

# THE PINE BRANCH

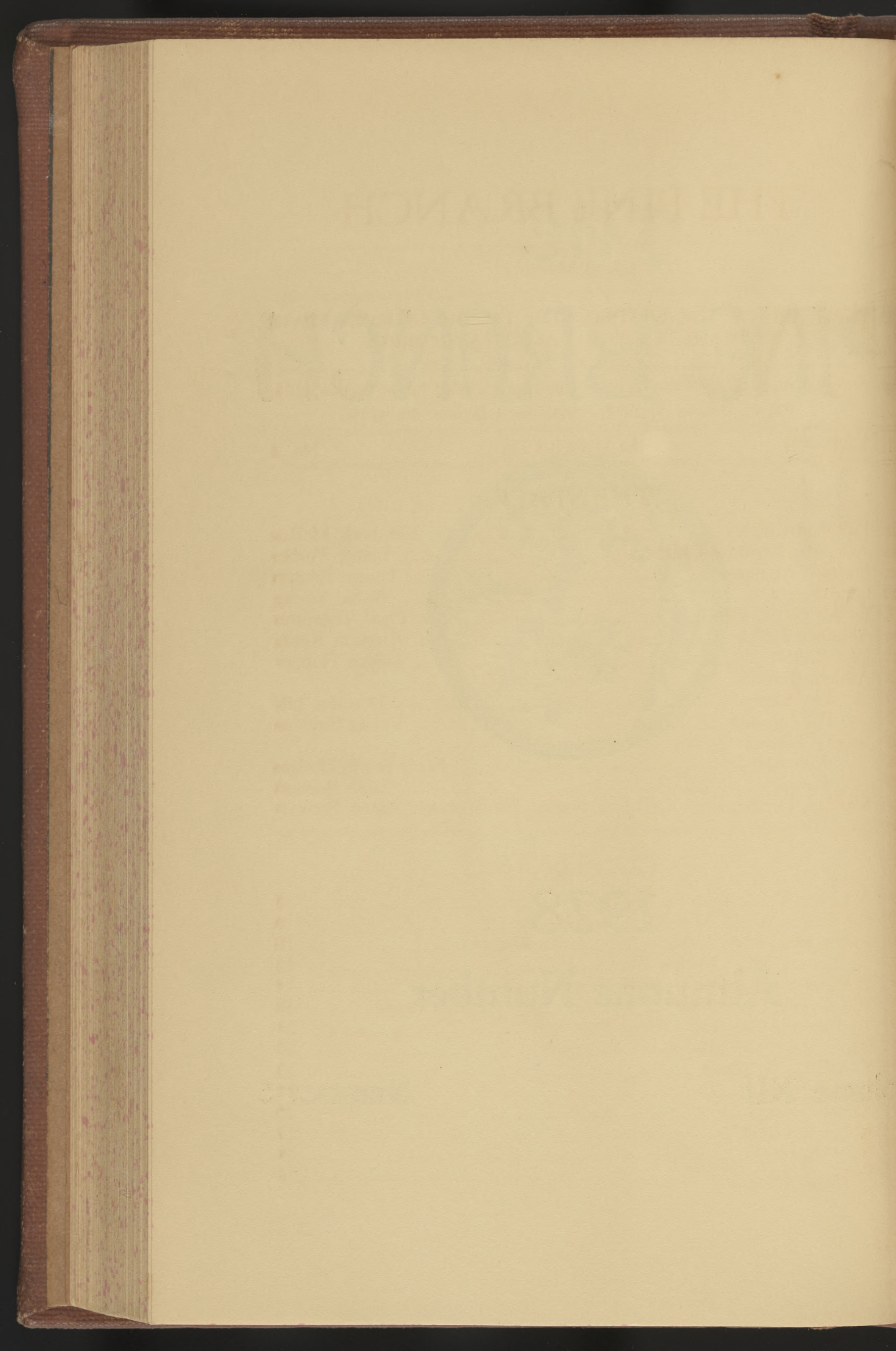


1928

Almuna Number

Volume XII

Number 5



# THE PINE BRANCH

Issued Monthly

PUBLISHED BY THE WRITERS CLUB 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. XII.

MARCH, 1928

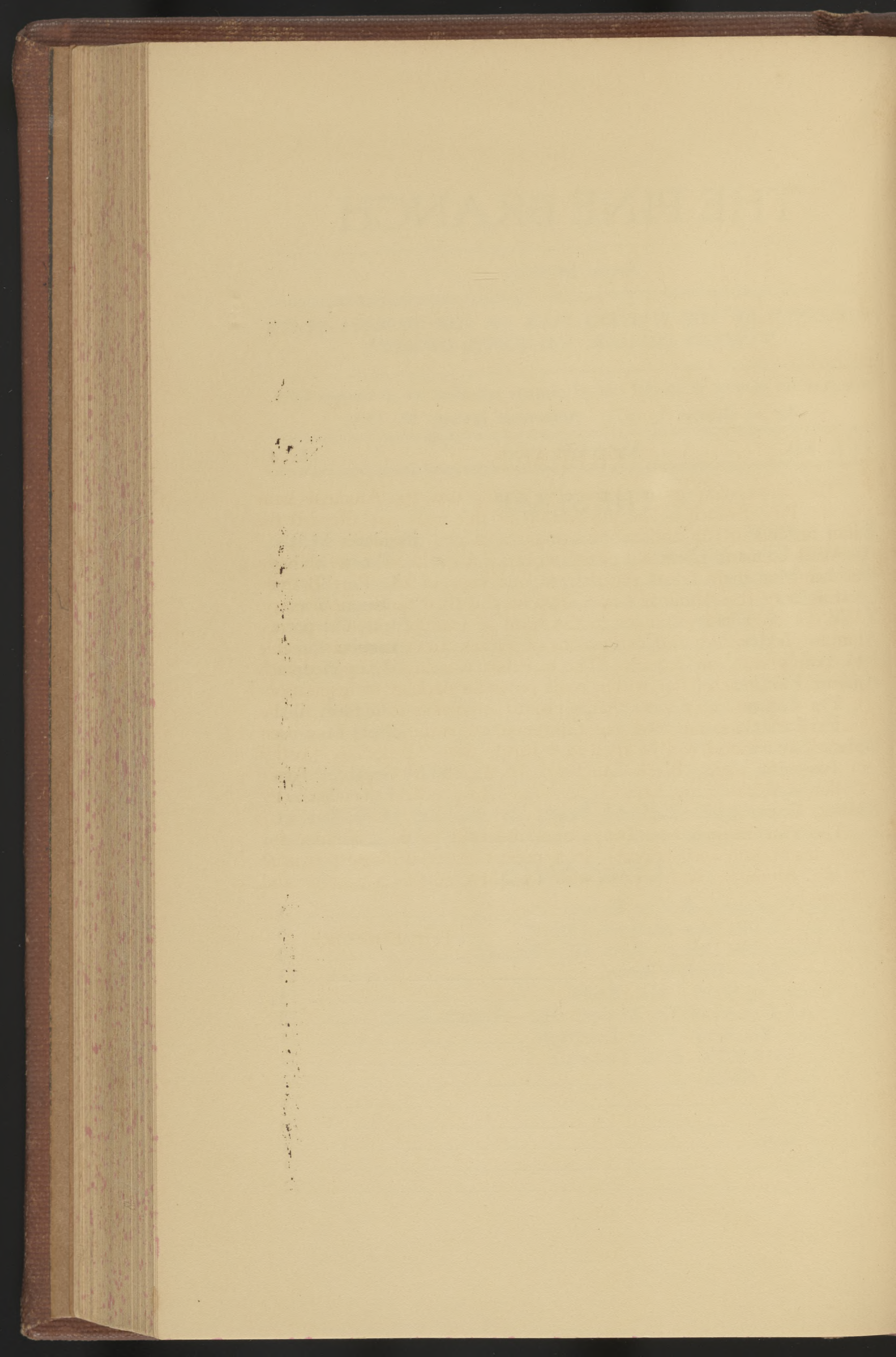
No. 4

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## PREFACE

The editors take great pleasure in issuing this, the Alumnae Issue of the Pine Branch. The publication of this issue has afforded the staff no end of fun and happy memories of past graduates.

