

# THE PINE BRANCH



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# THE PINE BRANCH

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## SECRETS

Sometimes I feel as though  
I'd like to tell the things I know,—  
The precious, tiny little things  
To make a quilt of fairy rings.  
I'd weave in this a pretty theme  
Of simple little fairy dreams,  
Daisies fair and holly-hocks,  
Roses sweet and four o'clocks.  
In the background I would place,  
With mystic line and shadowed grace,  
The herbs that grow in dell and nook,  
Lore that ne'er was found in books;  
But grows beneath the damp dark stones,  
Where moss is found and toads are known.  
I'd tell of dainty creeping things,  
Of birds, of bees, without their sting.  
But now I do not feel that way,  
Perhaps I won't, again I may;  
For down beneath inside my heart  
I feel as though I cannot part  
With this,—these things I love so much,  
And I'll not make a quilt as such,  
But take all this away with me  
And weave my life a fantasy.

MARY KATE BURROWS.

## A THEATRICAL SPIDER

The sun cast long shadows across the hills which stretched in undulating line as far as the eye could see. It was very pleasant to look at, especially to the travelers who were rapidly making their way to the town two miles distant.

The travelers were tired—yet they were ecstatic—they had just started on their annual ten-day tour over the state, during which time they would give a series of folk plays. The players were to give the first performance that night . . . . As the lights of the town came in view they forgot that almost every thing had gone wrong that day—two flat tires and a collision in which the fender of the bus was bent so badly that it had to be repaired immediately.

It was getting dusk when the bus stopped at a hotel. The troupe had two hours to rest. Some were so excited that to rest would have been impossible. George O'Neill and Nick Brisbane were two of the above mentioned type; they wandered away before the supper hour and had not returned when the others left for the theatre.

"I surely hope that George and Nick haven't gone on a spree," said Professor Kantor, director of the troupe.

"No, Professor, you can always bet on them coming in at the last minute," rejoined Silvia La Fleurs.

"Well, the rest of the cast can be in costume and if the other two aren't here, Harry can take George's place, and maybe Jerry can be tall enough to be the footman in Nick's place."

This decision given, the players went to the dressing rooms.

"One thing is sure," said Silvia, "I'm not going in a room where there is a spider making a web. You remember Professor Kantor told us about what terrible luck Ethel Barrymore had on an opening night,—and all because she was in a dressing room where an old spider was at work."

"Oh! how superstitious you are, Silvia," remarked Sibyl Du Pont as she gayly tripped past Silvia.

Silvia smiled and entered a room to begin her make-up. In a few moments there was a faint knock at the door. At her call the door opened and Sibyl stuck her head in and exclaimed breathlessly,

"Oh, Silvia! I can't stay in that room—why there's a spider spinning a web just as fast as he can! My goodness! May I stay in here with you?"

"So you must have a queer feeling about the superstition, too. . . . Why of course you may stay here. We'd better hurry, don't you think?"

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There was silence for a while; broken only by the opening of cold cream and powder boxes. Sibyl was the first to speak.

"Silvia, are you excited?"

"Excited? Why my hand trembles so I can't hold my liner in the right way. Look what a smear of brown under my eye!" She daubed her finger in cold cream, erased the brown line and started again.

"For an old character—rouge is placed low on cheek—for a juvenile make-up, put rouge high," murmured Sibyl. "I'm glad I'm playing an ingenue part, aren't you? I hate old character parts," she said as she brushed the rabbit's foot across her soft cheek.

"I'm glad I'm young, too," responded Silvia. . . . "But can you imagine why George and Nick don't come?"

"No", said Silvia, "I don't have the slightest idea, and it's only half an hour till the curtain goes up. Nick doesn't have but one line to say, and that comes in the second act—surely he'll be here by then. But George! Why we couldn't start the play without his role. I do hope he gets here, because Harry can't make love to you in that last act,—not in the way, George does."

"Oh, listen, Sibyl! The people are beginning to come." A faint hum of voices could be heard. "Isn't this great? It all just thrills me to death." Silvia drew a long breath—"I just love this odor of grease paint and powder mingled with the 'bon air' of the theatre—applause—perhaps some day I'll be a great actress and—and get flowers—encores." . . . She was dreaming!

Fifteen minutes before the appointed time for the performance to begin, a cab stopped at the side door of the theatre and Nick stumbled in—supporting George.

Professor Kantor walked toward them rapidly. George straightened up and smiled.

"Prof, I'd like"—he began.

"That's all right. You look pale. Do you feel well enough to go on?"

"I think so."

"Can you be ready in ten minutes?"

"I'll find myself trying darn hard," was the reply in a weak but determined voice. "Nick, you get my make-up and costume from Harry and I'll find a dressing room." Nick darted off.

"Do you feel any better, old top?" he queried on his return.

"Not much. This room is stuffy—but it's the only one left. Gee! but this air is stale . . . . But I'm going on that stage if

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it takes every ounce of strength. The audience will inspire me—just hearing their voices will make me feel better.”

Nick smiled and his eyes sparkled.

“Good for you! I’ll help you all I can.”

At 8:30 the curtain went up. The noise ceased. The players were gathered in groups, back stage. Professor Kantor moved among them with his reassuring smile.

Soon afterward Nick explained to the “Prof” why they were late. George had become ill—doctor said he had eaten something that had poisoned him. George said he remembered eating a sandwich that had given him a sickening feeling.

“Yes, I recall that we stopped at some little place along the road this afternoon. . . . If George holds out during this play he’s certainly a good one. . . . He looks sick.”

There was a crash on the stage.

“Curtain,” said Professor Kantor in his quick, calm voice.

“My gosh! George has fainted,” exclaimed Nick in an agitated voice.

No time was lost in removing George to the dressing room. Professor Kantor, with his usual coolness, saw to that.

There were anxious looks on the faces of the cast—Silvia and Sibyl were very much distressed.

