

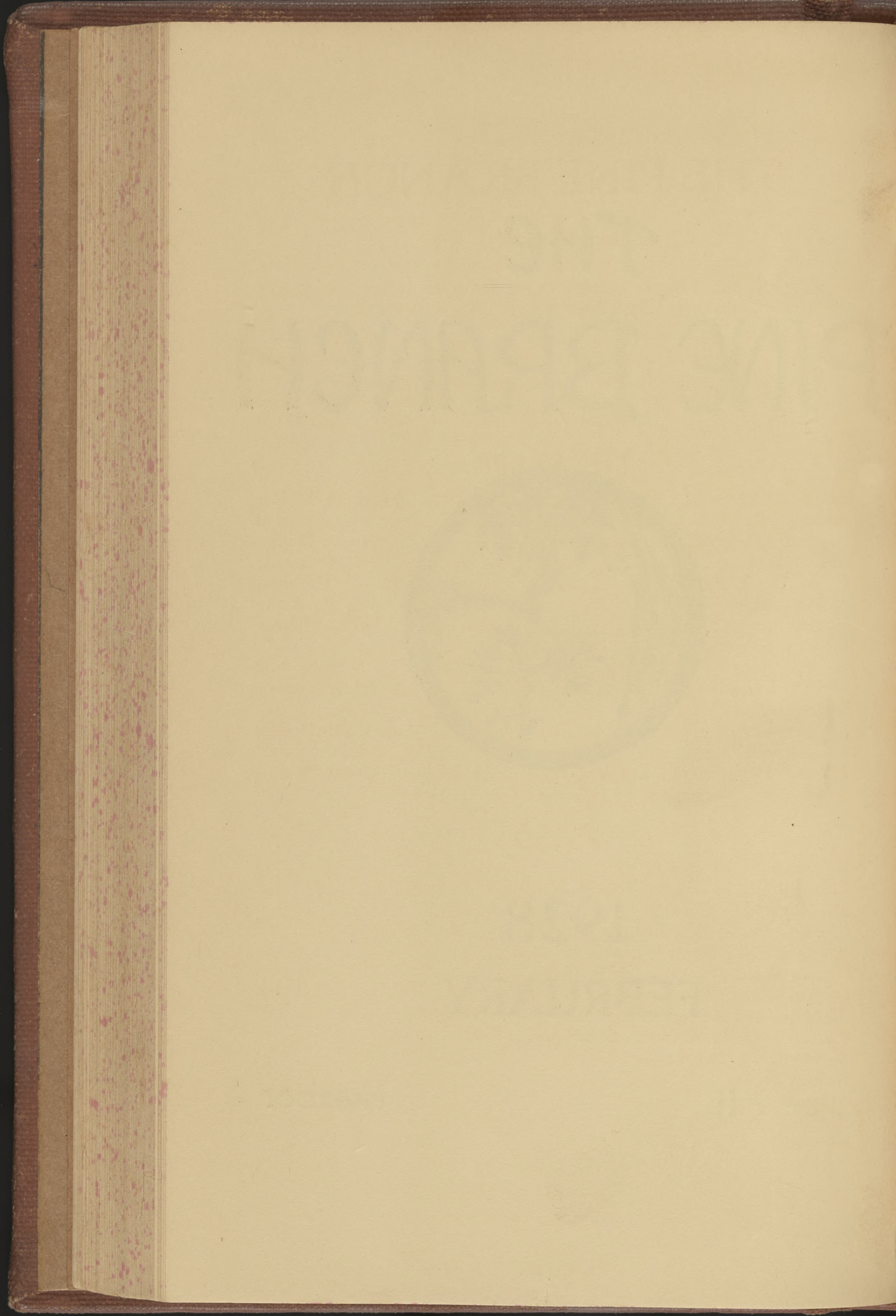
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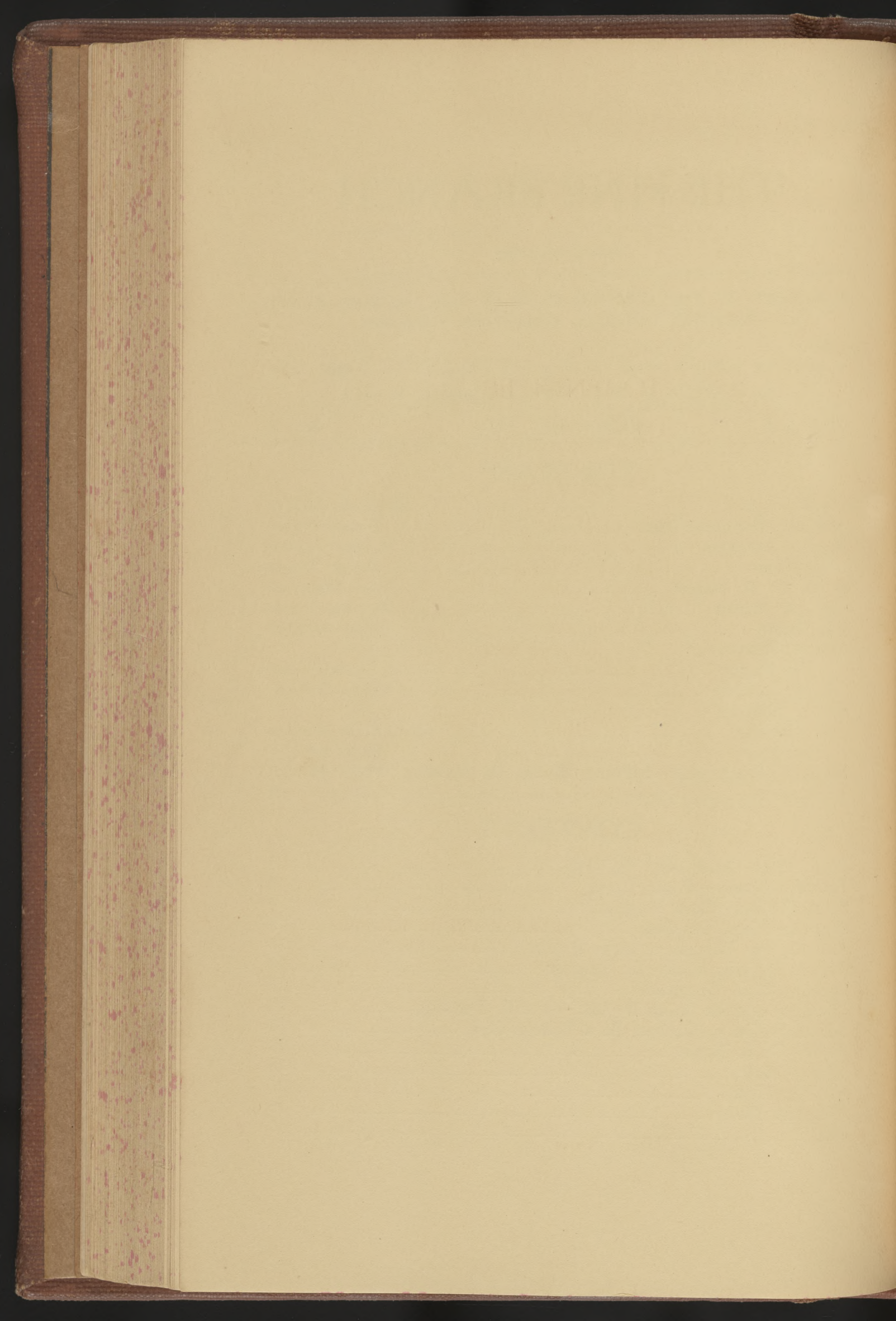
NO. 4

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CONTENTS

To Jennifer—Mary Kate Burrows	3
Truthful Gossip—Bessie Young	4
Brush Strokes—Cora Burghard	6
Poppies—Hazel Donahue	9
A Pansy for Thought—Louise Benton	10
History Repeats Itself—Ila Spooner	14
Detour—Cora Burghard	18
“To Love and Be Loved By Me”—Lucille Dowling	19
Editorial—On to College; Be a College Girl!	21
Y. W. C. A. Notes	23
Society Notes	24
Athletic Notes	25
Alumnae Notes	26
Jokes	31



TO JENNIFER

Tall she stands,
The moistened air
Draws its fingers
Through her hair.