With so many poets and gifted writers out in the field, we thought of bringing their talent together in one issue of the Pine Branch, letting it be the Alumnae's own issue on this their tenth anniversary. We not only had responses in the form of manuscripts and poems, but in good wishes and expressions of success from members unable to comply with our request. The mail box was eagerly opened each morning and each letter within itself proved a package of inspiration.

The staff was very sorry that it proved impossible to publish all the material that was received, but the remaining manuscripts have been placed on file and will be used at a future date. Especially worthy of comment were "Black Laughter" by Lucile McGregor, "After College—What?", by Lemuel Jay, and "Just a Schoolteacher", by Hester Bruce.

The Pine Branch has always been indebted to the Alumnae for their inspiration and support. In appreciation we dedicate this issue to the Alumnae, with every wish for their future happiness and success.

THE EDITORS.



## A LASSIE

Stealing down the dusty highroad  
On her fairy, gypsy feet,  
Came a laughing, light-haired lassie;  
Came a blue-eyed, lissom lassie  
Bringing with her perfume sweet.  
Ah, this lassie—  
Who was she?

In her hair she wore a garland  
Twined of jasmine's living gold,  
For a gown she used white dogwood  
And her arms seemed very bold,  
For they clasped a sheaf of peach blooms  
To protect them from the cold.  
Ah, this lassie—  
Who was she?

Loitering in the dead, brown highways,  
Wading in the brook,  
I found a laughing, light-haired lassie;  
Found a blue-eyed, lissom lassie  
Brightening every nook!  
Ah, this lassie?  
She was Spring.

\* \* \*

## CURIOSITY

Below the dry pomp  
Of religious creeds,  
Beyond the dead glory  
Of bygone deeds—

Lives there a Spirit  
Deep, eternal, true,  
Of which the rebirth of nature  
Is a living clue?

EVELYN BROWN—'25  
Orlando, Florida.

## FOR RENT

The old House bowed its head with the shame of it. That terrible sign which would bring more feet up the steps, through the spacious rooms, and on their way again. Why did they all turn back and come no more? In the first place why would they insist on coming? "For Rent. Apply Caretaker Inside." The shame of it—the utter degradation. Did old Ebenezer feel the disgrace of that flagrant sign now nailed on the gate-post? But of course he did—he who had lived within those walls almost since his birth—he who had for many years waxed those foot-worn floors and polished with loving fingers the woodwork until its mahogany surface gleamed in the dim rays of light that peeked through half-closed blinds.

Suddenly the House felt a strong kinship for Eben. Old, old, and no longer cared for. Worn out, both of them; weather-beaten and stained with the passage of the years. Did it say old? Ah, yes, even the very trees, the shrubs—the grass too—all old and tough and gnarled with their efforts to combat the ravages of time.

\* \* \* \* \*

"George, do you mean to tell me that that old rattletrap perched up on the hill is the place you've brought me to see? Well, if you ain't got nerve! Even if it is in the swellest neighborhood, I can't see that it's got any neighbors, set 'way off to itself like that, and besides, I know I'd mildew. Golly, if that ain't just like a man."

"Now, Marge, don't jump to conclusions too quick. It could be fixed up real classy with a little paint, a new roof, and an ax. We could cut out some of that undergrowth and saw off some of them limbs and let in some light. Let's go take a look inside anyhow."

The House heaved a sigh in company with its guardian oaks. Those people coming up the drive! Would they rent the place? A heavy rustling among the trees spoke only too plainly their fervent wish that the halls would not yet echo to footsteps.

Boom! Boom! The great brass knocker was being lifted and dropped with vigor. Old Ebenezer paused in his dusting and began slowly to descend the stairs.

More people to see the house! How weary he was of showing every little nook and cranny. To some he praised; to others he disparaged. He called to mind the elderly couple who had come last month. The dear, kind mouth of the woman had so reminded him of Miss Ellen, and the man's courtly manner had made him long for the old days when Marse Bob had bowed over the fairest hands in the country. The little lady had wanted the house badly, but when



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Eben mentioned the rent, she raised her tiny hands and dropped with a gesture of despair.

"Papa, it's no use our looking further. Everything we really want is prohibitive. Dear House, I could just see Papa and Marilyn and me ensconced in your lofty rooms, sleeping in your canopied beds, loitering in your old fashioned gardens, your books in our hands. I could hear the happy laughter of our young people trilling through your halls, hear dancing feet treading stately measures."

"Never mind, Mama. We can still live here in our dreams, and Marilyn is a sweet daughter who will love her home no matter where it is."

They had gone with lagging steps and many a backward look. The lady had waved and with tears in her voice bidden Eben and the House good-bye.

Boom! Boom! Ebenezer was not getting there fast enough. Another moment and he had turned the knob and stood bowing to a heavy-set man with a bristly moustache and a stout over-dressed woman, evidently his wife.

"I say, old man, we want to see the caretaker, and we're in a hurry, so get a move on."

"I'se de caretaker, suh, kin I do enything fer yuh?"

"That sign down on the streets says the house is for rent, and we'd like to see it."

Ebenezer was strongly tempted to lie, to tell them it was already rented, but something held him back,—his conscience, perhaps.

"My Gawd, George, this place is worse than a tomb. I swear it gives me the willies. Let's get out of here before I become defunct."

"Now, Marge, shut your trap, and let's give things the once over before you go getting skittish. I tell you, this is the swellest section in the city, and we can't afford not to live somewhere out here. We're trying to move in high society, and we've got to live in the right place."

"You seem hell-bent on living in this gawd forsaken hole.—Go on, black boy, and show us everything's to be seen."

The negro began muttering under his breath as he led them from drawing room to parlour, from kitchen to cellar, and up to the sleeping rooms and attic.

"Lawse, ef dey gets dis place, I'se gwine leab fer sho. Me wuk fer dem folks? Yankees, with dat furren talk. 'Black boy' fer sartin! Yeah, I is black, but I don' wan' no low-down, ornery Yankees a-calling me dat."

"Marge, this is darned elegant. What say we lease it for a year?"

"My gawd, George, do you want to see me lying cold in my vault?"

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I can see spooks in every corner; however, if you're so bent on it, it's here we hang our hats, but for heaven's sake don't you leave me here alone ever."

\* \* \* \* \*

The House faced the world with a fresh brightness, the sort of freshness that people assume to hide a broken heart. More disgrace! Would it never cease? Only last night the shouts of the drunken revelers had sounded through the gardens. Young girls had yelled and staggered about like mad men, naked arms were about the necks of escorts. One madcap had entertained a group of merry makers for half an hour, trying to kick off the high hat of a tipsy youth. Strange doings, these! If young Mr. Bob could have foreseen this, would he have gone abroad and left his beloved House?

