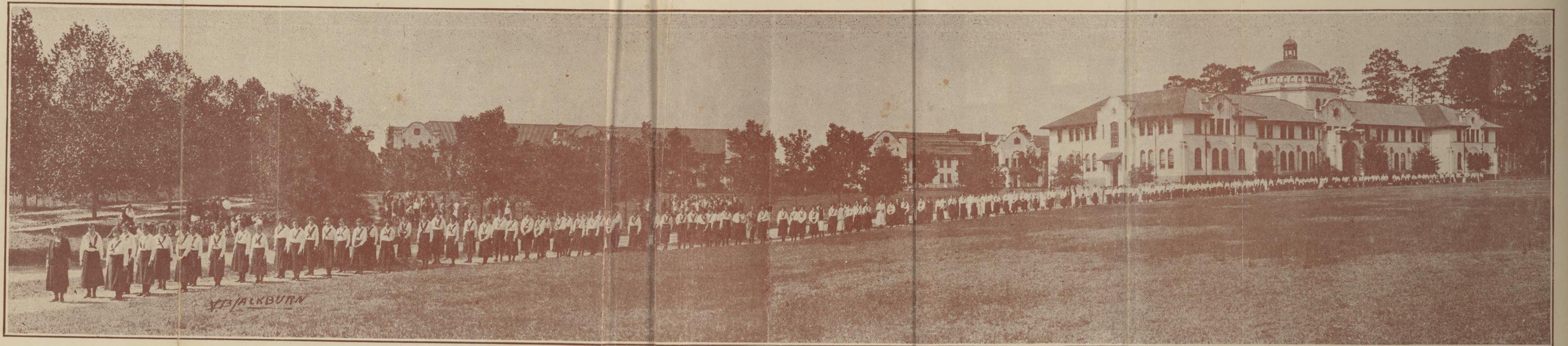


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GEORGIA STATE WOMANS COLLEGE, OCTOBER, 1923

# THE PINE BRANCH

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## THE WAKE

The long, low room was filled with dusky flickering shadows; lighted only by a fitful fire and two tall grey candles which were standing in lonesome state at each end of the grey coffin in the furthest corner. In the heavy atmosphere of the low room hung the sickening sweet odour of pale carnations, banked against the foot of the grey pedestal. The faltering orange-blue flames lighted the dark cheek of a young matron sitting in brooding silence by the open fire; illumined by the same glow was a girl, quite still, whose restless eyes endlessly explored the dusky room, seeming only to avoid the passive grey thing in the corner.

From the door, slightly ajar, could be heard a low murmur of men's voices from the room across the hall. The massive silence of this house where Death had passed, was penetrated, too, by the measured ticking of a clock in the gloomy hall.

Suddenly the matron sprang up and crossed lightly to the spot where the coffin stood; there she was immediately joined by the restless-eyed girl. Their eyes fell to the slight, stark figure, lying so rigidly in its gleaming satin nest. Its dark hair had been brushed back from its high forehead; its popped eyes were only half-closed by the insufficient lids; its mouth was slightly open, exposing a front row of large protruding teeth.

"Pitifully suspicious, even in death," observed the young girl, in a low, full voice, "so I reckon one can say that she looks natural."

"Natural? Yes—yes.. I suppose so. She looks satisfied, to me. Two years ago this very night I was a guest at her wedding; two little short years. And now I'm sitting up with her corpse; I hadn't even realized that she was dangerously ill, she was always complaining. Typhoid is an insidious foe."

"I have wondered, since I first saw her, why he married her. He was deeply in love with Mary and she with him. Yet suddenly—tell me, do you know?"

"I don't know anything about the conditions, but they must have been unusual. Of course I've guessed—who hasn't? I really know very little about her. Children—

## THE WAKE

mine—instinctively disliked her, in spite of all her efforts to win them. She worshiped the ground he walked on, but she could not trust him.”

“Somehow, I always felt sorry for her, poor thing. So thin and ugly, and so socially useless. I watched her a great deal up until they stopped going out. I have seen her sitting quite alone, following his every movement when he danced with a pretty girl; or perched on the bank with the chaperones, while he was swimming with the crowd.”

“She was handicapped by her age, my dear. Six years might be a score when it’s on the woman’s side; and he was so young when he married her. In time he could have overlooked her physical ugliness, but he never would have forgiven her those six years of his youth. Death will probably be kinder to her than life, in the long run.”

The two women resumed their seats, sinking again into brooding and restless silence. The orange-blue flames leaped and sank, playing a cunning game with the grey shadows; the subdued tones of the men had sunk to almost nothing; the measured tick of the hall clock assumed unnatural clearness; here and there could be heard stealthy steps and softly closing doors.

Four ladies slipped as noiselessly into the dusky room as four dark shadows; with a few whispered words they settled importantly into the places of the two watchers. For a long while they contented themselves with the hushed silence, hesitating to disturb the granite rest of the rigid sleeper; then gaining courage, began speaking in decorous undertones.

