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CONTENTS

	Page
"Tapestry Of Dreams"—Julia Mae Murray	3
"Sis"—Marguerite Langdale	4
"A Valentine"—Mary Kate Burrows	8
"To A Poet"—Mary Kate Burrows	10
"Suggested By Keats"—Mary Kate Burrows	10
"The Indispensable Bird"—Eunice Seagraves	11
"What's In A Name"—Kate Jones	13
"The Departed Lover"—Julia Mae Murray	15
"Looking Courtship Straight in the Face"—Kate Jones	16

(CONTENTS CONTINUED)

	Page
"Happiness At A Reduction"—Eunice Seagraves	18
Editorial	22
Y. W. C. A.	25
Athletics	27
Locals	28
Society News	30
Alumnae	31
Jokes	34

TAPESTRY OF DREAMS

Oh weaver of dreams
In tapestry—
What have you woven
So tirelessly?

I wove in a bit
Of evening breeze,
And a brilliant leaf
From Autumn trees;
A scrap of a lover's
Lilting song—
A few brief tears
From a passing throng;
Some tangled threads
Of philosophy—
Light laughter from
New poetry.

Such are my dreams
In tapestry—
Woven of odds
And ends that be;
These did I gather,
Thus did I use
Stray fibres of life
In varying hues.

JULIA MAYE MURRAY—'30.

THE PINE BRANCH

SIS

"Tommie! Tommie! Oh, Tommie!"

"Somebuddy's calling you, Tom."

"Don't cha reckon I know it? What cha think I got ears for? To hold my cap up?"

"Why not? They're big enough for hat-racks."

"Can it, willya? And set down, so's she can't see you."

"Who is it, your ma?"

"Naw, 't'aint nobuddy but Sis; but she's just as bad, allers wanting yuh to do somethin' for her."

"Is she that yaller headed blonde that's all the time dolled up like a millyun dollars, and hanging 'round the drug stores a-eatin' ice cream, an' makin' goo-goo eyes at all the shieks?"

"Yeah, that's her all right. Only she don't hang around the drug stores so much now."

"Cause she can't get nobuddy to buy ice cream for her, I guess."

"Naw, she's got a finance."

"A what?"

"Aw, anyways she's fixing to get married, aintcha never heard o' that?"

"Sure. Why didn'tcha say so in the first place. You mean she's engaged, don't cha."

"Yeah, that's it; it sorta sounds like money but it ain't."

"Say, when's she gonna pull it off?"

"Pull what off?"

"The weddin', foggy."

"I don't know. Mehbe in about a month. Soon's she gets her trou-ser"

"You mean her clothes and things?"

"Sure. That's it."

"Well, why in thunder didn't cha say so in the first place, 'stead of trying to use some highfalutin words that you can't even say."

"Shut up, can't cha? Anyways she's making it now. Sewin' all the time, an' sendin' me to town for a spool of thread, or a yard of lace, or any ole thing just to get me to do somethin'."

"Say, you know my sister, Sue, had one o' them 'bout three years ago. An' say! it was turrrible. We didn't have nothin' to eat for 'bout a year, I reckon, 'cepting dried peas and cornbread. Not even any biscuits, much less any dessert, 'n cakes, 'n pies. All because that Ma said that Sue's trou-ser clothes had to be paid for."

"Ya! ya! can't even say it yourself!"

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

"Tommie, come here; I know you hear me."

"Listen at that, willya. There she goes again, just a-yellin' at me like I was clean up-town."

"Maybe you'd better go see what she wants. She might come out here and skin both of us."

"Me? Say, I don't answer her any more'n I have to, 'cause she allers wants somethin', an' once she gets a-hold of you, you do it, believe me."

"Does yuh Ma make you do what she wants, or does yuh Sis whip yuh into it?"

"Ma don't hafta; Sis can do enuf makin' all by herself."

"Whatcha mean makin' yuh? Does she tell your Ole Man, or do all your homework for you?"

"Nothin' like that. It's just Tommie this and Tommie that, 'til yuh just hafta do what she wants just to get shed o' her. She sho knows how to get what she wants. Pop says that ever since she was born, she ain't done nothing but ask and receive."

"By the way, who's yuh Sis gonna marry? Can ya understand that?"

"Say, bo, I'd understand anything if you made it plain enuf."

"Sure, anybuddy could, if it was plain enuf. Anyways who's your Sis gonna marry?"

"A feller named Buck Jackson. You know that feller that there was so much talk about in the paper last Tuesday."

"Yeah, I know, the feller that just got a swell job with the news-paper in Oakland."

"Yeah, that's Buck."

"Tom, you better hurry up an' get 'em married. You know it took my sister, Sue, five years to land hers, 'n Ma was so nervous 'under the strain of the uncertainty,' as she said, that, right at the last, I thought I'd hafta go out 'n eat worms, 'n die; she was so fussy and nagging. Nothin' I did was right. It got so I'd pray ever night that Jim'd ask Sue, so's I'd have some peace. An' sure as shoutin' he did. How long's your Sis been going with this here Buck anyhow?"

"Bout a year regular, but he's been beggin' her to marry him ever since she finished high school, three years ago."

"How yuh know he's been beggin' her to marry 'im for three years?"

"How ya reckon smarty."

"Betcha yuh read it in a book."

"Wrong! I heard 'im. Did you ever get left?"

"Aw go on. How'd you hear 'im?"

THE PINE BRANCH

"Oh, easy. I hid behind the trellis back of the porch swing one evening, an' heard him call her 'angel,' just like she wasn't a mean ole devil, an' beg her to marry 'im."

"Ain't yuh shamed to call your Sis a devil?"

"Well, she ain't nothin' else but, or she wouldn't have persuaded Pop to send her to Woodland Grove Institute so's I couldn't go to camp."

"Where's the Institute?"

"Over in Junction City, 'bout a hundred miles from here."

"What is it, a place where she got finished?"