The day was warm and balmy with the smell of spring in the air, and Ebenezer was engaged in a task which had occupied him at this time of the year ever since he had passed his fifteenth birthday. Down would bend his brittle old back and into the moist red earth would go the spade. Bony fingers dropped the seeds into each hole left by the spade, and skillful hands scratched the loose soil over them. In this same spot had flowers bloomed since he could remember, and who was he—to leave barren a spot long accustomed to beauty?

Suddenly his body went rigid. Shriek after shriek tore at his ear drums—and seeds dropped helter skelter from hands that could not hold themselves still. From the House those awful screams came, and as the negro looked, powerless now to move, a side door opened, and Marge, stout, florid Marge, came sailing through, all sails hoisted. As she passed the flower bed she shrieked again, and feet that only a few seconds before had been weighted with lead now grew wings, and Eben tore out behind her, fear licking a forked tongue at his heels.

At the end of the garden, Marge, breathless, stopped, and Eben of necessity did likewise. Leaning, one on each side, on the garden gate, Marge, impelled by Eben's inquisitive eyes, explained.

"Gawd, old nigger, I saw it. Don't stare at me so hard, you fool. I swear I saw that ghost—a monstrous white thing with glittering eyes and padded feet. It—it—it grabbed at me in the attic when I went up to look through those old trunks, and I nearly broke an ankle falling down the steps. Gawd, I wouldn't stay in that house again for all the Georges in the world, and I'll tell that stuck-up, high-flying husband of mine so this very day. Nigger, you can start helping me pack my duds right now."

Ebenezer's back became rigid once more. What was this he heard?

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He felt an uncontrollable desire to cough—or did he laugh? Marge could never make sure. At any rate she was too hurried to investigate.

When Marge was beyond ear-shot, Eben lay down on the grass and laughed until the tears left streaks on his shiny face; he rolled with mirth until his clothes became spotted with leaves and bits of grass. Ghost? His ghost. And he laughed the harder.

Marge had manifested a keen interest in the history of Windy Crest, and Eben had risen to the occasion, in fact, he had surmounted it. His imagination had done wonders with his cat, a great, snow-white beast without a tongue—due to the cruelty of bad boys—which claimed the attic for his very own. It was a rich hunting ground, for here rats and mice had long made their abode, and Puffy never tired of giving chase. Evidently Marge had discountenanced her historian's tales and decided with Puffy that the attic was a rich hunting ground.

Just as Eben reached the hall, the postman, a most infrequent caller here, blew his whistle and left a letter for Ebenezer Collins, Windy Crest, ——— S. C. Ebenezer could scarcely believe his eyes. Young Marse Bob did write occasionally, and this seemed to be one of his occasions. Did he, Eben, know that he, Bob, was in love? "Her name, (now, don't you tell, Eben), is Marilyn. Perhaps, if she'll marry me, Windy Crest will have a real mistress once more. But in the meantime keep it occupied."

The caretaker of the House was delighted as he had not been for a long time. The present tenants moving, Marse Bob maybe coming home, spring in the air, a letter for him, ghosts stalking. Heigh-ho, what an eventful day!

The old House, who knew nothing of the letter, looked down on the passers below—at the sign nailed on the gate. The shame of it! The disgrace! Would-be tenants would come, and Eben would answer their knocks. To some he would praise, to others disparage, but his heart was light and his feet no longer dragged.

WILLIE MAE MATHEWS GILBERT,

Jesup, Georgia.

## JUNIOR MAKES HIS DEBUT

Joan had not found the note until ten o'clock that morning—the note that caused so much disturbance in the three-rooms-and-bath-apartment. She had rushed to give Kay his waffles and coffee, and had rushed him off to the office, and then she had rushed to set the bed room and living room in order before Junior waked. When Junior was awake, she always rushed. That was the reason she had not even had time to see the note which was sticking under the telephone.

She glanced at the kitchen clock, and then at the stack of soiled dishes awaiting the arrival of Sara Jane. "Ten o'clock!" she exclaimed. "No groceries ordered and Sara Jane half an hour late. Junior, don't hurt the kitten,—Poor little kitty!" Junior, from his place on the floor, eyed his mother with innocent eyes and continued to pull the cat's ears.

Ignoring his babyish disobedience Joan rushed to the telephone and there was the note:

"Dere Miss Joan i gess yo will b suprised to kno that i is maried, yas'm. i maried Sam, yas'm. he done got out'n the pen an savd up 25\$ Miss Joan an i sho does hate to sert yo, yas'm onli me an Sam is maried an it is like yo an Mr. Kay yo woodnt like to b awa from him. i will miss yo an the babi, yas'm.

Respectivly,

SARA JANE JONES."

Joan realized the horrible truth as she slowly read the negro scrawl. "And with the College races only one week off!" she groaned. "I can't get another servant that I would be willing to leave Junior with. She can't leave me like this! Why, she is the only nurse the Baby has ever known!" But it was quite evident that Sara Jane could "leave like this."

Junior came toddling through the door dragging the kitten, much to the discomfort of the little animal and to the delight of Junior. "Kit-tee cwyy! Mu-mu! Kit-tee cwyy!" he prattled.

Joan took the receiver from the hook, but instead of calling the grocer as she had intended, called Kay's office. Kay was out, so she was denied even the comfort of telling him of the catastrophe.

All the morning Joan went about her usual work with those added tasks made necessary by the absence of Sara Jane. She cooked Junior's spinach, squeezed the oranges for his required vitamins, spanked him when he turned the garbage can over, and wondered how some mothers managed with a half-dozen babies.

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"Well, dearie," she said when Kay came in for lunch, "My trip to the College is all off!" and with sobs and tears the story was told to sympathetic ears.

"There, little girl," Kay soothed, "don't worry your pretty head over that any more. I should be able to keep my son in existence for the necessary two days of the races at the old Alma Mater, and you have planned so much on meeting all the girls who will be there with their husbands. Of course you will go."

"No, I wouldn't think of going without you. It is your College as much as it is mine, even though I had wanted to see the bunch again, besides you couldn't manage Junior for two days and nights."

"Couldn't I? He's such a little fellow and should not need much attention," and he swung the baby up onto his shoulder where Junior crowed with delight.

"Just the same," contended Joan, "I think you should be the one to go." But in the afternoon when Kay had gone back to the office and Junior was asleep, Joan thought the matter over and decided that since Kay was so considerate of her enjoyment perhaps she would be the one to go after all. She had already bought a new evening dress for the Alumnae banquet, and her best girl friend was to be there. She had missed the reunion last year since Junior had been too small to leave, but now that he was growing to be such a fine youngster there was no harm in leaving him with Kay. She had been having nervous headaches lately, and the rest from home duties would be good for her. Joan was wondering again for the twentieth time whether or not her blue crepe sport suit would really be suitable for the races—the girls did dress so elaborately—when the telephone broke in on her thoughts.

"Joan," came Kay's voice over the wire, "I've just had a telegram from Bundy Cole saying that he is to be at the College reunion and wants me to meet him there. The old scout has been touring Europe and is to give a talk on his travels at the banquet. I have decided that, if you still say you want me to go on without you, I'll meet the old room-mate and we will have a jolly time living over old days again."

What she answered, Joan was never quite sure, but she tried to say that of course she wanted him to go. It always seemed to be the mothers who stayed at home while the fathers of the world never had to give a thought to the children.

Away from the telephone she heard Junior's awakening cry. "Oh, Junior," she addressed him as she lifted him from his crib, "Why aren't you a grown son instead of such a helpless little fellow?"

"Mu-mu love Baby? Baby love Mu-mu!" he jabbered in his sleepy

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little voice as his arms tightened around her neck.

