

THE PINE BRANCH



NOVEMBER
1930

Volume XV

Number 2

THE PINE BRANCH

ISSUED MONTHLY

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE GEORGIA STATE
WOMANS COLLEGE, VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103,
Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized January 20, 1919.

VOL. XV.

NOVEMBER, 1930

NO. 2

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NOVEMBER

Firelight, color bright,
Flaming far and near;
Cold night, transient light,
Twilight of the year.

E. QUARTERMAN—'32.

SONNET TO HOMELINESS

O, homeliness, thou blessing in disguise,
Than whom there is no better friend to me;
In whom my every present virtue lies
For, but for thee, how wicked I would be.
Thou sealst my lips from uttering boasting lies,
For who so foolish as to envy me?
One who could call forth no romantic sighs,
Nor steal one's lover by a moon-lit sea.
For me no broken-hearted mother cries,
My reticence is all because of thee;
About me no vain idle gossip flies,
For who in me could food for gossip see?
So here I stay within thy own drab fold
And thus—they say "she has a heart of gold."

KATE JONES—'31.

REFLECTIONS OF A FRESHIE

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem."

This "seems" like a lot of money wasted, but Dad always had his head set on my educashon. Here I have been walking around this school's big yard, trying to learn this newfangled stuff—Dad always said he wanted me to be a notorious somebody.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle!"

That shaperon who met me at the depo ought to have been called a push-er-on, because that seemed to be her bizness. She had a lot of other girls with her. Come to get educated like me, I reckon. And the way she herded us around, reminded me of the way Dad ships cattle. Only she didn't dip us or brand us or nuthin'—

I don't much like this burg. I think that the guy that started this town must have had a sand storm in his upper story that berried his brains before he thot of it. But then it really don't look like anybody ever started it. Seems to have just growed, so we can't blame it on nobody. This school's allright, I guess. Haven't seen much of it yet, but the house is big enuf for King Solomon to live in and give all his wives a private sweet.

* * * * "still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

I sure had to wait a long time last Monday. They told me I had to get matriculated. I didn't know what that was, but if it was any worse than bein vaccinated or innoculated I knew I was goin' home on the next engine.

I wonder what fool new disease they are skeered of now. Well, I sure did put one over on this here school. I got up early to get matriculated and get it over with, an' I started down to see Miss Whateveryoucallher, who I reckon must be the doctor, tho' I've never heard of a female one before. Anyway she ain't much good. I hadn't gone far when some girl came runnin' up to me and sed I was her little sister. I told her she must be crazy, because I was bigger than she was and besides I didn't have no sisters. Then she got

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right mad an sed she knew I was too her little sister, 'cause Miss Whateveryoucallher told her so. An' I sed she might know a lot, but she didn't have no birth record of our family and I was willin' to take Dad's word for it anytime. I knew Dad wouldn't keep nuthin' like that from me. I must have convinced her that she had no ties on me, cause she began to laff at her own silliness an tried to make up by sayin' she wanted to help me get settled. I told her she could if she wanted to. Forgiver! That's me all over. She ast me where was I goin', and I told her down to get my arm scratched. She didn't seem to understand, so I explained about gettin' matriculated. She looked real sympathizin' an asted if she could go along and help. I sed she might hold the smellin' salts; tho I didn't usually faint easy. She laffed an sed I was awful funny, tho' I didn't mean to be joking. Guess I'm just naturally witty.

Pretty soon she ast what I was goin' to take. I told her I perzumed they'd first use cocaine, but if I could have my way I'd take ether. She just most busted laffin' then, an I told her if she thot I was funny then she just ought to see me when I got started good. She sed she was comin' to see me and bring all her friends. I must have made an awful mash on her. Attractive! That's me all over. Well, after waiting a couple of years, we went in to see Miss Whateveryoucallher. She made me set down, but didn't say a word about me rollin' up my sleeves. She kept firin' questions at me about ambitions, an' life works, an' a lot of fool stuff that a doctor oughtn't to be wastin' her time thinkin' about. Finally she said what kind of a course did I want to take this year. An' I sed I wasn't particular. Any kind where I wouldn't have to study much. She sed she thot that was a good idea an' she guessed I'd better be a Spechul. Then she ast me what kind of a spechul I wanted to be. I thot she was awful inquisitive, but I told her I wasn't particular. Then she sed she thot I'd like Physical Ed cause I looked like the kind of a girl that would enjoy Jim. I told her that suited me fine cause I always had a way with the men. She was awful snappy an' sed that didn't have nuthin' to do with it, but I expect she was just jealous cause they didn't like her. I wonder what Ed and Jim are like. Then she sed she was thru with me, and handed me a little ticket and told me to get out. I guess that's my certificate for bein' matriculated, but the funny part of it is she forgot to matriculate me. Lucky! That's me all over.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!"

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I have been getting acquainted with my bunk mate, an' I still have two ears, two eyes and all my hair. She has some queer customs. For instance, she dabs some red stuff on her cheeks and lips, an' some black stuff on her eye-lashes, altho' there ain't nothin' the matter with them. An' it makes her look like a clown out of the circus, but she don't know it and gets mad when you try to tell her. An' she thinks the nicest thing in the world is gettin' Spechuls. That ain't a course of study! It's a letter that comes in the middle of the night and makes you jump up and down and kiss the hand writin'. Seems like anything they haven't got a name for around here they call a Spechul. She talks funny too. All the time she calls me her "cherry." She says it's French, but I think it's silly. I've heard of callin' folks a peach or a lemon. There's some cents in that, but there ain't none in callin' them a cherry.

"To act * * * that each tomorrow
Finds us farther than today."

Today in our Art class the teacher ast us, to criticize a man named Ruben's picture. I wrote that I didn't like the picture, 'cause all the ladies were nude, naked, and didn't have any clothes on. She called me after class, and sed I didn't have the right idea. Then she ast me about my studies,—if I was carrying a pretty heavy load. I told her no ma'm, only the book I had in my hand. She said that there was one thing sure, and that was that I carried a light load of brains. I wondered what she meant, but I didn't like to hurt her feelings by askin'. Considerate! That's me all over.

