

THE PINE BRANCH

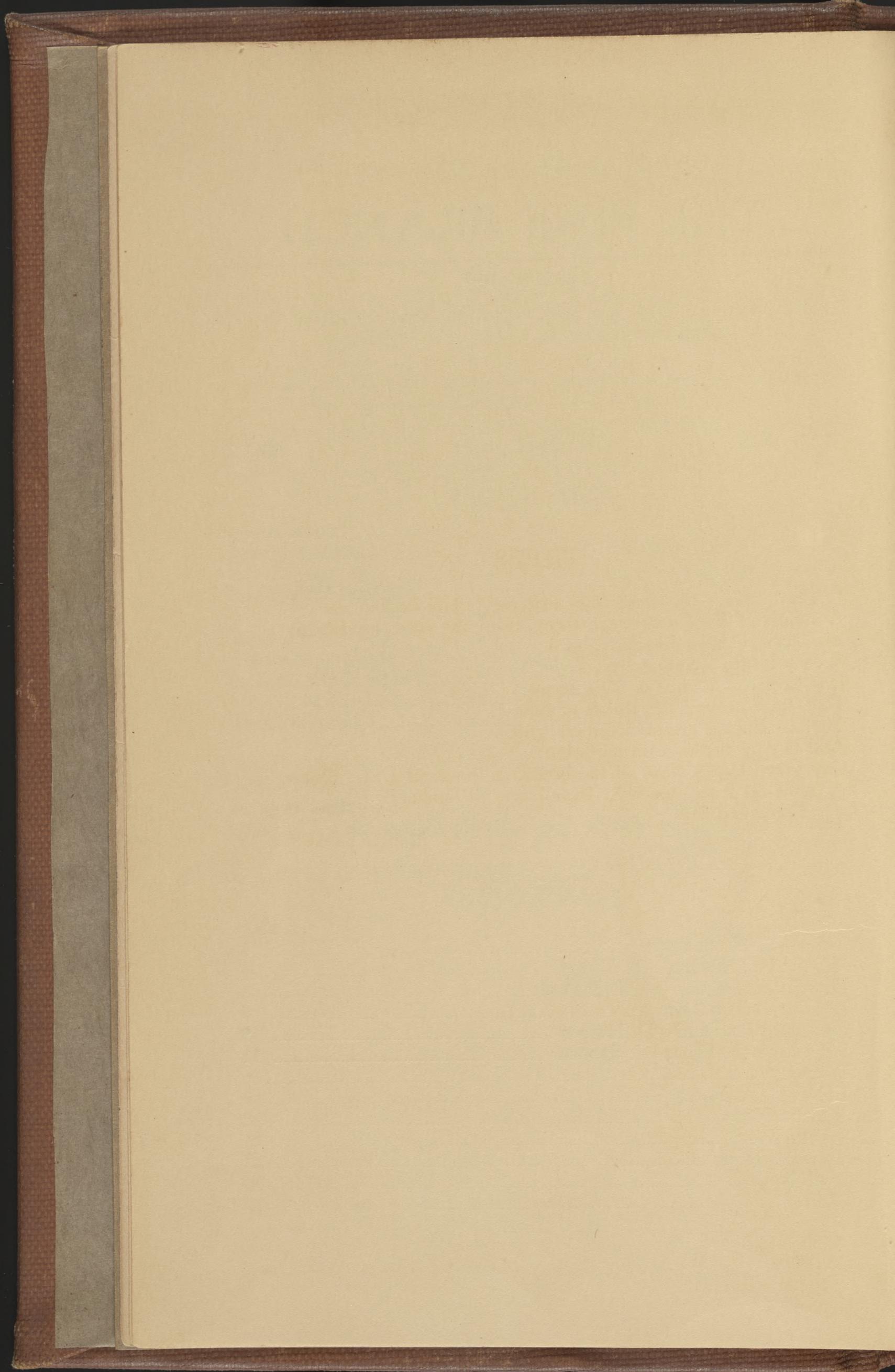


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TREES

In the breeze a thousand trees swaying lightly beckon me;
A thousand Eves now wear their leaves ah—most becomingly!
Eve's bright dress, I've never seen
Such a lilting joyous green.
Her gathered flounce is wide across,
That scarf around her throat is moss,
The murmuring grasses whispers lend,
And beauty rustles with the wind.
Gay green leaves wave in the breeze, a thousand graces beckon me,
A thousand Eves now wear their leaves in Summer's Eden,
Come and See!

M. K. BURROWS.

'TIS THE FAD, MY LAD

Life was never sweeter to a certain young man than on a certain night in June. Even the rebellious cow-lick submitted to a few strokes of the monogrammed silver brushes and to a bit of "Slic-Em-Bac;" his "tux" was comfortable, and self-confidence throbbed in his veins. Strange how that self-confidence, prominent in his university athletics and debates, vanished when he was with Dolly Lockhart and the gang. Why was it that "Peppy" Pennington was always the center of the group, while he, James D. Rockford, III, heir to the Rockford fortune, stood on the outside and looked on. Well anyway, he was the "center of attraction" in Dolly Lockhart's eyes. Of course the crowd invited him to their sports; but even he knew that those week-end parties at Rockmont were the attraction. Peppy who had stopped school before he had completed his freshman year at Tech, was the most popular boy at the social functions.

