

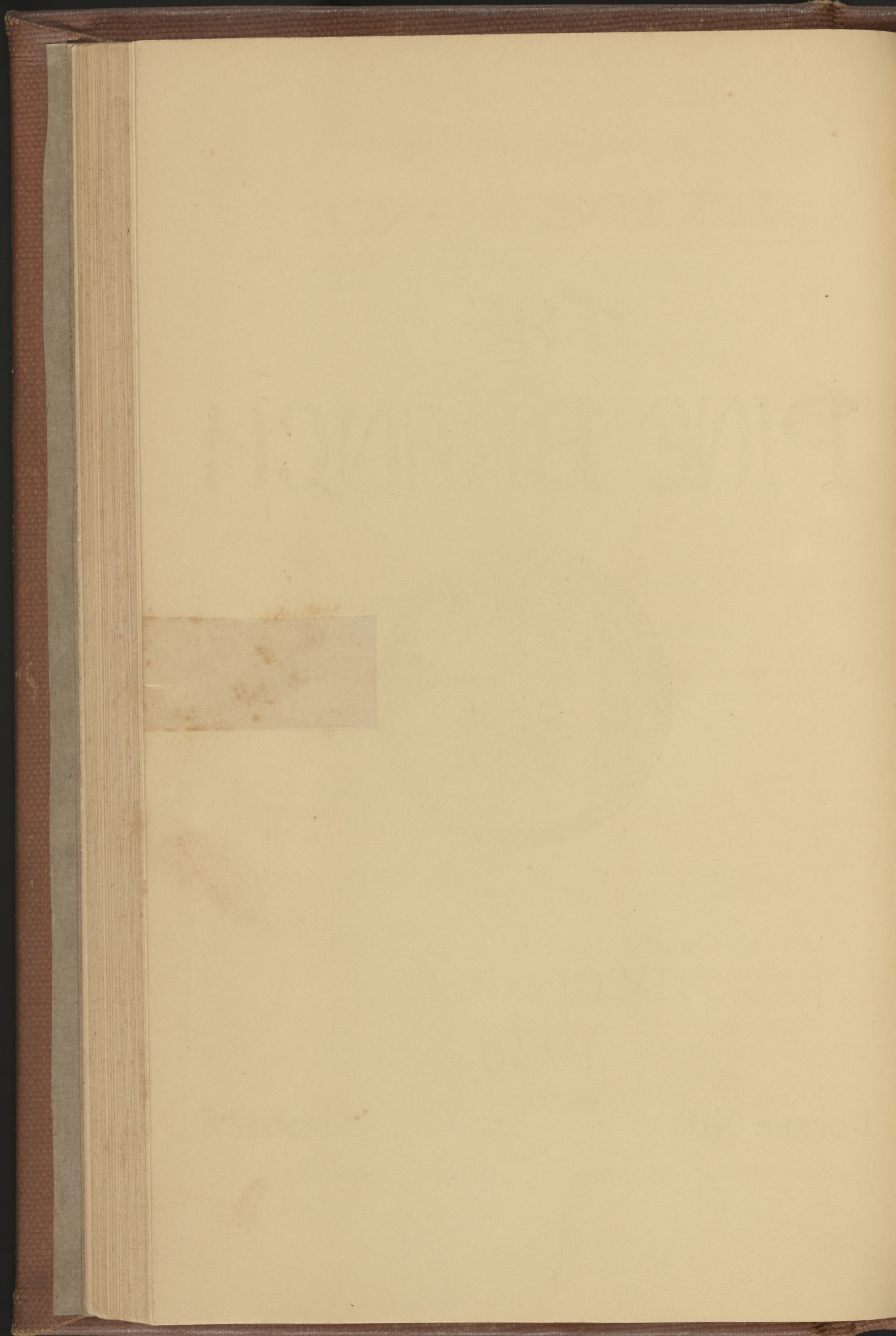
# THE PINE BRANCH



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# THE PINE BRANCH

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## CONTENTS

	Page
1. A Tribute to William Stanley West—Richard W. Wallace	3
2. Analysis—Mary K. Burrows .....	7
3. To Adrian—Mary K. Burrows .....	7
4. Burns' Philosophy Up-to-Date—Lucile Cole Nix .....	8
5. Over Teacups—Eunice Chute .....	10
6. The Guest—C. B. Sharpe .....	12
7. Monotone—Lucile Cole Nix .....	15
8. Winter Night—Lucile Cole Nix .....	15
9. The First Engagement—M. K. Burrows .....	16
10. Friendship—Caroline Parrish .....	18

(CONTENTS CONTINUED)

11.	Concerning Dishrags—Mary Alexander .....	20
12.	Editorial .....	22
13.	Y. W. C. A. News .....	24
14.	Athletic News .....	25
15.	Society News .....	27
16.	Alumnae News .....	29
17.	Locals .....	33
18.	Jokes .....	35

**WILLIAM STANLEY WEST**  
A TRIBUTE, BY RICHARD W. WALLACE  
(Given at College Assembly)

If you would know something of William Stanley West—of the things he stood for, of the generosity and unselfishness of his heart, and of the influence for good he exerted over his fellow men—look around you! This College is largely a monument to his memory. It was he who introduced the bill in the Georgia Legislature, which, after many years of patient waiting and ceaseless vigilance, resulted in the establishment of this institution. It is fitting, surely, that the Administration Building should be named for him, and that a full length portrait of him should adorn the wall of the principal room in that building.

The College campus is made up of land that was owned by him, and which, as I understand, was sold by him at a nominal price, in order that the institution might have this ideal location.

Col. W. S. West was one of the most picturesque characters with whom one is ever privileged to come into contact. In appearance and manner, as well as in his ideals, and his culture, he was a typical Southern gentleman.

He was born in Marion County, Georgia, August 23rd, 1849, and obtained his college education at Mercer University. In 1888 he married Miss Ora Lee Cranford. One son was born of this union—William S. West, of this city.

Col. West was a lawyer, a successful business man, and a statesman. He served his State at various times as a member of both houses of its legislature. In 1905 and 1906 he was President of the Georgia State Senate. In 1914, upon the death of U. S. Senator Bacon, Col. West was appointed to fill the resulting vacancy in the National body. At the close of the period for which he had been appointed he declined to stand for election to succeed himself. Thus ended his political career. He retired to private life, and died almost without warning, December 22, 1914.

I knew Col. West very intimately. He was old enough, of course, to be my father, but that made no difference in our friendship. For a time I lived in his home. I do not think I have ever had a friend to whom I was more genuinely attached, nor one who was more tenderly devoted to me. He was a very distinctive personality.

