

THE PINE BRANCH



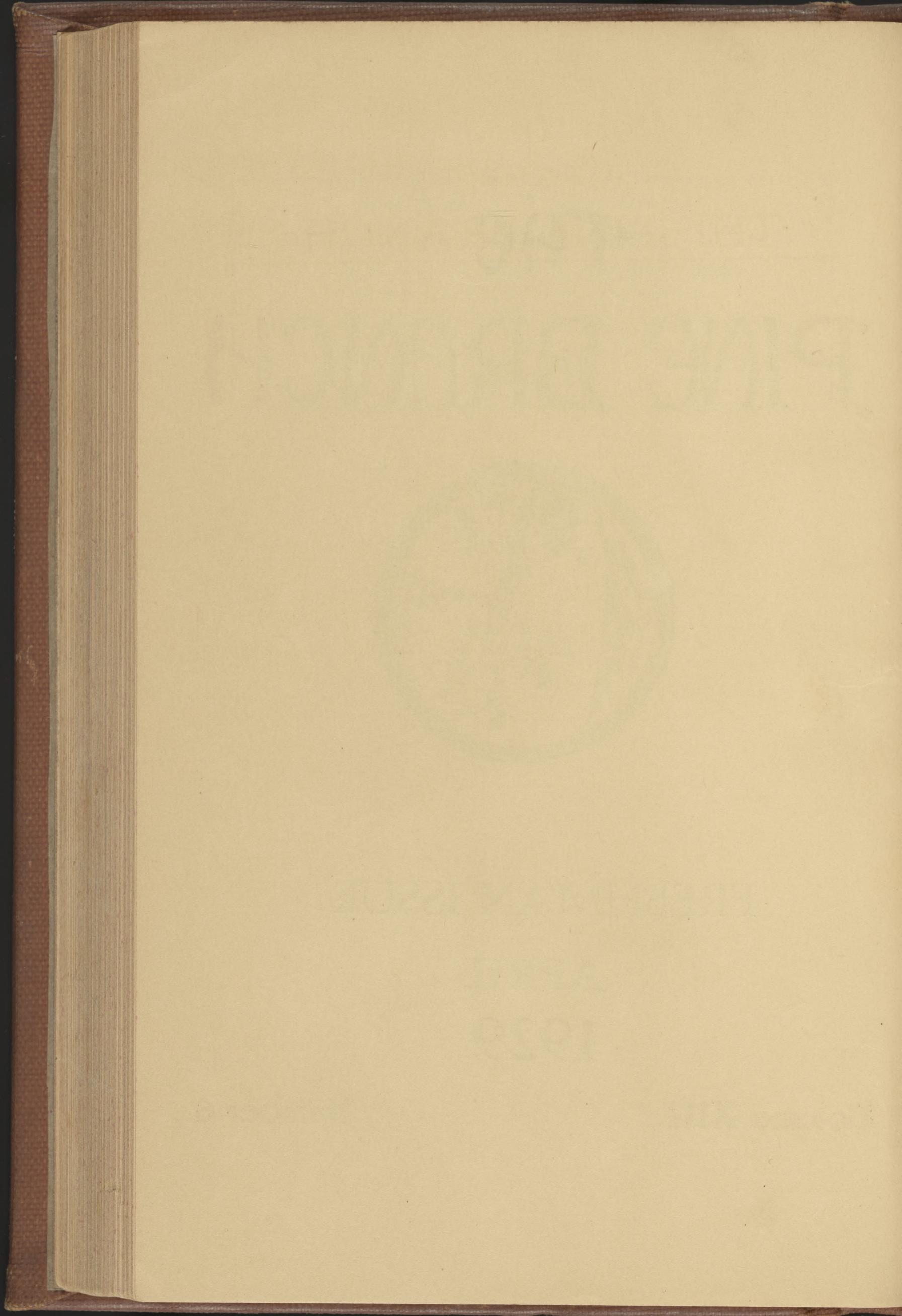
FRESHMAN ISSUE

APRIL

1929

Volume X111

Number 6



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. XVIII

APRIL, 1929

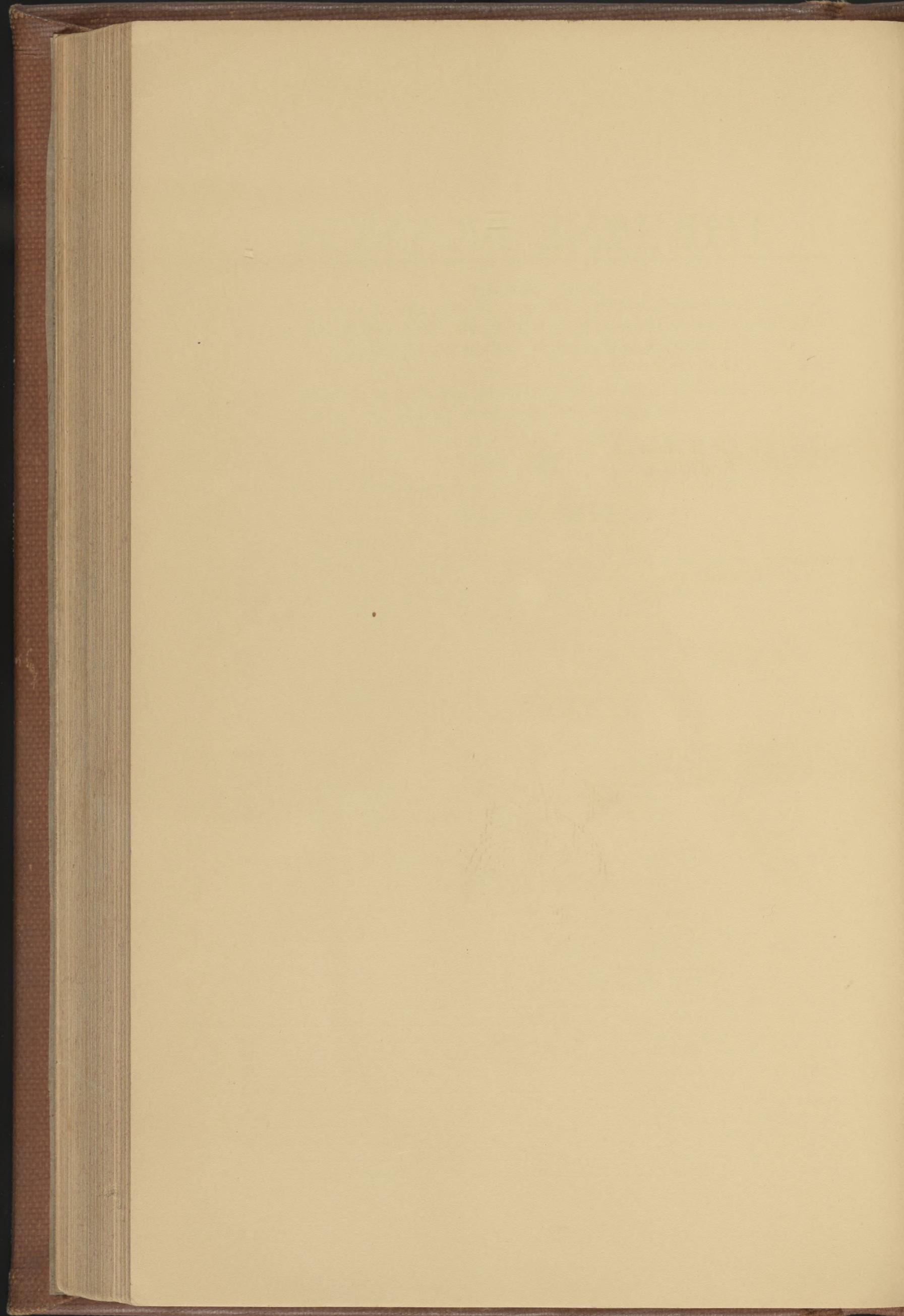
NO. 6

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Ethel Castleberry
Associate Editor-in-Chief	Linnie Mae Hall
Business Manager	Mary E. Flanagan
Assistant Business Managers	Mary Winn, Dorothy Davis, Edmonia Beck
Alumnae Editor	Martha Youngblood
Athletic Editors:	
Phi Kappa	Elsie Quarterman
Phi Lambda	Agnes Jones
Exchange Editor	Virginia Mathis
Joke Editor	Elizabeth Chance
Local Editor	Louise McMichael
Society Editors:	
Argonian	Martha Rimes
Sororian	Mary Morris
Y. W. C. A. Editor	Annie Lou Stanaland
Mailing Department—Blanche Husson, Edna Durham, Helen Brasington, Delia Bonner, Sallie K. Bozeman, Alda Dupriest, June Fulcher, Willie Mae Fletcher.	

