

THE PINE BRANCH



MARCH
1931

Volume XV

Number 5

THE PINE BRANCH

ISSUED MONTHLY

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

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

VOL. XV.

MARCH, 1931

NO. 5

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AWAKENING

I walk among the pines
Who grow beside the lake,
To hear the little rustling sound
That the violets make.

I place one violet on my dress,
The other in my hair,
And merrily I walk along—
How they perfume the air!

As twilight comes upon the wood
I think, "how late 'tis grown!
On the other side of this hill
There is my lighted home."

I take one violet from my dress,
The other from my hair;
And then, I hold them in my hand,
To find them withered there.

FRANCES HOWELL—'32.

TO SPRING

Odor of springtime, fragrance of freshness,
Borne by the breeze to the conscience of wakening souls;
Scent of gardenias, mingled with fragrance of pines,
Odor of freshly-turned grass-roots and coolness of mist from the lake.
Spicy aroma of leaves that are beaten and bruised by the rain,
Wafted by wind from the southward and weighted with perfume
of dawn,
Risen from gardens of roses and deep buds of heliotrope,
Sweet-scented Spiritess, luring, elusive—
Swaying the world by thy presence of purity,
Live to eternity, Spirit of Spring.

ELSIE QUARTERMAN—'32.

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT?

Pat Roberts frowned thoughtfully and reached for another chocolate. It was nice to have a roommate with so many beaux, especially when one was off men for life. If only Jerry hadn't been so stubborn—but that was neither here nor there! The important question was, where was the hat?

She unconsciously voiced her thoughts, and Lil's voice came from the vicinity of the window where, in the last faint gleams of the afternoon sun, she was endeavoring to finish an exciting love story. An abandoned psychology book lay on the floor at her feet. It was one of Lil's principles never to read psychology by a poor light. It was bad for the eyes.

"Hat? Did I hear you mention a hat, Pat? Don't tell me that Dot Leonard has been borrowing your things again. That girl ought to be ashamed of herself. I don't see why you put up with it." And to emphasize her disapproval, one of Lil's bright red mules flew up in the air and came down with a plop at Pat's feet.

"Nope, it's not that this time, Lil," Pat answered, throwing the red missile back across the room just as Lil dodged. Then Lil punched on the light. The bright glare revealed Pat's worried face. She blinked, shook herself impatiently, and went to the mirror to brush her short rebellious curls. It was time for the supper bell.

"Well, what's the matter then?" Lil looked almost cross. The bright light gave her no further excuse for neglecting the psychology. "You haven't lost a hat, have you?" she asked absently, having already forgotten the reason for her question.

"Oh, come out of the fog, child. I'm talking about Dr. Scott's hat." Pat jerked at a tangle.

"Now, listen here, Pat Roberts, I asked you a sensible question, and you ought to answer it sensibly. I asked only to be polite, in the first place, but if you are going to act so facetious, I'll just make you be polite to your old roommate." Lil's tall blonde prettiness appeared in the mirror behind Pat's gypsylike countenance, and Pat found herself being playfully but vigorously choked.

"Cut it out, fair one. I can't eat any supper if you put a permanent twist in my neck. I'll tell you all about it, since you appear to be really ignorant. A person studying to be a teacher ought to be thankful to have an ignorant person to practice on occasionally."

"Fire away, Aristotle, or maybe it's John Dewey," Lil shoved Pat aside and picked up a powder puff, slightly the worse for wear. "I knew that Dr. Scott had a hat, but I didn't know that he had lost it.

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And if he has, what in the world made him appoint you as his Sherlock Holmes?"

"Listen, Lil, if you really want to know, just let me talk a minute. How can I say anything with you going on like an electric phonograph?"

"You can't", murmured the irresistible Lil, "but you can put on some extra volts and drown out station L-I-L."

"As I was saying—or maybe I wasn't," Pat began once more, "it is an old Spanish—I beg your pardon, I mean an old custom in this school for President Scott to let his hat be hidden every year—"

"I admit that he looks better without one, but what's the idea?"

"Will,—or can you be quiet! The dean privately sends for a sophomore or a freshman, alternating every year, and gives her one of Dr. Scott's old hats—the one that has been hidden every year for ten years. It is certainly disreputable looking by now, too, I can tell you. Nobody knows who is sent for, because the girl is bound to secrecy. She takes the hat, and when nobody's around, hides it somewhere on the campus. The dormitories can't be included, but the academic buildings and the great outdoors, within certain limits, can be used as a hiding place."

"Sounds good," Lil smeared on some lipstick, "but what's it for?"

"Well, when it is announced that the hat has been hidden, all of the freshmen and sophs look for it. The class that finds it gets a holiday and the other class has to give them a party, into the bargain. If nobody finds it within a week, then the hider has to tell where it is and gets a prize for outwitting the classes. Only nobody ever has gotten a prize for that. The students would tear up the campus to get that holiday. So there you have it. I don't see how you have been in this school for six months without hearing about hiding the hat. It's an old school tradition, and we have bushels of fun. We found it last year, when I was a freshman, and the sophs gave us a grand party. Hence my puzzled expression, and the remark about the hat. Savvy? The hunt begins tomorrow, so look alive."

"I'm pretty lucky," announced Lil, grabbing her shoes, for the supper bell had rung. "Guess I will find it, and then you will have to invite the old roomy to a party, huh?"

Lil thought Pat had unburdened her mind, but Pat still frowned as they went downstairs. She hadn't been quite frank with Lil. She could not be, of course, since she was bound to secrecy.

She had been selected to hide the hat this year, which was really a compliment to her ingenuity. She had pledged her word to secrecy,

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and placed the hat in her slicker pocket to wait for a good chance to hide it. As she was leaving the house she had run into Dot Leonard. Dot had smiled knowingly and murmured sweetly, "Pat, I understand all about it." Pat had stared at her in surprise, and then hurried on.

Pat was angry about that. It had almost spoiled the game. Dot was peeved with her for not letting her have her new evening dress.