Another ring! This time it was the door-bell. "More news to disturb the little peace that is left, I suppose," Joan sighed as she answered the bell. "A Special Delivery; as if notes and telegrams and telephone calls were not enough for one day. I wish we lived in an uncivilized land where messages could not reach us." The letter was addressed to both her and Kay, and was from the president of Kay's College class. He stated that the mascot for their class car in the race had "come down" with measles and they wanted Junior to supply the vacancy.

\* \* \* \* \*

In their drawing room on the train going up to the reunion Kay beamed on Junior standing on the opposite seat, his nose mashed flat against the window pane as he watched the scenery which seemingly passed by the train.

"Won't it be great to have our son coming out into college society before he is two years old?" he said.

"Oh Kay," breathed Joan as she nestled her head on his arm, "Don't you wish he would stay a baby, always!"

MRS. J. FLOYD RAMSEY

(Joyce Sikes '23)

Alma, Georgia.

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TO E—

Vagrant winds lie tangled  
In your midnight hair,  
Winds, perfume scented,  
Blown from a land so fair—  
That I think of myrtle and moonlight—  
Tangled garden, with fragrance rare,  
Where a ghostly marble maiden  
Casts dewdrops into the air.

---

EOLA

Sunset and silence; a lake, cold—  
Silver water tinged with gold  
And burning flame; above, high  
The pastel tints of an evening sky.

Sunset and silence; swans afloat—  
Silver birds near a scarlet boat.  
Sunset and silence; amber light  
Bathes the trees in a radiance, bright.

And soft as morning. Dusk descends  
On gleaming waves. Twilight ends.  
Sunset and silence; peace descends  
On tired souls. Night begins!

EVELYN BROWN,  
Orlando, Florida.

## THE ADVANCING SOUTH

A paved road; new bridges, steel structures that swing open for the passage of boats going up and down the river; heavy traffic, passenger cars, trucks loaded with lumber and building materials, a new building to the right of the last bridge, a cool green shingled roof, and a new dock jutting off in the foreground.

How different this trip to Saint Simons Island was in comparison to the trip made by the old darkey ten years previous.

"Say, Monroe, don cha like all dis here improvements dat dese rich guys am makin on ole St. Simons? Wat-sa-matter nigger, dat yoall don say sum thin bout it all?"

Old Mose was addressing his darkey friend of many years. They were born and reared on St. Simons Island and had been friends from childhood, even after the time Monroe decided that he would go North and make a living. He had had his ups and downs, to hear him tell it, since he operated an elevator in a twenty-five story bank building in New York City.

Mose was proud to be with Monroe as they came over together on the bus. He knew Monroe would be eager to tell of the marvelous progress that was being made in the Northern states; likewise he wanted to be the one to show Monroe the recent improvements on the historical home soil.

"Mose, I'se jes confounded; I ain't known whata say," replied Monroe, "Dis am all so posolutely different."

"I left huh on a boat and I came back on a bus over paved roads and bridges like what de had up North. I came back fo rest, but I don see none. All de peaceful air am flown. Everything usta be all old like an now dey is all bran spankin new. No, boy, I don like hit all. It ain't seemed like de ole Island whar I was born and raised. I speck dey hab made a boat house of ole General Oglethorpe's fort—have they now, or a garage?"

What the old darkey said was true. The roads leading to the Island and the roads on the Island were all paved. New roads had been cut through the woods and were paved soon after being cut. Monroe's Island had been a net-work of thick woods, dirt and shelled roads, winding paths, historical spots such as, Oglethorpe's Fort at Frederica, Wesley's Oak, Frederica's Church, Bloody Marsh Monument. These had been the interesting facts regarding the Island. Now people were interested in the new docks and pavilions, the Yacht Club, Ocean Vu Gardens, Glynn Isle, and Colegisy Beach; Ocean Boulevard was the popular road, whereas the road originally cut through by Oglethorpe's men had become of little immediate interest.



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New lumber and fresh paint were scattered helter skelter through the heretofore unbroken solitude of the dense woods. Modernism in contrast to historical associations!

Monroe was not the only darkey who found fault with the ever-changing Island. Older darkeys sat smoking their corn-cob pipes and talking about what had been, but was no more.

If it were possible for a new structure to become historical over night—the darkeys would be satisfied.

The first new building to attract Monroe's attention had been the Yacht Club. Mr. Offin, of Haploe Island, the promoter of all the improvements, had desired a yacht club where his friends could drop anchor and enjoy the pleasures that this Island, in which he was so interested, could offer.

His employees were workers, and their progress showed daily signs of rapid growth. It was not long before the Yacht Club had opened its doors to visitors.

Edge and Wider were two employees that made the Yacht Club their home. They had been instrumental in this particular structure's advancement. They were architects and had made the plans and furnished the club after it was completed.

On the day of Monroe's arrival, Edge and Wider were very busy. The Yacht de Acuna was to drop anchor that afternoon; therefore, they would be entertaining guests in Mr. Offin's absence. Offin was on a special fishing party over at Overall.

Knowing that a full house was to be expected, they sent their friend Ed Nersick in search of a temporary porter. Nersick was no dilettante about the Island and its inhabitants, both black and white. Edge and Wider being up state men, they could not appreciate the Island darkey. Nersick considered himself lucky when he found Monroe, and persuaded the darkey to take the job; although Monroe insisted that he had come back home for a rest.

Edge and Wider accepted Monroe's services as a matter of course, —questioning him seldom. Nersick's choice suited them perfectly where a dark service was involved.

Monroe sighted the de Acuna coming around the bend of the Island at a quarter of five o'clock in the afternoon, and she lay still at anchor by five o'clock sharp.

The old darkey was kept frightfully busy the following hour, but by six o'clock he had time to sit out on the dock and dry the fruits of hard labor from his brow. He made several trips in and out the club during that hour, but had observed very little because he had been kept busy. Now he tried to recall just why he had been attracted to the fire-place. In such hot weather, to have one's attention unduly called to a fire-place, was enough to start one thinking.

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Monroe rested awhile, then sauntered back to the club and peered into the long reception room from a side entrance. His eyes rested upon the fire-place. It certainly was large. It reached from ceiling to floor, and was composed of huge cobblestones. Of course the actual opening for the grate was smaller. The hearth too, was of cobblestones. But the thing Monroe liked best of all was the old rusty anchor, a real one too, that had been built into the stones just above the opening of the grate. The lights attracted his attention, having been old time lamps on an out-of-date vessel. But Monroe particularly liked that anchor.

"Dats de only article dis here place can boast of, and hits nothin but a anchor at dat. Sumthin that ebery little two-by-fo boat has what plies up and down dem dar ribbers," remarked Monroe as he turned back into the cool of the setting sun.

What a sunset! The skies were clear, the old darkey raised his head and gazed in awe. The waters around reflected every glow, and nothing human or made by man power came within his line of vision. Just God's skies, marshes, and waters, and the waters were so nearly a perfect reproduction of the sky that it was hard to tell which was sky and which was water.

"Such unusual blu's an' pinks," thought Monroe, "Dat dere blue looks jest like Marse Parrish's blue paints, so help me. Somehow tho, I don like dat straight line ob white clouds separating dem colors—minds me ob dese here paved roads running between freshly painted houses."

It's not unusual that this darkey should take note of a Maxfield Parrish blue. He had handled trunks to Mr. Parrish's summer cottage on the Island from the old ship Sea Gate many times in years gone past. In so doing he had had the pleasure and privilege of feasting his eyes at some time or another upon paintings by this noted artist. Any Island negro was conscious of beauty, regardless of temperament. Land, sky, and sea were all they had in which to be interested.

