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A Greeting From the President

Young Ladies of the Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta, a new year has opened for us under most encouraging auspices. Our enrollment has greatly increased, our halls are filled with excellently prepared students, the high standard of work done by the College in former years has been recognized by the General Assembly of Georgia in changing our name more perfectly to fit the nature of our work.

A womans college this has been from the beginning—in purpose, in plan, in spirit and in actual attainment.

A College it has been and is—not a University, not a technical school (except as education is a technical subject); and so its aim has been character and culture and social efficiency rather than research or industrial skill.

A Womans College it has been and is—a College for the education of women that really believes in woman and makes no scorn to educate women to lead women's lives centered in women's interests, according to women's ideals of honor and purity and social grace and charm.

Ten years ago the College was a tract of land, a plan, a hope and a faith. Today it is a beautiful campus, a group of beautiful and well equipped buildings, an excellent faculty, a large number of loyal and honored alumnae, the same plan and hope and faith, and—you.

I invite you to take your place beside the goodly company of those who have brought these things to pass, to dedicate your hearts and hands to realizing in yourselves and in the College more fully than ever before its often stated ideal—the ideal of the best Southern womanhood, with all that ideal implies of purity and honor and fineness, of culture and grace and feminine charm and of that large usefulness to which all good women aspire.

Faithfully yours,

R. H. POWELL, President.

THE PINE BRANCH

Issued Monthly. 17

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THE STAFF

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Two Sonnets of the Georgia State Womans College

---S. G. S. N. C.

When first the plan was made there was but hope
To keep the candle burning—light the fire
Of vision, flaming into pure desire
For its fulfillment. Strong hands, meant to cope
With difficulties, built a house. As rope
May follow silken thread, itself draw higher
The cable's length, or notes upon a lyre
In sweet succession fall,—so followed hope,
The house, the girls with high young hearts. O bless
Each stick and stone! each tool, each hand and name
That made you first in love and kindliness;
That set the seal of worth above mere fame;
That bids each daughter keep no more, no less,
Than faith with those who went before she came.

II---G. S. W. C.

You've grown until a new name came for you. . .
The name I used to love still whispers soft
Upon my lips, a keep-sake in the loft
Of mem'ry. . . When I think how very few
The years have been, I marvel that you do
So much; but, looking down the years, full oft
I see you stand complete—each tree and croft,
Each arch and doorway,—ev'ry line as true
As Beauty's own. I see your walks and ways
Gay with the glow of youth, yet thronged with those
Who, passed before, have left you of their days
A spirit presence—fragrance of the rose,
Remembered, though new roses o'er it raise. . .
A river seeking sea-ward onward flows.

Helen Allen, '21.

The Story Teller

The day was hot and dry. The sun beat mercilessly down on the sleepy little village of Brownsville. Here and there in the parched grass, a solitary chicken wandered aimlessly about, vaguely seeking some shady place where it might be cooler. A cow, standing in the shade of a nearby tree, slowly brushed the troublesome flies away with her tail. Several little pigs were running about in search of acorns, regardless of the heat.

In all of the kitchens of the town, women were working busily, for tomorrow was the day for the event most looked forward to during the whole year—the annual picnic of the one church in Brownsville. Cakes, pies, chickens, were being cooked; choicest pickles and preserves were brought forth from cellars and pantries; potatoes were being prepared for the salad, and many other things were being done to make the picnic the greatest success possible.

Uncle Joe Turner, seated with the back of his cane bottomed chair resting against the side of the village drug store, pulled out his handkerchief, which had evidently seen much service during the day, and mopped his forehead dejectedly. This failing to cool him, he pulled off his old straw hat in order that some chance breeze might blow through his gray locks, and rolled his shirt sleeves a little higher.

"Phew!" he exclaimed, looking compassionately at the small, dirty little dog that lay panting by the side of his chair, "But it aint the heat that's the wust, Belshazzer. Now what ch' know about this—here I wuz—the best storyteller in these parts, and all the children—and all the grown-ups too, fer that matter, all come to hear me tell my 'speriences 'round Petersburg 'n' Bull's Run 'n' all, and here comes that young upstart, Bill Smith, home from over thar in Europe or France or somewhere, and immejiately they all fergit there ever wuz a war between the States, and all gallivant off ter hear him tell about what happened ter him "over thar!" Now—

"Hello, Uncle Joe! What ch' talkin' so loud about?" enquired an overall clad individual, evidently station master, sauntering over from the depot. Then, without waiting for a reply, "Say, come on, young Bill Smith's down here at

The Pine Branch

Tom Bright's store, tellin' the folks about how he—"

But he got no further, for Uncle Joe, rising with an expression of pain, said, "No, I feel a pain a comin' on in my jints, and I reckon as how I'd better get along to'ds home 'fore it gets too bad. But," he continued, craftily watching the other man's face, "I hear that young Smith is a pow'ful good story teller."