Pat had waited until nearly dark for her chance. When she went to the club house to a meeting of the Pirate's Club she arrived early and seized the opportunity, under cover of the semi-darkness, to place the hat in the branch of a pine tree, that grew near the house, in such a way that it would not be noticed easily.

Apparently no one had been in the vicinity, but she had been startled to meet Dot Leonard on the porch of the club house as she went in. Dot had looked at her in a peculiar way, but had said nothing. Pat's former suspicion had returned immediately.

Pat was sure that Dot knew where the hat was hidden, so she had gone back to get it that afternoon to hide it again. But the hat was nowhere to be found!

All through supper Pat wondered about the hat. The girls at her table chattered gayly about the hunt that was to begin next day, and laughingly suggested all kinds of absurd possible hiding places. Pat glared several times at the next table where Dot sat with that smug look on her face. Thought she was smart for playing such a trick, eh? Pat hated the idea of reporting Dot for not playing the game fairly. No, it would be better to go on and pretend nothing had happened. The girls could look for the hat, anyway. She guessed that it didn't make much difference who hid the hat, as long as it was hidden. But suppose no one ever found it? Then she would have to tell everything.

"Hey, Pat! Wake up," Lil punched Pat vigorously. "The gang is coming up to our room for an old time bull session. So snap out of it, and come on."

Pat realized that supper was over, and that she had eaten little. Oh, well, Lil's candy was still there. But—it wouldn't be there long if the gang found it.

Dot tried to stop Pat on the stairs, but Pat gave her a look of contempt and walked on without speaking. That was the only way to treat people with no sense of fair play. Funny how much she had liked Dot last year. Then Dot had begun borrowing Pat's clothes. Pat hadn't minded at first, but Dot made a habit of it. Pat had put her foot down when Dot had asked for her new long

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evening dress. Dot had been peeved, but Pat had never dreamed that she would stoop to this to "get even." Maybe Dot thought it was a good joke, but Patricia Roberts could not see it that way.

"Oh, Pat. Dot said that you had been high-hatting her all day. What's wrong?" It was Nell Carlton, Dot's roommate, who asked the question in between snatches of song that she was strumming on her uke.

"Oh, I'm okch," Pat answered, slipping out of her dress and drawing her rose quilted robe about her snugly. "Maybe Dot has a guilty conscience. She hasn't been any too friendly to me lately."

Pat felt tired. The uke and the tuneless phonograph jarred her nerves. The gang was fun, but she wished they would choose someone else's room to meet in occasionally. The room always looked like the pathway of a tornado when they left. Pillows and rugs were thrown about; bed covers wrinkled; food scattered everywhere in the most ridiculous places. One might find a cream puff under one's pillow. Oh, well! Maybe she was just cross tonight. Funny about Dot's mentioning the cut. Surely she had sense enough to know what was meant by it.

The hunt progressed fast and furiously between and after classes the next day. Bushes were explored; bricks and rocks overturned; the desks in the buildings ransacked. But nobody found the hat. Pat and Lil searched everywhere, teasing each other about who would get the holiday. Pat ran into Dot once and asked sarcastically, "Well, Dot. Have you found the hat?" Dot had looked, or pretended to look, surprised.

"Why, no, Pat. I've looked everywhere. Whoever hid it surely did a thorough job. I just hope the Freshies don't find it."

"I'll say whoever hid it did a good job of it," Pat answered with a meaning look and stalked off, wondering how anybody could be so deceitful and try to appear so innocent. Surely Dot would repent and confess where she had hidden the hat. The hider always pretended to hunt, but never found the trophy. But this was one time when the hider was hunting without pretending not to find it.

As the week drew to a close, the whole freshman and sophomore classes were worried. If no one found the hat, there would be no holiday, and the hider would get a prize. Nobody in ten years had won a hider's prize. It would be a disgrace.

Pat knew that she could not accept a prize. She could not even tell where the hat was. She hated to report Dot. Dot had been her pal last year. She would break the ice of the past week and talk it over with Dot,—call her hand and promise not to report her

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if she would give up the hat, so that it could be hidden in a fairly easy place. Tomorrow was the last day of the hunt.

Seeing Dot out on the golf course, Pat picked up her clubs and went out, ostensibly to get in a little practice. This meant the end of every vestige of friendship with Dot. For even if Dot consented to tell her where the hat was, she could never bear the sight of her again.

At the thought, Pat struck her ball viciously, and it sailed across the links into the road on the other side. Seeing a little colored boy, who was passing, Pat hailed him and asked him to bring her the ball. She was too tired to go after it. Two of her classmates and two freshmen were on the green behind her and called greetings. She turned to chatter with them a moment.

The negro boy approached the group timidly, but grinning from ear to ear. He was the college janitor's son and used to the caprices of these college ladies. Pat took her ball and asked him to wait a moment until she found a nickel in her pockets to give him. But before she found one, a wild whoop from Nell Carlton, one of the group, almost made her drop her clubs.

"Here it is! Here it is!" Nell shouted. "Dr. Scott's hat! The sophs get the holiday—and the party. Hooray!" and Nell darted toward the astonished negro boy. She snatched from his head a much worn hat, and waved it aloft, triumphantly.

Pat and the other girls thought Nell had gone crazy. Dot Leonard came up to see what the excitement was about.

"Look, if you don't believe me," Nell held the hat out to Pat. "There's Dr. Scott's name in it. And I recognize it anyway, because I hid it last year."

Pat looked at the hat doubtfully. But, sure enough, it was the hat! There was certainly something funny about this. She looked questioningly at Dot, but Dot only smiled in a friendly manner. Pat sighed and muttered, "Well, it's beyond me."

The girls rushed off to spread the news, thrilled that somebody had worked a clever ruse on the school. Whoever thought of hiding a hat on somebody's head! Naturally the janitor's son would be on the campus every day. What a clever hider!

Pat and Dot remained with the colored boy.

"Pat, can't we be friends again?" begged Dot. "I've tried to tell you a dozen times that I understood the way you felt about the evening dress. You have taught me that it doesn't pay to borrow. But you have been so haughty and contemptuous that I have been afraid to speak to you."

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Pat drew a long breath. "Oh, that's all right, Dot. Listen, will you take my clubs in for me? There's the bell, and I want to talk to this boy a moment."