Rain has made,
Oh, pagan girl,
Each eyelash heavy
With a pearl.

Mouth all wet;
Such lips must feed
Upon new wine;—
Pomegranite seed.

Tall she stands,
While the air
With long fingers
Smooths her hair.

Spirit of
All youth, the test,
The symbol of
An endless quest.

MARY KATE BURROWS.

TRUTHFUL GOSSIP

Soon all Blakeville was astir with the delicious morsel of gossip that arrived simultaneously with the return of Miss Mame from her weekly trip of carrying butter and eggs to Mrs. Armstrong who lived within earshot of the college.

"Yes, sir, Eliza Baron! I didn't even take time to count the change when Mrs. Armstrong gave it to me. Poor Napoleon is still panting from that six-mile trot."

Immediately the astonished Eliza Baron ceased cutting the dried figs she was preparing for a fruit cake and opened her mouth to speak, but Miss Mame didn't need priming because she was still sparkling with this choice bit of news.

"You never can tell what these modern girls are gonna do. Now you just take that Fannie Elmgreen for instance. Before that child went to college, she was just like her Ma, and I know there never was a sweeter, nicer, pleasanter, Christianer" — here Miss Mame ran short of adjectives and, feeling the need of more energy took in fuel in the form of a dried fig—"Daisy Elmgreen was one fine woman."

A knock at the door interrupted the conversation. Mrs. McIntyre, who always kept one eye focused through a rent in the lace curtain to keep up with the happenings of the town, saw Napoleon coming from the city at such a fast gait that he seemed to have forgotten his blind eye and lame leg. She decided that she must have a cup of sugar, and that the sugar must come from Eliza Baron's pantry.

"Fannie Elmgreen's turned flapper before our very eyes," Miss Mame informed Mrs. McIntyre; and, finding a good rocker near the bowl of figs, made herself comfortable for the sharing of her news with her best friends.

"I was waiting for Mrs. Armstrong to bring back the basket when up drove a handsome lad in a car to the dormitory. The door of the dormitory opened and out came two girls a-laughing and a-talking. The girl with the hat on was Fannie Elmgreen. She said to the other girl, 'Everything's ready and all we have to do is go to Rev. Almand at the rectory'."

Miss Mame paused to get another fig. Mrs. McIntyre made use of the break in conversation and, forgetting the sugar, went to spread the news. After all Fannie Elmgreen had eloped and that alone was enough to gain admittance into any home.

"O! Miss Mame, isn't that just awful!" cried Eliza Baron, "May

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

the Lord have mercy on her when Daisy Elmgreen hears about it! Did our Fannie have her suit-case?"

Mincing a dried fig, Miss Mame continued nonchalantly, "No, but that don't spell nothing! She had a purse two feet by one wide, and with the brevity of the present-day dresses any flapper could easily have put her whole trousseau in that purse. To prove that Fannie knew she was a-doing wrong, she didn't get in front with the boy and didn't as much as speak, only smiled. Why there's a car a-churning at the front gate. Every car I hear, just makes me think of our Fannie and that unwise step she has taken."

Miss Mame reached for another fig; Eliza Baron went to the window.

"Well if it isn't Fannie Elmgreen and that boy and car," cried Eliza Baron.

"Just let the culprit come in and make her confession. I shan't help her right things with her Ma," replied Miss Mame, rocking violently.

A second later Fannie entered. "O, Miss Baron," she said, "is Brother Baron in his study? Rev. Almand wasn't in town; so I made the taxi bring me out here. We want to borrow the vestment for the preacher to wear at the mock-wedding of the Junior and Freshman classes."

BESSIE YOUNG.

BRUSH STROKES

"Scrub brushes, shoe brushes, tooth brushes, br-rr-r-r!" growled Leigh. Brushes and trouble, a neat pair of synonyms for you. Leigh had been trying to dodge brushes ever since he was five years old. His mother was responsible for the initial antipathy. She had demonstrated very forcefully that the hair brush had a use more sinister than that of untangling his curls on mornings when he was trying so hard to finish out a rudely interrupted dream.

Leigh was twenty-one now, with all the prestige that accompanies that age. He had succeeded in straightening out most of his curls. Yet brushes continued to be a source of irritation to him. He stood before his dressing table eyeing the neat row of brushes which had prompted the growl. There they were—the whole trifling lot of them. He liked to think of them as captured enemies, meekly lined up to await punishment.

Grasping the military brushes he dashed them so furiously over his temples that the distance from ear to ear must have been appreciably lessened. Next, he clutched the clothes brush and, although his suit was immaculate, he gave it a dusting that would have done credit to a Pullman porter, laboring for a seventy-five-cent tip. At last the whole brush family lay in a huddled heap on the table, a few bristles and straws scattered about near them.

Leigh, looking much like the comic character in "How To Start the Day Off Wrong," entered the breakfast room where his mother and father were seated. "'Morning," he grunted, taking the empty place at the table. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt beamed on him as only elderly parents can beam on their one child, now grown to splendid manhood.

"Now you're getting to be like your old dad," said Mr. Hunt in a broken but pleased voice. The muscles on his worn face quivered, converting the numerous wrinkles into a joyous smile. That expression made Leigh forget the morning's battle. He was thinking, "How can it please him to look at me when I—" but the thought was interrupted by his father.

"It's just as I've always told you. To succeed in the business world, you've got to begin early. 'The simplest way to live more than an average life is to add an hour to the fresh end of the day'."

Leigh, explaining hastily that there was a little extra work to do at the office, bit deeply into his piece of toast, to halt further questioning. Perceiving that his father's interest had been aroused, he turned abruptly to his mother. "The color scheme you suggested

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

is working out very effectively. With a touch of cobalt blue in the foreground to repeat that in the—”

“Oh, you must bring it home this evening for me to see,” interrupted Mrs. Hunt eagerly. The request seemed to stimulate immediate compliance, for Leigh gulped down his coffee and bade his parents a hasty goodday.

