

*Heberich Gattersau*

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## President's Greeting

There is no courtesy which the President of the College enjoys more than the annual invitation to write a Greeting for the first issue of the Pine Branch. Frankly, he is proud of the Pine Branch as one of the student activities of the college. In business administration, in literary quality and in artistic appearance, it has been a delightful and worthy representative of the college life. As the college has ever held before the young womanhood of the State the highest ideals of honor and character and distinctive attainment, so has the Pine Branch always stood for the highest standards of student journalism—bright, fine, clean-cut, distinctive. May this year see a new high record made in every phase of its work.

# THE PINE BRANCH

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## THAT SITUATION BUSINESS

"All situations," began June Rogers, an attractive young girl of a certain fashionable college in the southern part of the Empire State of the South, on opening her psychology one warm afternoon, "create other perplexing situations in the adjustment of the same. That is, so arranging the difficulties that pleasant, economical, useful results—

"Pshaw, that's all nonsense!" she declared irritably as she threw down the book and settled herself more comfortably on the divan. "I'll not even read the next sentence. Land knows, I hate to study, and after I'm so good to myself as to put all my personal feelings aside, then opening the book to be met by such as that—well, it's plain aggravating." She finished rather angrily, her blue eyes flashing and her forehead wrinkled in perplexity. She was not annoyed at the meaning of the sentence so much as with the very idea that she should be burdened with such things.

"Why any one knows," she went on, "that I'm never to be in a situation like that, or fix rather; that word 'situation' bothers me, seems like something is closing about my very body. Oh, I hate it!" and as though emphasizing the fact, she threw the book across the room.

"Hate what, dear one?" asked her roommate entering in time to hear the exclamation and to witness the rather furious act following. "Has any one bothered you? Tell me all about it. Those windows to your soul seem clouded and that mass of golden, bobbed tresses is so unmercifully tousled. Besides, look at your forehead, my dear, I see three more wren's feet marked plainly on that creamy mound. Really, dear, you seem in quite a perplexing situation if I may put it that way." She finished teasingly as she sat down beside June, at the same time smoothing the wrinkled forehead and dropping a loving kiss on the tousled hair, while her kind soft brown eyes searched the depth of the troubled blue.

"Well, of all things. There you go!" replied June bounding up. "Perplexing situation? Here, let go! I must get up and shake myself. Am I dreaming or am I seeing things? I really do look a fright," she exclaimed, as she stopped before the mirror.

"There, read that," she demanded, picking up the much

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despised book and finding the page. "I became so bored and angry over that situation junk that I felt I couldn't breathe, and as usual my face was a mirror to my heart.

"Besides, Ann, you know yourself, there isn't a thing to it. How absurdly silly! But then here you come accusing me of being in just that state. What on earth does it all mean?" She went on as she powdered her nose and ruthlessly brushed the disheveled tresses, her soft blue eyes becoming all the more troubled. "'Coming events cast their shadows before,'" she quoted mockingly, "and it seems my scatter-brain mind is following the least provocation, but—"

"Oh you perfect dear," interrupted Ann, "here, let's forget it all in a lively fox trot, and see how quickly those shadows will be driven away by 'The Sunshine of Your Smile,'" ending with a few measures from this cheerful tune as she placed a record on the Edison, at the same time throwing her arm about June's waist. They enjoyed the dance considerably and the spirits of both reached the climax when, by some prank of Fate, Ann's foot caught in the edge of the rug, which in her hurry she had shoved under the bed; this caused both to fall in a heap. In their glee they rolled off on the floor. Shrieks of laughter followed; no one would have guessed that just a few moments before gloom had reigned supreme in the heart of this rollicking blue-eyed damsel.

"Look," cried June, "isn't that a letter under the bed? Wait! Yes, and it's Dan's stationery! How could that have happened? I thought if ever I did read anything it was my mail. I declare this makes me mad! Ann—" and she might have said much more if she had known that it came there through the carelessness of the maid, who in throwing down the rug fanned the important missive under the bed. The wind, perhaps, having blown the letter off the dresser where doubtless the matron had placed it on the day of its arrival.

"Hold on, girl, you're sticking a pin clear through my finger! You needn't break your neck getting to it, it's stale by now any way," cried Ann as June scrambled over her and under the bed.

"Do pardon me, dear one," breathlessly answered June as she crawled out feet first, "I forgot about you in my excitement and—oh, look here—"

"I'm not looking much. I haven't had time, but I'll say

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"I'm feeling quite a lot," replied Ann rather slowly, as she got up to get some cool water on her finger, for it truly was hurt.

"Bless your heart, I'm so sorry—Dec. 13th, 1923—what is the date now—Dec. 20th? Gracious, the idea! This letter was written over a week ago and I just have these eyes o' mine on it. Oh, just suppose he knew it!" wailed June, reading the date and eagerly perusing the letter's contents.

"My June Dear," it read,

"Please excuse this short note; just a few lines to say the boat leaves today and I will arrive about seven o'clock on the Special, Dec. 20th; and the instant following—well, here's hoping 7:15 at least will find you face to face with,

"DAN."

"I knew it! I knew it! The worst has come; here I am with a date to go to the opera with Ralph, and he's so unreasonable I could never explain. Even if he knew I hadn't seen Dan in three whole years, a date is a date with him, and he'll be furious if he comes and finds Dan here. Besides, I will want Dan all to myself," cried June as she finished reading the letter and sank into a chair. "This is exactly what all that other worry and perplexity meant. Why didn't I see that letter before? What shall I do?"

"But, June, it stands to reason if you call Ralph and explain," soothed Ann, dropping beside her and taking her hand, "he'll have common decency enough to break the date and not come. Sure he will! Don't be outdone. A cloud isn't rain at least until the water falls. Phone him, child; and let's see—it's five till seven; you'll surely have to hurry."