## THE PINE BRANCH

Certain qualities of his character stood out conspicuously so that you could never forget them.

Among the most outstanding of his characteristics was his absolute honesty, his unwavering sincerity. He was apt to say what he thought, though there was a charming modesty and reticence about him, and a regard for the feelings of others, which was likely to cause him to refrain from expressing himself under certain circumstances. But one thing was sure: he THOUGHT what he said! The Irishman said of the flea that "when you put your hand on him, he wasn't there." But Col. West was not like "the Irishman's flea." You always knew where to find him. When he expressed himself, you could be sure of two things: first, that he honestly believed what he said, and second, that he would stand by his position under all circumstances. I don't think he knew the meaning of the word "fear", especially when it came to backing up his position in any public matter. The story is told of John Bright, the great Englishman, that once, when he had declined to do a certain thing, and when the man who had urged him to do it, started to go on arguing about the matter, Bright looked him squarely in the eye and said: "But Sir, I have already expressed myself on the subject!" That was the spirit of W. S. West.

He was distinguished for his fine intellect also. It seemed to me that he never forgot anything he read. His clear eye could see through things, and always he could give a reason for his opinion. Reason, not prejudice, was the basis of his actions.

His natural intellect inspired him to take advantage of his educational opportunities—opportunities which he himself made. He was a friend of Education all his life—a friend of the children of the poor, a friend of the Public School and of the College. He built up through the years one of the most extensive private libraries in the South, embracing the best works to be obtained on many subjects—History, Poetry, Philosophy, Biography, Science, and general literature. He was a man of exquisite taste, having an instinctive love for the beautiful in nature and in Art.

He was at home in the company of the great, as in that of the most humble and obscure.

I have never known a kinder, more generous-hearted man—one more tenderly loyal to his friends. His heart was easily touched by any story or any sight of human suffering and woe. He was one who loved his fellow men.

And what a gentle, thoughtful, loyal friend he was! It was as a friend that I knew him best. There was a strange bond of union between us,—almost from the first day we met. We loved just to

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

sit and talk; and there was nothing we loved more than just to go off together and fish all day. He had a great reverence for the high calling of a minister. Intimate as we were, he would never forget the respect due to my office, and he resented it if anyone else forgot. Once we were fishing, and catching fish very rapidly, when a heavy rain came up. We got soaking wet. As we trudged along through the weeds in the rain toward a shelter, he said, with a merry note in his voice: "Now this is what I get for goin' fishin' with a preacher! Here I am, fourteen miles from home, wet as a drowned rat, and not a drop of 'snake-bite' in my grip!" Well, it never would have occurred to him to take along "a drop of snake bite," if he were going fishing with a minister.

I have in my library, a volume of the Holy Scriptures which he purchased for me in Jerusalem. The covers are made of olive wood, and as a book mark, it contains a card on which is pasted a leaf taken from the Garden of Gethsemane. He wrote an intimate personal message on the fly-leaf and presented it to me on the day of his baptism.

And, speaking of his baptism—that was an occasion that illustrated his loyalty as a friend! When he made up his mind to go into the Church, he insisted that I must receive his public confession of faith and administer the ordinance of Christian baptism. True, I was living at that time in Lexington, Ky., nearly seven hundred miles away—but that made no difference with him. I was his intimate minister-friend; of course I must receive his confession and baptize him! To his way of thinking, that went without saying! And so I traveled those fourteen hundred miles, the round trip, to do as he wished me to do.

These personal reminiscences but serve to illustrate the spirit of the man—his loyalty, his affection, his tender thoughtfulness toward anyone between whom and himself there was a close bond of friendship.

The Colonel had a very keen sense of humor. The warmth and music of a spring day was in his laughter. He enjoyed thoroughly a good story—enjoyed it equally when telling it or listening to it. A rare bit of humor never grew stale to him. Here is an example of his own original wit: Once, in Mrs. West's presence, he said: "Do you know why I call her 'Alpha'?" I confessed that I had often wondered, since her real name was Ora Lee. "Well," he said, "before we married, I called her 'Alpha' because the word carried

## THE PINE BRANCH

the thought of her being FIRST; afterwards, I just kept it up, because it sounded so much like 'all fire'."

I could talk on and on, but I really must stop. I must say a word though, about one or two of the Colonel's peculiarities.

He was rather absent-minded. Sometimes he would forget to go home to his meals. One night, his wife discovered that he had been wearing his "pleated bosom" shirt hind part before, all day. Another night he complained that one of his feet had had a "funny feeling" all day. His wife then discovered that when he dressed that morning, he had forgotten to put on one of his socks! One day, when we were going fishing, he found a check for \$1500.00 in the pocket of an old coat. The check was dated seven months back!

The "Colonel" as we called him, worried more over little things than big ones. He could lose or give away thousands with equanimity, but it distracted him to drop a dime and not be able to find it; and telegraphing was a sore point with him. Why spend thirty or fifty cents for a telegram, when you could buy a stamp for two pennies? Besides, why be in such a hurry? As for him, he was almost never hurried about anything.

He didn't want anybody fishing in his private fish-pond except when they were there with him, as his invited guests. If they went there in his absence, they might catch all the fish, and then what kind of luck would HE have when he went again?

Dear old Colonel—what a lovable soul he was! How we who knew him best and loved him most have missed him through the years.

He had certain definite aspirations, among which were these: To be President of the Georgia State Senate; to be a United States Senator; to see a fine College for women builded in Valdosta; and, at last, in the ease of retirement from active life, to spend a few years with his family, his books, and his friends at home.

All these desires of his heart he realized except the last mentioned. But he is at rest now, with Him Whom he trusted as his Savior and Master, and we shall see him again.

When he came to the end of his journey, he could have said, with the great actor, Joseph Jefferson: "The affection of my friends has followed me, like a ray of sunshine going after the man going down the long trail, over the hills, to the land of morning!"



VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

ANALYSIS

Alone I stood, oh how alone;  
An apathetic monotone  
Of Reason's clammy certainty  
Descended and enveloped me.  
A gradual oppressiveness  
Of Reason's cold, calm clamminess,—  
Upon my neck it sat astride,—  
It pinned my arms close to my side  
"Two and two," I said, "Are four,  
God in heaven, make it more;  
Or turn the wheel of certainty,  
Make it just once only three—  
This blasphemous monotony,  
This cursed coldness maddens me!"

MARY K. BURROWS.