It was a few minutes before eight when Leigh entered the office building of the J. L. Hunt Company, Brush Manufacturers. He went directly to the manager's door, knocked, and was summoned in by a curt “Come!” The room was unusually large for a private office, but its size was indicative of its occupant, Pearson, an imposing figure, secretly entitled himself The Big Man in the Business. He sat opposite a massive oak desk, grim, erect, motionless. He greeted Leigh with a laconic “Good morning” and waited for him to be seated.

Leigh began instantly on his mission. “I interviewed Strass and Jimson as you directed. Both are willing to make a go of it and await word from you.”

Pearson never shifted his gaze, but the range of his one glance seemed to extend everywhere. He noted with distaste the boy's triumphant enthusiasm, but his face did not register the thought. He spoke without apparent movement of his lips. “Final word must come from your father.”

Leigh was stunned. “But I've explained to you already that that is impossible. You are aware of dad's attitude toward art generally and,” Leigh swallowed hard, “You know how skeptical he is about my business ability.”

Pearson knew. He was personally responsible for Hunt's discouragement over his son's progress. True enough, Leigh had reached a stand-still in his work. Hunt had always planned that his son should succeed him as owner and president of the great company he had established. He had persistently discouraged Leigh's attempt to make an artist out of himself, having at last persuaded him to learn the brush business. Leigh, with his unusual intelligence and energy, had risen steadily from the first. But as the industry expanded, he began to feel the limits of his business capacity. While his will was in the work, his deepest desire was to become an artist, and his mind followed the bent of his heart.

Yes, Pearson knew how Hunt felt about art, his son, and the business. He knew that Leigh's failure would mean personal gain for himself. He also knew that his word was as authoritative as that of Hunt, who had been gradually increasing Pearson's power. But it was not to his advantage to give his word now.

As Leigh saw the big man begin to busy himself with his papers,

THE PINE BRANCH

he felt the futility of further discourse. He walked down the hall, muttering bitterly to himself, "Father's consent to give art a try . . . Well, I'll let him pronounce the final sentence."

Mr. Hunt, perceiving that his son was approaching him on a business matter, received him with the same courtesy tendered all who came for like purposes. Briefly and directly Leigh stated his proposition. He wanted the company to put out a new type of brush—the paint brush. Leigh explained that he had been working for months perfecting super-brushes, which he claimed, had added elasticity and durability.

When he had finished his father picked up a small desk brush and handed it to him. "Is your article worthy of that trade mark? The reputation of my company is back of it." As Leigh looked down at the tiny inscription he was filled with emotion. The trade mark had always signified to Leigh the investment of the best years of his father's life. Was he to measure that symbol in a futile effort toward his own success? No, he would add to its worth. It would be proudly borne by an article more worthy than all the others. Leigh was working for the sake of art now, and he knew he would succeed.

Years passed. A prominent business dealer knocked at a door which bore the lettering:

Leigh Hunt, Junior
President and Owner
Hunt Company, Brush Manufacturers.

The door was opened by an office boy who ushered him past a small reception room to a larger room which looked very much like an art studio. A young man stepped from behind an easel, wiped one of his paint besmeared hands on his smock, and extended it toward the visitor. Having learned the nature of the visitor's errand, he scratched off a note, folded it, wrote the word "Pearson" across it and called the office boy to direct the stranger to the manager's office. Pearson was virtually The Big Man in the Business now.

"I've heard that your president uses his own drawings exclusively for his advertising," the visitor remarked to Pearson.

"It has doubled the demand for his brushes," said Pearson between lips that did not move perceptibly.

CORA BURGHARD.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

POPPIES

It was a bed of poppies
I saw in a garden one day,
Beautifully, gloriously dancing
Their lives away.

And the spirit of them came
Like a dream, in varied hue
And filled me with desire of something.
Romance, was it you?

HAZEL DONAHUE.

A PANSY FOR THOUGHT

Once when Tamra was very young she visited her grandmother, and every night grandmother would come in and tell Tamra stories just before she went to sleep. The stories grandmother told were not like the lovely fairy tales Tamra's mother told her about beautiful princesses and charming princes who lived happily ever after, or about lovely fairy places under the sea made of coral, and magnificent ones in the air made of clouds. Grandmother's stories were about girls who weren't princesses at all. They were queer girls who never did things other girls did. These girls never were exactly happy, but grandmother said they got more out of life because they didn't act like other people; she said they lived a life of their own. Tamra didn't like the peculiar girls grandmother told about at first, but as grandmother continued to tell her stories, Tamra began to like them.

One night as grandmother was telling a story Tamra lay watching the quilt over her bed. All the squares in the quilt were just alike, except one in the center; it was an almost silver grey, and in the center of it was a great purple pansy. "Oh, grandmother!" said Tamra as the story was finished, "all the girls in your stories are like that center square in the quilt."

A happy smile played across grandmother's face. "How do you mean, Tamra?"

"You know grandmother, that square is not like all the other squares, and the girls in your stories are never like other girls."

"Which square do you like the best, Tamra?"

"Oh, I like the center one best, I get tired of seeing so many alike, even though they are pretty, and the one in the center is so lovely and different."

"I hope you'll learn to like my queer girls too, Tamra, for that's the kind of a girl I want you to be."

"I already like them best, grandmother, and I'm going to try to be like them. I believe this quilt will help me be like your girls, I'm going to look at it much while I'm here."

From that night on Tamra was fascinated by the quilt. When she woke every morning, she would sit up in bed and admire it. Tamra couldn't decide just how she felt when she looked at the quilt and thought of grandmother's stories, they gave her a feeling not exactly of fright, but like the feeling she had when the shadows of Daddy's long slim finger played catching her shadow as she mounted the stairs to bed.

Tamra was sorry to see the time come for her to go home, because

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

she hated to leave the quilt. Just before she left though, grandmother said, "Tamra, you seem to like my quilt so much, I'm going to give it to you for your very own, to help you be like the girl I want you to be. I've already packed it in your trunk for you." Tamra was so happy she almost cried, "But I won't cry," thought Tamra, "because grandmother will think I don't like her gift, and she won't know I'm crying because I'm happy."

All the way home Tamra's eyes would grow big and dark, as she thought about the lovely gift from grandmother, and darker and more mysterious as she thought of the square which she was going to make her life pattern.

For a few weeks after she reached home, Tamra had a rather difficult time trying to be different from the other girls.

Tamra's first step away from the way the crowd did things, was to change the style of wearing her hair. Almost every one wore great fluffy bows of ribbon on her hair, so Tamra discarded her ribbons.

"Really Tamra," said mother, "I see no reason in your refusing to wear ribbon, it makes you look so much more attractive."

"But Mother, all the other girls wear ribbons, and I've decided to be just as different from them as I can."

"How silly, I suppose you got that different complex from your daddy, he has it to the Nth degree. I think if I were going to be different from others though, I'd start on something more fundamental than a mere fashion of dressing my hair."

When daddy was told about Tamra's new-born desire to try to do things in a unique manner, he looked pleased and said, "Well, well, I admire that spirit in anyone, though I would carry it deeper than mere external appearances, daughter."