"Well, now that's the truth," readily assented June, "I always contended with Ralph that a date shouldn't be broken under any circumstances, but he'd just as well change his mind as I, since I helped give him his opinion."

"Let's see, haven't we a phone directory? I declare! For the life of me I don't know his number. Oh dear! Another bother! I'll scream if something doesn't happen!" declared June as she upset everything on the table, aimlessly looking for what she knew wasn't there, while Ann stood still in the middle of the room holding her injured finger in the palm of her other hand apparently in deep thought.

"Crazy, have you turned to salt?" stormed June, quite angrily, for the sight of her room mate so unconcerned did not seem exactly right and just. There was so much to

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be done to help her out of this apparently disastrous, unthought of situation, and certainly Ann was about all that made her prolonged existence possible, for with her clear-headed thinking and complete self-control, she often had to get her wisp of a roomie out of trouble.

Somehow, however, this situation seemed almost to demand the solution of an insoluble problem. It would be only fifteen minutes before the two rivals would arrive. One at a half a dozen blocks, yet unable to be reached; the other, a sailor of the high seas, on a train coming steadily onward. All these things Ann was pondering in her systematically trained, good natured mind.

"Yes," she replied, chuckling softly, "I'd laugh if I weren't afraid you'd choke me, for it all carries me back to that situation business, and you must admit this is one in deed and in truth. There will have to be quite a few other situations taking place for you to have that Dan of yours all to yourself," she said, at the same time rummaging in the waste basket, which all the more enraged June.

"If you say another word, Ann Freeman, I'll make you feel this sofa pillow as you did that pin a while ago. Shall I go to the office for the phone book, or will you? I am compelled to dress if any one comes!" she declared.

"Oh, dear, pretty girl, you can go or I'll go for you so that you may go ahead and dress—let me think, where did I see that thing?"

"What on earth, Ann! do you know what you're saying?" asked June, shaking her vigorously.

"Wait a minute; perhaps Evelyn has one of—" and without even finishing the sentence she left the room and flew down the hall, leaving June glaring at the door which banged loudly after Ann's retreating form, and wondering if Ann was truly hateful or only aggravating in abruptly leaving thus. She quickly changed her mind when her room-mate burst into the room with a directory.

"Oh you perfectly ready-to-fly angel!" cried June as she clasped her friend about the neck; and with heads close together they eagerly perused the lines.

"Ma—mail—mal—mas,—Ann, look there, Mal—mas," broke in June excitedly, "'Matthews' isn't even on here! Dear me, what won't happen next? What shall I do? Ann, answer me!"

"Aw, crazy, here it is right here," replied Ann, advancing

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to the phone and calling as she talked to her companion: "7-5-9 please, quick!—Yes, 7-5-9. June, you were reading too fast. Hello, yes, I said plainly 7-5-9. Child, it's seven o'clock now, you simply must hurry. You know one or the other will come and you can't be seen by anyone in that garb. Hello—Hello—Your hose are in that top drawer. Yes, hello, is this Ralph? Oh, beg pardon, then is Mr. Redding in? Gone up town—How is that—to be back at seven? Well, tell him to call 509 please, immediately on his return. Get the number, 5-0-9.

"Now, don't faint, fair one. Just make the best of it," cautioned Ann, as she turned from the phone to meet the dejected expression on June's face. "Why haven't you put on your blue blouse and sport shirt? You know you'll go to ride with one or the other—maybe both, so cheer up! Don't you wish you were like me? Believe me, I don't have to worry my brain sick over getting one boy out of the way so another can come," she finished briskly as she threw the skirt over June's head, the latter having apparently given way to her pal to get things straight.

"Well, I declare," she replied languidly, "this afternoon has simply been unbearable, Ann dear, you know perfectly well how I hate being bored and if it weren't for the fact that I want to see Dan so badly I'd go straight to bed and send for an aspirin, for my head is simply splitting."

"I guess you would, but you will feel better; hurry! Put on your belt, and here is a fresh handkerchief. You hate to miss seeing either of them so badly, and you have to get one or the other out of the way, so I'm afraid in the act you will be hurt yourself and perhaps may need this sympathetic article," joked Ann, who always enjoyed perplexity and suspense. Truly she had enjoyed the episode and was quite anxious to see its outcome.

"There you go teasing again when I'm so worried, but oh, if I ever get out of this, mark my words, I'll be more careful!" said June nervously.

"Tap, Tap."

"Come in."

"Is Miss Lunsford in?" inquired a girl sticking her head in the door, "Gee, there's the best looking man down stairs! I declare he's so handsome, and said tell you Dan was waiting. Said you'd understand. Believe me, I would if I had the chance!" she gasped, all in one breath.

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"All right, thanks! Tell him she's coming right down; he'll understand," answered June rather harshly, as she vigorously dabbed rouge on her already cherry-red cheeks.

"Say, girl, for goodness' sake stop! You look like a blushing rose now!" cried Ann. "Oh, there's the phone; perhaps it's Ralph—here you answer."

"Give it here. Hello, Ralph?—Yes—What, wait a minute—Ralph, Ralph. Hello Ralph!—My goodness, he's gone, Ann! Said he'd be right over. What shall I do? Tell me quick, Ann!"

"Why go on down, nut, that's all I can say. Try to entertain them both somehow. Perhaps Ralph may have tire trouble. At least go on down," commanded Ann.

In the parlor down stairs a tall, well-built, brown-eyed youth was walking the floor impatiently waiting the footsteps of June, who was heedlessly blundering down the stairway, at every movement expecting to see Ralph coming up the drive, which was plainly visible from the central door.