CONTENTS

	Page
Sunshine Flowers—Elsie Quarterman	3
Judie Scores A Hit—Pauline Griffin	4
If I Were A Man—Mildred Lucas	7
“Carpe Diem”—Mary Morris	8
Muffles—Martha Caudle	9
Flower of The South—Elsie Quarterman	12
My Journey—Jean Stooksberry	16
“Surprise Your Friends”—Hazel Odum	17
Editorial	19
Y. W. C. A. News	21
Athletic News	23
Literary Society News	24
Alumnae News	25
Local News	27
Jokes	29



SUNSHINE FLOWERS

Sunshine flowers!
Golden poppies dancing in the garden bed;
Rippling rows of sunlit foamflakes,
Gem-encrusted waves of green,
Brilliant, gleaming in the sunshine,
Splash along the pebbled walk.

Or if skies are clouded over
And the day is gloomy gray;
Still they spill their golden sunshine
Near the edges of the path
That leads down towards the curving lane,
Golden poppies, sunshine flowers!

ELSIE QUARTERMAN.



JUDIE SCORES A HIT

She had broken her record for the two hundred yard dash at the annual Field Day. Atalanta, in a white middy and white bloomers, a lithe girl, with burnished copper locks, had crossed the line fully ten yards ahead of any of her opponents.

From lip to lip spread, like a forest fire, the cry, "Three cheers for Judie! Three cheers for Judie Grayson!"

Richard Brandon picked her out from a crowd of admirers across the field. He appraised her supple slenderness and her red-gold hair. Fate, however, played him a trick; Brandon missed her nose!

At that moment Judie was drinking, thirstily from a paper cup; and at the same time she drank deeply of the sweetness of the victory that was hers. She reveled in the thought that at this moment everybody, like herself, forgot her nose. That ugly, beaky nose on a girl of seventeen. It distorted and blemished her other features, although they were unusually good. Her eyes were like deep, blue-gray pools, her cheeks rosy as the bloom of a peach, and her mouth as soft and sensitive as a small child's. That nose was a comical thing to some; but to Judie, it was a blight and a curse.

It had changed her from a happy, carefree child to an over-tranquil and over-steady athlete. She was a leader on the tennis courts, at the pool, on the track, and at the links.

Across the field Judie's face was not very distinct to the approaching youths. "Gee! Dale, did you see that girl run? A regular cyclone!"

"Judie is good," said Dale as he followed, rather quietly, his guest.

It was well for Judie, perched on the fence beside the water pail and idly slinging her foot, that she did not hear Richard Brandon's eager conjectures.

"Of course, she'll be at the dance at the club tonight," mused Brandon.

"Like fun," blurted Dale.

"Do you mean that she's a 'highbrow'?"

"Anything but her brow," said Dale.

They had reached the girl. Her eyes shone above the paper cup. Her hair lay in little wet curls on her forehead.

Dale was saying that this goodlooking young fellow wanted to meet her. Judie went on drinking. If she could only go on drinking forever, and not have to uncover that beak.

She threw back her head and closed her eyes. She knew the pain

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

that would come when he saw that nose. She tossed the cup away, slipped from the fence, and gripped the young stranger's hand firmly.

Judie felt him suddenly relax his grasp as if he had touched a toad. She saw the color rise to his face and heard the halting phrases of his voice. "I thought—I'm so glad—Gee, but you certainly can—." Brandon couldn't even finish one sentence. Judie left at the moment when matters seemed the worst.

"My hat! What a beak! It's a crime," gasped Brandon.

It took Judie some time to drive home in her little green roadster. Her heart, like a flower squeezed too tightly, wilted. A tear slid down the long slope of her nose. Back at the club they would dance that evening. June Day and Amy Kelsey would be there. They would float around in some goodlooking fellow's arms to the strains of languid music. Judie could not stifle her yearnings. Her nose became swollen from crying and looked more grotesque than ever. She heard the soft bird notes. She wished she had been a bird. Then she sniffed, "I would have been an owl or an eagle, most likely."

The next day the younger set awoke to the fact that Jean Rombeaux, the coach from New York, would arrive that day to begin rehearsal for a musical comedy. The cast would be composed of Stanfield's fairest.

"Well, what difference does it make to me who dances in the old show?" Judie asked herself as she contemplated the surf.

June and Amy and Marcia Evans, in their orange, red, and black coolie coats were sunning themselves on the beach. Judie smiled down at the girls and slipped on her green rubber cap, which matched her green close-fitting bathing suit. Not one of those girls would dare go in that surf with such a strong wind blowing.

"Aren't you coming to rehearsal this afternoon?" asked Amy. "Please come. Everybody's trying out."

"Me in a show?" said Judie. "Some side-show I'd be!"

She tore these words from her throat in an effort to show them she didn't care. Then she turned a cartwheel on the sand and ran into the breakers.

That afternoon Judie watched the Blue Devils, Stanfield's baseball adolescents play the Live Wires.

Soon the Blue Devils were losing. Speck, the captain, ran across the field to where Judie sat and asked her to pitch.

Judie threw herself into the game. There was a man on first, and another on second. She must put them out.

"Sock it to 'em, Judie!" screamed Speck.

THE PINE BRANCH

Judie did put both men out. Then she threw a third ball with all her one hundred and ten pounds behind it. The fellow at the bat threw his one hundred and forty pounds and his bat at the ball. He hit a grounder, and the ball bounded from the ground, at an angle of forty-five degrees, to Judie's face.

She fell crumpled up like a scarecrow blown down from his post. She felt as if her head had left her body, and that she was one big, throbbing, bloody nose. Then she knew no more.

Judie lay for three weeks in a hospital bed on account of her smashed nose. A famous plastic surgeon had operated upon it, and then had strapped it with gauze. For three weeks she had breathed through her mouth, but she didn't mind, for the bandages sheltered her like the paper cup.

One day the nurse told her that the doctor would remove the bandages soon. Judie sat up in bed.

"Oh, can't we wait just a little longer?" she asked. "It's such an ugly nose."

"If I were you, I don't think I should mind so much," answered Miss Taylor.

The nurse left as the gong sounded to bring in trays.

Judie heard footsteps in the hall. The surgeon entered to remove the bandages.

Judie crumpled. Speech rushed to her lips. "I wish I could keep it covered. I—"

"That'll do," said Doctor Bickerstaff hoarsely. "What did the nurse do with the solution?"

He removed all the bandages. Judie's face felt hot, and her nose felt cold. Her eyes were dark and steady.

Doctor Bickerstaff handed her a mirror. She shut her eyes for a moment. Was she dying? Was she dead? Was this heaven? Something between a sob and a glad cry escaped her lips.

Her nose! Her new nose! A little affair, tip-tilted like a rose petal! Now she need not hide it. "Oh—I'm mended! I'm mended!"

Now Judie could wear frilly dresses and floppy hats like other girls. She would be always surrounded by numerous admirers. Richard Brandon would see her the object of a certain young doctor's earnest attentions some day, and would remark, "There's a born athlete gone blooey."

PAULINE GRIFFIN.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

IF I WERE A MAN

If I were a man, I would wear blue, grey, or tweed suits, and I would see that they were always pressed. I would not be guilty of wearing white or very light socks with dark shoes,—or any socks clocked in a contrasting color. My overcoats would not have fur collars, and I would wear a fur coat only in a car, or in a stadium. I would prefer white shirts to colored ones, but sometimes I might wear blue, if I had blue eyes. I would not wear a derby unless I had a thin face, nor a cap unless I had a very jovial face, but I would prefer a hat that fit well. I should wear this hat tilted a little, with the brim turned up all around on a felt hat, and down all around on a Panama.

If I were a man, I'd part my hair in the middle, and never let a barber cut it too short. Perhaps I'd have a mustache if I were a brunette, but I wouldn't if I were a blonde, because blonde mustaches look timid.

