuk a' part in de fooneral either a-mournin' 'er a-shoutin' an' Bro. Langston, he jus' done all two—both of hit. Aunt Bess' ole man tuk hit harder 'n anybody dot wuz dere in de entire con'grashun."

"Well, Sally, I have never heard you speak of your Aunt's illness."

"No'm, you see she didn't have any."

"Sudden attack o' acute indigestion caused frum eatin' som' fruit Parfait ter de Paige's where she wuz a-cookin'—dey had a big party er som' kind o'swell doings—and den dot very same night—suddenly she breathed her las' despite de doctor dot dey got dere as quick as eberthing."

"Why, Sally, it has been fully a month since Mrs. Paige had her party. She served fruit Parfait then—I'm sure for I attended the party."

"Yes'm dots jus' whut I'se been a-tryin' ter tell ye. De burin' wuz de nex' a'ternoon. An' a plain burin' hit wuz."

"Sally, do you mean to tell me that your Auntie was buried then and yet you went to her funeral yesterday! Surely you must have made some mistake."

"No'm, you see Uncle he wouldn't let nobody preach Aunt Bess' fooneral but Bro. Langston frum over ter Stillmore and he's kept so busy till he wuz behin' time a-preachin' his foonerals havin' to do his reg'lar pastrate and protracted meetin' wooks till he jus' somehow managed to run up here yistiday ter preach de fooneral o' my now sacred aunt dats been dead an' buried a little more'n a month."

\* \* \* \* \*

In the evening the Sinclair family were gathering around the fireside. Mrs. Sinclair related to her husband the peculiar incident of the day. When she had finished Mr. Sinclair laughed heartily and declared: "Well, if it takes preaching funerals to get a person to heaven, I think all of us would arrive there eventually."

Shirley Gaskins.



## WHY LIVE?

A solitary figure watched the lights of the city reflected in the black depths of the St. John, as they danced to and fro with the gentle ripple of the perturbed waters. For several moments Peter Carver stood there, as if contemplating something. Behind him the Florida city, the Southern utopia, laughed and danced and lived. Beyond, utter darkness, unfathomed depths of cold black water, despair, mystery — what then? The former he had found useless, worthless, hopeless; the latter he had about decided to try. For him it was more attractive, yes; and there would be the mystery of it, — interesting enough when one thought on it, and he thought:

“Why is there a world anyway? Life’s not worth living. There are too many people in existence now, and I’m among the superfluous many. If I must live only to be a disappointment to those who really enjoy living, then I should —.” On turning toward the twinkling lights, a ghost of a smile on his young old face, he bowed very low, as if to bid them a last farewell. As he turned again to the river, preparatory to making a movement forward as if to plunge into its depths, a strange broken voice from out of the blackness of night arrested him.

“My friend, self-destruction is a poor way to end your troubles,” said the voice at his elbow. Peter turned to find an old man with clothes much more tattered than his own, regarding him kindly from under gray shaggy brows, and carrying a pocket filled with pencils. “Will Seignor not buy a pencil?” entreated the old stranger as if he had not witnessed the scene.

“Who are you, and what do you mean by interrupting me?” came roughly from Peter. “Ah! I’m just an old man selling pencils. I beg your pardon, senor, if you consider my interruption as rudeness. I saw you and knew why you were here—why people often come to this bridge.” Peter reached into his pocket to find the small roll of bills and the few coins that were left from his share of the Carver fortune. He might give this old being a few cents—No use would they be to him where he was going. So with a hard mirthless laugh he tossed the coins to the old man. “Here, get on your way. What good do you think a few coins will do you in this big world, old beggar?”

“Please, senor, I’m not a beggar, and I can’t take these coins without leaving the pencils with you. It’s all for my Margarita, my motherless daughter, you see. She must live; we both must live. Please, senor, don’t call me beggar.”

“Eh, well—old stranger then,” his supercilious tone taking on



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more interest. "This Margarita—why must she live, and what's the matter with her anyway?"

Just then the thin old man, famished by hunger, staggered forward and had it not been for Peter's strong arm, he would have fallen. Seeking to aid him to a bench nearby, Peter put his arm around him and sat beside him, where the old man soon gained control of himself again. As Peter sat there his thoughts took a new course,—somehow he forgot the river entirely. Here began a strange exchange of confidences and an even stranger friendship, in which Peter realized that something had always been lacking in his life.