"He sure is, Uncle Joe. He's the best in these parts," was the answer, as the station master turned away, unconscious of the jab he had given the old man.

"The best in these parts, huh!" muttered Uncle Joe to himself. "Well, he may be now, but some day I'm going to get my place back!"

With the dawn of the next day the village was astir with housewives packing into baskets the goodies which they had prepared; children chattering gaily and excitedly, and constantly getting in the way in their eagerness to help; men getting together lemons, ice, barrels and whatever else seemed likely to be needed in making the lemonade, without which no picnic would be a success.

At last everything was ready and everybody piled merrily into the straw-filled wagons which were to take them to Jones' pond for the day. Uncle Joe, apparently entirely recovered from his "pain in the jints," was in the crowd, happy for the time because everyone was so excited over his own present experiences that he had no time to listen to any past experiences of anyone — not even those of Bill Smith.

As the wagons rolled along, fond mothers, in between their bits of neighborly gossip, cautioned their children against getting too near the water, climbing the trees, and going into the nearby pasture where the Greens kept their cattle.

The pond was reached all too soon, the morning flew quickly by, and after what everybody declared was "the best picnic dinner ever eaten," the picnickers separated into various groups and couples, smoking, gossiping, playing, strolling about, and exploring, according to their age, sex and inclinations.

Uncle Joe sat with some of the older men of the town

The Story Teller

underneath a tree, enjoying his cob pipe and talking lazily of the crops, the weather, the probability of a rain, and of the other subjects which usually engage a farmer's attention.

Bill Smith, with a party of the young men, had gone over into the forbidden pasture to "explore" again ground which they had explored before many times, and to prove their courage to the young ladies of the party by hunting the bull, which was known all over the country side as a dangerous animal.

The insects were droning lazily, and perhaps through their influence, and that of the heat, conversation lagged among the various groups sitting about, or lying about on the grass. Uncle Joe himself was about half asleep when suddenly he heard one of the younger boys, who had been engaged in a game of mumblepeg, cry out "Look!"

Immediately all eyes were turned in the direction in which the child was pointing. There racing across the field, with the bull far behind, but gaining every minute, was the exploring party, running as if in a race, as indeed they were. As they neared the fence everyone saw that they would have time to get through the gate, and several men ran to open it, but Uncle Joe was nearest it, and reached it first. As he opened it the boys came through helter-skelter, with Bill Smith in the lead, a band of would-be heroes returning in defeat from the field.

As soon as they saw that the boys were safe, and the bull was on the other side of a fence strong enough to hold him in, the crowd began to see the humorous side of the affair, and proceeded to tease the boys unmercifully.

"Say, do y'all know what you put me in mind of?" drawled Uncle Joe, looking about the crowd hopefully, and winking at young Bill Smith. "Wal, Bull Run—you might 'er called it a kind 'er Bull Run."

The crowd roared with laughter; and Bill Smith, anxious to turn the public attention from his recent "bull run" to a less embarrassing subject, called out eagerly,

"Yes, tell us all about that battle, Uncle Joe!"

This call was taken up by the children, who were always eager for a story, and several of the men also called out,

The Pine Branch

"Yes, tell us, Uncle Joe!"

"Wal, it was this way," began the old veteran, as he shifted himself to a more comfortable position, and gazed about into the faces all around him. "You see, we."

And in his heart there was perfect peace and good-will toward all men. Had he not been asked to tell one of his beloved stories, and—added bliss—was not Bill Smith the one who had asked him to tell it? All the bitterness and rancor of the past weeks passed away, leaving a thoroughly contented old man telling again the stories of what "we 'rebels' done to the Yank in the war between the States."

Martha Youngblood.

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Solemn Reflections of a Sophomore

I met a maid, a lovely maid,
With hair of golden hue.
Her skin was of the fairest fair,
Her eyes of deepest blue.

So charming did this maid appear
She won my admiration
And naturally I thought it wise
To start a conversation.

I found that she could talk, all right,
Her tongue seemed very free;
But if she said one thing worth while
'Twas more than I could see!

