

# THE PINE BRANCH



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# THE PINE BRANCH

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VOL. XVII.

OCTOBER, 1932

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1/8/34

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## INTRODUCING WILLIE PAUL

*Louise McMichael*

His grandmammy could see "ha'nts." He had a brother who could see them, too, but the brother died. Willie Paul says he can't see "ha'nts" himself, but, having them more or less in the family, he is quite familiar with their manners and customs.

He works for the Hagoods approximately six months out of the year. When his little body begins to get fat, and he has received enough clothes from various members of the Hagood family to last a month or two, he suddenly disappears. Sooner or later he comes back, looking thin and shabby, and peers around for odd jobs to do. He doesn't receive any wages, but his services have never been refused. They never will be, and he knows it.

The first time I visited the Hagoods, Willie Paul had just returned after an absence of several months. My first glimpse of him was late that afternoon as he was coming down the street whistling. He has a most unusual way of walking. He was barefooted. His feet are shaped very much like a frog's, with narrow heels and a general spreading out of the rest. They play on the pavement when he walks. He is eleven years old and not very large for his age. That afternoon he wore a pair of knickers which one of the golfing Hagoods had bestowed upon him, and which bloused almost to his ankles. He was very conscious of them. He was proudly aware of the fact, also, that we were going to have ice cream for supper and that he was going to churn it.

According to Willie Paul, he really works for "Mistah Bill Hagood," who provides him with cigarettes and discarded shirts. Bill went back to talk to him while he churned, and we soon heard them singing; but when we joined them the little negro shut up like a clam because of the presence of a stranger.

By the time supper was over, however, Willie Paul had become accustomed to me, and, lured by the offer of a cigarette, he came out on the veranda to entertain us. He lighted his cigarette and leaned up against one of the columns.

"Willie Paul, she doesn't believe in 'ha'nts'," Jerry said to him. "Why don't you tell her some of your grandmammy's stories?"

The porch was quite dark, and all that was visible of the little darkey was the blue of his shirt, the much larger blue of his golf knickers, and the glare from his cigarette.

"You don't really believe in them yourself, do you?" I encouraged.

"Yas'm, c'ose ah does. Some folks kin see 'em an' others cain't, an' jes' 'cause you cain't see 'em ain' no sign dat dey ain' dere.



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Evahbody don' know how ter han'le haints; an' fer de people what don' know, hit's jes' too bad. My gran'mammy done told me all about it."

"What do you do?" we asked.

"Wal, ef a haint—naw, you cain't eben tell a haint—ef anything come up an' talk ter you in a high voice kinder squeaky-like—"Willie Paul! Willie Paul!"—like dat, don' you say nothin' 'cept: 'What in de name of God have ah done dat you should hang aroun' me so?' an' he'll go away. An' ef you don't he'll slap you so dat de print of his han' 'll be on yo' face f'evah an' eturnily till you die. All five fingahs!" He carefully counted the fingers of his left hand with the forefinger of his right. "Heah's Dobbin, heah's de coach; dis yeah's de preacher; de moanohs; and de graveyard." He had no idea what or who "Dobbin" was.

After that all timidity vanished. He told us about how "Huggin' Molly" followed him home one night. (Huggin' Molly is a spirit who hugs people to death. It didn't get Willie Paul because he beat it running.) Then he told us about a man who slept in a haunted house and was led by one of the ha'nts to a hidden treasure of "gol", an silvah, an' di'mon's, an' all kind o' things like dat," but wouldn't take it because it was ha'nted.

It was Saturday night and Willie Paul soon became restless for the excitement which he knew was taking place down town. He dared not make an abrupt departure, however, because it meant the loss of at least fifteen cents, but his interest in the stories waned. They finally sent him away with two dimes jingling in the pockets of the new pants. He controlled his pace until the baggy knickers disappeared in the darkness, but we could hear the "flop-flops" of his peculiar walk increasing into a run as they grew fainter in the direction of the negro pool room.

\* \* \*

(We hear that there are more stories about Willie Paul to follow. We hope that this is true.)



VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

## ONE THING CALLS FOR ANOTHER

*Virginia Martin*

"Well, Jeannette, what do you want today?" is the question which is heard whenever our washerwoman appears in the room. For Jeannette is a born wheedler, and my family is so used to her begging that we don't wait for her introductory remarks.

But Jeannette knows too much about politeness and finesse to answer our rude questions immediately. No professional beggar would walk into a room and declare his needs without a complimentary preface—or so Jeannette believes. First she must say "Lawd, Mis' Jenny, you has the purtiest clothes. Dat's the deliciouses' dress I eber seen." . . . Then the greedy light comes into her eyes, and I prepare for the worst.