"What shall I do?" she pondered excitedly. "If I go in there and Ralph comes I can't explain; and if I wait here in the hall Dan may come out any minute to send some one for me again. I'll risk him, however. I must wait here and send Ralph home for some reason. I simply must see Dan alone, and he'd never understand why I had another date, for he wrote me last week. No, I guess I must go on in, for it sounds like he is coming this way; any way, I don't see Ralph coming." She again changed her mind, however, for as she reached the foot of the stair she heard Dan's steady tread, which she took to be a start to enter the hall.

"Situation? I'll say it is! I wish I had Ann here to tell me what to do. My goodness, yonder comes Ralph, and I know Dan is coming out that door this instant. Heaven help me!"

"Hello girlie! I know you'll never understand, but—er," gasped Ralph, bounding up the steps and in the door in a second. "But er—it's this way, you see, the tire" (pause for breath again) "stopped and the engine blew out," he blundered, "and see, that's why I'm late. Please try to understand."

"Why, Ralph, you know I'm not unreasonable. I'll gladly excuse you if you explain right quickly," replied June, who decided the best thing to do was just listen to him, then

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somehow tell him she couldn't have the date. Until yet, however, no excuse for so doing had formulated in her mind.

"Well, it's just this, I went up the country for Dad this afternoon and as usual forgot my tire irons, so had to take it slow and easy the rest of the way. I also had engine trouble; stopped on me twice. That's exactly the why and wherefore. Can you forgive?" asked Ralph earnestly.

"Well, since you seem so awfully sorry, guess I'll have to," she assented slowly.

"But listen, since I'm late I can't even stay. I must have this car fixed and back home so Dad can leave for Arlington at 7:30 to meet Mother on the eight o'clock train. You see it's unavoidable. Say, do you truly understand and do you care so very much?" asked Ralph, as he took her hand to say good-by.

"Why er—I don't guess so. It's perfectly all right. Oh, I mean I understand," dazedly answered June, as she realized what was about to happen. Poor Ralph no doubt misread the happiness in her eyes as she raised them to his.

"You're a trump, little girl," he exclaimed gaily, "Good-by and good luck; here's something to keep you thinking of me during the long evening, and I'll be here tomorrow sure."

He was gone, leaving a choice box of Nunnally's in her hand and a relieved but mightily excited heart fluttering in her breast.

Just as Ralph banged the outer door, Dan stepped out into the hall, a perplexed look on his face. A thrill of pride and pleasure filled June's soul as she recognized him and realized all was well; but disappointment spread over her winsome face as she heard him ask rather strangely:

"Beg pardon, could you tell me if I might see Miss June Lunsford?"

"Why, Dan, is it possible that since we're face to face you really and truly don't know me?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"You old dear! Wake up, honey child, I simply must tell you about it!" cried June as she entered her room that memorable evening.

"Well, I'm mighty glad it came out all O. K., but you certainly disturbed a pleasant dream of mine; 'bout the nearest I ever get to such situations," replied Ann good-naturedly as she awoke.

"And just think, Ann, how it all began! It's all so true,

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yet so strange, I feel as if it is indeed all a dream. I heartily agree that 'all situations create other situations in the adjustment of same, so that an exactly pleasant, economical and useful result may be attained,' " she finished laughingly.

"Well, from the looks of you it must have been all that and more," sleepily blinked Ann.

Lucile McGregor.

## MOON-LORE

When the moon is a slender young maiden  
She laughs with her amber eyes,  
At flocks of silly young lovers  
And asks no troublesome whys.

When the moon is a middle-aged woman,  
Sedate and full and round,  
She peers at silly young lovers  
With a disapproving frown.

When the moon is waning, fading  
Thin and shriveled and old,  
She dreams of love and laughter  
And silly young lovers bold.

E. K. B.

## FROM THAT DAY TO THIS

An owl hooted; the air was black with flying figures; the cows knelt and prayed, and though it seems very vague to me, I have been told that the pumpkins on the place that night turned on their stems and produced a ghostly grin which was still visible the next morning to a close observer. It was hallowe'en in nineteen hundred six, and I had just made my appearance in this funny old world. As I chose the night of the Faerie Folk to make my debut, they were so good as to act as my god-mothers. But of this vast realm of strange figures and creatures, only the personalities of the witches were strong and weird enough to cast a permanent impression or spell. They filled my small being that night with a consuming desire, that has followed after their own main characteristics, and that has always been associated with their persons.

Traveling! As they loved it, and indulged in it every Hallowe'en night, as that was my birthday, they passed the love of it on to me. This desire which those black-hooded figures embedded in me, and a yearning to satisfy this desire has always been with me since that long ago Hallowe'en night, and has influenced greatly my whole life span of seventeen years.

My first experience of this character happened when I was two years old. I had just learned the art of locomotion, and with this new gift to experiment with, I ventured out of our yard, made my painstaking way to the barn lot, and was bound to a distant green field which loomed up on the horizon a hundred yards away. But a nervous old goose saw otherwise. Afraid, perhaps, that my stubby toes would harm her little yellow balls of fluff, she deemed it wise to fly at my guilty legs, and peck my heels. She pecked, and I swiftly decided to abandon my first intention and to leave the field to old goosey. She pecked again and then my vocal cords awoke and I went hurriedly back over the path to my mother and safety.

My desire to see new and other things was constantly fed, and in the journeys which I took seated behind my father on his horse, I became gradually familiar with the distant outlying farms, the negro quarters and the river which bounds our plantation. Until I was five years old, the faithful old horse carried me over many romantic jour-

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neys, which only stimulated, and made future traveling more colorful to look forward to.

After five happy years at home, the great task of getting an education began. In this process I was to find the places to travel to, understand foreign people, their customs, the things which would make traveling a greater joy; in short, to fit me and prepare me for the thing I hoped to indulge greatly in in the future. It would seem that the object of this preparation, or traveling itself, would be in the background; a thing spoken about, but never practiced in these busy years.