I thought we'd talk of current news,
But soon I changed my mind—
It seemed that with her reading
She was rather far behind.

I asked about the magazine
That there beside her lay,
But when I saw the cover—
It was just a Photo-Play.

She gushed about the latest jazz—
Of Rudolph's loving eyes.
She knew, in fact, a lot of things
Both wise and otherwise.

So now I think the moral
I surely need not name,
But what's the need of study—
When you get there just the same?
Eppie Roberson.

An Intercepted Letter

Georgia State Womans College,
Valdosta, Georgia,
September 15, 1922.

Dearest Elise:

After all the days we've spent in school together it surely seems queer to be studying without you. I am trying faithfully to fulfill my promise of telling you all about the school. Although I haven't been here much over a week no one could pay me to leave, and you know how much I didn't want to come.

When I first got off the train I just began to realize that I was to be away from home, oh, for just ages. My, how I wished I were back in Savannah! But when we drove up to the college, the buildings were so pretty my curiosity was aroused enough to want to go inside, at any rate. When we were shown inside, the very coziness and home-likeness of the rotunda made me feel as if I'd like to try school for at least a while. The rotunda is about forty feet square and a most charming room. The mission wainscoating adds much to its beauty, and at each end is a large fireplace. You can imagine how comfortable and cozy it would be in winter with a fire in each. The furniture is all of wicker. Oh, yes, I mustn't forget the grand piano which is used at the Y. W. C. A. meetings.

Well, Elise, I must confess when I first saw my room I wanted to take the next train to Savannah. It was so bare looking with nothing except the furniture. But now since we've unpacked and put everything in place, I think it's the dearest room one could desire.

The one thing which impressed me more than anything else since I've been here is the spirit of good fellowship the old girls show toward the new. All of the girls are so congenial toward each other. I had always thought that the first two or three weeks were spent in tears, but the first week is hardly over and honestly I've seen very few tears. It is most certainly because the old girls try to cheer up the new girls as much as possible, and are always ready to help them in any way they can.

Perhaps the Y. W. C. A. has more to do in creating the

An Intercepted Letter

spirit of good fellowship than any other organization. All of the religious and much of the social life of the school is centered in the Y. W. C. A. Already this organization has started working, having vesper services two or three times. I've heard so much about this organization that I'm real anxious to become a member and help in the splendid work which they are doing; for I'm sure it will be interesting and helpful as well as enjoyable.

I mustn't forget to say a word about the teachers. The president and all of the faculty are so willing to help do anything to make the work pleasanter and more helpful.

Really, dear, I hope I've said enough. Haven't I convinced you that this is the school in which you'd be the happiest? Honestly, I know you couldn't find one anywhere in which the home life is better or the instruction better. Even though school has begun I hope you'll pack up and come right along. It's not too late now to catch up with your lessons. So I shall be looking for you in a few days.

Love,

Ruth.

Ruth Folger, '24.

STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE ARE REQUESTED TO BUY
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We are now facing the beginning of another year, which means, of course, the beginning of another Pine Branch. We never know at the beginning of anything just what awaits us, but we do know that the coming year is bound to bring forth countless hopes, fears, joys and sorrows, of which we naturally expect the Pine Branch to receive its full share. Nevertheless, we believe this year is going to be the best that the college has ever known, and the same holds true of the Pine Branch.

The policy of our magazine for the coming year is practically the same that it has always been, the only difference being that we expect to strive harder than all of our previous hard-strivers, to carry out more efficiently every purpose of the magazine. With this in view, we naturally look forward to a great year in the history of the Pine Branch.

It is our aim to portray as nearly as possible the spirit of our college. We want our magazine to show exactly what we are, and what we stand for. In order to do this, we not only expect to publish articles showing us in a serious and studious state of mind, but we shall always tell something of our fun and frolic. No doubt we will oft-times have side by side a dignified philosophical writing and an account of some humorous party or festival—all of which, of course, goes to make up the life of a girl.

We want the Pine Branch to act as a mouthpiece—an absolute essential in a female school—for the literary phase

Editorial

of our school life, and by so doing, reflect the purposes and accomplishments of all of our literary work.

We expect to publish all news of general interest to the school. This, we naturally expect to be the easiest part of our work because we are constantly supplied with news of all varieties.

