

# THE PINE BRANCH



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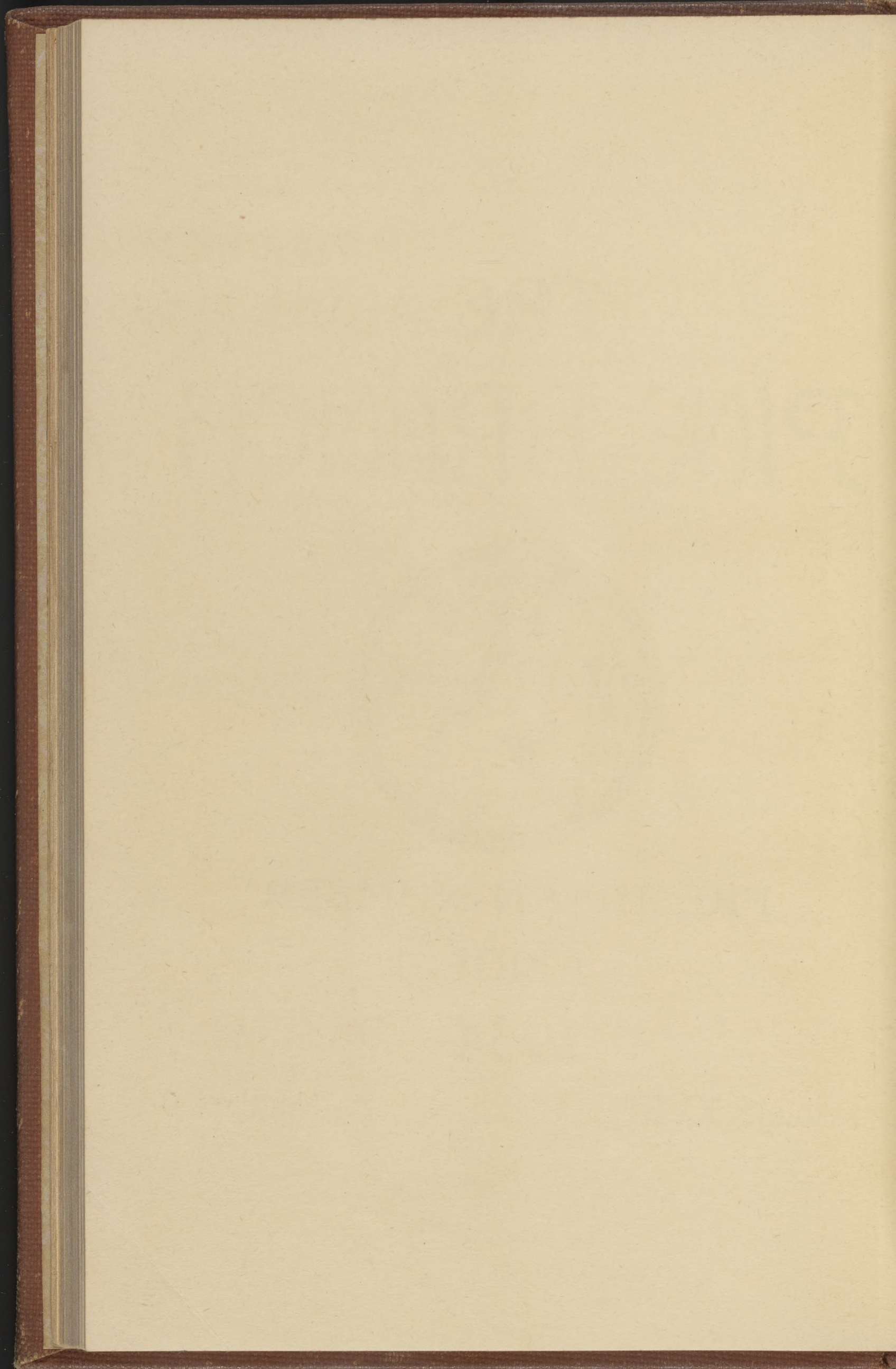
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# THE PINE BRANCH

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## PINE SONG

*Hulda Summer*

The deep blue sky at evening,  
The azure sky at noon,  
The dawn-flushed sky at day-break—  
These know our pine's soft croon.  
There is a song of waking  
To a world refreshed by rest;  
There is a song of working  
With a will to do one's best.  
It breeds a certain longing  
For the places one loves best.  
It makes one discontented—  
Then lulls him back to rest.  
There is a song of memory  
Which, once heard, will remain  
Within the spaces of one's soul—  
That gentle, hushed refrain.





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A MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER IN KOREA

Mary Lois Hitch

"It is such an injustice to these dear little children. Just imagine their being exposed to those savages. Poor little things!"

I shall never forget the wave of indignation that swept over me when I heard these words.

This comment was made at a large reception given for mother by one of our many relatives. We were home from Korea on furlough and were making the rounds trying to crowd in—oh, so many visits in such a short time.

We children had been brought in to be "oh-d and ah-d" over, I suppose, because we had escaped the jaws of some savage chieftain—as if there were such things in Korea and Japan!

I did not know exactly what the lady, who was one of the demonstrative types, familiar to us all, meant; but I knew she was pitying me, and I did not need pitying—nor have I needed it since, at least, not for being a missionary's daughter.

Whenever I say that the advantages of being a missionary's daughter far exceed the disadvantages, there is always someone who casts a pitying look in my direction as if to say—"The poor child! That oriental sun must have affected her mind." Maybe so!

We did not live in mud houses down among the natives, not for any snobbish reasons, but for the sake of our health; nor did we live on rice and rats, as so many have thought.

On the contrary, I lived on a beautiful hill overlooking the city of Seoul, the capital of Korea. There were four other houses occupied by American families on this same compound. We had lovely flowers, vegetable gardens, and a playground at the foot of the hill. As for food, we kept well enough in touch with America to know that spinach, carrots, tomatoes were things to be eaten to make one "healthy, wealthy and wise."

Once I was asked by one of my fellow Latin students if I could conjugate a Latin verb in Korean. He could not understand how I had learned Latin in a Korean school.

Very easily explained! I did not go to a Korean school. I went to an excellent American school in Seoul. I should not say American, for ten different nationalities were represented; but the work was carried on in English by American teachers. Each teacher was required to have at least four or five years of experience, and to be a graduate of one of the leading universities in the States. The largest class in school consisted of eight pupils.



## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Up to the time I was in the seventh grade, I had never had more than eight members in my class. My difficulties were many and hard to overcome when I tried to adjust myself to a class of forty.

But I am about to overlook an opportunity that is given every missionary's child—travel. I have crossed the Pacific five times, traveled extensively through China, Japan, Korea, the Hawaiian Islands, Canada, and the United States.

When one has illusions about a distant land, such as I had concerning the United States, he is often disappointed in the realities; but such was not the case with me. I have lived in America for the past five years and have learned to appreciate this dear old country of ours, the United States of America. I am proud to have been a missionary's daughter. But Henry Van Dyke very ably expresses my sentiments.

“So it's home again and home again,  
America for me!  
I want a ship that's westward bound,  
To plow the rolling sea.  
In the blessed land of room enough,  
Beyond the ocean bars;  
There the air is full of freedom,  
And the flag is full of stars.”

## QUATRAINS

*Antoinette Andrews*

*Lorene Johnson*

Clouds—white, blue, gold,  
Shifting, stealing, drifting.  
Storms—then sunlight after cold,  
Serene, secure, supreme.

Life—bright, free, bold,  
Sowing, reaping, flowing.  
Death—then new life after old,  
Serene, secure, supreme.



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# DIFFERENT

*Antoinette Andrews*

Designed in black and silver, the room was different. One knew it had been planned by a genius in architecture and decorating. This room had been done by H. Deane Howard, the great architect and decorator. He was always different. Even at the birth of his daughter and the death of his wife he had been different and named the baby Dandeanne.

It was Dandeanne who sat at the black and silver writing desk by the black bed covered with a silver spread. She was attractive, but she could not play the role of the modish woman who would live in all this sophisticated environment. Her black negligee was not becoming to her personality or her complexion, but it blended with the room.

The girl looked up from her papers. She glanced about her. How glad she would be to get away from this and the memories of times in the same, but different room.

When she was a child, the room was designed with animals that did not seem funny. How the governess had scolded when she had found Dandeanne daubing black paint on the hated figures. But when her father was brought in to see the tragic results, he was only inspired to do the room over with boring silhouettes in place of the animals and clowns.

Later, when she entered college, the matron greeted her sweetly, "My dear, I'm sure you will like your room. It was designed by your father as was the entire college. Of course you will be outstanding and different—like your father. We feel that you are an addition to the school."

Dandeanne thought, "Father is wonderful—his accomplishments are beyond my comprehension, but why—why does the prying public expect me to be different?"

After an uneventful four years of college she went to Europe, hoping to escape the over-anxious world that compelled her to be outstanding. The trip was spoiled by the stewardess who showed her to her cabin. "Ah, Miss Howard, we are delighted to accommodate the daughter of so great a decorator as your father. We have selected for you a charming room, created from the plan he originated."

It was different enough with anchor-shaped pillows and clothes hangers, and a bed made like a boat with a flag-staff to break one's neck on.



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In London, she was highly entertained until she left in despair of being known always as the daughter of a celebrity who must be different.

Every hostess had a bon-bon dish or an ash tray designed by H. Deane Howard. "Isn't this cunning? So different! How does it feel to be the daughter of a genius?" they would ask.

In Italy, she found the first person who did not know who she was. Her father's importance made no impression on him. She thought she could love him until she discovered that his great ambition was to be an interior decorator. She listened to his desires and dreams one night and sailed for home the next morning.

At home, since then, her life had been a series of shifting scenes. Her father's first inspiration had been an aquarium. Even her food had been molded in the shape of fish, and she had drunk from glasses with yellow fish on the bottom.

And then came the Chinese idea—in red and yellow. How she had hated the ugly tapestries and the perfumed incense that was burned to create an atmosphere of oriental luxury. That atmosphere still lingered in the closets.

The jungle creation, the dog room, the English hunting chamber, the depression room—with everything made from nothing—all these lingered in her mind as she gazed at the black and silver about her.

At last she was through with this. She could plan her own home when she married Mark. She thought lovingly of Mark, a former football hero who was now a banker. At least, he knew nothing about designs and would not interfere.

The girl glanced at the plans before her. Her house would be simple. She would have a home, not a sensational exhibition. She would buy her own furniture and arrange it as she pleased.

The telephone in a black and silver cabinet rang continuously while she tried to open the door. "Hello—Mark, it's you!"

"Yes, I 'phoned to tell you I've bought a house. It is one your father designed for Mr. Sedwick. You know—the Mr. Sedwick who has been appointed to London. The house is very different. It has—say, are you listening? Don't you like it?"

"Yes, I was thinking how lovely it will be—different," she said slowly.

And her hand pushed over the black and silver ink bottle. Black ink covered the silver papers.



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# FASHION

*Lillian Bragg*

Dame Fashion, the ruler of the Universe, the god who women adore, and men, though outwardly ridicule, inwardly respect and follow, is the cause of tears and tantrums.

Who is this omnipotent one? Let anyone who doubts that she is all powerful, don a dress and hat of a generation ago, and stroll casually down the street. There will be critical looks, backward glances, and questioning stares.

Fashion is a thoughtless old dame, something of a social-climber, and shall we say, a trifle mercenary? She jumps from the hoop skirts and mutton-legged sleeves to the backless, knee-length creations with never a thought for the poor man's pocketbook and peace of mind.

But she is clever. Her cleverness aids her in manipulating her world-wide business.

She blinds and stupefies poor, ignorant humans. Then with a tiny, but deadly needle, she inserts a tiny drop of envy, a drop of desire, a drop of cunning—just a tiny drop, remember, but enough to make raving maniacs out of the common mass if what is desired is not acquired; and what is desired is, of course, what Dame Fashion decrees. She sees to that!

Why isn't something done about Dame Fashion? If fingers could be placed on her, if she could be bound and gagged, and the little needle that is so deadly could be taken from her, if every bit of envy, of hatred, of desire to be the first to do this and the only one to have that, could be eliminated, if one were not the least bit jealous of her best friend's dress—there would be no Dame Fashion.

But even though the idea of fads and fashions is a load of nonsense, it is an abundance of fun, isn't it? There is the glorious race to be first and the heavenly feeling of bliss when one is!





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## GEORGE'S DIFFICULTIES

Dorothy Fuller

"Martha, come here and help me put on these breeches, please. They are so tight, it will take two of us to put them on me," George yelled.

No answer.

"Have you forgotten that tonight I am George Washington and that you are Martha, my wife? I have been calling you for the last half-hour to come help me put on these pants. Now, will you please?"