But it so happened during these school days, that I did travel, and not along one solitary path, but along two. The road of learning, and the road which led from our home to the college. The former developed my imagination, and my talents; the latter gave me daily experience and glimpses of human life. My arrival at school each day was always preceded by the trips to town on the train, and the concluding mile from town to the college on the street car. True this extent of traveling did not satisfy my dreams of ideal traveling, but it did keep the instincts fresh, and gave me a tiny taste of the real joy that could be devised from tramping the earth.

So from the wave of the wands of the witches, traveling has been always my ambition. Each year, though it brought always new problems and tasks, gave also a chance to dig farther into the probable pleasure of future traveling. Though the past twelve years have been spent with lessons, these have only been stepping-stones for traveling with a greater enjoyment, and a more appreciative spirit than would have been possible otherwise.

It has not been thought wise by the overruling destinies to grant my desire for travel, and I am still at a desk, with lessons to prepare. But, perhaps, in the future with the preparation I am now patiently making, the ambition which has gone with me through my youthful career will materialize. Perhaps the Faerie Folk will again lend their weird presence; again will the resources of the witches be limitless, and their accomplishments the most powerful, so that my traveling, though swift, will be not on one of their famed black broomsticks, but in a modern plane. Though a buzz of a propeller may invade my musings, the blue air, and the high view will be the same as that enjoyed by the hooded spell casters on each Hallowe'en night.

## HOME-SICK

The hills are high and the air is free  
And the wind is clean and strong,  
But I long for the sand and the sounding sea  
And the singing pines' sad song.  
O the hills are mighty, the hills are grand  
And always misted with blue,  
But friendly and clinging and warm is the sand  
With golden lights gleaming through.

The hills are high and they choke me  
With arms that are green and long,  
So it's home to the sands and sounding sea  
And the singing pines' sad song.

E. K. B.

## MY DESIRE

The setting sun was casting its level beams through the windows into the sun-parlor, making the individual pieces of old wicker furniture suggest to the little child's mind various and mysterious shapes. They were casting those peculiar shadows which to an adult have no particular meaning; but to children, with their strong imaginations, assume many fairy-like forms.

Nature had not slighted me with this same strong imagination. I sat there in the twilight half frightened at these shapes, but still full of energy and enthusiasm over each individual that composed the pupils of my paper doll school in one corner of the room. A strong whizzing and a sudden upsetting of my whole class room brought me suddenly frightened to my feet—only to find that I was being attacked by that mischievous rascal, Jimmy, my brother, who had a pocket full of rubber bands and crooked pins. I quickly called mother, and this violent savage was soon locked in the closet.

The next day was excessively warm for a day in October. I sought refuge in the back yard in a corner made by the house. I thought everything would be quiet and peaceful. I then opened a cracker box and took from it several pieces of different colored glass, which I stuck up in the ground and arranged in the order of a class room. Then I began teaching—my daily occupation.

No sooner had I started than a glance down the street revealed that boresome little Lucy Langston, intending to make a morning call. Oh! why should she come at such an hour? Why couldn't she visit her cousin living up the street a piece? I did not like companions any-way. They wanted to talk too much and never enjoyed playing paper dolls. Quickly I arose and ran into the house, finally concealing myself under the bed. In a moment the bell rang and I waited expecting mother's announcement, but in vain. She did not call. Impatiently I waited about fifteen minutes, then went and inquired into the matter. I was informed that the delivery boy from the dry goods store had just brought a package, and that Lucy had walked down the street. How foolish I had been! I would now have really been glad to see Lucy and hoped that she had not seen me

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run up the back steps.

Several years later found our family living in another part of the city. I still loved my paper dolls and my school teaching. But somehow that selfish desire of wanting to be alone was waning. Every house in the neighborhood either sheltered a boy or a girl, or both, or several, about the high school age, who had brought to birth a new desire to have friends and to be somewhat popular. In fact, there was hardly a morning that one or two of the girls, and sometimes just about all of them, did not come over and sit on the porch.

At this age, that same mischievous brother of mine had taken such an interest in church affairs as he had not had before (or since), and I began to have fear of his becoming a preacher. He began the urgent request that on Sunday I should attend Sunday school and church in the morning and the Young People's Union and church in the evening. With the aid of mother he finally persuaded me. I found that it was not so boresome as I first thought. In a week the Young People's Union gave a social to which most of the boys and girls of the neighborhood were invited.

Two years later found me teaching a Sunday school class of five-year-old children. How different they were from paper dolls! They had souls which responded to my efforts. I found myself happier than I had ever been when I was alone, and enjoyed social intercourse with my friends.

And so my lot was cast. I graduated from high in June and immediately planned a normal course at the good old G. S. W. C. and am now studying to be one of those unselfish and kind-hearted old maid school teachers that rule the world without rocking the cradle.

Leila Youngblood.

## Ancestor Worship in America

The "vacant seat at the peace table in Geneva" is not a curious abnormality, as forty-two nations seem to think; nor is its vacancy entirely due to the elephantine antics of a political party, but to a certain national instinct, which, for lack of a better name, may be termed the instinct of and capacity for ancestor worship. The average American, who sneers loudest and laughs longest over the heathen Chinese's blind adoration of the venerable ashes of his dead and departed relatives, is the first man to shout in the face of progress, "It was good for mother and father and it's good enough for me."

How many intelligent men and women are able to give a logical reply in answer to the question, "Why are you a Methodist or Baptist?" as the case may be. Speaking in averages, about two out of fifty have battled with the "Everlasting No," have drifted stolidly through the "Center of Indifference" and emerged triumphantly with the "Everlasting Yes." The answer from the remaining forty-eight will be something like this: "Surely you know that all of my people have always been Presbyterians" or Episcopalianians.