“Just to think that you and George can’t have that beautiful moonlight scene!” mourned Sibyl. . . . “But let’s hope we get through—somehow!” She saw George being carried into the dressing room, then she turned to Silvia with wide open eyes and whispered:

“Silvia, what about that spider?”

“It seems as if that spider is weaving his web against us tonight.”

George was fighting hard. He was anxious to take his part on to the end.

“No, George, I think it will be better for Harry to take your place.” That was the “Prof’s” decision.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nick was worried—very much worried—he stayed with George part of the time, then he walked across back stage. Suppose he should forget his speech—it was only one line.

There had been so much excitement—but he was determined not to forget, so he kept saying it over: “Gentlemen, the carriage is waiting outside.” This was Nick’s first appearance with the players, and he must not forget! He walked to and fro, hands behind him:



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"Gentlemen, the carriage is waiting outside"—"Gentlemen, the carriage——."

At that moment his cue was given; he rushed through the door and said in an agitated voice:

"My ——! Gentlemen, the hack is waiting outside!"

As he wheeled off the stage he had never felt so much like a fool in his life. His face burned with shame.

He walked into George's room.

"You know, I believe there's something the matter with this darned old theatre! What luck we're having!" he announced.

George's eyes twinkled. "You remember what Prof told us about the spider? Well, just look!"

Nick followed George's gaze. There in the corner of the room was the spider making the last round of his web—noiseless, mystical, and fascinating.

"Well, I'll swear!" Nick said almost to himself. "And this is how our 'la premiere representation' has ended."

The spider's work was finished—he sat in the center of his sphere and mockingly seemed to glance down on the two players.

LOIS SHARPE.

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TO A MORNING GLORY

Oh lovely flow'r that greets the morning light,  
To eye as music to the ear,  
Harmonious tints that haunt me still,  
When sweetest idylls pass from sight,  
Yield up the secret of thy varied hues  
And teach me art!  
Could I by some occultic way or means  
Obtain a magic box of mystic paints,  
To draw and in authentic style portray  
Each curving petal bathed in dew,  
My deepest thirst would then be sate;  
For with deft strokes upon the canvas-cloth  
I would betray fair nature and know all.

MARY KATE BURROWS.

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DURING A LULL HOUR ON CAP'N  
GEORGE'S PLANTATION

My Grandpa George sat on his piazza in the warm hours after a noon-day dinner and entertained his guest. He had graciously assigned to me the task of hostess, and I felt all warm and happy inside. He had said when we pushed our chairs back from a fried chicken dinner where sillabub had been served for dessert, "Let's go out and sit on the front porch, where we can talk. It's cooler there." And as he led his guest through the wide hall, and as I hung to his big hand, he added, "Betty, you come along too, and help me entertain."

But I really didn't. I listened to Grand-pa George's rich, deep voice just as Mr. Fog did. They settled in the big green porch chairs upon whose backs laid the white, starched chair covers which Aunt Lou had placed there only that morning, and they filled and lighted their pipes.

How peaceful and quiet it was, sitting there on the shaded porch after an immense dinner, with the rockers playing a lazy lullaby, and the blue smoke curling up slowly from their pipes. A happy old negro, locally called Uncle Sam, was hoeing out in the flower beds, and Grand-pa George would from time to time direct him. They were rare and precious flowers, and must be worked carefully.

"George", said Mr. Fog as he ran his eyes up the broad lane in front of the house, and up the wide roads leading to the barns and lots. "You lead a full life here on the plantation. I know things don't get dull for you."

"No," Grand-pa George shook his head and gave his old friend a big smile. "Things happen so fast around here, and such unusual things happen that living is filled to the brim, and I wouldn't swap it for any life on earth!"

"I bet you wouldn't! With all these negroes, and farm activities going on, guests dropping in all of the time, I'll wager you could tell many a funny experience. Sad ones too, for that matter."

"Yes, without taxing my memory much, I could tell quite a few." Here Grand-pa raised his voice and called.

"Sam, you better hoe a little deeper around those cape jessamines there. That soil is hard and it needs a good breaking."

He leaned back again in his chair and watched Uncle Sam as he carried out his orders. Mr. Fog blew a big volume of smoke into the air, glancing at Grand-pa George, and burst into a big, hearty laugh.

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"George, you remember that big rattler we killed in that very flower bed soon after you built this house? All of the ladies flew inside, and Miss Susie Andrews fainted and fell cadabb in old man Fletcher's arms. I laughed until I cried."

"Yes, that was an exciting afternoon. We haven't seen any snakes around here now in a long time, Fog. But your mentioning rattlesnakes reminds me of the biggest one we have ever killed on the place. It has a story attached to it too."

Grand-pa George was famed as a teller of tales, so when he made this allusion to a tale, Mr. Fog sat forward in his chair.

"Tell it, George, tell it. Haven't heard you tell a yarn since I've been here, and my system calls for one."

Grand-pa George crossed one of his long legs over the other, and his eyes took on that look characteristic of all good story-tellers. He seemed to forget he had listeners; he seemed to forget the negro in the yard, and his mind went back to the time of the tale.

"It was about fifteen years ago, just before the first frost had come. I had some work I wanted finished over in the Jenny field on the back of the place. That morning after the second bell had rung and the negroes had gathered, yawning and sleepy-eyed, but ready for their day's work, I had the wagons hitched up and all of the field hands with their dinner pails carried to this field.

"One of the drivers was Sam Hyacinth, a strongly constituted negro, jolly disposition, but not so tall. So the abbreviation of his last name, 'High,' stuck to him appropriately. On his wagon was six or seven men, women, and children, and as they wove their way to the distant fields singing songs, commenting, and laughing on the different happenings in the negro quarters, they were a happy bunch.

"'High,' said one of the driver's pals, 'Who was dar lady you had ou' last nigh?'