"I wish it hada finished her, 'stead of graduating her, 'n sending her home with a lot of crazy ideas."

"Hey! Tommie? You'd better come here right this instant. Mama said so."

"Again! Looks like she'd get tired of hollerin' at me all the time, an' go on an' do it herself. Gee! I wish she was already married. What was you saying?"

"I was just fixing to ast why she didn't get married after she got finished."

"Well, you see, she came back home a-talkin' about 'self-expression' and psycho-something, I never could pronounce it, an' saying she had to have a career. Leastways that's what she told Buck; she told Ma she didn't want to marry, 'n live in this hick town all her life."

"Did she ever get it?"

"Get what? You mean career?"

"What is that?"

"Well, you see, it's sorta like this. Like she was to go and be a great actress or writer, 'n be famous, then she'd have a career. See?"

"Sure. But did she ever have it?"

"Yea, she did all right. She was head of a club that tried to put on plays. The first play was purty good, an' Sis was puffed up like a balloon; she thought she was Greta Garbo herself. I expected to see her leave for Hollywood any day."

"Why didn't she go on an' be a great actress?"

"In the second play, Jane Marshall wanted to be head lady 'stead of Sis, an' there wasn't no way to decide who was to be it, so Sis just quit."

"What was her feller doing all this time? Tagging along after her?"

"Nothin'. Gee! I forgot. He got sorta tired, I guess, of hearing about how good an actress Sis was, so he started going with Jane."

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

"Jane? The girl that busted up her career, I mean stopped her from being an actress?"

"Yeah."

"I bet she wasn't mad much. Why back in Jackson, where I lived 'fore I moved here last week, a girl next door to me got mad with another girl over a boy, 'n they had a sho' 'nuf knock down and drag out."

"Now, Sis didn't care much 'til Julia Muggsy got married, 'n put on so much dog. She had candles 'n flowers, 'n everything. Sis was madder'n hops 'cause Julia got married first. Then Uncle Fred told her about Buck's new job 'fore Buck knew it himself. Gee! but you orter seen her!"

"Why? Did she throw a fit or somethin'?"

"I mean, and how? She was one big grin all the time, 'n so sweet to Buck. In 'bout a week they was engaged to be married, so they said."

"Thomas Fields, come here this instant before I start looking for you."

"And I sho hope she does get married!"

MARGUERITE LANGDALE—'31.

THE PINE BRANCH

A VALENTINE

(To one who is deserving)
It is long my desire
And whim to discover
A suitable gift
To give to my lover;
To bring in due time
Magnificent dower
Of intellectual fruit,
Or poetical flower.
An apple, dear knows,
Never would suit—
Since it is such
A scandalous fruit;
Or a tree full of figs,
For the virtuous reason
That I would prefer
Love's fruits by the season.
Concerning the flowers,
I've done what I could—
(But flowers are easily
Misunderstood!)—
Sadly deficient
Are white ones that lure,
Since they say that no Lily
Is morally pure.
A flower sufficient
Might do, I suppose,
But how could one ever
Depend on a Rose?
I really think
It not in my power
To bring an adequate,
Elegant dower
But Prince of the marvelous
Green isled sea,
King of all ships
Sailing to me,—
I've a suspicion
(No rhyme or reason)
That flowers and fruits

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Will come in the season
When Lilies may all
Reform their morals
And Roses may well
Be worth their laurels;
Then there will grow
On every tree,—
An apple for you,
And a fig for me!

M. K. BURROWS—'30.

TO A POET

Pity be to poets
That stab themselves in vain,—
That to others being beauty
To them is pain.
Pity be to poets
Who, wounded every one,
Find they cannot stand beneath
The raining slivers of the sun;
That they should nightly see a ghost
Hanging on the air,
While the undeserving others
Find the world is fair!

M. K. BURROWS—'30

SUGGESTED BY KEATS

Is Truth Beauty?
Then what fungus this
Growing on
My green of bliss?

Is Beauty Truth?
Then Beauty lied,
And I am a woman
Unsatisfied.

M. K. BURROWS—'30

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

THE INDISPENSIBLE BIRD

The bird glides out of the dimness of the historic past bearing aeons of superstitious and interesting fables on its fleet wing. The bird has become so much a part of man's life that the influence is reflected in all phases of his endeavors.

What literature would be complete without the heroine who is awakened in the morning by the bird singing on her window sill; or what pastoral scene would be complete without shepherds and birds. What would Robinson Crusoe have done without his man Friday and his parrot.

Would Elijah have lived to tell the story had the ravens failed in their task of feeding him while he was in the wilderness. What would have happened to Poe's immortal raven had it not flown into his room and mourned the lost Lenore from the bust above his chamber door.

If all the birds were exterminated, what would women do for plumes and feathers. What would the naturalist do for something to adorn his museum. What would chorus girls wear in their dances. And what would the rural woman do for pin money.

How large would this old earth be if all the blue jays ceased their weekly trip to the Infernal Regions bearing their grains of sand. Would "sweet Hallie" be forgot if the voices of the mocking birds were stilled. Would Noah and his guests have grown weary of their ocean cruise if the dove had been left out of the ark.

How would the Declaration of Independence have been written if the quill had not been available. Would Rome have been Reme, if Remus instead of Romulus had seen the twelve birds. Would Tarquinius have been king of the Roman world if the eagle had not lifted his cap from his head as it flew above him screaming and flapping its wings. Without the raven on his head to peck out his opponent's eyes, could Valerius have conquered the huge Gaul. Would the infant Semiramis, the future queen of Assyria, have claimed her queenship had the doves ignored her before she was found by the kind shepherds.

How long would the ancient poet, Aeschylus, have lived if his bald head had not been mistaken for a rock by the eagle flying overhead with a tortoise in its talons. What better form than the dove could the Spirit of God have taken when it descended from the heavens to say "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased" when Christ was baptized by John the Baptist. Why was the "bald

THE PINE BRANCH

old eagle on grey Bethpeer's height" the only witness to the burial of Moses.

