

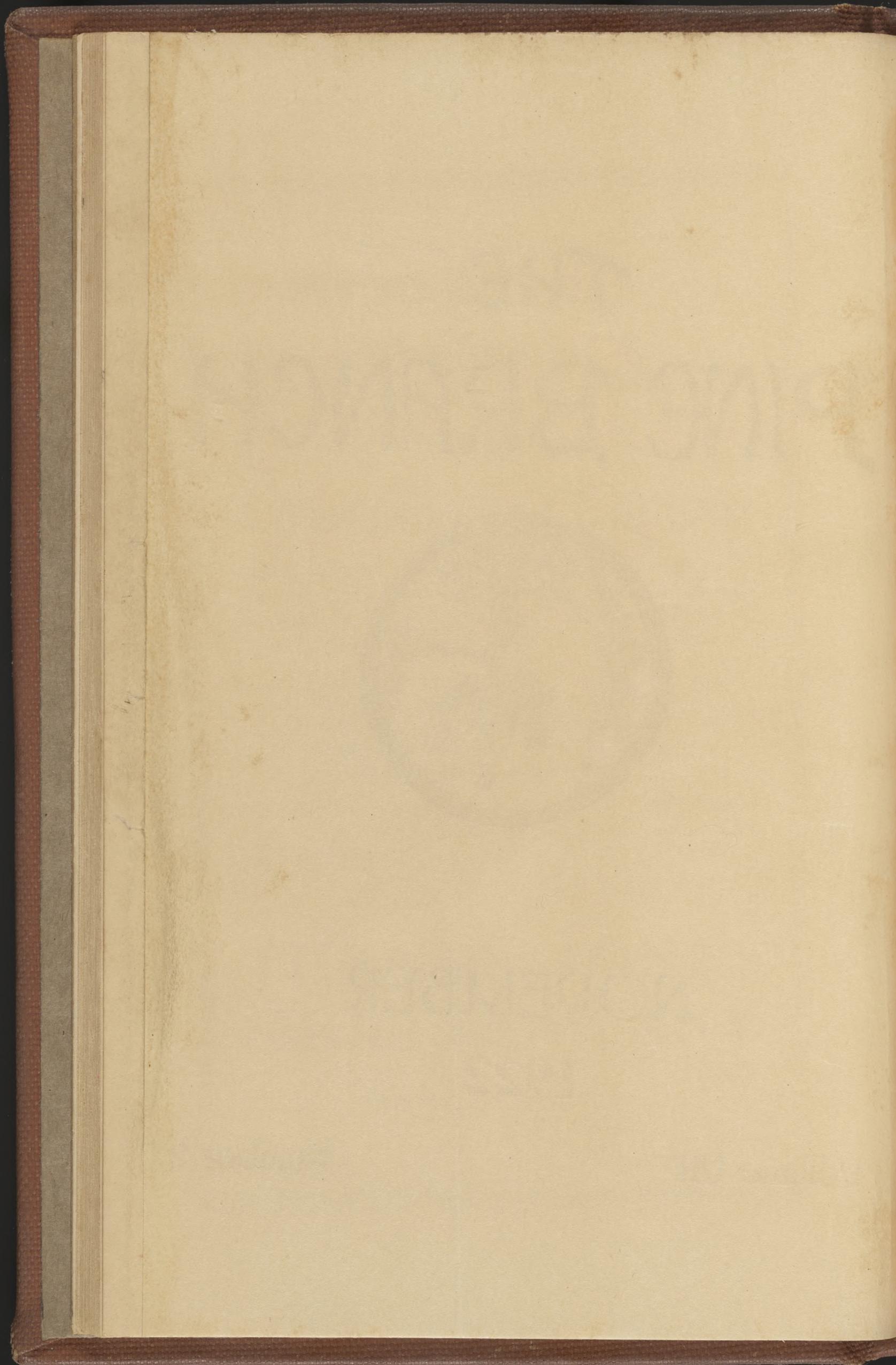
THE
PINE BRANCH

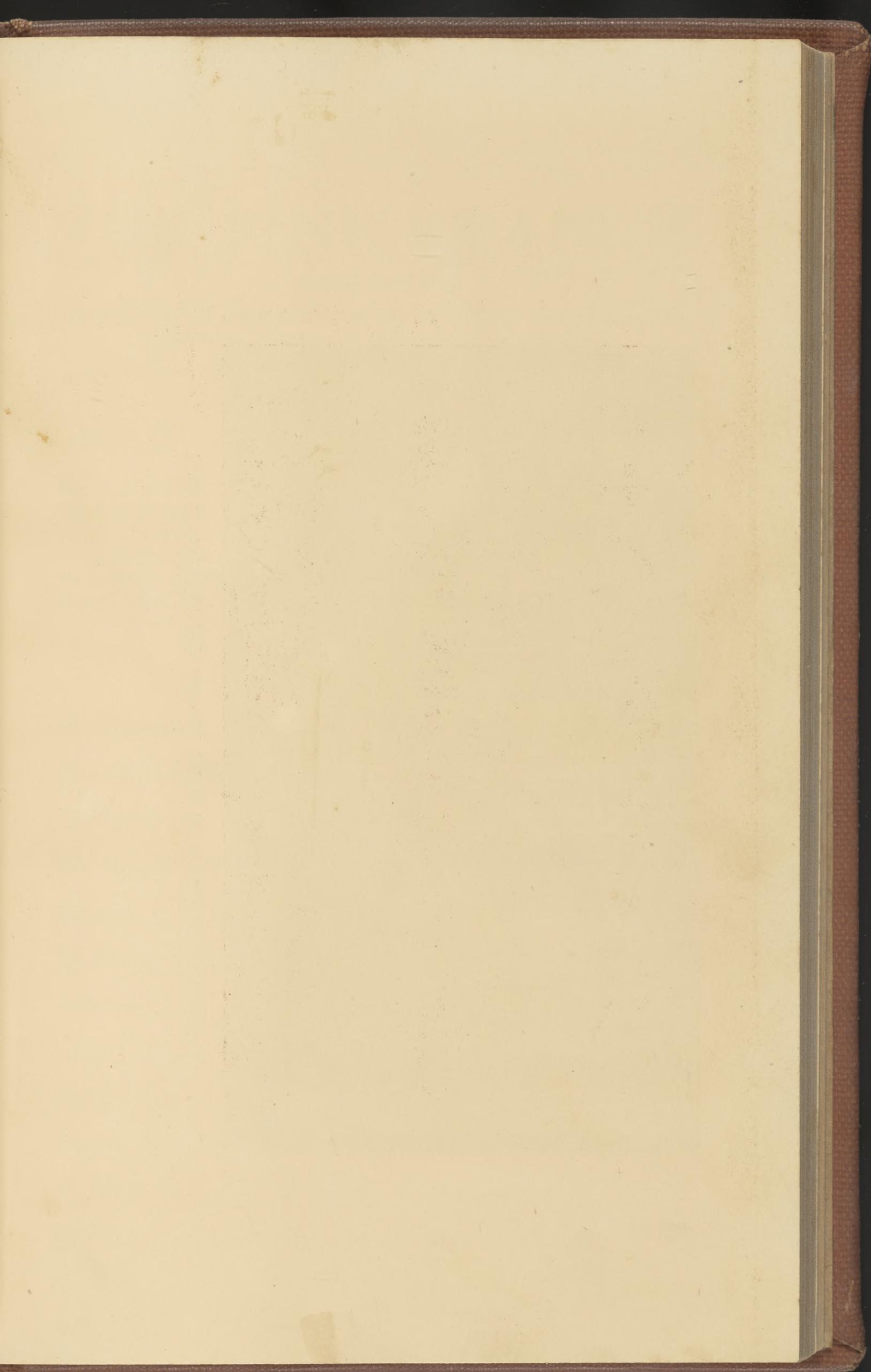


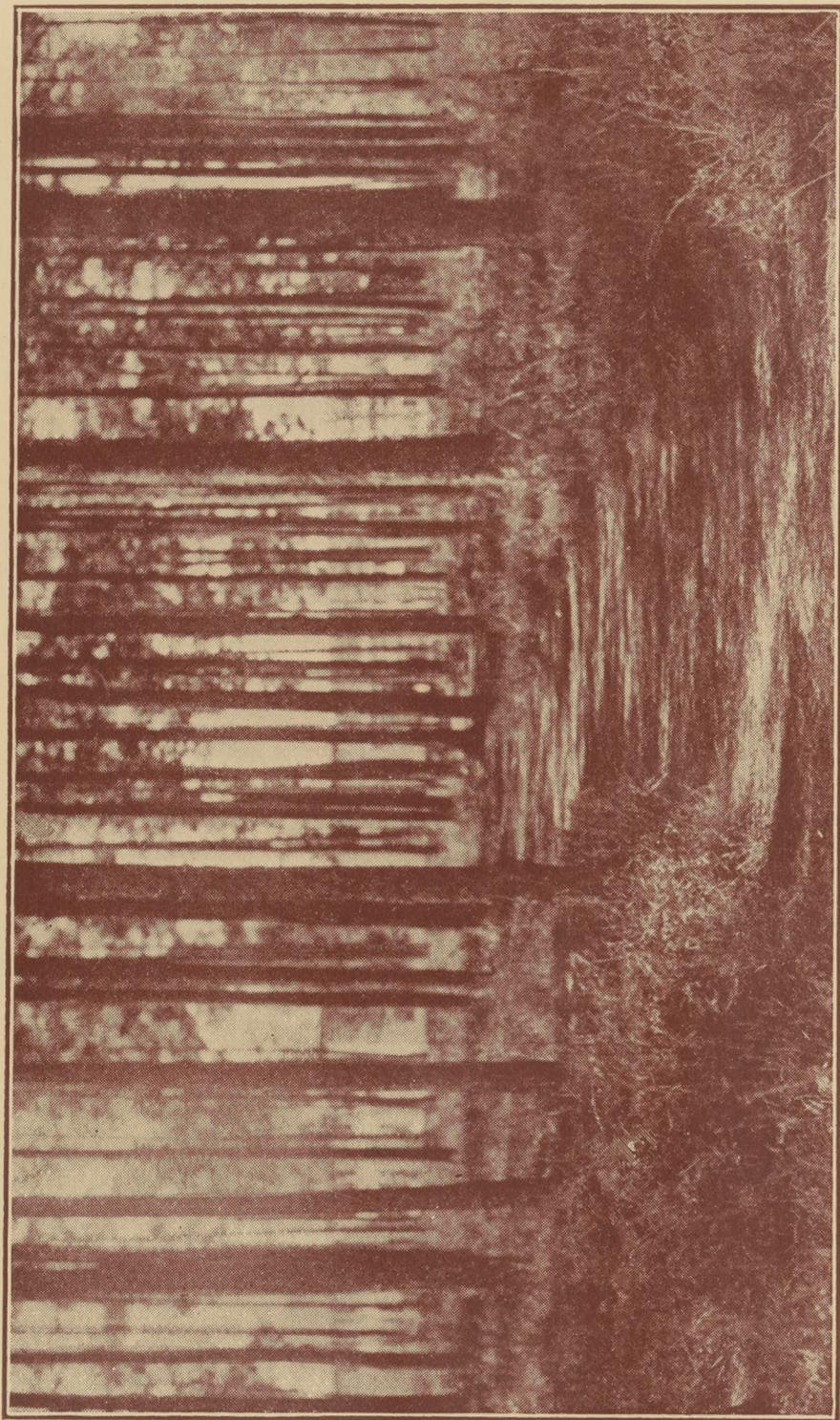
NOVEMBER
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Volume VII

Number 2







A PATH THROUGH THE PINES ON THE CAMPUS

THE PINE BRANCH

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En Passant

I have watched
The glory of the evening sky fade into
Nothingness; grey veils of half-light deepen—
Colors die. The ragged grey of heaven mingles
With the deeper grey of earth. Swift and
Loud the autumn wind fills the gap between.

