

THE PINE BRANCH



1927
NOVEMBER

Volume XII

Number 2

THE
PINE BRANCH



1957
NOVEMBER

Volume

XXII

THE PINE BRANCH

Issued Monthly

PUBLISHED BY THE WRITERS CLUB OF THE GEORGIA STATE
WOMANS COLLEGE, VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103,
Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized January 20, 1919.

VOL. XII.

NOVEMBER, 1927

NO. 2

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A NOVEL IN THREE VOLUMES
BY MRS. J. W. WATSON

A LITTLE BOY

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A FREE SOUL

The way of a soul that is free
Is to be
As a lark;
And to hark
To the clear silver note
That comes from his throat.
The way of a soul that is free
Is to see,
When it rains,
Verdant lanes,
Tender leaves slim and new,
Crystal beads pure as dew.
For a soul that is free
Holds in fee
Any thing
That will sing,
Any thing
That will cling,
Any thing
That will bring
To the heart new delight.

MARY K. BURROWS.

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ON APPLES

"Huh!" I granted as I blinked in Van Winkle fashion at the knotty little apple lying on the hearth near the rocker of my chair. So THAT was what had aroused me from a comfortable snooze. It had rolled from the sack in my lap and thumped the floor with an inconsiderate "Plunk!"

A short while before I had been eagerly tracing out the D'Urber-ville lineage of Hardy's Tess. Into what an exasperating plight her cherished sires had precipitated her! Those unwitting ancestors . . .

It was not until the descriptive paragraphs began to lengthen and the fire to grow warmer that I noticed with discomfort four fresh apple cores sizzling on the coals. The surfeit of food, warmth, and reading had caused me to doze.

Apples and ancestors formed the theme of my dream. A huge healthy apple with round rosy cheeks raised its eyebrows and cooed all too sweetly, "Yes, indeed. Our family history is quite engaging. The tree first took root in the Garden of Eden. The members of that original family were so enchanting that Adam and Eve sacrificed the whole garden just to get one of them. 'Tis said by sages of all generations that the fate of that one apple determined the fate of all ages. Think of it. One apple!"

The speaker saw my dubious smile at his boast, lowered his haughty brows, and chuckled. "But my favorite sire was the clever old imp who played the mischief with Sir Isaac Newton. Grandfather, swinging along calmly from his branch, glanced down and spied beneath him the famous head of Newton in repose. 'Ho, I'll wake him up,' he whispered with a wink at the other apples. 'I'll bounce into the midst of those finely organized brains, jar them up a bit, and make them see this old universe in a different light.' Fancy the world waiting all those years for that impudent granddad of mine to think out the law of gravitation."

"To be sure," I encouraged, "your ancestors have made great contributions to the world in science. We've just been studying about the famous love-apples, a branch of your family to which science is much indebted." Then with a twinkle I began to tease. "You apples have ever been a stand-by in medicine, a veritable cure-all. 'An apple a day'."—

But my companion interrupted me with a new enthusiasm, "Apples have ever been an inspiration in the field of art. Take mythology. What was the Trojan War all about? One apple. That golden one inscribed 'For the fairest' that Juno, Venus, and Minerva all claimed."

I nodded. "I know the story. The Apple of Discord has a part I would hesitate to claim. In fact, that whole family of Golden

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Apples were continually causing a disturbance. However, I concede that their place of rank in the classics is fixed."

"I wonder if you have ever heard Chivers verses to your family." Here I began to chant in delicate accents the absurdity:

"Many mellow Cydonian suckets,
Sweet apples anthosmial, divine—"

To my amusement the beam on my listener's face was ecstatic. "Lovely," he breathed. I continued,

"From the ruby-rimmed beryline buckets,
Star-gemmed, lily-shaped"

Thud! The fall of that ugly little apple had interrupted my lines. I opened one heavy eyelid long enough to glimpse its distorted form, grunted "Apple sauce!" and sank back into dreamless slumber.

CORA BURGHARD.

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VIOLETS

"No, Jack, it's no use. I tell you that I can't possibly marry you—nor anybody else for that matter. I want to go on with my writing. I feel that I can accomplish more that way than I ever could as Mrs. Jack McIntosh. I'm sorry I let you care so much! Can't you see that it hurts me too?"

"But, Corinne, how can I get along without you? I need you so!"

"You only think you need me, Jack, you can find some one else."

"Do you think I'd ever be fool enough to let another one kick me?—well not hardly—I know when I've got enough—I don't crave a second one. I'm going, but remember—I love you!"

Jack grabbed his hat and rushed out the door, leaving Corinne stunned. She was such a fool—what would all her writing be compared to being Jack's wife? She fell down beside the couch, and her body shook with sobs. Slowly the sobs subsided—Corinne became calmer. Very resolutely then, she arose and went up stairs. Everything in the room reminded her of Jack. There was that lovely clock they had seen in the window at Strahan's and Jack had bought it for her on her last birthday. The violets on the table were from Jack. That little water jug on the mantle was one she and Jack had purchased from an old farmer's wife who gave them dinner the day they rambled too far into the woods. All the snapshots—what memories they brought! Even the desk set had been given her by Jack two years ago Christmas, and last Christmas he had given her those attractive book-ends and that set of Browning that she adored.