"'Ah! nigger, wha' you talkin' 'bout? Dar wasn't narry a lady—that dar woman was my wife!'

"'Alright dar, Sam Hyacinth,' cautioned Aunt Min, 'you better warm up dar rabbit foot you 'ad last week—case speakin' of your wife in dar hilarious way is sure to bring you bad luck—you see!'

"'It sure is if she hears about hit. But I'se ain't aimin' to tell her. Get up dar, mule.'

"When they got to the field and the mules were taken out of the harness, and put to the plows, the dinner pails hung to the highest limbs where nothing would bother them, and the smallest children left to play in the sand, the workers were given their respective work to do.

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"I wanted to plant some fall Spanish peanuts in this field and turn the hogs in later on, and as it was several days past the time for the seed to be in the ground, I came out with the hands myself to direct the work.

"I sent Sam and some other men to start their plowing in a little thick rise that was especially rough and tough. I knew they could better tackle it during the morning hours.

" 'You boys,' I told them, 'do some hard work now, and don't mind pushing those mules for all they are worth. I am having fresh ones sent out at dinner, and then these can wallow the whole afternoon.'

"And they did work, I'll tell you. I suppose they were looking ahead and knew that a good field would produce fat hogs for hog-killing time and they would get a share of fat, greasy back-bones and ribs to grace their tables. But whatever the cause, they worked.

"It was about eleven o'clock and I had just been down in the far end of the field noting how the negro women were getting along with their dropping, and was returning when I noticed a commotion over on the rise where they were plowing.

"One of the mules was cutting across the field, with ears laid back, dragging a heavy plow behind her; and her driver was jumping up and down, yelling bloody murder. I cut my own horse across and spurred her up, but before I could get there all of the drivers had come running to the rescue of their fellow workman.

"Pandemonium reigned! The mules having sensed danger were backing away from the troubled scene, and were tangled in their ropes and harness. The negro men were falling over each other to get to the excited man and his tale of what had happened.

"As I rode up I distinguished Sam as the center of the excited group.

" 'Lordy, I am a goner! I am a goner!' he yelled to his pop-eyed audience, and between his high jumps in the air he craned his neck and face around trying to look at the calf of his leg. His black face had turned a pearl-gray white, and he showed plainly he was frightened nearly to death.

" 'What's the matter, Sam?' I questioned as I got off of my horse which was holding back too from something she sensed on the rise.

" 'A snake! A snake! A big rattler done bit a plug out of me, and I is a dyin', I is a dyin'. Cap't George, I is a dead nigger.'

"At this startling news the other negroes' mouths dropped open, and their eyes expanded to big, white saucers. They eased away from poor Sam—expecting the snake to jump at them from his trousers any second.

" 'Sit down, Sam. Let me have a look at it.' It was a bad place.

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The fangs of the snake had dug in and when the victim had begun his war dance had still held. When the leg was finally jerked away the flesh had been torn by the poisoned fangs.

" 'Boys, we will have to get him back to the house as quick as possible. Hitch up one of the wagons.'

" 'I knew we would have to get some of the poisoned blood out of the wound, and try to keep it from spreading to the rest of the body.'

" 'Be still now, Sam. I will have to cut this place to let it bleed good.'

" 'Lordy, Cap't George. I am dyin' to be sho. Nobody ever gets well of a rattlesnake bite, I know.'

"Not paying any attention to his doleful comments, I opened my pocket knife and gashed the bitten place pretty deep. I know it must have hurt, but he seemed unconscious of the pain in his own self-lamentation. I wrapped my clean handkerchief tightly around his leg and tied it securely.

" 'Now, we will have to move him to the wagon and hurry! Time is precious.'

"The men were awkwardly harnessing the mules up for they were so scared at this new turn of events that they could hardly connect the ends and buckles. We laid Sam in on a pile of sacks and made him as comfortable as we could. The women and children had heard the shouts and had seen us carry the injured man. Now they were gathered around the wagon and its mourning occupant.

"Aunt Min came up to the side of the wagon and held out her hands. Tears were in her eyes and her face was sad.

" 'Goodby, Sam. This is dar last time I will get to see you alive. Nobody ever gits up from a rattlesnake bite and you will be dead when we gits in tonight. Goodby.'

"As she pressed his hand, Sam's complexion turned a shade whiter. He thought he was going to die, but it was worse if his friends knew that he would knock on the pearly gates before night-fall. Shaking his hands and shaking their heads all came up and told him goodbye.

" 'Goodby, Sam. Goodby. Lord Jesus have mercy on your soul. We'll give you a big funeral and lay out, though. Don't you worry about dat.'

"The mules were ready to go; so we started for home, leaving them to hunt up and kill the author of all the trouble—the big snake.

"As the wagon wheels rumbled over the farm road, and the driver strained the mules to get the sufferer to medicine and care, I asked Sam, 'How did it happen? Did you see the snake before it bit you?'

" 'No Sar, Boss. I shore didn'. This hear nigger wouldn't have stepped in dar way if I had. I was jes a steppin' along, a geeing and a hawing at them butt-headed mules when I done felt a ticklin'

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around my ankle. I thought it was a briar, so I jes gave it a shake and went on. But it hang on and it shore did hurt! So after a while, I looked down and bles' the law—thar was a big ole rattlesnake a gnawing on my leg. I ain't never taken up any time with tha rattlesnake family, and I don't see why they is a visiting me uninvited like dat now!

"As we neared home Sam turned his saucer eyes from his source of pain to me.

" 'Cap'n George, you reckon I am absolut'y goin' to die? Did those niggers back dar know what they were a talkin' about? "

"I gave a roar of laughter and shook my head. 'You die, Sam? Of course not! Why, in a few days you will be up and walking around, doing a full day's work. A snake bite will hardly affect you!'

"I tried thus to spruce him up, but I knew he couldn't live. The bite was the worst I had ever seen, and when a rattler bites, it's poison that he shoots into one!