Dot picked up the clubs and started back to the dormitory, whistling happily. Pat looked at the negro boy sternly. The smile had vanished from his face; he was the picture of bewilderment.

"Boy," said Pat, "Where did you get that hat?"

"Mistess, ah didn't steal it; sho nuff, ah didn't. Ah found it when ah wuz choppin' some weeds over dah. Hit was up in a tree, and wuz so ragged, ah jes' tuck it, Mistess."

Pat smiled rather grimly and gave the boy a dime. No use to scold a negro for taking a ragged hat. Then she walked slowly back toward the dormitory in the twilight, and thanked the stars that were beginning to twinkle above her that she had not made a complete fool of herself.

MELBA YOUNG BEALE—'32.

COLOR

A sunset—
Rather say
A flame of red
Against the blue,
Polished gold
Shining like some
Miser's hoard,
Purple of iris
In a lady's garden—
Reds
Blues
Lavenders
Hues
Of all the rainbow
Make this wonder
This glory
This marvel
Of God's own hand.

VIRGINIA HUTCHINSON—'34.

IN DEFENSE OF INDIVIDUALISM

I have two pennies in my hand,—two American copper pieces which in so far as I can ascertain are exactly alike; the face of Lincoln, the same date, and on the back of each the inscription, "E Pluribus Unum"—one among many. This inscription brings to my mind an article that I read in a magazine a little while ago in which the author states that the reason foreigners are so interesting is because they are so different from Americans, who, as individuals, are each one exactly like the other. My first impulse was to disagree wholly with him, but as I read on I began to wonder if, as individuals, Americans are only "e pluribus unum"? Apparently, yes. For the most part, they have the same kind of standardized homes, they go to the same types of places, eat the same kinds of foods, have the same aspirations, and live the same mechanical routine existence. Gregariousness, psychology says, is one of the primary social instincts, but is the gregarious instinct so well developed in the American race that it is a barrier to individualism?

Walk along a city residential street in the evening. Cosy, comfortable homes, with the usual happy families. Life for these happy families settles around five fundamentals: the automobile, the radio, the bridge table, the picture show, newspapers and best sellers,—foundations of the great American home life. The interests of the fathers of these happy families center around the office, the political situation, the prize fight, and getting a more distant station on the radio than his neighbor; the mothers in keeping the happy families happy; the daughters in getting a happy family of their own; and the sons either in making money or in enjoying the blessing of youth aided by the money that the fathers have made. They all have the same interests because they do not dare to show themselves interested in anything that their neighbors do not care for.

I know a number of people who care passionately for classical music, but who try to conceal the fact from others as guardedly as though it were a physical defect. In this age of jazz, the moment you get opera on the radio, every one in the room glares as if to say, "Well, can't you do any better than that?"

A student confided in me one day with reference to one of the concerts that the student body was expected to attend en masse. "Every one at the table was fussing about having to go to that old recital tonight. I really want to go, but I hate to admit it because everybody nowadays thinks you're old-fashioned if you care about such things." Why should you be considered old-fashioned if you

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care about classical music, about religion, and about Shakespeare? Who sets the fashions anyway? The people, some say, but that is a fallacy. The few set the fashions and the people follow.

Why do I wear my dresses ankle-length when others are wearing them ankle-length? Haven't short ones been proved more comfortable, sanitary, and convenient? Do I let my hair grow because I think that it will be more becoming or because my roommate is letting hers grow? Most of the things that we do are because we do not wish to be different from the mode. Who does not prefer to be modish rather than eccentric?

During a discussion of college life, one freshman said bluffingly to another, "Do you know what is a fact? There are two girls who room on the same hall that I do, and they actually use the same soap! Think of it!" The other, failing to detect the bluff, agreed that for two people to use the same soap was unspeakable, when in fact, she had been in the habit of sharing soap with her roommate. Not the fact that it might be unsanitary to use the same soap with someone else, but if polite society frowned upon the sharing of soap, never must she be discovered.

Yet it is the individual who catches the popular fancy. To be queer is to be mysterious, and mystery is one of the greatest self-attracting agencies. About whom are the pages of the movie magazines filled at present? Greta Garbo, the Hollywood mystery. She has been titled the only actress who hasn't "gone Hollywood." Her slouch hat, her oxfords, her disregard for American admiration, her seclusion,—these are the things, primarily, that have made her a success. Not perfect acting, but her eccentric manners have caused her to be the most popular actress in America today. She has added a note of strangeness to the picture world, and it has been this note of strangeness that attracted public fancy to itself.

Hamlet raised the question, "to be or not to be?" and left it. I add, to be individualistic, or to be modernistic? E Pluribus Unum.

LILLIAN M. LIVELY—'32.

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ENCHANTMENT
(CONTINUED)

Daphne slept late the next morning. It was noon before her maid announced that she just had time to dress before lunch. Jerry was to be home for lunch today too. This wasn't his usual custom, but he was arriving at noon from New York. Poor old Jerry. A regular old stick in the mud. She hadn't treated Jerry right lately—take for instance, her conduct with a stranger last night. She tried to imagine herself making it up to Jerry, for the way she'd treated him. However, such thoughts were not pleasing. Daphne was tired of Jerry, or tired of being married.

The telephone interrupted her thoughts.

"Good morning, Daphne."

"Oh!—good morning."

"You know who is speaking?"

"Yes—Jim."

"I want to see you so much, Daphne."

"That is impossible."

"Don't say that! I'm so distractly in love. Why, I'm going about like a sleep walker."

"I tell you, I can't see you."

"Daphne, please come down to the Beerstaff Apartment Hotel, Apartment No. 4. The one on the right as you enter."

"For the third time I tell you I can't see you."

"Daphne, I'm dying for love of you."

"I don't want you to die—" she said in hanging up the receiver.

Four hours later Daphne left the Beerstaff Apartments. It had been a day without sun. The muffled light fell all day across the city.