"To act * * * that each tomorrow
Finds us farther than today."

Maybe I'll have better luck tomorrow than I had today. This afternoon I wanted to go to town and I knew I'd have to ast somebody could I go. You can't even take a bath around here without askin'. They regulate everything but our appetites. Well somebody told me to write a little note and file it. I didn't see no cents in that, but I was shavin' off the edges with one of my bunk mate's monicle impliments when she sed what was I doin'. I told her filin' a request. She sed I didn't have the right idea; that I had to take it to the office and put it on file myself. Well, I went an' filed up and down outside her door most all afternoon, an' nobody

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come out to get it. Then I got mad an' sed I'd stay at home, an' I did too. Independent! That's me all over.

* * * * "leave behind us
Footprints on the sand of time."

I guess I'd better be footin' it back. It's mos' dark. It's about time for me to retire to my boodwar. That's a new word my roomie taught me. She sed it ment what you slept in. I told her I always called mine a night-gown, but I'd call it that to please her. Obliging! That's me all over.

"A forlorn and shipwrecked * * *
Seeing, shall take heart again."

I'm a "lone lorn creetur," and I'm mos' broke out in gloom. But Dad always did have his hed set on my educashon,—Always sed he wanted me to be famous someday.

MARY J. PENCE—'32.

AUTUMN

Leaves burnt to red
And faded to brown
Come tumbling down,
Crumpled and dead.
Summer's last rose
Is faded and lost,
Touched by the frost
In midnight repose.
Swift in defeat
Is summer's retreat!

HAZEL ALLEN—'32.

AND SO FAR, FAR INTO THE NIGHT

"If I don't hear today I'll go crazy! I can't stand it! And there you sit and read, read, read! You're a sympathizing friend!"

Jane looked up from her book, then, putting it on the table, said, "I've heard it all before. You're absolutely sold on him! He's the only man in the world you don't have to look at through smoked glasses. He's breaking your heart because he hasn't written you in two days,—and what have you done for the Gods to treat you like this!"

At this point she arose and dramatically said,

"I'm dying for love of him. Sometimes I think I'm losing my mind. It's more than I can bear! O—o—o—h!"

"Jane Standish, you're a cold-blooded beast—just because you've never been truly in love—"

"Praise Allah!"

"Let me finish please. Just because you've never been in love you think I'm a fool, and I am—a fool over the most—"

"Angelic, handsome, divine deity on earth. And what is his name—er—Simpson. Rather incongruous, a deity by the name of Simpson! Let's see, Marge, last month your deity answered to the poetic name of Brown. The month before it was Gordon. The month before—"

"Will you shut up! I've told you I'm in earnest this time. Oh, there's the mail now. Please go, Jane. I can't look. If I shouldn't hear, I'm afraid I should break down before all those girls."

"Florence Nightingale on her errand of mercy," said Jane as she stalked out of the room.

In a few minutes she came back bearing a letter on a boudoir pillow she had borrowed from a neighboring room.

"Your crown choels, madame," she said. "Now I won't have to room by myself like I thought. Oh I hope his intentions are honorable, and he'll do right by our little Nell," she simpered.

Marge went into ecstasies. "Oh Jane, he hadn't written because—"

"He's in the infirmary with lieitis, and he still loves you and you're beautiful," Jane snapped as she walked out and slammed the door.

Jane was becoming tired of all these broken hearts of Marge's. At first she had thought it cute, but with constant repetition it was becoming monotonous. She had thought that making fun of Marge would help matters, but it only seemed to make her worse.

That night Jane stayed awake trying to think of a plan to cure Marge of her constant love affairs. About midnight she decided on a course of action that to her seemed at least worth a try.

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The prom was the next week and Marge's Simpson diary would be there. Marge had swapped only one prom and that was with Jane, saying as she did so that she was only doing it because Jane was her dearest friend.

"Now I'm not such a complete washout," thought Jane, "even if I've never been in love, and with my girlish charms and a little subtle flattery I'll wager I can keep any man endowed with the name of Simpson far from the madding crowd for at least the space of four proms. Marge won't dare come yelling to me about a broken heart if I happen to have a little share in the breaking, and maybe it'll show her how foolish she is."

The night of the prom finally arrived. Jane was a trifle excited over her plan. When she met Mr. Simpson she was even more excited. He really was good-looking. "Quite the nicest of Marge's selection," thought Jane. This was going to be fun.

In a secluded spot which she had chosen for her great "Hold Everything" scene, Jane found her task even easier than she expected. A subtle bit of flattery here, a clever question or two that led to a recital of all the events of his life were all that she needed to keep him, not only the four proms but all of those remaining. Jane did not dare look at the time for fear he'd remember that Marge was waiting for them.

When they finally came back to the crowd Jane was just a little loath to meet Marge's eyes. She knew Marge wouldn't say anything, but she could look so very reproachful.

But what was this? There stood Marge talking at a break-neck speed to a great blonde giant—Jane's date.

"Oh, there you are," she said, spying Simpson as they strolled up. "And Jane's been keeping you from being lonesome, too. I really didn't mean to desert you, but Jimmie and I found so much to talk about." And there she raised her eyes soulfully to Jimmie, who grinned in his best collegiate manner and said very intellectually, "Oh Baby!"

In the room that night Jane took two minutes to get in bed and would have been asleep in two more, but Marge was standing looking dreamily into the mirror.

"Jane," she said, "you're an angel for not leaving Dan. I'm afraid I did him a little dirty, but—Jane Standish, what did you mean by saying Jimmie was cute but dumb. He's the most divine, handsome—"

"O—o—o—h!" yelled Jane and slammed the pillow over her head.

KATE C. JONES—'31.