I have watched
The wild birds' southward flight; heard their haunting
Cry; seen the whirling of dead leaves, red and
Gold and green; whirling onward, ever onward—
Bound
They know not where.

I reflected:
Puny man is but a puppet in the Master's
Hand; ever life has death for neighbor—
Like leaves are mortals whirled away, borne along dead
winds
Above unblossoming fields, past the earthly pale—
Bound
They know not where.

Men have heard
That the Dead die not, but live eternal
Bound
Beyond the heavens
To a vast, but grateful, calm.

Evelyn Brown.

The Haunted House of Sol

"I guess I'm in for it now," thought Ralph Rigsby as he turned first one way and then another in an effort to dry and warm himself before the open fire place in the Haunted House of Sol.

Ralph and his friend, Claude Hubbard, had been hunting together in the broad and dense forest which lay between and back of their respective homes. Just before nightfall a great dark cloud had arisen in the sky. The boys, thinking it a wise thing to do, had separated, each going toward his own home. But instead of going home, Ralph had lost his way. Night came on and so did the thunder and lightning, with rain following thick and fast.

Just when he had about given up hopes of finding his way, Ralph came upon the well known Haunted House of Sol. Although many and horrible were the stories he had heard about the place, it now appeared as a place of refuge from the terrible storm which was upon him, and gripping his nerves, he entered.

Being fortunate enough to have had his matches in a tin box, which kept them from getting wet, he was able to make a light. Finding heaps of leaves, which had blown in, and broken pieces of flooring he made a fire in the great stone fireplace, which had been built for years, and was in good condition yet.

Ralph had propped in place the broken down door to keep as much rain out as possible, for it seemed as if it were coming down in sheets. Through the small but sashless window could be seen at brief intervals brilliant flashes of lightning, which were closely followed by loud claps of thunder.

"I guess I'm in for it now," he repeated as he turned around again facing the wall. Upon noticing the fantastic shadows playing upon the wall he turned back quickly to the fire.

"Claude thinks I'm at home and mother and dad will suppose I'm at Claude's. The telephone is out of order, so neither will be the wiser. Guess no one will be troubled about me while I have a pleasant visit with the ghosts. Sister said she wanted some new ideas for a Hallowe'en party—guess I can get some real original ones tonight."

Just then a scraping noise could be heard above that of

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the tempest and caused a chill to run down Ralph's spine.

"What's that?" he asked aloud, and then almost became afraid of the hollow sound of his own voice.

"Pshaw! That was nothing but a limb scraping against the house. I don't believe all those stories about old Sol anyway—he and his ape killing people—had a lion and all that stuff. People say they see ghosts around here yet at night, but—"

"Crash!" came an unusually loud clap of thunder.

"I do wish I were at home, but there is no hope for that before morning. Guess I may as well take it easy."

After adding more fuel to the fire, Ralph sat down on the floor and gazed intently into the blaze as it danced and licked its long tongue up the chimney. The horrible tales he had heard about old Sol kept running through his mind.

"What if his ghost were to come walking in?"

Arising to his feet he twisted restlessly one way and then another—not to dry his clothes, however, for they were just about dry now; but, well it was rather lonesome to be alone in a haunted house at night with a storm raging outside.

"Pshaw! Old Sol is dead and gone; he's not going to bother me—why should I worry?"

Ralph really was of a brave nature, but still he didn't feel as much at ease as if he were standing before the fire in his own home.

He sat down again, for he was somewhat tired, since he had walked quite a bit that afternoon and evening, and in spite of his singular situation he felt a little sleepy. So stretching himself on the floor in front of the fire he thought, "My, how I could sleep if I were at home in bed—this rain would sound good to sleep by. But here in this place—well, I don't believe in ghosts anyway—I've got my first one to see yet. If there are any here it looks as if they would have come out before now, so I'm beginning to think—"

"Cr-r-reak!" came a sound uncomfortably near.

"What is that?" Ralph asked himself as he turned over and looked in the direction from which the noise came.

The fire was burning low now and making weird looking shadows on the wall as it leaped up the chimney and then

THE HAUNTED HOUSE OF SOL

died down again. In this uncertain light he noticed a door which seemed to be moving. It was not the door which led into the next room, for it was wide open and at the other side of the room. He didn't remember having seen this one before, but there it was, and it was slowly but surely opening, although the creaking noise had ceased.

Suddenly he heard a rolling and clicking noise. A cold chill ran over his body and he sat erect. Out of the small doorway, which was about a foot wide now, came rolling a skeleton head, its ghastly jaws opening and closing! Behind it came another—and another!

Ralph's hair fairly stood on end as he jumped to his feet and stood trembling.

On came the heads straight toward him, one right after another still coming out of the little doorway, their teeth clicking as their jaws came together!

Not knowing what to do, Ralph frantically ran into the next room, thinking to escape them. Horrors! All the heads changed their course and followed after him, rolling faster than ever—their ghastly teeth snapping viciously as they came.

What on earth was he to do? It was almost black dark in this room and the heads could barely be seen as white revolving objects while the snapping of their jaws could be distinctly heard. The blood almost froze in his veins as he stood there helpless. The heads were almost upon him!