"Aw, hang Peppy!" James muttered as he closed the handkerchief drawer with a bang.

A glance at a shining black leather case by the French window prevented any further violence, soothed his ruffled feelings, and, once more made life a pleasure. A month ago James had found the key to social success, he recalled as he fingered the gold football on his watch chain.

He and Dolly were sitting in the corner of the Lockhart living-room. James was describing the Bale-Darvard game. Dolly, outwardly, was interested in the clever plays of the Bale team; but inwardly, her mind had wandered to Peppy, who was showing Margaret Simms and the gang the latest step in the Varsity Drag. James perceived this when Dolly murmured, "Oh, Peppy! I am so glad you're on the Bale team."

Dolly had given herself away; James had made a silent resolution to be "the center" of the gang and to win the charming Dolly Lockhart for himself.

Soon James was ready to go to the informal dinner that Dolly was giving for the "set" at her home. The chauffeur had brought his red sport roadster to the drive. James lovingly placed his Morocco case in the car. As he started the motor, he lived again the night when his car had made its debut before his friends.

The crowd had decided to go to the "Love Nest" to dance. He and Peppy had tossed a coin to see which should take Dolly. As usual Peppy won, but Dolly wasn't pleased and when they started for their cars some time later there was James' car. How Dolly had admired his roadster! After the dance all the girls had rushed for

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his car—Dolly had gently, but forcibly said that he was taking her home. The car had caused a "riot" that night, and was still looked upon with favorable eyes.

It was only a fifteen minute drive to Poplar Heights; what a heavenly fifteen minutes! His car rolled to the curb, and he turned off the ignition as one in a dream. Dolly's home was brilliantly lighted; through a window James could see a couple dancing. Yes, that was Madge dancing with Ned, because Madge invariably wore red and invariably danced with Ned. Others were standing in groups.

As he walked toward the house, no "plank-plank" of a uke, no haunting tenor singing the latest sob song, reached his listening ears; things were too quiet.

"Something's wrong! Peppy must have drunk some bad home brew and been knocked out before he could get here," James said to himself. He found pleasure in the very thought of such a catastrophe, and self-confidence surged through his veins faster than ever. He gripped the handle of the leather case tighter.

Dolly was coming to welcome him. She certainly did look stunning in that pink ruffled dress. How could a girl like her find anything in Peppy?

"James, you old dear," she cooed, "we were worried about you. Folks, here's James; he has brought something, too!"

"I brought my sax to play a little aggravating jazz for you," James light-heartedly replied. He had forgotten that there even existed such a lad as Peppy Pennington. "What shall I play?" he asked.

"Sweetheart of Sigma Chi," suggested some of the guests crowding around the piano.

The saxophone had wailed "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" and had just finished the chorus of "Get Out and Get Under the Moon" when dinner was announced. Peppy entered simultaneously with the announcement of dinner. He was the same Peppy, but during the dinner his jokes had lost their savour, for all the ears of the guests were listening to James describe his lessons in learning to play the saxophone by correspondence. Dolly's eyes sparkled with admiration for the new musician.

Dinner over, Dolly suggested an outing at the "Love Nest." Bem-sig's Orchestra was to play, and Peppy admitted he had jazz in his bones.

James led Dolly to his car, and he had turned the ignition when Dolly glanced backward and explained, "Peppy has a new car. It has a rumble seat; Madge and Ned are getting in it. 'Old trump,' I'll be back in a minute; isn't that rumble seat too precious."

A second later the cars drove off. Peppy's new sport roadster

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passed by; Dolly was snuggled beside him; Madge and Ned were in the rumble seat. The cars were gone; James sat very still and looked after the disappearing automobile.

"Aw, what's the use!" he muttered as an irate father came out to ask him where his daughter had gone.

BESSIE YOUNG.

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HOW LYRICS BEGAN

Words are such versatile things; they may be strung like beads, or woven into garlands. Some are heaped into great monuments that stand against the sky, such are the epics and odes; the sonnets are the garlands. Once a poet made a wreath of them and danced all night in the moonlight until he was quite mad. The next day he pressed the wreath between blank pages in a book, and that is the way lyrics began.

How the poet made this wreath is fantastic to relate. That day, he only wanted flower-words; so he searched from the time morning opened her dewy, blue eyes until the moon rose, to find words for his wreath.

For a long time he did not find any flowers; he only found magnificent words, words as tall and stately as pine trees or words as hard as rocks. But he looked carefully, and at the foot of the trees and rocks he found some lovely curving petunia words with honey on their breath.

Oh, that was not all he found; but added to his bouquet were lily-words whose throats were as white and as fragrant as hers, whose was the whitest throat in all the world; and there were morning-glories filled with purple wine. He even found larkspur words, the color of her eyes, and coral poppies and yellow daisies.