If I were a man, I'd get sunburned; for women like tan complexions. I would not be a pale, indoor-looking man for anything. I would keep my waist line down; and I would fight a bald spot.

I should try to remember that no one enjoys hearing anyone else recite poetry, sing with a phonograph, or read jokes aloud. While with one woman I should never mention another one. What I paid for my car or my hat, what I made in business deals, whom I'd kissed, and when, and why, I'd never tell.

If I were a man, I should try to have the reputation of paying my share of expenses at all times. If I wanted to save money, I should do it at home, and not on a party, at some other man's expense.

If I were a man, and in love, I should think up a special name for my girl; something that no one else would call her, but I would not use that name in public. I should give little presents every now and then, besides, the Christmas and birthday presents.

If I were a man I wouldn't marry until I was twenty-five years old. I would not marry a girl who was older than I, or taller; nor one who had more money or brains.

If I were a man I should never read an article entitled: "If I were a man."

MILDRED LUCAS.

THE PINE BRANCH

“CARPE DIEM”

(HORACE'S ODE TO LEUCONOE)

Seek not, because 'tis wrong to know
What end the gods may give to you;
Chaldean stars will tell you not
If yours be many years or few.

'Tis better far, Leuconoe,
Whate'er the prophets may decree,
To accept your fate, no matter if
You one or many winters see.

Drink deep of wisdom and of wine,
Nor cherish hopes of lengthy life;
Seize all its joys as they may come;
Extend it not for further strife.

Trust not tomorrow; use today,
For envious time flees while we speak,
Begrudging life to eager youth,
Regardless of the goal we seek.

MARY MORRIS.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

MUFFLES

Up and up and up, the old elevator rattled. Pat, who was just a little boy, looked at Henry. "Maybe Mother will let us bring the cat and kittens upstairs."

"Maybe—", said fifteen-year-old Henry. Mr. Moore, the janitor, let them out on their floor.

Mother opened the door for them. Before Pat could wriggle out of his raincoat, he was telling her: "We found a cat, all wet in the rain, and she had two kittens, and we fixed a box, Henry and I did, for her."

"That was nice." Mother hung his coat on its nail.

"And, Mother, Mr. Moore was just so mean. He wouldn't let us bring them into the basement. And, Mother, please can we bring them up here?"

"An old alley cat? Mercy, no!" She gave a tug and off came his right boot.

Pat's eyes grew round and solemn.

"She's not an 'old alley cat.' She's a nice cat."

"Well, she'll be all right in her box. Besides, Pat," said Mother, pulling off his left boot, "pets aren't toys, you know. You can't play with them one day and forget them the next. If you forget, who'd take care of your kitties?"

"I'd take care of them!" Pat exclaimed, clinching his fists.

Henry laughed. "You'll have to show her, Pat."

Pat looked out at the rain streaming down the panes and thought of the scrawny, draggled cat and kittens. He grew tight and hot inside. "I'll show her!" But he didn't say it aloud.

The next morning, the sun shone as if it had never rained. After breakfast Pat went into the kitchen and asked Mary for a few scraps.

"Whatever for?" exclaimed Mary.

"For a mother-cat under the basement stairs." Pat made his voice sound sad. "She has two baby kittens, Mary, and no home at all."

"Oh, the poor mother-cat!" And Mary gave him a mug of milk and a saucer of scraps.

Very, very carefully Pat carried the cup and scraps to the basement and out to the driveway.

The mother-cat sat on the iron steps in the sunshine licking her paws. He set the plate on the cement and called. She came in two leaps and a bound, and began to lick and nibble the scraps. Oh, how hungry she was!

Pat peeped into the box. In the rags, the kittens looked soft and fluffy; Pat picked up one and cuddled it in his hands. It made soft

THE PINE BRANCH

meows, and stuck its needle-sharp claws into his palm. The mother-cat turned her head. "Me—ow!" she said.

Pat laid it in the box and sat on his heels; one kitten was gray and striped, but Pat didn't think much of that for a cat. The other was black, and he had four white mittens and a ruffle of white under his chin.

"That's a kitten!" thought Pat, "even if his eyes are squinched tight shut."

He wanted to cuddle him, but he looked first at the mother-cat. "Oh, oh, oh!" laughed Pat. All the scraps on the plate were gone, and the mother-cat's head was inside Pat's mug.

"Already," Pat said to himself, "she looks fatter."

She finished the milk and sat washing her face and whiskers in the sunshine. And Pat carried the empty saucer and mug upstairs.

Then, for days and days and days, Mother forgot about the cat and her kittens; Henry forgot them; Mr. Moore, the janitor, forgot them; and even Mary, except when Pat asked for his mug of milk and scraps, forgot them. But Pat never forgot.

The mother-cat was really fatter now, and the kittens were growing round and fluffy; but the black one with the white mittens and the ruffle under his chin was roundest and fattest of all.

One morning, when Pat had fed the mother-cat, Mr. Moore slouched into the doorway. "That's a right smart looking cat you got there."

"Yes," agreed Pat, scratching the black kitten's back.

"I know a fellow who wants a good ratter for his loft. Think she'd make a good ratter."

"Oh, yes," cried Pat, proudly.

Later that day, he went to peek in at his kittens; when he called, "Kitty, here, kitty," no mother-cat bounded from the corner. A faint, peeping "mew-mew" came from the box. Pat stooped and looked in—no mother-cat, no gray-striped kitten; only a hunched-up bit of black fur, mewling and mewling. Pat cuddled him in his hands and walked straight to Mr. Moore.

"Where's my mother-cat? Where's my gray kitten?" Pat demanded.

"I told you I knew a fellow who wanted a good ratter." He sucked on his pipe a moment; then, "He took the gray kitten; said he thought the mother'd be more contented. But he didn't want three cats."

Pat wanted to stamp his feet; he wanted to shout at Mr. Moore, who took mother-cats from kittens. He grew hot inside. Up and

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

up and up, he stalked, until he came to his own apartment. He wouldn't ride with Mr. Moore in the rattly old elevator.

Mother answered the door. "What have you, Pat?"

"A kitty!" Pat was almost crying. He stood the bit of fluff on the floor, and the kitten wobbled on his four white mittens, his point of a tail stood straight up, and he mewed and mewed and mewed.

"He's hungry," said mother. "Why don't you feed him?"

"He's too small." Pat's voice sounded tight and hard.

"Ah, no. Kittens that size can lap milk. Put a saucer under his nose and he'll learn."

So Mary brought a saucer, and Henry poked the kitten's nose into the milk.

"Ka-choo!" sneezed the kitten, and a bead of milk ran down his whiskers.

"Can I keep him, Mother?" begged Pat.

"Do let him," Henry said.

"You know what I told you," Mother began, "that pets aren't toys—".

But Mary spoke up then. "Why ma'am, Pat's been feeding this kitten's mother for two whole weeks. You can trust him to remember."

Mother smiled at Pat. "All right, you may," she said.

"What's his name?" Henry asked.

"Well—" Pat was watching his kitten sneezing milk.

"You could call him 'Ruffles'," decided Mother, "because of the ruffle under his chin."

"Or Mittens," said Henry, "because of the four white paws."

"No," Pat told them, "his name is Muffles."

"That's no name—" Henry began, but Mother interferred.

"Yes, it is; it's part ruffle and part mittens."

Pat shook his head. "No," he said, "it's what he says when I lay my ear against his tummy. Here, Muffles!"

But Muffles wasn't listening. He had two paws in the saucer, and in and out, in and out flew his little pink tongue, lip-lapping, until all the milk was gone.

MARTHA CAUDLE.

FLOWER OF THE SOUTH

A slender figure, heavily muffled in a black cloak and wearing a slouch hat pulled low over the eyes, walked swiftly, but cautiously down Canal Street toward the Custom House. It would have been hard to tell, had not the sickly moon cast a pale, feeble light over the sleeping city, that the figure was there at all so carefully and skillfully did it keep within the shadows. As it neared the Custom House the boy, for so it seemed to be, stopped, cast a keen glance at the sleepy-looking sentry on duty there, then quickly disappeared down a side street. A little while later, he emerged near the waterfront and concealed himself behind the bales of cotton which were stacked in rotting heaps, along the side of the levee.