At this instant a brilliant flash of lightning revealed to him through the window a narrow staircase near by. Ralph bounded toward it and ascended by leaps! In the dark he stumbled and fell, catching wildly at the stairs as he rolled down. He didn't catch, though, until he reached the bottom step. The skeleton heads were right there and snapped their teeth in his very face. Horrified, he sprang up and once more ascended the staircase, this time landing safely.

Here he stopped to catch his breath. Realizing the place was lighted dimly, he looked around to take in his surroundings. It seemed to be an attic and there was a small light in one corner. He stepped forward one step, and the floor gave way beneath him and he fell through space!

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Would he never land, but fall forever?

"Thud!" He landed unhurt in a dimly lighted place.

Ralph could not see at first, but he had the feeling that he was in the presence of some one or something which filled him with terror.

He thought he saw something moving toward him—his vision cleared and the wicked face of a man and a great vicious ape loomed up before him! He tried to scream, but could not utter a sound; neither could he move, but was the same as if paralyzed.

"Oh, Ralph! I say wake up, old fellow. You must have had a pleasant visit with Old Sol, you're sleeping so late this morning," cried Claude's cheery voice, as he leaned over Ralph.

Ralph sat erect before the fireplace in the Haunted House of Sol and rubbed his eyes in amazement. Before him stood his father, Claude and several others. He looked past them through the door to the world outside, which was clean from its bath the night before and shining in the

sunlight.

May Gibson, '23.

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December

December—sere leaves, red-robed like cardinals; stinging winds, rolling from the north, wringing them from their sapless limbs, banging the huge shutters on the gaunt grey house which crowned the rusty hill; screeching around the huddled negro shanties—tenantless these many years—moaning through the age-old trees. December—death to the old year, death to the leaves; merciful death.

* * * * *

The grey, gaunt house on the rusty hill was the centre of many a weird tale, recounted in lowered tones on cold, wild nights in the chimney-corners of the country-side; spine-pricking tales of knocks by unseen hands, ghostly warnings by dead voices, premonitions of coming death and disaster. Negroes for miles around were mortally afraid to pass the century-old house after the brief twilight had faded into night. Time and again, some old negro, in having to pass the great grove which sheltered the house, had seen in the purple twilight, drifting in and out among the trees, whispering ghosts of very long ago. The story of that music, weird and soft, played by unseen hands, which followed the coffin of old Marse Will from the door of the grey house to the old cemetery, was the common property of the county.

The old grey house received few visitors now. Its master and his friends had passed behind the curtain; for a long time his widow, an old, old lady, and her old, old, old negro mammy had pattered about the huge rooms, living in the past, undisturbed by the wind outside the trees. Here were painted faces of men and women long gone, rusty weapons, tapestries of many colors, as beautiful as dreams.

The old, old lady and her old, old mammy made their way about the huge house at nightfall, securing windows, closing doors. Outside, the trees in the grove were muttering, seemingly troubled. The old, old lady closed the huge front door carefully, turned the rusty key, shot the iron bolt. Turning, she slowly made her way into the room, a look of decision on her face.

“Aunt Misery,” she addressed her servant, “we both know that something is wrong. You knew Fee’s habit of resting on the porch after supper as well as I. You knew

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his step and his peculiar way of opening that door. For twelve nights now, Aunt Misery, the same thing has happened. I can stand it no longer. Tonight I shall watch and try to end it; but I wish to watch alone. Go to bed and try to sleep."

Misery hobbled slowly to her bed in the adjoining room, where she settled herself to watch.

The old, old lady seated herself where she could easily see the huge barricaded door, and took up her vigil. The ancient clock chimed the hour of seven. The great damp log on the fire-place hissed and sputtered and sang a moaning tune; then a small flame leaped up, the shadows crowded round, dancing. The ancient clock struck the half-hour. In distant corners were solid masses of darkness; in the twilight nearby stood venerable forms of old chairs—the hands that wove their tapestries lay far beneath the soil. The ancient old clock struck the hour of eight. The fire flickered, shadows danced, casting fantastic shapes upon the old, old lady; nine o'clock chimed solemnly from the tall clock; and as the last stroke died on the still air, a heavy step was heard on the porch; the old, old lady sat taut, her hands clutching her breast; Misery, ashy-hued, watched from the little room. Another step—another—another—another—and the unhurried tread reached the huge door. The massive knob turned once to the left, then twice to the right, the key clicked, the iron bolt slipped back, the door swung heavily open. Upon the threshold stood—nothing. The old, old lady rose slowly to her feet—

"Fee dear, I have known you these twelve nights past. Enter, in the name of God. If there is anything in the house you want, come and take it, then rest in peace."

The unseen feet entered the room, the old, old lady took one step, then fell back and lay, a huddled heap on the old, old sofa. Misery, a strangled scream in her throat, reached her just as the heavy door swung shut, locked and barred. Footsteps, one heavy, the other light, crossed the porch, descended the steps. The ancient clock struck the half-hour. * * * * *

December; sere leaves, stinging winds, sickening cold. December—death; death to the old year; death, merciful death to all things that change and pass; death to the leaves, but death robbed of its sting, for there is no death for the trees or the soul.

Evelyn Brown.

Sic Transit Gloria Mundi

If anybody doesn't believe in ghosts, just ask—but, oh well, what's the use of mentioning names? The boys have probably told it anyhow, and that's why so many folk are laughing.