Three days later while shining up the brass lamps, Monroe discovered that the old anchor had been scraped near its point until it was shiny. He believed that some writing was on it, but it was too faint to be deciphered. He wondered about this, and made up his mind to find Marse Nersick and see if he knew anything about it.

"Now, Marse Ed, I may hab majined dat I saw some writing on it. Surely dey ain't aimin to polish dat anchor up now, is dey, cause dats all dat Yacht Club can boast of dat am old."

"You are an observing negro, Monroe," replied Ed. "No, they are not going to scrape any more rust off the anchor, they discovered

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the writing you spoke of and that is what they were looking for."

Ed was pleased to see the darkey interested, and therefore he told him why the anchor had been scraped.

"It will take some time to explain, because I must start at the beginning of my search for the anchor."

A rusty antiquated anchor was necessary the architects had insisted, and Nessick had been appointed to search for an anchor of that description. Ed visited the wharves in Brunswick inspecting all the small shrimp boats, and any other boats he could find. Finally he found what he desired on a prawn boat belonging to a Portuguese. When Ed offered a new anchor in exchange for the old one, he had no trouble obtaining it.

The owner of the ship de Acuna had asked permission to scrape the anchor, and when sufficient barnacles and rust had been removed some lettering was visible, but not readable. A magnifying glass showed that the letters were the same as those on the bow of his ship—de Acuna. He then explained that an old diary at home mentioned the ship de Acuna that fought in the Spanish-American war and which had on board four anchors, all of which were engraved with the letters de Acuna. He said that he had formed a habit of looking for old antiquated anchors, but that this had been more than he expected to find.

"He's not gwine to take dat anchor home wid him, am he?" asked Monroe.

"No, he doesn't want it," replied Ed. "He is satisfied to know that it is being preserved, and he is going to look for the other three now."

Ed was puzzled at the darkey's remark as he shuffled off.

"So help me—de Lord done made a new thing old with a story tached to it in less than a half year."

People today put the darkey's words into this expression—

"The Historical Yacht Club of Saint Simons Island."

NAN SMITH, '27,  
Brunswick, Georgia.

## VISIONS AND DREAMS OF THE MODERN AGE

Frances was a Senior in high school, and had reached the point where it seemed necessary—to her at least—to begin thinking of a profession. She thought of all the professional men and women she had known, and tried solemnly to measure her future career in terms of what she thought about them. Of course she gave no thought to trades and tradesmen.

“Aunt Mary was a teacher,” she said to herself, “Why not ——? But there are so many of them! No, I don't like that.”

She came on down the list, putting each occupation in its proper category. None of them pleased her.

“I know, I'll be a surgeon. They are always serving someone—cutting pains out of 'em—and after all hasn't it always been the work of women to serve somebody?”

For many days Frances visualized herself being called out of bed at midnight, at three o'clock in the morning,—at any hour, to minister to some suffering soul.

“A surgeon! Yes, the noblest of all professions—there!”

\* \* \* \* \*

Frances had not told her mother of her great decision. In fact her mother had not realized that she was even thinking of such serious problems—that she was growing up so rapidly. But Frances would tell her that very afternoon.

She came bounding into the room and up to her mother's chair. Bounding was good for her courage; had she walked quietly she might have failed to mention the subject altogether. She was afraid her mother might not sympathize, and she should find her ambition crushed to earth.

“Mother,” she cried very enthusiastically, “I've been thinking of a profession.”

“A profession?”

“Yes, you know I go to college next year.”

“I know that, but I hadn't thought you were looking forward to a professional career.”

There it was. Perhaps after all she might not get a chance to relieve suffering humanity!

“What profession are you thinking of, Dear?”

“Well, I sort o' thought I might like to be a surgeon.”

“A surgeon! Aren't you a little ambitious for your strength, Little Girl?”

“No, I don't think so at all. I don't see why I shouldn't be a sur-

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

geon. I'm strong enough for anything."

Her mother smiled wisely.

"All right, Dear, if you still wish to be a surgeon when you have completed your freshman year in college, I will help you to realize your ambition."

Glory be! So she could serve suffering humanity after all.

Frances had never been happier. There was no one to oppose her plans now. But—what about Jack? She knew she didn't want to be married, though, and besides Jack would understand. Jack always understood, and wasn't he studying medicine, too?

\* \* \* \* \*

Frances was "down and out." This particular day college life seemed not so easy after all. There were everlasting lessons to get—every day—today particularly—there was no end to them.

"Well, they certainly don't hand honors out to you on a silver platter at this place, do they?" she "spluttered" to Charlotte, her roommate, as she came into the room just before lunch.

"No, but there is always some one to drag us out of the depths of despair," dryly replied Charlotte with a grin spreading over her face; and Frances' eye, following hers, wandered toward the study table.

There it was!—the same bold handwriting against a brilliantly white background. Her heart took an extra jump. Jack had always boosted her up. If there ever had been a true-blue friend, he was that friend. She clutched the letter and tore open the envelope.

"Yes, there is some one to drag us out of the depths of despair," she replied, joining Charlotte's grin and spreading it into a hearty laugh.

Strange how the down-and-out sensation vanished with the progress of the reading.

"There are others who seem skillful in saving suffering humanity," slyly observed Charlotte.

\* \* \* \* \*

The evening of the freshman prom arrived, and a radiantly happy Frances greeted Jack. There were so many things to talk to him about! She would get his advice about some of her plans. She would tell him all about her proposed career as a surgeon.

He advised her heartily about this and that—whatever she asked; but always he barely concealed a tantalizingly skeptical smile. Frances found the smile a bit disconcerting—but of course he was sympathetic; he said so. And besides maybe Jack didn't know everything anyhow.

And Jack told her of the wonderful things he was doing at the Medical College; and to cap the climax,—

THE PINE BRANCH

"I have just finished a course in invalid nutrition—mostly cooking," he laughed.

Now it was Frances' turn to smile a quizzical smile.

"It will probably be very helpful," she replied.

And now it was Jack's turn to guess.

\* \* \* \* \*

Several years had passed. Frances' life was still a busy one, for there were few surgeons in the city more successful than she. Jack's life was a busy one too, and successful, though it contained somewhat different elements from what he once had imagined.

"That course in nutrition and cooking has been helpful," he reflected, "Even though it is not for invalids that I put it to best use."

It was lunch time. He drove down to the hospital for Frances; she had been detained for a serious operation just at noon.

As he slipped under the wheel, there came back to him the lines of the little jingle Frances once sang to him,—

"Some one who changed all the plans I made,

Love's little brown biscuits and my marmalade!"

Anyhow, suffering humanity must be saved.

AUGUSTA RENTZ,  
Valdosta, Georgia.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

TO PRACTICE TEACHERS

If teaching now you have in view,  
Let nothing change your mind;  
Such work has more attractions  
Than any other kind.

There's always some surprise in store—  
First one thing—then another;  
Your stupid John is really bright,  
You find out from his mother.

And many other things you learn,  
That make her calls a joy;  
It's just a treat to listen to  
The trials of her boy.

