

# THE PINE BRANCH



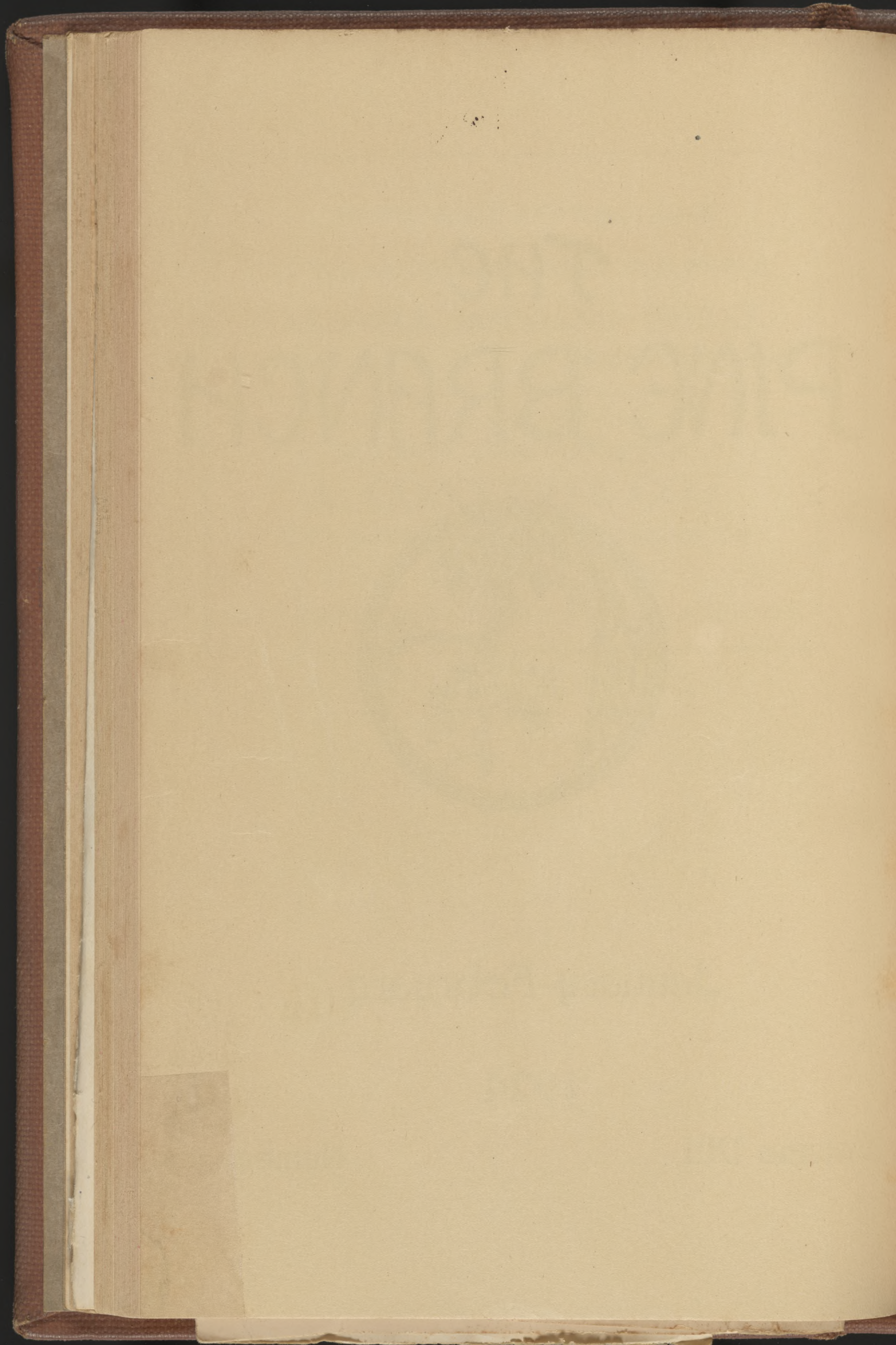
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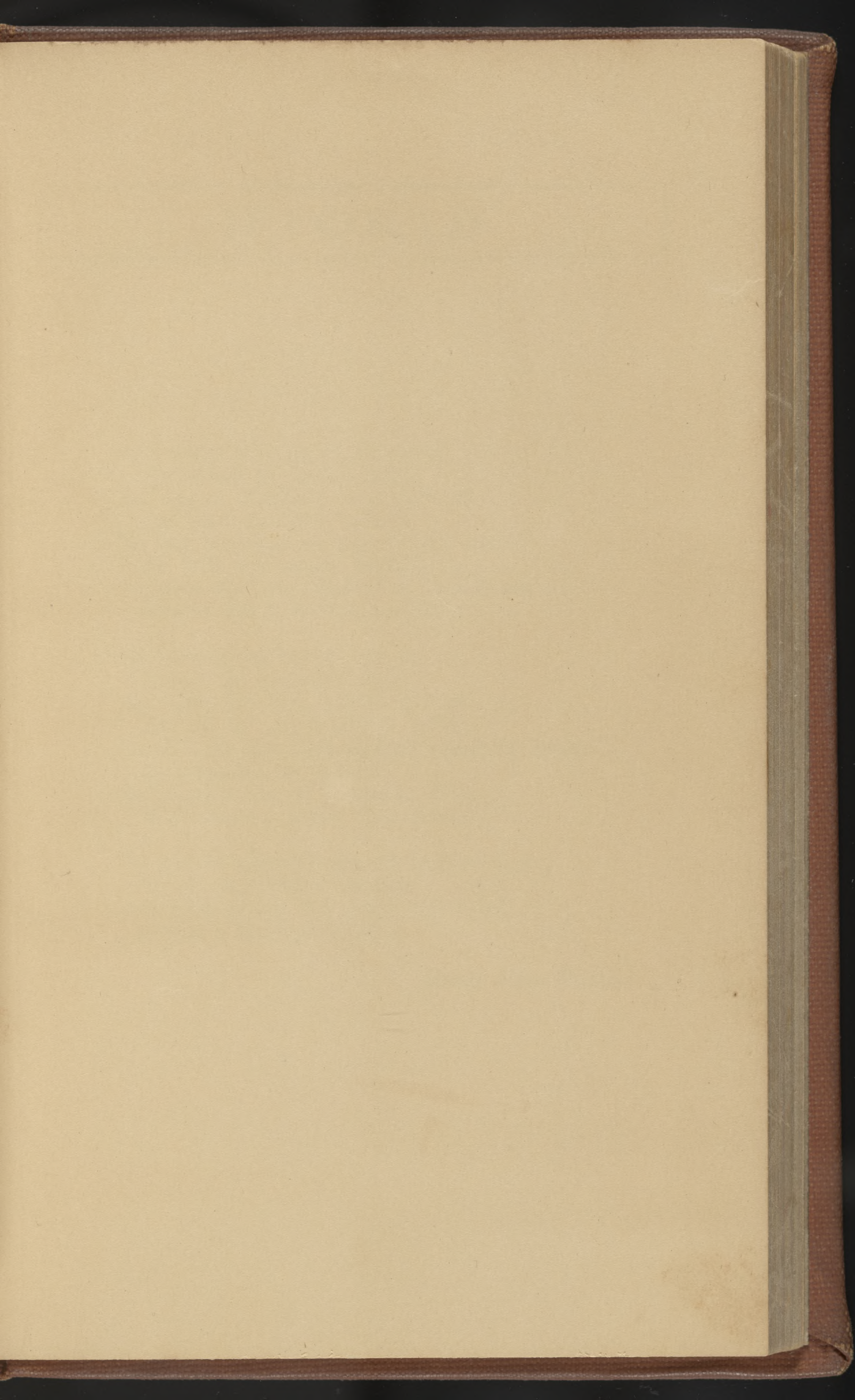
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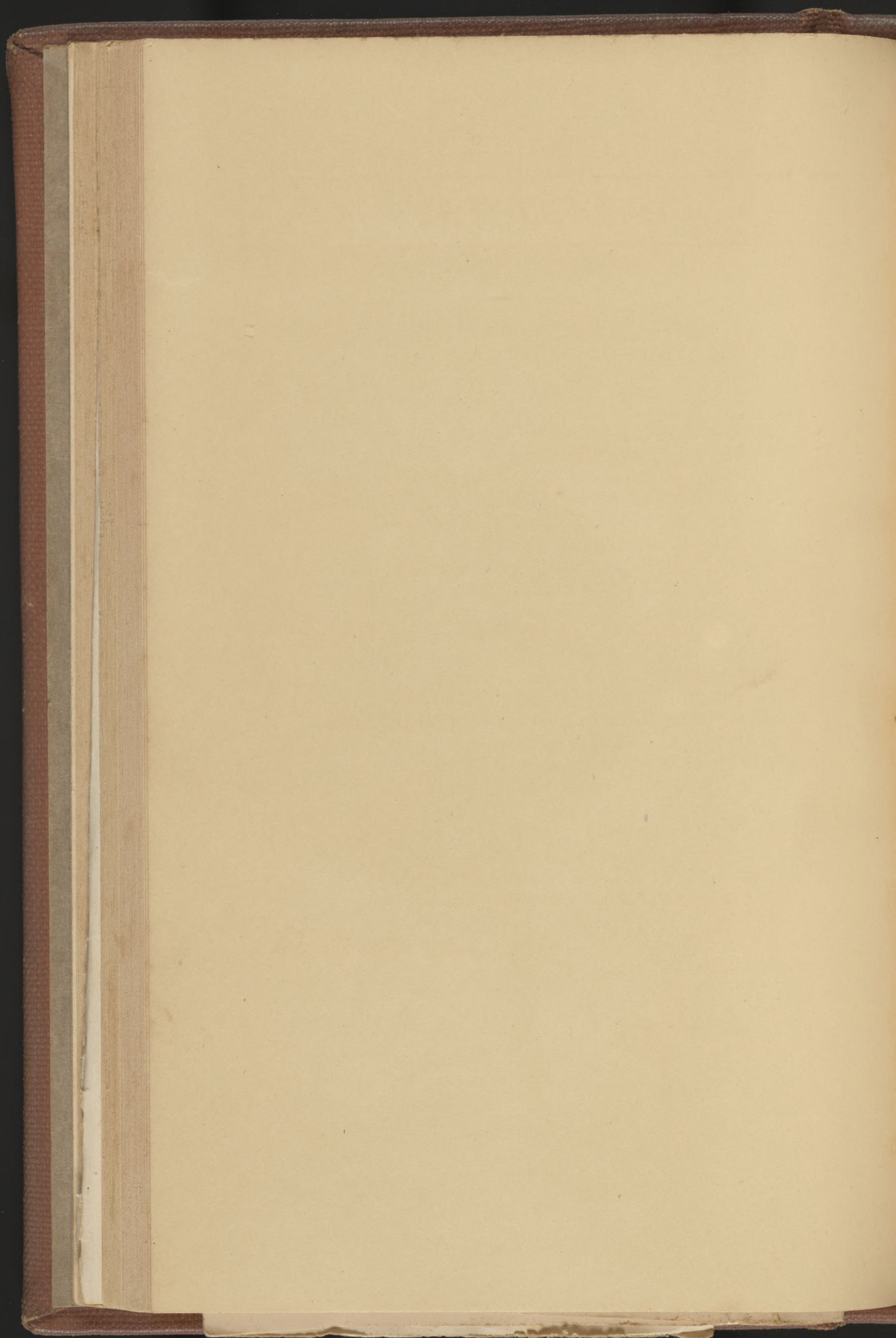