Corinne never went at things half heartedly. First the snapshots were taken down and put in the large cedar chest in the guest-room, the water jug followed, then the clock—it hurt to put away the books, but they also went. The big picture that Jack had had made especially for her, went in last. She closed the lid with a bang. She cast one last glance at the chest, then raising her head she started toward the door. Almost blinded by tears she fought so hard against, she stumbled to her bed. For a long time she lay there—the place where the picture had been looked so empty—once she was almost tempted to replace it—but she didn't. Nor was this the only sleepless night she had. Her dreams were always haunted by a tall handsome young man with thick-set eyelashes overhanging deep brown eyes which in turn watched over a mouth that was apt at any time without warning to break into a smile.

"Yis, today is me mistress' birthday, but she don't seem so glad to see it come around as she once was. Here she is twenty-four years

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old with niver a husband to take care of her, nor niver a bairn to coddle—there she is a callin' of me now—goodbye.”

“Nora, please come here. I do wish you would quit gossiping with Mrs. Tully’s maid so much.”

“Yis, Miss Corinne, but I have to talk to some soul. You niver have any more company since Mr. Jack—”

“That will do, Nora, I’ve told you time and again why Mr. Jack went away—please quit mentioning his name. I’ve got to go up town to see about that contact. I shall get lunch up there. Prepare dinner for eight o’clock—I do wish you could forget that today is my birthday—but I won’t have a cake—no, Nora, don’t beg, you know I hate it—goodbye.”

Miss Corinne turned the door-knob decisively. She must make Nora quit talking about Jack,—but it was so hard to make Nora do anything. In fact, Miss Corinne had found out in twenty-four years that it was hard for her to make anybody do anything by commanding. She gave commands so gently that no one ever paid any attention to them—except Jack. Her heart missed a beat. The three months that she hadn’t seen Jack had been very long, and her writing wasn’t turning out as she had hoped. She thought she was doing right when she refused his love,—she knew she wished she hadn’t, but—well she had made the decision and now she had to abide by it. She glanced in one of the glass windows. Her dress that had fit so nicely three months ago, now hung loosely from her shoulders. Her shoulders drooped a little. Her gray eyes had a very dissatisfied hunger in them.

Nora went at her work with might and main. She was plainly worried, and to be worried was something new for the jocund Irish woman. She slammed the stove door shut and stood perfectly still for a moment. That was Nora’s way when she thought of something. She walked to the telephone with determination, and without hesitancy she picked up the receiver. “I want to speak to Mr. Jack McIntosh, who works in the new National Bank—no I don’t know his number—Hello, is this Mr. Jack?—this is Nora—Nora O’Malley—well, why didn’t ye say so—if you’ll quit yer teasin’ a minute I’ll tell you”. Nora told the lie without so much as a flicker of an eyelash. “Miss Corinna’s birthday is today, and she said she’d like to have you come to dinner at eight o’clock—goodbye.” Abruptly she left the phone feeling better than she felt in the three months she hadn’t seen Mr. Jack. She returned to her cooking. The house was filled with an aroma of food—there was a cake too, only Nora didn’t put any candles on it for two reasons,—one was because the cake was too small to hold twenty-four candles, and the other was because it was nobody’s business how many candles belonged on it.

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At four o'clock a large box of violets arrived. Nora untied the box and hid the card. She put the violets in the ice-box. It had been three months since the ice-box had had flowers in it.

Nora whistled as she arranged the living room. The large rocker was placed over next the door. The other chairs she arranged along the wall. The remaining pieces of furniture suitable to sit on, were wheeled in front of the hearth. She piled both ends of the divan high with pillows, leaving only space for two between them.

Nora was still whistling when the doorbell rang. Hastening to the door she saw Mr. Jack. "Mercy, Nora! But I'm glad to see you. Am I early? Where is she? I brought the violets along—"

For one minute Nora was so overcome with joy she could only stand and look at him. When she came to her senses she grabbed his hat, coat, and the violets, and threw them in the closet under the stairs, and before he had time to question her actions, she had shoved him in, and latched the door from the outside. Hardly had she closed the door when Miss Corinne came in,—but horrors! she had a man with her. "Nora, we will have company for dinner."

Nora swallowed hard, "Yis, mum," she dumbly answered, but she noticed that Miss Corinne didn't announce the fact as joyously as she did when Mr. Jack was the company. Nora noticed, too, that she did not seem to run upstairs to dress as she did when Mr. Jack was waiting downstairs.

Watching her chance, Nora slipped to the closet, unlatched the door and told Mr. Jack it was all off. Mr. Jack proved obstinate. He had been invited to Corinne's birthday dinner and he'd be darned if he didn't stay.

Nora was perplexed. It wouldn't do to have two guests for dinner, especially since one of them was Mr. Jack. Without taking time to consider, Nora rushed into the living room.

The gentleman in there was nervously pacing the floor. "If you please, sor, the er—ah—er telephone just rung and it says er—uh—er for you to come at once." Unflinchingly, Nora told this lie. Fortunately, the man took to heel.

"I was expecting a call, but not this soon. Tell Miss Ryalls that the call came sooner than we expected it." He seemed rather reluctant to leave, but he left,—Nora saw to that. After he had gone she let Mr. Jack out of the closet. "You go set roight in there on that settee, and don't you make a sound." Jack had learned that Nora was to be obeyed.