He learned that the old man was Spanish and that he was selling pencils to secure the proper medical attention for his motherless daughter who was very ill, and dangerously near death, unless some aid could be secured. It was the age old story of faith in a friend who proved false and left him ruined and penniless in a strange country.

In turn Peter, finding that he needed a sympathetic hearer, told the stranger of himself and why he was here on the bridge at this hour of the night.

"I've just found that this old world isn't what it's cracked up to be. I'm a hopeless failure and I can't go back to my mother and my home in New York like this. Whose fault is it? I don't know, but something's all wrong and there's no way to right it. Mother insisted that I did inherit my father's talent for painting and forced me to study and work to carry out his plans and do the things he would have done had he lived. Oh, that he could have lived to realize his own ambitions, for I have failed miserably. I've studied at home and abroad and with what little money I had left from my part I came to this 'land of flowers,' hoping surely to get the spark of inspiration here—but no. No sale for my kind of pictures—no friends here—and finally, no money. I could get more from mother—but why? It would only serve to lengthen my deplorable failure. But before I put an end to my life" finished Peter, "there is a service I can perform for you, my friend. I have but a few dollars, but it will be sufficient to secure a doctor tonight to see your little daughter and give her immediate attention."

The old man fell on his knees before Peter, clasped his hands in his, mumbled a few grateful words to him, and then with a brighter face, rose and with outstretched arms said, in a low reverential voice: "God, my Heavenly Father, I thank You for Your Saviors on earth."

A sudden strangeness seemed to permeate Peter's whole body, and in a half-crazed, half-dazed manner, he rather unconsciously set out



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to accompany his old friend to his humble abode.

They at last found their doctor and came to the damp, musty basement of an old tenement, and Peter thought he had never seen such a miserable place. Inside it was even worse. The stranger led him to the bedside of his daughter, where Peter found himself looking down into the pitiful face of that girl. Her dark eyes were sunken deep into her head and her face, which had doubtless once been as delicate and beautiful as a flower, was pale unto death, and made to appear more so by the contrast wrought by the blue black hair that was brushed back from her cold pale brow. How pitifully close to the valley of the shadow she seemed! And yet she was alive. Yes, alive! Those dark mysterious pools that were her eyes were alive and as she looked up into Peter's face and smiled, something assured him that she would live. 'Twas those eyes. Could those eyes die? A sense of his own strength came to him as he looked at the helpless form.

Peter Carver did not return to the bridge that night. He found himself needed elsewhere, and dawn found him sitting by a bedside holding a cold slender hand in his.

"She will live," he heard the doctor say, "but she must have medicine, good, pure food and a nurse. Impulsively Peter, still under the spell of two dark eyes and the touch of a slender hand on his, told the physician to provide all this and he would see that he was well paid.

He left them, promising to return soon, and bracing the morning air, he almost ran to his garret studio. He seemed fired with a strange new desire to live, to do something, to help. Someone needed him, and knowing but one way to secure money, he climbed the steps to his bare room, three at a time, and threw wide the door. Placing a fresh canvas on the easel he began to paint as he had never painted before; he began to paint a memory.

\* \* \* \* \*

During the weeks that followed Peter worked impatiently on magazine covers, for they did not interest him most. Still there was a ready sale and ready cash for such work and that was necessary. Very diligently, however, he worked on his picture and from this work came more pleasure, more joy, more happiness than he ever dreamed could be in the world for him. Nevertheless a bright merry artist paid an hour's visit daily to the little home of the old man



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and his daughter—but for only an hour, for as long as the bright Florida sun shone, he must paint.

Day by day as he talked to his old friend, sat by the bedside of his wilted flower and watched the nurse all in white busy about the room, he was able to see a frail body catch hold of a straw of life and struggle for existence. As the days passed he was able to see that with each visit she had a stronger and surer hold on it.

\* \* \* \* \*

It had happened in this way. Peter had been to the several small art museums of the city to study its frequenters, as well as its works. There were generally the passing "climbers" gasping for breath at the "marvelous" work, as they saw fit to call each piece in its turn. But there was, Peter noticed, always on Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays, a man, a quiet and rather discerning type, who was always there alone. Absorbed in his own thoughts and interests, he scrutinized the pictures, wholly unconscious of the gasping crowd. Nor did Peter fail to take note of these "would-be-elites" that came and went, for maybe their money was what he needed anyway. So one day as he heard one of the over stout be-jeweled and be-plumed dowagers asking the keeper about a certain painting that interested her and of which the tiny museum could not even boast a copy, he felt that he might approach her and dare to offer her his picture for sale. "Perhaps she can read the true meaning and worth of pictures after all," he tho't. When told about it she did show a keen interest, and asked Peter to get into her car and allow her to drive him to his studio.