## IF I COULD

Ef I could step up on th' porch  
An' smell th' bacon fryin'  
An' see ol' Trailer's eyes light up  
An' mother come a-flyin'  
To hug me close an' say, "Why, son—"  
So still and never movin',  
—There ain't no comfort in this world  
That's like a mother's lovin'.

Ef I could see th' ol' sun set  
Behin' th' cypress holler  
An' hear th' owls begin to hoot  
An' all th' night things foller,  
Could hear the wind screech round th' house  
So eerie-like an' warnin'  
An' mother sayin' "Come in, Boy,  
We'll have a frost 'fore mornin'."

I'd feel so proud I played Life straight,  
In no way was a slacker,  
But most of all, I'd thank the Lord  
I was a Georgia cracker.

Helen Allen Thomas.



# THE PINE BRANCH

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## A REAL CANE-GRINDING

From his position at the top of a low hill, David Gray looked about him with a satisfied smile. Ah, all his years he had been groundless; everything here, at least, was as it had been when he left his home years before to make his fortune in the city. Friends had warned him that he would find things so greatly changed when he returned that his visit would be a disappointment rather than a pleasure. Novelists had written of the rapid changes that occur in the small towns, but here everything was just as he remembered it.

The bridge, at the foot of the hill upon which he stood, was perhaps a trifle older and shakier-looking than it had been when, as a boy he had fished from it, but the road on the other side was just as sandy and winding as ever. The tall pines on either side seemed to form a barrier, a protecting barrier, shutting out the turmoil and confusion of the world, and leaving this one white road in peace and security under the serene blue and white of the sky.

The rattle of an approaching vehicle recalled him from his thoughts, and with a deep sigh of utter peace and contentment he walked on down the hill. Hardly had he crossed the bridge at the foot when he was overtaken by the vehicle whose approach had roused him from his musings.

