

# THE PINE BRANCH



APRIL  
1928

Freshman Number

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Number 6



# THE PINE BRANCH

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APRIL, 1928

NO. 6

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## A HIDDEN TREASURE

The growing passion for early American glass and china, and for early American furniture offers the philosophic observer a certain amount of amusement. These same curiosity seekers would be astounded at the suggestion of the genuine beauty in early American speech; and yet to search for the origin of some of our most common words is to evoke images of plangent beauty. A famous author has alluded to "the old, old words, worn thin and defaced by ages of careless usage" as though they were coins; indeed, they are coins of varying value, and when a person is not careful of his speech he mingles good coins with counterfeits and thus lessens the value of his treasure.

For centuries educated people have been pigeonholing words, as if they were capable of yielding to such treatment. They are handled just as so many cases of canned goods. They are labeled and stored in the warehouses of their brain to be taken out when needed, but these people sometimes find that a word is not always at their bidding, for they are fleet and subtle things and are just as difficult to classify as people are. They have personalities and are startlingly alive and can be limited by no means.

With such an inexhaustible treasure as the English speaking people have inherited, any man, however poor in a financial way, can make his storehouse of thought-conveying vessels just as plentiful as he wishes; the supply is unlimited. But words alone do not make up the full richness of the language, phrases are very expressive. To Woodrow Wilson goes the distinction of being one of the greatest American phraseologists. "Watchful waiting," "strict accountability," "peace without victory," "armed neutrality," and "make the world safe for democracy" are a few Wilsonian phrases that have become household words. Roosevelt, also, contributed much quotable material; such as "fifty-fifty allegiance," "the square deal," "mollycoddle," "my hat's in the ring," and "muckraker."

The study of words also reveals some peculiar facts about different words. For instance, "grocerteria" is a patented word, "cafeteria" is free. And "aerogram" is patented and "radiogram" is free. For centuries there have been undertakers, but now they cease to be; in their stead, there are the dignified "morticians." "Tabloid" may be called a kidnapped word. Twice before it was presented to the public by the coiner and owner, a British chemist, there were two law suits over the illegal use of it; one was in London, the other in Rome.

The ability of big words to inspire respect, when the same idea expressed in ordinary terms would fail to impress the hearer, has

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often been noted. For instance, the label on a certain brand of clay poultice informed the world that this marvelous preparation was compounded of the "finest anhydrous and levigated argillaceous mineral." The proprietor of this extraordinary clay production would hardly have made so many sales if the public had known that it was nothing more or less than dried and finely powdered clay.

In contrast to the ultra-scientific words and phrases it is comforting to know that life's story can be told in shorter words. The most common words in our language are: the, and, of, to, I, a, in, that, you, and for, in the order named. Three hundred of our most common words take care of three-fourths of our conversation, and one thousand words take care of nine-tenths of our writing. It has been stated, probably by a man, that a woman has a vocabulary of only eight hundred words, but an enormous turnover, meaning, I suppose, that most of the talk, "gossip", or conversation carried on by women is done by means of the "enormous turnover."

When the Great War broke out everybody had to learn a new language, and for this new language no dictionary had been published; yet the war correspondent on the firing line wrote unhesitatingly: "At zero hour the barrage was lifted and poilu and the doughboy sprang over the top, sticking their bayonets in the boche." The man in the street read this sentence unflinchingly and when he had finished had added a half dozen new words to his vocabulary. The World War added twenty-six thousand new words and phrases to our language.

The language with the best financial backing is the leading language of the world. Today to speak English is to command attention. The English language is more powerful and more popular now than it has been since the days of "Beowulf." When the nations of the earth, about seventy in number, meet, English is the median of thought expression. During the World War the leaders of the allied forces saw that if peace was to be won, there had to be some unity of purpose. Now that peace has been won they desire to unite in an effort to preserve that peace. From both sides of the Atlantic comes the cry for an international language. The two languages best fitted for this service throughout the world are the French and English languages. They have grown side by side for nearly a thousand years and now compose the two richest literatures in existence.

If Plato were living today, the first thing that he would do would be to learn English so that he could read it. If Isaiah and Paul were living, doubtless, they would use an entirely different vocabulary. One can easily imagine what masters of past centuries would do with

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modern language, but what about the people who are living today? What are they doing? Do they master their mother tongue? They should, for one's mother tongue is infinitely more than merely the median of thought expression; one's mother tongue is the articulate and articulated breath of one's soul. Language patriotism stands high in the field of patriotism as one of the most beautiful and passionate of all patriotic impulses.