There it stood on the easel, carefully veiled, and it was with much pride and excitement that he removed the soft cloth.

"Oh, isn't it just too lovely," she exclaimed. "What a pretty girl." She drew up her lagnette as if it might be an aid to her eagle eyes. "Yes, she is quite beautiful. You should be proud to have done this work and I to own it. No doubt you have worked hard on it, and now I believe I would give you \$200 for it if you will just put a little more life in this girl. She really looks almost dead just sitting there. Just put a dash of red on her cheeks and maybe a little more on her lips. You can't imagine how much more alive she would look, for her eyes are bewitching," She raved on incessantly. "I'll call back next week to see 'my girlie.' Don't give up, you're doing fine. Although amateurs often splash their pictures up with too much color, it is not infrequently true that they do not



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color them enough. Just do as I said," and with that she left, and as the almost silent motor carried her away with a "whiz," Peter mumbled a few words of disgust about "a dash of red," "her girlie," "amateur, tho' doing fine" and "do as I say."

"Merciful father! Are all those old women just alike? Telling me how to paint! Well I'd like to see her get my prize possession for \$200. I'm still able to sell posters."

For several days Peter did not go back to the little museum, but he painted, paid his daily visit to his friends and thought. "That old man who visits the museum," he mused. "I don't know who he is but I'll try him, maybe he want tell me to sear it up with red paint, at least". So try him he did.

It was with great glee that he ran in three weeks later to tell Margarita and "her padre" the great news. "It's sold, the money's yours and my name is made," he exclaimed on rushing in. Two pairs of eyes stretched wide and expressed the thoughts that words were unable to express. All excited he took his accustomed place at the bedside. He did not tell them of his first attempts to sell his picture. He somehow forgot that himself.

"You see, I'd been seeing this man at the museum almost every time I went there and somehow he just looked different—looked as if he were there for a purpose. It happened that we started talking together one day about one of the pictures there and from that our conversation began to take a more general course. I learned that he was a northerner, very wealthy, who was down for the winter months, and being very devoted to art spent much time in its appreciation in the small galleries. Seeing that our interests must be mutual he told me of his collection in his northern home. I invited him to my studio to see the picture that I had just finished painting, believing that there might be the possibility of a sale. I shall never forget how he looked when I unveiled it." Peter's eyes sparkled as he told of it. "At first he said nothing—just stood there staring—speechless and finally on turning to me said, "Those eyes, it's the eyes. I asked him what he thought of it, "Think of it; he said, all the while examining it in detail. "What do I think of it; I think it is mine, if you will sell it, with the price set by the president of the solons of America. You know of course, of his coming here for the lecture and display of his collection on next Thursday evening. This work must be on exhibition there." Peter fairly radiated happiness. "Oh it's all too great and wonderful. How unreal it seems for such to happen to me. And it was a pair of dark hopeful eyes that did it. They



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wanted to live and when put on canvas with a few strokes of my brush they proved to be a masterpiece."

Margarita was lying propped on pillows, her black eyes sparkling with the new life as she smiled and held out her arms to him, "My Padre has told me all about you. You have saved my life. We can never thank you, Senor, but you will not go back to the place where he found you that night."

Here the old father, with tears of joy in his eyes strolled to the window with his back to the scene. Peter laughed. "It's nothing." he said with youthful carelessness, "if I have saved your life have you done any less for me?" Looking down at those now wide-awake eyes he said, "No, I shall never go back now that I have found you Margarita, mine."

Grace Buie, '25.



## TWILIGHT

Softly o'er the earth  
The slant rays are falling;  
Cheerily and with mirth  
The mocking bird is calling.

Gently thru the blue  
The tiny stars are gleaming,  
Happy, I and you  
In the dusk are dreaming.

Lucile Dowling.



# CAMPUS TWIGS

## A CHALLENGE ACCEPTED

As I sat among the pines, my back against one of the tall, plumed sentinels, my mind wandered at random over the things I had been reading from the book which lay closed in my lap. I debated with myself whether modern, material advancement was justified in sacrificing our trees for economic purposes. It WAS true that trees were being needlessly, yes cruelly, slaughtered.