Slowly Miss Corinne came down the stairs. Why had she dressed in white? Nora knew. That was Mr. Jack's favorite dress. She came into the living room with unseeing eyes. Why had Nora pur-

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chased violets? She approached the divan. The gentleman there arose and faced her. Miss Corinne gave a little scream of anguish, joy and anger. "Why, Jack McIntosh, I thought I told you—"

"Yes, I know all that, but do you think I'm a blind enough fool to think that you don't care. Come, Corinne. This is enough of our foolishness." For a moment Corinne tried to constrain her anger—but with Jack so near it was impossible. With a little sigh she sank into the divan with Jack at her side.

* * * * *

It is Corinne McIntosh's twenty-sixth birthday. In honor of the occasion there is a huge reception being held at the McIntosh home. Mrs. McIntosh is receiving the compliments of her friends on a volume of love lyrics she has recently published which she calls "Violets."

ESTHA FREEMAN.

THE GLAMOUR OF THE PAST

Like the Cinderella of old, I needed the help of a fairy-godmother, and it was grandmother who came to the rescue. Tightly clasping the rail with one hand and holding a candle in the other, she mounted the rickety stairs which led to the attic.

The creaking of the stairs repeated the story of how grandmother, upon hearing the enemy approach, placed her silver and grandfather's gold watch in a box, climbed the secret stair (for the stairway was concealed then), and hid the box under a board of the attic floor.

The candle light flickered on the wall and outlined the ghost of old "Uncle Mose" who was the hero of many of grandmother's stories and whose ghost haunted the stairs just before Hallowe'en.

Soon we were standing before the "treasure trunk." Oh, the times I had sat on grandmother's knee fascinated by her stories and always seeing the contents of the big old leather trunk which held mementoes of a past generation! At first the lock was reluctant to expose its reminders of the bygone days, but after a few taps, it yielded.

The aroma of lavender enveloped me; the multifariousness of the collection astounded me. I gazed spell-bound at the evidences of the marvelous splendor of the past.

A bright vest, as if by magic, transported me back to a day when grandfather had those exciting experiences hunting the fox which grandmother had so often described. My heart filled with pride when grandmother lifted out the sword grandfather carried through the War Between the States.

The lure of the past was enhanced by the vividly suggested romance of my grandparents. There was a leather bound volume of Shakespeare's works and beneath that a picture of grandfather taken when he was studying at the medical college. An exquisite rose-point lace bridal veil fell from its wrapper of tissue paper; a carved wooden letter-case disclosed a packet of love-letters. What an interesting companion grandfather must have been!

Grandmother's school-days were represented by a slate and a "blue-back speller." Protruding from the book was a book-mark which she had received as a reward for her spelling at the community "spelling bee."

Then she came to the quaint green velvet dress which she had worn when grandfather was her Prince Charming, and which she was going to let me wear to the masquerade party.

I put on the dress, and, as I looked at my reflection in the mirror of a discarded dressing table, I pictured grandmother dancing the

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Virginia Reel. Long after it again nestled among the reminders of the glorious past, I could hear its long skirt sweeping the floor as it had when I stood and walked for the short time before the mirror.

Grandmother started descending the rickety stairs. The creaking of the stairs, like the twelve strokes of Cinderella's clock, broke the magic spell which the glamour of the past had cast over me.

BESSIE YOUNG.

"BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING"

Jim Ashcraft walked brusquely into the drug store, laid his briefcase down on the show case, removed his cap, called for the manager and a coca cola all in the same breath. This atmosphere which he always brought with him earned his nick name of "Fleety Jim."

His drink was forthcoming and refreshing, but not so with the information concerning the manager of the one and only drug store in Babsville which boasted of almost two thousand inhabitants.

As the druggist, salesman, near manager, and drink mixer pushed the glass across the fountain to Jim, he said, "Lawton's out for the day. He has gone fishing. What are you selling today?"

Jim was a frequent visitor and well liked except for the art which brought him to town. It was known that on his periodic visits which were two or three months apart, he brought something new; whether jokes of his own invention or machines of other inventors, it made no difference because he usually left both.

The salesman said, "Another Paris Creation this time, Mack. Here it comes now. Put it over here out of the way, Sam."

His negro man was bringing in the machine. That was Jim's way, to produce his wares before the buyer had time to say he didn't want them. The negro placed the tall shining metal in one corner of the small drug store. No sooner was it down than the salesman began his gross exaggerations and demonstrations. This time, his "creation" was a novelty pencil slot machine. By operating a series of levers, thus setting the type, the name of the purchaser could be printed on the pencil.

Jim left the machine for the inspection of the manager when he should come in, and promised to call for it the following day.

* * * * *

The salesman walked into the drug store late the next afternoon, dirty and tired, but still "Fleety Jim." While talking with the manager, he walked over to his product and pridefully toyed with it. The small levers governing the type setting portion were pulled down on these letters, spelling in bold capital letters—F-R-I-T-Z O-N-E-I-L. "Green Crickets! What a name! Catchy one, isn't it? Never heard it before, I'll bet its owner is just as catchy too."

"S-h-h, man, she will hear you. There she is at the end table. She was playing here a minute ago."