TO ADRIAN

Oh thoughts that drift by in the breeze  
Like petals sift from apple trees;  
Thoughts that leisurely float by  
And waft their odor to the sky.  
Today, the petals drift for me  
From a purple passion tree.  
Adrian, today I wear  
Your kisses shining in my hair.

\* \* \*

While sitting 'neath my passion tree,  
In the distance I can see  
A silver spire of ecstasy;  
That silver spire you raised for me.

MARY K. BURROWS.

## BURNS' PHILOSOPHY UP-TO-DATE

That "The best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft a-gley," is all too true. I am a firm believer in that saying. I have reason to believe it.

Certain members of the Dramatic Club had been seized with a desire to present at the down town theatre Susan Glaspell's witty little comedy, "Suppressed Desires." For want of better material, I was asked to act as stage manager. In keeping with my usual scholarly enthusiasm I seized this opportunity for cutting my afternoon classes. The director and I spent several afternoons selecting the necessary furniture for the stage, and planning to the smallest detail how to secure the desired stage effect. We arranged and arranged; we borrowed furniture from this store, and rugs from that store; we borrowed yellow china from a gift shop, and bought from a ten cent store tall yellow candles to match. We spirited off from the college parlor a bowl of yellow flowers with an unpronounceable name. I personally superintended even the making of the toast which was called for in one scene, to be sure that its golden brown would be the proper shade to harmonize with the rest of the color scheme. Everything was to be perfect, however—

One of the important scenes of the play was built around the breaking of a plate by the younger sister of the heroine. The breaking of the plate served as an indication of her condition caused by the inhibition of her suppressed desires. Her next speech was an apology for the breaking of the plate!

Our borrowed china was too expensive for breaking purposes, so two plates were bought from the ten-cent store, one for the afternoon and one for the evening performance. The plates were innocent enough in appearance—round and white and substantial looking—too substantial.

That afternoon, when the little brunette whose duty it was to break the plate, let it fall, it landed on its side, rolled across the stage like a hat rolling on the edge of its brim before the wind, whirled drunkenly a few times, then chattered to a resting place under the sofa; not a crack marring its calm, white roundness, while the blushing little player apologized for breaking it, her voice almost lost in the snickers and giggles from an appreciative audience.

After the afternoon experience, determined that no such catastrophe should occur during the evening performance, I took the offending plate outside, and very carefully broke it into pieces with a brick. Then more carefully I placed the pieces on a paper, glued them lightly together, and placed the prepared plate on the table

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

ready for use. The members of the cast were instructed not to touch it, and the intended breaker of the plate was instructed to pick it up very carefully; so that it would not fall to pieces in her hands.

That evening when the time came, the little player raised the plate high in the air, and let it fall to the floor upon which it landed—with a dull, wooden plunk! Not a piece fell apart. There it lay—white and round and substantial looking—as I have said before—too substantial. There it lay, and shone triumphantly until the offended player bore it off, outside the stage door.

I would like to reassert my belief in that famous quotation, "The best laid schemes o' men an' mice gang aft a-gley."

LUCILE COLE NIX.



## THE PINE BRANCH

### OVER TEACUPS

Isn't it strange that one never cares to have tea alone, or that one never sits pensive over a cup of tea? There must always be others present with whom one wants to chat. Yet, is this custom surprising when one knows how much there is that can be learned over a teacup, and how much better one can understand another after having had a cup of tea together.

The new understandings and friendships thus brought about might be called "slips between the cup and the lip," if the phrase isn't thought of in its original, or rather, its usual meaning; for these changes in attitude are, of course, sudden and sometimes very surprising. Not only does a chat over a cup of tea make friends more friendly, make enemies more tolerant, each of the other, put dignitaries and commoners on the same level, but a chat and a smile over a cup of tea at any international affair make Americans and foreigners wonder that nations have grudges against, and wars with, each other.

Never are one's thoughts more pleasant than when one sits musing over the "slips" after some informal tea. How pleasant to know that one has become more familiar with her best friend by having discovered in her one more of the admirable qualities which make for the charm in her personality.

How happy one is to know that at least one barrier has been broken down between that enemy of hers—the one girl she hated, if she hated anyone,—for she had let it slip that afternoon, that of all games, tennis was her favorite. So was it her enemy's. And that enemy had asked her to play on the following morning.

How surprising it is to find that a faculty friend's attitude toward some things is the same as hers—marriage, for instance. It is even amusing when this particular faculty friend, having discovered that her students' opinions are similar to hers, maneuvers to change them, using flattery as her chief and final trick—as, "but really, in spite of our selfishness, we should marry, for it is the intellectuals who should take upon themselves the responsibility of improving the human race."

As a student sits musing thus, she can but recall the one International Tea she has attended, and can but think for a moment of the effect of having had tea with a group in which there was a Hindu, a Japanese, a Chinese, a Russian, and a negro. Even though she is now in a school in the South, very remote from any of the foreign elements mentioned, but in the very midst of prejudices, she can wonder that anyone could write such a book as "Mother India";

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

that the university officials and students could object to giving to any Chinese or Japanese student any honor that he might have deserved; that any country should condemn Russia as she makes the same change which other countries have made many years before; and most startling of all, she is brave enough to question why one race must knock at another race's back door, and why each race is not justly rewarded for his accomplishments.

Then the meditator is brought back to reality! College girls are moving down the halls! Supper time! On her way she decides that there is no mystery as to why one never cares to have tea alone, but she still wonders why people, in prophesying tragedy, always say, "There's many a slip between the cup and the lip."

EUNICE CHUTE.



## THE PINE BRANCH

### THE GUEST

At the time of the incident related herein, three other teachers and I were boarding in the home of the Baptist minister in a South Georgia town where we were teaching. Mr. and Mrs. Hilbert, our host and hostess, were beloved in the community, and they were noted for their hospitality; so dinner guests came frequently to their home. Because of frequent guests, therefore, none of us teachers expected any unusual happening to occur on a particular evening when we went down to dinner and found that the guest for that evening was an elderly woman—the mother of one of Mr. Hilbert's leading deacons.

We were introduced to the guest—Mrs. McGee, and all of us proceeded to the dining room. When we were seated at the table, Mr. Hilbert explained, as he always did when guests were present, that we held family prayer, and that each person at the table contributed to this service by quoting a verse of Scripture. The guest was usually called upon last—a very thoughtful act on Mr. Hilbert's part, for often a stranger was for the moment a little disturbed at the idea of repeating a Bible verse. On this particular night, Mrs. McGee was the last to be asked for a verse. Because she came last, we teachers had time to wonder what verse she would quote, for we had observed that sometimes the verse selected applied to the person who selected it. Then we heard the guest say, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."