Daphne thought, as she climbed into her neat blue roadster, that she should feel wicked. She began formulating plans. She'd go to Reno. The "sentence" there, as all of her crowd referred to it, was only three months. It took from six to twelve months for a divorce in other states. "The biggest little city in the world" was Reno's boast. Daphne had been there at one time with Jerry. She had had fun counting the forty-seven hotels, thirty-seven beauty parlors. She remembered that some one said that this town of 18,000 boasted of a hundred and twenty lawyers. Daphne remembered that she and Jerry had talked of the children playing on the hotel verandas.

There was a puzzled, questioning look in their eyes. Children's eyes should be clear—trusting. Thank goodness! Daphne thought—she didn't have any children. At least there weren't any children to stand in her way. She hated the idea of telling Jerry that their marriage was on the rocks. Good old Jerry! Would it be as easy

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to break away from him, and their life together, as it had seemed a short while ago, with Jim's arms around her? It wasn't right to have thoughts like this. She was married. Married to Jerry. She was Daphne Orr and she was wicked. No! she wasn't, she protested. She only wanted to live. Yet Jerry was part of her life. Good old Jerry—"an old stick in the mud." Jerry always understood. She had always been with him. She would tell Jerry about Jim. Jerry would laugh, and say as he often did, when a new "affair" was rumored in their set, "It is easy to have an affair, Daphne, but hard to keep from having one."

As she went towards the solitary light burning for her in the hall, she thought with a sudden fear that she had implored Jim for assurance just as Jerry mutely implored her every time he left her. But things were different now, Jerry would never have to implore her mutely again. She would give him her assurance tonight!

The telephone was breaking the quiet of the hall.

Telegram for Mrs. Orr, from New York."

"Jerry hurt in automobile accident this afternoon. Is now at St. John's hospital. Advise you to come at once,

Uncle John."

Jerry had been hurt—perhaps dying—while she, his wife—No!—She must not think that way. Jerry couldn't be dying. He was too young! Yet young people died. And some day she, too—she too—Jerry, her Jerry was hurt! Jerry, are you hurt badly, dearest? Dearest!—When did the next train leave for New York?

MARY J. PENCE—'32.

AN ATTEMPT AT A SONNET

Yon moon so solitary and serene
Sends down to earth its silvery rays of light,
To guide man on his way; would that I might
Through verse show mortals what the moon can mean!
As I stand on the shifting sands and gaze
Wildly out o'er the foaming billows blue,
Rushing with tempestous glee on shore anew,
Poetic thoughts arise,—but almost in a daze,
Chancing to look up to the cloudless sky.
Into my vision comes a straight and slender pine
Which with poor words I long to seize as mine
And the world's. But I fail, I know not why!
How oft' to me this life seems so unfair—
In that our emotions we cannot share.

MARY WINN—'31.



EDITORIAL

The Georgia State Woman's College at Valdosta has distinguished itself from all other colleges in a number of ways. In the first place there is a distinctiveness about the curriculum of our College in that it provides for only a selected group of students. This difference has been thoroughly explained in our annual brochure for the year.

"In the colleges of America today there are three well marked types of students. There are those who are seeking a well rounded culture, a participa-

tion in the spiritual life of the best men and women of all ages; there are those who are seeking proficiency in some profession or occupation; and there are those who are merely seeking a good time for four years—or less—together with such incidental enlargement of mind as may come from a not-too-seriously-taken attendance on a course of study.

"The Georgia State Woman's College conceives it to be its function as a state supported institution for young women, according to its charter, to serve the first two groups. It is a college for those young women who are seeking culture, and a professional school for those who wish to equip themselves as teachers, i. e., as the agents of society in passing on this same culture.

"The college holds that these two functions can and ought to be best performed by the same institution and that it is the duty of this state institution to perform both functions and perform them well. It does not attempt to serve the third group mentioned above; it sees no reason why the state should pay for that service.

"This is a liberal arts college in which those students who have no professional objective find their studies favorably influenced by the presence of professionally interested fellow students. It is a 'teachers college' (not a normal school) in which the trade school point of view is broadened and refined by the presence of those interested in culture as such."

The home life of our college as well as its curriculum is distinctive. We have never adopted the traditional method of governing a girl's

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school by the supervision of a board of matrons. Although G. S. W. C. is the youngest branch of the University of Georgia, it was the first to have a dean of women. During our entire history we have had student government under the guidance of a dean of women who is trained in her profession.

Another division of our school whose distinction is worthy of attention is our athletics. From the survey of the athletics of our college which is printed in this number of "The Pine Branch," several variances of our system from that of other schools are evident. Most important of all is that we have avoided the over-emphasis of one or two sports which is so common in most colleges. In doing this we have not only been able to include an unusually wide range of sports but we have also provided for a greater percentage of students than could be included in any other plan. Another advantageous thing about our arrangement is that we have prevented the antagonism which arises from inter-class contests.

Just as the distinction of our college when compared to others is seen in these major departments, so it is of every phase of college life on our campus. Even the manner in which our girls conduct themselves reflects this difference. A recent distinguished visitor here paid a great tribute to the distinction of our college when he said that he had never seen a school in which the by-products of education as well as the products were more in evidence.

* * *

ATHLETICS AT G. S. W. C.

Athletics, like everything else at G. S. W. C., take on an individual aspect here. There is a certain distinctive atmosphere about the way that our sports are managed which is not to be found elsewhere.

One unusual feature of our athletics is that we do not have inter-class contests. The entire school is divided into twin athletic associations whose members from all classes compose the opposing teams. This promotes a spirit of fellowship between the classes. The twin associations, Phi Kappa and Phi Lambda, have the same constitution and by-laws and a joint council. All new girls on entering the college are given a bid to one or the other of the associations.

One of the greatest virtues of our athletic program is its inclusiveness. There is hardly a sport known in the south which is not provided for and encouraged on our campus. As soon as the fall session begins all the girls put in their extra hours in perfecting their golf and tennis technique. Not a hundred feet from the freshman dormitory lie the handsome clay and asphalt tennis courts. For the golf

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devotees are provided a clever and original eighteen-hole miniature golf course, a clock golf green, and a beautifully kept course for "regular golf." Grass does not grow to be any greener than that of South Georgia, and the even stretch of our fairways is a delight to the eye of every true golfer.