Stepping aside to let it go by, he looked up with interest to see who was passing.

He saw a buggy, drawn by a fat, sleepy-looking mare. There was only one passenger in the buggy, a man who looked not old but paternal, with hair slightly gray and with kind blue eyes which twinkled as they shone with good will impartially upon everyone.

"Hello, stranger!" said the man, stopping the horse with no apparent effort, "We seem to be goin' the same way. Get in and ride a piece."

"Have you been 'round here long? I don't seem to've seen you before," he continued, as David Gray, with a word of thanks, climbed up to the seat beside him.



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"Why, Mr. Waters, I'm ashamed of you! The very idea of your forgetting all those times you have taken me hunting, all those fishing trips, and—"

"Say, wait a minute," drawled the older man, "blue eyes, dark brown hair, the same mouth—you don't happen to be David Gray, do you? But of course you are. You couldn't be nobody else and look as much like Jonathan Gray as you do. Well, well," he went on as the younger man nodded assent, "who'd 'a thought of seeing you here! What are you doing here, boy?"

"I just became lonesome for you folks, Mr. Waters, and so here I am."

"And in good time, too. Tonight is the last cane-grinding of the season. Everybody'll be there. I've just seen most of the men folks over in town and they're all comin'. It'll give you the best chance in the world to see all the folks ag'in. You'd better come."

"Indeed I will be there, Mr. Waters. Here we are at the forks. I believe I'll get out here and run over to the old place. I remember, you see, that you keep straight ahead."

"That's right, boy! Straight ahead. Well, we'll expect you tonight."

"I'll be there. Thanks for the lift," and David stood and watched the old farmer drive on out of sight, and then turned and started slowly on his way.

"A real cane-grinding! How little it seems that I've been away for so many years! All is just as I remember it. How rested I feel already. Here the world is not 'too much with us'—a real cane-grinding!"

\* \* \* \* \*

A moonlight night, a straw-ride and a cane-grinding! Nothing could be a better setting for the best of times. At least, so thought the merry crowd that drove down the long white road to attend the last cane-grinding of the year. With songs and jests the young people in the straw-filled wagon amused themselves, while the older people joined in the fun or talked more quietly of crops, of the weather, of cotton prospects, or of the sermon of the last preaching Sunday.

Almost before they had begun to think of getting there, they heard the gleeful shouts of children, and the barking



## A REAL CANE-GRINDING.

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of dogs, and as they reached the gate the savory odor of syrup being poured up reached them.

Here, as the host came to greet them, David, who was in their merry crowd, saw a picture which he remembered from the days of his youth. The great looming house with its numerous outhouses looking like huge ghosts in their fresh coats of whitewash; the snowy white yards; the cane-mill with the mule treading ever in his circle; the boiler with the steam already rising from the cane-juice which had lately been put in; the massive oaks towering high above the house and spreading their protecting arms around the whole.

By the boiler was a tremendous bonfire which cast weird shadows that made one feel that something was creeping up behind him every time he moved out of the glare.

There were a number of young people and grown folk, but at first no children were in sight. Almost immediately, however, a little figure came running pell-mell around the house and touched the gate-post, calling, "1, 2, 3, on Estell," only a moment before another darted out from behind a near-by tree, touched the post and called "Free!" It was plain to be seen that a game of "Hide and Seek" was in progress. It was only a moment before the others were either "caught" or "in free;" Mary was proclaimed "it" and all were off to hide, those well-versed in the good hiding places taking the new arrivals in charge.

The grown folk sat in chairs around the boiler, the men in one group and the women in another.

David, after getting out of the wagon, slowly moved about the groups, greeting old friends and meeting the newcomers to the community. As he passed from one group to another, he interrupted such conversations as these:

"Frost's comin' early this year; better cover up your cane next week, Joe."

Or, "I heard Lucinda James was married the other night."

"Well 'do tell.' 'Who'd she marry?'"

"She married—well, I've forgotten already. Henry, what was that boy's name Lucinda married?"—and a voice from the other group answered,

"Frank Dinon," and went on to relate the new method of tobacco planting of which he had been reading.

But there was, too, another group which claimed David's



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attention, and for him it was really the most interesting, for it recalled most vividly his own youth. It was the group of the young people—girls and boys from the age of sixteen to twenty-five. "Sir Roger de Coverly," sometimes also called "The Virginia Reel," had been suggested, and all took up the cry. The asthmatic old organ was rolled out on the porch, and the organist took her place and began "Turkey in the Straw."

There were few, indeed, in the group who preferred the role of looker-on to that of participator in the dance. Partners were quickly chosen and immediately they lined up. The wheezing sound of the organ was almost drowned out by the loud clapping of hands, stamping of feet and hilarious laughter.

David was among the few who refused to join in the dance, for he feared that any attempt to participate would break the spell of memory in which he felt himself enveloped, and he preferred to watch the dancers, and dream of the years gone by.

Even the older people stopped their gossiping and discussion to turn their heads and look with dreamy eyes on the dancers who, with the firelight lighting up the bright smiles on their faces were well worth looking at. The dance also showed its magnetic effect upon the children, for they came and dropped quietly down on the sand with their older sisters and brothers.

The spell was broken by the call of the organist for some one to take her place, and then the group, realizing how long they had been playing and how tired they were, broke up into smaller groups and went in search of cane-juice, or cane to chew, if they preferred. The children made a rush for the big swing and lined up to take turns in swinging.

"George, come push me!" Or, "Mary, pump with me next," were then the predominating sounds.

Around the boiler the older folk started "reminiscing," and as the syrup reached the stage of candy-pulling time, they pulled just as much and just as vigorously as if it were in the time of the square dance, when they were boys and girls; and everyone had a jolly, sticky time.

At last came the delightful old game in which all, from the oldest to the youngest, took part, and without which a real Georgia cane-grinding would hardly be complete—a



## A REAL CANE-GRINDING.

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game played to the familiar tune of a song which had been time-honored in David's boyhood:

"Jolly is the miller-boy,  
Who lives by himself;  
All the bread and cheese he had  
He laid it in the shelf,  
One hand in the hopper  
And the other in the sack,  
The ladies step forward  
And the gents step back."

After this someone suddenly realized that it was eleven-thirty, an unusually late hour for the little folk to be up.

Sincere expressions of appreciation for the good time had at the cane-grinding concluded the evening's entertainment. Everyone climbed into his wagon and started homeward.

This time the ride was made more quietly. The children were quiet because they had fallen asleep. The older people, having exhausted the most of their neighborhood gossip, sat silently in their places, only speaking occasionally to make some unimportant observation. At intervals, too, the laughter or some exclamation from one of the girls or boys rang out suddenly above the rattle of the wagons, but besides this all was quiet.