“The only case of typhoid since last April, my dear. The milk and water — everything — have been examined, and found quite pure. How in the world could such a stay-at-home have contracted it?”

“I’m sure I don’t know; I can’t realize she’s in that coffin. It isn’t quite right for her not to be tagging his footsteps. I expect he feels freer—in a way. My husband says she left him her little income—with a few strings. He gets the interest up until he remarries; in that case the principal goes to the church. She knew him, didn’t she?”

“You speak very disrespectfully of the dead—right in the same room—it seems rather indecent—”

“Indecent, nothing! It’s quite true, every word. She

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was a cold blooded little piece, anyway. Why, when her own father was dying, she put him in the hospital, and didn't even stay with him, though they told her he couldn't live. I don't call that decent. She even had the money spent before the breath left his body."

"That may be true, though we can hardly judge her—we don't know why—anyway she as a good church goer. Why not let her rest in peace? He wouldn't appreciate—"

"He? Much he'd care. I understood at the time that he married her for her money—"

"Hardly—it didn't amount to enough. Don't you remember, she didn't even have a trousseau? Only bedspreads and centerpieces, but no clothes. I think she fooled him. But he deserved every bit of it—the way he treated Mary."

The fourth lady, who, until this time had remained discreetly out of the conversation, now moved her chair closer to the fire and glanced apprehensively over her shoulder.

"If you remember," she began in a guarded tone, "I made a prophecy when they were married. I said that, inside of five years he would do one of two things—put her from him or— It is a strange thing that a man should deliberately choose mental torture in preference to physical suffering; yet that very thing characterizes inexperience; a prophet without honor—"

"Oh, that's rather far-fetched."

"I think you are horrible—"

"But that's absurd! We know positively that she died of typhoid!"

"Quite true; 'a prophet without honor,' as I said. However, I'd rather you didn't mention this—especially to an outsider."

\* \* \* \* \*

In the room across the hall, men had spoken of the bereaved husband in terms of sympathy and respect; all had added their word—his employer, his business associates, chance acquaintances—all save the one friend who had been closest to him. He had remained conspicuously silent, slowly pacing the long room, while a fellow clerk praised his friend's devotion to his wife.

"He must have loved that girl a heap. Many's the time he's bragged about how sweet and smart she was—and now he's lost her. 'Johnny,' he said to me, 'she wouldn't take a

## THE WAKE

prize at a beauty show, but she loves me and she knows how to cook.' He's so hard hit now he's dazed; and he nursed her all through the whole fever—wouldn't let anybody help him. Boys, that's what I call devotion."

\* \* \* \* \*

The young physician in the case stopped in on his last round of calls; just a year out of college, it as the first case he had lost. He had done everything in his power to cure the woman, but the fever, coming from an unknown source, had defeated his best efforts.

The four ladies had long since gone home; all the men were dozing save one—the close friend of the bereaved husband, who still paced the long room.

The flickering fire in the deserted room had become a smouldering bed of grey ashes, the candles had burned low, casting a sickly light upon the poor grey thing in the gleaming box. The young physician fixed the pale features with a burning gaze, muttering almost unintelligibly—

"I am morally certain. . .yet. . .I can't be sure. . .no evidence. . .germs in her food?. . .No other way. . .as surely as. . .why?. . .only my unsupported suspicions. . .why should a man deliberately choose mental anguish in place of bodily suffering?. . .my hands are tied. . ."

Noiselessly he closed the door and left the house, leaving the poor grey thing beginning her endless sleep in the gleaming satin box, watched by dead candles and dead coals; with the sickening sweet odour of pale carnations around her; alone in Death, as she had lived, alone in Life.

Evelyn Brown.

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GEORGIA TWILIGHT

Two silhouettes.

I. THE PIEDMONT

How lovely is the rolling country  
With the peach trees on the hill,  
With the cedars for a background,  
By the stream an old, old mill.

II. THE PINE FLATS

Idly flows the sunset water,  
Lights and shadows glinting by;  
The hush of evening settles slowly—  
Blue pines against an orange sky.

Evelyn Brown.

## ❁ MY AUNTS SPECTACLES ❁

Of the many elements that occur in nature, there are very few that we think of as standing alone. Thus, we cannot conceive of a flower without a stem or a bride without the groom, and very few of us are able to visualize an old maid without her one romance. Possessing an unusually vivid imagination, I am able to conceive of a few elements with the negative minus the positive. For instance, I can easily imagine a comedian without any buttons missing, a butcher without a red nose, a president without a silk hat, and I can even picture a Uriah Heep without large hands. Two elements, however, I have never been able to disassociate, and these are my aunt and her spectacles.