We are especially anxious to keep in touch with our alumnae, and to publish any news concerning them. Accounts of any marriages, divorces or births will be gladly received at any time. In this issue we are happy to announce the arrival of Miss Barker, daughter of Mrs. Frances Kaylor Barker. Such news is encouraging, because we see in her a prospective student for the Georgia State Womans College. We would also appreciate, at any time, literary contributions from our alumnae. Out of the vast number of our earlier philosophers, poetesses, essayists, etc., surely we have some who have neither lost their talent nor forgotten the Pine Branch. We were exceedingly glad to receive a contribution from Miss Helen Allen for this issue of our magazine.

We bespeak the cordial co-operation of all the forces of the college.

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Y. W. C. A.



"The Young Women's Christian Association of the Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta, affirming the Christian faith in God the Father, and in Jesus Christ, His Only Son, our Lord and Savior; and in the Holy Spirit, the Revealer of truth and Source of power for life and service, according to the teachings of the Holy Scripture and the witness of the church, declares its purpose to be—

1. To lead students to faith in God through Jesus Christ;
2. To lead them into membership and service in the Christian church;
3. To promote their growth in Christian faith and character, especially through the study of the Bible;
4. To influence them to devote themselves in united efforts with all Christians to making the will of Christ effective in human society, and to extending the Kingdom of God throughout the world."

With such a purpose as this, we hope to make the World Y. W. C. A. movement more real to the whole membership of our own association; to prepare our members for active Christian citizenship and service; and to seek to develop a spirit of initiative and a greater sense of responsibility among our college women.

We expect to exert our influence in the interests of a higher standard of friendship and democracy in our school, to uphold the work of the Dean of Women, to co-operate with the Student Government, to eliminate pernicious campus gossip, and to stand for a higher standard of honor in both social obligations and class-room relations.

Verna Scarborough.

Great enthusiasm is being shown by the girls in regard to the Y. W. C. A. work for 1922-23. Already a large per cent of the students have enrolled as members of the Y. W. C. A. for the coming year.

The members of the cabinet came back early in order to welcome the new girls and to help them become established in their new home. Each train was met by members of

Eleven

Y. W. C. A.

the Y. W. C. A., who took charge of trunk checks and escorted the girls to the college.

On Wednesday evening, September 6, there was an informal meeting of both old and new students in the rotunda. President Powell was present and gave a very delightful, as well as helpful, talk on the standards of the college and the high ideals desired in the students.

After supper on the following evening the students gathered on the lawn for a social hour. An impromptu program was given—volunteer readings and group singing—after which several games were played in the moonlight.

The annual first Saturday evening hike proved to be a very happy occasion. After a brisk walk, the hike terminated on the lawn of the home of the president, where Mr. and Mrs. Powell marveled at the rapid disappearance of two bushels of cookies and ten gallons of lemonade. During the repast there were impromptu readings and songs, after which the girls came back home to bed and happy dreams.

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Miss Annie Powe Hopper is now the "First Lady of the College," having succeeded Miss Gallaher, who has been granted a leave of absence. Miss Hopper was formerly matron of Dormitory No. 1, where she was loved by all the girls, but in her present capacity the whole student body has had occasion to really know her better. She has already won the love of all the new girls because of the patient, helpful way she has dealt with them in getting adjusted to the proverbial "regulations." Miss Hopper has the cooperation of the entire student body in her efforts to make our dormitory life more nearly approach the atmosphere of "home." Great enthusiasm is being shown toward making this the happiest year in the history of the college.

One of the most delightful events of college life is the opening day, when there is the all-pervading excitement of friends meeting with friends; teachers with students. But of the chaos comes a feeling of sadness as we miss those of our beloved teachers who did not come back to us. We feel that our loss is great, but those who have come to take their places are indeed valuable members of the college faculty.

Professor and Mrs. Green come to us from Gibson-Mercer College, Bowman, Ga. Mr. Green is at the head of the department of mathematics, and Mrs. Green is matron of Dormitory No. 1.

Miss Nettie Wysor, of Dublin, Ga., is teacher of Latin and French.

Miss Wilma Houston, of Jasper, Tenn., is teacher of physical education and director of that department.

Miss Margaret Strunk, of Lowell, Mass., is teacher of voca lexpession and director of that department.

Miss E. Camm Campbell, of Statesville, N. C., and Miss Marjorie Abernathy, of Nashville, Tenn., are critic teachers

Locals

in the training school.

We are glad to have back with us Miss Frances Ruth Carpenter. She has been away during 1921 and 1922 on a leave of absence.