The mother tongue of English speaking peoples is wonderful and sublime, either to write or to understand; yet one's mastery of it is determined by the development of the finer senses and tastes. On the other hand, this mastery cannot proceed without the mastery of certain elements that lie very close to the ground. Proficiency in English is composed of two parts: a higher, including grace, charm, effectiveness and power; and a lower, including spelling, punctuation, syntax, idioms, and references. To be a proficient English scholar both phases, the higher and the lower, are necessary.

Americans are prone to undervalue pure English and use every new slang term that is introduced. They often defend themselves for this carelessness on the grounds that slang is more picturesque and expressive and is more American. This may be true, but the English language is the inheritance of American people just as much as if they had been born in England, and it is just as much their duty to cherish and protect it. It is this carelessness that has made conservative Europeans brand them as "harsh, vulgar, and excitable." The fight to drive slang into exile will be hard and long, but hundreds of young teachers going from G. S. W. C. over the state to teach can make Georgia the object of favorable comment and much interest by doing their bit toward making and keeping the well of English pure and undefiled.

EUNICE SEAGRAVES.

THE PINE BRANCH

DESIRE

Oh, to live my life as a poet lives,  
And as a poet see  
Only the beautiful, good, and true  
In all life's misery;

To look at a sky o'ercast with clouds,  
With not a ray of blue,  
And yet to see through the dull gray mist  
The silver shining through;

To know that no matter how dark the night,  
How hidden the face of the sun,  
That soon there'll be a morning bright,  
A glorious dawn to come.

And thus I'd like to go through life,  
Impervious to pain;  
And always see the rainbow's beam  
Where others see the rain.

MARGUERITE RYNER.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

THE BLACK MASK

The little brown hen was cackling and scratching in the leaves that were piled in the gutter and formed a blanket for the ground.

A dilapidated old house stood in their midst, grey and isolated. Blinds banged and windows shook as the hot sultry winds fanned them. The owner, a stooped, aged woman went about her work silently. Her boarder descended the steps before the dilapidated old house; he was known as Cripple Jim. Not noticing the hen he continued down the street, and disappeared around the corner.

The city was unusually busy, and from street corner to street corner could be heard the call of "Extra." Cripple Jim seated himself on the street in his customary place for begging. Several men were talking in a mysterious and excited manner. Cripple Jim became curious; so he called to one of the men saying,

"Hey, Brown, what's the 'extra'?"

"Why, we received word to be on the look-out for the masked man," replied Brown.

"The masked man! Why, who is he and what has he done?" asked Cripple Jim with ill-concealed anxiety.

"Why, haven't you heard of him? He was robbing a bank in Chicago when a mother and her child entered; thinking it was the police he whirled around, fired and killed both of them. Besides this he is wanted for several other just such crimes. Why, hanging is too good for him," with that he turned and walked away leaving Cripple Jim dazed and speechless.

After the long hot day was over and the factory workers had thronged past, Cripple Jim arose. He hobbled down the street with a thump, thump on his peg-leg and disappeared among the pedestrians.

After reaching the house he went straight to his room. He carefully unwrapped the bindings on his leg, took off the peg-leg, old coat, beard, and spectacles. With a crafty look in his eye he put them aside and counted his day's earning.

When he had counted his money and carefully placed it in his wallet, he began digging in his trunk. After he had taken the contents out piece by piece, he carefully took a black mask from the bottom of the trunk. He put the black mask on and got his revolver. He went to the window and looked both ways so that he was sure no one was on that side of the house. He raised the window noiselessly and let himself drop to the ground. He hurried away and was soon lost in the shadows of the coming night.

\* \* \* \* \*

The city was agog with excitement. Policemen hurried here and

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there. A pedestrian hurried down the street in the direction of the noise. He saw one who was coming from the scene of action and asked, "Say, what is the trouble over there?"

"Another bank has been robbed and the cashier killed," was the reply.

"Have they any clue as to the murderer and robber?" the pedestrian asked.

"Yes, the black masked man; the police are right after him; let's follow", so they hurried after the police.

In the meantime Cripple Jim had reached the dilapidated old house. Being so closely pursued he dashed madly into the front door, not having time to return through his former exit. He rushed to his room out of breath. Jerking the mask from his face he went to the window to see how near his pursuers were. Frightened at the sight of them, he let the mask drop to the ground. Hearing the pursuers already in the house, he realized that he would not have time to put on his disguise. He threw it into the fireplace, set it afire, and replaced the heavy wooden screen. In his haste he had knocked over a chair and the contents of his trunk were scattered all over the room.

Just then he heard a loud crash at his door, he knew he was caught in his trap. He ran to the window and started to run, but another crash made him realize he was doomed to die. "Hanging's too good for him," someone had said. A man of his profession learned to expect death—but death in that manner—

When the police entered the room, they found a young man dead; the room was torn up as though a fight had taken place. The window was up; just outside they found a revolver and tracks leading towards the street. In the fireplace they found some smoking ashes.