To be perfectly truthful, I cannot see that my aunt really needs spectacles, for she more frequently looks over them than through them, and half the time she holds them in her hand. I cannot be positive as to her reason for wearing them, but I think I suspect the truth. I once overheard her say she thought it "so aristocratic" to wear glasses, and, above everything else, my aunt dearly loves to be called aristocratic.

I have always heard that every person has a definite avenue of soul-expression, and I am sure that my aunt expresses herself through her spectacles. Thus, if she pushes them up on her forehead, I know that she is thinking hard. When she takes them off and taps them gently against the palm of her hand, she is nervous or excited. This is all very well for me, but when my aunt lets her specs drop down to the end of her nose, I prepare myself for an oncoming storm, for this is a sure sign.

Rheumatism is known to make some people fretful and grouchy, but for spectacles to affect one's nature—the idea is preposterous. Yet, such is the case with my aunt, for I can nearly always trace the source of her irritability back to her spectacles. She finds many faults with those specs! Sometimes they are too big, sometimes too little, and she discovers so many things wrong, I often wonder if a pair of glasses could ever reach a state of perfection in her sight. If it were only the spectacles she found fault with, it would not be so bad, but, strange to tell, she seems to blame it all on those around her, and so I too, come in

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for my share of her scolding.

It is a source of amusement to me that my aunt always manages to lay the blame for her own errors on other people. She sometimes gets my uncle's pair of glasses by mistake, but she usually succeeds in convincing him that the fault was his. "Dear me, John" she will exclaim in tones of shocked surprise, "I really believe you are getting old. Here you've gone and got our spectacles mixed again!" As much value as she seems to attach to her glasses, she frequently loses them, and finds them in most impossible places. In so far as I know, and I think I am fairly familiar with the family history, my uncle has never been able to have the last word with my aunt but once. That was on one occasion when she had lost her spectacles, and we had searched a week for them, in vain. Finally, my uncle chanced to find them folded away in her Bible, and, until this day, my aunt blushes whenever he mentions scripture reading.

There are a very few elements in nature that we can think of as standing alone, but I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth shall ever be able to separate in my mind, my aunt from her spectacles.

Evelyn McArthur.

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## AN EDITOR'S VISION

We all have heard of visions,  
For oft have we been told  
What wonderous dreams the prophet had,  
Back in the days of old.

And yet, today, such things occur,  
At least, it seems to me,  
For I have had a vision,  
As real as it could be.

It came one day when all about,  
Lay Pine Branch work to do,  
Instead of having gone to press,  
The work was half way through.

I saw the future magazine,  
The best that could be found,  
But my, the sights were all so strange,  
That I was held spell bound.

I saw just files of manuscript,  
That almost reached perfection;  
The staff produced a Pine Branch  
By the process of selection.

I saw a busy office  
And a line—but not for bread;  
The business men were scrambling  
For ads, some months ahead.

And then I saw new issues,  
Addressed and in a pile,  
They were three weeks ahead of time,  
And had to wait a while.

Just then alas! my vision closed---  
My breath was almost gone,  
I took again my pen in hand  
And slowly plodded on.

Eppie Roberson.

## DESERTED VILLAGE

A deserted atmosphere pervaded the whole country. Miles had passed without the appearance of a single living creature. There was no sound except the swish of the dust, and the hum of our motor, as well as occasional groans of discomfort from the rear seat. The fast sinking sun cast pale cold beams over the rolling country of North Georgia thereby notifying us of the pressing need of shelter for the night. Since the next stop indicated on the road map was Deserted Village, our expectations were not high, and even the meagerest were not fulfilled when we drove thru the main street, finding it true to its name, deserted. There were, indeed, fine large brick houses, palatial homes of an earlier century, built with the idea of accommodating the many guests often present for only once the house-warming, dances and weddings. But now no person was to be found, no stray cat or dog, kindly disposed or otherwise, could be found skulking in the trite gathering shadows of evening.

The only course open to us was to drive on until perchance we might find food and lodging. We had driven scarcely three miles when to our satisfaction, we were confronted with a sign bearing the legend "Ye Olde Inn," a little to the right of which stood an ancient tavern. The window panes gleamed red with the reflection of an open fire within; the door was thrown wide open, showing in silhouette the innkeeper, who courteously invited us to enter. We straightway gathered around the fire-place, stretching our chilled hands to the blaze; meanwhile the innkeeper's wife and daughter hastened to place before the hearth a small table. All our wants were anticipated, the service was gracious, and our feeling of well-being grew. After supper we drew the family to our group, to hear the tales and legends of the country, and to learn especially the reason for the desertion of the near by village. Finally the following story was told to us:

'It was in October, of the year 1860. Bustling preparations were being made in the Great House, as it was called, for the wedding on the morrow of the only daughter. The house had been swept, scrubbed, and repainted, the furni-

## DESERTED VILLAGE

ture stood in painfully correct array, the curtains were crisp with freshness, flowers had been plucked with a prodigal hand; they adorned every vase, bowl and receptacle that could be urged into service. The aunts of the bride-to-be were flitting about, touching a rose here, adjusting a cushion there, twitching curtains that they might stand even more stiffly than ever. Gathered around the fire-place in the hunting room might be found the uncles who had escaped to enjoy a peaceful smoke. Cousins were to be always underfoot, following the varied directions of the hostess, and her self-appointed associates.