ON ARTISTRY

To be an artist, most people think, one must be able to draw pictures, whether good or bad; must live in a garret; wear paint-splashed clothes; and keep one's hair at the continual stage of ten weeks' shaggy growth. Such a conception of an artist, while not being wholly false, is not generally true. Many who are known as great artists never know the feel of the brush between their fingers, perhaps never dabble in oils.

Who, then, is an artist? Webster defines the term as "one being skilled in any branch of high art." One accepts this academic definition but partially, adding to suit one's own conception. An artist is one who has the divine ability to take, from the universal grab-bag of commonplace things, something in the rough, and make of it a thing of newness and of beauty. To the artist, a bird is not merely wings and feathers, a tree not only an overgrown weed, nor a house just an assortment of wood, brick, and mortar. He sees the skill of workmanship, appreciates the years of toil, and acknowledges the controlling force behind it. These qualities he tries to reproduce in his own artistic fashion.

Christopher Marley is an artist. He paints both portraits and landscapes, using paper as the canvas, printers' ink for paints, and his keen observation and sense of humor as the brush. The ingredients, or oils, that he mixes his paints with are words, carefully and variously chosen. The result is an essay, a story, or a poem, rich in color, and alive with feeling.

Is there not an art in being able to take a mediocre article as a door and portray it full of symbolism and of protecting and hindering qualities? Christopher Morley says that we cannot have life and escape doors. "The opening and closing of doors is part of the stern fluency of life. No man knows what awaits him when he opens a door. The symbol and mystery of a door lies in its quality of concealment."

Life is a ceremony to Christopher Morley. If it be the sample of a new apple pie, the discovery of a new lunch room, the habitual ten days' visit to the barbers, the purchase of a new book, or the advent of a spring day, each has its own worthy importance. In the most trivial functions of living he finds an air of romantic adventure. He says so in his essay, "Christmas Cards": "This is an age of strange and stirring beauty, of extraordinary romance and stirring adventure, of new joys and pains." This being true, he does not see why our artists and designers do not depart from the customary and the formal in the decoration of Christmas cards. He advocates bringing peo-

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ple to see the romance of today as well as of centuries ago. Perhaps, in place of the old sleigh pulling through the snow, loaded with holly and evergreen there should be the city trolley at dusk, crowded with people whose arms are bursting with gaily wrapped packages. What could be more absurd, he says, than to send a rhyme such as this to a friend in a city apartment to whom heat means the popping of a radiator:

"As round the Christmas fire you sit
And hear the bells with frosty chime;
Think, friendship that long love has knit
Grows sweeter still at Christmas time."

Why not be honest and say to him:

"I hope the janitor has shipped
You steam, to keep the cold away;
And if the hallboys have been tipped,
Then joy be thine on Christmas Day!"

The human mind is so conceived as to become pessimistic after successive failures. Do not become fatalistic, or be a gloom spreader. Have a slice of "Mince Pie" by Morley, and get a new lease on life.
LILLIAN LIVELY—'32.

SILENCE

Silence is comparative, not absolute. As a matter of fact, is anything abstract ever absolute? To be absolute is to be perfectly developed to the fullest extent. If any vice or virtue in a human being were absolute, there would be no room for further development—and nothing human is ever fully developed. People can hate intensely, but their hate is never fully mature and satisfied; it is always capable of becoming more demoniacal than it is. Human beings can love greatly, but their love, no matter how vast and sacrificial it may be, never reaches the full development of perfection, for only Divine Love is perfect. So it is with silence; there are always sounds, even though they may be too minute to be heard.

There is silence in the night not from entire absence of sound, but from the changed and diminished form of it. The mind, assaulted all day by the noises the ear reports to it, does not consciously notice the decreased noises at night and so calls them silence.

In the average person's conception, a forest is silent; but that is

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not literally so. There are tiny cracklings of bark, slight rustlings of grass; insects hum incessantly and the murmur of trees is unceasing. There are myriads of sounds! Yet if one is used to a city's noise the woods is silent to him.

On the battlefields of the Great War the constant reverberations of the guns and the whining of shells sometimes become so great that the ear could not perceive the immensity of it. A radio receiving set of low wave length cannot produce sound from anything but low wave lengths, while a set of medium wave length only produces sound from medium waves. They each have a certain range from which they cannot deviate; the mechanism of the ear is as delicately balanced as the radio sets, but has not the same limitation as to range. The range of the ear extends neither into the infinitesimal, nor into the infinite. One cannot hear an ant crawling because the sound is too minute, it does not produce a wave length that the ear can perceive, neither can the ear advance beyond its range and grasp a sound as vast as that produced by some bombardments.

There is silence in music when it soothes or excites the mind to forgetfulness of surroundings. Instead of being physical inability to perceive, this silence is mental unwillingness to discern. The mind is so moved by the music, or its connotation, that it continues to reproduce in itself the vibrations which so stirred it, in order to prolong the pleasurable sensation. Or perhaps the mind is not able to free itself at once from the vibrations of the sound, and so, unwillingly continues to hear it. Then, for all practical purposes, to that mind its surroundings are steeped in silence, because the sounds produced cannot penetrate the wall of sound that shuts all others out.

In the woods, or at night, one is not conscious of the presence of small sounds, but of the lack of greater ones. If a sound is too great to grasp, or too absorbing to lose its grip on the mind at once, there is silence for that mind. Silence is not external absence of sound, but lack of observance of it.

ELSIE QUARTERMAN—'32.

MUD-PIES

Children make mud pies all day long,
They're of no use to anyone;
I've made mud pies all my life—
Useless, but so much fun!

EMELIZA SWAIN—'33.



EDITORIAL

Right after the holidays is an excellent time to turn over a new leaf. We have just been home and are all ready to settle down to work again. Half of the first semester has been completed and we have "taken stock."

This is a wonderful time to take hold and keep the upper hand on our work. The desire for an education is the principle reason we have for being here, let's not forget that.