As soon as the weather gets a little cooler American ball, a combination of soccer, basketball, and football which is comparatively new in the south, and volley ball became the first organized sports of the season. There's something about an American ball game that simply makes you feel that you are witnessing a great football classic.

At the end of the American ball and volley ball season a basketball goal tournament is run off to stimulate good shooting in proportion for the basketball season. Soccer gets under way during the time that the basketball teams begin to develop. Nothing during the entire year is received with more enthusiasm than the basketball and soccer series. The girls in the cheering section, who don overalls of their association's color for the occasion, add an indispensable note to the spirit of the contests.

With the advent of spring comes the track season, and a mob turns out. The girls are trained unusually hard this time and they put up an excellent showing at the track meet. We have Field Day on the last day before Spring Holidays. Every girl in the school participates in the demonstrations of folk dancing and marching that begin the program. One of the most spectacular features of the day is an intricate drill which the freshmen execute en masse. Following this is the "Grand March" in which the girls of each athletic association proudly bear their colors around the field. The last part of the celebration is the track meet. When the events are finally under way, it seems that something has turned a group of perfectly normal girls into a pack of lithe greyhounds. The beauty and grace of a track meet will stand comparison with any spectacle on earth.

At just about this time the annual miniature golf tournament is played off. This event is designed especially for the girls who are not up to very strenuous exercise.

Soon after our return from Spring Holidays our tennis champions come to the front in the doubles and singles tournaments. Here it is that the time which the girls have put in at their odd moments shows up. A great deal of excitement always attends the tennis tournament.

May Day is a great occasion at G. S. W. C. We invite girls from every high school in South Georgia to be our guests for the day.

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In the morning we have all sorts of contests between teams composed of a mixed group of the college girls and our visitors. Much fun and many awards accompany these battles. One of the most novel of the events is box hockey. In the afternoon we all put on appropriate costumes in which to pay homage to our May Queen. The beautiful setting, the loveliness of the queen and her court, and the impressiveness of the dances executed before Her Majesty cause our May Day to be one of the most remembered of all southern college customs.

The little time left before summer vacation is taken up with the baseball season and the golf tournament. Our baseball nines show real "class" and the entire student body proves its thorough Americanism at the baseball games. Nearly all of the girls who have taken up the game have developed good golf form by the end of the year and the golf championship is always a much coveted award.

This year we have inaugurated two new and very interesting sports. We have two rifle teams of nine girls each and we are beginning to develop an archery squad. All girls would like to be "sharpshooters" and the instruction which we are getting from a United States government official is a wonderful opportunity for all would-be-gunners. Throughout the year the organized hikes and weiner roasts are among the most popular of all activities.

As is the case with most successful enterprises, much of the success of the program of athletics in the college depends on good leadership. All the athletic undertakings are organized under a highly trained and highly efficient Professor of Physical Education who has a full time assistant and special coaches of some of the sports. Every organized practice is conducted and coached by a trained official of the Physical Education Department. Our coaches are what is popularly termed as "the real thing," and it is to them that the success of our athletic program is due. In addition to the regular staff the golf professional from the Valdosta Country Club conducts bi-weekly golf classes during the year. The rifle classes are coached by an officer of the national guards in Valdosta. We are very fortunate in having these two experts and the girls do not fail to take advantage of the opportunity.

Merit in athletics is duly honored. Success is rewarded by the presentation of numerals, letters, and loving cups; and, as the greatest honor of all, by placing the names of a few girls on the athletic plaques. Yet while these awards are primarily athletic awards, and are known as such, it is one of the most characteristic features of

THE PINE BRANCH

the G. S. W. C. system that the awards are not given for athletic prowess alone. Points towards these awards are given for leadership and diligence in every phase of our college life. Scholarship, observance of the rules of the student government, attendance at meetings of the associations, and office holding in the various organizations on the campus all count towards the winning of these emblems, just as attendance at practice and skill in athletics do. The idea here is to develop the all-round girl. The athletic awards have been placed within the reach of every girl who makes her greatest effort. We want athletics to be a real part of the life of every student and not of just the few outstanding athletes. We believe that "it's not the size of the dog in the fight, but the size of the fight in the dog" that counts. Of course the athletic associations enter into the social life of the school, and the final party at which the awards are presented is always one of the most thrilling events of the year.

But after all, the greatest thing about our athletic associations is the spirit of sportsmanship which they foster. It is on the athletic field that many of our girls learn the meaning of that great principle of fellowship known as the Golden Rule, and they have come to apply it to every phase of their college life and to carry it with them all through life. Athletics at G. S. W. C. have taught our girls to remember that—

"When the One Great Scorer comes
To write against your name,
He counts not that you won or lost—
But *how you played the game.*"



LOCALS

The Sophomore Class was hostess to a delightful tea on the last Wednesday in January. The color scheme of yellow and white was effectively carried out in the refreshments and favors while huge baskets of spring flowers in the same colors bedecked the tea table and mantles. Soft yellow tapers burned on the tea table which was presided over by Miss Virginia Clark of Tampa, Fla.,

president of the class, and Miss Elizabeth Pardee of Thomasville, Ga., secretary. A delightful program was sponsored by sophomore members of the expression and music departments.

* * *

The Presidents' Club, which consists of the presidents of all the organizations on the campus with Miss Annie P. Hopper as faculty advisor, held its January meeting at the "House-in-the-Woods" on January 20. Interesting speeches were given by Miss Mary E. Flanagan of Waycross, Miss Margaret Brabham of Moultrie, and Miss Margaret Littlefield of Folkston. After the business meeting a delightful social hour was enjoyed.

Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Durrenberger entertained the sociology and economic classes with a Valentine party at their home on Friday, February 13, and the International Relations class with a George Washington party on February 20. Both of these parties were very appropriate and were thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

February 19 was a very busy day on the campus. The freshmen were looking for the famous "hat" which the sophomores hide from them each year on October 19 and the freshmen search for on the nineteenth of every month until February 19. Not long after lunch a scream rose from the group of searchers and the sophomores knew that the freshmen were successful and that it would be their place to entertain the latter at the annual "hat party."