"Ah! another one of his victims," exclaimed the police, "And the black masked man has slipped through our fingers again."

The little brown hen cackling and scratching in the leaves, made the leaves fly higher. Alas, when the door gave way, the black mask was hidden forever.

ROSELLE HATCHER.

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

### LALLA LAUGHS

The shrill whistle of the five o'clock train pierced the silence of Reidsville. The train rolled into the station and only one passenger stepped from it. Anxiously she gazed about, as if expecting the call "Taxi!" but Reidsville had not the means or passengers to support such luxuries. Lalla picked up her hat box and walked into the station.

"Will you please tell me where I can get a taxi?" she inquired of the station master.

Mr. Roberts looked into a pair of serious grey eyes overshadowed by a dark blue hat, and said, "We don't have any use for taxis around, but I'll see if Joe can take you where you'd like to go."

"I'd like to go to the English place. Is it very far off?"

"English place! Why no one lives out there."

"I know, but I'd like to go there," said Lalla, without offering more information.

Joe, the general lackey of Reidsville, consented to take Miss Boswell out to the English place in his Ford. Mr. Roberts, the station master, gazed after Lalla's slim, darkly-clad figure thoughtfully. What in the world did a young lady want at the English place? And she had brought her trunk!

The English place was an old house on the outskirts of town, which had been unoccupied for some time. Consequently weeds and vines had covered the yard and porch.

Lalla, sitting on the back seat of the Ford, spoke not a word. The talkative Joe was, for once, abashed by the stylish young stranger, and was unable to ask even one of the million questions which crowded his mind.

With a chug of the engine, Joe stopped in front of a dilapidated, rain-washed, two-story house.

"Here's your house, Miss. I'll bring your trunk out tomorrow if you're still going to be here."

"Oh yes, I'll be here."

The women of the Reidsville Missionary Society felt that Lalla was setting a bad example for the young set by staying in the old English house alone.

Joe, the only one who had been out to the old place since the arrival of its new mistress, was questioned eagerly, but he seemed to have lost his usual talkativeness. To all their questions he presented a blank stare or evasive answer, and seemed amazingly ignorant of the fact that there was anything of interest to be told about the old house and its new occupant.

The day after the missionary meeting the English knocker was

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lifted for the first time in years. Lalla, tired, hot, her dusky brown hair in wet ringlets on her forehead and neck, closed the door to the bedroom softly to keep out any chance noise from below, went down stairs and opened the door to three callers. She greeted them cheerfully and invited them to sit on the vine-covered porch.

"This is Mrs. Bradley; and this, Mrs. Grimes; and I'm Mrs. Roberts. We heard Reidsville had a new citizen, and we knew you'd be lonesome out here by yourself; so we came to tell you how glad we are to have you in our town." Mrs. Roberts spoke hurriedly as if anxious to have the greeting over.

"I suppose, my dear, that you're fixing the house for the rest of your family?" purringly inquired Mrs. Bradley.

Lalla replied, "I think a family would be risking a great deal by having me fix up their future home." She laughed, but Mrs. Bradley asked no more questions that afternoon.

"Miss Boswell, are you a Methodist?" inquired Mrs. Grimes.

Learning that she was, Mrs. Roberts leaned forward eagerly. "You must join the Missionary Society."

"Thank you, Mrs. Roberts, but I'm afraid I won't have time. I shall be very busy while I'm here."

Glances passed between the three ladies. So she didn't have time! How was her time occupied?

The callers stayed only a few minutes longer. As soon as they were out of sight Mrs. Roberts broke the silence. "I told you so. She's from the city. You can tell it by her uppish ways."

"Why, she didn't even ask us in her house," cut in Mrs. Grimes. "And the idea of her refusing to join our missionary society. The heathen!"

Back at the English place, Lalla watched her visitors as they passed out of sight on the road leading to town; then with a slightly sarcastic laugh and a shrug she turned, and a softer expression replaced that which she had worn before her visitors. She went back up the stairs which she had descended a short time before.

Tongues continued to wag and Lalla stayed on, going into town only for provisions and never offering any solution to the question of her lonely existence in Reidsville. At last Mrs. Roberts could stand it no longer. Curiosity obsessed her, and she had to solve the problem. She and Mrs. Bradley presented a plan to the missionary society. The society debated and argued over the matter. They felt that it was their duty as Christian ladies to remove from the town all influences which were in any way to be suspected, but they could not decide what to do.

The next afternoon the society called at the English place. This

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time a cool and fresh-looking Lalla met them at the door.