Tamra had much to think about in bed that night. "Mamma said she'd start on something more fundamental than a mere fashion of wearing my hair, and daddy said carry it deeper than external appearances. I guess both of these mean about the same thing, they must mean that by changing a bow of ribbon on my hair won't change me inside. Let me see now....I have feelings inside, and if I change something I have feelings about, maybe that'll change me inside. What do I have real good feelings about — Oh! I know, going to the picture show. Gee! I hate to stop doing that — I promised grandma I would though, and mamma said daddy had a different complex and he looks happy. Well—next time Mary asks me to go to the pictures, I'm going to tell her, 'no, I have to — to practice my violin lesson.' Now I don't have such good feelings about violin; so that'll turn my feelings all over, to make them like violin and not like picture shows. It sure is hard to be different, but daddy said he admired that spirit in anybody. Wonder if that quilt

THE PINE BRANCH

square had a hard time being made? I'll think of some more things to change about myself some other time."

The first day or two of the new regime that Tamra laid down for herself was trying. Whenever Tamra felt as though she were going to stop trying to go against the tide, she would go look at the quilt for a while and see how much more lovely the center square was, because it wasn't like the others. Then she would think of the fascinating girls in grandmother's stories, and these things would help her gain new courage.

The peculiar part to Tamra about the whole affair was, that after practicing violin for awhile, she really became infatuated with her violin. "I surely have turned my feelings around successfully," thought Tamra one afternoon after she told Mary, "No, I've a new violin piece I'm interested in working on this afternoon," and she really meant it.

All through her remaining grammar school and high school days, Tamra stood out as not being like the other students. Some people thought she was queer, others murmured, "just like her daddy". From time to time Tamra would have a struggle with herself to keep from doing everything like other people. But the quilt would always give her new courage.

One of her hardest struggles came when it was time for her to decide about going to college. "All the other girls are going off together," said Tamra. "It would be lots of fun to go with them, I wouldn't get so homesick, and I could go with them and still not have to be like they are." For days Tamra argued this problem pro and con in her mind. At last she decided, "no, I'd better not go with them, because it'll be much easier to keep from being like girls I don't know, than it would be to keep from being like girls I've known all my life. Anyway I will receive much better violin training at the conservatory than I would at a semi-society school."

Tamra went to a conservatory of music. There she felt she was decidedly different from the other students in thought and action. She was rather surprised one day when one of the girls looked at the quilt on her bed and said, "You know that center square in your quilt is lovely, it is so unlike all the others. I think that's one way of making a life lovely, make it different from the other lives around you." From time to time other girls voiced this same sentiment, but Tamra felt that they weren't really different like she was. Why everybody at school said, "You know there's no one here like Tamra."

During her years at the conservatory, and for many years following, Tamra strove toward the goal of being a great violinist. She

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

studied with great masters of violin technique, and listened to artists play.

At length Tamra's chance came! Tamra looked like a purple pansy against a silver curtain as she played when the chance came. The piece which won her laurels was a little thing she had composed and tried to make as strikingly different as she thought her life had been. It was the story she imagined the pansy on the quilt would tell. As Tamra played, she gradually began to realize that the emotion she played merged in with the emotion of her audience. It was a compelling appeal to their emotions, something they had often felt but never heard so well expressed that she played on her violin. The quilt flashed before her eyes,—first the center, it looked lovely, but did not have the color and beauty it usually had; then the other squares took shape around it, and gave it that light and glowing quality which it lacked. The central square in turn lent beauty to the other squares. Then Tamra thought of her life, how the personalities of other people had made it the success it was, and Tamra was a success not only that night but all the rest of her life, because she united with other lives to give beauty and color to life.

LOUISE BENTON.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

Shelmerdene was a sweet girl graduate. She had received her high school diploma only a few weeks ago, and being of an ambitious type, wished to go further with her education.

Tonight she had attended a party at Mrs. Golden's given in honor of the High School graduates. On her return home she found her father and mother comfortably seated reading the evening paper.

The moment Shelmerdene entered the door to the living room the papers fell from in front of the faces.

"Did you have a nice time Shelmerdene?" Mrs. Pierson asked very anxiously. She was always interested in the welfare of Shelmerdene.

"Yes, mother, I had a wonderful time," she replied in a very gentle manner.

"Did all the class attend, daughter?"

"Yes, father, and I learned oh so much tonight about what the girls are planning to do this fall," she answered, with her face half drawn in regret.

"And what is it Shelmerdene?" asked her father.

"Oh, all the girls are planning to go to college. Mary Bruton and Ruth Jackson are going together, and the other girls are planning to go to different colleges. They seem to be so thrilled over the idea."

Mrs. Pierson took off her glasses and tapped the palm of her hand. "It's just like girls to get all up set over a foolish thing like that. I guess they want to go off to one of these cities and come home all changed and made over, and see how much they can put over us uneducated people back here in Waymon."

Shelmerdene took a little red stool that was sitting near a table in the center of the room and placed it beside her father's large rocker. "Father, I don't see why I couldn't go to college like the rest of the girls."

"Now daughter, I didn't think that you were the kind of a girl that would want to be led by notions of other foolish girls."

"Yes, but father, I don't want to stay in Waymon all my life and never see nor know anything more. I don't understand why you and mother object to my going away to college?"

Dr. Pierson arose from his comfortable rocker and walked toward his small desk in one corner of the room. "Shelmerdene, you know how I feel about these girls going away to college. Everyone of them comes back and tries to display her little knowledge gained in such a way that it is absolutely absurd. I can't bare the idea of you being anything more than what you are."

"But Father, I wouldn't necessarily change. I could be an ex-

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

ception to the rule." Her lips quivered as she saw her college days fading away into the distance.

Mrs. Pierson, although she had been deeply absorbed in the little town paper, had been listening very carefully to the conversation between Shelmerdene and her father. Taking her glasses off and rubbing her eyes vigorously, she replied, "Shelmerdene, I can't see for my life why you should want to go away and leave your father and me all alone. College, yes, college has been the ruin of many a girl. You, like the most of them, I guess, would go off and fall in love with some good for nothing boy and perhaps marry him."

"But mother, how can you say this? I never have been in love."

Shelmerdene burst into tears, covered her face, and tried to smother the sobs.

Dr. Pierson pushed back from his desk, rubbed the top of his bald head and rested his wrinkled face in his hands with his elbows on his knees. He meditated for a few minutes in this position, and turning toward Mrs. Pierson, said in a gentle tone, "Why can't she go to college, mother? We should be willing to sacrifice anything in the world for her."

"It ain't that I'm not willing to sacrifice for Shelmerdene," Mrs. Pierson replied, "but I hate to see her become so changed; she is such an agreeable child."

"After all, perhaps it is best for her." Dr. Pierson arose from his desk chair and walked toward the stool where Shelmerdene sat with her head of golden curls drowsily resting on her knees. He touched her soft hair lightly and called to her. She jumped from her little stool and stood facing her father. "Mother and I have decided to let you attend any college you wish, and you may set about getting things ready tomorrow," replied Dr. Pierson in a tone of voice that seemed to ask forgiveness.

Shelmerdene caught her father around the neck and covered his face with kisses. "Oh, father, I am so grateful," she replied.

* * * * *
Time flew by, and it wasn't long before Shelmerdene was away to college.

It was a lonesome life for Dr. and Mrs. Pierson without Shelmerdene, and they were dreading her return home. They had fear of the numerous things that she would be able to talk about, and of which they would not have the least idea.