We use to have cars driving 'round and 'round on our campus that reminded us of a fly in an empty bottle, which had gone in with the expectation of finding something, but upon being disappointed, lost his head, and couldn't find his way out. So it was with these cars, which continued to circle around the buildings, until we really didn't know whether it was their way out or their heads that the drivers had lost. However, such occurrences do not trouble us any more. The way it came to an end was this:

On a certain night toward the last of October, a few boys belonging to the aforementioned "bottle fly" group suddenly realized that merely riding continuously on the campus did not appear manly enough for young men of their standing, and therefore came to the conclusion that to make a real call at the dormitory would be the proper thing to do. It was true they had heard there was a lot of "red tape stuff" about permits, but that was a joke to them. Possessing wit like theirs, it would not only be easy, but equally funny to pull a good one on the matron. With great enthusiasm, they jumped into a car and started toward the college.

All the way, the boys were excitedly laying the plans for their adventure. Just as they were nearing the campus, Pat asked: "Now, which ones are we going to call for?"

"Mabel, of course," answered Sam; "then she can get the others."

"Yes, but Mabel who?" inquired Pat. "I don't believe I know her last name."

"Why, Mabel Jones," responded Sam. "Don't you know her—that brunette?"

"Pshaw! Her name's not Jones—Jones is the blonde with bobbed hair. Don't you remember the one we were talking about Sunday? I believe Johnson must be Mabel's last name."

"Well, there must be two Johnsons or two Mabels one," chimed in Jack. "I'm sure Lucile's name is Johnson."

"Oh, who is Lucile?" asked Pat quickly. I haven't seen

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her yet."

"Oh yes, you have," retorted Jack. "You know her as well as I do! Don't you remember her smiling the other day when we passed her?"

"Is that the one? Yes, I remember her, but she wasn't smiling at us—anyway, her name isn't Lucile, I know!"

Just at that moment two white figures were glimpsed gliding through the pines on the edge of the campus. Instantly the car slowed down.

"Boys, did you see that?" asked Sam in a low tone.

"Did we?" murmured all the others.

The eyes of each were fixed on the tall white figures, seemingly swaying to and fro, but gradually coming closer to them.

In a moment the car was turned around and was breaking all speed limits, headed toward town.

By this time practically all the spooks had gathered in front of the terrace for the Hallowe'en party, and several wondered about the car lights that were disappearing in such a grand hurry.

From that night the bottle-fly cars seem to be a bit shy of the campus; the inmates seem a bit uncertain as to the meaning of the smiles that spread over the faces they pass—and we've heard the "folks down town" are "asking 'em questions."

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Ghosts

I have always been interested in ghosts. One of my first convictions was that ghosts actually do exist. I have grown up to this present state loving these personages and protecting my elder sister from them, for she stands in great dread of these friends. Regardless, though, of my friendliness, the ghosts have never enlightened my mind as to a few laws of ghostdom, and the two ghosts whom I have always wanted most to meet have never walked on my stairway.

In the first place, the laws of the ghostly realm arouse my curiosity. Now there is Article One, which states that all ghosts of good standing shall reside in a graveyard. Following that, is Article Two, which states that ghosts shall not walk until midnight, and shall return upon the first crow of the cock at dawn. Now I should like to know why a grave yard is the ideal home for a ghost. A home in a warm, clean room, in a cranny overlooking a busy street, or even in a bright sunshiny attic would be more ideal. Then, too, even if a graveyard is the proper abode, a walk about ten-thirty at night, when practically everyone is awake, would be much more interesting for all concerned. And then a return about nine in the morning would make a ghost's life much more pleasant; for under this arrangement a ghost could leisurely visit its favorite haunts, and not so fearfully hurry by, as the true ghost always does. Next, there is Article Three, stating that all ghosts shall clothe themselves in flowing robes, preferably white; and then Article Four, commanding that all speech shall be made in deep hollow tones. This mode of speech would be greatly pleasing to me. Being essentially feminine, however, I could not wear robes of one color all the time. If there were any women ghosts, surely they would revoke this law. So I have arrived at the conclusion that all ghosts must be gentlemen.

The two ghosts that I am particularly curious about are the ghost of my late dog Mac, and the spirit of Wooley. These do not interest me as much as the laws, but still I am curious. I want to know if Mac, who died last winter, went to dog-heaven, and if not, whether his present home is in the graveyard. If the ghost of my ferocious bulldog does inhabit a graveyard, I should think that there would

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be such a constant disturbance among the ghosts that either Article One would be revoked and a change of habitation made for human ghosts, or Article Three changed and a less exciting manner of dress adopted. I do not wonder that people avoid a graveyard at midnight if Mac resides there. Most of all, however, does the spirit of Wooley—Wooley, the writer—Wooley, the author of **The Handbook of Composition**—interest me. Wooley may be alive, but still he must possess a wandering spirit; for the spirit of the author must follow the book he has written, wherever it goes. I should like to encounter this spirit on friendly grounds, that is, on my stairway. I have always pictured this spirit as robed in a horrible purple garb, flecked with crimson, although I realize that this attire would be against ghostly law, and probably caused by my personal dislike for this spirit. Now if this image ever does stalk about on my stairway, I shall ask it three questions: First, Did you ever play? Second, Did you ever love? And third, If you ever did either of these things, why did you ever write such an article of torture as the **Handbook of Composition**?

Now, my family and friends have always laughed at my theories, but, regardless of their derision, I am still curious. And as this issue of the **Pine Branch** is principally devoted to ghosts, I hope that my curiosity shall at last be satisfied.

Thelma Harrell, '24.

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To Junior Math

O! you infernal Junior math!
Conceived by the devil in his wrath,
How oft, with eyes half fill'd with sleep,
I've pondered o'er your problems deep.

How oft the midnight light I've burned,
And sleepily your pages turned—
Wondering if another year
With you, old Math, I'd still be here—

The problem is unsolved as yet,
And still I wonder how I'll get
My "dip" as long as you, Junior Math,
Lie in my much "conditioned" path.