Would Stesichorus have realized the possibilities of his voice and become a great singer had the nightingale not kissed his lips in his boyhood. Could Mohammed have formed the doctrine of a great religion if the dove had not whispered in his ear.

How would mothers put off answering the questions of the young children, if the "stork story" had never been invented. Could photographers ever get the pictures of small children if they did not tell them to "look for the little birdie."

Would Thanksgiving Day be a day of thanks without the turkey. Would the American dollar go farther without the symbol of the powerful, far-flying eagle. Did the eagle really lose his claim to the kingship of all birds when the little wren rode up into the heavens on his back, claiming the honor of having flown highest of all birds of the forest.

What form could Phisbe have taken when she left the earth if the dove had been unknown. Would the Swan Song be more beautiful if sung on soaring wing, rather than on folded wing gliding by.

If birds were not a part of a naturalists's study, would he soon come to regard himself as a flower. What would Pathe News reels have to crow for them if the rooster should strain his vocal chords.

Out of the dimness of the historic past the bird has glided, touching all phases of man's life. Into the mistiness of an unknown future it will soar inspiring man to attain heights never attempted before.

EUNICE SEAGRAVES—'31.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

She had been christened Belinda. This in itself would not have been so bad for a different type of girl. A more attractive, more popular girl would have been called Linda, but not so Belinda. Not one of her play-mates had ever thought of leaving off the "Be". In her first two years of college, where all girls acquire nicknames, Belinda had remained Belinda. Then one summer she became disgusted with life in general and herself in particular. She had decided to change schools, to change personalities, in short to change names, to become Linda.

On the train going to school she had taken out her mirror and gazed earnestly at herself,—straight, medium-brown hair, nice brown eyes if she hadn't had to keep them covered by rather thick spectacles. Ah! There was the solution. She would discard the spectacles like she had the "Be" in her name, and there was no better time to begin than immediately. Taking them off, she squinted around the Pullman. Not so good! But she would soon become accustomed to it. She had heard of others who discarded their glasses like that. Next came her hair. She would get a permanent wave the next day before any one had time to notice how she looked.

When Belinda arrived she found her room-mate to be a vivacious little brunette, a new Junior like herself, whose name was Mickey. Belinda gave her name as Linda.

In a few moments she found that she would have to change more than her name to keep up with her room-mate.

Mickey took out her silver cigarette case and carelessly offered it to Belinda.

"No thanks," said Linda.

"What! Don't you smoke?" Mickey asked. "You'd better take it up. It certainly soothes one's nerves."

"Oh yes! I smoke, but I just finished," said Linda quickly, planning when she could practice.

"Oh, say! Linda, I've got a date tonight and the boy friend's bringing another. Care to double date? Mrs. Murphy's already said it was all right."

"I'd love to," said Linda, inwardly quaking. As Belinda, she had always been a wash-out with the opposite sex; maybe as Linda it would be different. Maybe she could interest a man!

And what a man he was, this blind date of Linda's. Tall, straight and handsome in a fine, strong way.

THE PINE BRANCH

Out in the automobile she realized that he was asking her a question.

"What did you say your other name was, Miss Heywood?"

Just in time Linda remembered to leave off the "Be", and replied.

"Linda."

"Linda," he repeated. "I've always liked that name. It sounds sort of dare-devil-like, and it seems to fit you too."

Dare-devil-like! Fit her! Could changing one's name even so slightly effect such miracles!

Jack, for his part, was thinking of something to say. "Surely," he thought, "this must be the psychological moment to hold her hand."

Linda, thinking that she must live up to her new name, allowed her hand to be held.

"So far, so good," thought Jack. And he slipped his arm around her shoulders.

Bolstered up by the thought of her new name, and new quality of character-dare-devilness, Linda permitted this also.

This new Linda person had something about her that made Jack want to kiss her,—something that even led him to try to. At that moment Belinda returned—shy and near-sighted and cognizant of the fact that she needed her glasses. After all, probably Jack wasn't as good-looking as she had thought him.

"Pardon," said Jack. "Smoke?"

"No thanks," she answered. She would have given her new permanent wave to have been able to say yes, but she hadn't had time to practice.

Just then Mickey handed a small silver flask to the back seat.

Linda declined again, knowing she'd choke to death on the stuff.

"You know, I've just thought of something," Jack said. "Has any one ever called you Belinda? Come to think of it, I believe it fits you better than Linda. Belinda Beloved. Say, now isn't that hot! You know, I'm really in earnest, I like you better than any girl I know. You're—well, you're different. You don't mind if I call you Belinda, do you?"

"Of course not," she said, and really meant it.

KATE JONES—'31.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

THE DEPARTED LOVER

The fire's in the grate
And love is at the door
Hark! I hear him stepping
Softly on the floor.

Come a little nearer—
Lover, show your face;
See, around my fireside
I've saved you a place.

Why so restless, dear one—
Why so cold to me?
The kettle's at the boil
And we shall have some tea.

Lover, are you going—
Will have no cup with me?
Will leave my heart within the walls
By your inconstancy?

Cold ashes in the grate—
And hollow rings the floor;
Hark! I hear him going
Forever from my door.

JULIA MAYE MURRAY—'30.

LOOKING COURTSHIP STRAIGHT IN THE FACE

The new French doll settled back comfortably among the dainty pillows of the chaise lounge, and regarded the battered bisque doll with a patronizing air.

"And how long have you been here, dearie?" she asked.

"Oh, I've been with Nancy ever since I can remember," replied the bisque doll. "I've been her constant companion during joy and sorrow. You can see by my dress what hard use I've had. I've often wished for a new dress—something on the pattern of yours,—but Nancy seems to think differently. Often she's said to me, 'Trouble darling, you really are disreputable looking, but I can't find it in my heart to dress you differently. I suppose you do long for satin and fine lace, but I really love you better in your organdy'."