"Yes, George."

Bickie was so unconscious about my numerous troubles. The buckles of the George Washington pants wouldn't buckle around my knee cap; the creases of the flatly pressed linen had a tendency to fall from their proper folds. All these difficulties were on hand and Bickie only put her fingers under the cuffs of the pants, so that I had a more desperate struggle to make them meet around my leg.

At last we were dressed to go. Where? Haven't I told you? We were going to the first Christmas Festival. We were so excited!

"Hurry, Bickie—I mean, Martha, or we will be late."

We were anything but late.

"Here, you, get in line."

"Stop pushing."

Mercy! If another nudged me in the back, my pants would refuse to clothe me. The threads were already pulling apart.

"I wish they would hurry and start. Let's sit down."

Why did Bickie insist that I seat myself under such deplorable conditions?

"Look, we're going."

Now we were in the *Feast Hall*. I tried to sit down but hurriedly arose again. Linen is strong, but it can not bear extreme pressure. I tried sitting two or three times but all in vain. Bickie looked as if she thought me extremely uncouth.

"George, please sit down! They are bringing the Boar's Head."

"I can't," I whispered.

"Why?"

"You'd be surprised!"

But when I saw that I was the only one left standing, I eased into my chair with utmost care.

The fools came in. Then my laughter was uncontrollable. Why



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did I persist—to laugh under such circumstances! My waist line swelled and made the pants serve for extra distance.

“Look at the mannerisms of those clowns. They’re screams!”

I had no presence of mind. I jumped up and down in my chair. That was almost fatal.

“Look, Martha, at the bear. Isn’t that the most natural thing?”

I was bending over now. The seams of the inadequate part of my clothing were giving away. Conscious of my predicament I slipped carefully back into my chair.

“George, why don’t you stand, so you can see. You haven’t the least bit of enthusiasm.”

“Heavens, you wouldn’t have any either.”

I had lost my appetite, my sense of humor; and the beautiful minuet was spoiled for me, for George Washington creations were everywhere!

I hurried up to my room, with Bickie following close behind. “Bickie, for gracious sake, come help me take off these—”

“Are you ill?”

“Ill? Don’t be silly. Say, don’t you know what’s the matter with me? I thought I told you.

Bickie dear, I began dramatically,

I’ll tell you no lie,  
I couldn’t even eat my pie.  
My linen pants are not for me,  
As you can readily see!  
George Washington wore them  
But I’m not him.  
Linen breeches when tight,  
Don’t fit exactly right.”

## A PRAYER

I breathe a prayer of thanks for beauty!  
The great extensiveness of beauty—  
Beauty in form, in color, in scene,  
In Life, in Death, in Truth, in Duty.

—Elizabeth Greene.



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REMINISCENCE OF THE JANITOR

Martha Gay

The janitor was talking to me.

"Not so many year ago—scarce 'nough to gangle 'bout, two chillun—a boy and a gal—went to school not so fer fum my house. De vehicle whut dey'd ride in war none less dan a one hoss wagin, pulled by an ol' white mule, callin' Idy, whut wuz nick-named 'Sassie Gal'. 'Cos de road war bumpy and rough, 'specially when ol' Idy put to trottin.'

"For sho' thar wuz mo' to de trail than jist ridin'. De gal purty apt to brewin'—so fur as gals go—would up and be rearin' in de mawnin' to go callin' Bubber and making a regula rampage 'bout gittin' up Bubber and hurrin' Ma wid breakfus' an' makin' no end fur askin' Pa to mek Bubber git to de kitchen fer hebin's sake.

"Purty soon Bubber gits up while gittin's gooder than worse 'fo' Ma and Pa is both at 'em. Den de chillun gits in de wagin an' off hit go.

"De chilluns sta't de fightin'. Befo' dey is fightin' rael ha'd, ol' Unc' Lawson 'cided he'd break in on 'em—Unc' Lawson wuz de help 'bout de house.

"Wal chillun, de times is sho changin' fum whut dey use to be. I'se rememberin' dem ol' days on de ol' plantation. Bein' 'bout de same size as you all, I'd stay roun' de house. In dem days, Ma'd cook de meals and Pa'd do de gen'al work roun' de place—lak I does at yo' house. Soon as de chillun git ready fer school, I'd drive 'em in de surrey—lak I drive you in dis here wagin. Since de chillun war regular ladies and gent'men sho' 'nough, dey'd gimme anything I'd want. De ol' cap'n—dey Poppie—wuz de mos' respected gent'man I'se eber seed. Why de niggers jist loved him. He allus war good to me, so war de ol' missus—Naw, I ain't sayin' yo' Ma and Pa ain't treatin' me good. Dey is sho!

"—— Bubber, keep yo' han's off Sis, and you, Sis—you min' yo' own business.

"Wal, I wuz sayin', I sho' miss dem days—Giddap Idy—Lordy, de yellow flies sho are cuttin' de buck 'roun' here. Wonder whut fer? De hot weather done simmerin', I 'spec'——

"Anyhow de chillun sho war good to me. De boys would slip me some of dey Poppy's cigars along—better smokin' dan chewin' Brown Mule.'

"Dey rid along and nobody says nothin'—den Unc' Lawson spoke up agin.



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"Why in dem days, hog jowls an' cane syr'p war scarce, but yo' could git al' you wanted fer cotton an' co'n. Pa'd give me an' al' de chillun good brogan shoes. You ain't seed de like ov dem yit.

"Hey, whoa! Seems lak I hear the front axle loosin' up. Wal, git 'long Idy—Maybe it ain't. — Been thinkin' them red buds lookin' mighty purty. Don't you rekon yo' teacher lak some, Sis. .... Better min' snakes. De ol' rascals crawl 'roun' now—Stan' still, Idy—Go 'head and pick all you want, Sis—Why ain't yo' helpin' her, Bubber? Min' don't slip, gittin' 'em. De pon' sho' is full—Look at de ducks. Mighty juicy rascals, dey is—Dem dark places in dat pon' show hit's certain signs ov rain.

"Wal heah yo' is. Bubber don' git no whippin's now. Sis, tell on 'em if he do. Be at you chillun soon as I git here dis evening. Git 'long Idy'."

The janitor, with broom in hand, forgetting that I was his enthusiastic audience, mumbled these words as he shuffled off down the hall to sweep the steps. He was still remembering Uncle Lawson.