Jeannette makes a few more remarks of a flattering nature, and then settles down to business. "Speakin' of purty dresses jus' nat'chally puts me in mind of Bertha, (pronounced 'Buthur'). Dat po'chile jes' ain't had nuthin' to wear fer a coon's age. She sho' do need a new dress—thank ya, Mis' Jenny, she'll look substitious in dat dress—green is her color. Lawd, she'll hab all the young gen'muns crazy in de haid about her. But she ain't got a sign of a red hat to wear wid it."

The woman has never been satisfied. If I give her some vegetables, she must have a little meat to "season 'em down." If she obtains some "writin' paper," it is necessary that I write to her "ma'ied chile in Noo Jussey" for her. Shoes call for hose, beads for bracelets, and underwear for more underwear. I verily believe that if someone presented Jeannette with an old piece of furniture, her next request would be for a house and lot.

One of her favorite petitions is for medicine. She seems to regard our house as a dispensary. No one ever had as many ailments as Jeannette complains of. She has "a cravin'" for a bit of "asperrin" or some "Black Draft" to allay her "miseries," and then for a pinch of "bichlorate of sody" for her little boy's toothache.

Jeannette has an insatiable desire for "terbaccy" and snuff. I have evoked many laughs from the groceryman by including "Brown Mule" or "Tube Rose" in my lists of groceries.

In spite of our washerwoman's supplicatory abilities, she is the most popular "cullud woman" in our neighborhood. There is something fascinating in the span of her requests—which knows no limitations. I often think that there is nothing left for her to ask for, and the next day she makes known her desire for a pair of goloshes, or all the old newspapers in the house.

Jeannette is a strong believer in the Bible—especially the part about "ask and ye shall receive."



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AUTUMN

*Annie Sue Brandon*

I can hear the great trees sighing,  
As their leaves now brown and dying  
To the ground where they'll be lying  
Gently fall.

One by one the leaves are nearing  
Their life's end; but nothing fearing,  
They go quietly for they're hearing—  
Autumn's call.

POEM FOUND

*Buford Williford*

As I passed near the garden wall,  
Not going anywhere,  
I saw a figure stooped and grey—  
A poem sitting there.

And none had seemed to notice it  
It was so old and sear,  
A-pining off in silence,  
A-waiting through the year.

I spoke to it in passing  
And it followed me all day,  
And now you hear its melody  
Singing itself away!



VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

EXCERPTS FROM A FRESHMAN'S LETTER

"Green freshman! Dot, I know I'm the greenest rat that ever hit this campus, but really it's fun finding out how green and dumb I really am. I've had a swell time since I've been here, and mixing with all these new girls makes me feel like the poor girls who find themselves in New York with nothing to do but look.

"Everything was so strange at first, but will you believe me when I say I'm beginning to feel at home?

"Do let me tell you about some of the dumb bones I've pulled since I've been here.

"All the freshmen have to take what they call the library course, and I mean it's work, real work. We had to find out what the card catalog was, and what do you suppose I did? I didn't have the slightest idea what it was so I thought I'd find out over the week-end. Up to the library desk I went and asked if I could please check the card catalog out for the week-end. My dear, I simply wrecked the library, all on account of my ignorance. (Do you wonder now why we have to take the course?) As I turned to leave the desk some upper classman turned around very superior-like and asked me if I thought the card catalog resembled the Sears Roebuck catalog.

"Oh, Sunday was some day for me. We rode to church in a cab, and it was so nice. Upper classmen say that we will get over the 'cab fever' later on. Sunday night I had my first date here. Jim came. We have our dates in a place called the Rotunda. You should have seen the couples lined around in straight chairs and if you could have seen them parked up and down the steps! We all had a regular party. We had punch and cake, but someone said that the boys need not come back and expect punch every Sunday night. Gee, it was hot—so Jim and I thought we'd go for a ride, but my thoughts were soon changed by a dignified senior who said, 'my dear, do you realize that you are only a freshman?'

"When we go to town we have to sign out on a little yellow slip and put it in a file box. The very first time that I signed out I dropped my slip in the mail box, and again my green freshman ways showed me up.

"This college life is a great time and now my greatest ambition is to be an upper classman so I can gaze down on the green freshies."



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BEFORE AND AFTER

Virginia Martin

"He's in the jailhouse now," wailed the victrola record. The poor victrola had been wailing the same notes for two weeks—ever since I discovered that I was going to G. S. W. C. as a student. The record appealed to me, because I wanted to get the proper atmosphere, so I would not feel out of place when I came to Valdosta.