"And this Nancy of ours," said the French doll, leaning over confidently, "has she any boy friends?"

"Boy friends! My dear! Have you seen Nancy, and then cannot tell that all men worship her? Sometimes I get so tired of boys cluttering up this place I could scream."

"I guess they're all young and good looking, aren't they?" asked the French doll.

"Well, I should say Nancy has them in assorted sizes, ages, and so on, but there are two who seem to hold first-place in her affections right now—Jimmie and Gerald. Gerald is my favorite—young, rich and good-looking. And he is very unusual, for he is a perfect gentleman,—and so thoughtful! Look at those roses. Every day they come—great masses of beautiful fragrance, bringing Gerald's message of love. See that picture over there by the roses, that's Gerald."

"Handsome," said the French doll, "and I'll bet he likes her too. Go on!"

"Like her! It would be more fitting to say he adores her. When she smiles at him he beams. If she breaks a date with him he sends her a dozen extra roses and a box of sweets. And so gentle with her! If she lifts her finger to do a thing, it's 'Here, Nancy, let me do that!' You know in our little apartment here, Nancy often has them up for a little supper at night, and he's such a help. While she fixes the coffee, he makes the sandwiches, and he'd really like to do it all himself if it wasn't for the fact that he wants her near him where he can drink in her beauty."

"Imagine a man like that!" said the French doll. "How I'd love to see him. It must be wonderful to have some one like that to love

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

you, some one who pets you, and doesn't want you to do a thing." Here she clasped her hands ecstatically, and her china blue eyes sparkled. "Wouldn't it be wonderful for him to sail away on his magic carpet with her, to the land of roses, and give her everything her heart desires. Oh! She must take Gerald, but she will of course, what sane girl wouldn't."

"Oh, but I'm not so sure," said the bisque doll. "In fact I believe she prefers Jimmie. You know there's no accounting for these girls of today."

"Then is Jimmie more thoughtful, more gentle than Gerald?" asked the French doll. "That doesn't seem possible after all you've told me."

"Gentle! Dear me no! And as for being attentive!" Here she threw up her tiny hands and shook her small head. "He never sends flowers or sweets,—although he's always willing to eat Gerald's candy. Of course, he's young and handsome, but he's just started on his career, and he may be rich or poor—it's all the same to Jimmie. Then he treats Nancy just as it pleases him. He drops in when he wants to, and if Nancy has a date, it doesn't seem to hurt him at all."

"One of these indifferent ones," said the French doll, "and you say that our Nancy likes him best?"

"I fear that she does. And he doesn't do a thing for her. When he comes up for a bite at night does he go in the kitchenette and help fix it? Indeed he does not. He walks in and says, 'How about a square meal, Nancy, got some good hot steak for a fellow who's pining for home-cooking?' And do you know Nancy flies around cooking the best of everything while he sits in the living room reading the paper. I dread the thought of it, but I suppose they'll finally be engaged and married. Then won't this place be a sight! I shudder, positively shudder, to think of our pretty little living room covered with ashes and scattered newspapers. However, I guess I'll have to make the best of it; you know there's no stopping people in love."

"Didn't I hear a door slam?" asked the French doll. "I suppose they're coming in now. She's with Jimmie tonight, isn't she?"

"Yes," said the bisque doll, "Listen! That's his voice, and he's making his usual speech too."

"Come on, and be a dear, Nancy. Fix us a square meal. Since we're celebrating our engagement tonight, I'll show you what a model husband I'm going to be by setting the table."

"I felt it in my stiffest joint," wailed the bisque doll. "Maybe. it's best, because how I should have envied her with Gerald!"

KATE JONES—'31.

HAPPINESS AT A REDUCTION

"Marvin, dear, just think how much better you would feel if you did not have to carry all your weight. Why, you would feel like a school boy again!"

"Well, maybe I would, but then I feel good, and besides I don't have much walking to do. It's right for a woman to reduce, but a man, bah!"

"But Marvin, you would feel much better, and besides, you would also look so much better."

"If you aren't satisfied with my looks, I am. I know my size emphasizes your little ninety-five pounds, but you should eat something and gain. It wouldn't hurt you."

Marvin went to his work content with being fat, but displeased with being so out of breath from climbing the one flight of stairs to his office. He would smoke while he rested for a few minutes. In short panting puffs the smoke from his cigar floated ceilingward.

At home Hazel still worried over her husband's ever-increasing weight. Two hundred and twenty-five pounds was simply too much for one man to weigh. Something must be done, but what?

The budget soon claimed her attention, and the necessity of Marvin reducing became less pressing. Next month the new Country Club was to have its first formal dance. She needed an evening dress and slippers, and Marvin needed slippers, but how were they to be bought. She would use vegetables from her own garden and economize on her grocery bill.

* * * * *

"Hello, dinner ready? I'm starving!" Marvin greeted her when he came in.

"Yes, dinner's ready. And you are always starving!"

"Well, I'll say—turnips! And where did you get them?"

"In the garden."

It is never hard to get a hungry man to a table, and Marvin was no exception.

"And what kind of dessert do you call that?" as he motioned toward the salad.

"That isn't dessert, dear, it's carrot salad."

"And what for dessert?"

"No dessert today, we—"

"What, no dessert. I'll tell you—"

"But, Marvin, it isn't long until the Country Club dance, and you know you are one of the promoters, and you'll have to be there. Look at those slippers you have on! You can't wear them to any

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

dance! I haven't had an evening dress in over a year. Our budget just won't make it, unless we economize."

"All right, we'll do it, but after the dance, remember, it's dessert again."

By occasionally reminding Marvin of the importance of his appearance on the opening night of the Country Club, Hazel was able to cut expenses in one place or another.