The Student Government Association held its regular monthly meeting in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall, Friday night, February 6. Dr. Lena J. Hawkes, Professor of Mathematics, gave a very interesting talk on "The Practical Applications of Mathematics."

ELIZABETH WRIGHT—'33.



CLUBS

The Sock and Buskin Club held its regular monthly meeting in the English Room in West Hall on Tuesday evening, February 16. The program consisted of two plays. The first, directed by Roselle Hatcher was a translation from a Spanish play called "A Sunny Morning." The characters were: Dona Laura, Mary Virginia McKey; Don Gonzalo, Kathryn Wall; Petra, Frances Howell; Juanita, Pearl Fairchild. The second play, a translation from the German,

was directed by Margaret Jennings. The cast for "The Third Man" was: Hausmann, Marguerite Powell; Apollania, Margaret Littlefield; Adelphaid, Myrtice Johnson; Klokile, Winona Parrish.

* * *

The Fine Arts Club held its regular program and social meeting at the "House-in-the-Woods," Tuesday night, February 3. After a short business session, the program committee offered an interesting discussion of etchings and etchers. Aline Tison gave an account of what etchings are and how they are made. Margaret Parrish reported on great etchers.

The work meeting for February of the Fine Arts Club was in the form of a sketching tour on Wednesday afternoon, February 11. Some interesting scenes were selected on Oak Street and at the branch.

On February 11, the Fine Arts Club had charge of the chapel program. The purpose of the program was to let the student body know of the two exhibits that the club is sponsoring this spring. One exhibit, of soap-sculpture, was on the campus at the time. Aline Tison spoke of this exhibit, and of the importance of soap sculpture. The other exhibit was announced for sometime in the next few weeks. Emeliza Swain told something of this exhibit and of the work of the school which sends it, The New York School of Fine and Applied Arts.

* * *

The January meeting of the Home Economics Club was held at the sewing laboratory on January 19. The following program was given:

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"Desirable Personal Qualifications in The Field of Home Economics," Ethel McSwain; "Value of Home Economics," Miss Worcester; "Outstanding Achievements of My High School Club," Mary Leverette. An open discussion on what other clubs have done followed.

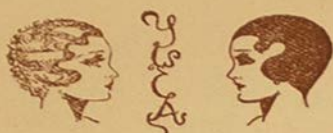
* * *

The February meeting of the Philharmonic Club was held in the rotunda of Ashley Hall on February 16. The following program was rendered: A surprise number, which consisted of two violin solos by Margaret Pardee, the ten-year-old daughter of Mrs. Frances B. Pardee; a paper on The Orchestra, by Annie Lois Gardner; a piano solo, Minuet in E flat major (Mozart), by Dorothy Crocker; Sarabande and Gavotte (J. S. Bach), by Margaret Williams of Douglas; a paper on the History and Development of the Instruments, by Clarice Worsham; My Heart Ever Faithful (J. S. Bach), by Joyce Roberson.

* * *

The February meeting of the International Relations Club was held at the "House-in-the-Woods" on February 10. The program was as follows: A book report, Dorothy Stroud; Current Events, Georgia Patterson; Our Interests in Panama, Mary Poole.

EMELIZA SWAIN—'33.



Y. W. C. A.

The programs of the vesper services for the last three or four weeks have been most interesting. In the Program Committee's efforts to make the programs worthwhile, some very unusual and interesting subjects have been used as topics. Two services were devoted to the study of the Bible. On Sunday evening, February 8, the service was led

by Miss Harriet Sheppard of Savannah, and Miss Margaret Kennedy gave a very interesting discussion of "Facts About the Bible." The following Sunday this discussion was continued and Miss Dorothy Chapman of Savannah led. The subject for this service was "History of the Bible." Miss Margaret Jennings of Waycross gave a talk on Bible history in general, and Miss Lillian Lively of Savannah told of the origin and languages of the Bible.

* * *

On Thursday evening, February 26, Miss Annie P. Hopper gave the first talk of a series that is to follow on, "The Education of Women." Miss Hopper's talk centered around the very earliest education of women. She began her talk with a picture of primitive life of women, showing how they were handicapped, and how man's attitude toward them held them down, and how they gradually evolved from that state.

* * *

Wednesday, February 11, as the girls passed out of the dining room each drew a name out of a box. The girl whose name you drew was to be your "Heart Sister," and beginning right then you must try to think of all the nice things you could do for her without letting her know who you were. Up until Friday night all kinds of suspicious-looking packages were passed from girl to girl. Friday night there was a special Valentine dinner and each girl revealed herself to her "Heart Sister" in some mysterious way. During the meal there was a short program and between courses everybody danced.

* * *

Saturday evening, February 14, the Y. W. C. A. entertained the

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

faculty and student body at tea from four to six. At four o'clock there was a short musical program.

* * *

Students from twenty Georgia colleges and universities gathered February 13-15 at the First Presbyterian church, Decatur, for the annual session of the Georgia Student Volunteer Union to consider "Missions in a Modern World." Four delegates from G. S. W. C. attended this conference. They were Miss Lillian Hopper of Lucedale, Miss., Miss Emily Jennings of Dawson, Miss Helen Brasington of Waycross, and Miss Nancy Rowland of Wrightsville. Vesper service for Thursday evening, February 19, took the form of a report from these delegates, and each gave short talks on the conference, telling of the lectures which they attended and the other interesting features.

There were several very inspiring addresses on various phases of the conference theme. Dr. W. A. Smart, Professor of Biblical Theology, Emory University, sounded the key-note in the initial address "The Christian Message in a Modern World." He presented vividly the need of a message that will give a bigger conception of God to a growing world. Dr. Smart made a plea for a presentation of a deep personal expression of God to a world steeped in mechanistic philosophy. "Can we go with a serene consciousness—a thrill—to tell the people there is a God for the world today as to the primitive world of the past? If you have a message, share it."