Shelmerdene hadn't been in college many days before they received a long letter from her, telling them how she liked the school and what subjects she was taking. Psychology and History of Education headed the list.

THE PINE BRANCH

"Now there is Psychology," replied Dr. Pierson, as he and Mrs. Pierson sat around the dinner table. "I don't have the least idea what it is all about."

"And what is History of Education?" replied Mrs. Pierson, with a vague expression on her face. "I knew it would be this way when you let her go to college, it will be her delight to come home and talk about these things and watch us sit back in astonishment."

"Don't worry about that, mother. I have an idea, we will take a correspondence course."

"But how can that be done?" asked Mrs. Pierson.

"Oh, it's like this, I will write to the heads of the Psychology and History of Education departments at the state university where Shelmerdene is, and have them send us books and assigned lessons on these subjects."

"I don't have time to throw away with studying books. My house work keeps me busy," replied Mrs. Pierson.

"Yes, mother, we can study at night and spare minutes during the day. Shelmerdene will know nothing of our plans, and she will be very much surprised when she comes home and finds that we are able to talk to her so intelligently about these subjects."

It wasn't long before the books and the assignments were received from the Extension department.

The two old people worked day and night mastering the two subjects.

Weeks and weeks had passed, and tomorrow Shelmerdene was expected home for Christmas holidays. Dr. and Mrs. Pierson's home was all in a stir setting things right for Shelmerdene's arrival. There was some question in their minds as to how she would be, although they were expecting her to be a different girl.

Shelmerdene surprised her father and mother by reaching home late the afternoon before the day she was expected to arrive. She greeted the old people with a heart over-running with joy. The remainder of the afternoon was spent with Shelmerdene telling her father and mother about her friends at school and asking numerous questions about the people back home.

They went to dinner that night, but none of them were able to eat very much. Dr. and Mrs. Pierson were busy answering Shelmerdene's questions about the people in the home town.

"By the way, are those little Jones boys as mean as they were when I went away?" interrupted Shelmerdene. "They used to act as if their parents had practiced Rousseau's theory."

"Yes, they show Rousseau's theory very plainly, they act as if their instincts have been allowed much freedom," replied Dr. Pierson.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Mrs. Pierson placed her knife and fork on her plate, and her face beamed with joy when she found that this was a time for her to display her psychological knowledge.

"None of the children's bad instincts have been eliminated or directed, nor have their good instincts been encouraged," she said.

Shelmerdene's face showed much surprise as she sank back in her chair, but she didn't say anything, she wanted to see how much more she could find out from her parents.

"Have all the college girls from here reached home yet?" asked Shelmerdene.

"Oh yes," replied her mother, "They came two days ago. Mary Bruton and Sara Wallis are planning to give a music recital Friday evening. I hear that the program is going to consist of several selections from MacDowell, Debussy, Cyrill, Scott, Percy Grainger and other outstanding composers," answered Dr. Pierson.

"Father, what has happened to you and mother? I have never seen two people so changed. You are able to talk about psychology, and Father seems to be even interested in music. Imagine that above all things!"

Shelmerdene pushed her hair behind her ears and gazed across the dining room for several minutes. Coming back to herself again after the terrible shock, she replied in a very gentle tone,—

"I suppose you all will attend the recital, will you not?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Pierson. "I can hardly wait to hear the 'Second Arabesque' the great composition by Debussy."

"Yes, I'm very fond of MacDowell, and I hear that they are to play 'The Shadow Dance'," answered Dr. Pierson.

"I can not understand all this," cried Shelmerdene, as she rushed toward her hat box which had not yet been unpacked. She stooped and took from it a large picture, then rushed back to the room where her father and mother were seated and held the picture before them. "Here is at least one thing that you do not know about."

"And who is that young man?" replied Dr. and Mrs. Pierson simultaneously.

"Oh, this is Ned, with whom I'm very much in love. I am expecting him to arrive in Waymon tomorrow," she said blushing. "And then——"

"Enough said," interrupted Dr. Pierson.

Mrs. Pierson took off her glasses and placed them in her white apron pocket, and pushed back the gray strands of hair from her white forehead. "Dad, keeping up with this generation is like keeping up with the generation of our time, we will love."

ILA SPOONER.

THE PINE BRANCH

DETOUR

Once my mind was sauntering along on its usual routine of thoughts when it chanced to observe a sign post reading "CIRCLES OF FRIENDS" which pointed toward a small byway. "This ought to be an interesting thought path," mused my mind as it strolled down the strange little road to humor its curiosity.

My mind had not travelled far before it began to see looming up on the wide stretches of space in the distance, phantom spherical forms. Upon closer approach these mystical globular shapes assumed different colors. They seemed to form a beautiful design of fantastic bubbles, so gossamer and delicately tinted were they.

An unusually large one of motley hue first drew my mind toward it. Fancy my delight when I recognized within it the familiar faces of my school friends. They smiled in jolly greeting, not at me, but at an image of my face in their midst. I glanced quickly at the other circles nearby and discovered in each an image of my face assuming the expression of the other faces within.

One circle of a glowing old rose tint seemed to be slowly fading. As I rushed toward it, I was able to distinguish within, the beloved features of old friends from whom I had long been separated. As I stood there gazing, the faces became more distinct. I could see them now in their natural freshness and radiance. Their warm unchanged smiles filled me with joy, and I was loathe to leave.

But further on I saw gleaming in the distance a beautiful golden ball. This was the most wonderful circle of all, and I approached it with eagerness and awe. What faces would it hold there for me? One by one I recognized within it the faces of those I held most dear. I was hastening nearer and nearer to those cherished images when suddenly my mind was drawn away by a strange face. When my mind regained its equilibrium, it was travelling along again on the routine of thoughts. The delightful little bypath was forgotten.

CORA BURGHARD.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

“TO LOVE AND BE LOVED BY ME”

“The music master is so worried! He doesn't even know what I'm playing, or how I'm playing it, because he didn't even say a word when I played the wrong keys just then. And he has such a far-away look in his eyes. I'll hurry through and leave, for he wants to be alone, I feel sure,” and Annette played “Elegie” in such a lively tempo that at any other time Monsieur would have either rapped on her knuckles or angrily snapped his fingers,—but today he sat quite silent and unattentive as if seeing some one other than Annette and hearing music other than hers. She raced through her Bach exercises, and folding her music asked rather softly as if fearful of causing to fade some beautiful vision or snatching from her beloved music master the imagery of some cherished scene, “Shall I go now, Monsieur?”

“Yes—yes, mon enfant. Perhaps I shall have more to give to you next time. If you could understand—” he broke off as a pained expression became predominant on his face.

“Oh, I do understand, Monsieur, and I hope everything will be all right again when I come to my lesson next week.”

“You will come again, then?” he questioned eagerly, and Annette knew well the basis for the doubting eagerness in his voice, for she knew as everyone knew that Monsieur's only means of existence lay in the small income that he received from a gradually, but nevertheless steadily decreasing retinue of piano students.

“Did you doubt me then, Monsieur? I will be here next week—and the next, and the next, and on forever!”

“Merci, mon enfant. Now go, and leave me with my ungrateful self.”