The peacefulness of the night and the quiet happiness of these people of the country entered the soul of David Gray, and he felt that for genuine happiness and enjoyment he could recommend to his friend of the city a moonlight night, a straw-ride, and a South Georgia cane-grinding.

Hester Bruce.



## CALL OF HOME

My heart should surely find enough  
To feast upon:  
Green sweeps of ever level land  
And shining strips of silver sand,  
Mysterious swamp-lands where the air  
Smothers in moss like Blue-Beard's lair,  
Blue lakes whose waves are never rough  
But mirror fair the floating swan;

\* \* \* \* \*

Dark orchards where the golden fruit  
Hangs luminous,  
Pale gleam of grape fruit hanging loose,  
Inert, so swollen full of juice,  
And oranges flaring like a flame  
To put the lemon's brass to shame;  
Soft perfumed wind as if a lute  
Quick swept, left music tremulous.

\* \* \* \* \*

But oh for rough old pines that sway  
Like stately kings,  
And oh for red-topped hills that seek  
To reach the sun, and find a creek—  
Dear sluggishly flowing creek, you tell  
How sweet the bay and gum trees smell;  
And oh, if I might be one day  
Where childhood's play made dear these things!

Helen Allen Thomas.



## THE EVIDENCE OF THINGS

### NOT SEEN

It was the second Saturday night in June and the annual Association was approaching its climax. Instead of being fatigued from the long day on the church grounds, every member seemed as fresh and cool as the early dew which lay shimmering on the grass under the white light of the full moon. An intense, yet subdued atmosphere of expectation, almost tangible in its heaviness, seemed to be radiating from the devoted throng.

Kerosene lamps flaring in the little frame building cast a soft yellow light into its gloomiest corners, even threw a comfortable illusion over the hard pine benches which served as pews. The members hastened piously into the stuffy little building from out the refreshing night, until the whole congregation was assembled for the song service.

An aisle, running the length of the little church, divided the pew space equally. On the right sat buxom wives in printed dresses; thin, weary mothers and quiet children; bright-eyed old ladies in rusty black, knotty hands peacefully folded. On the left were subdued husbands; racked, care-worn fathers; men in the late afternoon of their days, waiting; but nowhere were there young people.

On one side of the platform a lanky individual having dun-colored hair, sad eyes and long, melancholy mustaches, sat precariously upon an old cane-bottomed chair. The elder who was to assist him in the service wore a bright red cravat which rivaled his face, and a long black coat which flapped at his heels as he strode solemnly back and forth over the platform.

As the last straggler seated himself, the elder spoke secretively with the preacher; made a mysterious sign to the maiden lady acting as organist; cleared his throat; then asked doubtfully:

“No. 21? Shall We Gather at the River?”

Starting in to reassure himself, he plunged into the first line of the song, leaving the puffing organist and patient congregation to bring up the rear. At the end of the three



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verses, the elder held another whispered colloquy with the minister, then announced:

"No. 12! Old Time Religion! No. 92! Beulah Land! to be followed by prayer from Brother Harris."

Brother Harris blushed painfully, but ambled dutifully through a long line of requests. The congregation then arose from its knees, smoothed its laps and hitched its trousers, and looked expectantly at the minister, who was polishing his spectacles. He walked slowly forward during a death-like silence; placed his spectacles uncertainly upon the tip end of his nose; bent his head, and read from the Bible in a sing-song, weary tone:

"After that He poured water into a basin and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded."

Then he carefully removed his spectacles and placed them in his pocket. The subdued excitement of the crowd seemed to have almost, but not quite, reached its height. The minister closed his Bible and began speaking seriously, yet simply:

"Brethren and Sistern, I taken my text from thirteenth John, the fifth verse. As tonight is the time for our communion service, I ain't agoin' to preach no regular sermon to you; I done give you my especial message. But I do want to say jest this afore we partake of Holy Communion:

"We pore critters make jest one mistake after another, and we cain't seem to learn no better. We don't never come to the Lord to git help until we air in a tight and cain't figger out a way to help ourselves. But, thank God, He is our Father and He loves us and knows us and He don't never fail to help us. He jest asks us to love Him; to love every one of our onery neighbors jest a little mite more'n we do ourselves; and to trust in Him. He's done showed us how to forgive each other; to humble ourselves before each other by gitting down on our knees; and serving each other by washing one another's feet. Now, brethren and sistern, let us do likewise, and may our sins be forgiven us."

Concluding, the minister crossed to where the elder sat, poured water in a bowl, unlaced the elder's shoe and washed his left foot, drying it upon a towel hanging upon his arm, while the elder sang in a low tone. Then the elder knelt



## THE EVIDENCE OF THINGS NOT SEEN

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and performed the same service for the minister, as the minister sang to him.

The living, expectant silence seemed disappointed somewhat in the minister; had he quite fulfilled his mission? had he left something unsaid? Anxious glances, questioning looks between the women and men; suddenly an emaciated, yet erect figure of a man with white hair and beard arose from the front pew and strode rapidly toward the rear, halting at the last pew, where he extended his hand toward a bald headed man, quavering, old.

"Aaron, we have killed our wives and jest the same as murdered our children; it's a funny thing that we ain't yet succeeded in killing each other, for we've been sworn enemies for nigh on to forty years. We are old men; before the frost falls we may be mouldering in our graves. I ain't content to meet my Maker with this burden of hatred on my soul. So. . . Will you shake my hand and allow me to wash your foot?"

Scalding tears crept from the faded eyes of the enemy, trickled slowly down the wrinkled, weathered face, to fall on trembling hands, while he groaned:

"Flem, I've been jest as wrong as you. We both been terrible big fools over a mighty trifling matter. We cain't give life to the dead nor recall hard words; but we can ask the Lord's forgiveness. Let us pray, though unworthy."

The aged enemies knelt silently, then performed the lowly sacrament, one for the other.

As the weary, melancholy minister drove slowly homeward under the white light of the full moon in the fragrant night, he made a cryptic observation, in this wise, to his placid old gray mule,

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."  
Evelyn Brown.



## A RAINY DAY

### A VIGNETTE

It was an exceedingly rainy Saturday in the month of March—a wet Saturday on a South Georgia farm. The rain came down in torrents, the cows lowed as some one in distress.

From my window I commanded a full view of the barnyard. The place was littered with wet straw. In one corner was a pool of water. Boards were placed here and there in the muck to enable the farm helpers to step in without miring up to their knees. Under the barn shelter half-drowned chickens stood with water running off their backs. Underneath an old wagon sat a mother hen, who now and then pecked the little white heads of her baby chicks, that bobbed from under her wing. From a crack in the barn a donkey poked his head as if to say he, too, was weary of the rain. The world seemed stopping to let the rain come down.

