

THE PINE BRANCH



MAY
1928

Volume XII

Number 7

THE PINE BRANCH

Issued Monthly

PUBLISHED BY THE WRITERS CLUB OF THE GEORGIA STATE
WOMANS COLLEGE, VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

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

VOL. XII.

MAY, 1928

NO. 7

THE STAFF

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| Editor-in-Chief | Elizabeth McRee |
| Associate Editor-in-Chief | Louise Forbes |
| Business Manager | Louise Benton |
| Local Editor | Bessie Young |
| Y. W. C. A. Editor | Opal Thornton |
| Alumnae Editor | Augusta Rentz |
| Joke Editor | Lillian Hopper |
| Athletic Editors: | |
| Phi Kappa | Dorothy Lile |
| Phi Lambda | Velma Sirmons |
| Society Editors: | |
| Argonian | Mary Smith Hodges |
| Sororian | Sadie Bennett |
| Mailing Department—LaForest Smith, Ila Spooner, Mary Stewart | |

CONTENTS

| | |
|---|----|
| April—Mary K. Burrows | 3 |
| Southern Charm—Bessie Young | 4 |
| The Question of Poets Laureate—E. McRee | 8 |
| Ole Gems Are Best—Louise Benton | 12 |
| Nineteen—Cora Burghard | 16 |
| Editorial: Alumna, Come Back and Cut Yourself a Piece of Cake | 20 |
| Y. W. C. A. | 22 |
| Athletics | 23 |
| Alumnae Notes | 25 |
| Locals | 27 |
| Society Notes | 29 |
| Jokes | 30 |

ASIA

Continental Asia

1. The continent of Asia
is the largest of the world's
continents, covering
approximately 30% of the
Earth's total land area.

It is bounded by the Pacific Ocean to the east, the Indian Ocean to the south, and the Arctic Ocean to the north.

APRIL

Laughing alluring one,
(Happiness' paragon)
Ravishing Vagabond,
Give us a dance.

Come and no longer sit;
Loosen your hair sunlit;
Let each gold loop of it
Fall to your knees.

Open those lashes wide,
Spring must be satisfied,
Tease me not wanton-eyed
Artful coquette!

Laughing alluring one,
(Happiness' paragon)
Languorous Vagabond,
Give me a kiss.

MARY K. BURROWS.

SOUTHERN CHARMS

"Be down in a minute," drawled a melodious voice from the top of the mahogany stairs in response to the cheery call of a vivacious brunette at the foot of the stairs and the insistent "honk-honk" of a motor car on the driveway.

"Do hurry, Wilhelmina! Jim Todds and Van McMillan from home are here. Snap into a sport dress, bring your bathing suit, and we'll take a plunge into the pool."

A slight pause ensued, broken only by the soft humming and slow tread of her friend on the second floor. The horn sounded again and Peggy Morris echoed with a stamp of her foot its note of impatience.

"There's that horn again! Van said he'd give us five minutes to get ready. I'll wait outside with them."

"Peggy, dear, please quit storming and don't worry about your friends not waiting. I'll be down in a second," calmly replied the beautiful Wilhelmina, adding to herself, "One could readily see that those young lads were not from Daleston. The idea of giving five minutes to be ready. It will take this curling iron that long to get hot."

Wilhelmina leisurely screwed the curling iron in the socket; then examined carefully the reflection of her exquisite face in the mirror. She was enjoying a blissful gown when she perceived an eyebrow that needed a little plucking.

"O, fiddlesticks! where did I put those tweezers?"

She looked in her gold trinket box, no tweezers; but there was that heavenly bracelet with the sapphires that Gerald Madden had given her; it would look divine with that little blue sport dress she was planning to wear—no, she oughtn't to wear it, because that would be just so much more jewelry to take care of at the pool. As she opened the little drawer of her dressing table, she saw an unopened brown envelope from Neil's Studio.

"Those pictures Peggy and I took at 'Whispering Pines'! Peggy must have gone to town and brought those back before I got up this morning. I hope that picture of Gerald (Wilhelmina's fiance) and me is good."

Wilhelmina felt the curling iron, but perceiving that it was not even warm yet, curled up on the chaise lounge to enjoy the pictures.

The pictures of Gerald surpassed her expectations and that one of darling old Peg was too precious. Next were the Misses Morris themselves with the irresistible "Toodles."

The Misses Morris were Peggy's spinster aunts who owned the

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

beautiful "Whispering Pines," an estate which joined that of Colonel Lawson Longworth and his daughter, Wilhelmina. The colonel had been their legal advisor since the day he had been admitted to the bar; in return they had given him advice on the rearing of his motherless little daughter. Naturally a warm friendship had sprung up between Wilhelmina and their niece, Peggy, who yearly left her New Jersey home to spend two weeks in the sunny southland with her aunts at "Whispering Pines."

After casting another glance at the picture of Gerald and herself, Wilhelmina felt again the curling iron. It was still as cold as ever; she had forgotten to turn on the switch. She turned on the electricity and walked to the window, through which the sun was pouring into the room.

"How could anyone get a kick out of going for a swim at three o'clock in the afternoon? I'd much rather be asleep."

While she curled her hair, Wilhelmina pictured in her mind her wardrobe. She didn't want to wear that sport dress, the pink georgette afternoon dress was more appropriate for the way she felt. Anyway, she disliked swimming in the afternoon; tea on the terrace would be much more delightful.

"I can get Liza to make some date sandwiches, too," she concluded.

She rouged her cheeks and lips; slipped into the pink georgette; and fluffed the ringlets of her hair with her comb. After she had made a few finishing touches to her toilette, she gave Liza directions for serving the tea.

"Only forty-five minutes late; Gerald would say I was certainly improving," she said to herself.

Wilhelmina walked toward the drive; Peggy and her friends were not there.

"Oh, well! too pretty a day to get all fussed up over a petty thing like that."

Wasn't that mocking-bird trilling bewitchingly in the mimosa tree? Wilhelmina sauntered over to her dream sanctum, a comfortable heavily cushioned hammock in the shade of a rose arbor.

An automobile whizzed up the drive; such rollicking noisy passengers; and that outlandish horn again! They had spied her; why couldn't they let a person alone?

Wilhelmina received her guests graciously, but if she was expecting profuse apologies for their disappearance, she was to be disappointed.

"We went to Thracy's for drinks, then to see 'Whisper'—there's Liza fixing the table on the terrace. I'm famished!"

THE PINE BRANCH

Peggy was soon tripping in front of the group. The sandwiches proved a favorite with Van.

As the faithful old colored servant shuffled off, Peggy exclaimed, "Wilhelmina we're leaving in the morning at six o'clock for New Jersey. Aunt Het's going with us; the Colonel has already given his permission, so don't say 'no'."

"Splendid! but let's leave about ten, Peggy!"

After Wilhelmina left, Colonel Longworth invited Gerald Madden to stay with him.

* * * * *

Wilhelmina had been gone a month, and the only message the men had received were short notes saying something about how fast the people talked and drove cars.

"Why, Dad, I miss at least half of the conversation; they talk a mile-a-minute and since I can't keep up with them, some of the set have nicknamed me 'Dreamy'."