* * * * *

Marvin was pleased; he had rested only four dances,—not that he didn't like dancing; he did. And every dance he was becoming more expert in keeping his feet out of the way of his partner. Towards the close of the evening, Austin Howard, an old friend who had moved to another town, came in.

"Why, Marvin, old man, it's great to see you after all these weeks, but what have you been doing to yourself? You're not as fat as you were."

"What's that you say? . . . Oh, no, I'm as fat as I've ever been."

Immediately after getting home, Marvin went to the full length mirror. Slowly he turned himself around.

"By golly, Hazel, I am falling off. What do you suppose can be the matter?"

"Awh, Silly, you aren't any smaller . . . That suit always makes you look slender."

While Marvin worried at his office, Hazel contentedly prepared dinner.

"Hazel, you know I weighed today, and I don't weigh but two hundred and ten pounds. What do you suppose can be the matter? Hadn't I better go to see Dr. Rand?"

"No, Marvin, I wouldn't go to see the doctor yet. You know this summer has been unusually hot and you've worked so hard, never taking any time off, always grinding. You are not fair to yourself. Marvin, you need to get out in the fresh air more."

"But what can I do? My work needs me."

"Just take some time off. Everybody else does. Then you can work better the rest of the time."

"I can't do that; you know I can't."

* * * * *

A week later Marvin was really worried. He had weighed again.

"Hazel, I'm going to try your plan of one hour a day in the open. Why, do you know I've lost three pounds in the last week."

"You know you haven't, the scales aren't right. They never are."

THE PINE BRANCH

"Anyway, I want to pick up my golf again. That course at the Country Club cost too much for us promoters not to use it. We'll give it a trial this afternoon at five."

As the weather grew cooler, Marvin spent more time on the golf course. For a whole month he forgot to weigh, forgot to look at himself in the mirror. September storms caused business to depreciate, and the golf course became impossible. The rain did not interfere with riding, however, so he drove over to Evanston to chat with Austin Howard for a few hours.

"I'll say, old man," Howard greeted him, "what are you doing for yourself? Marmola?"

"Marmola? What's that? . . . Oh, I believe that is what the doctor said was the trouble."

After he got home, the memory of Howard's hearty laugh when he told him what the doctor said, sent Marvin to the scales. One hundred and eighty-five! What! That couldn't be true.

"Now, Marvin, you quit your worrying, you feel all right don't you? Well, if you were sick, you would know it without having to weigh to find it out. I'll tell you what, we'll go down and weigh. for you know, I haven't lost any weight."

With all the weight of her small foot on the scale table back of him, Hazel could force the arrow up only eleven pounds.

"You see, Marvin, the scales are wrong. Eleven pounds in just a few hours . . . Impossible! Now let's see how much I weigh

. . . A hundred and two pounds . . . Imagine it! Seven pounds in two months, why I wouldn't gain that much in a year, if I should eat Fleichman's for the rest of my life."

During the next few weeks Hazel often caught Marvin looking at himself in the mirror. Once he asked for the tape measure, but that had been lost. As various friends commented on his loss of weight, the lines of worry and deep thought increased.

"Hazel, I'm going to see Dr. Rand this afternoon. Something is wrong. Everybody tells me how thin I am looking. Do you suppose I have tuberculosis or heart trouble?"

Dr. Rand was very kind that afternoon, no joking, strictly business. Frankly, he was worried and showed it. The examination progressed. Marvin was afraid to ask questions. He was afraid of the answers.

"Marvin, your case is beyond me. I can't seem to get at the bottom of it. I'll wire tonight for Dr. Harrell to come down for a consultation. Dr. Harrell, you know, is the specialist who was at Johns Hopkins until this year. In the meantime, you must go home and go to bed and stay there. You must have absolutely no ex-

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

citement, and no reading or smoking. Keep quiet and rest! We may have to get a trained nurse after Dr. Harrell's visit. Hazel, poor girl, could never stand up under the strain."

On the third day Marvin decided Dr. Harrell was dead or in China, he didn't care which.

"I'm going to get up, Hazel. I'm going to see a doctor. Rand isn't giving me a thing but this colored water. He doesn't know anything, anyway. I'm going to Atlanta. I tell you, I'm a sick man and Dr. Rand is going to let me die."

"I was talking to Dr. Rand today, and he expects Dr. Harrell not later than tomorrow afternoon. Let's wait and see what he says."

"Hazel, I don't believe you care if I"

"Marvin, you must not get excited," as she left the room.

Marvin quietly crawled out of bed. He'd put something over on them. He'd find something to read. A book tucked away back of the clock was all he could find. He heard the back door open and Hazel start towards his room. He hardly had time to get the book under his pillow and get back in bed before she came in. He pretended to be asleep, and she quietly went out.

This must be one of the new novels Hazel was talking about, he thought, as he slowly drew the book from under his pillow. "Dieting for Weight Control." But it would be something to read anyway. The book opened at the menus. "Why, that's just what we've been having!"

EUNICE SEAGRAVES—'31.



EDITORIAL

OUR CAMPUS SPIRIT

Whenever the modern generation is criticized, and its faults pointed out, some worthy champion of the generation always rises and says, "Oh, but our modern generation is so democratic, so tolerant." This champion evidently isn't

a member of some large college group. Nowhere is the caste system so highly developed and the spirit of intolerance so marked as in many of the large universities and colleges.

All too many of the college students of today are intolerant of everything that doesn't agree with their manner of thinking, and they are not the least hesitant about expressing themselves. What they say is the last word, and it is seldom that one is able to change their viewpoints. Moreover, their opinions so strongly adhered to, are usually formed in a moment without previous thought or reasoning. After the first class under a new instructor, that individual is classed as a "good sport" or a "flat tire," and it is only by some miracle that a "flat tire" ever becomes a "good sport." In the same manner fellow students are placed in certain categories. There are the well-dressed and wealthy students who are the "princes" of the campus. One kind word or nod from one of this group will keep a freshman walking on air for a week.