At last, all was in readiness for the event of the morrow; there was now time to snatch a hasty meal even though the hour was late—too late, indeed for indulging in the rich viands set before them. Later the group withdrew to the long sitting room to have a last chat before the fire. The trend of topics passed from the commonplace to the supernatural; tales of uncertain origin and of unmistakable ghostly nature were told. Vexed at the turn the conversation had taken, since she felt her affairs to be all important, the bride-to-be, with a disapproving glance bade the family good night. The house being overcrowded, she elected to spend her last night as a maiden in the room of her childhood days, a place where she had always been able to ponder and dream at will, since its position at the top of the house made it more or less secluded. There was no need to light the lamp, for a cherry fire blazed on the hearth and moonlight streamed in through the wide-open dormer windows. These she closed, locked the door, and then flung herself on the couch to indulge in dreams of the one most dear to her, the one into whose keeping she would so soon give herself. There was no noise except the crackling of the logs, and the whispering of the great tree overhanging the roof.

How long she lay lost in thought is not known, but the fire died down to embers, leaving a pile of fluffy ashes beneath the bright coals. The flickering light cast gruesome shadows on the walls, the wind had seemingly increased without, for the branches of the old tree were scraping the roof, giving forth a ghostly sound. But the girl aroused herself, noticing how unusually close the noise was; it seemed to be coming from beneath the couch; she even thought

## THE PINE BRANCH

she could hear the soft scraping of a chain. Looking down she could see the fringe of the coverlet moving, something was emerging from beneath her resting place. It finally came into view; deformed and misshapen; it was in a crouching position, but trying to reach the failing warmth of the fire. It humped itself across the floor; settling down before the fire with a grunt of satisfaction. To the girl's eyes, dilated with horror, came the vision of a Thing. One could scarcely call it human, though on close inspection it resembled a man's figure. Its arms were long and out of proportion to the gnarled and twisted body; the legs were crooked, and to one trailed a few links of chain. The face, framed in a mat of grizzled, tangled long hair, was characterized by a vacuous expression. The lips hung loose; the nostrils twitched; the eyes seemed fixed.

The girl sat rigid; momentarily expecting the thing to pounce upon her. When the fire at last became but a dead heap of ashes, the Thing started for its hiding place, slowly edging toward the couch.

The daylight burst upon a scene of bustling activity: the bridegroom rode into the yard with a great clatter. The family greeted him warmly, but as he missed his fiancée, one of the aunts volunteered to call her. She found the door locked, and received no response to her calls. In agitation she called the members of the family; the lock of the door was broken. To the horror of those in the doorway, they saw a haggard, old, grey-haired woman arise from the couch. She tottered toward them—her eyes fixed, her hands groping."

Here the innkeeper, whose countenance had grown paler as the story progressed, paused, overcome by agitation. We, failing to understand the significance of the trembling hands and beaded brow of the old man, began to ply him with questions.

"What was the Thing?"

"How did It get into her room?"

"Did the woman live?"

"What became of the bride-groom?"

Ignoring all save the last question, the story teller, who had to some degree regained his composure, continued his tale.

"Youth has nothing in common with age. The family of the bride, not caring to remain in a community where their

## DESERTED VILLAGE

daughter was an object of pity to the villagers and a curiosity to be pointed out to all strangers, quietly moved away. Superstition proved to be a dominant trait in the character of the villagers, so family after family sought homes elsewhere. But even as a murderer returns to the scene of his crime, the bride-groom returned to the now deserted village. He has never been able to tear himself away from the immediate vicinity."

Abruptly he quitted the room, leaving us to wonder if this were the price paid for youthful fancy.

Mildred Price.

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## TOMORROW



I was going to be all that a mortal could be  
Tomorrow.  
In studiousness no one would quite equal me  
Tomorrow.  
A pal was in danger or flunking, I knew;  
She'd be glad of a lift, and needed it too.  
With her I would talk and see what I could do  
Tomorrow.  
On each morning I thot of the essays I'd write  
Tomorrow.  
I thot of my teachers, how for them I'd recite  
Tomorrow.  
'Twas a pity indeed I was busy today  
"I've no time left to translate my Latin," I'd say,  
"The most perfect of students I'll be—not today  
Tomorrow.  
All my school-mates would learn of the fame that I'd won  
Tomorrow.  
I'd look back with pride on the work that I'd done  
Tomorrow.  
In the midst of my reveries there came a review  
And all that was left when correcting, was thru  
Was the studying which I'd intended to do  
Tomorrow.

Elsie Gunn.