"Where Are We?" was the subject of a trenchant message by Professor Garfield Evans, recent president of Pinson College, Camaguey, Cuba. He stated negatively the task of modern missions: (1) not to carry a message to the poor, or to a particular class; (2) not to conduct a campaign; (3) not to carry a new religion—but rather to give a new content to a religion such as given in the presentation of Jesus Christ.

Another of the many interesting speakers was Dr. W. T. Watkins, professor of Church History at Emory University, who spoke on "Inadequacies of Non-Christian Religions." The adequacy of Jesus Christ as a message that fills every need, and Christ's emphasis upon the value of human personality and its possibility of enrichment through life and beyond, were points stressed in the address.

NANCY ROWLAND—'33.



SOCIETIES

ARGONIAN DEBATES

The Argonian Literary Society held a series of informal debates in the lecture room on February the 21st. After the calling of the roll and the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, the President, Quinnie Carmack of Hawkinsville, turned the meeting over to the leader for the evening, Myrtice Johnson of Vidalia. The first subject for debate was "Resolved: America is being debauched by salesmanship." The affirmative side was defended by Ruby McSwain of Vidalia, and Louise Johnson of Valdosta. They based their argument on the fact that the country is overrun by peddlers and a poor class of salesmen who are detrimental to welfare by being uncouth and selling cheap goods. The negative, which was defended by Emily Jennings of Dawson and Blanche Parker of Ogeechee, presented Salesmanship as a profession. The affirmative won this debate.

The subject, "Resolved: The present generation is happier than its grandparents" created quite a bit of interest. Due to the illness of Nancy Rowland of Wrightsville, Ruth Dozier of Morgan was the only debater for the affirmative. Her argument was to the effect that people are happier today because they have so many more things to see and do to make them happy. The negative debaters, Elizabeth Wright of Rome and Leta Mac Stripling of Altamaha, won the debate through their arguments, proving that the youth of today were not made happy by modern discoveries. Modern discoveries only led to a spirit of restlessness, crime, divorce, and universal desire for things which we can not possess.

In the debate, "Resolved: Bridge develops the mind," Kate Jones of Riceboro and Harriet Sheppard of Savannah presented the argument for the affirmative; Mildred Minchew of Baxley and Jean Loughridge of Odum presented the argument for the negative. The contention in this debate was over the psychological argument as to whether or not there is a transfer of training. The argument was won by the negative.

The members of the society voted Elizabeth Wright, Mildred Minchew, and Ruth Dozier the best speakers.

LILLIAN M. HOPPER—'31.

Twenty-Four

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

SORORIAN DEBATES

Informal debates were the subject of the meeting of the Sororian Literary Society on February 20. The first debate was, "Resolved: That the present generation is happier than its grandparents." Those upholding the affirmative were Jessie Norman of Waycross and Dorothy Patterson of Moultrie. The negative side consisted of Marjorie Sessions of McRae and Pauline Ryon of Hinesville. The main points of argument of the affirmative side were based on the physical advantages of today's dress, sports, modern conveniences, and career versus marriage. Miss Ryon and Miss Sessions contended that the restlessness of today is caused by too much leisure time.

The second debate was "Resolved: That America is being debauched by salesmanship." Those on the affirmative side were Sarah Nicholson of Amsterdam and Mary Poole of Balboa, Canal Zone. Frances Taylor of Tampa, Fla., and GeDelle Brabham of Moultrie supported the negative. Miss Nicholson's and Miss Poole's forceful argument was based on the fact that persuasive salesmanship forces unnecessary buying which results in bankruptcy, while Miss Taylor and Miss Brabham explained salesmanship as a profession.

Bridge was the subject for the last debate, "Resolved: That bridge develops the mind." Mary Elaine Flanagan of Waycross and Dorothy Bryant of Moultrie upheld the affirmative against Helen Brasington of Waycross and Florence Powell of Griffin. The affirmative contended that, due to concentration and analysis of the game, bridge does develop the mind, while the negative argued that bridge was merely the application of a set of rules.

After the debates the three best debaters were voted on by the society. Those selected by the Sororians were Mary Elaine Flanagan, Helen Brasington, and Marjorie Sessions.

* * *

TEA-DANCE

One of the most delightful social occasions of the year was the tea-dance given by the Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies on Saturday afternoon, February 7. The two presidents, Miss Quinnie Carmack of Hawkinsville and Miss Maye deLois Summerlin of Pelham, presided at the tea table. Those assisting in serving were Dorothy Bryant of Moultrie, Helen Steele of Savannah, Mary Virginia McKey of Valdosta, Blanche Parker of Ogeechee, Katherine Stovall of Bainbridge, Harriet Sheppard of Savannah, Anne Anthony of Sasser, Myrtice Johnson of Vidalia, and Dorothy Chapman of Savannah.

DOROTHY CHAPMAN—'32—LILLIAN HOPPER—'31.

ATHLETICS

Another series of games comes to a close, and the scores even up. The Lambdas are the soccer, and the Kappas the basket-ball, victors. On Monday, February 16, the Kappas and Lambdas lined up for their second basket-ball game. One of the most interesting phases of the game was the way in which the ball was started in center. Instead of tossing the ball up in center and letting the centers jump for it, the ball is given to one of the centers, who stands unguarded in the circle and starts the play.



The game played on Monday brought out the best in both teams. The Lambda lineup was: Forwards—Poppell, O'Quinn, and Bishop; Guards—F. Powell and Ward; centers—Burney and Bullock. The Kappa lineup was as follows: Forwards—Chastain and Smith; guards—M. Brabham, R. Dozier, and Bryant; centers—Quarterman, McCall, Crosby, and G. Brabham. The score at the end of the game was 23 to 10 in favor of Kappas. The final game Friday was played by the same lineup, and the final score was 25 to 11, still favoring the Kappas.