As the door closed behind Annette the old man slowly crossed over to the opposite corner of the studio, knelt before an ornately carved chest and raised its massive lid. With trembling hands he brought from its tumbled black depths the portrait of a young girl, time-faded, yet perhaps more in keeping because of this with the wistful, tender expression in the large brown eyes half lifted as if in a dream smile. The curls caressing her shoulders designated her as having lived almost a half century before.

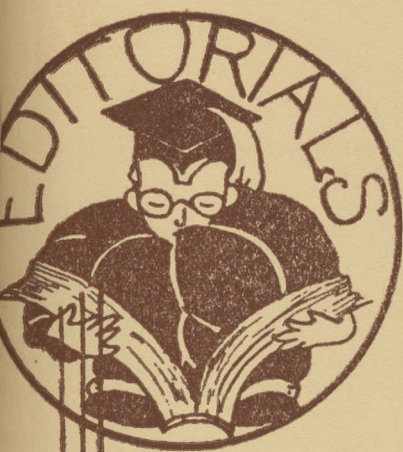
“If they would only let me know where you are, my beloved! If they had only permitted us to have our letters. Ah, cruel Baron and more cruel Fate that would allow you to cause so much anguish and eternal pain to two hearts so matched by the love pattern of le bon Dieu. Matinka, cheri, do you think the Baron, your father, would have ever been so harsh had he realized the love I held for

THE PINE BRANCH

you?" he questioned, his voice choked with emotion and with the portrait clasped close to his heart.

"The measuring rod of Life is so strict and so relentless, Matinka. The Baron said that I was only the son of a dweller in the soil—a peasant; and you were the daughter of a baron. Did he not know that with you I could have uncaged such melodies and rhapsodies of happiness and of living that we would have soon reached the heights of attainment? He did not see, Matinka, and he took you away from me and caused you to go I know not where. And with you went my all in life, ma cheri. Could it have been so many years ago today that you were taken away? Where are you, Matinka?" he called. "You promised to come back, beloved," he pleaded. "You said, 'not even death,' Matinka? You're coming?— At last you've come—I shall be happy with you—*toujours*." The breeze swept the white curtains over his bowed head now resting on the chest, and the music master no longer cared whether Annette came again for the lesson.

LUCILLE DOWLING.



ON TO COLLEGE—BE A COLLEGE GIRL

(To High School Graduates of 1928)

EVERYONE is aware of the fact that the world has moved forward with great strides. Even the famous sermon of the negro preacher was inspired from the text: "The World Do Move." Yes, the world moves forward and unless the young people move forward with it they will be left behind.

Turning statistician, I find it interesting to note that about the year the present high school graduate was born there were only 300 graduates from all the high schools in Georgia. Today there are 10,000. This means that every high school graduate is going in competition against 10,000 others or against, a 30-fold competition, as compared with the graduate of years ago.

So the great question is not whether one is going to college—for all "up and coming" high school graduates are going to college; but the question is, "Which college?"

G. S. W. C., knowing this question of all others was going to be asked by prospective college women, has faced it squarely and effectively. G. S. W. C. has one great advantage that enables it to answer the question effectively. Because of its youth, the institution has been able to conform and adapt itself to the interests and needs of modern people. It is not hindered and biased by worn-out policies or age old customs.

The essential nature of the college is quickly sensed by a visitor or a guest. It is reflected in the college's famous purpose: To produce the finest type of womanhood. Around this aim is arranged the studies, activities, and administration of G. S. W. C.

Be my guest for a moment and we will look into the affairs of G. S. W. C. The greater number of the students we will find live in the dormitories, the last word in college homes. Under self-government each student is given large liberty. The girls are made safe by this system of social protection. The result of this is reflected on every hand by the happy and active student groups.

We will find that G. S. W. C. has developed perhaps more than

THE PINE BRANCH

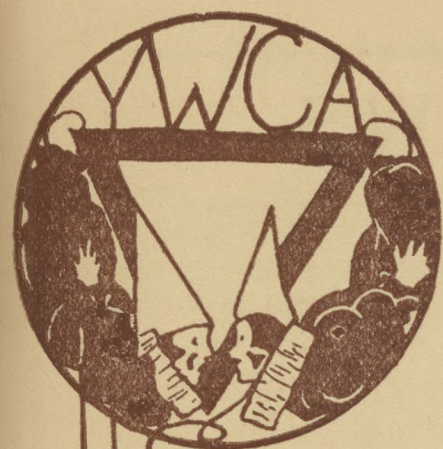
any school in the South the field of student activities. Publishing a monthly magazine, the Pine Branch, issuing an annual which won honorary mention in the National contest last year, having literary societies, athletic associations, art clubs, dramatic club, and beautiful artistic festivals at Christmas, Mayday, and Field Day, the students really carry on a life containing a great quality of leadership as well as "followship."

Yet, modern in these matters of organization, G. S. W. C. is unbending in the maintenance of a high grade of scholarship. Highly trained instructors, well equipped laboratories, a generous library, —all go to make true a statement spoken by one of the best known educators in America "that this was a college that stands for standards."

The aim, purpose and accomplishment of G. S. W. C. in the personal life, social life of the groups, in the student activities and in the scholastic work has not been one of medium attainment and normal results, but one of distinction!

So on to college—Be a College Girl at G. S. W. C.!

—E. M. R.



MISS EUNICE CHUTE has just returned from Detroit, Michigan, where she was sent as representative from the Y. W. C. A. to the International Student Volunteer Conference. Her report was most enthusiastic and impressive. The main discussion centered, she said, about the question, "Have Foreign Missions Failed?"

We are always delighted to have our good friends from town out to see us. We have been very fortunate this month in having several of them speak at our Sunday evening Vesper services. Among the interesting talks have been those given by Mrs. Julian McKey, who spoke on "How Shall I Choose My Life Work"; Mrs. William West, Sr., who brought us a message on "Ideals of Christian Womanhood", and Judge J. F. McCrackin who chose for his subject, "The Art of Living."

The attendance at Bible Study has steadily increased since the holidays and now that the new semesters' work has begun we are hoping that the girls will continue to take advantage of this phase of Y. W. C. A. work.

SOCIETY NEWS

The Sororian and Argonian Literary Societies have been enjoying a series of illustrated lectures on the subject of American Art.

The second of this series, "Figure Painting and Portraiture in American Art," was conducted by Louise Holcombe. The lecture was read by Annie Maude Ferrell.

This program was enjoyed by all present.

* * *

The Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies enjoyed a Valentine party together on Saturday evening, February 4. An interesting program consisting of musical numbers and Valentine dialogues was rendered. Those taking part were: Miss Alimae Temple, Mr. James Dasher, Misses Burghard, Benton, Teasley, Hartsfield, and Satterfield. During the evening the College Orchestra entertained the guests.

The presence of the faculty added to the pleasure of the occasion. Later in the evening, refreshments were served by a number of girls, very attractively dressed to represent valentines.



KAPPA NEWS

THE KAPPAS are practicing very busily for basket ball and soccer-volley ball.

The basket ball squad accompanied by Miss Lowe took a hike and ate supper in the woods several weeks ago.

The first game of this season was February 3, 1928. We would urge all faithful Kappas to support their teams, for they are good.