* * *

The new, well-equipped play-ground for the training school children is quite an improvement on the campus. Speaking of play-grounds, have you tried out the new miniature golf course which our never-to-be-outdone alma mater has erected to the honor and glory of that widespread sport?

* * *

Did you know that the library is proudly displaying many new books? The last shipment, which is composed of around one hundred books and which was financed by the English Department, adds greatly to our drama collections. New histories of the drama of every nation which is important dramatically are included. There are some very interesting books of new plays and a great number of new books of old plays. One splendid addition is a selection of new poetry books. It might be well to leave the discovery of the remaining books for the students themselves.

This latest shipment shows the keen judgment evidenced in the selection of all our books. Have you ever considered the desirability of the books in our library? For their number our books cover an enormous amount of territory. They are able to do this because each book is chosen to serve a definite purpose. Since we cannot have every book written on every subject of interest to the school, we are quite fortunate in having the best of each.

* * *

Do any of us ever show any appreciation for the efficiency of our library? The librarian has an excellent system which provides for every situation and, with her assistants, she sees that this plan goes through without a slip. We might also express our gratitude for the smile which we get with the service.



LOCALS

An informal manless dance, given by the Valdosta Club in the dining hall Saturday evening, October 25, was enjoyed by the student body and their friends. Music was furnished by Carl Simmons and his orchestra.

* * *

The A. A. U. W. held its October meeting in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall, Thursday, October 24. Miss Annie P. Hopper, Miss Mary Worchester, Mrs. E. Y. Frye, and Dr. Lena Hawks were hostesses of the afternoon. Miss Leonora Ivey and Miss Anna Belle Weaver gave interesting discussions of "The Organization and Activities of the A. A. U. W." Miss Elizabeth Havenkotte gave a report on "The Carnegie Library and How the A. A. U. W. Might Help to Further Its Program." Dr. Lena Hawks reviewed the last A. A. U. W. Journal.

* * *

The Presidents' Club, composed of presidents of organizations on the campus, held its first meeting of the year, Friday, October 17, at the "House in the Woods." The meeting was called to order by the president of the Student Government Association, Miss Margaret Bullock. The organizations and their representatives were: Miss Bullock, Adel; senior class, Miss Jean Loughridge, Odum; junior class, Miss Virginia Carswell, Waycross; sophomore class, Miss Virginia Clark, Tampa, Florida; Argonian Literary Society, Miss Quinie Carmack, Hawkinsville; Sororian Literary Society, Miss Maye de Lois Summerlin, Pelham; Phi Lambda Athletic Association, Miss Lucius Bedell, Woodbine; Phi Kappa Athletic Association, Miss Margaret Brabham, Moultrie; Y. W. C. A., Miss Margaret Sumner, Poulan; Philharmonic Club, Miss Mary Elaine Flanagan, Waycross; Glee Club, Miss Kathleen Hurst, Cairo; I. R. C., Miss Margaret Parrish, Valdosta; Valdosta Club, Miss Dorothy Stroud; Sock and Buskin Club, Miss Lillian Lively, Savannah; Fine Arts Club, Miss Mary Elizabeth Boyd, Valdosta; Pine Cone, Miss Roselle Hatcher, Donalsonville; Pine Branch, Miss Marguerite Powell, Griffin; Euclidian Club, Miss Grace Chastain, Thomasville; Home Economics Club,

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Miss Margaret Littlefield, Folkston. After a short business meeting in which was discussed the converting of the old Pine Branch room into a cozy committee room, the leaders of these various departments enjoyed a social hour.

* * *

The Student Finance Committee of the Georgia State Womans College, made up of the presidents and treasurers of each student organization, met Friday, October 17, to discuss financial problems and the keeping of the books of the various organizations.

* * *

The Student Government Association of the G. S. W. C. entertained with a tea Wednesday afternoon, October 29, in the Rotunda. A delightful program was given by members of the Dramatic Club and Music Department. Miss Elizabeth Arnold, of Ft. Gaines, played "Norwegian Bridal Procession," by Grieg. "I Know a Lovely Garden," by Guyd Hardelet, and "Kentucky Babe," by Garbel, were sung by Miss Dorothy Ford, Valdosta. Miss Louise Clifford, Valdosta, played "Witches Dance", by MacDowell. Miss Myrtice Johnson, Vidalia, read "The Beau of Bath," by Constance Mackay. "Autumn," by Chaminade, was played by Miss Helen Ryon, Hinesville. The effective program and decorations of beautiful autumn leaves and yellow chrysanthemums were very appropriate for the Hallowe'en season which was also suggested by the dainty refreshments and favors. Miss Margaret Bullock, President of the S. G. A., presided at the tea table.

* * *

The Valdosta Club was entertained Friday evening, October 31, by Miss Dorothy Stroud, president of the club, at her home on Toombs street. During the earlier part of the evening social and business plans were made for the year 30-31 and the duties of each member and the club as a whole were explained by Miss Stroud. Later dancing and bridge were enjoyed. The hostess was assisted by Misses Sue Pendleton, Hazel Allen, and Dorothy Courtney.

* * *

Of much interest to the College was the marriage of Miss Lucius Bedell, of Woodbine, to Mr. Jack Griffin, of Douglas, which took place November 4. Mrs. Griffin was formerly a student here, and her many friends wish her much happiness.

ELIZABETH WRIGHT—'33.

DEPARTMENTAL CLUBS

A joint meeting of the International Relations Club and the Fine Arts Club was called at chapel period on Tuesday, November 4th. The president of the Fine Arts Club, Mary Elizabeth Boyd, stated the purpose of the meeting—to discuss plans for the International-Fine Arts Bazaar. Several committees were appointed to attend to the various phases of the Bazaar. Plans were discussed for a program to be put on at chapel, November 12, in connection with the Bazaar.