Jim looked in the direction Lawton had indicated by a slight nodd. He looked and was caught. The girl had heard and she was smiling.

"Guilty of the name, but not of the offence," she laughed.

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"No offence meant. Just to prove it, I'll disclose mine which is nearly as bad. James Bancroft Ashcraft."

"Nearly as bad—well it is worse, because there is more of it."

Jim blushing said, "The truth hurts and that's the truth."

Thus the conversation began while he ordered a drink with her. Lawton said he supposed they were properly introduced and left. Several of Fritz's girl friends joined and the fun continued until Jim had to leave.

After he had gone, the girls began their comments. "Who's the new catch?" asked one.

"I like him, but he isn't good looking," added another.

Fritz said, "I like him too, so hands off, please. If he isn't good looking, he is jolly. Oh! He is a good sport. You notice he isn't cheap one bit. He paid for all our drinks."

"That is the first thing you always say about a boy. 'He is so cheap,' or 'He isn't cheap at all, is he?'"

"Well, that counts a lot. You know it does, Bee."

The girls didn't promise to withdraw from the contest for Jim, and they certainly vied among each other for his attention. This offered not even a source of annoyance to Fritz; because she, just as she had always done, received the major part. Jim was as popular with the girls as Fritz was with the boys. Neither did that fact worry her. In fact, she was proud of it because it added interest to the conquest.

After they became engaged, she delighted in taking one or more of the girls out with Jim and her on his visits, which had grown more regular. It made no difference how many couples they entertained, Jim's laughs and jokes could always be heard above the other men's, and the look of elated pride on Fritz's face out shone that on all the other girls' faces. She took as much pride in his jokes as a young mother takes in the brilliance of her first born. Above everything though, she gloried in the freeness with which her fiance spent money in entertaining her friends.

* * * * *

During the first two months after their marriage she traveled with him. She found it agreeable until they had covered all his territory several times, then it ceased to be a novelty. She found it an unnecessary bore and decided she would prefer to remain at home after this trip. The decision was easy to make, but telling Jim wasn't so easy.

This was the young husband's first blow and the hardest of many which he was to receive. They had talked it over before marriage, and he thought it had been settled. She had seemed so eager to travel the state with him. She "just adored traveling" was the way

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she expressed it. He had so eagerly anticipated the joy of having a companion on his long rides! Then to be confronted with the stark reality of facing his travels alone again!

"Green Crickets! Fritz," he said, "It will be worse now than it used to be. Think of having to go on the road alone again after having had you to talk to me. Gosh! the days will be long! Why, Fritz, I couldn't make it home but about once in two weeks "

"There you go with that 'Green Crickets' again. You sound like a frog pond, Jim. I wish you wouldn't use that expression so often when you become excited. You aren't conscious of how many times you say it."

"Neither were you until after we were married."

"I'm sorry, dear, I meant nothing."

Fritz might have conserved her apology to use later when Jim returned, because it was lost on a closed door. Jim had rushed out after having made an argument by answering his wife.

This was their first quarrel, and, although it was over by the time they reached Babsville, it left its traces in the young husband and wife. Both were more fearful of the future, and the future was nearer than either expected, because the same thing happened when they reached Fritz's home.

Jim felt, being only two months married, that he had been positively cruel to his wife, and he was due her some kind of surprise in return for that hotel door closed too abruptly in her face.

After he had unpacked, dressed, and filled out his reports, he said, "I'm going to run down and mail these reports. I'll be back by the time you are ready."

"Wait just a few minutes and I'll be ready."

What on earth was he to do? He wanted to get down town and invite two couples to go to dinner and a show with them in Lakeview.

"Green—eh. I forgot that I have to go to the garage and get a tire fixed! I'll be back in a few minutes. Bye."

Fritz didn't remember any tire that needed repairing, and he was very anxious to go without her, she thought. Thus, without knowing it, Jim left a peeved wife at home. However, he wasn't to remain in ignorance any longer than until he came back. Upon his return, he came bounding up the steps whistling. He had succeeded. "Put on your best, fair lady. We're dining out tonight!"

"We're what!"

"We are going over to Lake View for dinner and a show. Bee, Lara, Sam, and Will are going with us. What's the matter, Fritz? By the expression on your face, one would think I never carry you out!"

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"That's just it. You carry US out too much. We never go out alone. There is always a crowd, and, Jim, it is so expensive. We will never have anything if we don't quit entertaining so much. All the boys just expect you to pay for everything, and it is just too much."

"Well, of all things, I thought that was my most attractive feature to you. I've been like this all my life, and it is going to take you a long time to reform me; so you should have begun before we were married."

"But it was all right then!"

"Yes, everything was all right then. We were not married then; we are married now. It was MY money then, but OUR money now, so we must save it. I fail to see the point. Besides I've asked them to go, and I'm going. I arranged the party for you, but if you don't want to go, you can stay at home!!"

Jim possessed the temper of the usual joker; not easily aroused but once aroused, something to be feared. Every fiber of his being was seething in wrath and indignation.

Fritz, noticing this, tried to apologize and began her preparations for the party.