By this time the moon was up, and with her white veil cast aside gazed steadily down upon him. The poet bound the wreath together with his thoughts, dancing as he bound them. The moon had made him mad, mad as new love in April, mad as true love in June. On he danced until the petunias had dyed their lips in the morning glory wine and the poppies had kissed the white lily's throat.

He pressed the wreath the next day. Have you never heard of it? The rhythm still dances to a mad tune; animato, allegro, cadenza! Can you see yellow daisies and larkspur with a splash of red? Can you imagine perfume and wine and kisses? That is the way lyrics are made.

M. K. BURROWS.

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EVENING SEA

Tall, shining sails on a golden sea,—
The glittering gold of a pirate's fee.
Jeweled sky of a wine-reddened hue,
Veiling a curving, a scimitar moon.
Shining grey sand, opalescent, reflecting
All of the hues of the sky and the sea.
Foam-ridden breakers, advancing, retreating
Over the glory of sand, to the sea.

LUCILE NIX.

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ON BEING PREPARED

As I opened my umbrella to protect my already sun-burnt skin, the bright sun of the moment before was immediately darkened by a slowly moving cloud. I was pleased to know that, instead of carrying my umbrella open above my head, I now could casually carry it under my arm. Nevertheless, that did not keep me from wondering: why is it that I always have my umbrella, when I do not need it and never have it when I want it most?

That one question aroused a train of thought. Why does my classmate, sitting next to me, always answer the question, when I myself know the answer as well as I know "Baby Ray"? But—what puzzles me—is the thought of why she sits, statue-like, and looks out at the window, when the question asked means no more to me than if it were asked concerning the clothes that the man in the moon may wear on Sunday. Of course, the teacher wants me to answer. It's just the way things happen. I wonder why some one picks me up for a ride, when I'm wearing walking shoes; but, when my heels are at least three inches higher than my toes, I have to walk alone all the way.

Often in daily life, I get ready to do certain things. In many instances, whether I realize it or not, I am checked in my actions by some known or unknown force. This check is sometimes pleasant; sometimes, unpleasant. If I have my umbrella ready to use, and the cloud protects me from the sun, the result is pleasant—of course, unless it should rain. Then, if I am prepared for walking and get a ride, that too is pleasant, for whoever refused a ride—unless she hoped to lose half a pound?

How many times have I drawn my foot, ready to kick a soccer ball across the field! Perhaps, the spectators thought that I had heard some gossip from the side lines, or that I, for fear of hurting my toe, had intentionally let my opponent kick the ball. But—there had been an unpleasant check. These checks often seem to happen when I am in a hurry, especially, when I have only one or two minutes before time to meet my friend. Some one is certain to make a last minute call. She is right about that, because it is my last minute. It's as useless to try to get rid of the visitor as it is to try to make a child eat his all-day sucker without sucking it.

Thus, my actions in life are continually being changed. Of course, at times, these changes are not desired. However, they are like my shadow—not to be evaded, for if I am not following my shadow, then my shadow is following me. What difference does it make?

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In order to be worth while, I must be ready to act, whether I act or not. Then I hope for the best in life, whereas, if I never carry my umbrella and never wear walking shoes, I will soon become tired of my journey in life and be too discouraged to go further.

DOROTHY HARPER.

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JANE PLAYS THE GAME

It was at noon on a hot August day that Jane Hodgson sat motionless on the piano stool where she had finished playing over all the latest jazz music. Her black hair gleamed between the combs that held it for the purpose of making large slanting waves, and her mind was filled with thoughts of the dance that she was to attend that night with Eugene Walker.

Jane was one of the most popular girls in Smithville, and was the only daughter of Dr. Hodgson, which accounted for her much overworked haughtiness. She was allowed to have the things that she wanted, and her wants included petting and humoring. She was always the first to be invited to the dances and the parties of the town, and the frivolous things that Jane Hodgson did were always excused by the fact that she was Dr. Hodgson's daughter.

Jane had graduated from High School the previous June, and plans were being made for her to go away to college the following September. She had flatly refused to go to anything except the most fashionable college. Dr. Hodgson had insisted that his daughter go to a State College two years, and finish the next two years in some society college.

"Father, I can't do that," she said to him one day while they were talking the matter over.

"Everybody here in town expects me to go to some expensive society college, and I wouldn't dare have them be disappointed in me."

"Yes, that is all you boys and girls want, a big time and a big show for yourselves," said Dr. Hodgson after consenting to his daughter's wants.

In spite of the wealth that Dr. Hodgson had accumulated with his practice of medicine, he still held to some of the old ideas and ways of living. He had the money to send his daughter to any college that she wanted to attend, it wasn't that, that worried him.

Jane spent the summer at home, with the exception of a few weeks at some summer resort, riding around in her own sport model Buick which had been a graduating present from her father, and attending every dance and card party. She was envied by all the girls of her age, not because of her unusual type of beauty, but because of her good times and her popularity.

The hot summer days went rushing into fall. Jane was soon to leave for school. Dance after dance was given in her honor.

Jane was the only girl from Smithville who had ever gone north to college, and this naturally made her feel some what above the

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majority of the people in the small town; she felt as if she would be the leader in the northern college in which she was about to be enrolled.