Chloe Ivey.



## PINE TREES

The night is silver,  
The round moon is high,  
The pine trees waver  
Against the white sky.

The caressing wind  
So lovingly fingers  
Their feathery tops  
And laughing lingers.

Evelyn Brown.



## A MODERN WEDDING

Aunt Mirandy, faithful old Southern ducky, returned cheerfully to her work on a certain morning in June. Her black countenance beamed with peace and contentment. Her stout figure was neatly clad in a freshly starched gingham dress, and around her waist was tied a crisp, white apron on which was a snowy bib.

Breakfast over, Aunt Mirandy had her usual morning conversation on the business of the day with Miss Jenny, her mistress. Miss Jenny, on turning back toward the front of the house, was stopped by the old ducky for further conversation.

"Miss Jenny," she said, "don' go back in de house, please ma'am, 'fo' I tole you all 'bout Lily's weddin'. You know you let me off at fo'-thirty yestiddy so's I could git to Lily's fo' the preacher 'rove. We had sich a fine time dat I jus' got to tell you 'bout it. It wuz sho a fine weddin', and it ain't been outdone amongst de colored folks durin' de whole social season.

"You's seen Lily here in de kitchen wid me, an' you know what a mighty likely gal she is, jus' as fine as you could wanter know, an' purty too—dat plump, roun' type of beauty, you know. Her eyes is so dark an' dreamy an' her teeth is so white. Miss Jenny, she looked jus' like a pictur'. As a young gal Lily was allus popular in her set, an' as a bride, she wuz sho' sweet and purty.

"An', Miss Jenny, Lily wuz sho' dressed becomin'. Ev-e'ything she had on jis' natcherly set off her complexion. She had on stylish high-heel slippers, white an' shiny, wid stockins to match, an' a big armful of pink some kind er roses, an' a white satin dress that wuz all trimmed up, an' a lace weddin' veil over it, an' orange blossoms all twined in her dark curly hair. An' she wo' de mos' beautiful smellin' perfume!

"You jis ought a seen Lily's parlor. It wuz sho dec'rated han'some. Over de mantle wuz a tall, shiny white candle waitin' to be lighted on de arrival of de groom. An' dat weddin' supper! It makes ma mouf water now when I think 'bout it.

"'Bout ten minutes ater all de guests had got dere, an'



## A MODERN WEDDING

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when eve'ybody wuz expectin' de groom any minute, Cousin Sammy sang a passle er de beautifulest songs—kind y' all call nigger spirituals, an' den de whole congregation jined in de chorus. Atter dat, when dere wuz a kind er hush—  
in expectancy er de groom—Cousin Sammy sang a solo called 'Dear Heart,' an' he got such a clappin' he had to sing 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.' You know Cousin Sammy's got a mighty fine voice, an', Miss Jenny, when he started to singin' them songs, I jes natcherly thought I wuz gwine ter cry. Dey sho' wuz comfortin'.

"An'—oh, de groom did you say, Miss Jenny?" and suddenly she rolled the whites of her eyes toward her mistress, "Lawd, Miss Jenny, dat wuthless nigger never did come!"

Emily Chauncey.

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## SONG OF THE ALIEN

O trees of hanging gold  
And blue lakes shining,  
Fair be ye to behold,  
But my heart's pining  
For old red hills that stand  
In sun and shadow  
To lead me to the land  
Of Eldorado.

O each level field  
And orchard growing,  
Do ye never yield  
To cold winds blowing?—  
To cold winds fresh and sweet  
And gleaming frost  
And crystal sleet.

South Georgia's fire-side light  
And pines are calling  
Old pines that sob at night  
When one star's falling  
O for South Georgia skies  
And bracing weather,  
O for the joy that flies  
Of friends together!

Helen Allen Thomas.



## A TOBACCO SALE

It was a bright sunny morning in August — especially was it “bright” for me, since my hostess had requested me to be ready to leave the house at nine forty-five on a novel excursion. I could hardly wait for the time that I might enjoy whatever was in store for me. My curiosity was beginning to get the better of me, and, more than ever, when I saw so many groups of boys and girls, and men and women pass the house with, apparently, the same destination. This procedure seemed very unnatural in this wee village, and I was glad when the time finally came for my hostess and me to follow the crowd.

After walking for about two blocks I found myself entering a warehouse. An enormous building it was, built of red brick, a building which such a small town could be justly proud to call its storehouse for the year’s provisions. Still ignorant as to what was in store for me, I stepped inside—and what a sight I beheld! What a noise! What a crowd! What a peculiar odor! Surely there was enough tobacco on the very floor to supply the needs of the world for two years. I suddenly understood that the novel excursion of my hostess was a tobacco sale.

My interest compelled me to push my way through the crowd nearer to the tobacco, that I might examine it more in detail. The long yellow leaves were all arranged in very neat little piles, of about two hundred pounds each—though some were smaller and some larger—on flat basket crates. These crates were placed about six inches apart to form rows the length of the floor, and the rows were about two feet apart. On each of these crates I noticed a small white ticket, which, my friend explained to me, stated the name of the planter and the number of pounds in that particular pile. Knowing nothing at all about tobacco except as I saw it in Prince Albert cans, the Chesterfields “that satisfy,” and Fatima, the Turkish kind, I was eager to learn all I could; but my close study of these individual piles was entirely brought to nought, for I was nearly deafened by the sudden yelling of “Right ’s way, boys, ’s past ten now. Come along, whatcha say? Le’s go-o-o.” This came from the auctioneer, a very commanding personage, with his



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red curly hair falling in his face, provoking a continual tossing of his head backwards, and with his face flushed by such violent yelling. He wore his collar open at the neck and his sleeves above his elbows, as did all the men who were gathering around him. He stood at the first crate on the first row and from the minute he said the first word I noticed that the crowd who had been examining the tobacco stepped back to permit a long line of men to pass, about fifteen in all, who I was told were the buyers sent by their different tobacco companies to represent them. Each buyer had his own bookkeeper, who followed him, and my friend told me, to my utter amazement, that they caught all the bids of their buyer and marked on the tickets of the tobacco he bought, the price paid and the company to which it was sold.