## WOMAN'S DAY ADDRESS MRS. A. P. BRANTLEY

### EDITORS NOTE:—

Mrs. A. P. Brantley of Blackshear, Ga., newly elected President of the Georgia Federation of Woman's Clubs, and also one of our own trustees, has kindly consented for us to publish the address given by her on Woman's day during the week of the Educational Fair.

---

Madam President, Madam Vice-President of the General Federation,  
Madam President of the Florida Federation,  
Our Past President of the Georgia Federation,  
Ladies and Gentlemen:

With great pleasure I bring to everybody who has any part in this wonderful Day, most cordial greetings from the Georgia Federation of Women's Clubs.

It is particularly pleasant to bring this greeting to our sisters of the Florida Federation. Mrs. Winter refers to us as her daughters, and as children of the General Federation we have combined our efforts for every constructive and far reaching measure that would develop the States in which we live. They have grasped the spirit of cooperation and are our partners in all our efforts to serve humanity. The problems of the Federated Clubs are not women's problems nor men's problems but the problems of humanity, and it is only by close cooperation, deliberate thinking and conservative action that we can hope to meet them successfully.

In the beginning of this new year of club activities we shall strengthen our efforts in behalf of the home, the child and the school. The club woman of today is essentially a home maker and as such she has a valuable opportunity to make a forward movement that makes for national progress. Happy and contented homes are the best possible insurance against the many evil influences that are at work in this country. Healthy, normal and efficient people are the greatest asset of the nation, and to the home maker is assigned the most important service in the world, for it is her province also to rear and develop the children, our men and women of the future, and who neglects them is recreant to the most sacred trust in nature.

The best, most vital part in woman's field is yet before her if she will follow the golden middle way of conservative thought and action having for her watchword, not man or woman,—but humanity.

Fourteen



## THANK GOD FOR YOUTH

As the Thanksgiving season approaches, and we are filled with the spirit of thankfulness, our thoughts begin to turn to the things around us and possessed by us, for which we should be truly thankful. If the Day of Thanksgiving were not set aside some of us would never stop to consider the blessings that have been bestowed upon us, and, sad as it may seem, there are some to whom Thanksgiving means a holiday and nothing more.

Nevertheless, when we are reminded, all of us see countless things around us that should bring on a feeling of gratitude, such as advantages, opportunities, etc. There is however, something possessed by our group that we usually take for granted, instead of feeling grateful for it, and using it to an advantage. It is something that everyone doesn't have, and, as is usually the case, those who have it not know best how to appreciate it. This something is YOUTH.

In referring to a certain age in history, Woodsworth said:

"Bliss was it in that day to be alive,  
But to be young was very heaven."

If the poet could use such term to describe an ancient period, what might he say of our present time? Surely, if youth might ever be described as being "very heaven,"

## EDITORIAL

it is today. At what other time has the youth of a nation had the advantages, pleasures, and freedom that we enjoy? None—yet how little we appreciate it! Instead of being proud of the fact, and making it mean something to us, we take it as a matter of fact. We never stop to realize that we have our life before us to spend as we wish, and that the failure or success of it depends upon the advantage we are taking of our youth.

In psychology we learn that man, being the most complex of all animals, must be able to adjust himself to an ever changing environment. For this reason, his period of infancy or educability is extended further than that of any other living being. Our minds remain plastic for years in order that we may best prepare ourselves for life. Yet, so few of us properly use this state of plasticity. We are so absorbed in the little things that are constantly before us, that we forget what a blessing it is to be young, and able to shape and mould our lives in practically any way we wish. We never take time to enjoy the thought that we possess youth and vitality. Instead, we are constantly living in the future, planning the things we are to at some distant time.

There is a time in life when we think less of the future, and more of the past. As people grow old, their thoughts usually turn backward, and they meditate more and more on their youthful days. If they have been wasted, how much sorrow and regret it must bring to one to recall them in the declining years of life. If they have been spent wisely, and have meant an enrichment of life, how much pleasure they must bring to one in old age.

Therefore, let's not wait until youth is gone to appreciate it, but enjoy it while we may, using it in such a way that in future years, it will be a source of constant joy and pride.

E. R.



The month of November has indeed been a happy and busy month for the college students. The larger part of the student body spent the fall holidays, November 2nd through the 5th, at home, and even though quite a number remained in the dormitories, the change from regular routine was a holiday in itself.

Every Georgia Cracker enjoys a cane grinding. Therefore, no one was surprised at the large crowd of girls who went to Mr. Beck's on Tuesday night November 6th at his invitation. Girls, who went empty handed, returned—a glass of cane-juice in one hand and a stalk of red grinding cane in the other.

College classes were stopped on the morning of Thursday, the eighth, that the student group might hear the talks to be delivered by the leading club women of Georgia and Florida. Mrs. D. D. Smith, President of Valdosta Woman's Club, introduced the speakers for the morning. Mayor Peeples and Mr. Wall welcomed the ladies both to the city and to the Fair Grounds. The ladies spoke of the present conditions in their respective states and of how these conditions could and were being improved.