Then there are the leaders of the activities on the campus. A certain girl is respected and admired because she is the president of the So-and-So Club or society.

In the universities and boys' colleges the athletes are worshiped like idols. They are the lords of the campus before whom every one must humbly bow.

All of these groups lead. They are the nobility, and any one who does not belong to at least one of these groups becomes a member of the common herd,—a nobody and a nothing.

In the Georgia State Womans College this caste system does not exist because of the size of the student body and the absence of Sororities,—or rather these are the physical reasons for its non-existence. The underlying reason is the spirit which has been upheld

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

in the College ever since its founding—a spirit of democracy. It is the task of this and the succeeding student bodies to keep this spirit alive, and to prevent our College from becoming a mediaval system consisting of lords and vassals.

KATE JONES—'31.

* * *

AN IDEAL COLLEGE IN AN IDEAL CLIMATE.

Narcissus in January; violets in February; jonquils in March; daffodils in April; sweet peas in May; and roses in June,—flowers all the year. Plumed pines against the blue sky, graceful palms, the gift of a warmer clime, and flower-embowered arches inspire G. S. W. C. students with the "joy of elevated thoughts." Just now the Pine Grove is especially beautiful. Intriguing paths lead through the first green swards. Here and there a purple violet peeps through, curious to see what world it is entering. In the Pine Grove on the other side of the campus a stream winds on its way singing as it goes. The birds in the camphor trees, hearing the singing of the stream among the pines, take up the song spreading it to all parts of the campus. One robin flies to the gladioli field, and there among that profusion of color expands his small throat with the ecstasy inspired by the beauty surrounding him, and the gladioli themselves hearing the song lift their gorgeous heads higher that they may receive and give more of the joy of beauty. Another robin flies to the rose garden and there sings of his admiration for this queen of the flowers.

But is beauty found only in the growing things of the campus? Ah no! After one has stood in the colonnades and has seen the sun sinking behind the live oak trees with mantillas of moss he really feels that life itself is full of beauty. One who has seen the many-eyed dome that captures the moonbeams by night, that ensnares the sun-rays by day can really appreciate beauty.

Is it any wonder then that the students of the Georgia State Womans College contemplate the facts of life with minds fully open and alert to beauty and with a will to respond to it? Surrounded as they are with the beauty of nature and of buildings in line and simplicity replicas of Spanish mission they learn to probe for beauty, to think of things not for their utilitarian value alone, but for the value of the beauty itself. In their probing for this beauty their lives are enriched by "a sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused." They are enabled each day to get from life some measure of happiness, for isn't "a thing of beauty, a joy forever?" More than the delight in the beautiful things them-

THE PINE BRANCH

selves is the joy found in the new worlds that are revealed through beauty,—the worlds of books, of beautiful paintings, of flowers, and of music. All of these worlds opened to the students by the beauty around them may be explored at G. S. W. C.

KATE JONES—'31.



Y. W. C. A.

Miss Margaret Jennings, of Waycross, was leader of vesper service Sunday evening, January 5. Miss Anne Talbert, of Brinson, president of the Y. W. C. A. was the speaker of the evening. Her talk was on ways in which college girls could make the year worth while.

* * *

Regular vesper services were held in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall on Sunday evening, January 12. Miss Jean Loughridge, of Odum, was the leader of the evening. Miss Gertrude Gilmer of the department of English, talked on The Ten Most Famous Women of the Bible. In her talk she emphasized the type of literature in which they appear or which they wrote.

* * *

On Sunday evening, January 19, the vesper service was conducted by members of the alumnae who visited the campus during the week-end. Miss Emma Moore, former president of the Phi Kappa Athletic Association, led the devotional. The prayer was given by Miss Mary Alice Sineath, president of the Y. W. C. A., in 1927-28. Miss Margaret LaFar, who was president of the Y. W. C. A. in 1926-27, gave a most interesting talk, her subject being "What It Meant to Me to Be President of the Y. W. C. A." Miss Ruth Folger, former world fellowship and religious chairman, talked on the duties of this office of the "Y". Miss Martha Youngblood, former member of the G. S. W. C. faculty, closed the service with a brief talk, "My Work as a Leader of Girl Reserves."

* * *

On Thursday evening, January 23, Miss Margaret Sumner, of Poulan, a member of the Junior Class, was the speaker at vesper service. Her subject was, "Making the Best of Things."

* * *

On Sunday evening, February 2, Miss Alice Hicks, of Thomasville,

THE PINE BRANCH

led vesper services. Miss Frances Maddox, a member of the Freshman Class, made a very interesting talk on "Training for Efficiency in Community Life."

* * *

During the week-end of January 25, 26, Mr. Connely, as representative of the Student Volunteer Movement, visited the campus. He brought inspirational thought in several talks.

L. M. HALL—'32.



ATHLETICS

LAMBDA-KAPPA

Examinations are over now, and the Lambdas and Kappas are both practicing hard in basketball and soccer. We are looking forward to some good games in both series.

The Lambda manager of the basketball team is Aline O'Quinn, of Odum, and the soccer manager is Mary Morris, of Columbus.

The Kappa basketball manager is Ernestine Baker, of Pavo, and the soccer manager is Carolyn Readdick.

G. S. W. C. is becoming very outstanding in that she has added to her list of sports—croquette, horse-shoes, and last, but not least, a four hole golf course. The girls and also faculty are showing much interest in these new games, especially in golf.

With these new sports every girl has a chance to have plenty of wholesome exercise, although she does not go out for organized sports.

E. CASTLEBERRY—'32.

E. QUARTERMAN—'32.



LOCALS

Exams are—but why bring that up? They are over! To celebrate the event the literary societies met together having a costume party. The costumes and decorations added much to the spirit of the occasion. Miss Nancy Rowland was given the prize for the most attractive costume.

* * *

The Valdosta Club sponsored a “manless” dance on the evening of February 3.