The same illogical principle carries over into the political life of the nation as a whole. One man is a Republican, not because he advocates a protective tariff, but because his father always voted a Republican ticket. The next man is a Democrat because his great-grandfather was, at one time in his varied career, junior (and Democratic) senator from Georgia—not because of any true desire for a "tariff for revenue only" or other Democratic ideal.

According to popular opinion, "the land of the free and home of the brave" is supposed to be a land free from deadening distinctions of class. Just how true is the popular supposition? One sees "First Families" on every hand and hears such statements as these every day:

"Why she's one of the Virginia Davis' from King Edward county;" "I am a Calhoun from Charleston, suh!"; "my grandfather came over on the Mayflower"—"Really? So did my uncle's step-sister;" or "Oh, yes, a Boston Cabot." 'Tis no wonder the satirist sings:

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“Then here’s to Massachusetts,  
The land of the bean and the cod,  
Where the Eliots speak only to the Cabots  
And the Cabots speak only to God.”

Is, then, the “vacant seat at Geneva” vacant because of the conservative American’s vast and Chinese-like respect for the splendid accomplishments of one of our late lamented forebears?—meaning, in this particular case, nothing other than the policy of isolation adroitly inserted into the pride-kit of the average man by Monroe and Washington a hundred years ago.

But tempus fugit, in spite of our most determined efforts, and this venerable fetish has become a trifle frayed near the ends from constant use by over-cautious politicians. The time seems to be ripe for America to lay her frayed fetish in the friendly dust of the shelf which harbors other dear but worn traditions, and take her rightful place by the side of England and France around the peace table. Her enviable position of “splendid isolation” is about to be abandoned, for the great national instinct of ancestor worship is at work, enshrining a new idol. Conservative America is discovering a fact long recognized by her sister nations—that she has a new ideal to add to her list, other and more venerable ashes to worship—those of the late Mr. Woodrow Wilson. The man who according to international critics, wrote one of the most memorable creative documents of all history, the document creating the League of Nations and providing for a World Court. The man who “reverenced his conscience as his king; whose glory was, redressing human wrong;” the man of whom Tennyson wrote, with prophetic vision, in 1815:

“For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,  
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would  
be.  
Till the war-drum thrilled no longer and the battle-flags  
were furl’d  
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.”

When the average man really discovers all the wonder of this latest idol, will there be a “vacant seat at the peace table at Geneva?”

Evelyn Kendrick Brown, '25.

## My First Love---The Water

When I was a mere scrap of humanity splashing around in my little tub on the bath-room floor, I discovered that I loved the water. I learned to swim almost as soon as I learned to talk, and I guess I will never forget how to do either.

With the same thrill that I imagine a little minnow leaves its puddle for the big creek, I left my inland home when I was three years old for a trip to the ocean. Of course, I was ready to go into the water before the rest were, so I slipped away from my nurse. I was doing my best to swallow the ocean when daddy fished me out and took me home, much to my disgust. I have been going to the sea shore ever since, and these visits are an ever-increasing source of delight to me.

Last year when I made my trip to my first love, the ocean, there was a speed boat at the docks; and more than anything else in the world I wanted to ride in it. Luck came my way one day. My wish was gratified. It was absolutely glorious to cut through the water at fifty miles an hour and feel the tingling spray in my face.

But all the fun of the water is not in swimming and boat-riding. Another interesting pastime is the sport of deep sea fishing. There is all the difference in the world between salt water fishing and fresh water fishing. There is an expectant thrill sitting in a boat with a hook far below in the shadows. There is a sudden jerk, a frantic pull, and up from the briny deep flashes a beautiful black bass. You can never imagine the thrill of this until you have experienced it.

But not all of the thrill and joy is with salt water. If Valdosta were noted for nothing else, it would still have its lakes to boast of. On some days the wind on the lakes is strong enough to sail a boat. Last summer we rigged up a sail for our rowboat and when those snappy days came we went to ride on the lake. It is lots of fun to go sailing, because there was always a chance of the wind's turning the boat over. It has never happened to us and probably never will, but there is always a possibility.

I have taken all this time to tell how I love water, but

## THE PINE BRANCH

there is an exception to every rule, and this case is no different from the rest. There is one kind of water that I detest—it is sometimes salt, sometimes fresh. I suppose, though, that I am no different from any other girl in absolutely steering clear of——dish-water!

Clifford Quarterman.

## — EDITORIAL —

There is a jingle about an old woman who lived in a shoe, who had so many children that she did not know what to do. The Georgia State Woman's College is this year in just such a predicament—it has so many children that it does not know what to do.

Unfortunately, the solution of the problem concerning the college is not so simple as the solution of the old woman's problem. We are told in the latter case that she gave them all broth without any bread, whipped them all soundly, and sent them to bed. How simple is such a solution!

Obviously, such a one is impossible for the college, however. Such negative measures could never be used; some positive remedy has to be found.

On the face of it, the simplest and best solution which immediately occurs to every one is, "Increase your room." This solution, however, is not so simple as it sounds. To will to do and to do are two very different matters—other things besides the will to grow are necessary for the enlargement of a school plant.

This suggested solution failing, almost immediately there is another, not so good as the first, offered, "Limit the number of girls to fit your present capacity."

To the administration of the college this has seemed to be the best solution of its problem under present conditions. With buildings filled to their utmost capacity, dormitories full, and classrooms and laboratories overflowing, a process for limiting the number of girls who enter has been conceived. No longer is every girl who can present a fair record of scholarship and deportment admitted. The standards of admission, always high, are being raised higher and higher, and the president of the college is using this time, impossible for growth in quantity, for a still further growth

## EDITORIAL

in quality. It is possible in this manner to make even a period of temporary paralysis of physical growth helpful to the college.