There were seven graduates of the college who came back this year to work for their degree. Out of the class of 1922 were: Misses Mary Cobb, Whigham, Ga.; Willie Mae Matthews, McClenny, Fla.; Chloe Ivey and Henrilu Ivey, both of Valdosta. From the class of 1921 were Misses Mildred Price, Marion, Ohio; Lois O'Quinn, Odum, Ga., and Alma Thompson, of Odum, Ga.

Faculty Reception.

The most delightful affair of the season was the reception given by the faculty to the students of the college in the rotunda, Saturday evening, September 16th.

Get-acquainted proms were enjoyed for the first hour, during which time punch was served. A very interesting program was given, in which Miss Alma Thompson thrilled her audience with appropriate vocal selections. A reading by Miss Strunk was an enjoyable feature, and Mr. Poston, in his usual original manner, gave the most unusual act, wherein our dignified teachers were called upon to amuse the students in the most ludicrous of roles.

After the program ice cream and cake were served. The students extend to the faculty their appreciation for a very happy evening.

A recent card from Miss Morris shows her enjoying her leave of absence in Europe.

The secret is out that Miss Mendelsohn's leave of absence is about to culminate in matrimony.

Mr. H. T. Shanks will be at the University of Chicago this year, pursuing his work in history.

Miss Marjorie Moore is the teacher of Modern Languages in Erskine, S. C.

Miss Gallaher will spend the first part of her leave of absence at home, after which she will take an extended trip in South America.

Miss McCoy is spending this year at Peabody, continuing her study of art.

ALUMNAE

Notes

Misses Terah Cowart, Carrie Lee Murrah and Edith Patterson were among the 12,057 students at Columbia University for the summer session.

Miss Marion Groover, who has been a member of the faculty of the Boston High School for the past two years, is now teaching at Jackson, Ga.

Misses Ida Groover and Bernice Rivers were again students at Peabody during the summer.

Little Mary Anne arrived on July the nineteenth. Mrs. George Barker (Francis Kaylor) is the happy mother.

Our third year collegiate class has a good beginning. It is represented by Misses Mildred Price, Lois O'Quinn and Alma Thompson of the class of 1921, and by Misses Mary Cobb, Chloe and Henrilu Ivey and Willie Mae Mathews, class of 1922.

Recent communications from the following alumnae let us know that they may be found teaching this year at the addresses given below:

Miss Ruth Harrell at Anderson Street School, Savannah, Ga.

Miss Helen Allen at Dixie, Ga.

Miss Buena McConnell at Murphy, N. C.

Miss Gertrude Moore at Cartersville, Ga.

Miss Jimmie Carmack at Tifton, Ga.

Misses Juanita Parrish, Alna Williams and Gladys Faircloth at Camilla, Ga.

Miss Edna Robinson at Hillsly, Ga.

Miss Jewell Meeks at Mershon, Ga.

Miss Helen Bruce at Blackshear, Ga.

Miss Estelle Patten at Blackshear, Ga.

Miss Augusta Brown at Brunswick, Ga.

Miss Hattie McMillan at Barney, Ga.

Miss Estelle Barker is doing bacteriological and X-Ray work with Drs. Bird and Mixson of this city.

Society News

The Sororian Literary Society.

A literary society, no matter what its name, is an organization that a school may well be proud of if it is a literary society in more than just words. It is an organization in which all of the members are active, upholding certain ideals and standards and all working toward a common end in a literary field.

Here in our college we have two such societies, both doing excellent work.

The Sororian Literary Society, composed of the first and third year high school and first and third year collegiate classes, has a three-fold purpose. First, the training for ability in public speaking; second, a knowledge of parliamentary rules, and third, an intelligent outlook in the important questions of the day.

The Sororian Literary Society held its first meeting for the new year on Tuesday evening, September 19th. A very interesting and entertaining program was rendered for the entertainment of the new girls who are eligible to our society. It is hoped that the membership this year will be one hundred per cent, and that this will be the most successful year in the career of the society.

The Argonian Literary Society.

The Argonian Literary Society feels that after the success of last year, a broader field of endeavor is open to it, and that it also has added responsibilities. With the motto—"Give to the world the best that you have, and the best will come back to you," the society believes that the best from each member is the ideal to be kept in mind.

Already the society is making its influence felt in the student body. With a membership of 100% last year, the committee will not be content with less this year, and therefore have that for their goal.

The first program, given on Tuesday evening, September 19th, was as follows:

Address of Welcome—By the President.