When the Custom House clock struck two, the boy stepped out and walked toward the union picket on duty near the First District Ferry. When the sentry turned toward him, the boy sprang hurriedly backwards, stumbled against the curbing, and regaining his balance, started away. But the heavy cloak which he had so carefully kept around him, fell open and disclosed to the curious sentry the gray uniform of a Confederate soldier.

"Hold! Who goes there?" The command rang through the stillness and echoed across the quiet water of the Mississippi as it flowed sinuous, silent, and black save when the beams from the setting moon caught the slight ripple of current.

The boy did not stop. Across the sentry's mind flashed the message his colonel had given him. "There are Confederates in the city. We do not know how they came; but arrest any that may be seen." He glanced around. The river and levee were quiet. He lifted his fingers to his lips and gave a long shrill whistle. Immediately the rest of the picket joined him to chase the boy, who led them back toward the French quarter, doubling and turning, easily eluding his pursuers because of his superior knowledge of the narrow twisting streets of the Vieux Carre. Many times the soldiers lost sight of him as he dodged in and out between the houses and under the overhanging balconies. When they were far from the river, the boy made a false turn and stopped to regain his direction. But he stopped too long; the soldiers had overtaken him and it was useless to resist them.

He kept his hat low over his face as the soldiers led him from the French quarter toward the city hall where Colonel Clark was on duty. The sentry tried several times to make the boy talk; but he remained stubbornly silent and appeared entirely oblivious of the fact that he was being spoken to or questioned.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

When they reached the city hall, the sentry hurriedly explained to his superior officer the circumstances of the capture. The colonel then turned to the boy, who had thrown back his cloak and stood before him in the full uniform of a Confederate lieutenant, except for the dark hat which still shaded his eyes.

"Sir, we must hold you as a spy if you cannot satisfactorily explain your presence."

The boy merely bowed, but his dark eyes mocked the Union soldier.

"Where did you come from?" persisted the colonel.

"Monsieur," the soft, low voice of the boy drawled out, "I cannot tell you that."

"Nor, I suppose, can you tell me who you are or where you are going."

"No, Monsieur."

"You understand, of course, the punishment of a spy?"

The boy laughed outright.

"You'll hardly hang me for a spy, Monsieur."

The colonel tried another form of attack.

"Where are your comrades?"

"How can I know?" the boy countered; but his eyes did not mock when he added under his breath, "Mon Dieu, I wish I did know."

"You left them——?" challenged the colonel.

"Monsieur sees that I'm not with them," the boy said dryly, ignoring the colonel's implication.

A breathless messenger entered and saluted.

"Colonel Clark, the Confederates have escaped! We saw the boat as it passed our last picket, but had no means of following."

"You say they have gone?" In his eagerness the boy pushed the dark hat from his eyes and showed an oval face of great beauty, such beauty as only the Creoles of old New Orleans possess.

"Mon Dieu," the colonel borrowed a French phrase, "it's a girl!"

She had quickly replaced the hat, but the startled officer drew back.

"Take her in there," indicating an adjoining room. The colonel himself turned the key and left her there alone.

In the darkness, she could hear his keen questioning of the messenger, his quick orders for pursuit and the hurried departure of the soldiers; but she knew that her brother and lover were safely up the river with the precious ammunition that was meant to help take New Orleans for the Confederacy.

Colonel Clark had carelessly put her in a room with an unlocked window that opened on the garden; so daylight saw her safely behind

THE PINE BRANCH

the high walls and iron gate of the old Dupont home in the Vieux Carre.

* * * * *

For four anxious days Jeanne Dupont waited for the Confederates to enter New Orleans; but she heard nothing from her brother or Harry about the smuggled ammunition.

One day she met Colonel Clark in the cathedral. He bowed, but colored furiously as he thought of his negligence. As she passed him, Jeanne said ironically:

"You should lock your windows as well as your doors, monsieur."

Then one day news of General Smith's surrender at Baton Rouge reached New Orleans. Lee had surrendered some weeks before; so, for the first time since 1862, the roads around the city were free from Federal pickets.

One particularly balmy day, Jeanne took advantage of the situation and went out to the great Dupont plantation on the river to see whether the ravaging armies had left anything of value on the place. She took one of the faithful darkies to help her and prepared to spend the day there if she found anything to do.

She found the house broken open and nearly everything movable gone. The library was practically destroyed. The silver that had not been moved to the town house was gone. Even most of the paintings had been either destroyed or stolen. But one room in the house remained, by some queer quirk of fortune, as it had been when the family were forced to leave. Madame Dupont's room was untouched. Here Jeanne stayed for nearly an hour, touching reverently the things her mother had touched; or sitting alone near the window where the gallant rose vine climbed to fling its riot of crimson sprays against the pane, looking far away across the winding Mississippi and thinking of her soldier father who, the second year of the war, had gone to swell the ranks of the dead in Old Saint Louis Cemetery, and of her frail, patient mother who had so soon followed him there.

She was called from her sorrowful reverie by the hail of a familiar voice. As the girl rose to answer it an old darky entered.

"Miss Jeanne, honey, Massa Harry out dar, and claim he wanna see y'u pow'rfull bad." The black face was wreathed in smiles, and the aged negro nodded approvingly at the light that leapt into the girl's face when they left the room.

"Harry! How are you? Where's Fred? What happened that night? Tell me!"

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

"How can I tell you," laughed Harry, "if you don't stop talking to me?"

They found chairs in the devastated library and Harry began:

"Fred was sent with dispatches to General Lee. He left me specific orders to see about you. Imagine how gladly I complied with his wishes!

"You played your part to perfection that night, Jeanne. I saw Colonel Clark in town and he told me what a good actor you were.

"After we passed Fort Jackson there was nothing to fear until we reached New Orleans; and if you hadn't so skillfully led the picket away from the First District Ferry we would have been captured there. They saw us at their last picket, but too late to follow; so we escaped. We cached the ammunition at Hahnville, but before we could mobilize our forces and get into action, news of General Smith's surrender came. Of course that made our plans out of the question because we had relied on him to join us."

Silence fell in the room as he finished. The tragedy of war, of failure, of fruitless gallantry and of lives given in the name of a lost cause stalked near; but youth and springtime make it hard for tragedy to live near them.

The two wandered outside. The barns and outhouses were burned to the ground; the garden was a hopeless tangle of matted shrubs and vines; but the air was redolent of the intoxicating perfume of the wisteria vine which was blooming, with a gorgeous profusion of lavender clusters, on the old summer-house; and filled with the rapturous songs of the mockingbirds who alone remained, of all the former tenants of the plantation.

Once again, with the falling of the shadows of dusk, peace settled on the stately house that overlooked the placid-flowing river. Once more the magnolias whispered gently their approval of the proceedings in the ancient summer-house. The last rays of the sun fell like a benediction and a blessing on the white columns of the house, and on the moss-hung trees that stood like cathedral columns, tall, straight, imperious; and crept softly through the fragrant purple tangle of the wisteria in the garden, to touch benignly the already radiant faces of the two young Confederates who had snatched the best out of the destructive fire of defeat and already were building a shining structure on the blackened ruins left them by the tragedy of war.

ELSIE QUARTERMAN.

THE PINE BRANCH

MY JOURNEY

I dreamed I saw a tiny ship
Upon a tiny sea;
'Twas filled with dainty fairy folk,
Who smiled and beckoned me.

"Ho, come with us," the captain cried,
"And sail to Fairyland;
We charge no fare, 'tis free as air;
We visit many a strand."

Now, I had always longed to sail,
And wondered how 'twould be
To sail away, and leave behind
The things that worry me.

So, quick as thought, I climbed aboard,
And grasped the captain's hand;
I thanked him for his kind request,
And joined the happy band.

At last we came to Fairyland,
An island far at sea;
What happened there I cannot tell,
For Mother wakened me.

JEAN STOOKSBERRY.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

“SURPRISE YOUR FRIENDS”

“I know how others act,” said Bill, “and when I am in my room by myself, I can do it. But I am plain-out scared. I can’t joke with the girls like Bob Masters, and I can’t play the piano like Jim Cox. Aw darn!”