## TROUBLE

When Trouble has run its course  
And wishes to pause for a rest,  
It never lingers on the happy one  
But rather seeks the moping breast.

—Laura McLeod.



VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

## ON BEING HOMESICK

*Lorene Johnson*

College! Homesick! College and homesick! The two words had always been synonymous in my mind. I had come to this place called college with a whole volume of "I know, because I've been there" books. These books, labeled "My Personal Experiences with College Homesickness" were given me by supposedly helpful and over-suggestive friends.

When I reached the steps of Ashley Hall, I immediately decided that if homesickness had to come, it had to come! I shut my eyes and dashed through the door. After standing there for several minutes and having nothing happen, I summoned the nerve to open my eyes. It was a very pleasant looking place—not even a skeleton to frighten one, but I attached myself to the optimistic idea that perhaps they were in the proverbial closet. I looked around expectantly for a dark mist that might hover in some shadowed corner and conceal the ethereal form of this demon homesickness. There was none. Somewhat with a feeling of disappointment, as a last resort, I went to my room.

After some indefinite period of time had passed, the supper bell rang. I didn't know it was the supper bell, but somebody said "eat" and I went off behind the rest of the anxious ones at a gait that would have done justice to any race track. As we were leaving the dining hall after supper, we passed a girl who had come just before me. She was weeping bitter tears, and two girls, that I had pointed out to me as "upperclassmen," were supporting her on either side. I punched the girl next to me and asked, "Why?"

"Oh," she answered, nonchalantly, "she's just been bitten by a homesick bug."

I fell back in awed silence and gazed with deepest respect at the disturbed one. I could certainly say I'd been stupid enough. So that was how you got it—a bug! And all the time I had suspected some horned monster to be the instigator of this dreaded malady. I felt rather depressed, but I cheered up when the idea occurred to me that homesickness was only a bug, and certainly I had seen more bugs than monsters in my life; so I hopped off gaily after the girl who had just had the attack. I made up my mind that I was going to spend the night with that girl, and see if the bug wouldn't bite me while I was abed. I was really getting desperate now, because I'd been here about twelve hours and was apparently missing the



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most important thing in college life. I had a right to be scared; I knew exactly how capable I was of always managing to miss the most important things.

I didn't find the girl, but I stumbled over what appeared to be a mass meeting in one of the rooms upstairs. I waited on the door sill to see what was happening. Several girls were hanging pictures. The dog they took out, first, looked so much like my old bull dog, Bo, at home that I gasped. Suddenly I had the queerest sinking feeling in the pit of my somewhere, and I felt all crushed, and the next thing I knew, tears were having a grand rush to see which could get down my cheeks first—then two upperclassmen were holding me up on either side and I heard someone mumble, "homesick."

The idea—homesick! I wasn't homesick; I just wanted to go home.

## TO LIVE

To look each day square in the face  
And think of the good one can do,  
To gladden some friend as he moves  
On through his trouble-filled life—  
    This is to live and be happy.

But to feel in the world around us  
A Spirit far higher than we,  
To kneel by His altars, the hills  
'Neath the roof of His temple, the sky—  
    This is to live and be humble.

—Permelia Olliff.



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## GOSSIPING CRONIES

*Vesta Moran*

"Well, I'll be consarned, who do you suppose belongs to all them thar trunks?" asked Uncle Hal, as he watched the baggage being placed on the platform.

"Oh, some silly artist whut thinks he can paint these here mountains, I 'spec', but he won't stay long—fer this here place is sorta dull fer young folks. The only gal worth havin' is Shelley Ray—and she's allus off at one ov them new-fangled schools in New York," added his companion.

"Yeah, her Pa says she's coming back here to teach, but the building's ready fer to take the job over. I'll vum, it jist looks like we ain't gonna git a teacher right away."

Two weeks later the owner of the much discussed trunks made his appearance in the form of a highly efficient school teacher, Bruce Turner, seeking places of solitude to ease an aching heart.

"Has the school master been to see you yit? I seen he's been a-visitin' the Rays here lately. I calculate he stays powerful much to hissself considerin' he's so young and all that, and all the gals seems to take to him purty well," mused old Uncle Hal.

The approaching Easter holidays afforded a little variation for the town—the coming of Shelley Ray.

"Whut do you think? The school master's going to take supper at the Ray's the night Shelley comes home. I heard Mr. Ray ask him and Turner didn't seem so helped up over it, but said he reckoned he'd be thar," remarked Uncle Hal.

Two days had passed since the event of Shelley's home-coming and all the town was seething with gossip. But none knew better than the two old cronies, who leaned on the platform by the station.

"I know all about it—Shelley's little brother done went and spilt the beans yesterday. 'Course he's thar when Shelley met the teacher and he said fer all the world they looked like both was crazy an' nary one of them could speak. They's blare-eyed and a-shakin'. First thing you knowed he had his arms 'round her right thar 'fore her Ma and Pa. Beats all I ever seen."

"You ain't seen nothin' yit. But whut in the tucket do you allow they was a-meaning?"

"Niver can tell, but it 'pears like they'd been sparking back thar in New York. You know he's from the East hissself. You know how crazy gals allus is, and jist cause they met at some kind a ball whar they warn't supposin' to know each other, she niver would tell him her name. Betcha boots it was love at first sight—both of them, jist like one drop in the bucket."



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WHEN FRESHMEN THINK—

A SALMAGUNDI

Have you overlooked the fact that Spring in all her glory has arrived? See the tiny blades of grass that are forming a carpet of velvety smoothness. Look at the giant camphor trees with bending branches. Listen for the mocking bird. Gaze at the immense pine trees lifting their graceful needles to the sky. They seem to point to God and to thank Him for so much beauty. This prayer forms on our lips as we take a thoughtful glance around us and drink in all the beauty of our own realm. Let us join the poet in saying,

“Beauty is truth, truth beauty;  
That is all we know on earth  
And all we need to know.”

—Arby Leipprandt.

\* \* \*

It was a warm, quiet day in September, and the group of buildings was engulfed in a haze of sunshine and stillness that spread across the broad expanse of campus.

While I walked down the halls, my footsteps echoing throughout the building, I wondered (among many other wonders) how many people had walked down that same hall, seriously, gaily, sadly, or busily.

I met Miss Hopper in her office. She provided me with a guide who kindly played nurse-maid to me until I knew my way about.

Those first ten days were days of breathless, exciting adjustment—adjustment to new ideas and customs, to work and play, to a pleasant routine of collegiate activities.