The Bazaar is the most interesting activity planned by any of the clubs during the year, and is expected to be a phenomenal success. It will be displayed in the Art Dome of West Hall on every morning and afternoon of the week, November 17-22. Articles of Japanese and Chinese Art will be sold at this time, and orders will be taken for articles to be ordered and delivered on December 5 and 6, when the Bazaar will be re-opened for this purpose. Many lovely things appropriate for Christmas gifts will be displayed. Both town people and college girls are invited to see the displays.

* * *

The Philharmonic Club held a meeting at seven-thirty, October 3, in the rotunda of Ashley Hall. The only business conducted was the receiving of three new members: Ethel McSwain, Pauline Ryon, and K. D. Rentz.

The following interesting program was rendered:

Piano solo: Crescendo by Per Lassen—Lillian Henderson.

Piano solo: Nocturne by David Slater—Dorothy Crocker.

Paper—Mary Poole.

Piano solo: Schon Rosmarin by Kreisler—Carolyn Bullard.

Paper—Ethel McSwain.

Vocal solos: Kentucky Babe by Geibel, and I Know a Lovely Garden by d'Hardelot—Dorothy Ford.

Paper—Hazel Allen.

Piano solo: Norwegian Bridal Procession by Greig—Elizabeth Arnold.

The paper by Hazel Allen was especially enjoyable. It was a report on an article written by Geraldine Farrar, lamenting that there has been so much money expended on music in our country, and so little of actual worth as a result.

* * *

The Fine Arts Club held its regular October meeting at the House in the Woods at seven-thirty, Tuesday night, October 28. The

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president, Mary Elizabeth Boyd, called the meeting to order, and conducted a short business meeting. Since this was the first meeting that the new members had attended, the secretary read and explained the constitution of the club to them. The president discussed for the new members the plans of the club for the year. After several items of business were disposed of, Margaret Warfield, the secretary, conducted an initiation of the new members. The initiation consisted of several problems: first, each new member was given a piece of soap and a knife, and required to carve some figure; second, each was given a sheet containing names of ten famous pictures, and of ten painters, and asked to match the name of the painter to the picture he painted; third, each was asked to draw a caricature of some person in the room. Every new member present passed these three tests, and was received into the club. After the initiation, an informal social hour was enjoyed.

* * *

On Monday night, October 13, at seven-thirty, the Philharmonic Club held its regular meeting in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall. After the business was disposed of, Alice Hicks, the chairman of the program committee, outlined the program for the coming year. She explained that the programs would be based on the lives and works of a number of composers, grouped according to countries. These will be studied in the following order: December, Romantic and Modern German and Polish; January, Russian, Scandinavian, and French; February, American; March, Classical German. The November meeting is a program by the new members, the April meeting will be a two-piano program, the May meeting will be purely a social one. The following program was then presented:

Piano solo: Witch's Dance, by MacDowell—Louise Clifford.

Vocal solo: Morning, by Oley Speaks—Mary Elaine Flanagan.

Piano solo: Autumn, by Chaminade—Helen Ryon.

After the program, the new members came forward and took the pledge of membership.

* * *

The Glee Club has been holding its by-weekly meetings, and has been practising some of the old music used last year, and has lately taken up some new music. One number that is expected to be especially well liked is a negro dialect song.

On Thursday, October 23, try-outs for the double quartet were held immediately after Glee Club practice. The following eight girls were chosen: First soprano, Mary Elaine Flanagan, Hazel Allen; second soprano, Elizabeth Arnold, Margaret Williams (Douglas);

THE PINE BRANCH

first alto, Ethel McSwain, Mary Poole; second alto, Elizabeth Pardee, Emeliza Swain.

* * *

The regular October meeting of the Sock and Buskin Club was held in the Vocal Expression room in West Hall at 7:30, October 21. The program consisted of a one-act comedy, "The Little Bluffer." The play was a story of a flapper at a summer hotel, who falls in love with the picture of an entymologist, who she thinks is an author of novels. She meets the young man, and talks to him about himself, thinking he is someone else. From such mistakes, a number of ridiculous situations arise, but finally the flapper and the scientist meet in the proper order, and we leave them getting things straightened out. The cast of the play was: Maxine Barry, Maxine Purdy of Valdosta; Sylvia Winthrop, Mildred Minchew of Baxley; Norman Winthrop, Lillian Lively of Savannah; Miss Pringle, Roselle Hatcher of Donalsonville; Simon Zirrowsky, Laura Lee Jones of Valdosta.

* * *

The International Relations Club has elected the following officers: Secretary, Ruby McSwain; Treasurer, Mattilu Doss; Member-at-Large, Etta Giddens.

The International Relations Club held its October meeting at seven-thirty, on October 14, at the House in the Woods. The program consisted of talks by two of the faculty members, Miss Hopper and Miss Westborn. Miss Hopper told of some of her experiences along the Rhine during the past summer. Miss Westborn spoke on Nationalism in Europe. After the program an informal social hour was enjoyed.

* * *

A Home Economics Club meeting was called Monday by the vice president, Miss Nelle Robinson of Nicholls, to elect new officers for this year. The following officers were elected: President, Miss Margaret Littlefield of Folkston; secretary-treasurer, Miss Sally Faircloth of Pitts. The constitution of the club was discussed and new plans were made for the year. The club had tea at the House in the Woods, Saturday afternoon. This activity was decided on by the club to help finance the organization for the year.

On Monday evening, October 27, the Home Economics Club, instead of having its regular meeting, gave a party in honor of its new members for the year. This party was carried out in Hallowe'en effect, and many Hallowe'en stunts and games were enjoyed. After the party a short business meeting was held at which plans for taking in new members were discussed. The new members were then given a hearty welcome by the president of the club.

EMELIZA SWAIN—'35.



Y. W. C. A.

"Let the beauty of the Lord, our God be upon us."

The purpose of the Y. W. C. A. is that each member shall have a part in making this life possible for all people. With that purpose as a central idea, the programs have been for some time on the theme of "The Life Beautiful." The aim is to show how it is possible for one to make both his own life and the lives of others beautiful.