After prayer our host said: "My wife and I count it a great privilege to have these teachers in our home."

"Yes," replied the guest, "and I am sure that these girls who are away from their own homes find it a pleasure to be here with you." Then looking directly across the table at me she asked, "Where is your home?"

I told her the name of my home town. The mentioning of the name seemed to bring up some associations in her mind, for she gave me a significant gaze before she passed her question to the teacher beside me. After she had questioned the others, she came back to me.

"So you are from South Dale."

"Yes," I replied.

Then without looking up from her plate, she continued: "I wonder if you knew a lawyer there—a lawyer by the name of L. W. Adel. I haven't seen him in fifteen years."

I had only a passing acquaintance with Col. Adel, and told her so. I remembered that on the street he presented a rather dilapidated

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

appearance in his unpressed suit and lop-sided, black felt hat. Then I said, "Col. Adel died last Christmas while I was at home."

"Yes," the guest replied, "I heard of his death several months after it occurred. Can you tell me the conditions attending his death? Was his wife with him?"

I hesitated a moment, since I was in doubt as to how much of that sad story I should report. But I had received my information first hand, and felt that it was true; so I began to tell in as mild a way as possible how that after his wife had left him, Col. Adel had lived alone in a little room adjoining his law office. He had become addicted to the drink habit. During the Christmas holidays of the year before, he became intoxicated, and without any one to care for him, and without any protection against the cold, he remained in his small apartment until someone chanced to miss him from the streets. Col. Adel was found in a stupor from which he never regained consciousness.

While I was relating the story, I noticed that my host was rather restless, and that my hostess had her attention fixed upon the guest. Did they know something of the case. As quickly as possible I closed by saying, "The kind people who took charge of Col. Adel could find among his letters no clue as to his wife's whereabouts, nor a trace of relatives or money; so after his death a freewill offering was taken to pay his burial expenses.

When I had finished, everyone at the table was looking at the small, wrinkled face of the kind old woman who sat at the right of the host. From her a response came—came in a rush of tears to the dark eyes which were fixed upon me, came in the trembling voice which said, "That man was my favorite brother."

"Well," I gasped. In the silence which followed the queerest kind of a sensation—a sensation of sympathy and pity mingled with the idea that I had been tricked—came over me.

After a few moments, the guest said: "I'm sorry to hear that he went back to drinking, and sorry that he died as he did. I do think that some of those South Dale people could have found out about his people—about us, if they had really tried. After I heard of his death I wrote to his wife. She returned the letter still sealed."

The host turned the conversation to other topics, and after what seemed to me a long time, the meal was finished.

Back in the living room the kind old lady said to me: "I thank you for telling me about him, so sad!" But I felt that she was wishing that she hadn't heard the truth.

Soon I bade her goodnight, and leaving the guest to be entertained

THE PINE BRANCH

by our host and hostess, we teachers went up the stairs. As we went we were thinking of the strange occurrence and of the verse, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

C. B. SHARPE.





VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

MONOTONE

Slow, sighing wind trapped and held in the tree-tops—  
Enmeshed in the sombre grey-green of the leaves,  
Slow silent rain from the grey sky descending—  
Drifting desultorily down through the trees,  
Slow, yellow light through the grey clouds escaping—  
Revealing the grey sky, the earth, and the trees.

LUCILE COLE NIX.

WINTER NIGHT

The red moon hangs suspended  
From the ceiling of the sky,  
Like a great lamp sways and shudders  
On its chain of reddening light.  
The tall trees stir and shiver  
In the damp chill of the night  
While their smooth leaves gleam and glisten  
In the ghastly reddened light.  
The long and ghostly shadows  
Stretch their length along the earth,  
Blotting out the ragged outline  
Of the withered, lifeless shrubs  
Which shrink and crouch and cover  
On the hard and frozen earth.  
The odor of the fallen—  
Of the dead, decaying leaves  
Rises upward through the branches  
Of the shiv'ring, huddled trees—  
Drifting higher, higher, higher—  
Toward the blood-red winter's moon.

LUCILE COLE NIX.

## THE FIRST ENGAGEMENT

I don't see why he doesn't come. He said that he would see me tonight, well, this is tonight. But suppose he didn't say tonight, he might just as well have said tomorrow night. Suppose I didn't understand what he said. I could have misunderstood. But I am sure it was tonight. He said, "I will see you tonight," those were the very words.

Oh, I am afraid he won't come. He thought I was sixteen; he told me so. I wouldn't have told him for anything I was only fourteen, because then he wouldn't have wanted the date. Suppose he has found out that I am only fourteen; maybe that is why he hasn't come. I can never face him again if he has found out. He would think I was a little upstart. That is what people think if you are young and try to interfere. Upstarts? what an awful word!

But I am glad he thought I was sixteen; fourteen sounds so young. He would not have said he would see me tonight if he had known. Only two years more would make me sixteen. It is strange what a difference two years can make. Two years ago I was only twelve. Being twelve sounds so young.

Why doesn't he come on? I am afraid to look at the clock. If I can only keep from looking at the clock, it will not seem so late. If he is not here soon, Pauline will say that I have been stood-up. Why do people say you are stood-up if your date doesn't come? What an ugly word! Stood-up! But surely he meant to come. He need not have asked me if he did not mean it. He need not have said anything at all.

He should be here by now. Would it be wrong if I prayed that he'd come? I couldn't bear to go back up stairs and tell Pauline that he didn't come. Please make him come, it would be terrible if I were stood-up. I will count the cars that pass,—the seventh car will be his. I know that it will be his, because I will have faith \* \* \* one, two, three, four, five, six, seven \* \* \* It is my own fault, I did not have faith enough. I won't pray, I'll just count the cars. If the tenth car is not his, I will give up; one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten \*/\* \*

I won't sit where I can see the clock any more. I will go out on the porch, and watch from there. The sky is so black and the stars blink so. They blink as though nothing had happened, as though I were not being stood-up. They look so peaceful, he must be coming. Every thing looks so calm, so dark, and so still. Everything is too still. Everything seems as though it will always be dark

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

and calm, and still. I can't break the darkness, the stillness; will he never come?

Again I will pray, please make him come. I don't see why You wouldn't want him to come. It would mean so much to me if You would. I don't want to be stood-up. I know that You could make him come if You would. The time is flying and soon it will be too late. Soon I will have to go back up stairs.