It is to be hoped that when the college is enabled to go ahead and increase its plant to meet the demands of the girls who ask admission, this temporary paralysis may prove after all beneficial, and we may see that the plan conceived by the president of the college is much to be preferred to the old woman's plan. After all, her solution, while simple, was also temporary; in all probability the same problem had to be solved next day.

On the other hand, we may reasonably expect that the plan of the president will mark a period of actual permanent improvement in the history of this college which has from the beginning held its standards as high as the highest in the State, and that the refining process, which takes so many years in most new colleges, may be accomplished here within a very short time.

## Y. W. C. A.

Perhaps the happiest time one has in school life is the return after a summer's vacation—at least all Y. W. cabinet members will tell you it's great fun to come back early to a cabinet house party. Such a happy and jolly reunion as we had that week-end! Everybody was almost bubbling over with pep to start the plans the cabinet members were working on for the year.

To drive away the blues and the home-sickness of the first few days at school, everyone was invited out on the campus after supper. Here we played games, became acquainted with each other as quickly as possible and sang the jolliest songs ever.

The annual hike, which always ends at Dr. Powell's home, was interfered with by rain. However, a little rain could not prevent our having a good time, so we stayed at the college and were entertained most delightfully with an automobile party, which consisted of auto races, relays, contests and all sorts of games.

We had the privilege and pleasure of entertaining Miss Harriet Hitchcock in our college home for several days this fall. She is a member of the National Division of Finance of the Y. W. C. A. and she helped us very much indeed with our budget as well as by giving us other helpful suggestions.

The World Affairs Club held its first meeting on October 15th. Mr. Wood gave a most interesting talk on World Peace.

The purpose of this club is to arouse an interest among the students in studying the big problems facing the world today.

## SOCIETY NOTES

### ARGONIAN SOCIETY NEWS

On Saturday, October 4th, the Argonian Literary Society held its regular program meeting. The program was especially interesting to us as Southern girls because it dealt with the art and literature of our own part of the country. The program was as follows:

1. Appreciation of Southern Arts—A paper written by Miss Evelyn McArthur, read by Miss Grace Buie.
2. Swanee River—A dance given by Miss Katie Herrin.
3. A collection of Southern Folk Songs—Sung by the Misses M. Clarke, A. Clarke, V. Scarborough, M. Gruber, E. Barco, O. Rogers; accompanied by Misses H. Bruce, L. Bunn.

A short business meeting of the Argonian Literary Society was held October 8th. As a preliminary to other business a debate was held. The subject was:

Resolved, That the study of The Appreciation of Southern Arts would be more beneficial to our society than the study of American Arts.

The affirmative side of the question was upheld by Misses N. Alexander and H. Bruce. On the negative side were Misses R. Corrin and E. M. White. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

### SORORIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The initial meeting of the Sororian Literary Society was held Saturday evening, Sept. 29th. The society was very much pleased with an addition of one hundred new pledged members. After the address of welcome by the president, Miss Faries, the following program was rendered:

Nature of Program Meetings—Ora Mae Biles.

Relation of Pine Branch to Societies—Martha Youngblood.

Why Become a Sororian—Margaret La Far.

Modern Literature is our subject for the first semester, giving special attention to the development of the West and its prominence in literary works. Current events will be given at each program. We hope to be greatly benefited by our chosen subjects.

## LOCALS

The student body of G. S. W. C. had a mass meeting in the rotunda of Ashley Hall on Friday evening, September 12. Miss Clarice Weathersbee, president of the Student Government Association, presided over the meeting. Short talks were made by the following: Judge W. E. Thomas, Judge J. F. McCrackin, Mrs. A. J. Strickland, Miss Clarice Weathersbee and President R. H. Powell.

That new students might become familiar more easily with the Constitution and By-Laws of the Student Government Association, discussion groups were formed under the leadership of Misses Eppie Roberson, Kathleen Moore, Verna Scarborough, Katie Herrin and Ruth Carrin, seniors in the college department. The subject of adjustment to regulations was carefully taken up, that there be as little friction as possible. Three meetings were held, at which time the general principles of student government were studied, discussed and illustrated. At the last meeting a written examination was given to those entering, for the first time, the college department. Very gratifying results were secured, as the papers manifested an intensely loyal and enthusiastic spirit. The association is glad to include such promising members.

### FACULTY RECEPTION

On Saturday evening, September 27, the faculty of G. S. W. C. entertained the student body with a reception. Quite a number of "proms" were enjoyed, during which beautiful strains of music were heard in the "Y" room, where the orchestra was placed. During the evening the following delightful program was rendered:

Spanish Dance—Misses Jakes and Herrin.

Interpretative Dance—Misses Smith and McRee.

Folk Dances—Folk Dancing Class.

Piano Solo—Miss Ruth Youmans.

Vocal Solo—Mr. James Dasher.

Vocal Solo—Miss Alice Clarke.

Violin Solo—Mrs. W. A. Pardee.

This will be one of the long-remembered occasions of the year by those who attended, as it enabled the students and the faculty to "get acquainted."

## ALUMNAE NOTES

As we begin a new year, we find that the summer has brought us quite a bit of news about our alumnae. If we could only have messages from the rest of them!

Of the four members of the '16 class we have news from only one. Lottie Jarrell, Mrs. James Stump, was a visitor at the college at the opening of school in September. She is located at 104 E. Webster Street, Valdosta, Georgia, and is teaching the second grade in the Adair Street School.

From Minnie T. Harrell, Mrs. Willard M. Bacon, Jr., 3 Elmwood Court, Winthrop, Mass., of the '17 class, we have a recent card requesting a bit of news from the college.

Maude Hodges, Mrs. DeWitt Wynne, who has been lost to us for a year, has again been located. She may be found at 136 W. 8th street, Jacksonville, Florida. This information was received from her sister, Laura, who is one of our freshmen.