But if some day, by Fortune's slip,
I manage to obtain a "dip,"
Here's hoping then, old Math, I'll be
From cubes and squares forever free!



The beginning of our school year often reminds us of adjusting some kind of engine. At first there are bumps, knocks, and clogging of wheels. New parts must often be added, and made to work in harmony with the rest of the engine. However, with careful management, all difficulties are soon removed and the engine is running smoothly.

So it is with the beginning of school. There are always conflicts in the schedules, more or less friction in classification, new faculty members to fill the places of the old, and last but not least, new girls to be fitted with uniforms, get their courses of study regulated and become accustomed to our manner of living.

We have been unusually pleased this year at the small amount of friction found in our "engine," and at the ease with which our bumps and knocks have been eliminated. These difficulties have long since been removed, and for the past few weeks, everything has been running smoothly.

Our teachers have already set their paces for the year, and are finding the pupils measuring up to all previous classes at this time of the year.

Our literary societies have taken up their work just where it was left last year, and are carrying it on as though there had been no break.

We are especially pleased with our Y. W. C. A. From

Thirteen

EDITORIAL

the very first, its influence has been felt, as is shown by the fact that our membership is already approaching the 100% mark. The organization is not only carrying out the plans and methods of previous years, but is introducing new phases of its work in its efforts to make its Christian influence stronger.

We have also been made to realize recently that our court is fully aware of its responsibilities. Our optimistic state of mind had led us to believe that we were naturally so good that we needed no discipline, but after the announcement of a few "campuses," private study halls, special inspection of uniforms, and similar opportunities, we have about reached the conclusion that we still have room for improvement. The student body, of course, realizes the important work of the court, and is at all times backing it up in its efforts to solve problems of discipline.

Our athletic association is beginning to show some signs of life by the organization of the basket ball teams, and the arrangement of practice periods for each team. We feel sure that after our first real game, which is to be soon, there will be found no lack of enthusiasm in athletics.

So it may be readily seen that our "engine" is not only made of the right material, but is well oiled and running smoothly.

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Miss Thelma Harrell went to Atlanta on October 4th, where she was admitted to the practice of law in the Supreme Court of Georgia, and was given a certificate which grants her all the privileges and rights of a member of that court. While in Atlanta she attended also the United States District Court and the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. She was admitted to the Superior Court and the United States District Court last July. Miss Harrell is a member of the First Year collegiate class.

Miss Craig was called to her home at Lancaster, S. C., on Saturday, October 7th, on account of the illness and death of her mother. The faculty and students extend to Miss Craig their deepest sympathy in her bereavement.

The U. D. C. scholarship girls greatly enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. T. H. McKey, who gave a dinner in their honor on Sunday, October 15th. The guests included: Misses Katherine Turner, Lucy Fleming, Lemuel Jay, Clara Bell Penny, Lucile Moore and Carribell Williams.

"Hat Day"

Thursday, October 19th, was an occasion for much excitement and enthusiasm, especially among the Third and Fourth year high school classes, it being the annual "Hat Day," a tradition peculiar to this college, and the girls' own institution.

The Fourth year class hides an old grey hat, belonging originally to President Powell, and on the 19th of each month the Third year class hunt the hat. The moment it is found, classes are done for the day, for the students rush precipitately from lecture rooms and laboratories to celebrate. On this occasion the celebration did not begin until one o'clock, for the hat was evidently hidden "with discretion."

That afternoon the girls visited the college farm, where

LOCAL

Mr. Beck gave them all the cane juice they could drink.

Judge James F. McCrackin entertained the college girls on the night of November 1st by giving an account of his recent tour of Europe. His descriptions of the cities and rural districts of Holland, France, Switzerland, Belgium, Germany and Italy were most vivid and realistic, and we all agreed with Judge McCrackin that each place described was "the most beautiful place!"

The Emily Hendree Park Library

One of the most important and most significant recent developments at the college is the Emily Hendree Park Memorial Library. Last spring the State Convention of the U. D. C. designated the college as the recipient of this fund, and designated September as the month for contributions for this purpose.

President Powell met the honor done the college by the great patriotic order of women by announcing that the funds should be used specifically in establishing here a really important library of Georgia and Southern History—a library that should be not only a worthy memorial to Mrs. Park, but a credit to the U. D. C., and a permanent center of Georgia and Southern culture.

We at the college are peculiarly happy over this plan, and think it most appropriate that the State Womans College, which has from its beginning, declared as its ideal "the ideal of best Southern womanhood," should have a library dedicated to a great and good Southern woman, largely reflecting this ideal in her life, and should make this library a truly great repository of Southern culture and patriotism.

The first books placed on the shelves are strikingly to the point:

"The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," Jefferson Davis.

"The War Between the States," Alexander H. Stephens.

"The Lives of Hill, Gen. James Jackson, Grady," etc.

The Histories of Georgia, by Jones and Stevens.

White's Statistics and White's Collection of Georgia History.

"The South in History and Literature," Rutherford, etc.

The latest addition is an exceedingly interesting and rare old document:

THE PINE BRANCH

“An Account
Showing the Progress of the
Colony of Georgia
in

America
from its

First Establishment

Published per Order of the Honorable the Trustees.
London 1741
Anapolis 1742”

We prophesy the day will come when this shall be one
of the very important specialized libraries of the South.

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ALUMNAE



Mary Sue Cannon of Alma has recently been employed in the school at Darien, where she joins Misses Alma Lee Day and Vada Fain, who have been teaching there since the beginning of the term.

We've recently learned by card from Miss Julia Bryan that she is now engaged in teaching the fifth grade at Fort Myers, Fla.

Through subscriptions for the Pine Branch, we have been able to locate the following:

Miss Ruth Wolcott, Lumberton, N. C.