Every time a car turns that corner its light reflects on that old oak tree and its moss. Moss droops so, it hangs, it clings. I believe it is sad about something; it grieves. Moss hangs so still and sombre; it has hung there always; it hangs like great ropes of cobwebs that have collected through the ages. Sometimes the wind stirs it a little, but it lapses back into motionless sombre lengths. A car's light slowly filters through the moss. I see a little green and yellow shining through. The car's swift motion makes the long drooping strands of the moss stir. Perhaps that is he; it is! He stops his car so suddenly and springs out with one jump. Thank You; I don't see why I ever thought he wouldn't come. I might have known \* \* \*

M. K. BURROWS.

FRIENDSHIP

In reading the essay, "Concerning Friendship" by Cicero, I came upon this passage: "In forming the attachment of friendship we should never suffer affection to take root in our hearts before judgment has had time to interpose." This calls up the observation that people usually do not deliberate about the desirable and undesirable qualities of a person until after a friendship has been formed, then some latent flaw makes itself evident, and the friendship is as suddenly dissolved as it was formed.

This passage made me stop and ponder about friendship. (Doubtless that was the aim of Cicero and all other great authors,—they have tried to influence a few of the hoi polloi and the sans-culotte to stop, once in their lives, and think). Is it best to say to yourself, "I admire that person. I have considered all his vices and all his virtues, and I have decided that, considering the type of person I am and the type of person I should associate with, I should have him as my friend," and then set about in a well ordered plan of campaign to win that person's friendship? Friendship is an emotional quality. One is either attracted to or repelled by a person, or else there is no particular response at all. Archytus said, "Were a man to be carried up into heaven, and the beauties of universal nature displayed to his view, he would receive but little pleasure from the wonderful scene if there were none to whom he might relate the glories he had beheld." This desire to have others share in a rich experience is certainly an emotional concern. The joy, the satisfaction, even the exultation, that comes in knowing that one's feeling and experience awaken a sympathetic note in some one else is the basis of all friendship. If the discovery is made, later on in the association, that the undesirable phases of the friend's nature quite outweigh the enjoyment derived from the association, then the emotional aspect will disappear and the friendship will be dissolved. The association will have served its purpose because of the pleasure it has afforded, which will entirely overbalance the regret that may be present at the termination of the friendship.

Another kind of association, a rather pleasant one, may be formed, based not on emotion, but on intellect. One may, as Cicero suggests, let judgment interpose before affection has taken root in his heart. He may select for his associate a person whom he admires intensely, whom he knows would broaden and deepen his intellectual responses, whom he feels would be a fine educational influence for him. Doubtless, there is a great deal of good to be derived from such an association, but if there is no desire to be with that person,

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

to have that person exult in the same things he does, that friendship, though it may in every other aspect be perfect, will never give the same satisfaction that an emotional friendship would give.

Since true friendship is an emotional affair, and since friendships based on emotion rather than intellect are more intense while they last, one might as well recognize that fact and let his friendships come as they will, take what is best from the contact, and, if one does base his friendship on intellect, not expect the good-fellowship, the sympathetic feeling that only emotional friendship can have.

CAROLINE PARRISH.

## CONCERNING DISHRAGS

Dishrags—they are to be found in every well organized household, and yet, who ever pays them any more than mere passing attention? The most necessary of household necessities, and who ever appreciates them? Slaves of other slaves, who dare to fling them about from dishpan to sink, and from sink to drying rack—making life, for the unfortunate dishrag, one continual journey—necessities of which the best housekeepers are most ashamed—always to be found in the most obscure corner of the kitchen, and if ever found outside this realm, someone is sure to be blamed—and blamed harshly. Just like the poor relatives whom one fears will be seen in the best social circles, and whom, nevertheless, everybody knows exist.

Yes, a dishrag must lead a very unhappy and monotonous life, for its days—all of them—begin with the dishpan and end with a “wringing out” and the drying rack. Yet, when the dishrag finally gets through with all its work for the day, and is placed again on the rack, what a big laugh it must get out of human nature!

For, humanity, all unmindful, is really not unlike the common dishrag. Hung on the great rack of life by Fate, waiting to be flung into the great dishpan of tradition and conventionality.

Here, each and every human being can truly say—and, for the first time, with full meaning—“I am the heir of all the ages”; for which one would dare change one iota of the existence of which he is a small part?

A small part? Yes, just one little dishrag, along with thousands of others, being used amidst all the customs and conventions of the time. Think of what hypocrites human beings sometimes make of themselves, giving out the impression of thoroughly enjoying some affair or function which, socially, they are forced to attend. These may, at times, prove to be the most boring of all circumstances, but who would ever dare say so, or enjoy being a social outcast—because he has told the truth? What dishrag would like to be thrown out of the dishpan on the floor, only to be trampled on by unsympathetic feet?

Not only in the matter of social functions are human beings as dishrags, but even in the matter of dress and styles. Why should a man be forced to wear a “tux” in which he is most uncomfortable—or, on the other hand, a woman the wearing apparel, which, deep in her heart, she feels makes her look ridiculous? Veritable dishrags—powerless to break away from the customs and conventions which inevitably tie them down.

Yes, there is not one who is not guilty. Even in the professional

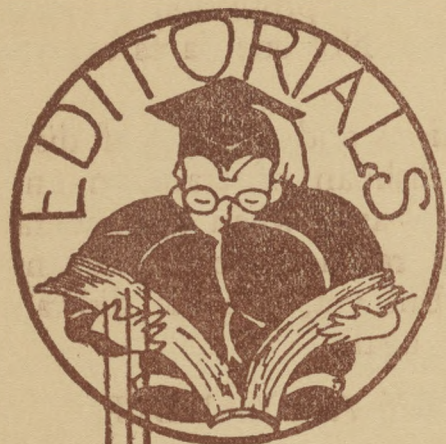
VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

world, all must follow the creeds and rules of his profession in order to "get on" in the rush and whirl of society. Not one dares express his true opinion on any subject too often.

Dishrags? Yes, who can deny it? Millions and millions of dishrags, bobbing up and down in the big dishpan of tradition and convention. Mere victims of circumstances—and, when the general "wringing out" comes, and the rack again reached, how little and inimportant human nature seems to be! But yet, like the dishrag, the rack is only a preparation for the pan again.

MARY ALEXANDER.

## THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT AT G. S. W. C.



In the hurry and bustle of modern life we are apt to overlook one of the most significant opportunities for happiness—a joyous Christmas spirit. In the perplexity of matching gifts we often

forget the spirit of giving—and giving with love and joy. Only in the hearts of children and those grown-ups who never lose their zest for revelries and festivities does there reign a love of Christmas cheer and merriment.

This festive Christmas spirit is a most evident one at G. S. W. C. during the few weeks before the Christmas holidays and culminates in the Christmas Festival.

At Ye Old English Christmas Feast every one is tiptoe with the excitement of the joy and mirth of Christmas which must have prevailed over Merrie England at Yuletide.

All the old customs which are fraught with so much meaning are observed on this festive night.

The Yule Clog which has been a symbol of festivity since the pagan days of the German and Celtic tribes is brought in by the merry men and placed in the huge fireplace to show that the revels have begun. The symbolism of the Yule Clog is to burn away all enmity, all hate, and to remove by its fire the evil and the sin so that the next year might be of great rejoicing.

While singing the old hymn, "Adeste Fideles," the peasants, lords, and ladies go into the banqueting hall. As in the Saturnalian revels the distinctions of rank are laid aside and all are entertained by carols, dancing, and visiting troupes of mummers.

After the bringing in of the boar's head the mummers dance with glee for the assembled company and give the plays of Saint George and the dragon which all English people love. The fool filled with quips, and jest, and youthful jollity calls for the Morris men and



## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

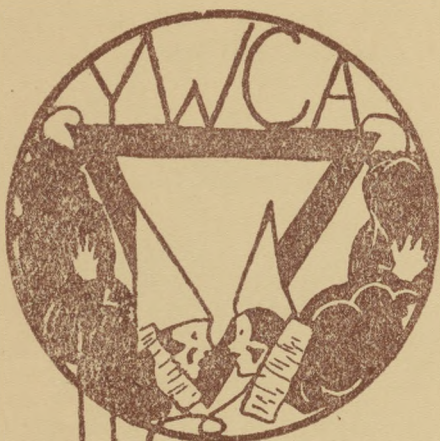
the young lords from France to entertain the guests with dancing. Caught with the spirit of joyful glee the stately minuet is danced by the lords and ladies of the court.

After the feast and merry-making the guests depart singing an old Christmas carol and carrying with them the gleeful spirit of joy and mirth.

Not only is the festive Christmas spirit manifested at G. S. W. C. in the Christmas Feast, but it is shown in the giving of gifts and in the singing of Christmas carols on the last morning before the holidays.

No one at G. S. W. C. can possibly think Christmas is a rush and hurry and confusion of matching gifts, because we all know that love is the greatest miracle of the world and that Christmas is its festival—a joyous, merry festival of wholehearted giving of good will and cheer which keeps the heart aglow in this busy, bustling, commercialized twentieth century.

## THE PINE BRANCH



"I heard Him call,  
'Come follow'; that was all.  
My gold grew dim,  
My soul went after Him.  
I rose and followed, that was all.  
Who would not follow if he heard His  
call?"

\* \* \*

Upon our return from Fall Holidays, we were visited by Miss Ethel F. McConnell, who is the South-wide Baptist Student Secretary. Besides her very charming personality, Miss McConnell has traveled extensively and has had many interesting experiences. These things made her a most charming guest. She made a very impressive talk in chapel on the subject, "Determination." A few days after her visit, our Dean of Women received a letter from her in which she expressed her appreciation of our hospitality and compared the atmosphere of our campus to that of a delightful finishing school of Southern Virginia.

\* \* \*

Another visitor who caused much interest among the students, was Mr. David O. Kendall, who is a traveling secretary for the Student Volunteer Movement. Although he spent only a few days with us, he was a very earnest worker and we can already see some results of his visit. These results include: a new interest in World Fellowship, an organized group of Student Volunteers, many new "Y" books, and a World Fellowship Bulletin Board.

\* \* \*

Our "Y" is sponsoring "Campus Sings" this year. Much rivalry between the classes is shown and it is in these "Sings" that the phantom called "Class Spirit" appears in full regalia.

\* \* \*

In preparation for the signing of the pledge cards, the first Sunday in December was devoted to the subject, "The Function of The Young Woman's Christian Association." This subject was covered in talks by the Treasurer, Membership Chairman, and World Fellowship Chairman of the organization on our campus.

## KAPPA-LAMBDA NEWS

The Kappas are the Soccer champions! They won two games, and tied the other. The first game was played November 6th. From the score one might think the game was uninteresting, but it was quite the contrary. Though the Lambdas lost, it was not due to the fact

that they did not play well. There were no stars, because every member of both teams played well. The final score was 5 to 0.

The second game was played on November 20th. The entire game was exciting and many attempts were made to "shoot a goal," but the game ended in a scoreless tie.

On Thanksgiving Day the final game of the series was played. This was one of the very best games of the series, the final score being 2 to 0 in favor of the Kappas. Again both teams showed their soccer ability.

The lineups:

Lambdas: Eunice Chute, Margaret Bullock, Katherine Harrison, Frances Keller, Eloise Blitch, Mary Morris, Ann Dolvin, Dorothy White, Millwee Minick, Rose Wood, Margaret Sumner, Robin Ware, Hazel Sawyer, Clifford Arline, and Janice McMillan.

Kappas: Farrar Elrod, Doris Fleming, Rebecca Rabun, Virginia Clarke, Margaret Brabham, Dorothy Harper, Elizabeth Hayes, Doris Nichols, Katherine Bessent, Grace Chastain, and Myrtle Vick.

\* \* \*

Each Association had two volley ball teams. The Kappa first team won the first and third games of the series, and the Lambdas won the two games of the second team series; thereby making the Kappa's first team, champions; and the Lambda's second team, cham-

## THE PINE BRANCH

pions. Good sportsmanship and much skill were displayed by all four teams. The games were very interesting and exciting.

The lineups:

Lambdas:

First Team—Kate Johnston, Lavanne Watson, Ethel Castleberry, June Fulcher, Lillian Exum, Margaret Warfield, Vera Nelson, Evelyn Blanton, Nettie Mae Griffin.

Second Team—Dee Dee Godbee, Madge Wilson, Agnes Jones, Kate Jones, Nannie Kate Moore, Grace Griffin, Helen Brasington, Mary Stokes, Edna Durham.

Kappas:

First Team—Lillian Hopper, Dorothy Lile, Mary Louise Maxwell, Carolyn Reddick, Elsie Quarterman, Kathryn Sawyer, Joyce Robinson, Jean Loughridge, Virginia Fraser, Vivian Clements.