* * * * *

In the dining room of the Lake View Hotel, the newly married couple was entertaining their friends. An on-looker would have said that the groom was entertaining. To all appearances, they were as happy as a bride and groom should be. Fritz was trying to make Jim forget how rudely she had acted, and Jim was trying to fulfill his engagement with his friends for an evening of the newest jokes. At the same time he was trying to carry out a plan suggested by his mother-in-law and Bee. Jim's display of his temper had scared Fritz, and his jokes had once more assumed part of their original flavor.

Across from their table sat two handsome youths of the "sheik type," who cast frequent glances in the direction of the party. Every member of the party was aware of the fact that their glances usually centered on Fritz. They were also aware of the fact that Jim knew this, and they thought he was annoyed by it. He watched, with the eyes of a jealous young husband, the furtive looks exchanged between the trio. Only two members of the party knew that this jealousy was pretended and not real. They were Jim and Bee. Even the two young men who were a part of the plan began to doubt Jim's feigned jealousy. They thought it real, so well did Jim play his part.

In a few moments, Fritz touched his foot under the table and said quite low, "Jim, do you know who those boys are? They look at me

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as if they are trying to recognize me. I believe I have met them somewhere, in fact, I believe I do know them."

"I'm not surprised if YOU do. NO, I don't know every Tom, Dick, and Harry that haunted those fraternity houses."

Fritz looked up, surprised. Bee said, "Not getting jealous are you, Fleety?"

Jim remained suddenly quiet, and an embarrassed silence came over the unusually noisy crowd.

Just about this time recognition between the two boys and Fritz became mutual, and she gave them what Jim would have termed one of her "before married smiles." He pretended that he thought there was too much warmth in the greeting and that his jealousy was increased. Bee looked at him and winked. He returned her wink and gave the nearest boy a slight wink.

Dinner finished, the party left for the show which was no more successful than dinner. Every one was glad when the time came to go home. They could see how anxious the husband and wife were for a chance to discuss the dinner scene.

Bee was the only one who felt relieved, however, because as Jim had helped her into the car he had whispered a few words.

* * * * *

The next morning Jim and Bee met in the postoffice. Jim looked very happy and relieved.

"It worked splendidly, Bee, Mother O'Neil said what we planned would bring Fritz to her senses."

"Keep it up Jim. Show her SHE had some faults before you married."

"Green Crickets! No use; she is cured of one, flirting. Come on! Let's have a drink."

LORENE TITTLE.

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THE OLD FASHIONED BOOK RACK

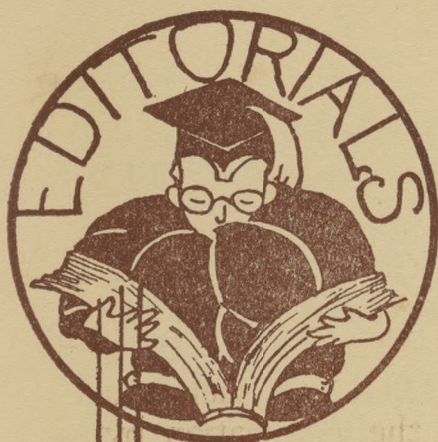
The book rack wasn't so new and so fine
Where it stood in its obscure place,
But it ruled in that cold unromantic room
With an air of lordly grace.

On its shelf was an old leather Bible
Whose pages were faded and worn;
And a Robinson Crusoe book came next
With a cover dusty and torn.

A Pilgrim's Progress and a history or two,
And the diary of a pretty maid;
And beside these books on that dusty shelf
A family album was laid.

The furnishings all were modern
And built in an up-to-date way.
But the book rack whispered of romance;
Memories of a by-gone day.

LOUISE ETHRIDGE.



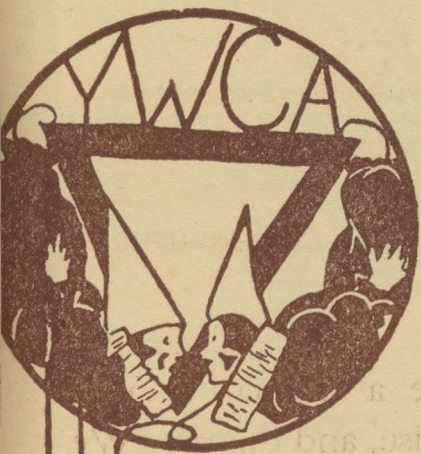
CHOICES

COLLEGE LIFE! What a busy life! What a whirling, twirling round of activities. Enervating, exasperating—such is this life of ours.

And yet, we as average college students claim to have a normal amount of self-possession, poise, and dignity. We spend ample time in calm, serious meditation. A paradox, indeed! And the explanation?

Here on our campus we have a very large number of activities in proportion to the number of our student body. Our associations and clubs are all worthwhile, attractive, and well-organized. It is a temptation for each of us to join all of them. We realize, however, that this is unwise—and, in fact, impossible. We are prone to agree with Browning that life's business is just the terrible choice. Terrible, indeed, when our interests and desires are so divided. With an attempt to select for ourselves a well-balanced, "all-round" schedule of activity, we choose those organizations in which we will place our membership. We try to ignore the appeal of the others. By this process of selection we give ourselves time for composure and study. Thus we can be calm, poised, and even dignified, while our life is a continual cycle of time and energy consuming activities.

CORA BURGHARD.