But what was I hearing? A Chinese lullaby, a chanting priest? or what? No, it was the auctioneer who was making this noise; but how could such a big man as he sing such a silly little jingle for the most industrious people of the village and vicinity? Seeing how utterly dazed I was, my hostess explained to me that the auctioneer was selling tobacco. Selling tobacco! By now my thoughts and ideas of tobacco were bundles of confusion bound by a cord of differentness. I was absolutely sure, however, that no human being could buy tobacco from that man while he was rattling away in unknown tongues. Sometimes it actually sounded as if he were singing "Dixie," and always a little medley of some kind. My friend bade me follow her as she went closer to the line of buyers. They were gradually disposing of all of the tobacco, pile by pile, and I was still ignorant as to how it was done, yet I had been standing there all the while watching the whole process. However, after coming closer my friend told me to watch the expression of the faces of the buyers. And such grimaces! They were bidding on the tobacco. On approaching a new pile of tobacco the auctioneer started the bid at a reasonable price with plenty of room for a raise and each buyer, by his own particular sign, which was a wink, a nod, a twitch of the mouth, a raised eyebrow or some such expression, meant that he wanted to raise the bid a half dollar, just as their scale of prices indicated. I was beginning to believe that a tobacco auctioneer was the eighth



## A TOBACCO SALE.

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wonder of the world, for I was unable to see how he could catch ten or twelve bids at once and sing this song—the old adage, one thing at a time and it done well, failed in this case. However, I soon recognized this song as not a song at all, but a calling aloud of the bids, and was told that the buyers understood every word that he said. After standing for two hours I was able to understand only, “Come on, bid—this is a good one. Twenty dolla, twenty dolla, bid! bid! twenty an’ a haff, an’ a haff an’ thirty an’ thirty an’ a haff—an’ come on an’ bid! bid! Aw right, forty dolla, forty dolla—what’s matter with Liggett and Myers—then she’s gone at forty dolla, forty dolla—gone to Imperial”—then how long would it require for me to know all that he said. But since I could tell to whom the tobacco was sold and the price at which it went I ought to be capable of at least being a seller if not a buyer.

In three hours over sixty thousand pounds of tobacco was sold and as the sale ended and the farmers rushed to the office eager to learn how much their tobacco had brought, the auctioneer, hot and tired, bowed very low and said in a loud tone, “Ladies and gentlemen, sales are over until ten tomorrow. I thank you all. Come again.”

Grace Buie.

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## TOIL AND TROUBLE

Lawdy Massy! I'se sho' tired  
Washin' on dese clo'es,  
'Pears to me I git no rest  
No matter where I goes.  
Dem Smiths are bad to wash for—  
Dey allus pay all right,  
But Lawd, de way dey dirty clo'es,  
It shorely am a sight..  
How many chillun is dey got?  
I'd jes' like to know;  
Judgin' from de clo'es dey has,  
Must be twenty-fo'!  
Mirandy, come here help yo' ma;  
Fix de fire around dat pot,  
Ain't you see my back's 'bout broke?  
Git dat water hot!  
Dat Mis' Smith'll come today,  
An' my! she'll sho' be mad,  
But how she think I'm gonna wash  
Wid my rheumatiz so bad?  
Mirandy, come here rub a while,  
Lemme fix dat fire;  
Den I'll take de white uns out  
And hang 'em on de wire.  
Lawdy, Lawdy! What I see?  
Mirandy, you say who?  
Shorely 'tain't Mis' Smith, you say!  
Lord, what I g'wine a' do?  
Mirandy, ain't you got no sense?  
Don't try to run away.  
Ain't you got use to white folks?  
Now come on out I say.  
Oh, young'un, get behind yo' ma—  
Now, ain't I in a mess,  
Why ain't I don thought befo'  
You had on Mis' Smith's dress.

Eppie Roberson.



## EDITORIAL

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said:  
‘This is my own, my native land.’”

—Scott.

It has been with just this feeling which Scott has so adequately expressed that we have endeavored to publish a South Georgia issue of the Pine Branch. Being proud of our native soil, and having therefore a deep and sincere love and appreciation for this section of the state, we are anxious to portray in our magazine some of the characteristics of South Georgia.

We realize that in the past, the region of South Georgia has not been as extensively known as the more densely populated portions of the state, and has played a minor part in the affairs of the state. However, these conditions are rapidly changing. South Georgia is coming to her own, and is not only showing the material of which she is made, but her ability to use this material in a way that will reflect on her credit and honor.

In order to show examples of this fact, we need not go out of our own midst.

Plans are now in progress for the building of a boys' college here in Valdosta. The city will now offer to the boys of South Georgia some of the educational advantages that have heretofore been offered to only the girls. The high standards and ideals for which the school will stand may be anticipated by the name chosen for it, which is Woodrow Wilson.

Then, of course, we naturally feel that our own school has contributed largely to the rapid strides of progress that South Georgia has made during the last few years; and, as we believe, will continue to aid in bringing this part of the state into a fuller realization of its powers, and a higher plane of thought and action.

Thus we feel justifiable in making this a South Georgia issue, not only because of our love for our native section, but because we feel that it is rapidly growing and is fast becoming one of the outstanding sections of the state.

E. R.



## THE PINE BRANCH

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When one looks into the development of any section of the country, his first interest lies in a study of the outstanding, influential men of that section who have been leaders, and therefore have done the most toward its progress and growth.

In studying the development of South Georgia, there are several men of this kind, but there is perhaps none who has done more for this section than Mr. John L. Herring, of Tifton, Ga., whose recent death has meant a loss to the entire state.

Mr. Herring not only worked to promote the interests of this part of the state, but he was especially anxious to portray and keep alive the original South Georgia spirit.

While working on the Savannah Morning News editorial staff in 1912, he wrote several articles depicting the rural life in Wiregrass Georgia. These sketches met with such popular approval that he was inspired to begin the publication of his *Saturday Night Sketches*, a book widely read, especially in Georgia. In these sketches, Mr. Herring portrays the sturdy, plain, honest and progressive settlers of South Georgia in a most effective way. He loved the spirit of plain, simple honesty that was characteristic of them, and strove to keep it alive, regardless of the other changes made during the development of this part of the state. Having lived through these pioneer days, he was able to give a true description of the rural life in a way that will make the section of Wiregrass Georgia live forever.

The Pine Branch therefore feels that it could hardly go to press as a South Georgia issue without recognizing this great man who has done so much for this part of the state, especially in endeavoring to portray its essential nature.

E. R.



## LOCALS

The first of a new semester is a time for the setting up of ideals and the making of resolves. This semester has been no exception, but we have more than ideals and resolves—we have names. The halls of Ashley and Converse stand where once stood the dormitories I and II. It is these names, Ashley and Converse, which stand for many ideals and resolves lived up to, that we feel we must be worthy of.

On the evening of January 30th the student group and faculty had the opportunity of hearing Mozart's light opera, "The Impresario." Right glad were we to drop all worries over lessons and lectures for an evening.

Dr. Rickett, sent out by the U. S. Department of Health, came to us on Monday, February 18th. That same evening he gave us a lecture on health, illustrated by moving pictures.