Second Team—Mary Winn, Mary Jane Littlefield, Catherine Lee, Frances Rimes, Harriet Rogers, Lily Dolvin, Annie Lou Stanaland, Marian Lundy, Maxie Drake, Dorothy Connell, and Martha Rimes.

## SOCIETY NEWS

The Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies held a joint program meeting on November 17, in the rotunda of Ashley Hall. Miss Carolyn Parrish was in charge of the program.

The first part of the program was directed by the Latin Department under supervision of Miss Janie Bush. Horace's ninth satire was well dramatized by the following girls from the Junior and Senior classes:

Horace—Evelyn Deariso.

The bore—Bessie Young.

Fuscus Aristius—Lois Mullins.

Prosecutor—Louise Forbes.

Servant—Dorothy Lile.

Members of the Freshman Class gave a play entitled, "Cordelia."

The cast was as follows:

Cordelia—Edmonia Beck.

Floria—Phara Elarbee.

Iunia—Mary Morris.

Maximia—K. D. Rentz.

Papiria—Linnie Mae Hall.

Nonia—Ethel Castleberry.

This splendid Latin program concluded with a dance artistically given by Miss Louise Forbes, Miss Bessie Young, Miss Dorothy Lile, and Miss Lois Mullins.

At this meeting, the topic for discussion was, "Modern Tendencies in English Art, Music and Literature." Miss Virginia Hightower gave a report on the outstanding English novelists since 1890, and also synopses of a few of their best novels. A summary of the most prominent modern English novelists was made by Miss Marian Laing. Miss Mary Alexander briefly sketched the lives of the modern English composers. As Cyril Scott is one of the most noted of these, it seemed fitting to give some of his selections. "Valse Caprice" and "Song of The East," two lovely compositions, were rendered by Miss Helen Ryon. "Modern English Art," by Miss Mary Kate Burrows, was the concluding number of a most enjoyable program.

\* \* \*

On December 1, the two societies held a regular program meeting.

### THE PINE BRANCH

As a prologue to the presentation of a play Miss C. B. Sharpe gave a most comprehensive study of modern English dramatists.

The play production class presented Ernest Dawson's dramatic fantasy, "Pierrot of the Minute." Miss Mildred Larsen played the part of Pierrot, and Miss Caroline Parrish, that of Moon Maiden. The play was directed by Miss Lucile Nix.

# ALUMNAE NEWS

November is always a very interesting month at the College. In addition to all the other good things which it brings—things like holidays and soccer games and the first stirrings of the Christmas feeling—it brings Thanksgiving; and Thanksgiving brings guests. There is a thrill in merely walking across the campus during Thanksgiving week. At any minute you may meet some one whom you have not seen since—well, since '18, or since '22, or perhaps only since last year; and with each meeting there is the fun of renewing old friendships and comparing notes on all that the year, or years, have brought to pass.

This Thanksgiving was an especially interesting one, for there was an unusually large number of "old students" back with us.

\* \* \*

Frankie Hartsfield, A. B. '28, came back all the way from Tryon, North Carolina, to spend a few days.

\* \* \*

Others who spent the week-end at the College were: Emma Moore, A. B. '27; Lucile Dowling, A. B. '28; Sara Thomas, A. B. '28; Mildred Lavender, Kathleen Stripling, Bobbie Booth, Edna Rogers, and Sara Maude Stewart, of the class of '28; and Mary Lee Moran, of the class of '27.

\* \* \*

Some of our visitors who, for various reasons, were unable to remain with us for the whole week end were: Sara Julia Cox, Annie Mae Brower, Matile Powell, Ruth Smith, Marjorie Combs, Weeda Turner, and Willie Belle Harrell, of the class of '28; Estha Freeman and Catherine Trulock, A. B. '28; Marian Wiseman, Mrs. Lamar Devane, of the class of '26; Velma Sirmans, Mrs. J. L. Potter, of the class of '28; Mary Alice Sineath, A. B. '27; and Edna Sineath, of the class of '27.

\* \* \*

Mary Nell Davis, of the class of '28, because of her duties as County Demonstration Agent, was able to be with us for only a few hours Friday morning.

\* \* \*

Elizabeth Teasley, of the class of '28, visited in Valdosta for several days and visited the campus frequently.

## THE PINE BRANCH

We are sorry that even more of the Alumnae members could not be with us this year; but we are glad to have learned from different sources the following items about some of those who were unable to visit us:

\* \* \*

Velma Cassels, of the class of '23, is Principal of the Northside Grammar School, Cairo, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Mildred Cassels, of the class of '27, is doing third grade work in Whigham, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Eunice Cassels, of the class of '27, is teaching the fifth grade in Whigham.

\* \* \*

Julia Heisler, of the class of '27, is teaching in Coolidge, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Leila Sasser, of the class of '23, is also teaching in Coolidge, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Edna Sasser, Mrs. Loyd Thompson, of the class of '21, is teaching in Metcalf, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Mary Lou Lee, of the class of '27, is teaching the first and second grades in Palm Valley, Florida.

\* \* \*

Inez Sharpe, of the class of '22, is teaching civics and English in the seventh and eighth grades in Waycross, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Corinne Studstill, of the class of '23, is studying at Peabody College, Nashville, Tennessee. She is at present working for her M. A., which is to be conferred in June, 1929. Her address is: 2117 Highland Avenue, Nashville, Tennessee.

\* \* \*

Marie Clarke, Mrs. Frank Howell, of the class of '25, is living in Waycross.

\* \* \*

Willie Belle Sumner, of the '28 class, is teaching the third grade in Coolidge, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Virginia Touchton, of the class of '28, is teaching in Webster, Florida. Her address is Box 425, Webster, Florida.



VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Leola Smith, A. B. '27, is teaching the fifth grade and all the high school mathematics in Clyattville, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Minnie Gruber, of the class of '25, is teaching the sixth grade in Starke, Florida.

\* \* \*

Virginia Peeples, A. B. '27, is teaching in Winter Haven, Florida.

\* \* \*

Deborah Patterson, of the class of '23, is again Dietitian in Flora McDonald College, Red Springs, North Carolina.

\* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Morgan, of Orlando, Florida, announce the arrival of a baby girl on Wednesday, November the seventh. Mrs. Morgan was formerly Erma Barco, of the class of '25.

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

Ollie Boney, of the class of '19, was married in June to Herschel Jernigan, of Newton, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Frances Myrick, of the class of '25, was married during the summer to William Grimes Clark, Junior, of Tarboro, North Carolina.