"We soon drove up in the lot and it was a scared, half-dead negro that we took out of the wagon. I had decided to try an old time device that had been tried on my father's plantation in case of snake bites, and I was hoping it might help Sam.

" 'Now, John,' I directed the driver, 'run to the yard and catch me two chickens, and tell Miss Lou to get me plenty of hot water and cloths.'

"The lot hands had gathered by that time and we carried Sam up to the Big House. John brought around the chickens and taking one I wrung its neck off quickly, cut it straight through the middle—feathers and all. I laid the hot chicken body on Sam's wound and bandaged it there. Lou had come with the medicine in the meantime, and we dosed Sam to counteract the poison from the bite.

"When the warmth of the chicken body lying on the wound had lowered and it was beginning to feel cool, I unbandaged it and took it off. Fog, you should have seen that chicken. It was absolutely green! The pink meat had been turned green by the poison from the wound. As soon as I removed the first chicken, I slapped on the hot body of the second chicken, and continued giving the medicine.

"Well, it was a stiff case, and we worked and worked on the poor nigger. Hot water, cloths, medicine, and freshly killed, hot chicken bodies we used, but his fate hung in the balance. At least he lived through that first night, and when the field hands came in at sun down with a seven-foot rattler dangling to the back wagon tongue, it was not a dead negro they looked at, but one still able to grin a little and take their well meant but heart lowering remarks.

" 'Sam Hyacinth, you ain't dead yet! But poor nigger, you'll die 'fore mornin'. Your poor body can't last out. Is you goin' to have

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Rev. Parker to speak your funeral? We will enjoy him the most, we will.'

"Try as we would, we couldn't make his black friends hide their misgivings and doubt, and present an uplifting face to the sufferer. Of course that was somewhat of a pull on our treatment, but the whole quarters wanted to view daily the famed snake bite, and we didn't have the heart to shut the source of their curiosity away from them."

Here Grand-pa uncrossed his long legs and leaning far over knocked the burned out ashes from his pipe. In this lull hour of the quiet afternoon nothing broke the silence but the sound of the pipe against the white pillar, and the dull thud of the hoe out in the flower bed. The scent of the jessamines hung heavy in the yard, and not a sound came from the house where within Aunt Lou and the ladies were taking their after-dinner nap.

"Well, George. How did it end? Did the rattlesnake claim its toll. Did Hyacinth succumb?"

Grand-pa's attentive eyes shifted from the cleaning of his pipe over to the end of the hoe's handle digging in the flower bed. Glancing back shyly at us and laying his pipe on the base of the pillar, he brought his two long, strong hands to his mouth. But not before we caught a teasing smile breaking over its surface. A second later a deep call rumbled from the hand-made megaphone.

"Sam Hyacinth! Oh, Sam!"

The hoe in the yard fell with a crashing noise to the ground and its former wielder sprang into the air with a shriek. Coming down again to the earth, his heels caught on the bricks outlining the bed and he fell sprawling on his back with his feet flying into mid-air. He lay stunned for a moment, but then raised himself on one arm, and his big saucer eyes surveyed his surroundings. It was then he caught sight of his three observers on the piazza—Mr. Fog and myself astonished and surprised, but Grand-pa George laughing in his easy, hearty way.

Uncle Sam shook his wooly head, and gave relieved chuckles; "Lawdy, Cap'n George, you scared me good fashion. I never jump'd so high in my life, but for two things—whenever my ole woman yells my name, and when that there rattlesnake played tag with me that day in the Jenny field."

ELIZABETH McREE.



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### A JUNE THAW

"Fifteen minutes out of Miami, Sir," the porter said as he deferentially shook the occupant of berth seven. This individual emitted a grumbled groan, turned over, sat up and began to dress. A few minutes later a mammoth man crawled out of the berth and waddled down the aisle to the dressing room. He reached the door and pushed it open, knocking against a young man standing near, but making no apology, pushed his way to the lavatory to the discomfort of one or two others standing around it; pulled two towels from the rack, pocketed one and began his morning's ablution with the other. When he laboriously made his way back to his berth, the alert porter had already made it up. "There you are, sir."

"What did you do with my valise?" he asked.

"There it is, sir, out there ready to be taken off."

A young man across the aisle asked, "Your first trip down South?"

"Yes, my first trip down," he answered laconically, clearly showing a desire to drop the conversation.

"Miami!" called the porter. Joshua Bodkins got to his feet as quickly as his bulky proportions allowed, and rushed forward to extricate his valise from the pile. The porter stopped him, "I'll take it off, sir."

"I'll do it myself." He picked up the valise, completely blocking the passageway. He stood staunchly, however, until the line began to move slowly toward the door. As he stepped from the platform a red cap attempted to relieve him of his valise. Joshua only grabbed it more securely, made a motion for the boy to clear the way and pushed out to the large terminal, completely forgetting to reward the porter who had listened so attentively to his grumbling complaints.

As he reached the door leading on to the street, a myriad of cab drivers clamoured for his valise. He refused all offers to ride and began to walk up the street. He knew not an inch of Miami, but he knew that he'd have to pay for a cab—not that he wasn't able to pay—wealth was one thing he did have—but as he said, "I've made it by not spending it."

He had learned from a responsible Northern friend that board might be had for twelve dollars a week on Thirty-fourth street, consequently he directed his steps in that direction after receiving minute instructions from a policeman.

Joshua was a Northerner—he'd never been South before, and were it not in hopes of making more money, which was a game at which he never tired, he would never have come South this time. His half brother had some years before borrowed money from him to buy an

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orange grove. The grove, contrary to all Joshua's expectations—and wishes—had prospered. Joshua, unable to see the half brother prosper without being able to take part, had come down with hopes of sharing Florida's profit.