SUNDAY Evening, October 16, the recognition service for receiving the new girls into the Y. W. C. A. was held. The impressive candle light service which was used made the service a most effective one. The new members were welcomed into the Association by Miss Lois Sharpe, President of the Y. W. C. A. The choir softly sang "Hymn of The Lights," while each girl marched forward and lighted her small candle from a larger one held by the President. After all the candles were lighted the girls marched out on the campus singing "Follow the Gleam;" here they formed a large circle and the choir sang the benediction, "Peace I Leave With You."

The Thursday evening vesper services have been given over to an open discussion of "Our Relation With the Negro." Miss Eunice Chute and Miss Estha Freeman, as leaders of the discussion groups, have succeeded in gaining the interest of a large number of the girls and in getting some valuable information over to them.

One of the most interesting talks given during the month was the one made on Sunday evening, by Miss Louise Ramsey, her subject being, "How Can the Group Be Made Christians?" Miss Ramsey is a very popular speaker and her talk was an interesting one.

The Y. W. C. A. has been very fortunate in obtaining such competent teachers for the Bible Study Classes. Miss Louise Ramsey has charge of the Junior-Senior classes; Miss Annie P. Hopper of the Sophomore class; Miss Florence Breen and Miss Mary Lou Metcalf of the Freshmen. The attendance at the Bible Study classes has been exceptionally good and we are expecting a fine year.

THE PINE BRANCH

SOCIETY NEWS

SORORIAN SOCIETY

The regular meeting of the Sororian Literary Society was held Saturday night, October 15th, 1927. A very enjoyable program was rendered after which a business meeting was held.

The program was as follows:

Synopsis of, "The Man"—Sharon Satterfield.

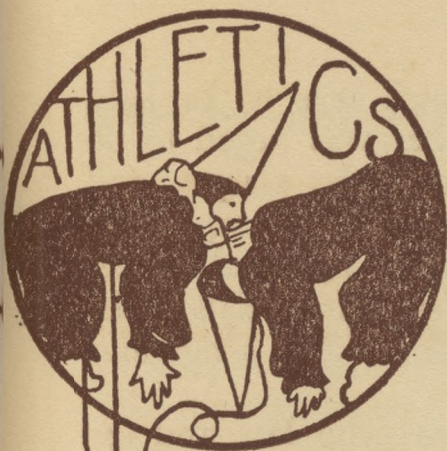
Reading—Florris Woodard.

Song—Entire Society.

ARGONIAN SOCIETY

The Argonian Society held its last meeting on October 15th. The Sororian Society entertained us with a very interesting program.

As Argonians, we are very proud of the fact that our name goes on the "Loving" cup again this year. We were 100 per cent, first in the "Pine Branch" campaign, sponsored by the Literary Societies. The splendid cooperation of the Freshmen in putting over one of our first activities, was very evident.



PHI KAPPAS

KAPPA GIRLS are out working faithfully on volleyball and soccer. They are getting ready to protect Kappa Honor in the first games of the season, November 8, 9.

A joint meeting of the Kappas and the Lambdas was held at chapel the other day. Miss Ivey explained to the girls the new point system by which the association and the girl will be able to win points towards the plaque, numerals, or letter. Many girls have signed up to try and earn numeral or letter.

The Kappas had a business meeting October 28, 1927, in the lecture room. The girls were urged to pay their dues on Friday, November 4, very promptly, in order that the Kappas might win the drive for dues.

The Kappas congratulate the Lambdas in having won the Drive. We hope to win next time.

The first games of the season start Tuesday, November 8th.

One of the most interesting events of this year was the giving of a joint dance by the Athletic Association in honor of the Freshmen Class. Miss Myrtle Vick and Miss Sarah Hall, Presidents of the two associations, acted as hostesses. We had a very peppy orchestra and the girls enjoyed dancing with the pseudo-men who were really girls. There were stunt dances, Kappa dances, Lambda dances, blonde dances, brunette dances, short dances, and long dances.

The girls were kept in order by two amusing policemen, Matile Powell and Gladys Butler.

The climax of the evening was the impressive wedding of Mr. Kappa and Miss Lambda. We hope that their children will be shining examples of Good Sportmanship in G. S. W. C.

The new members of the association were given their bids.

PHI LAMBDA NEWS

On Friday, October 28th, the first regular meeting of the Phi Lambda Athletic Association was held in the parlor of Converse Hall. The meeting was called to order by the President, who in-

THE PINE BRANCH

formed the members of the drive for dues which was to be held the following Friday and Saturday. Each member was urged to do her bit to help win the twenty-five points toward the plaque, and was reminded of the five individual points received for prompt payment. Announcement was also made of the volley ball and soccer games to be played on Tuesday and Wednesday before Fall Holidays. The remaining part of the meeting was devoted to songs and yells after which the meeting was adjourned.

We admit that most girls are very fond of sleeping late and especially on cold mornings. But hurrah for friend Pep when there is something unusual to be put over, it doesn't have to be even as big as holidays and circuses either. To prove that statement, I'll refer you to the life and speed that was afoot bright and early on Friday morning when the Lambdas knew they were going to make a big leap toward the plaque. Why the very air was full of anxiety and eagerness, and by nine o'clock the work was almost finished; and we were waiting for the moment that we knew would come, when as usual, we fell back on our town members, and at chapel announced our victory. That's just a sample of Lambda spirit. Now watch the actual finished product that we intend showing you at the end of the year.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

LOCALS

The Philharmonic Club held its first meeting October 10th in the rotunda of Ashley Hall.