"Yes, needlessly and cruelly slaughtered," echoed an agitated voice.

I looked around to see who had so perfectly devised my thoughts, but could see no one.

"One good thing," chimed in another and smaller voice. "We are in no danger ourselves."

And I realized that the voice came from above. The great tree against which I was resting and a young sapling at my side were discussing their troubles with as much spirit as you or I might show in a case where our interests, or very lives, were at stake.

"Yes, Little Pine, our home place here, where we protect the college and are in turn protected by it, is safe enough, but that does not help our poor kinsmen who, helpless, must fall before the axe. Do you know, Little Pine, it seems to me that men in this world who boast of a superior intellect and such fine appreciation of the beautiful, could learn a great deal from some of us who are held lower in the scale of life. From my great height I look out over the city and see the fallacy in their views, for they uproot our beautiful friends, tear them limb from limb, and in their places erect horried, bare poles, or great, cold, lifeless, stone structures to take the land which rightfully is ours. Oh! That we might for once be given the power to move from our fixed abodes long enough to avenge ourselves of this outrage!"

"Or," added the little neighbor, "that we might find ONE of these human beings kind enough to advance our cause. Surely SOME of them can see the beauty that we possess. Surely ——."

I was just trying to formulate some proper words for application to this important trust when I was rudely shaken, and a voice brought me to consciousness from that interesting world where I could get the views of inanimate life about me. But I had solved



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my problem, or, more properly speaking, it had been solved for me. I threw a knowing look over my shoulder to the trees as my roommate led me away toward the dining hall, for I had resolved to do what I could to save the trees.

Helen Youngblood.

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## THERE WAS A REASON

Marion, the calm, had changed. The world knew it not, but I, her roommate, felt, saw, and experienced it and after it had all happened I thought back over the successive events which had unmistakably "cast their shadows before."

On Wednesday there had arrived a call at the office which, having been carelessly thrown on the bed, name downward, the studious, unconcerned Marion had not taken the trouble to notice. "I didn't bother to look. I knew it wasn't for me, because mother sent a box last week and you know I've seen and heard the last of Walter." She had emphatically, yet indifferently, declared when I asked her if she were too lazy to go for her package.

The sparkle in her usually calm eye and the brisk lightness of her step had given her away when she returned with a liberal sample from "Brazil Nutland." The package, I observed, had not borne her mother's postmark. At lunch she had been called to come by the office for a "Special". Thursday morning she had arisen at five, I thought to study, but ah, it had been to write an epistle to someone. I never knew whom. Thursday afternoon she had gone to town and returned with a box of rouge, lip stick, and a halfdozen electric curlers. In hilarious glee she had pranced about the room during study hour—now polishing her nails, now brushing her Sunday skirt, finally when she had retired, the usual smoothness of her hair was decidedly broken by twelve bars of silver peeping from neat coils of gold.

Sunday morning she had broken another of her rigid rules, by singing as she dressed and, indeed, by Sunday School time we had been called down for unnecessary noise. To cap the climax when her best girl friend had insisted that she go to the tea room on Sunday evening, she had actually declared she wasn't a bit hungry and had some duties she must attend to; she hid a lazy yawn which I know now was the concealment of a suppressed happy smile. At eight o'clock Walter Davies had called.

Lucile McGregor.



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### 'GATORS BADLY BENT

When the idea germinated in the heads of the founders of Wesleyan College to establish the first girls' college, they did not know that all those that were to follow were also to become melting pots for all the fads and fancies of the age. Let such an idea as parting hair down the back instead of down the middle come within hearing distance of such an institution of learning, and immediately it sweeps the college. Also, mention that a slim, boyish figure is better suited than a rounding one to the styles of the season, and such a case of self-denial goes on as has never been equalled in the history of martyrs. Fad after fad may be mentioned by those versatile in such matters, but the girls of G. S. W. C. have originated one that, who knows, may sweep the world. They are the sole originators of the very newest of fads, that of collegiate football played in their most private stadiums.

A very exciting gridiron feud between Tech and University of Florida was fought out just a few days ago in a certain stadium in Ashley Hall. Characterized by many sensational plays, the game kept one at the height of suspense to the end.

The first quarter saw both teams warming up to work, though no sensational plays took place during this period.

During the second quarter Florida scored a field goal. La Far, Gator leader and all-campus quarterback, made the play when she placed a mourning bow of ribbon on a Tech banner. Captain Smith, of the Georgia team, staged a comeback in her 30-yd dash which terminated in the downfall of Florida's colors. The quarter ended with the ball in Tech's possession on her own side of the room.