After mopping perspiration for blocks, he reached the house on Thirty-fourth street. It was unmistakably a boarding house. On the wide veranda were scattered several groups of people; in one corner a crowd of young girls were chattering excitedly; in another a group of men were discussing a subject which seemed very vital. The whole place gave the appearance of a party, and Joshua did not like parties. However, the price lured him on. He could stay away from those girls, and he had no fear of the men worrying him—they never had—nor women either for that matter. In fact nobody had bothered Joshua for a long time. After the marriage of his only sister, he had lived alone except for an old woman who came twice a week to clean for him.

He walked up the steps and was met by a trim black maid who ushered him into what had once been a den, but was now serving in the capacity of an office.

Miss Gray, the proprietress, watched Joshua as he signed his name on the ledger—in this brief moment she had summed him up, "Humph! rich, but stingy" she concluded. Miss Gray's one ambition was to marry rich. She would have been married long ago had it not been for her homely face and desiccated figure—at any rate she had tried and was never tired of trying. At thirty-nine she still clung to her hopes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Joshua had been in Miami two weeks. His experiences the first week were very trying—spending money was such an effort and everything required money. He could walk anywhere he had to go, and the real estate men conveyed him to any prospects for quick money.

Perhaps it was the Florida sunshine that did it—or it might have been something else—at any rate, Joshua began to thaw. The first evidence of this thawing process was shown when he began his second week at Miss Gray's boarding house. Other evidences were manifesting themselves every day. Sometimes he would ride down to the beach, merely for the pleasure that the ride gave him. The nights possessed a peculiar fascination for him. The tropical atmosphere ate itself into Joshua's soul and he emerged from the process somewhat rejuvenated.

Miss Gray's coy glances did not hit amiss as often as she had thought. Joshua noticed them and was grateful. Once, he almost

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went so far as to ask her to go to the movies with him, but the expenditure that it would involve, caused him, on second thought to discard the idea.

\* \* \* \* \*

Joshua had been at Miss Gray's for almost three weeks—the thought of the thirty-six dollars he would have to pay almost made him forget the pleasantness of the stay. He had decided that he must go back home the following day, though he hated to leave. Somehow Florida had permeated his spirit—the blue sky, the clear air, the water—all had made him a man entirely different from the Joshua who had arrived in Miami three weeks before. The girls no longer bothered him—in fact he missed their chatter on afternoons they were otherwise occupied. Where he had formerly avoided the men, he now sought their company, although he never joined in the treats of cigars and drinks.

The last day of Joshua's stay had arrived. As Joshua came down the steps to the office, Miss Gray met him with a smile. "Sorry you're leaving us, Mr. Bodkins," she said as she handed him a slip of paper with an itemized statement of expenses on it. Joshua looked at Miss Gray's smiling countenance, then allowed his glance to fall on the bill.

"Three weeks, at thirty-five dollars a week—total, one hundred five dollars!" Joshua rubbed his eyes—was he seeing things? He was sure the friend had told him twelve dollars. He was unable to say a word for a brief period of time—when he glanced up again, Miss Gray was still smiling—for a moment he confused one hundred five dollars with Miss Gray's smile and paid the bill. The boarders who saw the farewell guessed right when they said "romance!"

ESTHA FREEMAN.



ANOTHER September has brought its universal appeal from those who seek knowledge and training for the realization of ideals and ambitions. In answer to this appeal our College has thrown wide its doors, the wheels of student activity have begun rotating, and the Pine Branch is one of the first achievements.

Realizing how fully the success of our College depends upon the support given us by the legislature, we wish in our first issue to express our sincere appreciation and gratitude to the members of the General Assembly for the increased appropriations granted us at its last session. Indeed, we are deeply grateful that we are able to attain added momentum and energy now that the College indebtedness has been paid.

At every step of its growth our College has stood for richer development, striving always to the ultimate goal of perfection. In the process of transition from a Junior College to a Senior College offering such courses and work of such a nature as would always be recognized and credited by larger institutions of learning, the College was forced either to assume an indebtedness or to betray those young women who came here with the expectation of securing work equal to that they could find anywhere.

Not only is our gratitude extended to the legislature, but also to the people of Valdosta, who maintained the College credit during its hard years, and but for whom we should never have been able to make so much progress.

With added improvements which our increased resources will enable us to have, we are anticipating, in fact are certain of, the greatest year in the entire history of the College.

LUCILE DOWLING.

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

The editors of the Pine Branch found in a special edition of the Savannah Morning News of October 20th, a very interesting and instructive sketch of the history and programme of The Georgia State Womans College which we take pleasure in reproducing for the readers of the Pine Branch. We thank the Morning News both for the article itself and for the privilege of reproducing it.

### THE EDITORS.

#### EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

Fifteen years ago the state of Georgia, by legislative enactment, established in Valdosta the Georgia State Womans College, which was given its charter carte blanche to become almost anything the board of trustees should see fit to make it, but inadequate appropriations to it long limited its program. Yet from the beginning it was conceived of by the board and the administration as a woman's college—a high grade characteristic—woman's college in the making, and all its plans were laid and its programs set for this ideal.

Because the funds for it were not adequate for a larger service, and because standard high schools in its territory were not sufficiently numerous to justify its assuming a solely collegiate role, it, like other colleges of the state, began its career largely as a high school—a high school with few "normal school" and junior college students. But all the equipment provided was the best to be obtained, and the teachers were carefully chosen for efficiency and progressive outlook.

A year after the college opened, the war in Europe broke out and hard times followed, with the boll weevil devastating the cotton fields still later. These were also hard days with the state treasury, when no adequate appropriations could be made; and altogether the infant college had a hard struggle in the beginning.

But the college never lost sight of its ideals and its program of becoming a truly broad and noble college for women—a college worthy of the great commonwealth of Georgia and of the noble tradition of its womanhood.