Mrs. L. E. Ferguson (Lois Byrd), Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Miss Hallie Jordan, Kibbee, Ga.

Miss Myrtle Byrd, Brunswick, Ga.

Mrs. J. W. Leath (Lavina Creech), Moore Haven, Fla.

Miss Morgan Majette is instructing in public speaking and story telling classes at Emerson College in Boston. She is also connected with the publicity department of the Massachusetts Department of Education and is doing a good deal of publicity writing for Boston papers. If your radio can catch the Boston station you may occasionally hear her voice, as she has been chosen to represent Emerson in radio broadcasting from Boston. What with her regular work studying at Emerson and special private lessons, she is surely a very busy young lady.

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Society Notes

Sororian Society.

The Sororian Literary Society held its regular program meeting Saturday, October 7. We were pleased to note that the membership had doubled and that the girls were very much interested in the work of the society. A very delightful program was rendered as follows:

Reading—Carrie Belle Williams.

Piano Solo—Marie Clyatt.

Current Events—Mildred Williams.

Jokes—Cynthia Lewis.

Vocal Duet—Evelyn Williams, Grace Cochran.

Guitar Solo—Ila Watts.

Argonian Literary Society.

That the Argonian Literary Society is a growing organization is evident, as eight girls were received at members at the regular program meeting, Saturday evening, Oct. 7, making a total of thirty new members this year. The following program was given:

Piano Solo—Omeara Minter.

The Meaning of the Organization—Mae Gibson.

Quartette—Evelyn O'Quinn, Doris Woodbury, Jewell Carmack, Mildred M. Price.

Reading—Deborah Creighton.

Dance—Mary Pearl Patterson, Corinne Studstill, Katie Herrin, Pauline Culbreth, Mary Rhodes, Madeline Culbreth.

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Y. W. C. A.



A very beautiful and significant service was the Recognition Service of the Y. W. C. A., held in the rotunda on the evening of Sunday, October 8. The members, dressed in white, marched in singing "The Song of the Lights." The triangle, which is the symbol of the Y. W. C. A., was formed by old members making the sides of the triangle, and the new members the base and cross bar. After Scripture reading by the president of the Y. W. C. A., the choir sang "The Lord Is My Shepherd." The welcoming address to the new members by the president, Miss Verna Scarborough, not only held a hearty welcome but contained a call for loyalty to the purpose of the Y. W. C. A. and a plea for higher ideals of character and Christian womanhood. As the talk was concluded and the president stepped back to the apex of the triangle carrying one large lighted candle, the lights of the room were turned out. From this candle was lighted the candles of the young women on each side of her, and from these the next ones, and so on, until there was a great burning triangle. For a moment all stood while a profound silence filled the room, a silence that was more than silence, for it seemed filled with the resolution of each member of the group to henceforth live a better, purer life, a life in right relation to God and others. Finally the quiet was broken by the opening chorus of the recessional, "Peace I Leave With Thee," and the Association marched out singing softly, with hearts filled with awe and faces shining with a new purpose.

Another very delightful service was held Thursday evening, Oct. 12, Rev. N. H. Williams of the Methodist church of Valdosta being the speaker of the evening. In his usual happy manner he gave the girls many helpful suggestions for making life worth while. His subject was "Ethical Training," and his text, "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

Y. W. C. A. Tea.

On Friday afternoon, Oct. 6, from five to six, the Y. W. C. A. gave an informal tea in honor of the new students and new faculty members. While the guests were enjoy-

THE PINE BRANCH

ing delicious sandwiches and tea a delightful program was being rendered, consisting of vocal selections by Miss Alma Thompson and readings by Miss Corinne Studstill. Amusement was furnished by Miss Alice Mooney's very clever Art Gallery, in which she portrayed the very sedate students in the role of vamps and flappers, and the more fun loving ones as models of dignity and preciseness.

Hallowe'en Party.

Taking advantage of the occasion of Hallowe'en the students arranged a party with a spirit that made Hallowe'en a great success. All students, old and young, were in the spirit, and every form, description and character of costume was seen in corridors, terrace and rotunda. It was mero of a Mardi Gras spirit than has been manifested here before. Little devils walked hand in hand with ghosts; clowns and witches kept the crowd stirring. Of course there were the Pierots and Pieretts; and dominoes of all colors, fits and cuts were scattered through the crowd with reckless abandon. The Bohemian spirit was manifest in brilliantly arrayed gypsies and Bedouins who unfolded the mysteries of the future by means of palm reading, crystal gazing and star gazing.

An appropriate setting was provided by dim and ghostly lights, weird looking bats and owls that looked as if they might have fluttered from some dim, miasmatic swamp; cats that were so realistic one could almost hear them yowling, and the grotesque and hideously grinning jack-o-lanterns.

A fitting climax came in the ghost stories, which were told as the guests sat grouped around a glowing witches' cauldron—stories that made one's blood run cold and hair rise on end—stories that later made one dream of ghostly bodies floating down a stream or piercing screams from unseen sources.

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Still Another Kind.

Albertine Jones: "She has the most headaches, and yet she goes to a diapractice doctor three times a week."

So It Seems.

M. Price: "What's a synonym for institution?"
W. M. Mathews, absent-mindedly: "Inst., I guess."

Court or Courting.

Old Girl: "Ruth, have you been to court yet?"
Ruth Folger: "No, I haven't been asked to, so far."

To Be Sure.

Virginia: "Oh, I've swallowed a safety pin!"
Carolyn: "Well, if it's a safety pin, what are you worrying about?"

Obvious.

A history class was discussing vegetables eaten in ancient times. One of them was onions.

Jack: "Are onions that old?"

Miss Price: "Yes."

Jack: "No wonder they smell so strong!"