—Pearl Wilson.

\* \* \*

Trees and grasses are putting forth their new coats. All these are green. But the greenest thing that the student body sees during this season is the new freshman class just beginning their college course in the spring quarter.

—Mildred Evatt.

\* \* \*

Did it ever occur to you that flower gardens are merely expressions of one's individuality, of one's charming personality? The loveliest flower garden that I have ever seen was the property of a little white-haired lady. I passed this tiny garden every afternoon one spring. It was a delightful plot, and when one considered its



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beauty, its expressiveness of the personality of the owner, the limited growth seemed a unique collection.

In this small garden was a pool of clear limpid water, as calm and serene as the face of the little white-haired lady. There were violets in this garden, white and yellow narcissi, and touch-me-nots, that were no less fragile than the dear little lady that cared for them. The deep blue hydrangea reminded me of the clear fearless depths of her eyes. The bold hollyhocks expressed all the strength and bravery of the owner.

—Carolyn Warnell.

\* \* \*

Be the girl in the background—the girl who works for no exposed glory and renown.

—Vivian Vincent.

\* \* \*

The old board walk back of the "ad"  
Must never be allowed to talk;  
It would tell things so trite and sad  
Of all those who over it did walk.

The old board walk with power of word  
Could relate very trying tales.  
Think of all the things it has heard—  
In speech, we hope it fails!

—Kathryn Spell.

\* \* \*

"Rightly considered, study is the richest, the most delightful part of college life." College life is comprised of several parts, some of them of equal importance, but of superlative importance in study, "getting acquainted with the wisest, the wittiest, the most delightful people who have ever walked this earth"!

All students are acquainted with the feeling of bewilderment that comes when one sits in the classroom and listens, only vaguely understanding, to the discussion of a subject totally foreign to him. A person's inability to enter into the discussion not only makes the class boring for that person, but is also disconcerting to the instructor and other pupils. Then when one has prepared for classroom work, the chance to contribute to the discussion is eagerly awaited. Since study makes all subjects more interesting, it seems that everyone would take advantage of the opportunity of adventure to be found in the acquisition of knowledge.

—Pearl Wilson:



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Twilight was near—it was my first evening at G. S. W. C. A sweet calm seemed to have settled over everything. The autumn air was fragrant. Brilliant rays from the setting sun cast a glorious hue over the dome of West Hall.

A clear sweet call floated on the air—the musical notes of a bird's song. A mocking bird began its evening flight—and all was quiet except for the soft murmur of the breeze in the pines.

—Martyle Williams.

\* \* \*

It has been estimated that if a man lives to be sixty years old, he will have spent twenty years of that time in sleeping. If an activity is worth spending one third of a life-time engaging in it, that activity must have some merit.

There should be measures taken against the ringing of alarm clocks—the universal disturbers of sleep. Instead of these interfering mechanisms allowing one to hazily awaken with lingering memories of dreams, they hurl dreamers immediately into a land of realism with their shrill tingle.

Shakespeare realized the value of quiet sleep. He had Macbeth say, "Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care."

—Priscilla Kelley.

\* \* \*

Do you know what spring does for human beings?

People shed their winter (depression) spirits with their winter coats.

"In the spring a young man's fancy turns to love." In his great spring campaign, a young man, with matching shirts, ties, handkerchiefs, is hoping when his attire is thrown together, he may discover himself dressed pleasingly.

And what young woman doesn't employ certain tactics to aid her in gaining masculine admirers? Her tactics—striking gowns, tasteful shoes, unique bags, and clever gloves—give desired effects.

Spring with new life—new inspirations for appearance—should rightly be the first season of the year.

—Jessie Catledge Langdale.



VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

FAMOUS FACTS ABOUT FAMOUS FOLK  
AT G. S. W. C.

"A bore is some one who talks about herself when you want to talk about yourself." Nevertheless, we want to talk about ourselves.

Spring is what it oughta be—  
Did you ever look to see,  
The dark bird under the camphor tree—  
And Pink—e——e!

Swell looking auto P. K. rode in Sunday—so was the driver. . . .  
. . . Emma rarely ever mentions Harry . . . . Cecil's cute,  
Marion . . . . Parepa and Patsy weren't a bit stage-frightened  
. . . . Dark glasses have become the fad. We wonder who's  
hiding behind them—Garbos, Crawfords, Lucille Murphy, and Bil-  
lie Ham! . . . . Dark glasses would have been appropriate in  
the Easter parade. My dear, the glare! . . . . Whites, blues,  
pinks, greens, and what not . . . . Uniforms appeal to Marie  
Middleton—to everybody! . . . . From reports (merely hear-  
say, girls) we think, the college should sponsor one big shower for  
the brides-to-be of next summer . . . . Annie Kate Knight must  
suffix "ton" to Darling, but it means the same . . . . Bootsie just  
must have that "indescribable something"—the boy friend turned  
down a chance to go home to keep from breaking a date with her  
. . . . Lyall is interested in a big, strong, dangerous blond . . . .  
Josephine *will* begin most of her words with "O" . . . . Mr.  
Stokes, never run in the rain. You might slip up—and lose your  
glasses! . . . . Vangie smiles "easy"; Dr. Gulliver and Franklin  
Roosevelt laugh "easy" . . . . Ask the general public what be-  
came of bangs?—They left with a bang! . . . . Speaking of  
hair—it looks as if the campus tendency now is to shorten the maid-  
enly locks . . . . Kelley, Blue Gown . . . . Thinking about  
it, *since* Virginia Martin came back, don't you wish you had her  
*sense*? . . . . Watch Mildred Evatt crinkle up when she laughs  
. . . . We hear that Virginia started practicing a month before  
May Queen election and has she been practicing all the month since  
election! But Queenie, you need no more poise and powder! . . . .  
Broun says she crowns Virginia every day with a chair—She's in  
good practice for the position of the Prince . . . . Where's Miss  
Chandler's crocheting? She's a talented, domestic one . . . .  
Somebody said Myrtle is getting to be more the *skinny* type since she



## THE PINE BRANCH

does not eat dormitory food . . . . . But the Langdale food is not the root of the evil—coming from one who knows . . . . . Did you ever notice Jessie Catledge's healthy eyes? . . . . . Speaking of Vinson, we miss Frances . . . . . Anne T. likes the home atmosphere once more and Sineath's Silent Service (refer to the ads) . . . . . Martile got the dates of her big performances mixed; she looked like the Maid of Honor at the Glee Club Concert—such stateliness and grace! . . . . . Glee, glee, for Glee Clubs . . . . . Mercer: Minter and Goldwire—Georgia: Bobby Brooks and Dekle—G. S. W. C. (Hail and cheers): Everybody from A to Z . . . . . Annie Lois' recital—such talent! She said her knees were clapping for her—but so was every inch of the audience . . . . . We thought Henry Kate was giving her "Grand Finale" too . . . . . At the exciting baseball game, Hilda Jane C. announced each "ending" . . . . . Leonora fully takes the "branches" of the Pine Branch next month—as ye editor! All hail the power! . . . . . Station G. S. W. C. broadcasting "Why Freshmen and Sophomores Look up to Garbo" at the Hat Party. Watch those stars of those classes—they're on the rise! The Freshmen were a scream; the Sophomores a panic; together they were a riot! . . . . . Did you ever see a *measle* walking? Well, I did. . . . .