* * *

Several new students have entered for the Spring semester. Miss Mary Elaine Flannagan, Miss Margaret Warfield, Miss Doris Nicholls, and Miss Blanche Prescott, former students here, have returned to complete their work.

* * *

The Georgia State Womans College Alumnae Reading Club met with Miss Helen Hightower on Thursday evening, January 16. The books discussed were, O. Henry Memorial Award Short Stories of 1929; All Quiet On the Western Front, by Remarque; and The Life of Mrs. Eddy. The second meeting in January of the Alumnae Reading Club was with Misses Iva Chandler and Florence Breen in Converse Hall. The first meeting in February will be with Miss Clifford Quartermann.

* * *

The Glee Club of the Georgia State Womans College entertained the faculty, student body, and friends of the College at tea Wednesday, January 15.

Miss Lois Ford, president of the club, assisted by Miss Alimae Temple, director of the Glee Club, and Miss Helen Ryon, pianist, poured tea.

Guests were received by Misses Myrtice Ford and Louise Johnson. Through the courtesy of Mr. Sands, of the Ritz Theatre, Chief Kiutus Tecumseh, America's only Indian tenor and radio announcer, rendered a number of songs.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

At a call meeting of the International Relations Club, Miss Nannie Pope, of Valdosta, president of the club, presided and made plans for sending delegates to the conference of the International Relations Clubs to be held in Macon on February 27, 28, and March 1. Miss Louise Johnson, of Valdosta, was appointed chairman of a committee for selecting the delegates to the conference.

* * *

The regular meeting of the International Relations Club was held on Friday evening, January 17. The new constitution was read and discussed. Miss Louise Johnson had charge of the program. Interesting discussions were: "Will the Young Plan Work?" led by Miss Dorothy Lile. "United States in the World Court," led by Miss Bertha Ferrell. "Five Power Naval Conference," led by Miss Roselle Hatcher.

* * *

The Philharmonic Club met Monday evening, January 13, in the Rotunda. Miss Joyce Roberson, president of the club, led the meeting. The following program was given: "To Spring" (Grieg)—Alice Hicks. Remarks about "Ole Bull"—Frances Mullins. Melody (Ole Bull)—Frances Maddox. "To An Old White Pine" (MacDowell)—La Vanne Watson. Current Events—Elizabeth Durden. "Valse Caprice" (Newland)—Myrtice Ford.

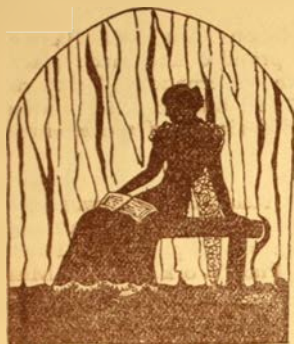
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The Russian Symphonic choir made another appearance here after a lapse of four years. The Philharmonic Club sponsored its appearance at the Emory Junior auditorium February 7.

* * *

Former instructors who have been away on leave of absence, but are returning for the Spring semester, are: Miss Ruth Carpenter, of the Art Department, and Miss Janie Bush, of the Latin Department.

PHARA ELLARBEE—'32.



SOCIETIES

The Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies held a joint meeting in the Rotunda Saturday evening, January 17, 1930.

Alice Gerstenberg's play, "Overtones" was presented by the play production class.

Mary Jane Littlefield as Margaret, Grace Chastain as Maggie, her overtone; and Elizabeth Chance as Hariette, Ardith Lowry as Hettie, her overtone, were the characters.

Margaret and Hariette were society women now. Margaret's husband was an artist while Hariette's husband was a wealthy business man.

Before Hariette was married she had been in love with John, a poor boy. She loved society so much that she finally left John for the rich man.

Later John had moved to the city and had made some money. He married Margaret.

The play was worked out quite cleverly. Margaret and Hariette hated each other. Margaret came to Hariette's home to ask that she let John paint her portrait. It was interesting to see how their hatred finally turned into friendship. Their overtones played a very important part in this development.

* * *

The members of the Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies thoroughly enjoyed the Valentine dance given Saturday evening, February 1, in Ashley Hall, which was appropriately decorated; the prizes and favors carried out the Valentine scheme.

The guests wore costumes and this added much to the interest of the occasion. Every one left with the feeling of having had a glorious good time.

V. CARSWELL—'32.

J. LOUGHRIDGE—'31.



ALUMNAE

The following addresses have been received from our Alumnae girls:

Maude Hodges, Mrs. DeWitt Wynne,
1538 Laura Street, Jacksonville, Florida.

Marion Groover, Vidalia, Georgia.

Ora Mae Byles, 700 W. 10th Street,
Jacksonville, Florida.

Ruth Wilson, 904 Davie Avenue, Winston Salem, N. C.

Esther Freeman, Colquitt, Ga.

Georgia Morton, Commercial Bank Building, High Point, N. C.

Mildred Lavender, Columbus, Georgia.

May Gibson, Mrs. E. G. McCall, Rock Hill, S. C.

Elizabeth Livingston, Mrs. David Ratcliffe, 437 Basswood Street,
Jacksonville, Florida.

Virginia Peeples, Winter Haven, Florida.

Ethel Ingram, Mrs. F. C. Williams, Quincy, Florida.

Elsie Gunn, Mrs. T. E. Stokes, Kokomo, Indiana, 408 W. Walnut
Street.

Luda Zeigler, Mrs. Sidney L. Sellers, Haddonfield, N. J.

Emma Cowart, Donaldsonville, Georgia.

Ina Mae Cromartie, Rentz, Georgia.

Audrey Shelfer, Calvary, Georgia.

Mary Cobb, Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tenn.

Elizabeth Hays, Primary Department, Meigs, Georgia.

Susie Mae Brinson, Chadbourne, N. C.

Annie Leila Wells, Blaney, S. C.

Annie Ruth Sawyer, 5th Grade, Brunswick, Georgia.

Pauline Chandler, Mrs. Charlie Cox, Slocum, Alabama.