The program was as follows:

Evening, Boyle; Valcik, Mokreig, Tallulah Johnson.

Song—Doris Hitchcock.

Lento—Cyrel Scott.

Song of The East—Cyrel Scott.

Song—Dorothy Dasher.

Prelude, C. Minor, Rachmaninoff—Mary Eva Fambrough.

The surprise selections were two violin solos by Miss Margaret Ross Pardee. After the program refreshments were served.

* * *

The Glee Club of the Georgia State Womans College held a meeting October 10th for the purpose of electing officers. The following officers will serve during the year 1927-1928:

President, Miss Mattie Powell.

Vice-president, Miss Mary Frances Robinson.

Secretary, Miss Bertha Ferrell.

* * *

The Dramatic Club has chosen the following officers for the year, 1927-1928:

President, Miss Annie Maude Ferrell.

Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Aline Futch.

* * *

The Fine Arts Club held its first open meeting October 22, at the "House in the Woods." At that time the new members were welcomed into the club. They are Miss Evelyn Blanton, Miss Kathryn Blackshear, Miss Genevieve Bollinger, Miss Elizabeth Boyd, Miss Mary Kate Burrows, Miss Dorothy Jones, Miss Jean Loggins, and Miss Sara Thomas.

Words of welcome were extended to the new members in behalf of the club by Miss Cora Burghard, of Macon, who acted as chairman for the program. Miss Kathryn Blackshear was requested to serve as temporary secretary. The following nominating committee was appointed: Miss Mary Small, chairman; Miss Florence Breen and Miss Kathryn Blackshear.

Miss Mary Small gave in brief a general outline of the type of work accomplished by the club. She also told the history of its organization.

THE PINE BRANCH

Miss Carpenter, head of the art department of the college, discussed in an interesting manner the plan of work adopted for the year. The study will be of wall hangings, each member working out an individual design. Miss Carpenter showed pictures to illustrate her discussion. She explained that the new interest centered about wall hangings in the art world was not a fad, but a survival of the old interest that had existed for years before the modern age of art.

The social part of the program was in charge of Miss Gilmer. Its chief feature was a contest in guessing the names of famous paintings, and the name of the artist. The prize, an illustrated copy of "Wise Sayings of Great Men," was won by Miss Florence Breen.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

ALUMNAE NOTES

The following Alumnae are degree Seniors at their Alma Mater this year: Katherine Blackshear, Lucile Dowling, Lillian Etheridge, Esther Freeman, Dorothy Glascock, Sarah Hall, Frankie Hartsfield, Norma Middleton, Elizabeth McRee, Clifford Quarterman, Lois Sharpe, Sara Thomas, Lorene Tittle, and Catherine Trulock.

* * *

Members of the '27 class who have returned for Junior work are: Louise Benton, Margaret Bradley, Cora Burghard, Eunice Chute, Laura Clements, Emily Dalton, Dorothy Dasher, Hazel Donahue, Mary Eva Fambrough, Catherine Giddens, Helen Hightower, Virginia Hightower, Annette Isbell, Mildred Larsen, Maggie Lawson, Catherine Lee, Mary Louise Maxwell, Martha Minter, Helen Ryon, Sharon Satterfield, Mary Stewart, Sara Rees Strong, Kathryn Ulmer, and Bessie Young.

* * *

Among the Alumnae studying at the University of Georgia this summer were: Mary Poindexter of the '22 class; Lois O'Quinn, Mrs. O. A. Spence, of the '21 class; Alma Lee Day of the '22 class; Albertine Jones of the '23 class; Mary Eunice Sapp, Hester Bruce, Carolina Cubbedge of the '25 class; Marian Wiseman, Lucile Dowling, Shirley Gaskins, Annie Ruth Sawyer, Annie Leila Wells, Clela Wells of the '26 class. A feature of the session was an Alumnae luncheon at the Holman Hotel. Miss Bush of the College faculty was with them, also.

* * *

Alma Lee Day of the '22 class is studying at the University of Georgia. Address her Soule Hall, State College of Agriculture.

* * *

Hester Bruce of the '25 class is teaching in Blackshear, Georgia.

* * *

Carolina Cubbedge of the '25 class is assistant dietitian at Wesley Memorial Hospital, Emory University, Georgia.

* * *

Mary Eunice Sapp of the '25 class is spending the winter at her home, 528 Union Street, Brunswick, Georgia, recuperating from a recent operation. Mary Eunice attended summer school at the University of Georgia this year and received her A. B. degree from Wesleyan College, Macon.

* * *

Addie Bevis of the '26 class is teaching in the public schools of

THE PINE BRANCH

Waycross, Georgia. Address her 606 Tebeau Street.

* * *

Ora Mae Biles of the '26 class is doing stenographic work in Jacksonville, Florida. Address her 2881 Selma Street. She says in part, "And I haven't given up my teaching profession. I am a regular Sunday School teacher."

* * *

Mary Peeples Cubbedge of the '26 class is a degree Senior at the University of Georgia.