Later he found an advertisement of Powell’s Popularity Books. Yes, he found it, all right, and ordered, but strange to say Bill Payton isn’t the world’s greatest orator today. He is a wiser boy, however.

After contemplating the thing for several days, Bill spent ten dollars (of the fifteen his grandmother had given him on his birthday) on the books.

They came—seven volumes. He locked himself in his room every day and read them eagerly. They were very dry, but Bill was resolved he was going to be popular.

One paragraph impressed him especially. A lady was talking to a certain man. “Why, my dear” she said, “he quoted eight authors in ten minutes! He’s so distinguished.”

As a result Bill set about learning quotations about the weather, the learned, young people, night, morning, music, and everything he thought quotable. He had a long list of words, opposite each was an appropriate quotation. “Oh, I’ll soon be the most talked of boy in town,” he thought,—and he was.

Mary Williams invited him to her dance. His chance had come. Of course, it was earlier than he had expected, but by a little cramming he could be a success. Thank goodness he could dance.

* * * * *

The orchestra was sobbing wildly. Couples lingered in door ways and near the punch bowl, each waiting for someone else to start the dancing. There was a beautiful moon just rising over the tree tops.

“Well, I’ll show them,” thought Bill as he drove around town waiting for the time to come. “I am going to take that dance by storm.”

The couples had started out on the floor as Bill came into the club house. The music did not stop playing, nor did the couples stop dancing as he entered. In fact, no one but the hostess noticed him.

“Hello, Bill,” she said as he came up. “Great night for a dance, isn’t it?”

He swallowed hard, remembered, and said bravely, “Yes, Mary; ‘O night of nights, night of the gods, what hast thou done for me.’” Then he became frightened and bolted into the dressing room.

THE PINE BRANCH

Mary looked rather amused and commented to the next couple who came up, "Bill Payton has had a drink. He's quotin' poetry!"

Bill remained in the dressing room for several dances. He finally came out more resolved than ever. To prove to himself that he was a social success, he broke on the most popular girl in the crowd, Beeb Spencer.

"Hi' Bill," she said, as he broke. "Darn good orchestra, isn't it?"

"Yes, 'music hath its charms'"—just then somebody broke.

When Belle Mays said something about going to the beach, he said, "'I must go down to the seas again, down to the wind and the sky'." When Betty Blanton walked to the veranda between a dance with him, she asked casually, "Where were you during the first of the dance?"

"'I came like water, and like wind, I go'—"

"Creeping creatures, what ails the boy?" marveled Betty.

Bill knew no quotation in answer to this; so he remained silent. Just then the orchestra reminded them that the next dance was starting, and they went back.

By intermission Bill was glowing with success. He had danced with all of the girls, and hadn't really stammered a single time. However, his supply of quotations was getting low.

Had he been able to overhear the conversation in the dressing room, he probably wouldn't have been certain of his success. "He's crazy, stark raving crazy," "Not crazy—just high as a kite," and, "He hasn't seen a drop of liquor; he's just looney, but he's as good looking as Apollo himself."

"Aw y' all shut up. You make me sick!" The girls looked up. It was Beeb Spencer who had made the remark. "Something's wrong, and I'm gonna find out."

She rushed from the dressing room, and sent her astonished escort, Bob Masters, to find Bill.

Bill came, astonished. Beeb dismissed Bob with a wave of her hand.

"Take me to ride, Bill," she said. "I wanna ask you sumpn'."

Without a word Bill put her in his car and drove off. He could think of nothing to say. All of his quotations seemed to vanish. Then finally he said, "Er—er—'whither midst the falling dew'—?"

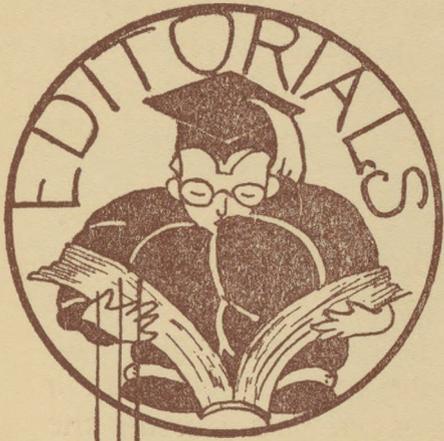
"Say, Bill, what d' you think you are—a second Webster? All you've done tonight was act like a lunatic. What's wrong?"

And Bill knew then that he could tell Beeb everything—and he did.

She made no comment, except, "Ten dollars—gosh! Think of all the drinks we could've bought!"

HAZEL ODUM.

VALDOSTA AND THE POOR FRESHMEN



College life is wholly new to the Freshmen, and with wide opened eyes we have examined every phase of it. The peculiar stare which the upper classmen were want to see upon the faces of the Freshmen was not always

one of dumbness. We were rapidly learning the most outstanding facts about the College, one of which is the relation that exists between the College and the townspeople. Almost before we had finished registering, we were aware of the attitude of the townspeople to the College girls and to the College itself.

A poor, lonesome, homesick Freshman is very susceptible to kindness in any form. Therefore, thanks were offered in behalf of our aching feet (before we had become veteran pedestrians) to the kind donors of rides.

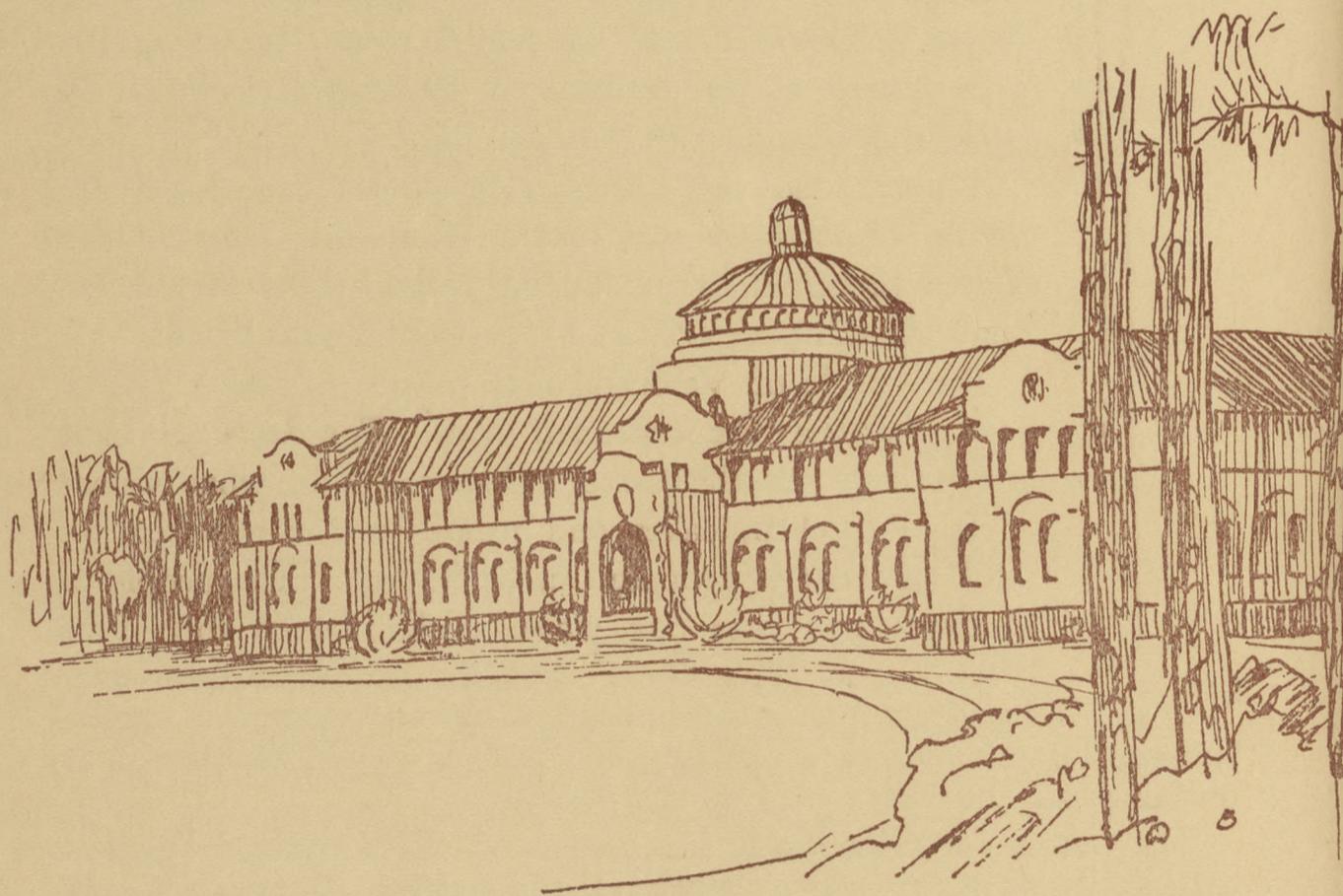
The people of Valdosta have proved by various kindnesses that they are interested in us. The Rotarians have given feasts for the College Seniors. Oh, what visions of fried chicken, cakes and pickles are ours when we think of what is promised us as Seniors. The people of Valdosta patronize our plays, subscribe to the "Pine Branch" and "Pine Cone", and the merchants quite generously advertise in these productions; when we need a speaker for our various assemblies, the best talent of Valdosta is at our disposal and ever ready to respond.