Spring's here,  
Summer's near.

. . . . . Today is Monday, tomorrow's Tuesday, the next day's Wednesday, the week's half gone and we haven't anything done yet!











## CRITICAL TIPS

Mary Agnes Roane

"Oh to be in England,  
Now that April's there——"

Or, as a matter of fact, to be almost anywhere. Out of doors, for example, on the little hill of which Richard Jefferies writes in *The Story of My Heart*. This man Jefferies in one of those men with a small following, but a strong and devoted one.

\* \* \*

It is spring. Poets have been writing about it for centuries, and you would think that so much has been written that we could not wade about in it. But few of these spring creations appear before the public. Grace Noll Crowell has been fortunate enough to have *When It Was Yet Dark*, her impressive poem on the Resurrection, published during the Easter holidays.

\* \* \*

Now for the most remarkable literary news of the year—a new book by Charles Dickens is about to appear. Strange as it seems, it is true. *The Life of Our Lord* had been held in manuscript form, unpublished, until the last of the Dickens family died. Simon and Schuster of New York, who will publish it, paid fifteen dollars a word for it.

\* \* \*

Look at our new additions in the library:

*Dark Hazard* by W. R. Burnett is a story of an easy-going gambler and a woman of principle who tried to follow the same path to different gods. The publishers say that the book adds two striking portraits to Mr. Burnett's gallery of American characters and establishes once again his mastery of our vigorous native idiom.

Edward G. Robinson and Genevieve Tobin are starred in a picture with the same name and plot.

\* \* \*

While you are browsing about among our new books, examine *As the Earth Turns* by Gladys Carroll. Jen Shaw is the principle character; the story revolves around her and soon the reader finds



## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

recorded, a birth, a wedding, a death, and a narration of winter chores, spring plowing, summer work, and fall harvesting.

\* \* \*

G. S. W. C. is situated only about twenty miles from the Florida line and in the library we discover something exciting! *South Moon Under* by Marjorie Kennon Rawlings is a great success and do you know its setting? This simple story occurs in the Florida Backwoods near us. Tart Jucklin, the hero, lives in the scrub country where the conditions of pioneer life still exist.

\* \* \*

Again we discover the Theater Guild presenting another of Maxwell Anderson's beautifully written plays, *Mary of Scotland*. Helen Hayes, playing the part of Mary, Queen of Scots, gains the sympathy of her audience with her marvelous betrayal of the queen who is desirous of power and love and is unsuccessful in her quests. Miss Hayes has done one more piece of superb acting, which goes further in making her one of the foremost actresses of stage and screen.

\* \* \*

It seems that the theatre, that famous, indispensable institution, is coming into more and more prominence, not only in the United States, but also in China, Russia, and in Mexico. In Mexico, the youngest children receive theatre training. School children of the Mexican villages are taught to model and paint masks as a part of a national theatre program! In China, they are presenting *Hamlet*; and in Russia, they are experimenting with various unique stage settings.

\* \* \*

Did you know that—

Ruth Chatterton is now a producer-director;

Little Mitzie Green has grown up and will have a big hand in *Finishing School*;

Diana Wynward is once again in Hollywood and will be seen with John Barrymore in an adaptation of the *Paradine Case*; (Remember *Reunion in Vienna*?)

*Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* is going to be produced, starring Charlotte (Alice in Wonderland) Henny;

Some of our most popular stars are well over forty! For instance, Lionel, John, and Ethel Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Billie Burke, Alice Brady, Will Rogers, Mary Boland, and many others;

Adrian, style creator and designer for M. G. M., will have his work featured in a special picture *The Latest from Paris*, starring Joan Crawford?



## Y. W. C. A.

Betty Ward



In Macon at Wesleyan College, a joint meeting of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. of Georgia was held. The meeting began March 24 and lasted through March 25.

The principle speakers of the conference were Dr. Smart of Emory University, who spoke of the Student Christian Movement in America, and Dr. Ruper, the professor of Sociology at Agnes Scott who gave a very interesting talk on race relations. The student speakers were Margaret K. Smith of G. S. C. W., Jimmie May of Emory, and Betty Harbisin of Agnes Scott. The new officers for the coming year are as follows: Clyde Green, President, Carolyn Dickson, Vice President, Ruth Vinson, Secretary, and Rupford Kytle, Treasurer.

Next to Wesleyan, who had nineteen delegates, G. S. W. C. had the largest representation of any of the girls colleges. The following students were G. S. W. C. representatives: Margaret Kennedy, Mary Elizabeth Weatherford, GeDelle Brabham, Mildred Turnbull, Eleanor Bailey, Eloise Ogletree, and Betty Ward.

\* \* \*

A group of students from the Y. W. C. A. of G. S. W. C. conducted the services at the Adel Methodist Church Sunday evening, April 8, at the invitation of Reverend W. H. Ketchum.

The theme for the service was "Living With a Purpose." Margaret Kennedy, president, read the Scripture lesson which was taken from the fifth chapter of Matthew. Ruth Ellis spoke on "Unselfish Living" and Mildred Turnbull on "Carrying Out a Purpose In Life." A quartet consisting of Mildred McDonald, Evelyn May, Mary Elizabeth Weatherford, and Pearl Wilson, with Judy Cochran as accompanist, furnished special music.

Those on the program were accompanied to Adel by Miss Gilmer and Mr. Stokes.