* * *

Katherine Daugherty of the '26 class studied Music at the Cincinnati Conservatory last year and is now teaching Music in the Valdosta Conservatory of Music, and is Director of the Presto Music Club. Address her 411 Ashley Street.

* * *

Mildred Littlefield, Mrs. Sidney Hall Brown, of the '26 class lives at Winokur, Georgia.

* * *

Lucile McGregor of the '26 class is again teaching English in the Junior High School, Anawalt, West Virginia. She says in part, "Ties still bind me to dear old G. S. W. C., and when the first Alumnae Pine Branch waves for 1927-28, may it bear the good wishes murmured from the Mountains of America's Switzerland—West Virginia!"

* * *

Mary McLendon of the '26 class is at home, 500 E. College Street, Valdosta, Georgia.

* * *

Rosalind McCranie, Mrs. A. Y. Hall, of the '26 class is teaching third grade in one of the schools of Miami, Florida. Address her at 2028 W. S. 6th Street, Apt. 10.

* * *

Ollie Nicholson of the '26 class is now Mrs. Kenneth Hall, and claims Indianapolis, Indiana, as her home.

* * *

Catherine Pendleton and Catherine Remington of the '26 class are degree seniors at George Peabody College, Nashville, Tennessee.

* * *

Evelyn Purcell of the '26 class is teaching the first grade in the Lanier County High School, Lakeland, Georgia.

* * *

May Slott of the '26 class is teacher of the high sixth grade in

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Ocala, Florida, Grammar School No. 1, and may be found at 207 N. Sanchez Street.

* * *

Aline Spivey of the '26 class is teaching History and Reading in the fifth, sixth, and seventh grades at Chula, Georgia.

* * *

Louise Tomlinson of the '26 class is teaching the fourth grade at Arco, Georgia, a subdivision of Brunswick.

* * *

Emylu Trapnell of the '26 class is working for Olds Motor Works, West Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Georgia. She may be addressed Hapeville, Georgia.

* * *

Hilda Windham of the '26 class is teaching first grade at Butler, Georgia.

* * *

Jonibel Powell of the '19 class and Erma Barco of the '25 class may be reached at Orlando, Florida.

* * *

Mary Belle Ellis of the '27 class is now Mrs. M. J. Bowen, Jr., and is living at Register, Georgia.

* * *

Nina McElveen of the '27 class is a teacher in the grammar school at Stilson, Georgia.

* * *

Mary Alice Sineath, A. B. '27, is teaching French, Mathematics, and Violin in the high school at Brooklet, Georgia.

* * *



LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN:

Thelma Ecord: "Did you hear about her teeth falling out while she was playing tennis?"

Farrar Elrod: "No, did she lose the set?"

QUESTION OF CHANCES.

Miss Campbell: "Young lady, how many more times will I have to warn you not to be late?"

Sarah Maude Stewart: "I don't know, how many more recitations are there?"

SEEN ON A GEOGRAPHY PAPER.

The principal divisions of California: Earthquakes.

SENIOR REASONING.

Katherine Blackshear: "Do you know what happened when the Ancient Mariner stopped one of three?"

Lois Sharpe: "The other two were insulted."

WET STATE.

Margaret Middleton: "I was in Florida all winter and it didn't rain one day."

J. R. Stripling: "What day was that?"

HIGH PRICES.

Mrs. Beck: "What's the price of beef?"

Butcher: "Fifty cents a pound."

Mrs. Beck: "It's tough to pay fifty cents a pound for beef."

Butcher: "It's tougher to pay twenty-five."

THOUGHTS ON HIKING.

Mary S. Hodges: "When I was in High School I thought nothing of a ten-mile hike."

Rose Wood: "Well, I don't think so much of one myself."

FRESHMAN DUMBNESS.

Lucius Bedell: "You're so dumb I wouldn't call you a ham."

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Myrtie Mae Head: "Why not?"

Lucius: "A ham can be cured."

Miss Breen: "How are you getting along with your typewriting?"

Clara Hargrave: "Fine. I can make twenty mistakes a minute now."

Miss Campbell (advising a Freshman about her schedule): "I put Psychology on your card, dear."

Louise Johnson: "But-t-t, Miss Campbell, I wanted to take 'Ed. 10'."

MODERN ASSIGNMENT.

Miss Metcalf: "Tomorrow start with lightning and go to thunder."

TOO BAD.

Margaret Bullock: "My sweetheart won't get to graduate from Tech."

Cathryn Giddens: "Why?"

Margaret: "Because he goes to Georgia."

DISEASE PREVENTION.

Mr. Stokes: "What is the best method of preventing disease by biting insects?"

Cora Burghard: "Stop biting—insects."

CHEER UP.

Don't take life so seriously, you can't get out of it alive.

OUR HIRED MAN.

Tom was mowing the lawn and working so moderately that his actions might very well be termed "slow motion."

"Why don't you hurry a little more?" demanded Miss Hopper.

"Miss, Ah has only two speeds and de other one am slower dan dis one."

FRESHMEN NOTICE.

Just be glad you don't have to sign out to sneeze.

THE OFFICE STAFF.

Miss Hopper and Miss Breen were very much disturbed the other night because they thought the moon had black checks across it, but a Freshman explained to them that this was because they were looking through the window screen.

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