"Miss Boswell," Mrs. Roberts began, "I, as a member of the Missionary Society of Reidsville, have been appointed by this group to speak to you on a very important matter. Our young boys and girls are easily influenced by the actions of others, and for their sakes we would like to know the reason of your life here alone. You come from the city, and live here by yourself, casting reflections on your family, whoever and wherever they may be."

Puzzled Lalla gazed from one to the other. Slowly she began to understand and suddenly she laughed. When anything appeared ridiculous to Lalla she laughed, whatever the occasion or condition happened to be.

"Oh, my dears," Lalla could not suppress her laughter, "If you could only see yourselves. You do look so dramatic."

Mrs. Roberts, her face red and her pupils dilated by anger, burst out, "You stop your laughing you—you—" What Mrs. Roberts would have called her still remains unsaid, for just at that moment a man's voice called from inside, "Lalla, what's the matter?"

A man appeared in the door behind Lalla. He was young, but pale and thin, and he was leaning heavily on a walking cane.

"My brother, Mr. Boswell, ladies of the Reidsville Missionary Society."

Mrs. Roberts was the first to turn and leave. The others followed silently.

Joe, suddenly regaining his loquacity, told Mr. Roberts the next day that he had known that Miss Boswell's brother was in the house, but Miss Boswell had asked him to say nothing about it, because her brother was recuperating from a serious illness and needed quiet and rest. He had been brought to the old English place in an ambulance from the city the day after Lalla arrived.

"I found it out," said Joe, "the morning I carried Miss Boswell's trunk to her."

BILL BROWN.

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THE CAMPUS IN SPRING

Beautiful spring o'er the campus is flying,  
Bringing the days that are balmy and long;  
Making the school girls all cease from their sighing,  
Making each one of them burst into song.

Campus so lately the hoary frost holding,  
Throw off your blanket, a green coat to wear;  
Watch flower faces begin their unfolding,  
Smiling and whispering that spring's everywhere.

Grasses so green from the earth come up peeping,  
Happy to leave their warm rest under ground;  
Happy because they are tired of long sleeping,  
Ready and anxious to look all around.

Birds, our spring harbingers, gaily are singing,  
Trilling their glad notes at earliest dawn,  
Telling the girls of the change spring is bringing,  
Magically changing our loved campus lawn.

Venus her dances again is beginning,  
Leading her dances through measures of grace.  
Graces and nymphs set the campus all ringing,  
Filling with laughter each shadowy place.

Welcome, O springtime, " 'Tis welcome" we're crying!  
Welcome, O flowers, so lovely and sweet;  
Hear the soft welcome the pine grove is sighing,  
Yes, we're all laying our thanks at your feet.

KATE JONES.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

IN THE OKEFINOKEE SWAMP

The unexplored regions of the swamp were before our party as we set out upon a wide sheet of open water.

From the glare of the sun on the lake the boat, poled by a grim and silent son of the swamp, slips gently into the shadow of the thicket. Long, cool water trails stretch away before us, walled by giant cypress trees which tower far above us and, meeting apparently at the level of the clouds, form a tunnel. Ferns and low bushes hang over the water, scraping the hats from the heads of men who dare to invade the solitude. Streamers of Spanish moss drape bush and tree alike.

Waterlilies, covering the shallows, catch and reflect vagrant shafts of sunlight; and hidden in their midst an alligator slips from a log at the approach of the boat.

Here and there the trail widens, and a pool which reflects like a black mirror comes into view. The perfect reflection of the mighty trees with a bit of blue sky above gives an illusion of great depth and we seem to be floating over the bottomless pit.

The oppressive silence is broken at intervals by the call of some rare bird which finds protection in the impassable tangle of swampy jungle.

On an island an occasional deer comes down to the water to drink; while farther back among the trees lurk panther, bear, and wildcat.

Suddenly the narrow waterway opens into a broad prairie covered with marsh grasses and many-colored lilies. Small islands of "trembling earth" deceive the greenhorn with their apparent firmness.

The mysterious turns of the trail call us back; and as night falls, we make camp upon a secluded island and attempt to sleep while the old swamp commences to stir.

MADGE WILSON.

## A PORTRAIT OF OUR COOK

Presiding in our kitchen is a huge woman of Ethiopian origin. For an exact description of her physical characteristics, one might refer to a picture of Aunt Jamima on any box of Aunt Jamima Pancake Flour. She is a little over four feet tall and balances the scales at two hundred pounds. Like most old-fashioned negresses, she keeps her head covered with a red bandana, her feet covered with carpet slippers of amazing size, and that part of her body which is most remarkably rotund covered by a snowy white apron, always stiff with starch.