At the Sunday evening Vesper on October 12, Miss Virginia Clark led. Miss Jean Loughridge used as a basis for her talk the scripture, "And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love." In her talk she brought out that if the life is to be beautiful it must be a Love Life. The following Thursday Miss Lucius Bedell led vesper and Miss Janie Bush gave a very unusual and interesting talk on Co-ordination. Miss Madge Ingram sang a solo. Sunday night, October 19, Miss Phara Elarbee made a talk to show that the Beautiful Life must be a consecrated life. Miss Frances Hughes had charge of the program and Miss Caro Horn sang. The next program was led by Miss Emily Hallyburton. Miss Dorothy Chapman discussed the prayer life and used the scripture, "My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord, in the morning will I direct my prayers unto Thee."

Miss Emeliza Swain had charge of vesper Sunday evening, October 26. Miss Annie Hopper talked on "Singing Towers of Europe." One of the most interesting things about this type of music, which is called carrolin, is how it originated. Many years ago when very few people had clocks or watches the bells in the churches would ring every hour. Gradually the bells began to ring more often until finally from that simple origin came the carollin music. Not only is this music produced by mechanical means, but concerts are given by carolliners. This type of music which is so characteristic of European peoples varies and the music coming from one of these wonderful Singing Towers may be one of the national hymns or perhaps a part of a simple folk dance or song.

Dr. Fugate, pastor of the First Baptist church in Valdosta, talked

THE PINE BRANCH

at the vesper service Thursday, October 30, which was led by Miss Blanche Prescott. He announced, as his subject, Conscience, and began his talk with the scripture, "Herein do I exercise myself to have always a conscience void of offense toward God or man." The word conscience comes from Latin. The prefix con— suggests two or more brought together for a purpose, and science used here means knowledge. God gave us conscience in order that we might be brought closer to Him and have a knowledge of His will. In order that conscience may be a true guide it must be carefully instructed and even more carefully obeyed.

The Y. W. C. A. cabinet meets every week to make plans for the work of the year. It is striving to make the Y. W. C. A. a real part of the life of every G. S. W. C. girl. On October 20, a meeting was held at the House in the Woods with the faculty advisors. The budget for the year was planned.

A great deal of interest is being manifested in the Bible Study every Sunday morning. The classes have been organized and have taken up a definite line of work for the year. Miss Nellie Gill teaches the Freshman Class, Dr. Gulliver the Sophomore Class, and Dr. Durrenburger the Juniors and Seniors. Each teacher helps to make the study most interesting.

Sunday night, November 2, the Y. W. C. A. had one of its loveliest and most impressive services, the Annual Firelighting ceremony. After everybody gathered in the Rotunda the Y. W. choir sang "Now the Day is Over." Miss Hopper, Dean of Women, extended the invitation to the organizations and urged that the girls make the lighting of the fires symbolic of friendship, good fellowship, and good will. The president of the Y. W. C. A., Miss Margaret Sumner, knelt and lit the fire on one side of the Rotunda while the president of the Student Government Association lit the other fire. The president of each organization then put a fagot on the fire as she named the quality which she contributed to the fire of fellowship. The choir then sang "O Love That Will Not Let Me Go," and Miss Margaret Sumner offered a prayer. "Father of Lights" was sung by the choir for Recessional.

If you ever have the blues the very best place to chase them away is at the Club House! Get your "crowd," a portable "Vic," and some food, and go there for a big time. The kitchen now has some new utensils for the industrious ones to use in fixing good eats. The very latest "added attractions" are the new cushions for the lazy ones and anyone who needs a rest.

NANCY ROWLAND—'33.



SOCIETIES

THE ARGONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The second program of the year was based on the works of John Masefield, the newly-appointed poet-laureate of England.

Since Masefield is sometimes called the "Modern Chaucer," Blanche Parker, of Ogeechee, who is a student of Chaucer, discussed the influence of Chaucer upon Masefield. She called attention to the fact that, although Masefield is modern in subject matter and treatment, he uses quite frequently the form, called "Rime Royal," which was first used by Chaucer.

One of Masefield's most outstanding poems, "Everlasting Mercy," was read by Elizabeth Wright, of Rome.

"Reynard the Fox," probably the best of the poet laureate's narrative poems, was reviewed by Nancy Rowland, of Wrightsville. Here, in this dramatic tale of the hunt, is England, her people and her dearest sport, sung in swinging, almost perfect verse.

The prose play, "The Tragedy of Nan," the story of a disillusioned girl, was reviewed by Emeliza Swain, of Rome.

At the conclusion of the program, Dorothy Ford sang one of the Masefield poems which has been put to music.

LILLIAN M. HOPPER—'31.

* * *

SORORIAN NEWS

John Masefield, poet laureate of England, was the theme of the program at the Sororian Literary Society meeting which was held on October 18, in the Lecture room. Miss Virginia Carswell, of Waycross, who was chairman of the program, introduced John Masefield and gave a very interesting biographical sketch of the poet's life.

Masefield, being an ardent admirer of Chaucer and his literary works, was influenced by Chaucer in his writings more than by any one else. Miss Frances Howell, of Tifton, a member of this

THE PINE BRANCH

year's Chaucer class, traced Chaucer's influence on Masefield. Miss Howell read several poems by each and then compared them.

Masefield's first work to gain popularity was "Everlasting Mercy," a poem. Miss Florence Powell, of Griffin, reviewed this poem in a most entertaining manner.

"The Tragedy of Nan," a modern Cinderella story which does not end happily, is one of his outstanding prose plays. Miss Virginia Carswell gave a most interesting and detailed account of the action of the play. After hearing Miss Carswell's review of the play, one cannot help feeling that Nan was justified in murdering Dick and then in going off the next morning to be "a strange fish in the fisherman's net tomorrow."

Masefield does not confine his talents to long narrative poetry and prose plays alone, but writes ballads as well, many of which have been set to music. Miss Dorothy Ford, of Valdosta, sang, as the concluding number on the program, one of Masefield's ballads.