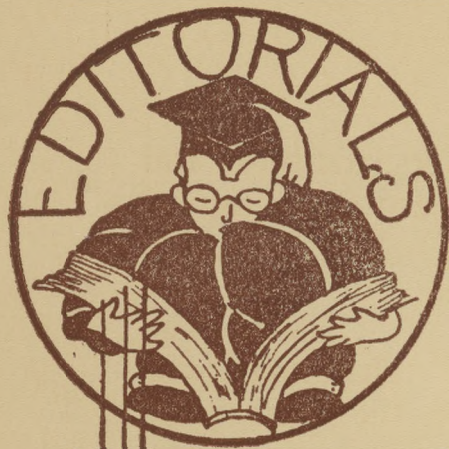
You're sure to like achievement tests;  
They simply can't be boring.  
You'll want to give them every day  
To have the fun of scoring.

The lesson plans you'll just adore—  
Your training's not in vain;  
It's great to keep them in a book  
With method, date, and aim.

Another thing about the work  
That'll give you great delight—  
It always furnishes a way  
To spend your time at night.

So plan right now to teach a while;  
Let nothing interfere.  
You'll soon begin to like your looks,  
With gray hairs here and there.

EPPIE ROBERSON, '25,  
Miami, Florida.



1918-1928

FOR FIVE YEARS after the opening of Georgia's newest college, the college that has been pleasantly termed "the State's fairest gift to its daughters," girls had been going out with its diplomas. Thirty-one graduates had been given diplomas,—and how dear to the hearts of the campus family these first Alumnae have been; for were they not first in its

affections?.

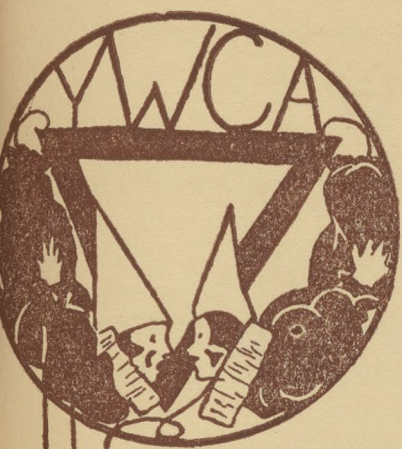
The day of organization was still fascinating. Had there not been organized a Y. W. C. A., two literary societies, a number of clubs, from the Writers' Club to the Basketry Club, and—yes, even in those youthful days of this newest college a student government association? Deans of Women, if they are ambitious for their college daughters,—and our Deans have been that,—frequently start something, and of necessity always follow up something; so at this particular stage in college history, a class of twenty-three was inspired to start thinking toward the organization of an Alumnae Association,—well probably that "The Pine Branch" might "ever wave over Georgia's College fair"; for was not Alma Mater's reputation a trust and had it not been put into the hands of a few?

So on May 28, 1918, the Alumnae Association of G. S. W. C. was organized with the usual officers, with the usual duties. Organized they were with a membership of fifty-four and still organized they are. But with the incoming class the membership roll will go above five hundred; so in June, 1928, the tenth anniversary of this Association is to be celebrated. It has not entered into the hearts of any of the off-campus Alumnae just how beautiful and festive the Alumnae on the campus are trying to make this tenth year party. It is to be something unusual.

Therefore, every Alumna, begin making your plans now that nothing may prevent your being present at this great Alumnae homecoming on the tenth anniversary of the organization of our Association.

EDITH PATTERSON,  
Valdosta, Georgia.





THE LOVELY flowers, the birds and the balmy weather are a sure sign of spring to the girls at G. S. W. C., but far more welcome than any of these is the visit of Dr. W. A. Smart, who comes to us every year. Dr. Smart, who is Professor of Bible in the Theological School at Emory, gave a series of lectures and religious services during his stay on our campus. The influence of Dr. Smart is keenly felt and appreciated by every one not only in his inspirational talks, but through his contact with the girls in conversations and interviews.

Our vesper services this month have been enjoyable as well as inspiring. Some of the most interesting speakers have been Miss Janie Bush, of the Latin Department, who spoke on "Bible Types of Modern Women", and Mrs. A. J. Strickland, one of our good friends from town, who brought us a message on "What Is Religion?" We have also had with us some of our most welcome minister friends. Miss Eunice Seagraves and Miss Ann Talbert, from our own Y. W. C. A. delighted the girls with the talks they gave at our Thursday evening services.

The Bible Study Classes although reluctant to give up their old teachers, are well pleased with their new ones. The Sophomores still claim Miss Hopper, our Dean of Women, and the Freshmen are enjoying Miss Elizabeth Ann Lowe.

Every one of us feels that our Y. W. C. A. is having a splendid year.

# SOCIETY NEWS

## SORORIAN SOCIETY

The Sororian Literary Society held a most enjoyable and interesting program meeting in the lecture room February 20. At this time informal debates were given.

Team I. debated on the subject: Resolved, that an intimate acquaintance with a few classics is preferable to a superficial acquaintance with many.

Ethel Dent and Opal Thornton were on the affirmative side. Caroline Parrish and Louise Forbes defended the negative side.

Team II. debated on the subject: Resolved, that the Legislature should control the curriculum.

Ruth Ransome and Blanche Prescott were on the affirmative side. Louise Causey and Myrtle Jordan were on the negative side.

Team III. debated on the subject: Resolved, that Student Government supplemented by the Faculty is more advantageous than Student-Self Government.

Mary Alexander and Marie Parham were on the affirmative side. Janet Scarborough and Aline Futch were on the negative side.

At the close of this series of debates, the members of the society voted for one team. Team III. received the greatest number of votes.

The regular program meeting of the Sororian Literary Society was held in the rotunda of Ashley Hall March 3. A most interesting program was given, which was lead by Dorothy Lile. The program was a study of life and poems of eminent Southern poets.

Hewey Allen: "Seweese of Sewee Bay"—by Evelyn Deariso.

Dubose Heyward: "Weariness" and "The Mountain Lady"—by Marjorie Combs.

Cole Young Rice: "On the Moor"—by Janie Coker.

William Alexander Percy: "After Glow" and "Advise in Springtime"—by Sara Julia Cox.

Piano Solo: "Pierette" (by Chaminade)—by Mary Alexander.

## ARGONIAN SOCIETY

The Argonian Society met February 18. The program consisted of three debates. The first question for debate was: Resolved, that thorough study of a few classics is better than superficial study of a number. The affirmative was defended by Marguerite Langdale and

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Edna Shadrick, and the negative by Ann Talbert and Eunice Seagraves.

The second question was: Resolved that the curriculum should be controlled by the Legislature. The debaters were: Lillian Hopper, Louise Johnson, negative, and Dorothy Stroud and Sharon Satterfield, affirmative.

The last question was: Resolved, that Student Government aided by faculty council is better than Student Government. The debaters were: Kate Jones and Evelyn Tyson, affirmative, and Mollie Lasseter and Eunice Chute, negative. The decision was made according to teams, the last team debating the last question being the winning team.

The last meeting of the Argonian Literary Society was held March 3. The program consisted of readings on the lives of Modern Southern poets and their works. Those on the program were: Erma Cowart, Doris Fleming, and Myrtie Mae Head.



## LAMBDA NEWS

The Lambdas have been having more fun this month. There have been Field Ball and Basket Ball Tournaments, and the Ladder Tournament is still in the balance and we're betting on our winners-elect too.

Oh yes, we were behind schedule when the Ball Tournament schedule was ended, but that's all right, we had our part of the fun in playing such fair, wholesome games, and we are showing our opponents and referee our hearty gratitude by saying let's do it again.

Let's give 'em a race on the Track, Lambdas! Of course when we go home the 28th let's tell our friends about our new plaque.

## KAPPA NEWS

The Kappas are doing better than ever before! The spirit of Good Sportsmanship and Cooperation is glowing brightly. They have won both Field Ball and Basket Ball championships.