The custom of friendliness has been so well established between the College and the townspeople, that, perhaps, the one or the other would not be inclined to pay any particular attention to it. To the Freshmen, however, this friendly attitude is a noticeable fact. We feel as if indeed, Valdosta were our foster mother. When we go home, we naturally talk about G. S. W. C. and just as naturally do we talk about the friendliness and kindness of the Valdosta people.

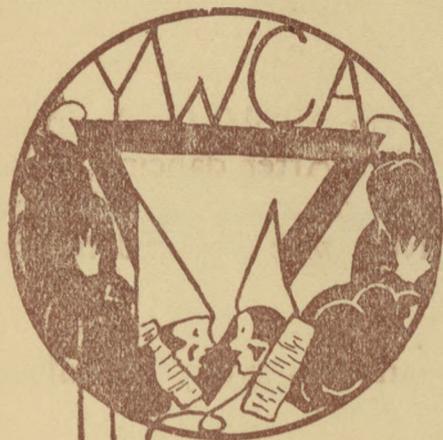
THE PINE BRANCH

Do we show our appreciation other than by boosting Valdosta? Indeed we do! We help the movies by going to as many pictures as possible; we help the cafes, drug stores, and the various merchants by patronizing their different establishments. How could Kress and Woolworth maintain such a successful business here without the College girls?

Valdosta has backed and is backing G. S. W. C.—G. S. W. C. will continue to back Valdosta.



VALDOSTA, GEORGIA



"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handiwork."—Psalm 19-1.

* * *

The subject for Vesper during the month of March was, "Needs and Ways of Cultivating Personal Charm." This made an interesting program and we have had some delightful speakers.

Mrs. Stubbs, from Emory Junior College, spoke on the subject, "How can a Girl Be Happy"; Mary Stewart talked about "Need For Worthy Ideals in Personal Attraction."

We have had talks from two of our own faculty members this month. Mrs. White very ably discussed "The Relations of Dress to Personal Charm," and Dr. Hoff spoke on "Interest in People Helps to Develop Personal Charm." In his talk he summed up the characteristics of an ideal person.

* * *

One Thursday evening the Y. W. C. A. put on a "Health Carnival." The admission charged was the drinking of one glass of water. The main feature of the carnival was a playlet, "The Dream Chain," a story of the unhappiness caused by failure to observe the rules of health. After being served with light, healthful refreshments, the group sang a number of health rounds.

* * *

To remind the students of their financial obligations to the Y. W. C. A. and to remind them that "pay night" was close at hand, the Y. W. C. A. cabinet put on the little skit, "She Comes Up Smiling." Miss Y. W. C. A., for lack of financial food was undernourished, but after the appearance of the little money bags, she felt strong enough to do the many things she had to do.

* * *

On March 22, the election of the Y. W. C. A. officers for the year 1929-30 was held. The following were elected: President,

Twenty-one

THE PINE BRANCH

Anne Talbert; vice-president, Marion Laing; secretary, Lois Merritt; treasurer, K. D. Rentz.

* * *

Saturday night before the Easter holidays, the Y. W. C. A. sponsored a "get together" party in the dining hall. After dancing, Miss Myrtle Vick divided the company into groups representing different colleges and a "Field Day" program was given with a grand march and the other athletic stunts.

* * *

On Palm Sunday a delightful Easter pageant was given foretelling the Crucifixion and Resurrection of Christ.

PHI LAMBDAS

Since our last series of games left the Lambdas and Kappas about even, we have Field Day and baseball to decide the winner of the plaque. Last year the Kappas ran away with Field Day honors. They still have many of their individual champions left. That means that the Lambdas must work as only

Lambdas can to keep the Association up and going.

C'mon Lambdas, let's go! Keep up that sportsmanship and pep. Back your team in victory or defeat and you'll see "Phi Lambda Athletic Association, 1929" engraved on the silver honor plaque. How 'bout it, girls? Do you want to see it there in reality instead of dreaming about it?

* * *

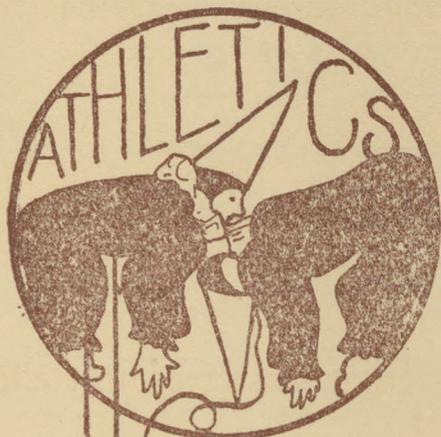
PHI KAPPAS

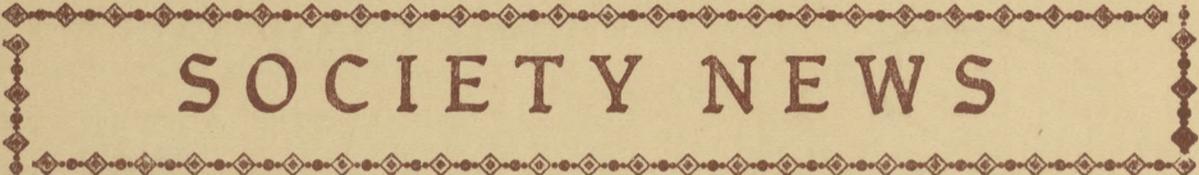
Well, basket ball and speed ball season is over and Field Day lies just ahead. Before this issue of the Pine Branch goes to the press, Field Day will be behind, and all the events decided.

However, at present, we are looking forward eagerly to Field Day and expect it to be the best ever. We don't quite know what the "best" is, but understand that it will take quite an extraordinary Field Day to surpass some others that have been given—but we have confidence, if nothing else—or, perhaps, you would call it conceit.

So far, the Lambdas are still a few points ahead, which means that the Kappas will have to win Field Day if they expect to have "Phi Kappa, 1929" engraved on the Athletic Association Honor Plaque; and to win Field Day means they will have to work. The Kappas and Lambdas have the same number out for track practice, and both associations have good squads. The Kappa spirit, if nothing else, will carry us through, however—

So it's "Rah, Rah, Kappa,
Kappa, Rah! Rah, Kappa,
Kappa Rah! Rah! Rah!"





SOCIETY NEWS

ARGONIAN AND SORORIAN

The Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies held a joint meeting on March 16th.

The two-act play "Arlequinade" was presented by members of the French department under the direction of Miss Kathryn Sawyer and Miss Caroline Parrish.

Everyone in the audience, though some did not speak French, was able to follow Rose Morrison as Harlequin in his quest of the lovely Colombine, whose part was played by Mildred Lucas. Louise McMichael as Pierrot sent the audience into gales of laughter with her clumsy attempts at love-making and verse writing. Annie Lou Stanaland, as Cassandra, the cross father of Colombine, also afforded much amusement. In the second act, Lucile Nix, Elsie Quarterman, Hazel Allen, and Dorothy Chapman appeared as friends of Colombine. The part of la Sorciere was successfully carried out by Pauline Griffin. Two little blonde curtains, Margaret Bullock and Mildred Muggridge, opened and closed each act.