## ATHLETICS

*Lee Stearman  
Doris Summerlin*



Home run! Whee! The lazy ones that are taking their beauty sleep don't get much done after 6:30 in the morning, for the baseball season is in full swing. It is surprising to find the number of genuine players we have on the campus—regular home-run kings. The players are di-

vided into four teams:

Oaks—Captain, Ruby Harrison, Fitzgerald.

Pines—Captain, Esther Smith, Sycamore.

Magnolias—Captain, Annie Bell Weatherford, Savannah.

Dogwoods—Captain, GeDelle Brabham, Moultrie.

The first baseball game of the season played by the two Athletic associations was won by the Lambdas, with the score 6-5.

\* \* \*

The Athletic Council held its regular monthly meeting on April 10 at the club house.

\* \* \*

We notice the archery managers going out quite often. Hm—we smell a tournament. With the new equipment there should be some high scores.

\* \* \*

The finals of the tennis tournament were played off recently with Una Ritch of Jesup as winner. It was a close match with Gedelle Brabham as her last opponent.

\* \* \*

Miss Ivy has been out several times coaching beginners in golf and tennis. There has been a great deal of enthusiasm shown for this instruction.

\* \* \*

Preparations for a great May-Day, Play-Day on April 28 are now being carried out, and speaking from a freshman's point of view—we can hardly wait to experience this gala occasion for the first time!





## SOCIETIES

Priscilla Kelley  
Annie Kate Knight

A joint meeting of the Argonian and Sororian Societies was held Friday evening, March 30, in the lecture room.

The Freshman class was in charge of the program. Book reviews were given. Miss Pearl Wilson, Cordele, gave a review of *Peter Abelard* by

Helen Waddell. Her short review, giving the life and problems of Peter Abelard, was very effective. Miss Priscilla Kelley, Savannah, gave a review of stories in *The Garden Party* by Katherine Mansfield. Miss Antoinette Andrews, Thomasville, related interesting points about the widely discussed book, *Anthony Adverse* by Hervey Allen. This was a difficult book to review because of its length and content, but Miss Andrews handled it with

great ease and understanding.

This was the first literary program conducted by the Freshmen.

\* \* \*

The debaters for the inter-society debate to be held on May 5, have been chosen. The Argonian representatives are Marion Reid, Homerville, and Mary Nell Carlyle, Valdosta. Leonora Du Four, Albany, and Clara Louise Driskell, Surrency, are the Sororian debaters. The subject is *Resolved—That the United States Should Adopt the Essential Features of the British System of Radio Control and Operation*. The Sororians will support the affirmative side and the Argonians the negative.

\* \* \*

Out of a magazine I picked up somewhere, I read—"Upton Sinclair supported himself by writing from the time he was fifteen. Conan Doyle was an army doctor; he didn't create *Sherlock Holmes* until he was forty. Galsworthy did his first writing at thirty. At sixty, after a life of hardship including slavery after his capture by Moors, Cervantes in poverty wrote *Don Quixote*, while at twenty-nine, H. G. Wells was already a prosperous and successful writer." There is no fore-tellable moment in one's life when full talents will leap forth. Great hopes, there are, for us!



## LOCALS

Marion Reid



Miss Gedelle Brabham, of Moultrie, and Miss Henry Kate Gardner, of Camilla, attended the meeting of the S. I. A. S. G. at the University of Tennessee during the week of April 2.

\* \* \*

A number of college seniors were judges at the Clinch County School Meet in Homerville, March 23. They were Misses Carolyn Brim, Sasser; Gedelle Brabham, Moultrie; Margaret Easterlin, Thomasville; Dorothy Wall, Cordele; Eunice Spurlin, Tifton; Vonice Ritch, Jesup; Katherine Moore, Douglas; Marjorie Sessions, Gray; Martiele Turner, Valdosta; and Bessie McRae, Savannah.

\* \* \*

Miss Ida Pound, President of the Valdosta branch of the A. A. U. W. and secretary of the State A. A. U. W., Miss Gilmer, vice-president, Miss Hopper, and Miss Bush attended the State Conference of the A. A. U. W. on April 17.

\* \* \*

The student-body has been enjoying a series of interesting chapel exercises which have been conducted by several of the local pastors: Reverends A. W. Rees, L. R. Scott, Armand Eyler, and H. M. Fugate.

\* \* \*

Miss Annie Lois Gardner, of Camilla, gave her graduate recital in piano Friday evening, April 13, at 8:30 o'clock at the Woman's Club Building. She was assisted by her sister, Henry Kate, a gifted reader. Miss Annie Lois Gardner interpreted many classical selections, including numbers written by Bach, Beethoven, Max Vogrich, and Leschetizky. In the *Blue Danube Waltz* by Strauss-Chasins, Miss Gardner was assisted by Miss Gladys Warren.

Miss Gardner displayed much talent and an unusual interpretation of music.



## ALUMNAE NEWS

*Frances Dekle*



Visitors on the campus recently were: Emily Jennings, Mary Winn, Helen Brazington, Margaret Jennings, Louise McMichael, Margaret Williams, Mary Hagan, and Mary Alice Moseley.

\* \* \*

Clarice Weathersbee, A. B. '25, is teaching Art in the public schools, New Rochelle, N. Y.

\* \* \*

Nana Alexander, A. B. '25 (Mrs. S. C. Maurice) lives in Clarksville, Penn. She has a little son three years old.

\* \* \*

The marriage of Cleo Mansfield and Albert William Carlson, of Baltimore, Md., was solemnized April 14 in Atlanta, Georgia. After May 1st, Cleo's address will be Cambridge Arms, North Charles at 34th St., Baltimore, Maryland.

\* \* \*

Hazel Allen is teaching second grade in Lakeland, Georgia. Other alumnae members teaching in Lakeland are: Lois O'Quinn (Mrs. O. A. Spence), Clyde Purcell (Mrs. L. L. Patten), Mrs. Effie Patten Dillon and Catherine McRee.

\* \* \*

Hazel Taylor is teaching third grade in Decatur, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Pauline Forbes is teaching Latin in the Ashburn High School, Ashburn, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Margaret Parrish is teaching in Hahira, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Jessie Mae Prescott is teaching in Homerville, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Blanche Prescott is teaching in Naylor, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Maxine Purdy is doing C. W. A. work in Valdosta.

\* \* \*

Dorothy Denmark is taking a business course.



## CLUBS

Lillian Bragg



The Fine Arts Club is planning a puppet show. An outline of *Quality Street*, the play to be used, was read by Annie Maud McLeod, of Newton, at the last meeting on March 27.