"I can't decide which sorority I want to be a member of," she said to Frances Holder late one afternoon as they rode through the little town of Smithville.

"Are you sure of a bid?" asked Frances.

"Oh dear, of course. I feel quite sure that I'll get two or three bids at least. I think that I shall go Phi Delta. It rates higher than any of the others, and too, all the millionaire girls are Phi Deltas."

Frances knew quite well that Jane Hodgson was no millionaire's daughter, but she said nothing.

Just then Jane stopped in front of Frances' home.

"I'll have to stop you here, Frances," replied Jane. "I'm going over to Manning tonight to a dance, and I hardly have time to dress."

"I hope you have a nice time," Frances said as she closed the car door.

Jane nodded her head with a "Thank you," and was off.

"I wish I could be like Jane," whispered Frances to herself as she picked up the paper which had been left in the swing.

The next two weeks passed and Jane found herself miserably placed in the northern college, for she was not the same Jane Hodgson in the college that she had been in the small town of Smithville. Girls here didn't try to get a chance to walk to classes with her, or to sit by her in chapel like they had done in high school.

The Dean of Women had given her a room with a girl much older than herself, and she was not at all pretty; she didn't have pretty attractive clothes like Jane had, neither was she very popular, she was just one of the girls. Because of all this Jane wouldn't go with her roommate; she was ashamed for the other girls to see whom she had taken for the college pal.

Christmas holidays slowly came and Jane was indeed ready to go home and stay, she had developed an inferiority complex, and had not entered into college life with much interest. She had made no close friends, and not a girl had even mentioned giving her a bid to one of the sororities. Betty Hayes roomed just across the hall from Jane and had taken a greater interest in her than any other girl on the entire campus, and everybody thought a lot of Betty.

It had been raining all of one of the fast approaching holidays, but in spite of it all the sun had found an opening through the dark rolling clouds and was about to set fair when Jane Hodgson flung

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open the door to her room, threw her books on the table, then buried herself among the colored boudoir pillows on her bed.

"I hate myself," she said as she picked up a tiny lavender satin pillow and appeared to be examining it very closely. As she looked at the pillow she wondered what she meant by the words that she had just spoken. She didn't know, but she knew that she was not like the most of the girls and, further more, she was not the girl that she wanted to be.

As she lay on her bed, thoughts of first one kind and then another ran through her mind. The rainy day had had a bad effect on her; and then, being so far away from home, it had all developed into a case of homesickness.

"I wonder if Betty is at home," she said to herself as she rose from her bed, and walked to the dresser. She gave her black hair a stroke with the white ivory comb, then picked up the soft pink powder puff and dusted her white nose hurriedly.

The next few minutes found Jane in Betty's room. Betty sat on the side of her bed embroidering a beautiful luncheon set which she was making for her mother's Christmas present. Jane had curled herself comfortably beside Betty.

"Oh that is perfectly beautiful, Betty," exclaimed Jane as she examined the work closely. "I wish I could do things like that."

"Have you tried?" was Betty's answer.

"Oh, no," replied Betty.

The two girls sat on the side of the bed and discussed one thing after another, Jane usually leading the conversation, because she was anxious to know about so many things.

"Betty, what's wrong with me?" asked Jane after the conversation had ceased, and she sat fingering the loose threads which Betty had placed on the bed for convenience.

"I don't understand you, Jane, what do you mean?" was Betty's reply. "Betty, you see I'm not like other girls. Someway I haven't been able to get into things this year, and I stand out among the other girls as one alone."

Betty asked Jane the same question that she had asked about being able to embroider.

"Have you tried?"

"Well yes, as much as I know how," Jane answered.

"That's your trouble exactly, Jane Hodgson. I have been noticing you all the year. You don't know human nature. When you first entered this college you sat yourself on a pedestal and seemed to say, 'Here I am, girls, I'm to be looked up to.'" As Betty said these last words she placed her sewing aside and turned toward Jane.

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Jane dropped her head and gazed at the floor, she knew that every word Betty had said was true.

"Jane, to be able to be a leader you first have to be a follower. You have to know how to be with people," continued Betty.

Jane at once realized her trouble. It was beginning to dawn upon her that she had started out wrong. She had not tried to know the girls personally, but had left it all for them to do; yet she expected to be classed as one of the most outstanding girls in the northern University.

"Betty, I see my mistake, and I'm going to start all over," Jane said as she rose to leave the room. You have analyzed me, and now I'm going to do the work." As she said these words her eyes filled with tears and she rushed out of the room to keep Betty from seeing her cry.

"I see now why I said what I did before I left my room a few minutes ago. It was because I didn't understand myself and my haughtiness," replied Jane as she again found herself weeping among her fluffy pillows. Betty Hayes had taught her a lesson, and had put her on a quest for college life.

One day as she sat on the small mahogany bench in front of her dressing table making her toilet, she was disturbed by someone rushing into her room. Putting down the large ivory mirror which she held in her hand, she turned around and saw Betty Hayes.