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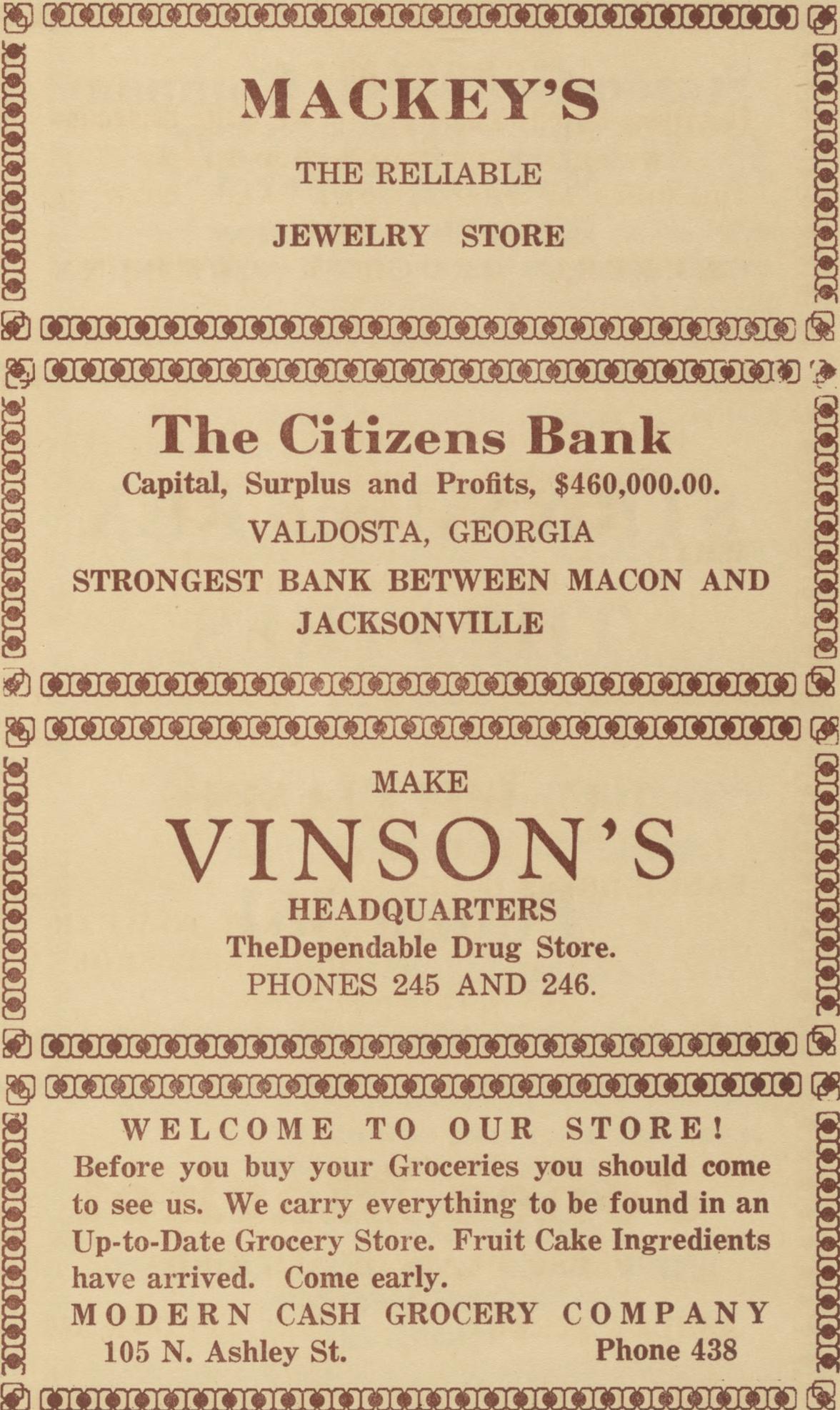
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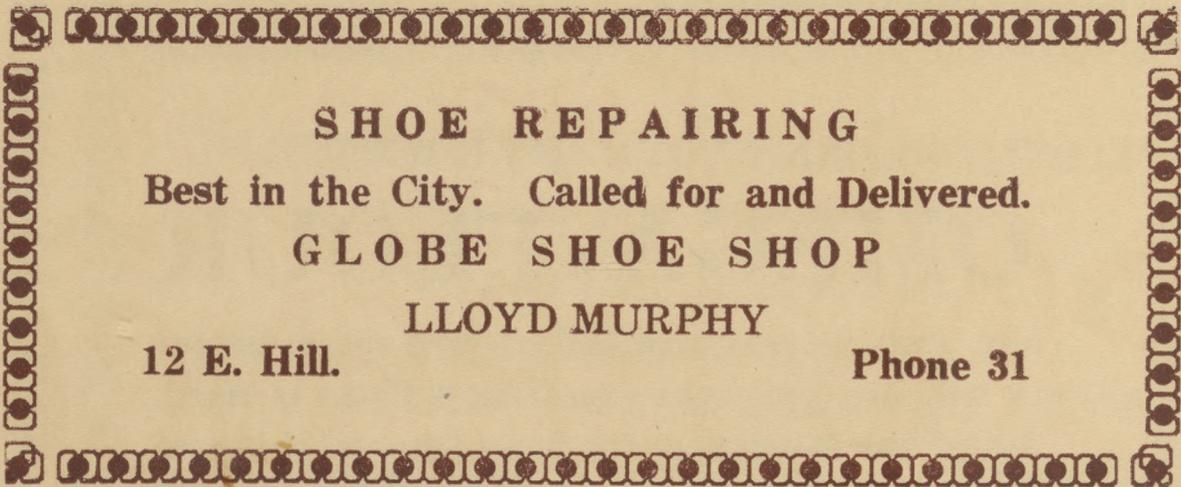
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