Her missives to Gerald grew shorter in length and in terms of endearment.

She was in a hurry to go skiing or they had gone to three night clubs Thursday night. Wilhelmina had even started abbreviating "will write more next time" and her notes ended "Love, Bill."

Gerald wondered if she had lost the art of writing those twelve-page love letters which she had written to him while he was at the university; or if she just didn't love him any longer. The last thought forced upon him the resolution to go see her.

The next day after Gerald arrived in New Jersey, Col. Longworth received a telegram from Wilhelmina stating that she'd be home on the earliest possible train.

It was a tearful Wilhelmina who greeted Col. Longworth in the station.

* * * * *

In the coolness of the rose arbor and the comfort of her dream sanctum, the heavily cushioned hammock, Wilhelmina sobbed the cause for her sudden return to the accompaniment of the mocking bird trilling in the mimosa tree.

"Father, I've lost him. He made a date for nine o'clock — I waited half an hour and he didn't come, so I just left his ring for the maid to give back."

"That's all right, honey," said the Colonel soothingly, "that doesn't mean he has quit loving you. You always were at least an hour late; Gerald and I would play some billiards or discuss politics. He never did think you had ceased loving him; it just made him that much more eager to see you. Precious, don't cry so! I expect it's all

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Daddy's fault. I told him to transact a little business and I guess he thought it'd take you a long time to get ready as usual, so he just made use of that time."

"Daddy, I just had to hurry so, and all the boys were always there to fill their engagements at the appointed time, to the very minute. Do you think Gerald still loves me? Did he say they could get the interior of the house refinished by the time we returned from our honeymoon in Venice?"

Colonel Longworth nodded.

BESSIE YOUNG.

THE QUESTION OF POETS LAUREATE

It was during the reign of James I, of England, that there was added a new member to the lord-chamberlain's department of the royal household. The new office was granted to Ben Johnson, and he was allowed to write after his signature—"Poet Laureate of England." For many years preceding the bestowal of this new office, graduates in rhetoric and versification in English universities were presented with a wreath, and were, in consequence, styled *Poetae Laureati*. The appellation, of course, was derived from *laurus*, a lay of laurel, in allusion to the great ancient practice of crowning poets in Greece with a laurel wreath. But the first patent of poet laureate was, as recorded, granted to Johnson and as a consequence his purse was swelled by the yearly income from the royal treasure.

With the origin of the poet laureateship in England, one would imagine that that country would be the chief advocate of it today—but not so. Only two short years ago John Bull called the poet laureate to account in the House of Commons. Mr. Bottomley, the questioner, asked why the nation's professional poet was not earning his salt! He acidly suggested that the government, in addition to the salary paid, "furnished a supply of Canary wine on the off chance of the laureate getting an inspiration." This jest was insulting, but in an interview which followed with Dr. Bridges, the present holder of the criticized job, he said "he didn't care a damn." And perhaps that is why the criticism arose.

Letters that have drifted over to our states from the Prime Minister of England, also reflect interesting notes. They show conclusively that the laureate is never necessarily the foremost poet of the land, nor is he necessarily deemed so even by the official who appoints him. The minister's letter also raises anew the question whether the laureateship—the abolishment of which one is told was a serious matter at the time of Tennyson's death in 1892—is worth preserving. "No one would argue that any poet worth his salt—or his wine—has ever gained as much distinction from the post as he has conferred upon it. Poets are born—laureates only made! And surely no one ever wrote the better for having received the laurel. One's reputation is always conferred by the judgment of the people."

But the English papers are sympathetic to this office in the chamberlain's department. "Masterpieces of song can not be produced to order, as a pair of shoes, or a beer barrel, or a piece of mahogany furniture. Parliament is mistaken if it imagines that a poet laureate can soar to the Olympian heights on the spur of the moment." This is the wisdom they print, and it only adds to the complex feelings

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

that England now holds about the office first conferred upon Ben Johnson. A great number of statesmen feel it is but a useless shell, and they are very emphatic in their views. It will soon be abolished in England, they say—no doubt!

One feels saddened that an institution established years ago should now be practically moribund in its homeland; but one marvels at the fact that the institution of Poet Laureateship, originating abroad, should be transplanted in all of its new glory to these United States! Its homeland is giving it up—uprooting it from the historic past, but another country has received and is honoring it.

The West, where new standards and opinions have always found fertile ground, was the pioneer in the movement. Nebraska gave the first official recognition of an American poet by a law-making body. The resolution declaring John G. Neihardt poet laureate of Nebraska was "joint and concurrent," passed by both houses and signed by the governor. The resolutions passed are exceedingly interesting:

"Whereas: There is the closest connection between the growth of civilization and the development of literature; and

"Whereas: In wise commonwealths in all ages have recognized this relation by lifting the poet to the same plane as the statesman and military chieftain;

"Whereas;—" and so the resolutions continued making Nebraska the first state to claim a legal, personal poet.

Nebraska as a pioneer in this field may be due to the fact she had in one of her sons a pioneer poet. Neihardt, the receiver of Nebraska's laurel, is known as the epic poet of the pioneer west. It is said of him "He grew up in Nebraska, found there his soul, created the beauty of their prairies, and gave them their pioneer heroes." There can be no doubting Neihardt's power of epic writing. In a little village out in the Ozarks he is engaged in writing an epic cycle of American frontier "to preserve," as he has said, "a great heroic race mood which might otherwise be lost." He has spent eleven years on this work and it will take him fifteen years longer, for he only writes at an average rate of one hundred lines a month! But when he finishes the entire period of Western development from the year 1822 to the end of Indian wars on the plains the epic will have been completed in his universally acknowledged excellent technique.

Because other states can not boast of such an epic poet may be the cause of the storm that has broken over the country as a result of Nebraska's act. The newspapers promptly took issue and the adverse criticisms from representative papers are enticing. A New

THE PINE BRANCH

York paper is convinced that the laureateship is one of those "English idiosyncrasies that we could do well without," and another suspects the West of "subtle Sinn-Fein propaganda." The N. Y. Mail insists "that there was no necessity for officially honoring Mr. Neihardt or any other of the younger poets. They are all such effective publicity men and women that publishers fight for the chance of getting them on their lists." And the strict Boston dailies even refer to the matter as though a new terror had been put into the hands of the law-makers.

Not only the eastern papers shrilled "thumbs down!" on this new fad but many western papers entered their injunctions. "It isn't necessary or advisable that every other state in America should follow Nebraska's example." California, especially, was coached in the matter. "Is it not enough that California herself is a poem of perennial melody and a song of self-praise among all the sweet singers of Israel?"