"Oh, Jane, hurry!" exclaimed Betty almost out of breath. Several of us girls have planned to go to the golf course this afternoon and want you to go with us."

Jane was slow about answering Betty.

"Oh yes, I shall be delighted to go with you," she said slowly.

"Fine! I'll come by your room after you about four o'clock," said Betty as she walked from the room.

At four o'clock the girls in their attractive sport clothes left for the golf course which was some distance from the University.

Jane played nine holes that afternoon with Jo Ann Baker who was supposed to be the best player in the group. The girls who were not playing walked the round with Jo Ann and Jane, and among them could be heard such remarks as, "Isn't Jane a good player; Look, her plays are perfectly marvelous."

"Yes, and she has a good hold on her club."

Just as the last hole was reached and Jane had won from Jo Ann, the girls rushed up and congratulated Jane and told her how well she played.

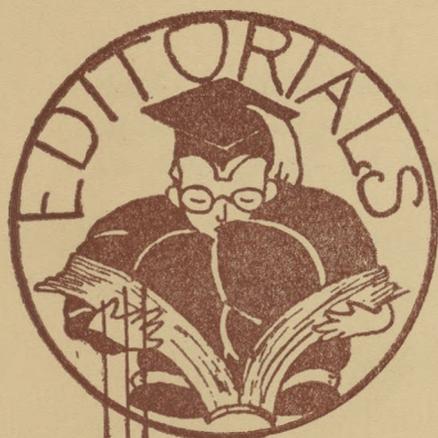
"You're a good player to beat Ole Jo," replied Sara Stanley. "There are few of us who can do that."

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They were beginning to see that there was something to Jane Hodgson after all, besides a pack of haughtiness, she could do things. Jane was beginning to see what Betty had meant by being able to mix with people.

After this outing with a group of the most outstanding girls of the college, Jane Hodgson entered into every extra activity possible and was always the first girl to be invited.

ILA SPOONER.



VALDOSTA—

THE LEADER!

Valdosta, the fountain source in leadership—this was the vision of far-sighted pioneers of the town. This vision was of leadership in education. Since a quarter of a century ago there was no school in South Georgia with a real vision of collegiate standards, these pioneers had for their goal Valdosta as a center of higher education.

Twenty-five years ago these men went to work to bring their vision of educational leadership into reality. Many obstacles were presented, fought, and overcome. It was ten years later that out of this zealous activity came the Georgia State Womans College—the first outward sign of progress towards the realization of an ideal.

This college had to fight against many prejudices and difficulties. There was the superstition concerning the deadly malarial climate of this region. Many people—even in South Georgia—thought that because there never had been a college in South Georgia there never would be one—that old argument of the do-nothing.

At length a building was erected and classes enrolled. Then came the World War, which hindered the progress of the school. Later the slump after the war tended to impede further advancement.

Just as G. S. W. C. was recovering from the effects of these hindrances there came the boll-weevil disaster in South Georgia, which naturally had its effect upon the college.

However, the hope and courage of the school never waivered. The inspiration and faith of those pioneers with vision was ever a guiding light. From only a small beginning and through countless difficulties the Georgia State Womans College has striven until now it has become one of the great colleges of Georgia with the best prospects for growth of any institution in the State. Through the persevering struggles of its president, faculty, and friends it has become recognized as a college with a mission, a place for the training of leaders.

Again men with farsighted vision went to work. A second step in the realization of Valdosta as a fountain source of leadership was

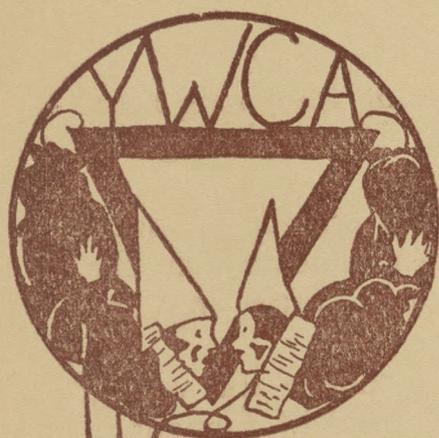
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to be made in the establishment of a place of training for young men. This forward step was the opening of Emory Junior College in Valdosta.

At the opening exercises of this new college many friends extended their congratulations, but none was more hearty and sincere than the Georgia State Womans College who welcomes her "little brother" into her midst.

Now with a college for young women and a college for young men Valdosta has begun to attain the vision and ideal of farsighted pioneers—Valdosta, the fountain source in leadership.

LOUISE FORBES.



"Not by might, nor by power, but by
my spirit, sayeth the Lord of Hosts."
—Zech. 4:6.

—o—

Probably the first work done each fall by our college organizations is done by the Y. W. C. A. On Saturday and Sunday before school opened this year, the Y. W. C. A. cabinet gathered on the campus and went to work. Sunday afternoon and Monday, they worked as reception committees for the Freshmen—both on the campus and at railway stations. Monday night, Freshman thoughts were kept from turning homeward by step-singing. New songs were learned and snappy yells given.