Nelle Blalock, Shellman, Georgia.

Evelyn Purcell, East Point, Georgia, 325 W. Washington Ave.

Otha Minick, Brooklet, Georgia.

Nana Alexander, Mrs. S. C. Maurice, Wells, W. Va.

Mattie Campbell, Mrs. William Lester, Valdosta, Georgia.

Helen Mizell, Mrs. Paul Shelby, Box 117, Tallahassee, Florida.

Rena Mae Campbell, Gastonia, N. C.

Johanna Voight, Blackshear, Georgia.

Lois Nichols, Jesup, Georgia.

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Shirley Gaskins, Mrs. W. A. Thomison, Dayton, Tennessee.
Jimmie Carmack, Home Economics, Dean of Girls, S. G. S. C.,
Douglas, Georgia.
Jewel Carmack, Mrs. John A. Tanner, Home Economics, Bridge-
port, Alabama.
Mary Carmack, English and Mathematics, Junior High, Bridge-
port, Alabama.
Zackie Carmack, Home Economics, Grant Alabama.
Thelma Carmack, 3208 San Carlos Street, Tampa, Florida, Fourth
Grade.

* * *

Among our Alumnae visitors during the past month were:
Emma Moore, Ruth Folger, Margaret LaFar, and Martha Young-
blood, of Savannah, Georgia.
Mary Alice Sineath, of Adel, Georgia.
Annie Maude Ferrell, Tallahassee, Florida.
Clara Hargrave, Thomasville, Georgia.
Zylpha Bowman, Thomasville, Georgia.
Doris Fleming, Baconton, Georgia.
Mary Louise Maxwell, Calvary, Georgia.
Audrey Shelfer, Calvary, Georgia.
J. M. Prescott, Lake Park, Georgia.
Mrs. Spence (Lois O'Quinn), Lakeland, Georgia.

* * *

The friends of Nell Bracey (class of '27), who has been teaching
the first grade in Greenville, S. C., will be interested to know that
she is filling the position of first grade critic teacher in the College
Training School. We welcome Nell back to our campus and con-
gratulate her upon this splendid promotion.

* * *

Marriages of the past summer and late winter:
Ferda Bruce—Mrs. James Russell Johnson, 706 Parkway Drive,
Atlanta, Georgia.
Evelyn Brown—Mrs. Leonard Hoge, Valdosta, Georgia.
Mary Frances Robertson—Mrs. Norman E. Knighton, Valdosta,
Georgia.
Rena Mae Davis—Mrs. Fowler, Macon, Georgia.
Clela Wells—Mrs. Preston L. Sessions, 309 N. Lee Street, Val-
dosta, Georgia.
Catherine Wheeler—Mrs. H. W. Fleckenstein, 1356 Pearl Street,
La Katherine Apt. 109, Denver, Colorado.
Minnie Ruth Brown—Mrs. Addis Mathis, Lake City, Florida.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Mae Slott—Mrs. Marvin B. Carrol, 2650 Bailey Ave., Buffalo, New York.

Fraser Livingston—Mrs. Wallace Ledbetter, Waycross, Georgia.

Evelyn Calhoun—Mrs. Jesse Dann, Pine Street, Albany, Georgia.

Margaret Lewis—Mrs. Wilmer Sapp, Jasper, Florida.

Lucy Rossman—Mrs. Dorsey Calhoun, Moultrie, Georgia.

Kathleen Moore—Mrs. Herman Meeks, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Annie Mae Brower, Mrs. Charles E. Isom, Cordele, Georgia.

* * *

Announcements of the following College grandchildren:

William Edward Bell, Tignall, Georgia—Mother is Mrs. George Bell, known as Edith Smith, formerly of Valdosta.

Perry Carter, Jr.—Mother is Mrs. Perry Carter, of Lakeland, Georgia, known as Myrtle Byrd.

Patrick Allen—Mother, Mrs. R. M. Doyle, 318 North 17th St., Kansas City, Kansas; known to us as Musette Williams.

Jane Breen Slover—Mother, Mrs. Horace King Slover, Jesup, Ga., known to us as Margaret Breen.

John Nelson Deming III—Mother, Catherine Smith Deming, of Valdosta, Georgia.

Chandler Cox, son of Mrs. Charlie Cox, formerly Pauline Chandler.

Olive Jane—daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. O'Berry, Jewell Mitchell, Clarkton, N. C.

Burt William Oettmier, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Oettmier, of Fargo, Georgia—formerly Mildred Williams.

Mary Francenia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Rouse, of Greenville, S. C. (Leo Prine):

Jean Aline Hubbard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Hubbard, Stratford, Conn.—Mother, Katie Herrin.

Marjorie Louise, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Few, of Waycross, Georgia. (Sara Reese Strong).

Sara Frances and Julia Clary, twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Will Briggs, of Valdosta, Georgia. (Hazel Bourquine).

FLORENCE BREEN.

SOXES

Miss Fry: I hear they're starting a new campaign against malaria.

Ruth N.: Good heavens! What have the Malarians done now?

"Watch me shake that thing," said the elephant, coming to a suspension bridge.

Doorman at Speakeasy: Who's there?

Voice: It is I.

Doorman: No school-teachers allowed.

Did you hear about the Scotchman who took his caviar in capsules so he wouldn't acquire a taste for the stuff?

Trixy: Peanuts are fattening.

Kat: How do you know?

Trixy: Why, look at the elephant.

Emory Jr.: Last week I bought a tire cover from you, and now I want my money back.

Clerk: Why?

E. J.: I put it on one of my tires and hadn't driven ten miles before the blamed thing wore out.

Johnny, Jr.: Paw, why was Adam created first?

Johnny, Sr.: To give him a chance to say something.

Our hardened old hearts go out to the numerous freshmen who have just learned (unhappy fate!) that exams are—just tests.

ELIZABETH CHANCE—'32.

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