The outstanding criticisms are sound and worthy of concentrated attention. We have no guaranty that a state would choose its best poet to wear her laurel. "Poets are legion; many of them are quite bad; but all have political influence, and since laureateship depends on a legislature as devoid of poetic afflatus as a gas-engine, this poetical influence would be more likely to crown a Tate, Rowe, or a Pye, than to appropriate a stipend for the genius of a Chancer or Tennyson!" It isn't always the best poet that brings home the laurel crown—usually, "it is some obscure poetaster's verse that is only fit for the album of legislators' wives." It is for thought what the effects on standards of verse in this country should be if the ordinary run of legislative taste in rime became regularly entrusted with the selection of such an officer. It has been brought out that "the true poet is a rebel and by his nature will not suffer to be yoked to political band wagons, for poetry in livery is Pegasus with his wings clipped and pastured in a chicken-yard."

Thus, has criticism flown and the storm raged, but even its blackness has not kept the states from copying Nebraska's act of honoring her son. Though the papers have cried "Let Mr. Neihardt enjoy his laurels, but bring no peers near his throne; Save us from more poets-laureate!" the states have turned deaf ears and continued their appointments. It is fascinating to canvass present and future possibilities. Vermont has already chosen Judge W. P. Stafford, though the choice of the Green Mountain State was a difficult one, since Robt. Frost is officially a resident of Vermont also. Mrs. N. Miller claims the honor of Colorado's laureateship and Illinois could place no name, among her poetic children, above that of Vachel Lindsay. Michigan,

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

'tis said, has a laureate ready made in Edgar A. Guest, and Massachusetts would be reduced to a choice between Katherine Bates and Denis McCarthy. New York has so great an endowment of riches in this line that choice would be difficult. It is "home" to Edwin Arlington Robinson, also Louis Untermeyer, Arthur Quiterman, and Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Perhaps adverse criticism would not be so severe, nor would it be a bad idea if other states adopted a laureateship if they were so sincere and followed the same policy as Colorado's laureate. Although Mrs. N. Miller has never published a volume of verse, the ideas she brings to her job are stimulating. Since the West has the law of "noblesse oblige," to help the other fellow when he is down, Mrs. Miller's "duties of a state laureate" do not come as a surprise. "I interpret it wholly," she said, "as an opportunity of service to the creative work that is being produced under such tremendous odds in the West. I shall collect the published books of young writers who are not on the accredited lists, and shall direct work of would-be writers helping with technique and encouragement. I will not write poems upon inaugural occasions in Colorado, nor make them upon order!"

Though many states have crowned a poet and many more may follow, the likelihood of a federal laureate is not only doubtful but unwise. "A national laureateship implies some sort of general agreement regarding the nature of poetry, or a national response to its magic. No such unanimity of choice or inclination is attainable. Perhaps America was at one time so homogenous, but it is so no longer." All critics agree that an official lord for our forty-eight states would be an absurdity. Who could equally well express the thrill of the "cloud-capped granite hills, of the boundless praise, of the lavender-gray desert, of the rolling Mississippi, or of inland seas?" Walt Whitman might have been lauded as the all-American poet—but who can tell when another Whitman will be born?

So for an "all-American" laureate one must shake one's head and answer "No!" For state laureate one might answer a weak "Yes" if a definite program of helpfulness is promised to be carried out. But since poetry and politics mixed never turns out to be a very delectable dish—it must be a very weak "Yes." Perhaps the most emphatic and positive answer could be given if it would be agreed that we, as American people, be content with our hundreds of uncrowned laureates!

E. McREE.

OLD GEMS ARE BEST

The hammock on the Meridith's side porch had been swinging restlessly for about thirty minutes. A leg hung over the side of the hammock, and the foot tapped impatiently on the floor. The leg was rather unkempt in appearance, the stocking was wrinkled at the knee, and the shoe was dusty and scratched. At length, a sigh of disgust was emitted from the depth of the hammock, and an arm reached up and flung a book into the corner of the porch. "I don't see why mother insists on buying me goodie, goodie books. I hate people who always do things like they're supposed to be done. Aunt Lil has some of the nicest books about people, who get things all tangled up. They have a much more exciting time than the people mother wants me to read about. There comes mamma. I bet she's coming to tell me something sweet and lovely Alice Katherine Thomas has done."

A frail, lovely woman was coming up the walk. Her every movement was full of grace, even the way in which she wore her smile seemed graceful. She came on the porch, and to the side of the hammock, and looked down at the tousled appearance of her fourteen-year-old daughter. Drawing up a chair, she sat down by her daughter's side.

"Paula, I've been chatting with Mrs. Thomas all afternoon, she says Alice Katherine made A in everything this month, including her deportment. I was positively mortified when I had to tell her what your mark in deportment is. I don't understand why you had to ruin your card with that ugly mark."

"Mother, I wouldn't have a report card with A on everything, especially an A in deportment. Alice Katherine never has any fun at school, because she does everything right. Most of the fun I have is by doing things people don't like."

"Paula!! I'm shocked. I've been told that most girls of high school age are inclined to be erratic, but I never expected my child to express any such ideas. You are just like my sister Lil, she—"

Here Mrs. Meridith was interrupted by the appearance of old Uncle Tom around the corner of the house. "Mis Meridith, Aunt Jane says can you step there a minute. She's havin' a terrible time."

"Oh dear! I wonder what Aunt Jane has done now. I'm afraid my part of the church dinner is going to be a failure tomorrow," Mrs. Meridith said, as she hurried kitchenward, still wearing her smile, though her forehead was lined with wrinkles of worry.

"Believe I'll go down and see what Alice Katherine is doing," and

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Paula swung herself to the floor and sauntered off the porch, and down the street.

"Wait and I'll go with you," cried Alice Katherine just as Paula got opposite her house. So the two walked aimlessly down the street.

Mrs. Meridith looking out her kitchen window, compared the appearance of the two girls. Alice Katherine, neat and trim, Paula's dress and hose wrinkled, and her hair uncombed. "I wonder why Paula is so set on never doing anything right," sighed her mother.

A flaming low-slung roadster whizzed by Alice Katherine and Paula.

"There goes that Ashcroft girl!" exclaimed Alice Katherine. "I heard my mother and your mother talking about her this afternoon. They said she's been sent home from school to stay."

"I hadn't heard about that," said Paula quickly, "Why was she sent home?"

"I don't know much about it, there's Mary sitting on her steps, maybe she's heard her mother say something about it. Let's go talk to her a little while."

"Hello Mary," said Alice Katherine, "we came in to sit on your steps with you for a few minutes."

"Fine," said Mary, "I was just wishing somebody would come talk to me."

"Did you see Julia Ashcroft just pass by here?" asked Alice Katherine.

"Yes, mother says it's a shame they sent her home from school?"

"What did she do?" asked Paula.

"I don't know, she broke a rule of some kind. Anyway, all the teachers called her in to the superintendent's office, and talked to her about what she had done. They tried to make her say she was sorry for breaking the rule, but she said,—What did Mrs. Sherman say she said, something like this, 'No, I'm not one bit sorry, for I thoroughly enjoyed myself'. If she hadn't said that, they wouldn't have sent her home."

"But maybe she wasn't sorry," said Paula.

Alice Katherine threw Paula a disdainful look. "You know she must have been sorry, Paula. Imagine having your school life ruined like that."

"I don't see how her life's ruined, I bet she had a lot of fun doing whatever she did. I wouldn't have been sorry either."

"She's missed a glorious opportunity to make a beautiful life," sighed Alice Katherine.