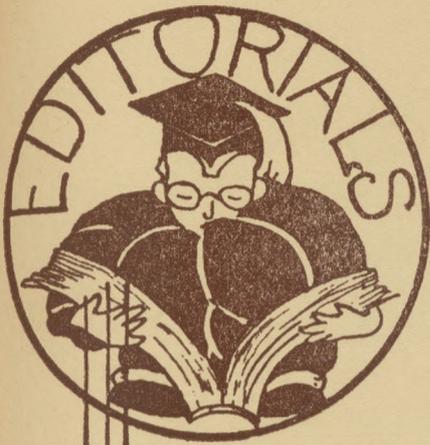
Some of her most common ailments are, as she expresses it, "de misery, de romatics, and de aggravates," all of which give her subjects for conversation when she isn't praising the Lord. Often the house rings with her rich, melodious psalms, interrupted now and then by an exclamation and shout of, "Ah'm sanctified, Glory Be!"

Her education, I'm afraid, did not advance beyond the realm of cooking, and it is very amusing to talk with her in what she calls "long words." Entering the kitchen one day, I asked, "Adeline, have you any ancestors?" She was quite dumbfounded by this question, of which she knew nothing.

"Whut's dat, Miss 'lizabeth?" she asked in a voice full of suspicion, then, before I had found time to answer her, she concluded, "Ah ain't got nary a one, ah b'longs to de church, ah does."

Adeline has everything one could wish for in a cook, but she looks with a frown and a shake of her head at the large gas range and the little oil heater, then, turning, she will open the door of the huge wood stove and prepare to build a fire, saying out loud to herself, "Mah wood stove am good enough fer me, hit ain' never goin' tah blow up wid me ner stop cookin' 'cause yo ain' got no quaters."

MARY ELIZABETH BOYD.



The Freshman Class is T—H—E class on the campus—socially, intellectually, and morally.

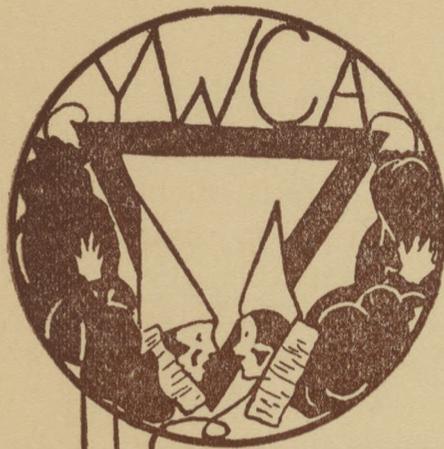
Socially, we are a big success for my readers well know that we have many representatives in the Rotunda when the dates begin to assemble. The Freshmen are so numerous that they crowd the Seniors out on the terrace. Seniors may be glad of this for you can never tell where a Senior wants to be.

We're sure that everyone remembers the excitement experienced on Hat Day when the Sophomores won the day and we poor Freshmen were the joke of the campus. Listen, we're going to tell you a secret! We knew the very spot the hat was hidden. But it was in such a lowly place, and the Freshman being so high minded were unwilling to "stoop to conquer;" and then we hated to spoil the joy anticipated by the Sophs. Three cheers for our high-mindedness and for being such good sports.

Looking back still further to the first month of college life, we see ourselves affording much pleasure for the upper-classmen. With our green caps and our school girl complexion, we realize we were affording a worthwhile advertisement for our school. Even the Tin Can Tourists that were passing through our campus noticed what healthy looking girls we were, and remarked, "Why this must be an ideal school, the girls do not have to buy their complexion."

In the class room you would really never think that we are Freshman for our answers are easily worthy of Seniors. The Seniors are so busy making sure that they do not let one of their many privileges pass by unexercised that they seldom exercise knowledge. While the Freshmen devote much of their time to text books, a thing which Seniors hardly know exist. Yes, our answers are perfectly good answers, although we'll admit that some have no bearing on the subject in question. But "never appear dumb, even if you are" is our motto.

As everyone knows there must be a beginning to every undertaking, so we, and our kind, esteem it a great privilege to furnish a real beginning for our Alma Mater.



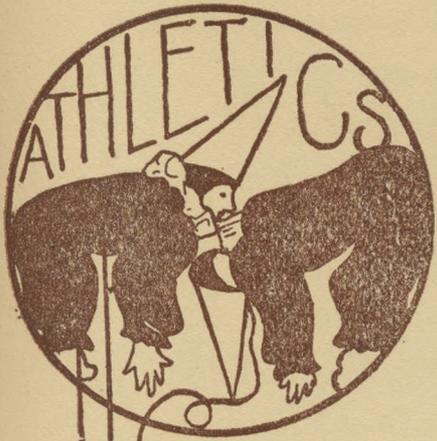
## Y. W. C. A. NEWS

The Y. W. C. A. had a most interesting vesper service this month. The negro choir had charge of the program, giving sacred songs and spirituals which were thoroughly enjoyed by the girls.