Emma Sue Morris, Mrs. L. J. King, 405 River street, Valdosta, Georgia, is now connected with the Strickland Phonograph Company in this city.

Zella Raybon, one of our June brides, is now Mrs. Alexander Arnett and may be found at West Palm Beach, Florida.

Thelma Wilkes, Mrs. Roy Hutchinson, made a recent visit to our six Adel freshmen here at the college.

Pearl Bulloch of the '18 class is teaching history in the Junior High School at Fort Myers, Florida.

Terah Cowart, another June bride, is now Mrs. Lynn Howard Smith and may be found at 520 Main street, Binghamton, New York.

Ida Groover was a student at Peabody College in the summer and is now back as teacher of science at the college. You may address her at Georgia Avenue, Valdosta, Georgia.

Marion Groover had a very pleasant visit in Washington, D. C., recently with an uncle who is a most successful X-ray specialist. She returned home by boat to Savannah. Ask Marion about the excitement en route—burning ship and rescue force sent out from her ship! She is again located at Jackson, Georgia.

Frances Kaylor, Mrs. Frank Barker, Valdosta, Georgia, is a frequent visitor at the college. Her sister, Felicite, is

## THE PINE BRANCH

here as a college freshman.

We are happy to have Edith Patterson of the '18 class as our Alumnae Association President for this year. Since her graduation she has served as librarian at the college. She has been made third vice-president of the local chapter of the U. D. C. and director of the new chapter of the Children of the Confederacy. She will go as a delegate to the State Convention of the U. D. C. at Quitman, Georgia, October 28th to 30th.

Minnie Ruth Brown is again teaching in the schools of Miami. She may be found at 2712 N. E. 2nd Avenue, Miami, Florida.

Mamie Carter, who has been teaching home economics for some time, is now practicing home economics in her own home, for she, too, is a bride of last June. She is now Mrs. David M. Howard, Stockton, Ill.

Ruby Ezzell, Mrs. McArthur, is attending the University of North Carolina.

Helen Griffin is teaching in the elementary grades of the Waycross public schools. Helen is apparently a rather silent member of our association, but one of our new freshmen was heard to say, "Helen told my mother so much about this college." So she is evidently working hard for her alma mater.

Augusta Brown returns to Miami, Florida. She may be found at 2712 N. E. 2nd Avenue.

Mattie Campbell, Mrs. W. E. Lester, of the class of '20 was a visitor at the college at the opening of school in September.

Helen Allen, Mrs. Alfred Thomas, is now living in DeLand, Florida.

Myrtle Byrd of the class of '21 is teaching in Asheville, North Carolina.

Hallie Jordan is doing primary work in a consolidated school out from Hartsville, South Carolina.

Buena McConnell, Mrs. Linton Watters, Melbourne, Florida spent the summer in North Carolina, stopping at the college for a short visit on her return home.

Lois O'Quinn of the '21 class is teaching at Milltown, Georgia.

Virginia Peoples was a recent visitor to the college. She is teaching the seventh grade at Lakeland, Florida.

Mildred Price, an A. B. graduate of last May, is teaching

## ALUMNAE NOTES

history in the High School Department of the college.

C. B. Sharpe, 6 E. 39th street, Savannah, Georgia, sent a representative to us this year in a sister who is a member of our freshman class.

Alma Thompson was a recent visitor at the college. She is now teaching at Ridgeland, South Carolina.

Helen Bruce of the '22 class is teaching in Blackshear, Georgia.

Jimmie Carmack returns to the A. and M. school at Tifton, Georgia, where she has charge of the home economics department.

Sara Cox is teaching in the Waycross public schools, where she herself spent her first years in school.

Mae Crum, another bride of the summer, is now Mrs. W. K. Giddens of Milltown, Georgia.

Julia Harrell is teaching the third grade in the Central Grammar School, Jacksonville, Florida.

Chloe Ivey, a degree graduate of '24, is now studying at Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio. Chloe tells us that there are only two Georgia girls in the conservatory, the other being from Augusta, Georgia.

Henrilu Ivey, also a degree graduate of '24, is studying at Peabody College, Nashville, Tennessee.

Willie Mae Mathews is teaching English in the High School Department of the college. She was a student of Peabody College during the summer.

Jewell Meeks of the class of '22 is teaching in Blackshear, Georgia.

Inez Sharpe may be found at Alamo, Georgia. She is teaching English and French.

Birdie Van Brackle is now teaching seventh and eighth grades in a rural school out from Adel and is taking voice and piano at the college. She leaves in March for Peabody College, where she will get her degree in music in the summer.

Iliene Adams of the '23 class is teaching the third grade in the Orlando schools. You may address her care of Mrs. Clarence Gay, Orlando, Florida.

Alene Alexander was the third member of the '23 class to receive her Mrs. degree. Since last April she has answered to the roll call as Mrs. Clarence Gay, Orlando Bank and Trust Company, Orlando, Florida.

## THE PINE BRANCH

Nanna Alexander will receive her A. B. degree in May, 1925.

Jewell Carmack spent several days with us at the opening of school in September. She is now pleasantly located at Bridgeport, Alabama, where she is teaching home economics in the schools of the city. She spent the summer studying at Peabody College.

Ruth Carrin, degree student and student assistant in the Science Department, will receive her A. B. degree in 1925.

Marion Chauncey returns to Ithaca Conservatory of Music, Ithaca, New York. You may address her 5036 Buffalo street.

In the class of '23 we find two brides of September. Alice Mooney is now Mrs. T. L. Newsome of Eureka, Georgia, and Clara Belle Penny may be addressed at Mrs. J. J. Hurlbert, Jr., 433 E. Church street, Jacksonville, Florida.

Kathleen Moore receives her A. B. degree in May, 1925.

Gussie Belle Rentz, the president's private secretary, alumnae editor of the Pine Branch, and member of the advisory committee of the Y. W. C. A., may still be addressed at the college.