"Oh, you make me sick, forever trying to talk like your mother."

THE PINE BRANCH

I don't see anything beautiful about a life where you do everything right. I think her life is much more interesting because she did something she wanted to do, and then didn't get scared and play she was sorry."

Mary nudged Alice Katherine and pointed down the street. "There comes Joe," she said.

Alice Katherine smoothed the folds of her dress, and arranged her hair. When Joe passed opposite them she called out a soft, "Hello Joe."

"Hello, Alice," he said, and then did an expert bit of whistling as he passed on down the street.

"I don't see how you can still like Joe, you've been liking him almost six months now. Aren't you tired of him?" asked Paula.

"Why should I be tired of him?"

"I don't know, but I can't like boys for very long at the time. They get so uninteresting when you go with them very long, Aunt Lil says they do, and she ought to know. Aunt Lil wonders how mamma and daddy have liked each other all these years. Mamma says when I get old enough to go with boys, they're going to call me fickle."

"But mother says all girls finally settle down and marry one man," said Alice Katherine, "and I'm going to train myself to like one man, so I'll be happy when I do get married."

"I don't believe I can ever like just one man all my life. Aunt Lil says she knows she couldn't."

* * * * *

The sun had been gradually slipping down in the west while the girls were talking. The long shadows on the grass had gradually merged into one big shadow.

"Look how late it is," said Alice Katherine, "We'd better be going Paula."

All the way home Paula thought deep and hard. "I wonder what I'm going to do when I get old enough to marry. I'd hate to be an old maid, but I'd hate worse to have to like one man all my life."

As Paula went into her house she heard Mother and Daddy talking up in Mother's room. She hurried up the steps and into Mother's room door, just in time to hear Daddy ask—

"Do you feel better now, dear?"

"Yes Paul, much better. It was just the suddenness of the thing. Why when I received that letter from Mother this afternoon, telling me Lil had entered into a companionate marriage, it was almost more than I could stand."

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

"Mother," cried Paula, as she burst into the room. "Is Aunt Lil married?"

"Yes Paula, but not in the usual way," said mother.

"I heard you say something about companionate marriage, is that the kind of marriage hers is, and what is it?"

"Companionate marriage, Paula, is a new form of marriage."

"I'll bet it's fixed some way so Aunt Lil won't have to stay with this one man all her life," said Paula.

"It is," said mother in a terse voice.

Paula's face held a rapt expression. "Gee! isn't that great, now I won't have to be an old maid. I can marry somebody like Aunt Lil has married this man, and then I won't have to stay with this man all my life. Aunt Lil always does do nice things."

"Paula!" exclaimed mother and daddy in a shocked tone, and the graceful smile was wiped from mother's face.

* * * * *

Late that night mother and daddy stood hand in hand, looking down on the sleeping Paula.

"Paul," whispered mother, "The child couldn't have meant what she said about marriage, could she?"

"Not if she ever gives true love a trial," whispered daddy against the soft gold of mother's hair.

LOUISE BENTON.

THE PINE BRANCH

NINETEEN

Virginia's glance followed her pencil-point as it made rows of number nineteens along the margin of her paper, but her mind's eye saw neither pencil, paper, nor numerals. It was beholding pictures which appeared to its own vision with remarkable rapidity.

First, there was old Uncle Dan in the garden, loosening around a row of *salviae*. A very little girl went along after him collecting bits of colored glass which he sometimes chanced to unearth. Occasionally he would stop long enough to shake his trowel at her and scold half-seriously, "Beware the cutting of Virginia's soft hands." Uncle Dan was always speaking about some future ill which never happened. Virginia was far too occupied in her own incessant prattling to heed his words.

"Jane said you used to ride horses and tell fortunes and carry little girls way off, but I told her that of course you didn't because—" Here she caught her breath in a little "ooh-oo" over a bit of flowered china which she carefully wiped off with the hem of her skirt and deposited in her pocket. "Because you live in the little house back of the garden without any sisters, or mother, or little girls, don't you? Uncle Dan, what's a fortune?"

Uncle Dan, who paid scant attention to her usual prattle, happened to catch the last question. He turned his head slowly toward her and looked at her queerly without saying a word. Virginia, who began to feel rather odd, resumed her digging with a new fervor.

She was startled almost out of her senses by an abrupt clutching of her small shoulder. She looked straight into the eyes of Uncle Dan, which must have grown twice as large in that short moment, and seemed to be getting larger. Shaking a knarled forefinger between her own deep-set eyes he gasped slowly, "It's — nineteen! It — spells — trouble! Be — ware!" Virginia wriggled from under his grasp and retreated to the azalia bush to ponder on the strange proceeding. "Beware"—that meant you musn't come very, very close to "nineteen." Now what in the world was a nineteen? Stupid of Jane not to have told her. She would find out as soon as Jane came in from school. "Trouble"—the very word mystified Virginia. That was what Uncle Dan must have seen when he looked ahead of him so weirdly. Perhaps it was a goblin or a bad fairy.

Virginia soon forgot the incident only to be reminded of it again at kindergarten. She had learned to make a row of curious drawings, the first of which she found was a "one" and the last a "nine". The remarkable thing was that when she placed them side by side

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

they made a "nineteen." What a fascination that symbol held for her. Its spell soon wore away, however, for Virginia found that it was really just like all other numbers. Her interest in the whole number family waned, to be replaced by a multiplicity of interests in Indian stories, paper wigwams, and sand-piles.

More and more interests carried her mind further and further away from the incident. It was only now, when she was a freshman at Broward Institute for Girls that the event again assumed a primary place in her thinking.

It all happened about three weeks ago when Virginia and Susan, her room-mate, had been seated opposite each other at the table, writing. Virginia was making out a tentative prom card in view of the Freshman-Sophomore party. All but four spaces on her card were filled, and these she thought of exchanging with Susan. If only she could be sure whom Susan would invite. Of course, there was no way of knowing, for one never asked Susan anything bordering on the personal, and Susan rarely volunteered such information. Virginia did hope she would invite Ralph, who came down from the university occasionally to see her. He was tall and collegiate looking and Virginia would adore to prom with him. But Susan never spoke of Ralph and was equally friendly toward that impossible Timmy who came over from her home town on Sundays. What anyone could see in him—and how Ralph could waste his attentions on such indifference—these were things Virginia never understood. Of course, Ralph was a boy, but Susan—someone ought to show her that she couldn't hold Ralph's interest indefinitely. Suddenly it occurred to Virginia that she could help Ralph and Susan both by making the latter jealous.

Hastily she scratched off a fake invitation to him in which she assured him that his interest in her through Susan's letters had been highly appreciated and that she would simply adore having him come to the prom on her invitation. With a final promise to let him prom with the very darlingest girls he had ever seen, she ended the note and handed it to Susan.

"'Scuse me for bothering you, but please see if this sounds all right." Susan carefully laid aside the psychology paper she was preparing for the next day's assignment and gave her attention to the note. In a moment she returned it commenting quite seriously, "It sounds very well. However a comma should not be used after April, Tuesday is spelled t-u-e and not t-e-u, and nineteenth n-i-n-e-t-e-e-n-t-h."