Mrs. A. P. Brantley of Blackshear, President of Georgia Federation of Women's Clubs, and the retiring President, Mrs. Hayes, took supper at the College on Thursday evening, November 8th. We were all rather hurried because of the pageant that evening, but we were glad to have our guests speak a word or two to us.

It is quite fitting that, following the morning of talks from the prominent Club Women of Georgia and Florida, the College should give as a pageant the History of Women at the Fair grounds on the evening of the same day. The pageant began with the Indian squaw of the earlier American history and carried the history of woman on through the large part she played in the recent war. Due to this and to the exhibits from the training school and col-

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lege classes we are glad to say that the blue ribbon, to be awarded for the best educational exhibit, is now ours.

Friday afternoon and evening was truly a holiday time for the college girls, since we were allowed to spend that time in the Fair grounds. Red, white, and blue seemed to be the dominant color scheme on the Midway that afternoon and evening. It was a tired and happy, though financially deficient, bunch of girls who left the Fair at ten-thirty. This however, did not end the thrills of the Fair for all night long they rode on the ferris wheel, caterpillar, seaplane, and whip and through their dreams there walked a motley crowd of fire-eaters, fat men, tall ladies, midgets, and minstrel performers.

The part that the student body takes in the Armistice Day Parade has grown to be a custom with us. On Saturday, the tenth, the College group in white uniform and red sweaters marched in the parade. Classes for the afternoon were dispensed with, and right glad we were for a rest after a busy week.

Mr. N. H. Ballard, of Brunswick, State Superintendent of Schools, was with us for a short while on November 9th.

Miss Marguarite Wooley, one of the National Organizers of the League of Women Voters was our guest on Sunday evening, November 11th. She told us briefly some what of the work of the League.

The Baptist Woman's Missionary Union Convention was held in Valdosta November 13th—15th. We were honored to have for dinner with us on November 15th a number of the distinguished guests of this Convention, Dr. Chamlee, President of Bessie Tift College, Mrs. Tift, wife of the founder of Bessie Tift College, Dr. Blachner, president of Shorter, Dr. Weaver, president of Mercer University, Miss F. Catherine Bryan, returned Missionary from China, Mrs. W. J. Neel, president of Woman's Missionary Union, and Dr. H. D. Johnson of Valdosta. After dinner speeches were in order and Mr. Powell expressed the sentiment of the entire student group in saying we were pleased to have become acquainted with our guests.

That afternoon we held open house that our guests might see something of the way we lived and where. We are proud of our school home and are always glad to have visitors.



## Y. W. C. A.



The Y. W. C. A. provided a very enjoyable evening's entertainment on Monday, the nineteenth, in the form of a dramatic presentation of one of Stephen Phillip's most widely known tragedies, "Herod," which was read by Dr. Henry Lawrence Southwick. Dr. Southwick is the distinguished president of the Emerson School of Oratory, at Boston, and his annual visit to the college is a source of great pleasure to the faculty and student body.

\* \* \*

### HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Halloween furnished a fitting occasion for witches, goblins, ghosts, bats, clowns, pierrots and pierrettes to gather in the rotunda, dining hall, and terrace for their annual festivity. Their motely assemblage, together with a background of grinning pumpkin heads, black cats, and weird looking lights gave a very sinister appearance. Clowns and witches kept things stirring; and the Hall of Horrors evoked many screams from the more timid. Gayly clad gypsies revealed pasts and futures by palm reading and crystal gazing.

Blood curdling and hair-raising ghost stories told to a group seated around a glowing cauldron, followed by a weird procession of ghosts, who brought their fellow ghost to life and who beckoned the group to follow them, furnished a fitting climax.

# ALUMNAE



J.B.

Joy abounded when the very first reply to a letter sent out by the College Y. W. C. A. arrived from Mrs. Earl Taylor of Columbus, Georgia. To us, the name Mrs. Earl Taylor has little significance. Say Angie Mae Miller to a few of us who are still here and we happily recall one of the three members of the class of '14. If we could only have a message from her two classmates!

No news from either of the four members of the '16 class is yet available.

Lottie Jarrell, Mrs. James Stump, is again our Alumnae Association President. A school teacher by nature she was once said to be. She has for some time resumed this work in addition to mothering her two little daughters and keeping a husband and a home.

Gertrude Jones, Mrs. W. L. Roberts, is a representative of the '16 class and like her classmate, Lottie Jarrell Stump, is a resident Alumna and a housekeeper.

Of the 17 members of the '17 class, we have recent news of only three. Effie Patten writes that she, and Nellie Blalock of the '21 class are pleasantly situated at Abbeville, Georgia. At the time the letter was written, we find Effie working up a talk on the value of Supervised Play, to be given before her superintendent and faculty. Effie has fifth and Nellie second grade work.