Miss Marjorie Combs and Miss Eunice Chute made interesting talks this month in vesper, Miss Combs talking on "The Womanliness of Jesus" and Miss Chute discussing and explaining "The World Student Christian Federation."

Miss Eunice Chute and Miss Lucius Bedell spent the spring holidays in Athens, Georgia, at Camp Wilkin. They report a most enjoyable time.

The attendance at Bible Study has been unusually good this month. All are delighted, because the classes need every girl, and there is no end of good each one will receive from the hour of study.



## PHI KAPPA

The Basketball Ladder Tournament ended with the Kappas on the top rung. After a number of exciting matches between Gladys Butler and Elizabeth Hays, on the last day, at 5:45 Hays finally reached the top.

One of the most important events in the athletic year at G. S. W. C. is Field Day. The following scores show the capability of the Kappa teams: Kappas 215—Lambdas 58. I mean, we gave 'em a race on the track! The three highest scores made by individuals were made by Kappa girls. "Our team" did "shine that day!"

We are now starting the baseball season. Before this comes from the press our first baseball game will be won—or lost? Which shall it be? Come on Kappas, let's go!

## PHI LAMBDA

The Phi Lambda Athletic Association is emerging from its sad defeat on Field Day with a grimmer determination than ever to get its name on the plaque. One defeat is not sufficient to quell the splendid spirit of our association which has been exhibited throughout the year in our many games and tournaments.

Spring and the beautiful weather have opened new grounds for sports, and have sent us into the baseball field and onto the tennis courts for recreation. We are now beginning practice for our last big tournament which will be in baseball, and to which we are looking forward with great eagerness and high hopes. If plenty of practice and fine sportsmanship can win a tournament, the Lambdas are going to come out on top. The tennis courts are more frequented than ever, and there is something for everyone to do in the way of athletics.

# ALUMNAE NOTES

Carrie Lee Murrah of the '15 class is teaching in the Atlanta schools. Address her 656 Pearce Street.

\* \* \*

Emma Sue Morris, Mrs. L. J. King, of the '17 class is living in Valdosta.

\* \* \*

Georgia Morton of the '17 class is teaching in High Point, N. C. Her address is 1006 N. Main Street.

\* \* \*

Clarice Askew, Mrs. Bob Hendricks, of the '18 class is living in Nashville, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Frances Kaylor, Mrs. Frank Barker, of the '18 class is living in Valdosta.

\* \* \*

Ruby Ezzell, Mrs. G. T. McArthur, of the '19 class is living out from Kinston, N. C., Route 1.

\* \* \*

Ferol Mathis, Mrs. Robert Steigler, of the '19 class is teaching Mathematics in the high school at Daytona Beach, Florida.

\* \* \*

Julia Bryan, Mrs. Roy Lee, of the '20 class is living in Brunswick, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Kennie Lasseter, Mrs. A. C. Willis, of the '20 class announces the birth of a daughter, Gladys Carolyn Frazier Willis, on February 16th. Her address is Route 2, Meigs, Ga.

\* \* \*

Mattie Stipe of the '22 class is teaching the seventh grade at Hepzibah, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Mary Pearl Patterson, Mrs. W. C. Holder, of the '23 class is living in Valdosta.

\* \* \*

Miriam McNair, Mrs. R. M. Lee, of the '24 class is living in Brunswick, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Katie Herrin, Mrs. Miles H. Hubbard, A. B., '25, is living at 735 W. Onondago Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Dorothy Larsen of the '25 class was married on April 1st, to J. J. Parker, of Indiantown, Florida.

\* \* \*

Leo Prine, Mrs. King Rouse, of the '25 class is living at 300 Candler Street, Atlanta, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Helen Youngblood of the '26 class is doing secretarial work in Savannah, and living at home, 662 E. Henry Street.

\* \* \*

Hazel Dean of the '27 class is teaching at Wildwood, Florida.

\* \* \*

Virginia Peeples, A. B. '27, is teaching the high school at Winter Haven, Florida.

## LOCALS

The Valdosta Club entertained the College Faculty with a hike to Troupeville, the original site of Valdosta, on Saturday afternoon. An impromptu program, consisting of humorous readings, songs and games, was enjoyed. Picnic supper was served around a big bonfire. Miss Mildred Larsen, president of the club, gave a toast to the faculty.

\* \* \*

The students of the music and expression departments gave their recital March 23, in the rotunda of Ashley Hall. A most interesting program was enjoyed.