With that the trouble began. Virginia ran over it all again as she made rows of number nineteens on the margin of her paper. She remembered how bewildered she had been over Susan's apparent in-

THE PINE BRANCH

difference. (Little did she know of inhibited reactions.) She placed the note in an envelope, addressed it, put it on the dressing table, and didn't think of it again until the next day when Susan, passing her on the campus, called to her that she had just given the postman the invitation at the same time that she mailed hers to Timmy.

All Virginia could do then was to hope that Ralph would not accept, especially since her own jealous Jack had accepted weeks before. Ralph, however, taking advantage of an unpleasant means of attaining the very pleasant end of seeing Susan, accepted in due time.

What could Virginia do now that all three of the boys had accepted? To explain to Susan would not relieve the situation. Virginia sighed at the very idea of explaining anything to Jack. To explain to the other boys was useless.

In her agitation Virginia confided in her Junior sister, Margaret, whom she learned was to serve at the party. Margaret advised her to let the three come, and she would be on hand to take care of the extra one.

This was small comfort for Virginia who could imagine all sorts of impossible situations arising. However, it was the only thing left to do.

* * * * *

It was two o'clock on the afternoon of the nineteenth. Virginia, who had been helping the other freshmen put the final touches on the decorations, escaped to the deserted Annex for a moment's quiet in which to prepare her spirits for the mysterious troubles in store. Upon reaching her room she found three boxes, one for Susan and two for herself. On the cover of one of hers was scrawled in bold letters, "Shoulder bouquets—one for each." What could that mean? Some wise Soph had probably brought the boxes over and knew their content. The first she opened contained a lovely corsage of lavender sweet peas from Jack, and the second, white rosebuds from Ralph. The sheer fragrance of the flowers was too much for Virginia, who fell across her bed sobbing. She had lain there only a moment when the incessant talking from the girls on the terrace below reminded her that she must join them before they discovered her alone. Hastily she combined the sweet peas and rose-buds into a surprisingly effective arrangement, placed them in water, dabbed a puff of powder on her nose and vanished down the dark hall.

At the entrance she was met by swarms of girls rushing past her, bedecked in flower chains and paper lanterns. In a moment she realized

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

that they were rescuing the decorations from a pending cloudburst, great splotches of which were already falling.

By six o'clock messages had been received from Timmy and Jack saying that it was impossible for them to come over, due to a sudden violent thunder storm.

At seven o'clock Virginia received a message from Ralph that he was just ready to catch his train and would arrive at the Institute about eight o'clock.

The irony of it! This meant that Virginia would have Ralph to herself for the whole evening. The party had been called off, of course, and Susan would not go down since Timmy was not coming.

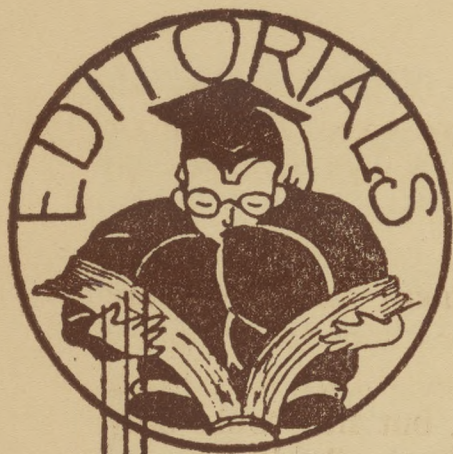
It was seven-thirty and again Susan and Virginia were seated opposite each other at the table. Virginia extended her soft white hands while Susan ran the buffer soothingly across their exquisite nails. Virginia was thinking of the foolish thing she had done. Susan jealous? Here she was doing everything she could to afford Virginia a pleasant evening with Ralph. If Virginia only had the heart to invite her down, or to explain things to her.

Great splashes of tears fell on Virginia's fingers, and Susan looked up at her in astonishment. In a moment she had sobbed out to her the whole story. Susan soothingly assured her that the whole thing was her own fault in not being able to take a joke, and promised to go down and make things all right with Ralph.

That night the occupants of Freshman Annex lay restlessly awake listening to the monotonous torrents of rain beating against the panes—the rain which had spoiled their long anticipated party. The I-told-you-sos, always in large majority after such a misfortune, said to themselves, "They shouldn't have put it in April—the weather is always so uncertain."

There were two freshmen who lay contentedly in their beds, listening with pleasure to the friendly falling of the rain outside. One drifted off into dreams about a tall University lad; the other, into dreams of fortune tellers whose wonderful predictions of the future always came true.

CORA BURGHARD.



ALUMNA — COME BACK AND CUT YOURSELF A PIECE OF CAKE!

The commencement gayeties of the '28 graduation are already being elaborately planned and looked forward to. Not only will the College closing in June send a large normal class and degree class out, but it will also mark the tenth anniversary of a beloved feature of our College organization—the Alumnae Association. When the caps and gowns begin parading the campus, and the diplomas and sheep skins are being carefully tied up in the red and black, then also will birthday congratulations be in order for this ten years old favorite.

Visions of the frosted birthday cake with its ten lighted candles, and of tiers of candied rose buds, bring visions of the wonderful growth of our College during each and every year for which there is a candle on the cake. The alumnae birthday can only remind us of the girls that have gone out and now make up the association, and the rapid advancement of the College from which they departed—their Alma Mater.

G. S. W. C. has grown and grown! Every year adding to her height in the world, to her weight as an educational unit, and her influence and reputation. Indeed, her growth in the past well warrants the hopes that in the future—three or four years distant—she will boast turning out only four-year alumnae. Only certificates will be given at the end of two years, and her chief work each June will be the presenting of sheep skins—representatives of four full years of college work. G. S. W. C. daughters will be degree holders when they enter the honored gates as members of the Alumnae Association.

When this time comes, and the future will hold all rosy views, a look will be made over the past to find the stepping stones that were made to get to the heights. The facts will stand out that in the year 1921 G. S. W. C. could only call herself an over grown high school. She had 210 high school students and only 53 Junior College students. The high school ayes certainly had it! But the facts will also show that in 1927 the high school days were left behind, and not depending on a high school even as a "feeder," the four years of College

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

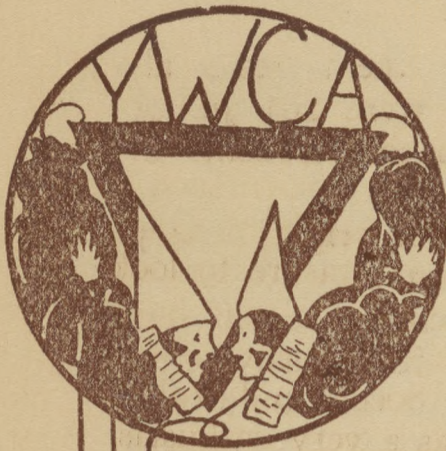
were given the stage, and only College girls were the actresses allowed. The fact will stand for 1928 that there were 261 Junior College students. More than there were high school students in 1921! And the degree girls were in strong numbers.