The second half opened auspiciously for Tech when Smith crashed through La Far's defense and tore up a sign denoting the downfall of Tech. Florida opened a dazzling aerial attack during this period. Two sofa pillows caught Tech's leader in a forward rush, sending her out for air. The end of the quarter found the ball on the 30-yd line.

From the very beginning of the third quarter, Tech showed her superiority in every department of the game. The wide margin in the score at the end of the quarter was indicative of the difference in the teams.

On the opening play of the last quarter Smith scored another touchdown when she hoisted the white and gold colors of Tech



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over the door of the private stadium. Several good passes of pen-nant type were made all over the field. Florida could have scored again at the end of the quarter if she could have intercepted Tech's passes and have thrown them through the window.

The patronage of the tea-room was greatly increased after the game when the winners were entertained by the unfortunate.

G. S. W. C. has made a ripple in the melting-pot of fads in this, her latest fad. We wonder what the next product of the originality of her inmates will be?

Emma Moore.

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## THAT UNIFORM

Christine's brown eyes twinkled merrily as she nestled down in her seat and felt the train whirling her away. "Homeward bound! One glorious week-end of care-free joys," she thought, and as she reread her "special" from Bill requesting a "date" for that very evening, her joy and happiness bubbled over and rippled out in a silvery peal of laughter.

Suddenly, however, Christine was calm and her horizon of a few minutes previous became distinctly clouded. "This uniform! It's exactly like I wrote him. And he may meet me at the train. I hate to treat Bill this way, but he must not see me in this garb."

Christine's mind was overwhelmed with possible solutions which proved to be tangents all leading to failure. Her train of thought was interrupted by the conductor's quick call, "Ellenburgh," and she found herself forgetting all her troubles and crowding eagerly to the front to be the first one off. Suddenly she recognized the searching eyes of Bill. For one moment their eyes met. Would those people never get off? "Christine," came a voice from the back of the coach, "you're leaving your coat." This brought her back to reality. At first she was vexed, but when she realized that she had been prevented from thoughtlessly revealing the bothersome uniform, she was glad.

As she rushed back her brain worked frantically. "This is my chance," she thought. "I must get off at the back. But goodness, there is no one here to take me home and if I start walking, he'll surely see me." Despair was written on her face when some one



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called, "Hello, Chris, what's the trouble?" In an instant she and her cousin were speeding down the street toward home.

Christine had only thirty short minutes in which to dress for her "date." The uniform was quickly changed for her most becoming dress, one that Bill particularly liked.

The last pin had scarcely been put in place and a last velvety softness added to her adorable nose, when the door bell rang. Christine's heart fluttered as she tripped lightly down the stairs and recognized the familiar figure. But ah, what was wrong? He looked troubled and disappointed.

"Christine, how could you!" he gasped, catching her hand. "I hurried over only to get here too late. Where is your uniform? Do you think I was satisfied with that fleeting glimpse of you from the train?"

Then understanding lighted up his face. "I see, you little mischief-maker," he said. "That is why you ran away from me. Eh?"

Marie Clyatt.



## EDITORIAL

Have you ever stopped to think of the many and varied situations a Freshman has to meet upon entering College, of the many adaptations she has to make which she did not expect to find, and of the number of things she looked forward to in College and found them missing? Did you ever really consider the ideals of College from a Freshman's viewpoint on the day of her arrival at College?

This interesting consideration was impressed more vividly than ever before upon my mind, one day about a month after the opening of school, when I chanced to pass down the hall. I paused at an open door to see what could be the topic of conversation of the young lady whom I heard talking with such great enthusiasm.

"Why, I had always thought of College as being a place where great dignified professors ruled with an iron rod, and the matron came around to your room about every five minutes to see that you were studying and not writing a letter to your sweetheart. I was sure that you had to be very very dignified and always assume an intellectual manner, especially around faculty members. But do you know, the other day I actually heard a Senior girl telling one of the faculty members a good joke and \_\_\_\_\_."

But she was interrupted by another Freshman equally as anxious to express her opinion of what she expected to find at College. From the number of Freshmen present and the great animation that was being manifest, I judged that there was to be an interesting discussion, so quite unnoticed, I stepped inside the door.