By degrees, in spite of all the adverse conditions besetting it, it has waxed in size and increased in numbers of students, and always it has pressed on to higher and higher standards of scholarship until today the high school has completely disappeared, and the college is a standard college with a goodly list of baccalaureate graduates and with its halls crowded to utmost capacity with a splendid group of undergraduates. Never hastening, never pausing, the college has pressed on to the realization of its purpose of becoming a truly worthy woman's college.

By degrees its campus has become a place of beauty; by degrees buildings have come—one of the most beautiful groups of buildings in the state, and excellently equipped for their purposes; by degrees it has become one of the most admirable colleges in the state.

In this interesting development both the state and the city of Valdosta have had important parts—both in the moral and spiritual phases and in the material and financial phases. The first appropriation made by the state for the buildings was the tragically inadequate sum of \$30,000, but Valdosta provided a campus of 60 acres of land, which was practically given by Senator W. S. West to the city for the purpose at the nominal figure of \$27,000. This campus is now worth on a most conservative estimate a quarter of a million dollars, and the city contributed also \$50,000 more toward the building program. W. L. Converse advanced \$25,000 as a loan

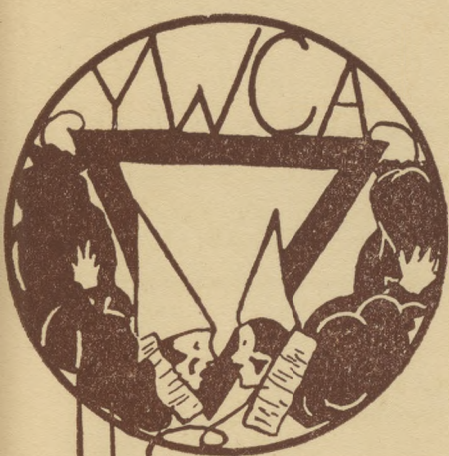
## THE PINE BRANCH

to complete the first building; so the college began with a struggle loyally supported in Valdosta, to make tongue and buckle meet. The small maintenance appropriation of \$25,000 with which the college was started was equally inadequate to the heavy burden of initial expenses and Mr. C. R. Ashley, of the board of trustees and treasurer of the institution, frequently lent his personal credit for as much as \$10,000 at a time in keeping the college going on a high standard of service.

During the first years of the existence of the college the appropriations from the state fell below the actual needs of maintenance to such an extent that a deficit was gradually created. The recent legislature passed a deficiency bill, wiping out all indebtedness. At the same time the legislature also increased the maintenance appropriation for the first time in the history of the college to a figure adequate to the support and development of such an institution.

Completely disproving in its case the proverb of a prophet's being without honor in his own home country and among his own people, the citizens of Valdosta in a way, possibly unprecedented in the history of the state, lent their credit to the college to sustain its credit, through the lean years when the state was unable to provide sufficient funds for maintenance of the college. Furthermore the college receives from the Valdosta high school an overwhelming majority of its graduates. The same is true of the high schools of several other towns of the state.

Dr. R. H. Powell, who has been president since the opening of the college, has never faltered in his ambition to bring the college to a position with the foremost educational institutions in the South. The college has been happily described as "Valdosta's most beautiful and most gracious accomplishment—the state's loveliest gift to its daughters."



**T**HE WORK of the Y. W. C. A. began with the arrival of the Freshmen on Monday, September the twelfth. A very enthusiastic group of old students met the train and directed the girls to the College. After registration they were given badges in the form of the triangle which is the symbol of the Y. W. C. A.

As the week's entertainment was given over entirely to the "Y", plans were made to make the first few days of College life as pleasant as possible. On Tuesday evening a "get-to-gether" party was given in the dining hall under the leadership of Miss Leonore Ivey, head of the Physical Education Department. One of the most enjoyable events of the week was the "Big-Little Sister" party given Saturday evening, September the seventeenth, on Ashley Terrace. Miss Estha Freeman was in charge of the entertainment and many interesting games and contests were enthusiastically entered into by the old as well as the new girls. Later in the evening light refreshments were served by the Senior girls.

The spiritual as well as the physical and intellectual phase of the student's life is given a phase through the Vesper services which are held each Thursday and Sunday evening. Among the most interesting topics discussed during the month were "Religion in Every Day Life," by Dr. R. H. Powell, the president, and "Christ in Modern Poetry" by Miss Gertrude Gilmer, head of the English Department.

OPAL THORNTON.

## SOCIETY NEWS

### SORORIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Sororian Literary Society held its first program meeting on September 31. The program was most enjoyable and interesting. The program was as follows:

Synopsis "In Abraham's Bosom" (Greene)—Estha Freeman.

In Abraham's Bosom as I saw it—Miss Sawyer.

Piano Solo—Janet Scarborough.

It has been decided that the Society publish year books this year. Louise Benton and Iva Chandler are chairmen of this committee. The year books are now being printed and will be distributed among the members at the next meeting.

S. A. STRONG.

\* \* \*

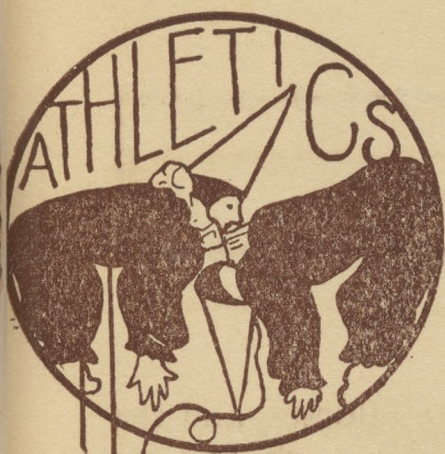
### ARGONIAN SOCIETY NOTES

The first meeting of the Argonian Society was held September 17. The purpose of the meeting was to elect officers for the year, '27 and '28. The following officers were elected: Lucius Bedell, vice-president, and Catherine Lee, treasurer.