Surely the birthday candles will have to send out bright, cheery beams of light to tell the great tale of achievement and adventure they represent. Their glow will also proudly proclaim the pioneers who made the growth of the college possible. The future may bring only four year girls into the alumnae association, but this could only have been achieved by the splendid work of the trail blazers and pioneers who went before. Only through the tireless and wonder work of past two-year graduates has the four-year graduate become a reality. Always will the two-year alumna be held dear to G. S. W. C.'s heart—for she was the first; always will the alumnae association love and honor the two-year alumna for she was the pioneer, and the first to go forth for her College.

G. S. W. C. wishes that all of her many daughters would make this—the tenth birthday of the Alumnae Association a great home coming—coming back to visit their alma mater, and meeting old class mates. She would be happy if a great throng gathered at the cutting of the birthday cake; would raise their voices in singing:

“Alma Mater’s loving daughters
We will ever be,
Always to her heart returning
G. S. W. C.”

E. McREE.



AS OUR year draws to a close it is a delight to think back over the many enjoyable times we have had. Of course we are glad vacation will soon be here, but we are a little reluctant to give up even for just a while one of the best friends a G. S. W. C. girl has—the Y. W. C. A.

When we are tired and worn with the cares of the day, nothing could be more restful than attending one of our vesper services, especially if it be a twilight song service such as Miss Estha Freeman has given us twice on Thursday evenings. Judge McCrackin has been with us this month and Miss Gilmer too. Then there was our most impressive Easter Service which was held at 7:30 Easter morning on the terrace of Converse Hall.

Our Bible Study Classes have been all that was hoped for. The attendance has been more than remarkable. And with such capable and competent teachers we feel that we have grown finer and bigger and broader.

We have a Y. W. C. A. that every G. S. W. C. girl is proud of.



LAMBDA NEWS

The Lambdas are sorry to see such a happy year as this one has been, come to a close. But it is a pleasure to look back and see the good times that have been had. In recalling the events of the year we mention the Soccer and Volley Ball season which was a very enthusiastic beginning for the athletic year and was carried to a triumphant end for the Lambdas. Next came the swinging of the pendulum in the opposite direction when the Kappas walked away with the Field Ball and Basket Ball series of games. At one time we held our breath to see what would be the outcome of the Baseball series, but presto; out walks the happy purple-and-whites and all attention was turned to Tennis. As for that we are still uncertain as to whom the top rung of the ladder will be given.

It is needless to say again that we have enjoyed the fun this year and feel sure it is due to having such good sports to play with and such helpful, sympathetic advisors to council us.

* * *

KAPPA NEWS

The Kappas have been very busy. They lost all Baseball games to the Lambdas during the games, but hope to do better next time.

The Tennis Tournament is occupying the center of interest now. We hope to make points because of the number of good players we have entered.

Kappa numerals were awarded to Marie Parham, Myrtle Stokes, Myrtle Vick, and Mary Louise Maxwell.

The Kappa officers for '28-'29 are: President, Myrtle Vick; Vice-president, Marie Parham; Secretary-treasurer, Grace Chastain.

The Kappas are still fighting for the Plaque. They were tied with the Lambdas on the Semester court list. Each association made 110 points.

May 16, 1928, is the eventful day. Then, all official points must

THE PINE BRANCH

be handed in so that the name for the Plaque can be decided. Good luck, Kappas!

Vick, our president, wishes to thank the Kappas for the good spirit of sportsmanship they have shown through this year.

Lambdas, we have thoroughly enjoyed our competitions with you this year, and we think you are as clean a bunch of sports as can be found anywhere.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Lucile and Minnie Arnold of the '14 class are teaching in the schools of Atlanta, and are living at 1144 North Avenue.

* * *

Louise Cheney, Mrs. R. A. McLendon, of the '15 class is living at Tignall, Georgia.

* * *

Bessie Mann of the '15 class is working in the Citizens and Southern Bank of Atlanta, Georgia.

* * *

Mattie Peek, Mrs. W. J. Gantier, of the '15 class may be reached at P. O. Box 738, Little River Station, Miami, Florida.

* * *

Gertrude Jones, Mrs. Roberts, of the '16 class is principal of the high school at Encinitas, California.

* * *

Maggie Mae Smith, Mrs. W. J. Turner, of the '16 class is living at Greely, Alabama.

* * *

Lena Jenkins, Mrs. P. C. Branch, of the '17 class is living in Albany, Georgia, and may be reached care of T. C. Branch, Ticknor Realty Company, Bank Exchange.

* * *

Morgan Majette, Mrs. Daniel L. Grant, of the '17 class is at White Plains, N. Y., for the summer.

* * *

Alma Smith, Mrs. Otis Wilkes, of the class of '17 is living at Avon Park, Florida.

* * *

Edith Smith, Mrs. George Bell, of the '18 class is living at Tignall, Georgia.

* * *

Helen Rizer, Mrs. J. T. Culbreth, of the '20 class is living at Statenville, Georgia, and was a recent visitor to the College.

* * *

Mildred Smith, Mrs. J. P. Kelley, of the '20 class may be reached in care of Chevrolet Company, Albany, Georgia.

* * *

Buena McConnell, Mrs. Linton G. Watters, of the class of '21 is living at Melbourne, Florida.

THE PINE BRANCH

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

* * *

Mary Cobb of the '22 class may be reached at Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tennessee.

* * *

Gladys Harris of the '22 class is teaching at Elberton, Georgia.

* * *

Waver Hodges, Mrs. W. O. Hildebrand, of the '22 class announces the birth of a daughter, Mary Jane, on December 23rd. She is living at 627 South Lawrence Street, Montgomery, Ala.

* * *

Ellie Peeples, Mrs. Joe Harvey, of the '24 class is teaching second grade in Nashville, Georgia.

* * *

Rosaline Ivey of the '25 class is studying towards her M. A. degree at Columbia University, and may be found at Box 130, Whittier Hall, Columbia University, New York, N. Y.

* * *

Frances Smith, Mrs. L. H. Collar, of the '25 class is living at 3310 McDonald Avenue, Coconut Grove Station, Miami, Florida.

* * *

Naomi Prim, Mrs. R. O. Brockington, of the '26 class announces the birth of a son, Robert Olen, Jr., on April 21, 1928. She may be reached at 423 E. 6th Street, Jacksonville, Florida.

* * *

Margaret Seibert of the '26 class is teaching in Ft. Pierce, Florida.

* * *

Content Lines of the '26 class is spending the year at home at Mill Haven, Georgia.

* * *

Sara Rees Strong of the '26 class was married on April 19th to William Rogers Few, and is living in Waycross, Georgia.

* * *

Irelle Johnson of the '27 class is at home, 110 W. Gordon Street, Valdosta, Georgia.

* * *

Ina Askew, Mrs. P. W. Hancock, of the '18 class is living at 1713 Lakewood Avenue, S. E., Atlanta, Georgia.

* * *

The following members have been lost to us for some months: Vada Fain, Mrs. Homer Edenfield, of the '22 class; Verdie Mills of the '25 class; Annie Maude Torbert of the '25 class.