"Oh, Jane, I don't see how you ever got that impression of College. Why, my mother told me all about what College was like, when she was a College girl,—about the midnight feasts they used to have and everything nice. I was sure that College was just one round of midnight feasts after another. But"—and this Freshman looked rather disappointed. "I haven't been invited to a single midnight feast, and I have been at College for an entire month."

"Girls, I have certainly been disappointed in this place," and all the Freshmen stopped to listen, and why shouldn't they, for one of the largest in their group was speaking. "Judging from the very cordial and delightful letter I received from the College last spring, I was sure they would simply be delighted to have me here. But really, I don't believe there is a Senior here who even knows that I have arrived, and the President hasn't even recognized me and told me how glad he is to have me in College here."



## THE PINE BRANCH

"I have been disappointed too", came from a very timid Freshman sitting over in one corner. "I had always been told that college was a place where only a very few select students could go, and there, due to the few really competent to go to college, one's ability was sure to be recognized. Oh, I had always longed for the time when I could go to college and display my talents. But"—she added even more timidly than before, "I see so many very smart girls, I do wonder if they will ever discover that I have just a little intelligence?"

One of the more lively of the group spoke up. "I always hankered to go away to college because I just knew that at college one could do as she chose and would not always have mother to say, Mary, I think it would be best for you not to go to the dance tonight. Sara wants you to go to the movies with her! Oh, for the time when I could do just as I pleased and not have to consider any one except myself. But think of it, the very first night I was here I was called down for playing my banjo, because I was making unnecessary noise and disturbing those next door to me."

"Well," sighed another Freshman, "All I knew about college was what I learned from my sister, and she always spoke of college in terms of Psychology and Practice Teaching. I didn't know then what it was all about and I don't know yet. So I am still wondering what college really is."

A very precise young girl added her viewpoint. "But I had always thought of college as an extremely socialized institution where all the girls were like one big family. Very few Sophomores have even paid me a visit."

"Well, you ought to be glad they haven't tortured you to death by making too frequent calls upon you to impress upon you the fact that you are a Freshman and exceedingly green. I, for one, am thankful to be spared from the ridicule and jokes of those Sophomores."

So the discussion went on and on, and many were the opinions submitted. Finally the turn came for a very shy little Freshman to give her opinion.

"Really girls, I hate to admit that I came here without much impression as to what college would be. So I was ready to take any line that college had to offer. But I can surely say that since my arrival I have found enough work to keep me busy, and enough pleasure to make me happy, so I am satisfied with college."

After all it isn't what a girl expects to find at college that counts,



## EDITORIAL

but what she really does find and the use she makes of these things to mould and shape her life and career.

So let us hope that our Freshmen may not brood over the things they expected to find in college, but live, grow, and develop into true womanhood upon those aspects of life which our college offers to them.



## ALUMNAE NOTES

We are happy to have return to us this year to do work toward degrees Virginia Peeples of the '21 class, Mary Young of the '23 class, and Christine Meadows of the '24 class.

Sadie Culbreth of the '19 class is teaching in the schools of Raeford, N. C.

Mildred Price, A. B. 1924, and Willie Mae Mathews of the '21 class remain with us again this year as teachers in the High School Department of the College. Willie Mae will also receive her A. B. degree at the end of the first semester of this school year.

Mattie Campbell, Mrs. W. E. Lester, of the '20 class is teaching in the schools of Gastonia, N. C.

Edna Sasser, Mrs. L. H. Thompson, of the '21 class is teaching in the schools of Ochlocknee, Georgia.

Myrtle Byrd of the class of '21 is teaching in the schools of Lakeland, Georgia.

Martha Lucas of the '21 class is teaching in the schools of Wallace, N. C.

Lois O'Quinn, Mrs. O. A. Spence, of the class of '21 is teaching in the schools of Lakeland, Georgia.

Mary Poindexter of the '22 class is teaching English in Sylva Collegiate Institute, Sylva, N. C.

Edna Robinson of the '22 class is teaching the eighth and ninth grades in Ochlocknee High School, Ochlocknee, Georgia.

Deborah Patterson of the class of '23 is Dietitian at Flora McDonald College, Red Springs, N. C.

Clara Belle Penny, Mrs. J. J. Hurlbert, Jr., of the class of '23 may be found at 35 W. 18th street, Jacksonville, Florida.

Marie Clyatt, Frances Faries, Ruth Folger,, Clarice Ivey, Margaret LaFar, Louise McLendon, Mary Small, and Martha Youngblood of the class of '24 receive their A. B. degrees this year.