	B. B. Games	Field Ball
First game .....	19-8	10-6
Second game .....	32-19	8-7
Third game .....	40-9	13-0

FIRST TEAM, BASKET BALL—G. Chastain, R. F.; E. Hayes, L. F.; M. L. Maxwell, J. C.; M. Parham, R. C.; M. Brabham, R. G.; M. Vick, L. G.

First Subs—N. Talley, F. Elrod, M. Goodman, R. Morrison, Capt. Parham, Mgr. Brabham.

FIRST TEAM, FIELD BALL—H. Hargrove, C. F.; R. Hatcher, L. F.; D. Harper, R. F.; L. Hopper, G. K.; L. Causey, H. B.; M. Jennings, H. B.; S. Bennett, F. B.

First Subs—M. Stokes, M. Hodges; Captain, Hargrove, Manager, Harper.

The membership drive for Kappas and Lambdas started at eight-thirty. It lasted until eight-fifty, and was won for the Kappas by Vick's dash to Miss Hopper's office. Butler winning for the Lambdas was at her heels, but just too late.

Field Day for College is March 28, 1928.

Kappas are working hard for track and other events for Field Day.

# ALUMNAE NOTES

Angie Mae Taylor, Mrs. Earl Taylor, of the '14 class, is living at 1503 Hilborn Avenue, Columbus, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Lottie Jarrell, Mrs. James Stump, of the '16 class is living at 311 Webster Street, Valdosta, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Arlie Gaskins, Mrs. Max Fezell, of the '17 class is living in Valdosta, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Effie Patten of the '17 class is spending the year at home, Lakeland, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Clyde Purcell, Mrs. L. L. Patten, of the '17 class is living in Lakeland, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Ruth Chapman of the '18 class may be reached at Elza, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Aileen Parker, Mrs. Roscoe Turner, of the '18 class is living in Moultrie, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Katherine Chastain, Mrs. Forrest Knapp, of the '19 class is living in Thomasville, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Lena May, Mrs. Frank Smith, of the '19 class is living in Valdosta, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Natalie Sirmans, Mrs. John Williams, of the '19 class is living in Valdosta.

\* \* \*

Margaret Breen, Mrs. Horace Slover, of the '20 class is living in Jesup, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Ethel Ingram, Mrs. F. P. Williams, of the '20 class is living at Quincy, Florida. Her address is Box 136.

\* \* \*

Hattie Lou Roberts, Mrs. Wallace Strange, of the '20 class was a recent visitor to Valdosta. She is living in Willacoochee, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Nellie Blalock of the '21 class is teaching the first grade at Arlington, Georgia.

THE PINE BRANCH

Ruth Harrell of the '21 class was married in the summer to Mr. Earl Ellis. They are living at 408 Forsythe Apts., Savannah, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Estelle Patten of the '21 class is teaching the second grade at Lakeland, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Bernice Rivers of the '21 class was married in the summer to Mr. Lacy Johnson, and is living in Orlando, Florida.

\* \* \*

Ruby Meeks of the '22 class was married in the summer to Mr. B. L. Vanzant, and is living at 2752 Downing Avenue, Jacksonville, Florida.

\* \* \*

Edna Robinson, Mrs. Troy G. Morrow, of the '22 class announces the birth of a son, Wayne Robinson, on March 12th. She is living at Zebulon, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Alna Williams, Mrs. Nathan Burnett, of the '22 class is living in Albany, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Albertine Jones of the '23 class is doing primary work in the schools of Greenville, South Carolina.

\* \* \*

Joyce Sikes of the '23 class was married in December to Mr. J. Floyd Ramsey. They are living in Alma, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Ruth Wilson of the '23 class is teaching in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. She is living at 848 West End Boulevard.

\* \* \*

Ermine Felder of the '24 class is teaching in Moultrie, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Florence Gammage of the '24 class was a recent visitor at the College. She is teaching the third grade at Moultrie, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Chloe Ivey, A. B. '24, is teaching Music in Will Mayfield College. Her address is Franklin Hall, Box 215, Marble Hill, Missouri.

\* \* \*

Henrilu Ivey, A. B. '24, is a critic teacher in the State College at Denton, Texas. Address her Box 216.

\* \* \*

Bernice Brewton of the '25 class was married in January to Mr. John P. Rabun of Reidsville, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Marie Clarke of the '25 class was married in January to Mr. Frank

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Plumbe Howell, Jr., of Waycross, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Ina Mae Cromartie of the '25 class is teaching the first grade at Wacissa, Florida.

\* \* \*

Frances Dekle, A. B. '25, is teaching in Moultrie, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Remer Jones of the '25 class is teaching the second grade in Cocoa, Florida.

\* \* \*

Annie Lloyd Liggin of the '25 class is teaching Art and Craft at the Scottish Rite Hospital for Crippled Children. Her address is Box 286, Decatur, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Alma Luke, Mrs. Chandler Register, of the '25 class is living in Hahira, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Margaret Shields, Mrs. Arthur Mann, of the '25 class is living in Richmond, Virginia, 310 West 31st Street.

\* \* \*

Marie Clyatt, A. B. '26, is teaching the seventh grade in Smoaks, South Carolina.

\* \* \*

Agnes King of the '26 class is high school librarian at Waycross, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Marjorie Seals of the '26 class is working in her father's drug store at Waycross, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Martha Visscher of the '26 class may be reached at Rochelle, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Mary Young, A. B. '26, is teaching Science in Canal Point, Florida.

\* \* \*

Clare Bray, A. B. '27, is spending the year at home in Valdosta.

\* \* \*

Catherine Bruce of the '27 class is spending the year at home in Valdosta, and assisting her father in his business.

\* \* \*

Johnye Dukes of the '27 class is teaching the third grade at Chester, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Louise Harden of the '27 class may be reached at Thomasville, Georgia.

THE PINE BRANCH

\* \* \*

Nadine Heeth of the '27 class is teaching first and second grades in Philadelphia School near Quitman, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Harriet Jones of the '27 class is teaching the first grade at Cocoa, Florida.

\* \* \*

Mary Lou Lee of the '27 class may be reached at 202 Log Cabin Drive, Macon, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Georgia Littlefield of the '27 class is teaching the fourth grade at Folkston, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Mary Lee Moran of the '27 class is teaching at Manor, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Willie Mae Morton of the '27 class is teaching at Thomasville, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Katherine Myrick of the '27 class is teaching Home Economics in Hopeful High School near Camilla, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Jeanette Sims of the '27 class is teaching at Leslie, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Irene Taylor of the '27 class is teaching at Florahome, Florida.

\* \* \*

Inez Warlick of the '27 class is doing color work in her father's studio. Her address is 215 Boulevard Avenue, Macon, Georgia.



## LOCALS

An entertainment enjoyed by the College girls this year was the kid party given by the Junior Class. The entire student body and faculty were invited. The first feature of the program was a grand march during which the couples passed by the judges' bench to be judged for the most attractive costumes. Miss Hazel Sawyer, of Waycross, was chosen as the "little girl," and Miss Myrtle Vick, of Moultrie, the "little boy."

Humorous readers were given by Miss Doris Fleming and Miss Kathryn Ulmer. Miss Velma Sirmans and Miss Frankie Hartsfield, dressed as a little boy and girl, gave a clever dance. Mrs. Horn's orchestra furnished delightful music during the evening.

\* \* \*

The Valdosta Club held its regular meeting in the clubhouse. Music was enjoyed throughout the social hour. The business session was called to order by the president, Miss Mildred Larsen. Original designs for club pins were submitted by the members.