Vocal Solo—Evelyn O'Quinn.

Old Sweetheart O' Mine—Characters were: Beatrice Long, Verna Scarborough, Debora Creighton and Eloise Bowers.

Reading—Mae Gibson.

Piano Interpretations—Alma Kicklighter, Eloise Bowers.

Sixteen



Land Seamen.

Mr. Green (in history class): "Where did the sailors who won the victories in the war of 1812 receive their training?"

Elise Burney: "On the frontier."

Self-Appreciation.

Mildred: "Look at Elizabeth laugh—she must have heard a funny story."

Nanna: "No, she just told one."

Good Eyes.

Miss Groover (in physics lab.): "So you see the invisibility of gas."

Slow Torture.

Mr. Poston (in sight singing): "You see those marks? Well, they mean rest."

Caroline Breen: "Why do we have to rest? Let's get it over with."

"Association of Ideas."

Mrs. Hagan: "Now just drop a little of this lotion in your eyes three times a day."

Freshman: "Before or after meals?"

Defined.

Gertrude Anderson: "Is that a stop watch?"

Miss Craig: "Yes, it hasn't run for years."

Humorous

Lady's Logic.

Mary Cobb: "Is Sadie Lee Chauncey back tihs year?"

Thelma O'Quinn: "No, she's bobbed her hair."

Guess Again.

French teacher (drilling pupils on gender of nouns):
"What kind of noun is ink?"

Mary Barnwell: "Pronoun."

Did She Study Physiology?

Willie Mae Mathews was comparing hands with her roommate. She exclaimed: "Oh, you have shorter phalanxes than I."

Night Dews.

Miss Craig (in science class): "Miss Young, what time of day does dew begin to fall?"

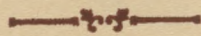
Mary: "At night."

One on Mr. Wood.

Mr. Wood (anxiously peeping into Miss Robertson's class room): "Er-ah-Miss Robertson, there's a—there's a Mrs. Hairpins in my office that wants to see you." Wonderingly, Miss Robertson follows him in his office where she recognizes in the said "Mrs. Hairpins," Mrs. Harry Pence.



THE GEORGIA STATE WOMANS COLLEGE
AT
VALDOSTA



THE COLLEGE RESPECTFULLY REQUESTS
THOSE WHO READ THE PINE BRANCH
EACH MONTH TO READ THIS PAGE.

IT WILL TELL FROM TIME TO TIME VARIOUS ADVANTAGES OF THE COLLEGE AND GIVE REASONS WHY THE COLLEGE CAN SERVE ITS STUDENTS—HAS SERVED ITS STUDENTS—SO WELL THAT IT HAS HAD THE MOST REMARKABLE GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF ANY WOMANS COLLEGE IN THE HISTORY OF THE STATE.

“THERE IS A REASON.”

AND THAT REASON IS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE TO EVERY YOUNG LADY IN GEORGIA WHO WILL GRADUATE FROM HIGH SCHOOL THIS YEAR—AND TO HER PARENTS.

IN ALL WAYS THE COLLEGE PLACES CHARACTER FIRST.

R. H. POWELL, President.

Resuscitate Girls---Resuscitate

—of course you could say it another way—but in talking about refreshing your complexion—resuscitate will do; because you really do bring back the roses when you use the correct toilet articles.

We display a complete stock of all Toilet Articles of known quality, and deliver to the College by special delivery a few minutes after receiving your order.



BONDURANT'S

PHONE NINE SIX

Try the Drug Store
First.

We will give you such genuine satisfaction that you will award us with your future patronage along these lines.

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TOILET ARTICLES

AND DRUGS

Ingram Drug Company

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Appreciates Your Patronage.

COMING SOON

NORMA TALMADGE

IN

"THE ETERNAL FLAME"

HER GREATEST PICTURE

SAYINGS OF BUSINESS MANAGER

"One step won't take you very far,
You've got to keep on walking.
One word won't tell folks who you are.
You've got to keep on talking.
One inch won't make you very tall,
You've got to keep on growing.
One little AD won't do it all,
You've got to keep them going."

COLLEGE GIRLS—

WE WISH TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO THE
FACT THAT WE HANDLE ALL THE BEST
BRANDS OF TOILET GOODS AT A PRICE THAT
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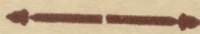
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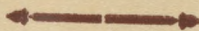
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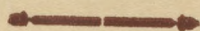
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