Elizabeth Livingston of the class of '24 is again teaching in Community School, Brunswick, Georgia.

Gertrude DeLay of the '24 class is teaching in the schools of Mount Airy, N. C.

Eunice McArthur of the '24 class is teaching the fourth and fifth grades in the schools of Senoia, Georgia.

Louise Bradley of the '25 class is teaching fourth, fifth, and sixth grades in the schools of Andersonville, Georgia.



## ALUMNAE NOTES

Frances Dekle, A. B. 1925, is teaching in the schools of West Palm Beach, Florida. She may be addressed at 320 Pambroke Place.

Dorothy Larsen of the class of '25 is teaching in the High School at Clyattville, Georgia.

Annie Lloyd Liggin of the class of '25 is working as assistant interior decorator for one of the large firms on Peachtree street, Atlanta, Georgia. She may be addressed at Apt. A, Clermont avenue, Decatur, Georgia.

Alma Luke of the '25 class is cashier in one of the larger stores in Moultrie, Georgia.

Nettie Reid Maddox of the class of '25 is teaching the first grade in the schools of Clyattville, Georgia.

Margaret Shields of the '25 class is teaching in the schools of Miami, Florida.

Frances Smith of the class of '25 is teaching in the schools of Miami, Florida.

Among those of the '25 class returning for work toward a degree are: Nellie Bracey, Clara Bray, Florence Breen, Rena Mae Campbell, Caroline Cubbedge, Elsie Gunn, Rosaline Ivey, Sara Mandeville, Emma Moore, Frances Myrick, Ann Smith, Frances Thomas, and May Lillie Touchton.



# SOCIETY NEWS

## SORORIAN NEWS

The Sororian Literary Society held a regular program meeting Saturday evening, October 17.

The purpose of this meeting was to become familiar with the different phases of Flemish Art. A most delightful program was rendered, as follows:

1. A study of Flemish Art, Miss Martha Youngblood.
2. "The Blue Bird" by Maurice Maeterlinck—Miss Lucile McGregor.
3. Flemish Folk Dance—Misses Ora Mae Biles, Frankie Hartsfield, Ouida Jackson, Agnes King, Louise O'Quinn, Majorie Seals, Mary Stewart, and Helen Youngblood.
4. Study of Van Dyke....Miss Ursula Miller.

The Critic for the evening was Miss Christine Meadows.

Shirley Gaskins

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## ARGONIAN NEWS

The Argonian Literary Society held its regular program meeting, Saturday evening, October the seventeenth. The societies are basing the programs for this year on the study of Art, the one for Saturday evening being on Spanish Art.

The program was as follows:

Study of Spanish Art—Emma Moore.

Vocal Solo "La Paloma"....Florence Dupree.

"Characteristic Common to Great Art"—Miss Gilmer.

Spanish Dance—Clifford Quarterman.

Play —————"A Sunny Morn"

"Doner Laura"—France Thomas.

"Don Gonzals"—Anne Smith.

"Don Petra"—Lucile Nix.

"Juanito"—Lois Hiers.



## ATHLETIC NOTES

One of the most enjoyable events of the season was the dance given by the Phi Lambda and the Phi Kappa Athletic Associations in honor of the new members elect.

During the evening a contest dance was held in which the winning couples were Misses Frankie Hartsfield and Ouida Jackson; Misses Dorothy Glascock and Mary V. Gramlin; and Misses Frances Myrick and Agnes King. The acting judges for this dance were Misses Annie P. Hopper, Mamie Jakes, and Professor James R. Stokes.

The president of the two Associations christened the bids to the new girls during the intermission.

Mrs. Horn, a talented musician of the City, furnished the music for the evening.

The candidates for the basket ball team of the Phi Kappa, and the Phi Lambda Athletic Associations are practicing daily for the final tryout which is to be in the near future. The winning teams will meet in their first game on Thanksgiving Day.



## LOCALS

The Philharmonic Club held its regular business meeting, Friday October 23. Miss Sallie Pearle Smith gave a talk on the State Federation of Music Clubs, which prompted the local club to join the federation. Upon the invitation of the club the double male quartette of Valdosta gave a concert on October 26, which was followed by an informal reception.

Miss Sallie Pearl Smith had a studio recital on Thursday, October 22, 1925 in which twelve of her pupils participated. On Tuesday, October 28th there was another recital given by the music department. A delightfully varied program was rendered.