The second meeting was held September 24. The following program was given:

1. Synopsis of "Command", by Sharon Satterfield.
2. Leonora Speyer's Poems—Mildred Larsen.





ON FRIDAY evening, October 14th, the old members of The Phi Lambda and Phi Kappa Athletic Associations sponsored a "manless" dance to which the faculty and entire student body were invited. The College orchestra furnished the music and the following program was enjoyed:

No break dance.  
All blonde dance.  
All brunette dance.  
"Fall Pantomime"—a stunt.  
Virginia reel.  
Lucky number dance.  
Athletic Wedding—a stunt.  
Paul Jones.

At the close of the dance, bids to the two athletic associations were presented to the new girls.

To the enthusiastic refrain of the Phi Lambda and Phi Kappa pep songs the dance was concluded.

The athletic associations have much in store for the coming year, and hope to continue to find as much cooperation and enthusiasm as has already been exhibited.

## LOCALS

### "CIRCUS DAY"

That the G. S. W. C. authorities, the people of Valdosta, and the college girls themselves believe the old saying "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" was proved on the evening of October 5, when the college girls, under the guidance of Mr. C. C. Brantley and Judge Thomas, went to the circus. Automobiles were provided by the people of Valdosta to take the girls to the circus grounds. The performers were at their best and the animal acts were fine. The college students readily admit that going to the circus is certainly an event which is looked forward to with great pleasure.

### ANNUAL RECEPTION OF FACULTY MEMBERS

The outstanding social event of the last week and a delightful occasion was the annual reception given by the Faculty members of the College on Saturday evening in honor of the student body. The terrace of Ashley Hall and the lawn were decorated with lanterns which made an ideal setting for the party.

The entire faculty formed a broken receiving line. Among those receiving in the first group were: Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Powell, Miss Annie P. Hopper, and Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Wood.

The following program was enjoyed:

Like a Dream from "Martha" (Floton)—Mr. James Dasher.

From the Land of the Sky Blue Water (Cadman)—Mr. James Dasher.

Dance—Two Little Girls in Blue—Elizabeth McRee and Jean Loggins.

Reading: Main Street, (Joyce Kilmer; Da Besta Frand, (T. A. Daily)—Miss Louise Sawyer.

Without Thee, (Guy d'Hardelot)—Miss Alimae Temple.

Quite Different, (James A. Dasher)—Miss Alimae Temple.

Dance: A Lord and His Lady Fair—Alice Parker and Elizabeth McRee.

Pierror-Serenade, (Randegger, Jr.)—Mrs. W. A. Pardee.

Spanish Dance, (Renfeld)—Mrs. W. A. Pardee.

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Duet: Sing Along, (Arthur Penn)—Miss Alimae Temple, Mr. James Dasher.

Accompanist—Miss Gladys Warren.

After the program an ice course was served.

## VALDOSTA CLUB

The Valdosta Club chose the Pines for the place of their first meeting on October 5th. The Freshmen girls of Valdosta were guests of the club. During the business session the work of the club was organized for the year, and the constitution and by-laws were read. The president, Miss Mildred Larsen, extended greetings to the new members. Miss Hopper, Dean of Women, impressed upon the girls the opportunity the club has of making a real contribution to G. S. W. C. Miss Elizabeth Boyd gave a reading. At the conclusion of the program a picnic lunch was served. Miss Marguerite Ford gave a toast to the new members, which was responded to by Marguerite Langdale.

## FRESHMEN INITIATION

A novel feature on the campus the past week, and one which afforded much amusement to Freshmen as well as to upper-classmen, was the initiation of the Freshmen. During the initiation all Freshmen were required to wear regulation green caps and a placard on which was printed the word "Freshman" in green block print. In addition to this a salute and the salutation, "Greetings, My Superior!" were ordered of Freshmen on the appearance of upper-classmen, and all orders given by Juniors and Seniors were expected to be explicitly obeyed. No cosmetics were used by Freshmen during this time. At the conclusion of initiation, Freshman Court was held, and all who failed to observe regulations imposed during this period were tried by a court of the superiors.

BESSIE YOUNG.

## ALUMNAE NOTES

Marion Groover, of the '18 class is teaching in a private school in Washington, D. C., and studying at George Washington University. She may be addressed 1603, 16th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

\* \* \*

Blanche Thompson, Mrs. Blanche Wilkes, of the '18 class is living in Messemmer City, N. C.

\* \* \*

Catherine Spence of the '19 class was married in the summer to Carlisle Ward, of Brunswick, Georgia.

Jimmie Carmack of the '22 class is teaching Home Economics in the high school at Punta Gorda, Florida.

\* \* \*

Mary Poindexter of the class of '22 is teaching in the high school at Sale City, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Jewell Carmack, Mrs. J. A. Tanner, of the '23 class is living in Bridgeport, Alabama, and teaching Home Economics in the high school.

\* \* \*

Lucy Fleming of the '23 class was recently married to Dr. Will L. Wood of Pine Castle, Florida, where they are making their home.

\* \* \*

May Gibson, Mrs. E. G. McCall, of the '23 class announces the birth of a son, Eugene Gilmer, Jr., on June 16th, 1927. She is living in Rock Hill, S. C.

\* \* \*

Clara Belle Penny, Mrs. J. J. Hurlbert, Jr., of the '23 class announces the birth of a daughter, Betty Jean, on June 14th. She is living in Jacksonville, Florida, 115 E. 4th Street.

\* \* \*

Corinne Studstill of the '23 class did graduate work at Peabody College this summer. She returns to Commerce, Texas, where she is a critic teacher in the East Texas State Teachers College.

\* \* \*

Olin Bland of the '24 class was recently married to S. N. Reeves, of Marianna, Florida.

\* \* \*

Helen Lineberger, Mrs. Leslie Culpepper, of the '24 class announces

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

the birth of a son, Leslie, Jr., on September 25th. She is living in Valdosta.

\* \* \*

Harriet Whitworth of the '24 class is now Mrs. L. M. Rozier, and may be found at 411-413 Comeau Building, West Palm Beach, Florida.