LAMBDA NEWS

We are sorry to say that final examinations put a temporary pause in the athletic activities. But now that there are no such worries we again turn our interest to the series of games which began Friday, February 3. Basket ball and field ball series promise to be extremely interesting. Of course we are "countin' the chips" for the Lambdas, but we always expect the type of competition that is invigorating.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Mary Knight, Mrs. A. McFarlane, of the '16 class recently lost her husband, and is now with her mother at Ray City, Georgia.

* * *

Morgan Majette, Mrs. Daniel L. Grant, of the '17 class, is living at 35 Claremont Avenue, Tenth Floor, Apartment A, New York City.

* * *

Terah Cowart, Mrs. Lynn Howard Smith, of the '18 class was a recent visitor to the College. She is living at 520 Main street, Binghampton, New York.

* * *

Jean Dickerson of the '18 class is working in a bank at Bainbridge, Georgia.

* * *

Musette Williams, Mrs. R. M. Doyle, of the '18 class is living at 4420 Park Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri.

* * *

Minnie Ruth Brown of the '19 class is teaching in the grammar grades in Miami, Florida. She may be reached at Pershing Hotel.

* * *

Augusta Brown of the '20 class is teaching in the grammar grades in Miami, Florida. Pershing Hotel is her address.

* * *

Hattie McMillan, Mrs. S. E. Sharpe, of the '20 class is living in Ellenton, Georgia.

* * *

Myrtle Byrd of the '21 class is teaching in Lakeland, Georgia.

* * *

Hallie Jordan, Mrs. Jasper L. Byrd, of the '21 class is living in Hartsville, S. C.

* * *

Estelle Barker of the '22 class is in training at Wesley Memorial Hospital and is studying at Emory University.

* * *

Mary Crum, Mrs. Julian Robinson, of the '22 class is teaching in Lakeland, Georgia.

* * *

Mae Crum, Mrs. W. K. Giddens, of the '22 class is living near Ray City, Georgia.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Alene Alexander, Mrs. C. M. Gay, of the '23 class is living in Orlando, Florida. Address Colonial Drive.

* * *

Marion Chauncey of the '23 class is teaching Public School Music and Violin at Port Arthur, Texas. Address, care Mrs. Bammert, 2019 Proctor Street.

* * *

Deborah Patterson of the '23 class is Dietitian at Flora MacDonald College, Red Springs, N. C.

* * *

Lemuel Jay of the '24 class is teaching at Bonaire, Georgia.

* * *

Elizabeth Livingston of the '24 class is teaching the third grade at Brunswick, Georgia.

* * *

Gwendolyn Mills of the '24 class is teaching the fourth grade in Mann, West Virginia.

* * *

Ila Watts of the '24 class is now Mrs. Leon Wisenbaker of Lake Park, Georgia.

* * *

Louise Bradley of the '25 class is teaching out from Americus, Georgia.

* * *

Florence Bates of the class of '25 is teaching in the schools of Waycross, Georgia.

* * *

Emily Chauncey of the '25 class is spending the year at home in Valdosta.

* * *

Carolina Cubbedge of the '25 class was married on May 29th to Charles P. Brown, Jr., of Atlanta.

* * *

Grace Buie, A. B. '25, is teaching History in the high school at Cocoa, Florida.

* * *

Frances Folsom of the '25 class is Secretary to the Superintendent of Waycross, Georgia, High School.

* * *

Georgia Gibson of the '25 class has a secretarial position in Paw Creek, North Carolina.

* * *

Lucy Jackson of the '25 class was married in November to C. W.

THE PINE BRANCH

Hagood. She may be reached C/o Couch and Jackson, Atlanta, Georgia.

* * *

Eva Jordan of the '25 class was married on December 23rd to D. L. Byrd, and is living in Hartsville, South Carolina.

* * *

Dorothy Larsen of the '25 class is teaching at Stewart, Florida.

* * *

Sara Mardre of the '25 class is spending the winter at home at Thomasville, Georgia.

* * *

Neva Mathis of the '25 class is teaching in the Valdosta School of Music.

* * *

Hilda Patterson of the '25 class is teaching near Cordele. Address her at Vienna, Georgia.

* * *

Verna Scarborough, A. B. '25, is studying at Hartford Seminary, and may be addressed McKenzie Hall, 110 Shearman Street, Hartford, Conn.

* * *

Lorene Armstrong of the '26 class is teaching the third grade in Palatka, Florida. Her address is 600 Emmet Street.

* * *

Alma Jack Ellis of the '26 class is teaching the first grade at Montezuma, Georgia.

* * *

Frances Faries, A. B. '26, now Mrs. Edwin Thomas, may be reached C/o Professional Building, Tampa, Florida.

* * *

Clarice Ivey, A. B. '26, is teaching Science in the high school at Valdosta.

* * *

Virginia Kirkland of the '26 class is teaching the fourth grade in Waycross, Georgia.

* * *

Fraser Livingston of the '26 class is teaching in the Arco School at Brunswick, Georgia.

* * *

Anne Mardre of the '26 class is spending the winter at home at Thomasville, Georgia.

* * *

Ollie Middleton of the '26 class is teaching in the elementary grades at Townsend, Georgia.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

* Ursula Miller of the '26 class is teaching the third grade in the Crawford Street School, Waycross, Georgia.

* * *

Louise O'Quinn of the '26 class is teaching the first grade in the Crawford Street School, Waycross, Georgia.

* * *

Annie Ruth Sawyer of the '26 class is spending the winter at home at Thomasville, Georgia.

* * *

Daisy Sims of the '26 class is teaching the eighth and ninth grades in Okapilco School near Moultrie, Georgia.

* * *

Ruth Youmans of the '26 class is studying at Brenau College, Gainesville, Georgia.

* * *

Mattie Baker of the '27 class is teaching the fourth grade at Greenville, Florida.

* * *

Maybelle Bollinger of the '27 class is spending the winter at home in Valdosta.

* * *

Florence Breen, A. B. '27, is Assistant to the Dean of Women at the College.

* * *

Ruby Duggan of the '27 class is teaching in Providence High School, Vance, S. C.

* * *

Hazel Furlong of the '27 class is teaching the first grade at Pine Grove School, Odum, Georgia.

* * *

Mary V. Gramling of the '27 class is studying at Brenau College, Gainesville, Georgia.

* * *

Mary Groover of the '27 class is studying at Florida State College for Women, Tallahassee, Florida.

* * *

Carrie Hart of the '27 class is teaching Mathematics in the high school at Barwick, Georgia.

* * *

Lois Hiers of the '27 class is now Mrs. W. J. McCranie, Jr., and is living at Adel, Georgia.

* * *

Lynnette Jennings of the '27 class is teaching out from Buena Vista, Georgia.

THE PINE BRANCH

Velma Kennedy of the '27 class is teaching the fifth grade in Tampa, Florida.

* * *

Evelyn Kirkland of the '27 class is teaching in the Junior High School at Waycross, Georgia.