\* \* \*

There were twenty-five tryouts for the Sock and Buskin Dramatic Club last week. Out of this number ten were elected as members of the club; they were: Miss Tennys Jones, Valdosta; Miss Lillian Hopper, Lucedale, Miss.; Miss Rose Morrison, Waycross; Miss Evelyn Tyson, Nashville; Miss Edna Shadrick, Valdosta; Miss Bill Brown, Quitman; Miss Dorothy Lile, New Philadelphia, Ohio; Miss Carolyn Parrish, Valdosta; Miss Ila Spooner, Donalsonville; Miss Sharon Satterfield, Brunswick. The membership limit of the club is thirty, and with the addition of these members this limit was reached.

\* \* \*

During the regular monthly meeting of the Student Government Association a most interesting series of reports was given by girls who have at one time attended colleges other than G. S. W. C. Miss Marjorie Combs discussed the customs and regulations of Bessie Tift College; Miss Mary Ellen Baker pictured campus and dormitory life at Asbury College; Miss Lois Mullins discussed F. S. C. W. from the standpoint of a typical freshman, and Miss Hazel Sawyer reported on student activities at Shorter.



THE GREATEST faculty is that of  
doing without sleep.

\* \* \*

Sara Maude: "Oh! I hope we kick  
the ball on Field Day."

Mary: "No, I hope we throw it."

Sara Maude: "Oh, no Mary! That  
will take all the kick out."

\* \* \*

We are offering a prize of a G. S. W. C. sticker to  
all persons handing in the correct names of the persons  
whose favorite sayings are as follows:

1—"A-n-y-b-o-d-y."

2—"Oh, boy, I'm lucky."

3—"Who dat say who dat when I say who dat an'en  
run?"

4—"Who shot who?"

5—"Will the following girls please come by the office."

6—"Young ladies, the bell has rung."

7—"Will you please get quiet in that corner?"

8—"Surely not."

9—"G-o-o-dnight."

10—"Don't turn up your toes."

11—"Goody-goody-pie."

12—"Rah."

13—"Let us stand and sing the Doxology."

\* \* \*

#### SOME PEOPLE ARE LUCKY—

Ila and Louise don't need a calendar. All they have  
to do to find the date is to look at the pink slip which Miss Breen  
leaves for them after morning inspection.

\* \* \*

Miss Youngblood: "Why should you read all the best of the pres-  
ent day literature?"

Hazel Sawyer: "So as to appreciate the parodies."

\* \* \*

#### THE VERY FIRST MAN—

Olive Ryon: "Who was the first man on earth?"

Kate Jones: "Why, Adam, of course; don't you read the Bible?"

Olive: "There is a fellow in the Bible ahead of Adam."

Kate: "Who's that?"

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Olive: "Look on the title page and you will see something about the 'original Hebrew'."

\* \* \*

### HEARD FROM THE TRAINING SCHOOL—

The little girl was not making a record in her class for good behavior, so her mother was agreeably surprised when she came home one afternoon with the report:

"Mother, today the teacher had to speak to all the girls except me."

"Indeed!" said the mother. "What did she say?"

"She said, 'Now, children, we'll all wait until Mary comes to order'."

\* \* \*

Uncle: "Well, you little rascal, how many times were you whacked at school today?"

Tommy: "Dunno, sir. I never take any notice of what goes on behind my back."

\* \* \*

### A NEW PROBLEM IN MATH.—

Miss Lockett was explaining the examples in arithmetic to her class, and was much pleased to see that the dullest girl she had was paying very close attention. "At last," thought Miss Lockett, "I have succeeded in making an impression on her mind."

When she had finished the demonstration, she said:

"Well, Lillian, did you understand the examples as I explained them?"

"No, ma'am," answered Lillian, "but there's one question I'd like to ask."

"What is that, Lillian?"

"Where do the figures go when you rub them out?"

\* \* \*

### SECRETS OF SUCCESS—

The Sphinx asked, "What is the secret of success?" Do you know?

The button said, push.

The heart said, Beat your way into life.

The tooth said, Have nerve.

The calendar said, Be up to date.

The ice said, Keep cool.

The river said, Keep to your bed.

The barrel said, Never lose your head.

The nutmeg said, Aspire to greater things.

THE PINE BRANCH

The fire said, Make light of everything.  
The microscope said, Make much of small things.  
The glue said, Find a good thing and stick to it.  
The pencil said, Never be led.

\* \* \*

VERY EXCLUSIVE—

Miss Price: Miss Freeman, can you tell me who came over in the 'Mayflower'?"

Estha: "Yes, I can; my ancestors and a few other people"

## **AFTER HIGH SCHOOL—COLLEGE WHERE?**

THE CHOICE OF ONE'S COLLEGE IS A MOST IMPORTANT CHOICE. A COLLEGE MAY INSPIRE A LIFE OR DEADEN IT; MAY SET FREE NATIVE ABILITIES OR FOREVER CRAMP THEM.

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“IT IS THE RIGHT KIND OF A COLLEGE FOR THE RIGHT KIND OF A GIRL.” “IT IS THE STATE'S FAIREST GIFT TO ITS DAUGHTERS.”  
REGISTER NOW.



JOHN GILBERT Greta GARBO IN "LOVE"

*An Edmund Goulding production from the novel "Anna Karenina" by Lyof N. Tolstai*

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

R—I—T—Z

Monday and Tuesday, March 26-27

Added: The "Aladdins"

## THE SHOE REBUILDERS

---

It's the soles of the people that I keep in view,  
For I am a doctor of boot and shoe.  
I serve the living and not the dead  
With the best of leather, wax, nails and thread.  
I can sew on a sole or nail it fast,  
And do a good job and make it last.  
There is nothing snide about what I do,  
Doubt not my statement, my work proves it true.  
I can give you a lift, too, in this life,  
Not only you, but your family and wife.  
A great many patients at my door rap,  
Worn out and run down and needing a tap.

SIDNEY MEYERSON.

---

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**“If It’s Done With Heat, You Can Do It  
So Much Better With Gas”**

**VALDOSTA GAS COMPANY**

**ALLEN A. LADIES’ HOSE**

All the Newest Shades, a Complete Stock

See Windows

**B R I G G S**



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**Where You Can Always Spend  
A PLEASANT HOUR**

**GET EVERYTHING FOR THAT FEAST**

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**BLANTON GROCERY STORE**

**Phone 66**

**Free Delivery**

**VIKING TIRES**

**WILL GIVE YOU MANY A GOOD TURN**

—  
**THEY ARE FULLY GUARANTEED**

— by the —

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the most considerate attention; the most satisfactory service.

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In Daniel Ashley Hotel.

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**THOMPSON & GIRARDIN**

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## **DRESSES \$15.00**

A VARIETY OF FROCKS THAT IS SURE TO INCLUDE THE TYPE YOU WANT. YOU WILL REVEL IN THEIR COLORS. YOU WILL OBSERVE CHIC THAT REFLECTS PARIS!—STREET, SPORT, AFTERNOON, AND EVENING. MATERIALS, GEORGETTE, FLAT CREPE, PRINTS—SIZE 12 TO 40.

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## **COATS \$15.00**

THEY'RE THE TALK OF THE TOWN—THEIR SMART FEMINITY—THEIR QUALITY MATERIALS, KASHA, SHEENS, SATINS, WITH PLAIN AND FUR COLLAR, SIZE 12 TO 40.

---

## **SUITS \$15.00**

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