Lost, strayed, or stolen, the above. Liberal reward to finder.

LOCALS

MAY DAY FESTIVAL

One of the most spectacular and colorful Old English May Day Festivals ever witnessed at the College was the one presented on May 1st by the Department of Physical Education under the direction of Miss Leonora Ivey and her assistant, Miss Elizabeth Lowe. About two hundred and fifty people participated in the activities; they suggested a wide range of English types as they frolicked on the green observing the English May Day customs.

The activities of the afternoon gave the Village Green on Early May Morn, the processional and Crowning of the May Queen, and the festivities in honor of the May Queen.

The first scene, that of the Village Green on an Early May Morn, suggested the revels of the English before crowning the Queen. College girls as flower girls suggested the beauty of rural England. An organ grinder, Miss Lois Sharpe, of Vidalia, a fortune teller, Miss Sara Cunningham, of Cordele, and a trained bear, Miss Nell Talley of Nashville, entertained the English children, gypsy children, and milk maids who were children of the college training school. Robin Hood, Miss Anita Oliver, and his band appeared to help in the crowning of the Queen.

HERALDS LED THE PROCESSION

Miss Eleanor Turner, of Sylvania, and Miss Mary Stokes, of St. George, as Heralds, led the processional followed by the loveliest of Ladies in Waiting costumed in the Elizabethan manner further emphasized by fan and vanity.

The Ladies in Waiting were: Misses Louise Holcombe, Tennys Jones, Catherine McRee, of Valdosta, Sara Julia Cox, of Vienna, Willie Belle Harrell, of Whigham, Merle Johnson, of Surrency, Blanche Prescott, of Lake Park, Myrtle Stokes, of Nahunta, Marie Parham, of Nashville, Willie Belle Sumner, of Poulan.

Following the Ladies in Waiting came Miss Elizabeth McRee, a most charming Maid of Honor. The Queen of the May, Miss Katherine Blackshear, of Sarasota, Fla., elected by the student body from the senior class, with her quaintness of beauty and charm well became the role that her college friends had deemed it fitting to bestow upon her.

The train bearers were Julia Bess Smith and Margaret Miller,

THE PINE BRANCH

of Valdosta. The throne further emphasized the Elizabethan period by its fan-like shape and semblance.

HONORS FOR THE MAY QUEEN

The festivities in honor of the May Queen were delightfully colorful and entertaining. College girls as flower girls opened the activities with their dancing. Children of the training school dramatized "Sing a Song of Sixpence," "Little Miss Muffet," and "Round and Round the Village." Gypsy children participated in a "Gypsy Ring." College girls as visitors from France gave the French reel.

The dance of the milk maids and the merry men was followed by College girls as bold bad pirates in the dance "Fool's Gold." English peasants entertained with their dance "If All the World Were Paper." Strolling players were Knights of the Comedy; Miss Mary Small, of Valdosta, Pierrot; Miss Velma Sirmans, of DuPont, Columbine; Miss Rose Wood, of Thomasville, Harlequin.

The second entertainment by the Strolling players was Knights of the Hobby Horse, by Miss Elizabeth Boyd, of Valdosta, Miss Mary Alexander, of Nashville, Miss Lillian Hopper, of Mississippi, and Miss Marjorie Mills, of Ochlocknee. This was followed by "Music Hath Charms," danced by the Shepherd, Miss Juanita Sweat, of Waycross, and Miss Jean Loggins, of Valdosta, as the Nymph.

Following the Strolling players College girls danced "Hill Dill" and "Dance on the Green." Mixed groups then wound the many May Poles on the green in the presence of the Queen.

The pianists were Misses Helen Ryon, Emogene Baker, Mary Eva Fambrough; violinists, Misses Frances Copeland and Jessie Mae Proscott. The costuming was under the direction of the Art and Home Economics Departments.

JUNIOR-SENIOR PICNIC

The Junior-Senior picnic was among the first of the commencement activities. The Juniors were hostesses to the members of the Senior class and their guests at Twin Lakes. Swimming, boating, and a picnic lunch were features of the entertainment. Among the honor guests were President and Mrs. R. H. Powell, Dean and Mrs. J. F. Wood, Miss Annie P. Hopper, dean of women, and Miss Lucius Bedell, president of the Freshman class.

SOCIETY NEWS

ARGONIAN AND SORORIAN LITERARY SOCIETY NEWS

One of the most interesting programs was given to the Literary Societies April 7th. The presidents, Louise Benton, Argonian, and Iva Chandler, Sororian, had charge. At this time the annual inter-society debate was held. Misses Eunice Chute and Marguerite Langdale defended the Affirmative side for the Argonians. Misses Opal Thornton and Caroline Parrish defended the negative for the Sororians. The decision was made in favor of the affirmative side.

* * *

A regular program meeting of the Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies was given in the Rotunda April 21st. Miss Dorothy Jones was leader, and the program consisted of a study of American Sculpture. The lecture was read by Miss Ida Burroughs. Miss Carpenter discussed the works of some of the most outstanding American sculptors. At the conclusion of this program, a picture display of sculpture was seen in the upper rotunda, which had been transformed into an "art gallery."

* * *

An enjoyable program of the Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies was held May 4, in the rotunda. Recent fiction was the subject discussed. The following program was given:

1. Book report—"Bridge of San Luis Rey" by Thornton Wilder—Hazel Donahue.
2. Book report—"Jalna" by Maza de LaRoche—Lois Sharpe.
3. A Play—"Fourteen" directed by Lucile Dowling.

CAST

| | |
|---------------------------|--------------------|
| The Mother | Sara Hall |
| Elane, the daughter | Frankie Hartsfield |
| Dunham, the butler | Annie Maude Ferral |



Miss Bush: "Where was Cæsar killed?"

Evie Tyson: "On page fourteen."
* * *

The difference between the Czar of Russia and a beggar is that the Czar issues his manifestoes and the beggar manifests toes without his shoes.

* * *

Weeda Turner: "What are those holes in the floor?"

Bobbie: "They're knot holes."

Weeda: "They are too."
* * *

* * *

Sara Thomas: "If your mother gave you a large apple and a small one, and told you to divide with your brother, which apple would you give him?"

Max: "D'ye mean my big brother or my little brother?"
* * *

* * *

SOME CAMPUS SNAPS

1. Why is a tramp like flannel? Because he shrinks from washing.
2. Why do men wear large watches? Because they like to have a big time.
3. Why did the lobster blush? Because he saw the salad dressing.
4. What fruit grows on telegraph poles? Electric currents.
5. How do you make a slow horse fast? Stop feeding him.
6. What is the difference between a hill and a pill? One is hard to get up and the other is hard to get down.
7. What is the only thing that can live in the midst of fire? Coal.
8. What is worse than a giraffe with sore throat? A centipede with chilblains.
9. Why is a hen immortal? Her son never sets.
10. When is a Scotchman like a donkey? When he strolls along his banks and braes.
11. Why is it better to be burnt than to have your head cut off? A hot stake is better than a cold chop.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

12. When did Washington first take a carriage? When he took a hack at the cherry tree.

13. Why is a horse a curious feeder? He eats best when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.

* * *

There is one question which can always be answered with yes. What does y-e-s spell?