\* \* \*

Along with the groups of students from various women's colleges over the state who will go to Atlanta and, through the courtesy of M. Rich & Brothers Co., will enjoy the grand opera program, will be the the following representation from the Georgia State Womans College: Miss Lucile Dowling, Jesup; Miss Iva Chandler, Cordele; Miss Eunice Chute, Unadilla; Miss Annie Maude Ferrell, Quitman; Miss Sara Thomas, Adel; Miss Lucius Bedell, Woodbine; Miss Ethel Dent, Douglas; Miss Cora Burghard, Macon; Miss Catherine Trulock, Whigham; Miss Imogene Baker, Tifton; Miss Mildred Larsen, Miss Virginia Hightower, Miss Mary Frances Robinson, Miss Louise Forbes, Miss Marguerite Ford, Miss Kate Burrows, Valdosta.

\* \* \*

Miss Eunice Chute, of Unadilla, has been elected president of the Y. W. C. A. for the year 1928-29. Miss Chute is thoroughly familiar with Y. W. C. A. work. She has been a member of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet for two years, attended the student volunteer conference in Detroit, Mich., during Christmas holidays, spent a few weeks at Blue Ridge last summer and is going to attend the Y. W. C. A. training camp in Athens this spring.

The Y. W. C. A. cabinet has been elected for next year. Miss Iva Chandler, vice president; Miss Ann Talbert, secretary; Miss Eunice Seagraves, treasurer. With these cabinet members the Y. W. C. A. is looking forward to a very profitable year.

\* \* \*

At a recent meeting of the student body the May Queen for this year was elected. Miss Elizabeth McRee and Miss Katherine Blackshear were the candidates. Miss Blackshear was elected May Queen and Miss McRee the Maid of Honor.

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

The College Field Day exercises of the Georgia State Womans College was held under the direction of Miss Leonora Ivey, director of the physical education department, and Miss Elizabeth Lowe, her assistant. All the activities showed the splendid training the young ladies are getting. The entire program of activities was one of the best demonstrations that has ever been witnessed on the College field.

The order of events opened with the grand march by the two competing athletic associations, the Phi Kappas and the Phi Lambdas, which was a most colorful array. This was followed by a college group in two folk dances, Bleking and Kinderpolka. The freshman classes gave a series of companion exercises as follows: arm exercises, advancing with knee flexion, trunk lowering, lungeing, bobbing, deep knee bend, kneeling and threading the needle. The rythm and perfection of movement excelled anything that has ever been seen on the college field before in the manner of companion exercises. A college group with a great deal of spirit gave the English country dance, We won't go home until morning.

The individual track and field events were run off by weights: feather weight, 110 pounds and under; middle weight, 111-125 pounds, and unlimited weight, 126 pounds and over.

The first places in these events were as follows: Sixty-yard dash, Miss Doris Fleming, of Baconton, in eight seconds, feather weight; Miss Pearl Belcher, of Cairo, in eight and one-half seconds, middle weight; Miss Mary Louise Maxwell, of Calvary, in seven and six-tenths seconds, unlimited weight.

Second event, basket ball throw: Miss Farrar Elrod, of Thomasville, and Miss Helen Hargrove, of Nashville, tied with sixty-six feet, feather weight; Miss Myrtle Vick, of Moultrie, with seventy feet, middle weight; Miss Mary Louise Maxwell, of Calvary, with seventy-six feet, unlimited weight.

The third event, running broad jump: Miss Helen Hargrove, of Nashville, thirteen feet and four inches, feather weight; Miss Sara Maude Stewart, of Dixie, thirteen feet and six inches, middle weight.

Fourth event: One shooting largest number of basket ball goals in half a minute: Miss Doris Fleming, of Baconton, eleven, feather weight; Miss Minnie B. Goodman, of Fort Gaines, eleven, middle weight, and Miss Grace Chastain, of Thomasville, twelve, unlimited weight.

Fifth event, soccer ball kick: Miss Gladys Butler, of Cairo, 82 feet, feather weight; Miss Roselle Hatcher, of Donaldsonville, 78 feet, middle weight; Miss Grace Chastain, of Thomasville, 89 feet, unlimited weight.

Sixth event, barrel race: Miss Gladys Butler, nine and four-fifths

## THE PINE BRANCH

seconds; second, Miss Elizabeth Hayes, of Camilla.

Miss Mary Louise Maxwell, of Calvary, made the highest total number of points, 32 1-2; Miss Grace Chastain, of Thomasville, made second place with 24 points, and Miss Doris Fleming, of Baconton, made third place with 22 points. The Phi Kappas won the meet with a total of 215 points, to the Phi Lambda's 58.