Tuesday was registration day for the Freshmen and the cabinet became an information bureau. That night, there were games in front of Converse Hall and at a later hour, dancing in the Gym. This was the second night from home and Freshman faces were looking sad until the cabinet members went visiting and played practical jokes to make "the little ones" forget.

Wednesday brought the old students, and what fun the cabinet had meeting them and finding their "Little Sisters."

On September 15th, the Y. W. C. A. entertained with the annual "Big-Little Sister Party." Miss Myrtle Vick, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, was in charge. She divided the company into "rainbow divisions" according to the color of their dresses. Then each group gave a stunt. These stunts proved most interesting. Attractive prizes were awarded for the best stunts and the best color arrangements. Refreshments were served and the rest of the evening was spent in dancing.

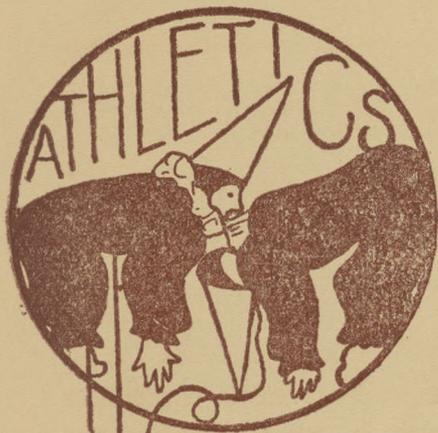
The Vesper service for the second Sunday night included the play, "Pygmalion and Galatea." This was directed by Miss Rose Morrison, who played the part of Pygmalion. In the other leading parts, Miss Florence Breen was lovely as the statue, "Galatea," and Miss Verna Scarborough represented the "Spirit of The Y. W. C. A." This was thoroughly enjoyed by the entire student body.

Another interesting feature of the Vesper services was a talk given by Miss Martha Youngblood on the subject: "Is Campus Popularity Worthwhile?"

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During the third week of school, the Y. W. C. A. very fittingly opened the clubhouse season by giving two informal teas for the Freshmen. At these teas, an attempt was made to explain the work and purpose of the Y. W. C. A. and to bring the Freshmen into closer sympathy with this organization.

This year the Y. W. C. A. has combined "Country Store" with a book store. It is located in Converse Hall, and has been nicknamed "The Y". This is conducted by Miss Cora Burghard, Miss Ila Spooner, and Miss Lillian Hopper. It is quite popular with the girls, and promises to be an asset to the Y. W. C. A.



KAPPA-LAMBDA NEWS

The two Athletic Associations started the year with a snappy "get off" on Saturday evening, September 29, when they sponsored a "manless" dance. The faculty and entire student body were invited.

The dining hall was very collegiate in appearance with its penants, pillows, and association colors. The purple and red balloons added much to the festivity of the occasion.

A number of social dances and the Virginia Reel to the accompaniment of the "Valdosta Five" were enjoyed by all. The guests were divided into six groups which contested against each other in games, stunts, and races. The winning group was presented with a handsome loving cup.

At the close of the dance each new girl received a bid to one or the other of the Athletic Associations. Each of the Associations was given the floor in turn, the Kappas featured a grand march and the Lambdas joined together in a snake dance.

The dance was concluded with a no-break waltz to the refrain of "Home Sweet Home."

If the enthusiasm and pep manifested at the dance continues throughout the year, the Athletic Associations will have a very successful year.

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SOCIETY NEWS

ARGONIAN NEWS

The first meeting of the Argonian Literary Society of the year 1928-29 was held Saturday evening, October 6. The new members were initiated, and new and old members given a cordial welcome by the President, Miss Margaret Bullock, of Nashville, Georgia.

The new members are: Miss Elizabeth Cox, Waycross, who was a student at the Womans College at Montgomery last year; Miss Frances Hughes, Glenville, a former student at Andrew College; Misses Elva Ward and Beatrice Roberts, Donaldsonville, who come to us from Bessie Tift; Miss Bernice Jones, Blackshear, Asbury College; Miss Lily Dolvin, Siloam, former student at Greens College, and Miss Alice Hicks, Metcalf, who was a student at Wesleyan last year.

Miss Marguerite Langdale, Chairman of the Program Committee, was in charge of the program, which was very interesting. The program was as follows:

1. Vocal Solo: "Lullaby" by Cyril Scott—Dorothy Dasher.
2. Reading: "Regeneration"—Katherine Harrison.
3. Essay: "Milestones"—Edna Shadrick.
4. Piano Solos: "Valse Caprice" by Newland, and the "Norwegian Bridal Procession" by Greig—Eunice Brinson.

Miss Langdale also gave a brief outline of the program for the year, which will be in a study of Modern Drama, Music, Literature, and Dancing.

SORORIAN NEWS

The first meeting of the Sororian Literary Society was held October 6, 1928, in the rotunda of Ashley Hall. The assembly was called to order by the President, Miss Lile, New Philadelphia, Ohio, and the minutes were read by the Secretary, Miss Caroline Parrish.

Following this, a very short, but enjoyable program was given. The first number was "Silvia," a solo sung by Miss Mary Frances Robertson, accompanied by Miss Catherine Davies. Two readings, "A Dutchman's View of Life" and "A Broken-hearted Dutchman," were given in a most interesting manner by Miss Louise McMichael.