The next bits of news is from one with whom we have more easily managed to keep in touch. Morgan Majette is associated with Frederick H. Kock, director of The Carolina Playmakers at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, North Carolina which is one of the most interesting dramatic enterprises in the country.

Lena Jenkins is still engaged in teaching in the public schools of Valdosta.

Pearl Bullock, class of '18, is an occasional visitor to her Alma Mater. Tifton, Georgia, continues to be her field of work and history is her line of emphasis.

Hazel Bourquine is a resident Alumnaa, Mrs. W. H. Briggs

## THE PINE BRANCH

is one of the thirteen members of the class of '18 who exchanged school teaching for housekeeping.

Ida Groover is still associated with the Science Department of the College. You may address her at Georgia Avenue, Valdosta, Georgia.

On one October morning, Edith Smith, wearing most unusual smiles, not that smiles are infrequent upon her countenance but that they were unusually sweet, made hasty calls on her class mates. Ida Groover and Edith Patterson. A bit of teasing as to the probable reason for her stay in Valdosta at this school season revealed not the secret. The Valdosta Times of the following day gave an account of the marriage to Mr. George Bell and of the future home at Tignall, Georgia.

Four of the class of '19, we know about. Minnie Ruth Brown is teaching the fourth grade in the public schools of Miami, Florida.

Sadie Culbreth is still a teacher in North Carolina, though her address has changed to Raeford.

Lena May is continuing her teaching in the grammar grades of the Valdosta School System.

Catherine Spence is again in her former school at Brunswick, Georgia. She was a visitor during the opening days in September to give the new Brunswick students a good send off in their college career at her Alma Mater.

Interesting news of a few members of the class of '20, we have been fortunate to hear about. Augusta Brown is with her sister, Minnie Ruth, at Miami, Florida and is teaching one section of the fourth grade.

Rumors that wedding bells would ring for Mattie Campbell during the past summer lead one, an interested friend, to make inquiry as to the truth that might be connected with said rumor. Forthwith comes the report that a school position had been accepted. On our return to college duties, we failed to find Mattie at her old address and if a letter reaches her properly we now write Mrs. W. E. Lester, Crescent Avenue, Cherokee Heights, Macon, Georgia.

Ora Killian is for a second time one of the sixty-four teachers in Roanoke Rapids School System of North Carolina. Rosemary North Carolina is her location. It was with pleasure that we read her letter, so full of good wishes for her Alma Mater, so eager to get information in regard to Alumnae work, and to know the where abouts of the girls

## ALUMNAE

who were here in her school days.

Mildred Smith, Mrs. J. P. Kelly, is at East Gordon Street, Valdosta, Georgia for the winter months.

From Apartado 470, Habana Cuba comes a lovely letter and the writer is Katherine White. In writing her, perhaps you had best use her latest name, Mrs. V. C. Jordan. It was good to hear expressions such as this: "I'll always hold most dear memories of my days at S. G. S. N. C., I just couldn't say G. S. W. C. However, I am proud of her progress."

Our Alumnae Poet, Helen Allen, may be found at 306 America Street, Orlando, Florida. We are hoping that her housekeeping duties will not take the poetry out of her soul. Helen is now Mrs. Alfred Thomas. She is the third member of the class of '21 to change her name.

Ruth Harrell is for the third year a teacher in Anderson Street School, Savannah, Georgia. We heard good reports of this one of our song birds. She sings in the choir of the Lutheran Church.

Hallie Jordan is teaching one section of the first grade in a consolidated school near Hartsville, South Carolina. She is one of six Georgia teachers to secure positions in this school.

Mildred Price is to be one of the first graduates to get an A. B. degree from G. S. W. C., the degree to be conferred in May 1924.

Alma Thompson, this year, joined Waver Hodges in Ridgeland, South Carolina. In addition to teaching seventh and fourth grades, they are "making records" and in turn are sitting to listen to themselves sing. The College girls would say: "O, how thrilling!"

And a few things we have heard about the class of '22. Helen Bruce is teaching at Blackshear, Georgia. One weekend recently, she played "Big Sister" visitor to Hester who is a Freshman here.

Jimmie Carmack is again with the A. and M. School, Tifton, Georgia. Imagine Jimmie on a shopping excursion with a group of her girls to whom she teaches cooking and sewing! The party was shown the College plant and we were shown as good group of Tifton school girls by a most dignified chaperone.

Etta Fain recently came through our city. Cooking and

## THE PINE BRANCH

Sewing are the subjects being taught by her at Leesburg, Georgia.

Vada Fain is teaching Science in the High School at Fayetteville, North Carolina.

Mary and May Crum, unlike the Fain sisters, somehow always find employment at the same place. Naylor, Georgia is their location. Mae has primary grades, and Mary the sixth and seventh.

Gladys Harris is for a second term, at Winder, Georgia. She is doing fourth grade work.