The other series of games was played with equally as much interest. In the first soccer game, on Monday, February 16, there was very much interest shown on the side-lines. At exactly the appointed time the purples and reds were in their places and "raring to go." When the whistle did blow both teams were speedily on their way. The Lambda line-up was: Forwards—Wadley, Brasington, and V. Parker; half-backs—M. Powell, B. Parker, and McNair; full-backs—Cleo Griffin and Sarah Nicholson; goal-keeper—Sumner. The Kappa line-up was: forwards—McSwain, Patterson, Stovall, Mullins, Harrison; half-backs—Glisson, Taylor, and Faircloth; full-backs—Mildred Harris; goal-keeper—Lillian Hopper. Although little scoring was done, the game was hard fought throughout. The score ended 2 to 0 in favor of the Lambdas. The last soccer game of the series was played on Friday of the same week with a final score of 1 to 0 in favor of the Lambdas. The two teams were more evenly matched than any two which have played each other this year.



ALUMNAE

The following clippings from the Waycross Journal-Herald are of interest here:

G. S. W. C. Alumnae Club

Organized

February 11, 1931—Miss Gertrude Gilmer of the English Department at the Georgia State Womans College of Valdosta, and Miss Jean Loughridge, president of the senior class of the college, who are visitors in the city for a

few days, met with the G. S. W. C. Alumnae of Waycross at an informal tea yesterday afternoon at the Hotel Ware.

Mrs. J. L. Walker and Mrs. A. P. Brantley, members of the Board of Trustees of G. S. W. C., were also guests and gave interesting and helpful talks.

Miss Gilmer and Miss Loughridge are visiting several south Georgia cities in the interest of this well-known college and are conferring with the alumnae and the senior girls of each of the high schools. The Valdosta college is the only Grade A College in south Georgia, and has a splendid plant, beautiful buildings, and a most capable faculty. Miss Gilmer is urging the high school girls who are graduating this year to join the G. S. W. C. student body. There are eight major departments giving college degrees.

At the tea yesterday afternoon a G. S. W. C. Alumnae Club was organized and elected Miss Frances Folsom president and Miss Louise Breen secretary. Other officers are to be elected later.

A number of plans were discussed and it was voted to invite the Blackshear G. S. W. C. Alumnae to join the Waycross Club.

The club will give an entertainment during the spring holidays in honor of the Waycross High School and the Blackshear High School.

The next meeting of the club will be held Wednesday afternoon, February 25th, at 5 o'clock at the Hotel Ware, and every girl in Waycross and Blackshear who has attended G. S. W. C. is invited to be present.

* * * * *

February 26, 1931—Plans were made by the Waycross G. S. W. C. Alumnae Club at its meeting held yesterday afternoon for an

THE PINE BRANCH

entertainment to be given Friday afternoon, March 25th, at Hotel Ware, honoring the girls of the senior classes of Waycross High School and Blackshear High School.

Miss Frances Folsom, president of the Waycross Alumnae Club of Georgia State Womans College, presided over the meeting and appointed committees for the entertainment. The hour was taken up with informal discussions and plans.

The additional officers of the club elected were Miss Ursula Miller, vice president and Miss Nowlan Sirmans, treasurer.

Those present were Miss Frances Folsom, Mrs. Walter Campbell, Mrs. John Holder, Miss Louise Breen, Miss Agnes King, Miss Dorothy Glascock, Miss Virginia Kirkland, Miss Ursula Miller, Miss Nowlan Sirmans, Mrs. W. R. Few, Miss Florris Woodard, Miss Iva Lee Herrin, and Mrs. A. P. Brantley and Mrs. J. L. Walker, members of the Board of Trustees of G. S. W. C.

* * *

Ruth Watkins, Sadie Bennett, Helen Bruce, and Annie Ruth Sawyer are teaching in the grades in Brunswick Grammar School, Brunswick, Georgia.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Ledbetter of Waycross announce the birth of a son, Wallace, Jr. Mrs. Ledbetter will be remembered as Fraser Livingston.

Mr. and Mrs. David Ratliffe of Brunswick announce the birth of a daughter, Margaret Elizabeth, on November 15. Mrs. Ratliffe will be remembered as Elizabeth Livingston.

Lois Mullins is coaching plays this spring.

* * *

Announcement of the following marriages have come to us through newspaper clippings:

Mary Chapman was married to Leon Treadwell of Cross City, Florida, on January 9. They will be at home in Ludowici, Georgia.

Julia Alice Perham was married to Elvin E. Stacy of Jacksonville, Florida, on January 11, in McClenny, Florida.

Nadine Heeth's marriage to Paul Patrick, of Quitman, was announced on December 20.

Ethel Dent was married to Norman Russell Everette of Robinsville, North Carolina, on February 22, in Douglas, Georgia. They will be at home at 1829 Hanover Street, Richmond, Virginia.

Ila Spooner was married to Bertram Thomas of Donaldsonville, Georgia, on last Thanksgiving Day.

IVA CHANDLER—'29.



JOKES

Ruth Jones—"What part of a cow do the chops come from?"

Violet—"Don't you know?"

Ruth Jones—"Do you?"

Violet—"Haven't you ever heard of a cow licking its chops?"

* * *

A reporter turned in an item about "Jimmy Brown, the boy who was burn-

ed in the West End by a live wire."

"Which is the west end of a boy?" sarcastically inquired his boss.

"The end the son sets on, of course," replied the witty reporter.

* * *

Servant—"The doctor's here, sir."

Absent-minded Professor—"Tell him I can't see him, I'm sick."

* * *

Lillian Patterson—"A new book has just arrived called, 'How to Go to College On Two Hundred Dollars a Year.' How shall I classify it?"

Evelyn Deariso—"Ah, put that in the fiction department, under romance."

* * *

Grace—"There is some strange affinity between a darkey and a chicken."

Margaret—"Naturally enough, one is descended from Ham, and the other from eggs."

* * *

Miss Hopper gives this as her favorite joke. She says the best of it is that it really happened:

The children in Miss Johnson's room were studying the story of Betsy Ross and the American flag.

Practice Teacher—"What did Betsy Ross and her helpers make the first American flag of?"

Little Girl—"They cut up their silk 'nighties' and made the flag out of the scraps."

Practice Teacher (puzzled)—"Where did you find that?"

Little Girl—"Right here," (opening her book and reading laboriously) "Betsy Ross and her helpers cut up their silk gowns and made the first American flag."

EMILY BURNEY—'33.

The Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta

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