ALUMNAE NEWS

Since the Freshmen are allowed but one issue each year for their very own, we do not feel that it would be a sporting thing to do to take much space in that issue for items about those who are no longer Freshmen. However, since they, too, will some day be Alumnae, we hope that they will allow us space for a few notes.

The ways of finding news for the Alumnae Notes are varied and devious. For instance, most of the news that we have been able to gather this month comes from the summer school mailing list, from which we have learned where most of our members now teaching in Georgia are to be found. Among those whose present addresses we have been able to find in this way are the following:

Evelyn Brown, A. B. '25, Doerun.
Marjorie Combs, of the class of '28, Ty Ty.
Margaret Lyle, '26, Rebecca.
Reba Hill, '25, Dooling.
Bobbie Mae Booth, '28, Arabi.
Julia Patterson, '24, Penia School, Cordele.
Louise Causey, '28, Zion Hill School, Cordele.
Pauline Culbreth, '23, Hoboken.
Lemuel Jay, '24, Bonair.
Frances Cannon, '28, Milan.
Aline Futch, '28, Nashville.
Louise Benton, '27, Donaldsonville.
Leila Sasser, '23, Coolidge.
Mattie Baker, '27, Coolidge.
Willie Belle Sumner, '28, Coolidge.
Edna Sasser, '21, Mrs. Loyd Thompson, Metcalfe.
Weeda Turner, '28, Metcalfe.
Ethel Robinson, '28, Argyle.
Mae Chambless, '25, Parrot.
Elinor Dixon, '28, Elza.
Clara Nell Speight, '27, Fowlstown.
Opal Thornton, '27, Climax.
Lillian Drake, '28, Climax.
Kathleen Stripling, '28, R. F. D., Camilla.
Willie Mae Morton, '27, R. F. D., Quitman.
Nadine Heath, '27, R. F. D., Quitman.

THE PINE BRANCH

Helen Bruce, '22, Preparatory High School, Brunswick.

Address: 1201 Union Street.

Mary Belin, '25, 1107 Union Street, Brunswick.

Annie Ruth Sawyer, '26, 1312 Union Street, Brunswick.

Mary Sapp, '25, 528 Union Street, Brunswick.

Julia Bryan, '20, Mrs. Roy Lee, Principal of Arco School,

Address: Gloucester Apartments, Brunswick.

Louise Tomlinson, '26, Arco.

Alma Kicklighter, '23, Screven.

Clela Wells, '26, Screven.

Sadie Bennett, '28, Screven.

Lois Hill, '24, Tippettville.

We hope to meet all these Alumnae members at the G. S. W. C. banquet at the meeting of the G. E. A. in Savannah.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Jasper L. Byrd announce the birth of a daughter, Margaret Anne, on March the nineteenth. Mrs. Byrd was Hallie Jordan, of the class of '21.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Parker announce the birth of a daughter, Mildred Doris, on March the twentieth. Mrs. Parker was Dorothy Larsen, of the class of '25.

* * *

The Valdosta Club of the Alumnae Association had an April Fools' party in the Board Room of the College on the night of April the fourth. There was a large number present, and all the members became as Freshmen again in the April Fool Relay, the Balloon Volley Ball game, and the other events of the evening. We can suggest to other local clubs no better way for arousing spirit among their members than such a get-together party. The Valdosta Club has found these parties most successful.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

LOCALS

Newness! Green grass, green leaves, and the freshness of upturned earth—

Spring breezes murmuring through the pines—girls wandering about the campus at twilight—ukeleles, accompanied by voices in plaintive songs—plans for summer and next year. Serenades, basses and tenors mingling in with night wind and moonlight—

A bustling of activities in the attempt to get everything accomplished before commencement.

* * *

The most outstanding event of the month of March was the Glee Club performance on Friday evening, March the fifteenth. The program opened with "Alma Mater" and ended with a negro scene featuring "Ole Man River" from "The Show Boat." The most attractive part of the program was the "Moonlight and Roses" scene.

The efforts of Miss Temple and the club were rewarded by the approval with which the program was met.

* * *

The Philharmonic Club gave a program in the Rotunda Saturday afternoon, March the second.

* * *

The International Relationships Club met March the eighteenth. Reports were made by Louise Johnson and Mildred Larsen, who were delegates to the Southeastern I. R. C. Conference at Athens.

* * *

The Sock and Buskin Club held its regular program meeting Tuesday evening, March the nineteenth. Two plays were given by the Vocal Expression Class. The club announced the membership of the following girls: Elizabeth Chance, Quitman; Edna Durham, Sycamore; Margaret Sumner, Poulan; Eunice Seagraves, Tifton; and Myrtle McArthur, Cordele.

* * *

The Presidents' Club met Thursday evening, March the twentieth, with Miss Dorothy Lile.

* * *

The Faculty Literary Club held a meeting Thursday evening, March the twentieth, with Misses Locket and Youngblood. Miss Youngblood discussed "Disraeli" by Maurois. Miss Hopper discussed

THE PINE BRANCH

"Mamba's Daughters" by Heywood. Miss Gilmer discussed "The Axe" by Undset.

* * *

No mention was made, we see, of "Hat Day," February the nineteenth. The Freshmen had their last chance to find the hat. Although we had been hunting on the nineteenth of every month, it had been half heartedly done. This time we put our hearts and souls into it. The hat was found by Vivian Clements, Edmonia Beck, and Sara Louise Weldon. Now the Sophs must entertain.

* * *

Election of officers for next year! Controversies! Friendly arguments! Mary Alexander, of Nashville, was elected president of the Student Government Association. Ann Talbert, of Brinson, was elected president of the Y. W. C. A. Mildred Larsen, of Valdosta, was elected May Queen, and Cora Burghard, of Macon, Maid of Honor.

* * *

The Faculty Literary Club met with Dr. Powell Wednesday night, March the sixth. Miss Myers discussed "Microbe Hunters" by Paul de Kruif. Miss Youngblood discussed "John Brown's Body" by Benet. Miss Brinson discussed "Queen Cleopatra" by Mundy. Miss Gilmer discussed "Heart of Thoreau's Journal."

* * *

Dr. Gosnell, of Emory University, was on the campus Monday, March the twenty-fifth as the guest of the International Relations Club. He lectured on "Recent Efforts to Outlaw War," mentioning especially the Kellogg-Briand Treaty.

* * *

Wednesday, March the twenty-seventh was Field Day. The first feature of the day was the grand march by the entire school. This was followed by folk dances and the Freshman hoop drill which was one of the outstanding features of the afternoon. The second part of the program consisted of individual athletic events and relays.

The Phi Kappa Athletic Association was the winning association for the day. Miss Mary Louise Maxwell was the Field Day champion, winning the highest number of individual points. Miss Myrtle Vick and Miss Elsie Quarterman tied for second place.

The events of Field Day showed the fine sportsmanship and splendid physical training which the girls of G. S. W. C. enjoy under the direction of Miss Ivey and her assistant, Miss McRee.

* * *

Mothers are visiting daughters! High School Seniors are spending week-ends at their future Alma Mater! Above it all is a general spirit of happiness.—Thus G. S. W. C. in the spring.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA



Hazel O.: "What's the difference between Lot's wife and Dr. Powell?"

Margaret J.: "I'll bite. What?"

Hazel: "Well, dumb, Lot's wife looked back and turned into a pillar of salt; Dr. Powell looked back and turned into a telephone pole."

* * *

Max: "Where is the little town Blank? I saw on the schedule of the tournament in Quitman that it played six places in one day."

* * *

Mary Winn (at dinner table): "We have entirely too much starchy food."

Rose Morrison: "Oh, I'll bet that's the reason I'm so stiff."

* * *

Long Distance Shooting: Miss Ivey (sending an order to Sears, Roebuck Co.), "Please send toy pistol which will shoot No. 22 blank cartridges to the following address—"

* * *

Dot S.: "Avy, was your mother's name Pullman before she married?"

Avy Bradshaw: "No, why?"

Dot: "Well I saw a towel in your room with Pullman on it."

* * *

"I'm a stranger here," sang Cora Burghard as she stepped under the shower.

* * *

Vera Nelson: "Miss Carpenter, here's my picture of a horse and wagon."

Miss Carpenter: "I see your drawing of the horse, but I don't see the wagon."