The honorary judges for the field day exercises were: President R. H. Powell, Miss Annie Powe Hopper, dean of women; Mrs. A. J. Strickland, Mr. H. Y. Tillman, Mr. J. Y. Blich, Mr. W. E. Thomas, Mr. J. R. Dasher. The active judges were: Mr. W. H. Oliver, Mr. Emmette McRae, Mr. M. E. Herndon, Mr. John Odum, and Mr. Maxwell Oliver.

# SOCIETY NEWS

## THE SORORIAN SOCIETY

The Sororian Literary Society held a program meeting in the lecture room Saturday night, March 24th. At this time the Argonian Literary Society presented a most enjoyable program which was a study of the lives and works of Southern poets.

The program was as follows:

Elizabeth Maddox Roberts: "In the Pulpit," "The Sunday Bonnet," and "In My Pillow"—by Erma Cowart.

Karle Wilson Baker: Selections from "Burning Bush"—by Doris Fleming.

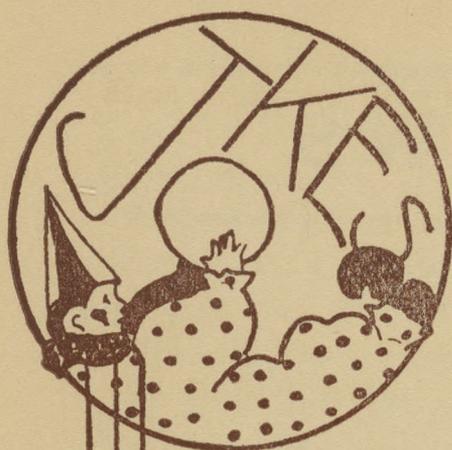
Piano Solo: "Staccato Caprice," by Vogrich—Imogene Baker.

\* \* \*

## ARGONIAN NEWS

The Argonian Literary Society at their last meeting enjoyed an interesting program given by the Sororian Literary Society. The subject was Southern Poets and their works. Studies of Du Bose Heyward, a South Carolina poet, William Alexander Percy, a Mississippi poet, and Cale Young Rice, a Kentucky poet, were made by Misses Evelyn Deariso, Sara Julia Cox, Marjorie Combs, and Janie Coker. Miss Mary Alexander gave a piano solo, "Pierette", by Chaminad.

Much interest is manifested in the Inter-Society Debate.



## JOKES

Rose: "Why are you wearing your stockings 'wrong side out' Farrar?"

Farrar: "'Cause there's a hole in it on the right side."

\* \* \*

Tramp: "Kin I cut your grass for a meal, mum?"

Lady of the house: "Yes, my poor man, but you needn't bother cutting it; you may eat it right off the ground."

\* \* \*

Miss Temple: "Dorothy, why are you late to class?"

Dot Stovall: "Well, I don't know, Miss Temple, but the bell must have rung before I got here."

\* \* \*

Margaret Brabham: "Doris, if I'm studying when you come back in the room, wake me up!"

\* \* \*

Grace: "Is your English teacher strict?"

Madge: "Strict! I'll say so. Why, if you get a period upside down she takes five points off."

\* \* \*

Elinor: "What is your brother in college?"

Elizabeth: "A Halfback."

Elinor: "Oh, I mean in studies."

Elizabeth: "Oh, in studies he's away back."

\* \* \*

Prof.: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Student: "No wonder so many of us flunk our exams."

\* \* \*

A boy and his mother were taking in the circus. Looking at the hippopotamus he said: "Ma, ain't that the ugliest d—thing you ever saw?"

"Billy", said his Ma, "Didn't I tell you never to say 'ain't'?"

\* \* \*

Rebecca Rabun (to friend): "Really good-looking boys are so scarce these days, I think I ought to make mine do another year."

\* \* \*

Miss Hopper: "The Emory College Glee Club vamped me."

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Freshman: "Miss Hopper, you have something in common with us."

\* \* \*

Him: "You look like a sensible girl, let's get married."

Essie Fry: "Nothing doing, I'm just as sensible as I look."

\* \* \*

Teacher: "Surely you know what the word 'mirror' means, Tommy. After you've washed, what do you look at to see if your face is clean?"

Tommy: "The towel!"

\* \* \*

Freshman has novel experience during spring holidays according to news story—"Diving into water car turns turtle."

\* \* \*

Practice teacher: "What is wind, Carl?"

Pupil: "Wind, teacher, is air in a hurry."

\* \* \*

Dr. Bird, at the College Infirmary, after forgetting his patient's name, but not willing to show it, said: "Is your name spelled with 'i' or 'e'?"

College Freshman: "Why doctor, my name is Hill."

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