\* \* \*

Louise Causey, of the class of '28, is teaching the first and second grades in a school near Vienna, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Sara Hall, A. B. '28, is teaching the fifth grade at Manassas, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Estha Freeman, A. B. '28, writes of attending a meeting of the G. E. A. at Albany, Georgia. While there, she met Marjorie Combs, Weeda Turner, Catherine Patterson, Kathryn Myrick, Louise Benton, Audrey Shelfer, and Laura Clements.

\* \* \*

Lydia Minter, of the class of '25, is teaching the second grade in the Eastside School, Thomasville, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Buena McConnell, Mrs. Linton G. Watters, of the class of '21, is living in Douglas, Georgia.

\* \* \*

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

## THE PINE BRANCH

she is leading a very busy life as President of the Parent-Teacher Association, Second Vice President of the President's Club, and Magazine Chairman in the Fulton County Council.

\* \* \*

Marion Groover, of the class of '18, is living at 1300 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C. She is teaching in private school and completing work which will entitle her to an A. B. degree from George Washington University.

\* \* \*

We wish to correct and to apologize for a statement which appeared in the last issue of the Pine Branch. Miss Annie Mae Brower is not married. The report which came to us as authentic, and which was printed as such, proved later to be false. Again we offer to Miss Brower our apologies for the mistake.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

LOCALS

The Thanksgiving season at G. S. W. C. is a time of much gaiety and festivity. The holiday was ushered in by the return of several of the Alumnae, and the arrival of a number of guests.

The morning of Thanksgiving Day the students in the dormitories were awakened by a choir of girls singing hymns suited to the occasion.

In the forenoon the last games of the soccer and volley ball series were played. The Phi Kappas were victorious in both games.

Following the games, a delightful dinner was served. The dining room was decorated with leaves, fruits, and flowers symbolic of the day. The students were seated at class tables, and during the dinner sang class songs and gave cheers. When the meal was finished, the following program was enjoyed:

Piano solo: "Country Gardens" (Grainger)—Mary Eva Fambrough.

Ceremonial of Thanksgiving (Graham)—Iva Chandler.

Dance: "Autumn Trio."

"Hymn of The Pilgrims" (MacDowell)—G. S. W. C. Quartette.

Dance: "Policeman and the Maid"—Louise Clyatt and Kathryn Sawyer.

Thanks Be to God (Dickerson-Salter)—The Glee Club.

The afternoon was given over to various pleasures of the students—there being no classes. Classes were resumed on Friday morning as usual.

\* \* \*

The Valdosta Club entertained the students, faculty, and parents at a tea in the Rotunda last Wednesday afternoon.

The Rotunda was decorated in Christmas colors with tall baskets of poinsettias and tall red candles on the tea table.

Miss Marguerite Langdale, as hostess, served tea to the guests; she was assisted by Miss Dorothy Stroud, Miss Edna Shadrick, Miss Louise Forbes, Miss Hazel Taylor, and Miss Minnie Jewell Taylor.

The tea was enjoyed by a number of guests.

\* \* \*

At the chapel exercises on December 3, Miss Eleonore Raoul, representing the Georgia League of Women Voters, appealed to the students to use the vote that has been granted them. She explained that the present place of women in the world has been made possible

## THE PINE BRANCH

because of the invention of machinery. Miss Raoul also spoke to the class which is studying United States government. Here she gave the four great purposes of the League of Women Voters. These are: to develop democracy, to supply voters with non-partisan information on current politics, to create straight thinking, and to make for toleration.

\* \* \*

The Music and Expression Department of the Georgia State Womans College gave a recital in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall last Friday afternoon. The program was as follows:

Five Little Melodies—Goodloe.

In Hanging Gardens, (Davies)—Helen Duncan.

Reverie, (Klassert)—Jeannette Hall.

Idilis (Lock)—La Vanne Watson.

Kashmiri Song (Woodford-Frieden)—John Connell.

The Old Refrain (Kreisler)—Dorothy Dasher.

Romance: La Forge.

Rigandore (MacDowell)—Mary Eva Fambrough.

Nocturne bE—Chopin.

The Swimming Hole in the Church (Edward B. Partridge)—Lerhma Allen.

Prelude in C sharp minor (Rachmaninoff)—Myrtice Ford.

The Open Gate (Mary Shipmen Andrews)—Willie Mae Fletcher.

Venitienne (Godard)—Marjorie Clyatt.

The Chase—Rheinberger.

The Music Box (Speaks)—Bernice Jones.

\* \* \*

The Savannah girls have organized themselves into a club with Margaret Warfield as president, and June Fulcher as treasurer. The purpose of the club is to connect the Savannah High School with the College. The club writes letters to the graduating class telling them about the things Savannah girls do at G. S. W. C.

Many other town clubs have been organized on the campus.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA



Soph.: "Did you know that Eleanor talks in her sleep?"

Senior: "No, does she?"

Soph.: "Sure thing, she recited in class this morning."

\* \* \*

Freshie (in History class): Miss Brinson, what's the tax on water mel-

ons?"

Miss B.: "I never heard of it."

Freshie: "It says here that Congress passed the Melon Act."

\* \* \*

She was only a blacksmith's daughter, but she forged ahead.

\* \* \*

Rose M.: "Do you know Amanda?"

Dot I.: "Amanda who?"

Rose M.: "A man da do little odd jobs around the house."

\* \* \*

Mr. Stokes (in Biology class): "Name three articles containing starch."

Bright Stude: "Two cuffs and a collar."

\* \* \*

Miss Lockett (sternly): "So a circle has sides, eh? How do you make that out?"

Pupil: "Inside and outside."

\* \* \*

Margaret Warfield: "What does K. K. K. stand for?"

Peggy New: "Kan't Kut Klass."

\* \* \*

Jessie Mae Prescott: "Just think, 3,000 seals were used to make fur coats last winter."

THE PINE BRANCH

Elizabeth Cox: "Yes, isn't it wonderful how they can train animals to do such work."

\* \* \*

Miss Gilmer: "I told you yesterday I'd give you one day to hand in that theme."

Frosh: "Yes, but I thought I could pick any day."

\* \* \*

Louise McMichael: "I wonder why elephants have such long trunks?"

Trixy Willey: "Because they have to come all the way from India."

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CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW  
YEAR.

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WISH IS THAT EACH AND EVERY  
HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATE HAVE  
AN OPPORTUNITY TO GO TO COL-  
LEGE. IT INVITES THE YOUNG  
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