# Y. W. C. A.

## Y. W. C. A. VALENTINE PARTY.

Perhaps one of the most entertaining of the Y. W. C. A. parties of the year was given on the evening of the 15th of February. As all combinations are entrancing and interesting, this party was especially so—it was a Valentine party and a kid party combined. Everyone entered heartily into the jovial spirit of bygone childhood days, enhanced by a lovely setting, fitting to the occasion, and by childish costumes of shy little girls and playful boys. The children played games, ran races, dramatized nursery rhymes, and watched, with childish enthusiasm, a Valentine dance by Miss Agnes Adams as the girl and Miss Lemuel Jay as the boy. A fitting climax for such a jolly good time was the serving of a large ice cream cone to each boy and girl, which was truly reminiscent of childhood days. Everyone hesitated over saying good-night because it meant they must return to the land of grown-ups.

The members of the Y. W. C. A. who attended the Georgia Student Volunteer Conference held at Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga., conducted the regular vesper services Thursday evening, February 14th. All of the girls who attended the conference showed, in their reports, their enthusiasm over the plan for the student volunteer movement, and succeeded in transmitting to the student group a part of their own enthusiasm, spirit and interest for such a worthy movement.

## BOOK PARTY.

On the program of the past month's events the annual book party occupied a prominent place. This annual event is for the purpose of adding to the Y. W. C. A. library and was quite successful in the number of books contributed. The social features of the evening included a burlesque on "Young Lochinvar" and a play, "The Modern Masque."



## ALUMNAE NOTES

Happy we are to have recent news from Minnie and Lucile Arnold, who are two of the three members of the class of '14. The two are together, though we are left to guess the kind of work in which Minnie is engaged. Lucile is teaching one of the second grades at Peoples Street School, Atlanta, Ga.

And again we are overjoyed to have a long letter from Mattie Peek of the '15 class. Lost to us she was and yet so near—Moultrie, Ga., 415 First street, S. E. "I thought I had become a mere name on the roll of alumnae. So many girls have 'fared forth' since I was there and so much has happened to blot me out of the memory of you who knew me. Won't you please write me a letter about everything—how many teachers of early years are still there, give me a bit of news about yourself and of some of the girls I knew." Not lost to us was our Mattie, only surpassed we are in interest. Mrs. William J. Gantier has a husband whom she describes as "the best in the world," little brown-eyed Beth of four years and little blue-eyed William, Jr., of twenty-one months.

Bessie Mann is teller in the Central Bank, of Atlanta, Ga.

From Carrie Lee Murrah, 47 Pearce street, Atlanta, Ga., we have a most enjoyable letter. "I must admit that beyond the pleasure there was in hearing from my Alma Mater there was a lonesome feeling that one has when they are real homesick. If I were not hopeful of going back in May I think you would have had a hard time keeping me away from there this week. If my high officials will let me I will be sure to be there for the roll call in May. I will write the girls of 1915 and do what I can to get them back this year."

Mrs. A. McFarland, Kansas City, Mo.! Mary Knight has won the above title and has roamed to that distant city! A degree has been conferred upon the last member of the '16 class and this class now ranks one hundred per cent strong in matrimony!

"I must sit by you so I can get all of the Valdosta news." And indeed Alice Feltham, Mrs. Wilber Ham of Cartersville, Ga., and I tried to talk about everything and everybody



## THE PINE BRANCH

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connected with the college since the year One, and all within an hour. A bureau of information I was and a gossipy visit we did have!

Arlie Gaskins, Mrs. Max Feazell, is another of the 17 members of the '17 class. This resident of Valdosta has three times been a guest in the college home, and our loyal alumna of old may be found by letter at 608 Floyd street.

Congratulations to Minnie T. Harrell, Mrs. Willard M. Bacon, Jr., 3 Elmwood Court, Winthrop, Mass. Two long letters since Thanksgiving, the last of which she evidently stole the time in which to write. "I have so much to do this morning that I really ought not to launch into a letter, but what Mr. Wood once told me still holds true I suppose. Do you remember the day he said, 'Miss Harrell, you talk lots not to say anything.' I must tell you a little about this strange land that I'm existing in. For three days it has been snowing, so I've had quite a time tramping in it. I really love it, but have not tackled the art of making a snow man, as I never excelled in art very often and I am only showing off on what I do know."

Emma Sue Morris, Mrs. L. J. King of Valdosta, Ga., proved to be a most valuable field helper. She had a pleasant meeting with several of our girls in Atlanta whose latest addresses we were not certain we had secured.

Morgan Majette was quietly married on February 12 to Mr. Daniel L. Grant of Chapel Hill, N. C. In uniting with Mr. Grant, journalist and secretary of the general Alumni Association of the University of North Carolina, we see where our jolly Playmaker has found a companion whose interests are in line with her own.

Ina Askew of the '18 class, now Mrs. P. W. Hancock, may be addressed Jonesboro Road, Atlanta, Ga., or Lakewood Bank, Atlanta, will find her, as she assists her husband, who is cashier there.

Terah Cowart teaches fourth grade in Tenth Street School, Atlanta, Ga.

And a real telegraphic message, though it was sent by letter, we had from Jean Dickerson of the '18 class. In nine words she expressed loyalty and cordial friendship, but she leaves us to guess what she is doing. She must have acquired her business method in the First National Bank of Bainbridge, Ga., judging from the letter head.



## ALUMNAE NOTES.

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Marion Groover of Jackson, Ga., writes, "I am looking forward with much pleasure to being at the college again. I hope nothing will interfere with my plans." Now the plans which were discussed during Christmas holidays are for a great reunion at commencement.

Frances Kaylor, Mrs. George Barker, is a resident alumna and an interested member she now is in Association work.

Aileene Parker, Mrs. Roscoe Turner, may be addressed Moultrie, Ga.

Stella Mathis, University of Porto Rico, Rio Peadras, P. R., in a good long letter describes a trip she had to Venezuela during Christmas holidays. I should enjoy sharing my interesting letter, but space in the Alumnae Department might not permit. By way of introduction she says, "I must ask for some information or work some scheme so I will hear from you before next June! Please tell me the amount of money I am due for Y. W. C. A. and alumnae dues and for the Pine Branch; then I will send you a money order for all." I like such schemes as that and if I have to resort to Jean's telegraphic method, I am at liberty to do so and still obtain funds for home industry.

"And they all began to make excuses." This one was accepted, however, provided she will be more thoughtful ever after. Katherine Chastain, Mrs. J. F. Knapp of Thomasville, Ga., a loyal member of the '19 class, says: "Yes indeed, I do need a good scolding for neglecting my Alma Mater as I have, but it does seem that when one 'acquires' a husband and an apartment there is so little time for anything else." (Katherine, if a husband and a home are all that trouble, then I may rest content that my fate is "single blessedness.") "I am going to do my best to go to commencement."