* * *

M. Jennings: "Now, come on, and tell them all you know—it won't take long!"

R. Rabun: "Surely, I'll tell them all we both know; it won't take any longer."

* * *

Poor Seniors! They were furious with the Freshmen when they said that they rated socially. Yet they couldn't rate a date for the picnic—and besides, Mother cut their allowance for the month to \$5.00.

* * *

A FRESHMAN IDEA OF POETRY

The Chinaman praiseth his T's,
The mandarin praiseth his Q;
The gardner praiseth his turnips and P's,
But I praise U.

The mariner loves the C's,
The bagatelle-player his Q;
The husbandman loves his cattle and B's,
But I love U.

The foolish have need of the Y's,
The actor needs his Q;
The pilot has need of excellent I's,
But I need U.

The hunter seeks the J's,
The shepherd seeks his U;
The college girls seek their final B. A.,
But ICQ.

**THE GEORGIA STATE WOMANS
COLLEGE AT VALDOSTA**

**Extends Congratulations to the High
School Graduates of the Class of 1928**

And

INVITES THE YOUNG WOMEN WHO ARE AM-
BITIOUS TO TRAIN THEMSELVES FOR POSITIONS
OF HONOR AND LEADERSHIP IN THEIR COM-
MUNITIES TO ENROLL AS STUDENTS IN ITS
CLASSES.

"THERE IS NO COLLEGE THAT OFFERS BETTER
SERVICE AT THE SAME COST, OR EQUAL SER-
VICE AT LESS." IT IS STATE SUPPORTED.

Address,

R. H. POWELL, President.

EVERYTHING

For The Graduate

DANIEL ASHLEY PHARMACY

GET EVERYTHING FOR THAT FEAST

from

BLANTON GROCERY STORE

Phone 66

Free Delivery

Preventative is Cheaper Than Cure

Know what you buy by eating meat that

is killed and inspected at

THE VALDOSTA ABATTOIR CO.

**We Wish to Thank Each and Every Girl
For Her Patronage This Term.**

WISHING EACH ONE A HAPPY VACATION, AND
HOPE TO HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SERVING YOU
AGAIN THIS COMING TERM.

FRIEDLANDER BROS.

MRS. C. WHITTINGTON

Furnisher to Ladies

**Girls Who Love Home, Also Love
FURNITURE**

AND THEY ARE WELCOME TO LOOK AND TARRY
AS LONG AS THEY WISH, AT

REGISTER FURNITURE COMPANY

KNIGHT'S PHARMACY

Where **QUALITY** Counts

Motorcycle Delivery

Phones 803-804

B L A C K B U R N

Photographer

Photographs Live Forever

**"If It's Done With Heat, You Can Do It
So Much Better With Gas"**

VALDOSTA GAS COMPANY

VIKING TIRES
WILL GIVE YOU MANY A GOOD TURN
—
THEY ARE FULLY GUARANTEED
— by the —
CENTRAL SERVICE STATION
WASHING, GREASING, VULCANIZING
Phone 372

Eat
BREEDLOVE'S
ICE CREAM
Health and Happiness in Every Spoonful

C. C. VARNEDOE & COMPANY
VALDOSTA, GEORGIA
Showing the Newest Things in
Summer Merchandise
DRESSES, HATS, PIECE GOODS, ACCESSORIES
All in the latest styles, at very moderate prices.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.
Hemstitching
AND
Picoting
WE APPRECIATE YOUR PATRONAGE

THE ACORN STORES, Inc.

NATIONAL WORLD WIDE DEPARTMENT STORE

which gives us big buying power, therefore we have
The Selling Power

See Our Prices

WE SPECIALIZE IN LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR
AND LINGERIE

See Our Prices

THE ACORN STORES, Inc.

GRADUATION GIFTS

That Are Sure to Please Her
W. M. OLIVER & COMPANY

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Valdosta, Georgia

Resources Over \$3,500,000.00

STRAND THEATRE
Where You Can Always Spend
A PLEASANT HOUR

H. ABRAHAMS
Jeweler

The Store of Quality

115 N. ASHLEY ST.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

“Valdosta’s Clean Drug Store”

SERVICE DRUG COMPANY

Phone 1300

Drinks, Candies, Drugs, Seeds, Stationery

BANK OF VALDOSTA

Capital \$200,000.00

We Invite Your Account

BISCUIT MADE FROM OUR
EASTER LILY FLOUR

Makes a Meal Something to Which One Looks Forward

THE A. S. PENDLETON COMPANY

DISTRIBUTORS

McELVEY-FUTCH COMPANY

WHOLESALE

PRODUCE, FRUITS, VEGETABLES, SPECIALTIES
12,000 Square Feet Floor Space—10 Car Capacity Cold Storage
Two Telephones, Nos. 447-317—319 S. Patterson St.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

WARSHAW'S BOOT SHOP

"The Home of Smart Footwear"

Prices, \$4.85 to \$6.85

110 N. Ashley St.

Phone No. 1247

Citizens & Southern National Bank

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Capital and Surplus \$5,500,000.00

NO ACCOUNT TOO LARGE—NONE TOO SMALL

Have You Tried Vinson's?

HE HAS IT!

Phones 245-246

VINSON'S DRUG STORE

McRAE'S BOOT SHOP, Inc.

TO PLEASE YOU—OUR FOREMOST AIM

We want the patrons of this store to get the best possible value;
the most considerate attention; the most satisfactory service.

EMMETTE McRAE, Manager

In Daniel Ashley Hotel.

J. W. PINKSTON

DEALER IN

**Dry Goods, Notions, Ladies'
Ready-to-Wear**

127 N. PATTERSON ST.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

G. S. W. C. Girls Are Welcome

at

YEARTY DRUG COMPANY

Motorcycle Delivery

Phone 812

EAT BAMBY BREAD
VALDOSTA'S OWN
VALDOSTA BAKING COMPANY

Gift Headquarters
THOMPSON & GIRARDIN
Jewelers

110 W. Central Avenue—Valdosta, Ga.
50 Steps From Patterson Street—Miles From High Prices

STUMP BROTHERS
Paints and Builders' Supplies
Valdosta, Georgia

W. H. BRIGGS HARDWARE CO.

SASH AND DOORS—WALL BOARDS
PAINTS—ROOFINGS
TURPENTINE SUPPLIES
MILL SUPPLIES
WIRE FENCE

AS THE SCHOOL YEAR draws to a close we desire to express our appreciation for the courtesies extended to us. YOUR PATRONAGE AND FRIENDSHIP is a valued asset, for which we owe our sincere thanks.

SOUTHERN STATIONERY AND
PRINTING COMPANY

Printing That Satisfies
VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

WE ARE AGENTS

FOR

Page and Shaw Candies of Excellence

CONVERSE SODA PARLOR

Phone 32

HOTEL DANIEL ASHLEY

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

FIRE PROOF—RATES \$2.50 UP

Try Our Coffee Shop

OPEN 6:30 A. M., TO 10:00 P. M.