* * *

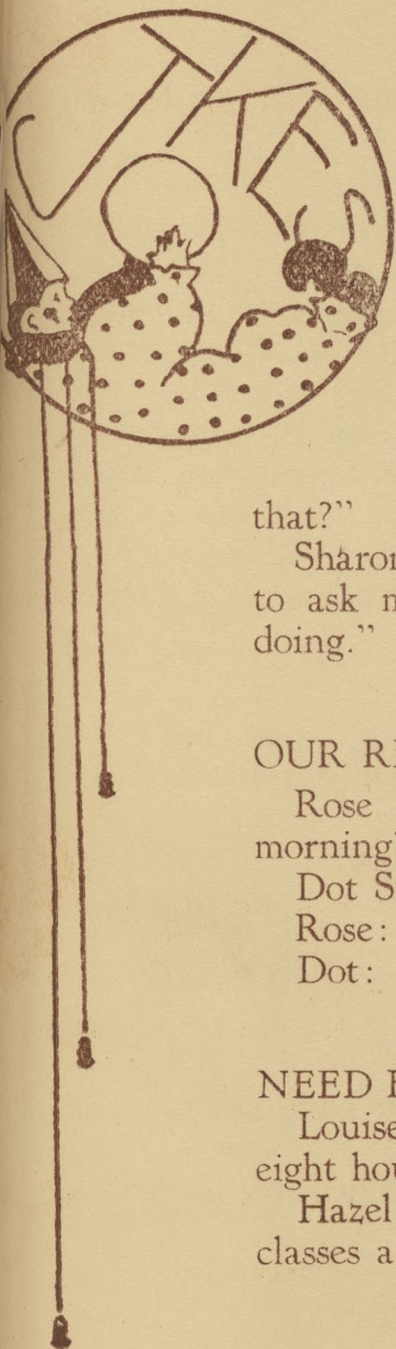
Anna Dean Knapp of the '27 class is teaching at Pine Park, Georgia.

* * *

Clara Nell Speight of the '27 class was a recent visitor to the College. She is teaching near Bainbridge, Georgia.

* * *

Marie Wood of the '27 class is teaching the fifth grade at Lily, Georgia.



A nut and a joke are alike in that they can both be cracked, and different in that they can be cracked again.

* * *

MISS HOPPER'S EXPERIENCE:

Sharon Satterfield: "I guess Miss Hopper must have been pretty bad when she was in college."

Sarah Hall: "What makes you think that?"

Sharon: "Because she knows exactly what questions to ask me when she wants to know what I have been doing."

* * *

OUR RISING BELL:

Rose Morrison: "What time do you get up in the morning?"

Dot Stovall: "When the clock rings."

Rose: "What time is that?"

Dot: "I don't know, the alarm doesn't work."

* * *

NEED FOR REST:

Louise Armstrong: "They say a student should have eight hours sleep a day."

Hazel Sawyer: "Yes, but who wants to take eight classes a day?"

* * *

We call our new girls "olives" because we are learning to like them.

FRESHMAN LAZINESS:

Elizabeth Hayes went grumbling to class: "It's nothin' but work, work, from morning 'til night. I wish I was dead."

Just then a large piece of plaster fell from the ceiling and hit her on the head. Dazed, she looked up and said:

"The Lord can't stand no jokes. He just takes everything in earnest."

* * *

Ulmer: "My dog took first prize at the cat show."

THE PINE BRANCH

Vick: "How was that?"

Ulmer: "He took the cat."

* * *

SAVING ENERGY:

Ila Spooner: ("en salle a laver"): "Oh, Louise, will you please see what kind of a neck my cleanest dress has?"

Louise Benton: "Don't bother me."

Ila: "But, Louise, I want to know whether I should wash for a round-neck dress, or a square-neck dress."

* * *

CAMPUS CRACKS:

The Constitution of the United States is that part of the book at the end which nobody reads.

The boy died of hard drink. A piece of ice fell on his head.

Soldiers must be very dishonest. There is hardly a night that a sentry is not relieved of his watch.

Don't dig your grave with a knife—use your fork!

"That's me all over, Iva," stated the poison ivy as a swollen-faced girl passed.

The bleachers would go wild if peroxide gave out.

Spaghetti should not be cooked too long. About ten inches is long enough for most people.

What a hard time two cross-eyed people would have looking each other in the eye.

That reminds us of the professor who scratched his wife and kissed a match.

The reason arable land is so scarce in Europe is because the people use so much of it on their faces, and then when they die, it is buried with them.

* * *

A SYLLOGISM:

Marriage is an institution.

Marriage is love.

Love is blind.

Therefore, marriage is an institution for the blind.

* * *

A NEW DISCOVERY:

Helen Hargrove: "I never knew that rain drops could breathe."

Zera Gainey: "Well, it so happens that they can't."

Helen: "That's funny. Only a few minutes ago I saw them

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

in hail."

* * *

The beautiful custom of singing Christmas carols is an inspiring thing. I remember well one Christmas Eve I sang carols. The snow fell gently through the air, dropping slowly like a shimmering veil; from the distance, could be heard faint sounds of Christmas chimes, rising on the air and falling like a benediction on the small town. The Christmas spirit was everywhere. As I sang, my voice rising in youthful ecstasy above all other sounds, a kindly old gentleman raised his window and listened in rapt silence; there was an expression of sweet benevolence in his eyes when—ah, never will I forget that silver-haired gentleman—it was December and the dirty bum poured a bucket of cold water on my head.

* * *

DON'T WE WISH WE COULD!

Riggedy rack! Riggedy rack!
Great is the use of a campus Ford.
Four in the front, six in the back,
Seven more on the running board!

* * *

POEMS TAKEN FROM EXCHANGE MAGAZINES

Oh they were full as full could be,
So full they were in pain;
But they were only clouds, you see,
And they were full of rain.

LITTLE spots of knowledge,
LITTLE puffs of wit,
Make the simple Freshmen
Think the Senior IT.

Oh, the meanness of a Junior when she's mean,
Oh, the leanness of a Senior when she's lean,
But the leanness of the leanest,
Or the meanness of the meanest,
Is not in it with the Freshman when she's green.

* * *

In my room we were sorely troubled with American ants. There were ants everywhere in the room. Being a student of Psychology, I struck on the happy thought of capturing one of my tormentors and painting it red, white and blue. I did; whereupon the rest of the inhabitants, being one hundred per cent American ants, cheered themselves to death for the Red, White, and Blue.

AFTER HIGH SCHOOL—COLLEGE WHERE?

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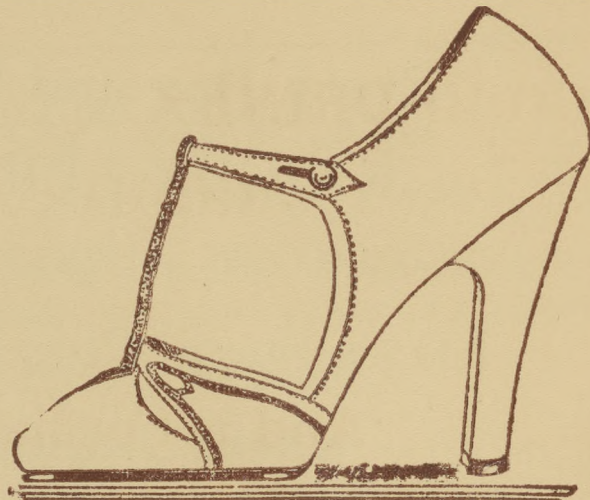
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