Vera: "Oh the horse will draw the wagon."

THE PINE BRANCH

Miss Temple: "I'll play "Ace of Diamonds" and see if it doesn't sound like "Oxedases."

Blanche Husson: "It doesn't sound like ox dancing to me."

* * *

Keller: "Sawyer, how do you pronounce w-h-a-t?"

Kathryn S., (absently): "What?"

* * *

Miss McRee, (drilling Freshmen for Field Day): "Come over to the second line, Louise, I want to switch you."

* * *

Ruth Norman: "Don't you think Liz Cox has a rare complexion?"

Jessie Mae: "Yes, rarely seen outside of a bill-board."

* * *

"Hey, Mary, what time is it?"

"How'd you know my name was Mary?"

"Oh, I just guessed it."

"Well guess the time then."

* * *

Lucile Nix: "What did Bill give you for your birthday?"

Florris W.: "Some book ends."

Lucile: "It's a shame to tear up books like that."



From Fresh To Senior

After High School—College
WHERE?

THE CHOICE OF ONE'S COLLEGE IS A MOST IMPORTANT CHOICE. A COLLEGE MAY INSPIRE A LIFE OR DEADEN IT; MAY SET FREE NATIVE ABILITIES OR FOREVER CRAMP THEM.

The Georgia State Womans College
At Valdosta

IS ORGANIZED AND CONDUCTED FOR THE PURPOSE OF TRAINING FOR LEADERSHIP. ORIGINALITY IS PRIZED; INITIATIVE, ENCOURAGED; ACCOMPLISHMENT, REWARDED.

"IT IS THE RIGHT KIND OF A COLLEGE FOR THE RIGHT KIND OF A GIRL." "IT IS THE STATE'S FAIREST GIFT TO ITS DAUGHTERS."

REGISTER NOW.

VALDOSTA-CURRY COMPANY

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Wholesale Distributors

FLUFFY RUFFLES FLOUR—SELF-RISING
WHITE CREST FLOUR—PLAIN
BLUE LABEL CANNED VEGETABLES
GOLD BAR CANNED FRUITS
GELFANDS RELISH AND MAYONNAISE
DIAMOND CRYSTAL TABLE SALT

Eat At The

COLONIAL TEA ROOM

“Fried Chicken Our Specialty”

113 W. HILL AVENUE

WHEN HOMEWARD BOUND—RIDE OUR BUSES

Enjoy Your Trip—Travel in Comfort and Safety

Luxurious Equipment, Courteous Drivers, Lower Fares,
Frequent Schedules.

SPECIAL RATES FOR CHARTER TRIPS ANYWHERE

Georgia-Florida Motor Lines, Inc.

For Information, Phone 89

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

While Being a Guest
BE A GUEST
AT THE
VALDES HOTEL

COMPLIMENTS OF
THE DANIEL ASHLEY

RITZ THEATRE
Where Only the Best In Amusements
Are Shown—Presents
“RITZ - O - PHONE”

This Is Clean-up Month

Housekeepers Please Remember We Have the Only Up-to-Date
Rug Cleaning Outfit in The City.

STAR LAUNDRY & DRY CLEANERS

Phone 54

We Also Clean Household Linen, Blankets, Pillows, Feather-
Beds, and Curtains.

College Girls Always Welcome

SHOP AT

W. C. GRIFFIN & SONS

Valdosta's Popular Price Cash Store

HOTEL DANIEL ASHLEY

COFFEE SHOP

"Service With a Smile"

SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.

Hemstitching

AND

Picoting

WE APPRECIATE YOUR PATRONAGE

Phone 232

LINDBERGH RESTAURANT

Quality Above All

W. H. BRIGGS HARDWARE CO.

**Scissors and Shears, Cutlery and China
China Novelties**

PLEASING YOU KEEPS US IN BUSINESS

Have Your Clothing Gloverized

AT THE

BENSON COMPANY

PAUL BENSON, Manager

Dry Cleaners and Dyers

FEATURES

THE NEW FORD CAR

Beautiful Low Lines—Choice of Colors

SMOOTHNESS AT ALL SPEEDS

55 to 65 Miles An Hour—Economy of Operation

WEST MOTOR COMPANY, Inc.

THE VALDOSTA ABATTOIR

SERVES YOU AND PROTECTS YOU

Ask Your Dealer for Meats Prepared in

The Abattoir.

THEY ARE INSPECTED AND SAFE

W. L. JONES.

W. A. GODWIN GROCERY CO.

211 South Ashley

Telephone 423

DISTRIBUTORS OF

Rose of Dixie Self-rising Flour

LIGHT AS AIR

UNITED-MERCHANTS COMPANY

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Wholesale Distributors

WHITE RING AND OMEGA FLOUR

Quality Always the Same—The Standard for 89 Years

TURNER JONES SHOE COMPANY

Shoes and Service That Satisfy

RICKS STUDIO

**Extends a Cordial Welcome
TO G. S. W. C. STUDENTS**

CALIFORNIA FRUIT COMPANY

Headquarters for Fruits and
Fresh Vegetables

Phone 1010

We Deliver

VALDOSTA BEAUTY SALON

2nd Floor Whittington's

Telephone No. 1281

Shampooing	50c	Manicuring	75c
Finger Waving	50c	Marcelling	75c
Hair Cuts	35c		

NELLIE HARRIS—MABLE CHAMBERS
Beauticians

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

E—A—T

BAMBY BREAD

Valdosta's Own

THE STYLE SHOP

111 N. Patterson

Ladies' Apparel

Specializing in Sizes for The Junior Miss.
NOW SHOWING THE NEWEST STYLES IN SPRING
COATS, DRESSES AND ACCESSORIES
You Are Always Welcome

CONVERSE'S

NORRIS—RUSSELL McPHAIL

CANDIES

SANDWICHES

Service—Quality—Promptness

DANIEL ASHLEY PHARMACY

A GOOD PLACE TO TRADE

Phone 700

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Valdosta, Georgia

RESOURCES, \$3,300,000.00

The Citizens and Southern National Bank

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Resources Over \$75,000,000.00

NO ACCOUNT TOO LARGE

NONE TOO SMALL

PIGGLY WIGGLY SNOW COMPANY

Toilet Articles Our Specialty

"THE MOST OF THE BEST FOR THE LEAST"

WE THANK YOU

YELLOW CAB COMPANY

Operating Yellow Cabs

113 W. CENTRAL AVE.

Phone 1000

Valdosta, Georgia

Hollingsworth's—Nunnally's Almond Roca

CANDIES

Guerlain's

TOILET ARTICLES

AT

SERVICE DRUG COMPANY

THE HOMELIKE STORE FOR THE COLLEGE GIRLS

Gift Headquarters
THOMPSON & GIRARDIN
Jewelers

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

G. S. W. C. Girls Are Welcome

AT

YEARTY DRUG COMPANY
Motorcycle Delivery Phone 812

Compliments From
THE SHOE REBUILDERS
SUDDEN SERVICE

Phone 150 205 N. Ashley St.

W. M. OLIVER & COMPANY
The Largest Exclusive Ladies' Depart-
ment Store in South Georgia
Valdosta, Georgia

CARDS FOR EVERY OCCASION

- Tally
- Playing
- Engraved Calling
- Convalescent
- Sympathy
- Birthday
- Friendship
- Birth Announcement
- Easter
- Graduation
- Place
- Shower Invitation
- Sympathy Acknowledgment
- Pleasant Trip
- Gift Enclosure
- Fathers Day
- Mothers Day
- Congratulation

WE SUGGEST YOU PLACE YOUR ORDERS EARLY FOR ENGRAVED CARDS AND INVITATIONS THIS GRADUATION SEASON.

“WE APPRECIATE YOUR PATRONAGE

SOUTHERN STATIONERY AND PRINTING COMPANY

Wholesale Paper Dealers

Stationery, Office Furniture and Supplies

Printing That Satisfies

209 N. ASHLEY STREET

Phone 241

Valdosta, Georgia

Sport Dresses and Ensembles

\$15.00

THE NEWEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE SPORT
DRESSES AND ENSEMBLES, OF GEORGETTE, FLAT
CREPE.

CHOOSE YOUR DRESS FROM THIS SELECTION

FRIEDLANDER BROTHERS