DOROTHY CHAPMAN—'32.

* * *

The Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies held a joint meeting on November 1, in the Play Production Room in West Hall. Miss Phara Elarbee, of Calvary, discussed comedy in all its forms. "Poor Aubrey," a one-act comedy by George Kelly, was then presented. This play was one of a series of plays to be presented by the Play Production Class to the Literary Societies. It was directed by Miss Elizabeth Kirkland, of Sylvester. Aubrey (Anna Frances Hamm, of Valdosta) was the bald and henpecked husband of Amy (Margaret Littlefield, of Folkston). They lived with Amy's mother, Mrs. Fisher (Margaret Williams, of Waycross), with the usual complications of in-laws often arising. A girl friend of Amy's, Marian Brill, now Mrs. Cole, (Catherine Wall, of Ellaville), stopped in on her way to Atlantic City to see Amy. Aubrey had just finished painting himself to Amy as the successful, rich, and loving husband and son-in-law when Mrs. Fisher arrived on the scene to shake all the family skeletons. Aubrey's pride in his wig—his toupee as he insisted on calling it—was the bane of the whole family until the wig fell off and was added to the family skeletons.

DOROTHY CHAPMAN—'32.

LILLIAN HOPPER—'31.



ATHLETICS

THE AMERICAN AND VOLLEY BALL GAMES

Our first games were played Friday, October 30th.

Promptly at four-thirty the whistle blew for the volley ball game to begin. When the Lambdas came prancing out

in their purple socks and ties, likewise the Kappas in their red, loud cheers came from the entire student body.

The captains of the teams, Virginia Clark and Helen Brazington; the time keeper, Dr. Phelon; and the scorer, Mr. Dusenbury, gave the signal that they were ready. The game was started.

In the first quarter little scoring was done. Lillian Hopper served first, scored first, and did some very good playing throughout the entire game.

In the second quarter Louise Jackson was substituted for Jewell West, and remained the rest of the game. She did most of the Lambdas' scoring in this quarter.

In the third quarter the Kappas ran up a score of fifty-one, which was final—to seven.

Both teams came out in very good spirits, but many things are to be corrected during the year, which are already being worked on. The chief criticism made by authorities was that the back line girls should play the ball up to the front where these girls can give it a straight send down to the ground with much force. This would mean more scoring, and more excitement for the spectators.

The most exciting American Ball game ever played on our campus was watched by an interested group of Lambdas and Kappas after the Volley Ball game Friday. The teams were better trained, and better matched than they were even at the Thanksgiving game last year when the score was 0-0. The score was a little more than that this time, and the game was a little more interesting.

The lineup at the beginning of the game was—Kappa: Brabham, Chastain (captain), and Baker on front line; Smith and O'Quinn, half backs; Patterson, full back; and McSwain, goal keeper. Lambda: Manley, (captain), Bishop, and Bullock, forward line; F. Powell and Ward, half backs; Griffin, full back; and Roberts, goal keeper.

THE PINE BRANCH

The Lambdas were given the ball at the beginning of the game and carried it about half way down the field. The Kappa half backs were on guard there and Smith kicked almost to the Kappa goal. The Lambdas immediately rushed the ball back down the court and F. Powell scored a drop kick. The score at the end of the first quarter was 1-0 in favor of the Lambdas, and so the score remained until the half.

At the half Dozier was substituted for Brabham, Wadley for Bullock, Varner for Roberts, and Roberts for Bishop. At the beginning of the third quarter Dozier scored an under kick for the Kappas and ran the Kappa score ahead of the Lambda. Bullock was again put in the beginning of the third quarter, and M. Powell was substituted for F. Powell. The one misfortune of the game occurred the beginning of the fourth quarter when Miss Bullock received a severe kick and had to again surrender her place to Wadley.

Then the Kappas began scoring in earnest. Chastain and Baker both scored kicks and Chastain made a touchdown. This was the first touchdown ever made on the campus and we feel that Miss Chastain (and the Kappas) are to be congratulated. Roberts, (Lambda) also scored a kick in the last quarter.

The really spectacular playing was done by Chastain who went to work with her usual brilliancy at the end of the second quarter and continued throughout the game. Both teams played entirely on the defensive at first. Manley and Baker both played exceptionally well, as to retrieving the ball from the opposing team and carrying it to their respective goals. Both scored kicks.

The final score was 8-2 in favor of the Phi Kappas.

* * *

THE KAPPA AND LAMBDA DRIVES

There was so much confusion during the drive last year, and our very excitable student body stayed excited for so long afterwards that we decided it would be best to change from a rush drive to a leisurely drive this year (and any way, doesn't everyone like to be different?).

The Kappa president appointed certain members of the association to see that all Kappa girls had their dollar in an envelope on the night before the eventful day. Of course the Kappas were not trying to make a rush drive out of a leisurely drive, but why let anyone come out ahead of you in anything?

The day dawned bright and beautiful and at 8:55 o'clock a Kappa girl was sitting behind a table in the Ad building with a gorgeous red and white banner proudly proclaiming "Phi Kappa" spread in front of her; and there a Kappa girl sat until three o'clock that afternoon. The majority of the girls responded beautifully, for by three o'clock every Kappa had paid her dues.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

The Lambdas conducted their drive almost like the Kappas. There was hardly any other way to conduct a drive like this. The Lambda girls who had charge of collecting the dues were certainly loyal to their purple and white, and worked tirelessly. It was due to the efforts of these girls that our drive was so successful. Our girls showed their spirit in fine fashion, for there were volunteers all day to sit at the desk in the Ad building as well as rounding up the members who had been delayed in bringing in their dues.

At four o'clock both associations were one hundred per cent perfect in the way of dues, and in behalf of the associations we wish to thank each and every girl for the fine spirit shown.