Chloe and Henrilu Ivey are candidates for the A. B. degree in May 1924.

Willie Mae Mathews is also doing degree work along with student assistant teaching in the Junior High School. "Lest we forget", I'll pass the suggestion that she is our Alumnae Association Treasurer and receipts are ready when the occasion for their use arrives.

It isn't Clyde for Father and it isn't Clyde for Mother, though Clyde Palmer, as you recall, is Mrs. Clyde Dewitt. It is Martha Corinne and her birthday was Nov. 1, 1923. Baby Martha's address is Sale City, Georgia.

Inez Sharpe is studying toward a degree at Wesleyan College, Macon, Georgia.

Juanita Parrish is teaching the first grade in the public school of Boston, Georgia.

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## Society Notes



### SORORIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Sororian Literary Society held its regular program meeting on the evening of October the 20th. The purpose of the program was to introduce the society to the new girls. Miss Willie Mae Matthews presented the early history of the society, giving the purpose and ideals for which it was founded. The President, Miss Christine Meadows, gave a short talk on the plan and purpose of the programs for the coming year. The programs mapped out for the year have four aims to fulfill—to be forceful, interesting, entertaining, and educational, and are based on the literary masters of the past and present.

Miss Daisy Geiger represented every new member asking several constructive and helpful questions.

\* \* \*

### ARGONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Argonian Literary Society held its regular program meeting on Saturday evening, October 20th. The rotunda was converted into a veritable Japanese garden by the use of Japanese scrolls, wisteria and chrysanthemums. Japanese parasols and screens added to the lovely effect of the whole.

A delightful representation of the opera "Madam Butterfly" was given as follows:

Selections from the opera.....Francis Thomas  
Japanese Quartette Dance, Misses Katie Herrin, Madeline  
Culbreth, Sara Manderville and Marie Clark.

Twenty-Four

Vocal Solo—"Poor Butterfly"-----Alice Clark  
Victrola selections from the Opera.

Several piano selections were played by Miss Grace Buie, during which delicious refreshments were served.

Miss Eppie Roberson, as critic, expressed the attitude of all the girls present in saying that the evening was thoroughly enjoyed.

\* \* \*

A recent campaign has been carried on between the two societies for the purpose of securing subscriptions for the Pine Branch. The campaign was supposed to last two weeks, and the society having 100% at the end of this time was to receive a loving cup as a reward. However, at the end of the second day, both societies were 100%, so the loving cup will be shared by the two societies.

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# Jokes

Father visiting campus—

“Do you know my daughter, Sallie Lou Powell?”

M. C. “Yes sir, we sleep in the same Psychology class!”

\* \* \*

Miss Craig: “Do you know the three laws of the pendulum?”

“I know two.”

Miss Craig: “Which one don't you know?”

\* \* \*

Mr. Stokes had written on the back of May Lillies paper:

“Please write more legibly.”

Next day, May Lillie: “Mr. Stokes, what's this you have written on the back of my paper.”

\* \* \*

Miss Hopper: “What is the difference between the North pole and South Pole?”

Hester: “All the difference in the world.”

\* \* \*

Prof. in Biology: “What insect lives on the least food?”

Elsie G: “The Moth. It eats holes.”

\* \* \*

Miss Jones (to Gym Class): “Lots of girls use dumbbells to get color in their cheeks.”

Marie: “And lots of girls use color on their cheeks to get dumbbells.”

\* \* \*

Father: “What did you do with that check I sent you?”

Student: “Alma Mater took it all Dad.”

Father: “And I told you to keep away from women.”  
Exchange.

\* \* \*

Lillian (after breakfast) “Babe you had better stop eating syrup, it will make you ugly.”

Babe DeLay: “Why, have you been eating it?”

Twenty-six

## THE PINE BRANCH

F. Myrick: "What are you studying?"  
F. Thomas: "Horace."  
F. Myrick: "What is that—Psychology?"

\* \* \*

Kathleen Moore: "Want to hear something real catty, Annie?"  
Anne (stopping her work): "Yeah."  
Kathleen: "Meow—ow—ow."

\* \* \*

Morris coming out of her room after study hall bell had rung, met the Monitor.  
Monitor: "Where are you going?"  
Morris: (Opening her door again) "Back."

\* \* \*

Mr. Poston (at Glee Club practice) "Sing! Sing!" he cried, nodding his head and waving his baton frantically.  
Mildred to Elizabeth: "He must think we're a bunch of convicts."

\* \* \*

Mr. Wood: "Miss Brown, were you absent yesterday?"  
Evelyn: "Yes, sir, but its all right for Aline says you didn't call the roll."

\* \* \*

Grace (using Katherine's rouge in a public place) "Isn't this Plebeian?"  
Kathleen: "No, it's Djer-kiss."

\* \* \*

Eppie: "I don't believe it does me a bit of good to go to school. I forget one year what I learn the next."

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