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The Sock and Buskin Club was recently reorganized and the following officers were elected: Miss Frances Thomas, Jesup, Ga., President; Miss Zacky Carmack, Tifton, Ga. Secretary and treasurer. At the try out held to select new members of the organization the following girls were chosen: Misses Louise Benton, Donaldsonville, Ga.; Mary Alice Sineath, Adel, Ga.; Martha Youngblood, Savannah, Ga.; Anne Smith, Brunswick, Ga.; Louise McLendon, Valdosta, Ga.; Sara Mandeville, Jesup, Ga.; Lucile Nix, Jesup, Ga.; Margaret LaFar, Savannah, Ga.

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The student body and faculty welcomed the break in the regular routine of class work that the fall holidays brought, and all report having spent a very enjoyable weekend.



## Y. W. C. A. NOTES

A most enjoyable Hallowe'en Masquerade Dance was given by the Y. W. C. A. on Saturday evening, October the twenty-fourth, for the entertainment of the student body.

The dining hall, in which the dance was given, was beautifully and effectively decorated with orange and black paper festoons and streamers. Very weird looking witches and ghosts stood about in conspicuous places.

Fortunes were told by Misses Bradley, Smith and Groom, faculty members, who wore gypsy costumes.

The program, which was very delightful and entertaining, consisted of two special dance numbers. One was a ghost dance given by Misses Tilda Ivey, Christine Harvey, and Catherine Bruce; the other, a Spanish Tango Dance given by Misses Florence Dupree and Ann Smith.

The guests marched slowly past the judges to the tune of a funeral march in order that the most effective costume might be selected. The Pierrot costume of Miss Louise Clifford was chosen and she received the prize which was to be awarded to that winner. Prizes for the best dancers were given to Misses Ann Smith and Agnes King.

During the dance, punch was served from a witch's large black cauldron to the guests.

Very appreciative music for the occasion was furnished by Mrs. Horn's Orchestra from Valdosta.

It is one of the delightful things of a girl's school that handsome men for social functions can be provided by changing the costumes of half of the girls. Thus the dance proved to be a very enjoyable Halloween Masquerade Ball.

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The Sunday night Vesper programs for the past month have been talks given by various students and faculty members on the first five of the ten commandments.

The speakers applied the commandments to modern thought and ways of living.

The Thursday night Vesper programs have been conducted in the form of discussion groups. Members of the Senior Class acted as leaders for the group and general discussions were carried on pertaining to the subject, "Personality," in its various phases and aspects.



## JOKES

Zylpha Bowman, (In Geometry Class). A straight angle is a figure whose arms extend in opposite directions.

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Marjorie Seals (at the Hallowe'en dance). "Miss Craig, want to trade a dance."

Miss Craig—"Sorry, but I don't dance"

Marjorie—"That's all right—neither does my date"

---

Virginia Peeples, How do you like Shaw's "Getting Married?"

Mary Groover—"Who me? Why I didn't ever know he was!"

---

Miss Bush (In Latin Class) "Give me the word for gift, Mary.

Mary Cubbedge—"Don' know'm"

Miss Bush (Thinking she said donum) "correct, sit down."

---

Nadine Heath (Buying an ice cream cone at drug store) 'Do you go to church?"

Soda-Jerker (bewildered) "Why yes"

Nadine (conscientiously) "That's good, the nickle is for the collection, you know."

---

Miss Gilmer—"Which three words do you use most often in English, Vivian?"

Vivian Slade—"I don't know"

Miss Gilmer—"Exactly right"

---

Virginia Thomas—"Oh, I fell in love with him at first sight, which reminds me, I must call in for my new glasses."



## JOKES

Florence Breen—"It was reported that an Italian was recently married at the age of 120."

Elsie Gunn—"Evidently he could hold out no longer."

---

"What an unhappy ending," sighed Nina McElwin, as she viewed her nose in the mirror.

---

Ophelia—"To be massaged or not to be, that is the question."

Hamlet—"Aye, there's the rub."

---

Miss Hopper (speaking for herself in appreciation of the concert Monday evening) "We all love the double male quartette."

---

Miss Craig—"Why do balloons rise, Miss Kirkland?"

Virginia Kirkland—"Because they are light."

---

Estha Freeman—"What do we have in General Science tomorrow?"

Sara Thomas—"Indigestion."



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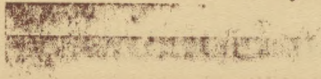
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