For the benefit of the new members, the constitution of the society

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was read by the president, who immediately took charge of the initiation.

Miss Bruce, Chairman of the Program Committee, was given an opportunity to discuss the plan of the programs for the coming year. Also, Miss Forbes, who is editor of the Pine Branch, made an urgent appeal to the members, especially Freshmen, to support the society in the approaching campaign of the college magazine.

ALUMNAE NEWS

Most of the news that we have been able to gather about all of you has been from the papers. For this reason we have heard from only those of you who have done something notable like getting married or being elected to public office. Perhaps some of you others have done something which, although not remarkable enough to get into the papers, is of interest to those of us who remember you and still think fondly of the days when we were here together. Come on; let's get re-acquainted.

* * *

WE READ IN THE PAPER THAT:

Grace Buie, A. B. '25, was married in Florence, South Carolina, on September the seventh, to Robert Harris Yancey, of South Hill, Virginia.

* * *

Mattie Stipe, of the class of '22, was married in August to Russell B. Booth, of Girard, Georgia.

* * *

The wedding of Edna Cockfield, of the '24 class, and John Alfred Holder, of Jacksonville, Florida, was solemnized at her home in Waycross, on the twelfth of August.

* * *

Elizabeth Livingston, of the class of '24, was married on July the eighteenth, to David Ratcliffe. Her new address is 35 West Fifth Street, Jacksonville, Florida.

* * *

Velma Sirmans, of the class of '28, was married in August to J. L. Potter, of Green Cove Springs, Florida.

* * *

Anne Mardre, of the class of '28, was married to Hull Searcy, of Thomasville. At her wedding, which was solemnized at her home at Greenwood, near Thomasville, there were present Sara Mardre, of the class of '25; Agnes King, of the class of '26; and Frances Myrick, of the class of '26. Agnes is living in Waycross, and Frances in Tallahassee, Florida.

* * *

Ilene Adams, of the class of '23, was married to E. P. Bowen, of Tifton, Georgia.

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Tillie Ivey, of the class of '26, was married in July, to Robert W. Chance, of Waynesboro, Georgia.

* * *

Evelyn Purcell, of the class of '26, was elected superintendent of the Wayne County schools to succeed her father. Evelyn is the youngest county school superintendent in the state, and is also the first woman in Wayne county to hold a public office.

* * *

Helen Youngblood, of the class of '26, was married on June the twenty-first to Ronald G. Cotton, of White Plains, New York.

* * *

Emma Sue Morris, Mrs. L. J. King, of the class of '17, is living in Valdosta, and is secretary at the Emory Junior College there.

* * *

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

* * *

Georgia Littlefield, of the class of '27, was married on the sixth of June, to James Holland Brown. She is now living in Folkston.

* * *

WE HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT:

Miriam Stokes Williams, of the class of '25, is teaching the third grade in Waters Avenue School, in Savannah.

* * *

Irene Kingery, of the '25 class, was in Macon during the summer taking a business course there.

* * *

Ruth Harrell Ellis, of the class of '21, after a summer course at Peabody, where she received her A. B. degree, is again teaching in the Savannah schools.

* * *

Altha Mae Strickland, of the class of '26⁵, is teaching music in Savannah. Her address is 1919 Bull street.

* * *

Nellie Bracey, A. B. '27, is again teaching the first grade in Greenville, South Carolina.

* * *

Christine Meadows, A. B. '27, is again teaching in Jonesboro, North Carolina.

* * *

Sara Mandeville, A. B. '27, is teaching English in the high school at Jesup.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Sara Thomas, A. B. '27, after a summer at the University of Georgia, is teaching home economics at Jesup.

* * *

Lucile Dowling, A. B. '27, is teaching English in the high school at Empire, Georgia.

* * *

THOSE WHO HAVE RETURNED TO THE COLLEGE THIS YEAR, ARE:

Edith Patterson, of the class of '18, Librarian.

* * *

Verna Scarborough, A. B. '26, after receiving her M. A. in religious education, is back at G. S. W. C. as Assistant to the Dean of Women and Director of Religious Activities.

* * *

Augusta Rentz, of the class of '23, Secretary to the President.

* * *

Florence Breen, A. B. '27, Assistant to the Dean of Women.

* * *

Martha Youngblood, A. B. '26, Instructor in French.

* * *

In the Junior Class there are the following alumnae members: Mary Alexander, Ferda Bruce, Evelyn Blanton, Nell Crocker, Evelyn Deariso, Dorothy Harper, Louise Holcombe, Catherine McRee, Ruth Norman, Blanche Prescott, Mary Frances Robertson, Katherine Sawyer, Hazel Taylor, Lucile Wood, all of the class of '28.

* * *

We are glad to welcome back into the College as a member of the Junior Class, C. B. Sharpe, of the class of '21.

* * *

Maye de Lois Summerlin, who entered the Junior Class at the beginning of the semester, was obliged by illness to return to her home. We hope, however, that she will be back with us at the beginning of the spring semester.