\* \* \*

Mildred Williams of the '24 class was married on June 14th to W. M. Ottmeier. They are making their home at Fargo, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Mary Belin of the '25 class is teaching in the lower grades in Brunswick, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Athena Church of the '25 class is doing departmental work in the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades at Slocumb, Alabama.

\* \* \*

Martha Groover of the '25 class is now Mrs. Glenn Roper, of Boston, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Evelyn McArthur of the '25 class is teaching English in the high school at Dublin, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Clarice Weathersbee, A. B. '25, is teaching in the schools of Vero Beach, Florida.

\* \* \*

Bernice Bradley of the '26 class is teaching in the New Era school just out of Americus, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Thelma Carmack of the '26 class is teaching the fifth grade in the schools of Punta Gorda, Florida.

\* \* \*

Mary Chestnut of the '26 class is teaching the seventh grade in Sale City, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Margaret Lyle of the '26 class is teaching the fourth and fifth grades in Rebecca, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Naomi Prim of the '26 class was married on June 9th to Robert Olin Brockington. They are living at 1819 Walnut Street, Jacksonville, Florida.

\* \* \*

Virginia Thomas, Mrs. Arthur Parramore, of the '26 class announces the birth of a daughter, Martha Ann, on August 28th. They are living in Valdosta.

THE PINE BRANCH

Marian Wiseman of the '26 class is teaching in Adel, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Nellie Bracey, A. B. '27, is teaching in the schools of Greenville, South Carolina.

\* \* \*

Susie Mae Brinson of the class of '27 is teaching first grade at Chadbourn, N. C.

\* \* \*

Rena Mae Campbell, A. B. '27, is teaching Science and Home Economics in the high school at Buena Vista, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Zackie Carmack of the '27 class is teaching in the Junior High School at Grant, Alabama.

\* \* \*

Merri Nell Davis of the '27 class is studying at the University of Georgia.

\* \* \*

Mary Nell Fits of the '27 class is teaching the third grade at Dawson, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Ruth Folger, A. B. '27, is teaching in Alapaha, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Shirley Gaskins, A. B. '27, is teaching Science in the high school at Stillmore, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Elsie Gunn, A. B. '27, is teaching Science in the high school at Orlando, Florida, and may be addressed Jefferson Court Apartments.

\* \* \*

Emma Joe Jolly of the '27 class is teaching the seventh grade and Latin in the eighth and ninth grades in the New Era school near Americus, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Mildred Lavender of the '27 class is teaching in the Industrial High School at Columbus, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Sara Mandeville, A. B. '27, is teaching English and Civics in the Junior High School at Waycross, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Christine Meadows, A. B. '27, is teaching in the schools of Jonesboro, N. C.

\* \* \*

Lucile Nix of the '27 class is teaching in the schools of Jesup, Georgia.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Helen Seals of the '27 class was married on September 6th to Charles Austin Stebbins. They are living at Woodbine, Georgia.

\* \* \*

May Lillie Touchton, A. B. '27, is teaching Science in the high school at Jasper, Florida.



### GOOD RULE — WORKED BOTH WAYS.

The best part about the Freshman initiation was that the Seniors had to get up at seven o'clock to exercise the "rat court" and the next morning they were even more sore than the "rats."

### HISTORY UP-TO-DATE.

Virginia Jones (making two minute talks in history): "Balboa sailed around the Pacific ocean and landed at St. Augustine."

### WANT AD.

Wanted—a description of that animal in "Senior Hall" known as a "sissy."

### AN ORIGINAL STENO.

Myrtle McArthur: "You told me to file these letters, sir?"

Mr. Henderson: "Yes."

Myrtle: "Well, I was just thinking that it'd be easier to trim 'em with a pair of scissors."

### FRESHMAN VS. SENIOR.

Catherine Trulock: "I sprang from a line of peers."

Cappie Bush: "I jumped off a dock once myself."

### CAMPUS SIDE LIGHTS.

Sara Thomas is resting this week after signing the Student Government Association receipts and meeting all the Freshmen every time they turned a corner during Freshman initiation.

Evelyn Tyson: "I can hear those old Sophomores ironing every morning before I wake up."

The Freshmen wonder: Does Lucille Dowling ever go to sleep?

Opal Thornton: "Oh, somebody's used all the wet water in this shower."

### ATTRIBUTE OF A LADY.

Frankie and Mary Louise engaged in a friendly argument:



## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Frankie: "If you were a lady you wouldn't put your feet on my bed."

Mary Louise Maxwell: "If you were a lady you wouldn't talk that way to a visitor."

### LATIN FUNCTIONS.

Mildred Larsen (addressing Valdosta Club): "Ladies, we must do something to remedy the status quo."

Gladys Arnold: "Madam President, what is the status quo?"

Mildred: "That, my friends, is Latin for the mess we're in."

## The Georgia State Womans College

WISHES TO USE THIS PAGE IN THIS ISSUE OF THE PINE BRANCH TO EXTEND ITS GREETINGS TO ALL HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS AND TO WISH THEM A HAPPY AND SUCCESSFUL YEAR.

IT WISHES TO URGE UPON ALL, THE IMPORTANCE OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION AND OF BEGINNING NOW TO GET READY TO ATTEND COLLEGE NEXT FALL.

AND FINALLY, THE COLLEGE WISHES TO INVITE THE YOUNG LADIES WHO HAVE AMBITION TO BE LEADERS, TO ENTER ITS CLASSES NEXT FALL TO PREPARE FOR SUCH LEADERSHIP. THE BUSINESS OF THE STATE'S WOMAN'S COLLEGE IS TO PREPARE YOUNG WOMEN FOR LEADERSHIP IN WOMAN'S SPHERES IN THE STATE. THE COLLEGE IS MODERN AND PROGRESSIVE IN EVERY WAY.

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