* * *

PHI LAMBDA NEWS

Due to the resignation of our recent president, Miss Lucius Bedell, there was a call meeting of the Lambdas Tuesday, November 4, to elect a new president, which was Miss Mary O'Quinn.

If you do not play ball, go out and watch a practice occasionally and get acquainted with who plays where and more details of the game. It will do you good and you will enjoy the big games more.

The new material, as well as old is responding at every call. Every one that can be is out and in their places. All they need is plenty of good hard work and every Lambda's backing. It is your duty to go to every game of the year. I am quite sure that if you missed the last one you will not the next. Come on out and cheer for the Lambdas—we know that they are going to win the very next games. We are going to have our name on the plaque and now is the time to begin. You do your best girls and I know you can depend on your side lines to do the rest, so—Come On Lambdas!

PHI KAPPA NEWS

The Kappas have surely started the new year off right. At the games on Friday there was more associational spirit shown than ever before, and may I add that the new girls were largely responsible for it. Of course, the old girls held up their end of the bargain, but the new girls showed a great deal of pep and vivacity. They surely showed that they were entering into the spirit that should pervade all our campus activities.

We are proud of ourselves, and we have the right to be proud; but let's not forget, Kappas, that over-confidence has caused the downfall of great empires in the past, and it will ruin us if we aren't very careful. We are on the right road to a successful year, and may we stay on that self same road for all the years to come for the Phi Kappa Athletic Association.

DOZIER AND LEVERETTE—'33.

Twenty-Five



ALUMNAE

Many of our Alumnae will be given Thanksgiving Holidays this month, and we hope they will find time to visit the College during that week-end.

During the month of October, we were happy to have calls from the following members: Louise Forbes, Myrtice Ford, Lois Ford, Julia Katherine

Bowden, Johanna Voight, Bobbie Mae Booth, Mildred Lucas, Marguerite Ford, Nowlan Sirmans, Catherine Giddens, Ethel Castleberry, Eloise Blicht, Virginia Mathis, Gladys Butler, Edna Royal, Kathleen Robinson, Dorothy White, Kathryn Ulmer, Annette Isabel, May Lillie Touchton, Virginia and Helen Hightower, and Linnie Mae Hall.

* * *

Of the 1930 Sophomore Class, we have twenty-four back on the campus working toward their A. B. Degree, and adding much to our campus life. We have the following news of other members of the class who are not with us:

Edmonia Beck is teaching Expression in Zebulon, Georgia.

Eloise Blicht is remaining at her home in Homerville, Georgia.

Julia Katherine Bowden is doing fourth grade work in Jesup, Georgia.

Ethel Castleberry has second grade work in Rebecca, Georgia.

Elizabeth Chance is teaching fourth grade in West Central School, Orlando, Florida, and can be found at this address: 723 Mt. Vernon Avenue, Orlando, Florida.

Virginia Clark has been in the hospital in Augusta, Georgia, for several weeks, but is now at her home in Louisville, Georgia. She writes that she is gaining strength and weight every day.

Myrtice Ford is teaching piano in her hometown, Abbeville, Georgia. Her sister, Lois, is supply teacher there.

June Fulcher is taking a business course in Savannah, Georgia.

Ruby Dowling has primary work in one of the rural schools in Wayne County.

Jewell Drake is teaching English in Junior High School, in Donalsonville, Georgia.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Alda DuPriest is remaining at her home in Sylvester, Georgia.

Edna Jarrett has second and third grades in Dupont, Georgia.

Agnes Jones has sixth grade work in Jasper, Florida.

Mary Jane Littlefield has fourth grade work in Folkston, Georgia.

Mildred Lucas has first grade in Cairo, Georgia.

Marion Lundy has grade work in the Pavo School, Pavo, Georgia.

Virginia Mathis is doing primary work in the rural schools of Turner County.

Lois Merritt is principal of Pebble Hill School in Thomas County.

Mildred Muggridge has first and second grades in Fairview School in Grady County.

Jane Quarterman has first grade in Moultrie Grammar School.

Jean Stooksberry is taking a kindergarten course in the Kate Baldwin School in Savannah, Georgia.

LaVanne Watson is teaching piano in Lakeland, Georgia.

Mary Ella Wiley has second grade in Warwick, Georgia.

Annie Lou Stanaland is doing primary work in Pavo, Georgia.

Laura Young has grade work in Dupont, Georgia.

IVA CHANDLER—'29.

BELLS AT G. S. W. C.

The rising bell rings
Yawn, yawn and over you turn,
The breakfast bell rings
There's a hop and a turn,
The class bell rings
With books we all run,
The chapel bell rings
We're assured no fun,
The lunch bell rings
We're hungry as a bear,
The class bell rings
We go as on a tear,
The last bell rings
We fly as on wings.

ESSYE ALLIGOOD—'31.

SOKEES

Candy (tearfully): "You know, I feel dreadfully responsible about losing the game."

Pat: "Why so?"

Candy: "I cheered once at the wrong time."

* * *

Mother: "Where do bad little girls go?"

Daughter: "Most everywhere."

* * *

Making a success of Life is pie—all you need is a lot of crust and a feeling of applesauce.

* * *

Would you recommend? Sara McEachen and Margaret Bischoff as fire chiefesses.

* * *

At a dinner party the guests were discussing whether women or men were most trustworthy in business.

"No woman can keep a secret," said one man, scornfully.

"I don't know so much about that," retorted the forbidding looking woman sitting opposite him, "I've kept my age a secret ever since I was twenty-four."

"Oh!" he replied, "you'll let it out someday, though."

"I doubt it," she answered. "When a woman has kept a secret for twenty years, she can keep it forever."

* * *

Croquet balls seem to have adopted the definition formerly given to old maids. When Miss Ivey asked Ruby McSwain where the balls were, she replied, "Oh, they're sitting up on the shelf doing nothing."

* * *

"My ideal wife is one who can make good bread."

"My ideal husband is one who can raise dough in the hour of need."

EMILY BURNEY—'33.

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