Eppie Roberson, editor-in-chief of the college annual, will receive her A. B. degree in May, 1925.

Verna Scarborough, a degree student assisting the Dean of Women, is for a second time president of the Y. W. C. A. In June, 1924, she was appointed a member of the Southern Division Student Council of the National Board of the Young Woman's Christian Association. She attended a meeting of this council held in Atlanta, Georgia, October 10th to 12th, 1924.

Corinne Studstill is on leave of absence from East Texas State Normal School, Commerce, Texas, for the year and is studying at Peabody College. She will receive her degree in August, 1925.

Clarice Weathersbee, president of the Student Government Association for the year 1924-25, will receive her A. B. degree in 1925.

Ruth Wilson, field editor for the Alumnae Association, is pleasantly located in a sixteen-teacher school in Bethel, North Carolina.

Deborah Patterson, assistant to the Dean of Women at the college, and corresponding secretary of the Alumnae Association of the college, may be found at Ashley Hall.

## ALUMNAE NOTES

Gertrude Anderson is teaching in the grades in the schools of Lawrenceville, Georgia.

Ruth Brown is teaching the sixth and eighth grades in the schools of Ocilla, Georgia.

Evelyn Brown, 510 N. Paterson street, Valdosta, Georgia, will receive her A. B. degree in 1925. Let me suggest that she is our Alumnae Association treasurer and is always ready to make receipts when there is occasion for their use.

Marie Clyatt, while doing degree work, is also serving as student assistant in the seventh grade of the Training School.

Gertrude DeLay, N. Broad street, Rome, Georgia, is doing degree work at Shorter College.

Frances Faries, president of the Sororian Literary Society, and Ruth Folger, chairman of the World Fellowship Committee of the Y. W. C. A., are doing degree work at the college.

Daisy Geiger evidently expects to enter the business world, for she is taking a business course. Address her at Valdosta, Georgia.

Clarice Ivey, Helen Lineberger, Louise McLendon and Leo Prine are doing degree work at the college.

Elizabeth Livingston is teaching third and fourth grades in the Community School, Brunswick, Georgia.

Miriam McNair is living in Macon and doing degree work at Wesleyan College.

Margaret LaFar, chairman of the social committee of the Y. W. C. A., is doing degree work at the college.

Eunice McArthur is teaching the first grade in a consolidated school near Hartsville, South Carolina.

Christine Meadows is head of the departments of mathematics and expression at Mary Willingham School, Blue Ridge,, Georgia.

Ellie Peeples is teaching the fourth grade at Nashville, Georgia.

Anne Rankin we find teaching piano in Sherrillsford, North Carolina.

Mary Small is doing degree work and serving as assistant in the Art Department of the college.

Catherine Turner is teaching the second grade in the schools of Folkston, Georgia.

Martha Youngblood, editor-in-chief of the Pine Branch and president of the junior class, is doing degree work at

## THE PINE BRANCH

the college.

Louise Poppell is helping her father, who is clerk of the court in his county.

Gertrude Sasser is teaching primary work in Cairo in the same school with Leila Sasser and Velna Cassels. We have heard that Leila is to be principal of the school. What about it, Leila?

Jewel Mitchell is teaching the second grade and expression in Evergreen, North Carolina.

Edith Brinson, for of course we all remember these two girls together, is teaching in Sarasota, Florida.

Lemuel Jay is principal of a school near Statesboro, her home town. Any letter addressed to her at Statesboro, R. F. D., will reach her all right.

## JOKES

### **"The Limit!"**

Miss Corrin doesn't mind the girls looking at their watches in class, but she positively refuses to have them put them to their ears to see if the timepieces are still running.

### **Sure Thing!**

Miss Groover (in Physics): "How was magnetism discovered?"

May Lillie: "Somebody found it."

### **New Learning.**

Minnie Gruber: "What causes earthquakes?"

Training School Pupil: "Big rocks rolling together up in Brazil."

### **Good Guess.**

Freshman: "What bell is that ringing?"

Sophomore: "The one on the wall."

### **Make It Deeper!**

Marjorie Seals: "What is the first thing I should do to cultivate my voice?"

Mildred Hicks: "Bury it."

### **"A Little Learning Is a Dangerous Thing."**

Mr. Stokes (in French): "Now don't you think you'd better turn the page? You have already translated the first ten lines on the next page."

## THE PINE BRANCH

### Seasonable Information.

Alma Luke (teaching geography in Training School)  
"How many seasons are there?"

Pupil (dreamily): "Three—football, basket-ball and baseball."

### Logic Is Logic.

Miss Craig: "Do you think that white reflects the light, but black absorbs the rays of the sun?"

Alice Westbrook (eagerly): "Is that why negroes get so hot?"

### Not Time Yet.

Lillian O.: "Do you know the population of Valdosta?"

"Dot" Moore: "Not all of them. I've only been in school here three years."

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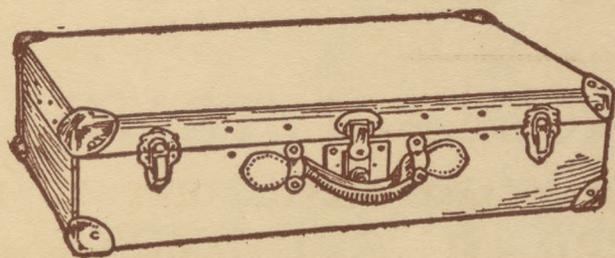
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## COMING ROAD ATTRACTIONS

"BLOSSOM TIME," "THE FOOL," and  
OTHERS.

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## COMING PICTURES

Norma Talmadge in "SECRETS," "MERTON OF THE MOVIES," "DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL," "THE COVERED WAGON."

EAT  
STEWART'S CANDY

Made in  
VALDOSTA