Lena May of the '19 class was a guest in the college home Sunday, February 10. She had to know about everything and everybody, so we went down the alumnae roll from ancient to modern times.

In the December issue of the Pine Branch we located Helen Palmer at Goldsboro, N. C., progressing in a way in which we were proud, but a little too personal to tell. Truly we sometimes can't always tell what a girl will do next. We didn't know it all. Helen became, on December 30, Mrs. Iverson Bennett, and Camilla, Ga., is her home.



## THE PINE BRANCH

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Natalie Sirmans, Mrs. John Williams, is a resident alumna and one on which we can always depend to assume her part of the responsibilities of alumnae doem.

Bonnelle Bivins of the '20 class roams not far from home and may still be found at Moultrie, Ga.

Mattie Campbell, Mrs. W. E. Lester, Crescent Avenue, Cherokee Heights, Macon, Ga., has returned to her home after an extended visit to Valdosta and Morven. She was, several times, a visitor at the college. We always want our girls to come back to us as often as they can.

A hastily written note revealed the busy life of Lilian Etheridge of Milltown, Ga.; too busy she was to come over to the alumnae Valentine party of February 16.

From Hattie McMillan, Mrs. S. E. Sharpe of Moultrie, Ga., we have news such as this: "It made me want to go to Valdosta more than ever today when I received your follow-up letter, and I am now planning toward that end"—and she came for the week-end February 23.

Helen Rizer's regrets at not being present at the alumnae party were justified, in as much as Helen had sufficient excuse to be absent, but we are going to expect her later on. She says, "I would like to visit the college more, but when I am in Valdosta I am real busy and I don't get around. I am coming sometime." Helen is teaching second, third and fourth grades in her home town, Statenville, Ga.

Another college grandson! He lives with his mother, Mrs. J. P. Kelly, our Mildred Smith. You may find them on East Gordon street, Valdosta, Ga.

Kennie Lasseter is teaching the Rockhill School in Colquitt county. She has never given us her acquired initials, but instead signs her name Mrs. Kennie Lasseter Willis, Meigs, Ga.

Our delegation to the Student Volunteer Convention at Wesleyan College, February 8-10, were disappointed to find Betty Chichester unable to attend the party at Mr. Bradley's. We might infer that our Betty is still not that robust person we had hoped she would in time become. You may address her College Hill Pharmacy, Macon, Ga.



## SOCIETY NOTES

One of the happiest social gatherings of the year was the party with which the Sororian Literary Society entertained the Argonian on Saturday evening, January the twenty-sixth. On entering the scene of festivity the guests were presented with red hearts bearing an assumed name, by which they were to be known during the evening. In this way we had many such distinguished persons with us as Barney Google, Mrs. Georgia Cracker, and Daddy Long-Legs.

The main feature of the party was the play, "Holly Tree Inn," given by members of the Sororian Society. At the close of the play an enjoyable contest was held to determine which of our faculty members are best suited for the stage. They displayed their talents for dancing, debating, singing, and acting Romeo and Juliet. The terrace was the center of an exciting newspaper race and other interesting contests. A Shakespearian and a Tree Romance served to keep the guests happily entertained. By no means the least appealing feature of the occasion was the delightful salad course served during the evening. The members of the Argonian Literary Society are indebted to those of the Sororian for a happily spent evening.

M. Rountree.





# JOKES



Vernice H. (after recitation in sight-singing class): "Mr. Poston is the fastest person in this school."

Lillie G.: "How's that?"

Vernice: "Well, time flies, doesn't it?"

Lillie: "So they say."

Vernice: "Well, he beats time."

Miss Campbell (in English class): "Will some one tell me what an antidote is?"

Margaret R. (after a pause): "I think it is an animal."

Miss Craig: "What is an emulsion?"

Harriet Jones (very eagerly): "It is something used for cutting steel."

Miss Campbell (in history class): "Lolita, you may tell how many primaries were held by each political party last year in this precinct, and whether they were well attended."

Lolita B.: "There were no primaries held last year, and they were well attended."

Mary B.: "What are you thinking about?"

Ruth McK.: "How did you know I was thinking?"

Mary: "I saw an unusual expression on your face."

Miss Campbell (demonstrating problems): "Now watch the board carefully and I'll run through it for you."

Freshman: "What do they do when you don't go to class?"

Soph: "Go right on without you."

Ruth W.: "The more I study, the less I seem to know."

Marie C.: "You must have studied a lot."



## JOKES

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Mr. Stokes: "You don't seem to be putting enough time on your French. How many subjects do you carry, any way?"

Mary Stewart W.: "I'm carrying two and dragging three."

Miss Carrin: "Heat causes expansion and cold causes contraction."

Annie S.: "I know now why summer days are longer and winter days shorter."

Katie Love: "The only reason I'm failing in English composition is because I make too many mechanical errors."

Minnie G. (with very serious expression on her face): "Good stars! no hope for me then, I don't know a thing about machinery."

Katie Love: "Miss Gilmer likes 'little turns' in the essays."

Minnie G.: "Well, she'd get plumb drunk reading mine."

Irene K. (as Eppie entered the room): "Have a chair."

Eppie R.: "Thank you, no, I only came for a book."

Ora Mae: "Do you remember field day last year?"

Marjorie L. (waking from a day dream): "Field Day? I don't believe I do. Does he still live in Valdosta?"

Mr. Poston (in music class): "Miss Kingery, where is high C located in the key of C?"

Irene K.: "On the first added space above the line."

Mr. Poston: "Are you girls laughing at me?"

Class: "Oh no, sir."

Mr. Poston: "Then what else is there in the room to laugh at?"



## THE PINE BRANCH

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Miss Craig (after discussion of many great scientists): "Who is the other living scientist that died a few weeks ago?"

During a discussion of vibration in general science. Christine Meadows: "Miss Craig, is it true that cats are not allowed to walk across London bridge?"

Miss Craig: "I don't know. . . I've walked across it several times."

Miss Gilmer: "Take this sentence—'The cavalier reported the man to be dead.' Is the verb to be active or passive?"

Ollie N.: "It must be passive. It can't be active, because the man is dead."

Nina was in the science class talking while Miss Carrin was explaining the lesson on the composition of matter. Miss Carrin: "What is the matter, Nina?"

Nina Jones, all surprised, answered: "Matter is anything that occupies space."

Miss Campbell was explaining revolution to the eighth grade as an overturning of government. Doris Morgan (very innocently): "Well, Miss Campbell, if I were to roll down the steps would that be a revolution?"

Verdie Bruce: "No. Doris, that would be a tragedy."



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