Miss Carpenter then told of her interesting trip to the Ringland Art Museum in Sarasota, Florida. It is hoped the whole club can visit Ringland Museum the latter part of the quarter.

\* \* \*

The Euclidian Club had supper at *The House in the Woods* on March 23. Four new members, Ida Lee Stearman, of Savannah, Isabel Scott, of New York, Marion Reid, of Homerville, and Antoinette Andrews, of Thomasville, were welcomed.

Plans were made for a faculty "take-off." The next meeting will be a picnic.

\* \* \*

*The House in the Woods* is getting popular. *Entre Nous* held its last meeting there on April 6. After a short social hour, Naomi Austria, Waycross, read the history of *La Marseillaise*, and Louise Hardy, Quitman, gave a history of the music of that national anthem. C'etait grande affaire, n'estce pas?

\* \* \*

The Sock and Buskin Club had Stunt Night last month, and it was a hilarious affair. Miss Sawyer, of course, carried off honors with her monologue—a telephone conversation; and Dr. Phelan played and sang a song of his own composition—"I Like Lima Beans."

\* \* \*

"What has happened to the Savannah Club?" twenty-four Savannah girls are asking. It's up to you, Bessie.

\* \* \*

Our Glee Club! Wasn't it wonderful? The concert was held at the Ritz and the program was divided into two parts; the first was concert numbers, and the second featured relationship of tone and color.



## THE PINE BRANCH

The evening was delightful due to the program given by the girls under the direction of Miss Temple.

\* \* \*

The International Relations Club met on April 3. A discussion of Austria was led by Verda Will Carter of Meigs; a report on the Dollfus-Mussolini Congress was given by Bessie McRae of Savannah; and the St. Lawrence Waterway Treaty was discussed by Linelle Giddens, of Valdosta.

\* \* \*

The Science Club met at the home of Mr. Stokes last month to meet Dr. Allen, a well known botanist from the University of Wisconsin. Dr. Allen told of his research work done on the liverwort, *sphaerocarpos*.

\* \* \*

The English Club met on Monday, April 9, and talked about the life and works of James Branch Cabell, a Southern romanticist, whom we Southerners are glad to claim.

\* \* \*

The Philharmonic Club had Guest Night on March 30. Virginia Tuck, Thomasville, gave a report on the life work of Bach. *Allegro Brillante* by Low was played by Annette Phillips, Martile Lundy, Boston. Anne Alford of Talbotton, gave *Little Pickaninny Kid* by Guion; *Serenade* was played by Elizabeth Larisey, Valdosta; Grieg's *Norwegian Dance* and Dett's *Juba Dance* were given by Mary Lois Hitch, Valdosta, and Mary E. Foreman, Tifton; Margaret Pardee, Valdosta, played *Abertasse Mazula*; three selections were given by Margaret Zipplies, Savannah; Joy Miller, Albany, gave *Speaks' Song of Gladness*; the *Blue Danube Waltz* was played by Annie Lois Gardner, Camilla, and Miss Warren.

\* \* \*

The Valdosta Club held its monthly luncheon on April 13 by the fire place. Plans were discussed for entertaining the Senior Class of Valdosta High School.



## FROM THE FUNNY FROSH

(Chuckles or——?)

Lorene Johnson

Upperclassman: "I've met you before."

Freshman: "Not me."

Upperclassman: "Well, I've met someone with your same name."

Freshman: "Really? What was her name?"

\* \* \*

Upperclassman: "I hate to have to reprove you for this."

Freshman: "Well I don't."

Upperclassman: "I do."

Freshman: "I don't."

Upperclassman: "I do."

Freshman: "I don't."

Upperclassman: "I do."

Freshman: "What do you think you're doing?

Getting married?"

\* \* \*

Upperclassman: "What is your worst sin?"

Freshman: "Vanity—I stand in front of my mirror for hours, admiring my beauty."

Upperclassman: "That's not vanity; that's imagination."

\* \* \*

Upperclassman: "Say, Frosh, do you know what life is?"

Freshman: "Sure—a short word, but a long sentence."

\* \* \*

Upperclassman: "What do they call the children of the Tsar and Tsarina of Russia?"

Freshman: (After a long pause) "Tsardines, I suppose."

\* \* \*

Upperclassman: "Did you know Chappie had Roseola?"

Freshman: "Roseola who?"

\* \* \*

### WATER, PLEASE!

(At the Sock and Buskin Club "Frolic")—Freshman conductor of curtain: "Shall I lower the curtain, Miss Sawyer? Henry Kate, who is a living statue, has the hiccoughs."





## THE PINE BRANCH

### SHE GOT MAD

An angry Freshman dashed into Miss Gilmer's office. "Look here," she said, "For the Freshman Issue I wrote a poem about my roommate and I began the verse with these words:

"My room mate, my pigmy counterpart."

"Yes?" replied Miss Gilmer.

The poet pointed to the *Pine Branch*. "Read that and see what that fool editor, Mary Nell, has done!"

Miss Gilmer read:

"My room mate, my pig, my counterpart."

\* \* \*

### PUZZLE: FIND PROF

Dean of Women 25 years hence: (to new Freshman) "A professor by the name of Phelan formerly occupied this laboratory, my dear. He invented an explosive."

New Freshman: "Ah, I suppose those spots on the ceiling are the explosive?"

Dean: "No, they're Dr. Phelan."

\* \* \*

### SALESMANSHIP

"What!" exclaimed the freshman, "You charge me a dollar for that loose-leaf notebook?"

"Yes ma'am," replied polite Skinny Vinson, "that is the very lowest price we can sell it for."

"How is it that I can get one just like it at the Southern Stationery Company for ninety cents?"

"I can not say, young lady. Perhaps Mr. Joiner has taken a fancy to you. He is not married and you are very beautiful and—yes ma'am, one dollar. Thank you."

\* \* \*

### OH, OH, TREE

Lost—A lead pencil (rather large) by La Forest Smith, blonde, five feet fifteen, 105 pounds, blue eyes, good dancer. Finder please call 330W between the hours of seven and eleven P. M.

\* \* \*

### KNOWS HER GRAMMATOMY

A Freshman, who had crammed at length for a Biology exam, wrote the following on anatomy: "Anatomy is the human body. It is divided into three separate parts, the haid, the chest, and the stummick. The haid holds the skull and brains, if there is any, the chest holds the liver and the stummick holds the vowels, a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w, and y."



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