* * *

In the Senior Class there are the following alumnae members: Margaret Bradley, Cora Burghard, Iva Chandler, Eunice Chute, Dorothy Dasher, Hazel Donahue, Mary Eva Fambrough, Catherine Giddens, Virginia Hightower, Helen Hightower, Annette Isbell, Mildred Larsen, Margaret Lawson, Catherine Lee, Mary Louise Maxwell, Helen Ryon, Bessie Young, Mary Stewart, Lucile Nix, and Marguerite Ford.

LOCALS

The College campus was the scene of great activity during the opening week of school.

The Freshmen girls started their college life at the moment they stepped from the trains into the presence of a committee of old girls appointed to take care of the new members.

Following the two days of registration, in which time the students were also getting acquainted with dormitory customs, the worthy seniors started their ever ready initiations. The initiation this year manifested itself in the wearing of baby caps and carrying a baby's bottle.

After the initiation and registration of old and new students were over, the life of the college began to settle more into its usual routine, and at present everything is beginning to move in the accustomed way.

* * *

The Faculty reception of the College was held on Saturday evening, September the twenty-first, in the rotunda of Ashley Hall.

The faculty reception has always been one of the most important and most beautiful of all the social features taking place at the College, and this year it exceeded all previous years.

The guests were received in the rotunda by Doctor and Mrs. Powell, Miss Hopper, and Mr. and Mrs. Wood. Other members of the faculty were arranged in informal groups to meet the students.

After the guests had arrived, they were entertained by the following program:

"Who Is Sylvia", (Schubert); "La Donna E. Mobile", (Verdi)—James A. Dasher.

Dance—Elizabeth McRee.

"Gypsy Serenade," (Valdez); "Liebesfreud," (Kreisler)—Francis B. Pardee.

"Ouvre Tes Yeux Blues," (Massenet); "I Hear a Lark at Dawn," (Krieus)—Alimae Temple.

"Jim Cranks the Ford"—Louise A. Sawyer.

Duet: "The Secret" (Scott)—Miss Temple, Mr. Dasher.

Accompanist—Gladys E. Warren.

Following the program, everyone enjoyed promenading. Music

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

was furnished during the evening by Miss Ora Johnson with the violin, and Miss Marguerite Parker at the piano.

An ice course was served during the evening which further carried out the color scheme of orange and green.

This reception is conceded to have been one of the prettiest and most enjoyable events in the history of the College.

* * *

The Valdosta Club held its first meeting in the form of a lovely tea in the rotunda of Ashley Hall on Tuesday afternoon, September the fifteenth.

The tea was for the purpose of giving the new girls an idea of the activity of this organization and of allowing those who wished to join.

A short play, "The Gathering of the Nuts," was presented by Miss Dorothy Stroud. Miss Mary Elizabeth Boyd gave a reading, "Here Comes the Bride."

After the program, Miss Margaret Bradley, President of the club, and Miss Hopper, faculty adviser of the club, outlined the general plan of the year's work.



Soph: Freshman, get on that dime!
Now you are a standing ad for Wool-
worth's. "Nothing over ten cents."

* * *

President: "Have you any immoral
books in the library?"

Librarian: "Sorry, sir, you'll have to
wait until the faculty finishes censoring
them."

* * *

Miss Gilmer (In English Class): "For tomorrow, take
the life of Burke."

Voice from the rear: "How?"

* * *

Miss Brinson (In History Class): "Give an account
of Lindbergh's feat."

Freshie Frosh: "Never saw them, but I can describe
Charlie Chaplin's."

* * *

Didja hear about our absent-minded professor who thot
he'd left his watch at home, and then took it out to see
if he had time to go back and get it?

* * *

Miss Campbell (In Intelligence Test): "How many
make a million?"

Frosh: "Not many."

* * *

"Little Bow Peep," said the violinist, as he drew his
bow across his fiddle.

* * *

Mr. Henderson: "Aren't you worried about the ten dollars you
owe us?"

Student: "Heck, No! What's the use of both of us worrying
about it?"

THE GEORGIA STATE WOMANS COLLEGE

WISHES TO USE THIS PAGE IN THIS ISSUE OF THE PINE BRANCH TO EXTEND ITS GREETINGS TO ALL HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS AND TO WISH THEM A HAPPY AND SUCCESSFUL YEAR.

IT WISHES TO URGE UPON ALL, THE IMPORTANCE OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION AND OF BEGINNING NOW TO GET READY TO ATTEND COLLEGE NEXT FALL.

AND FINALLY, THE COLLEGE WISHES TO INVITE THE YOUNG LADIES WHO HAVE AMBITION TO BE LEADERS, TO ENTER ITS CLASSES NEXT FALL TO PREPARE FOR SUCH LEADERSHIP. THE BUSINESS OF THE STATE'S WOMAN'S COLLEGE IS TO PREPARE YOUNG WOMEN FOR LEADERSHIP IN WOMAN'S SPHERES IN THE STATE. THE COLLEGE IS MODERN AND PROGRESSIVE IN EVERY WAY.

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