From infancy, I had heard wild tales about the treatment girls received at state schools. Some girls delight in telling the worst part of school life—and if there is no "worst part," in inventing lurid tales of the trials they underwent at school. Therefore, I was all prepared to come to be a regular inmate of a rather superior kind of jail.

My first surprise was the discovery that the students no longer had to wear uniforms. That was indeed a pleasant surprise, for I had always had a vague picture of girls dashing about in drab-looking uniforms, which lacked only a few stripes to make them fit in with my complete idea of the school. I found out later that the uniforms had been by no means as distasteful as I had pictured them—but was still glad that each girl could now be dressed as a separate individual.

Surprise number two came with my first vision of G. S. W. C. The car rolled up in front of Ashley Hall, and I remarked, "What a pretty building! When are we going to the college?" The idea that I was even then at the entrance to the college never entered my head. Why, these buildings were lovely and white, and I didn't see any bars at a single window. When I discovered where I was, I looked around at all the lovely grass and shrubbery. But I knew there was a catch in it somewhere. I'd read of jailers working out their terms—probably the students would have to mow the lawns, and plant the shrubbery.

With many misgivings, I entered the college. Immediately a pretty girl came up to me and offered to take my bag, and show me to my room. I resigned myself to fate, and followed her. I had visions of a cell with the bunks one on top the other. Imagine my delight when I entered a homey-looking room with real beds—and many other articles of furniture. I was already imagining the room with curtains and pictures, and beginning to realize that solitary confinement would not be bad at all.

I could go on forever relating my delightful surprises—congenial roommates, good meals, big sisters, date privileges, and going-to-town privileges. And more than anything else, I was pleased with the spirit of helpfulness and friendliness which was exhibited by the old girls to the new. I don't happen to have a victrola here, but if I did, I am sure the record "Happy Days are Here Again," would be worn out.



VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

## CATALOGUE REQUESTED

*Marjorie Sessions*

"No! Not for my daughter! Oh, of course, it's a nice school but — er — that is — you know — hasn't quite as much prestige as some of the older schools.

"Now, I do hope you won't be offended dear Miss G. S. W. C.," purred Mrs. Uninformed, "but I've always wanted the very best for my children, you understand I'm sure. Inexperienced must get a well rounded education and —"

"And I know just exactly where she can get it," interrupted Miss G. S. W. C., "our school offers —"

"When Inexperienced finishes," continued Mrs. Uninformed, as if she had not been interrupted, "I want her to be a cultured, self-supporting young lady. That is so essential now and, you know, Mr. Uninformed and I won't be here always —" with this her voice trailed off in a sob.

Quick to catch the break, Miss G. S. W. C., began —

"Why that's exactly what my parents say — and do you know that I am the second girl in our family to attend G. S. W. C.? Little Sister is going there, too, when she grows up.

"At our school we learn a lot about books, of course,—English, history and biology—but more than that, we learn things that can't be found in books, such as, what is and isn't done and what's expected, and, all that on \$22.50 a month!"

"Why, my dear!" began Mrs. Uninformed, after recuperating from her saddening thoughts, "I expect to have to pay for my daughter's education, one doesn't get something for nothing these days —

"Good afternoon—but oh, Miss G. S. W. C., you might send me a catalogue."

## SHE THREW SOME WATER OUT THE DOOR

*Buford Williford*

She threw some water out the door,  
In disdain of her work,  
And there sprang up the scrawny weeds  
In which fierce briars lurk.

She threw some water out the door—  
This time with loving care,  
And lo! next morning when she rose  
A flower blossomed there.

*Nine*



## A BUS DRIVER CONTEMPLATES

By Marjorie Sessions

"Tickets, please!"

That comes just as mechanical with me as sleeping and eating.

"Bus for Cochran, Perry, Hawkinsville, Jesup, Brunswick—all aboard—Bus leaves in five minutes." I could say it in my sleep a hundred years from now.

Rather a crowd on today. Well—at least, I won't be lonely and maybe I can stay awake. I need something. Loss of sleep tells on a fellow. Don't think I'll try another excursion soon—not worth it!

Wish that girl would quit popping that chewing gum in my ear. Lord, is she a flirt? If she gets fresh with me—I'll tell her I'm married.

Oh, ho! so she is just waiting for that young Jew over there to ask her name? Well—if he'll just wait long enough, he won't have to.

Why doesn't she quit playing with that infernal rag doll? Her sailor boy! Huh? He might sail out the window in a minute, too.

So she works at the State Sanitorium at Milledgeville, and all the young doctors are so dumb that they just do not know what it is all about. She must be the head nurse—to hear her tell it. I'd rather bet she is an escaped inmate.

By-the-way, she's going down to Brunswick to see a girl friend who is sailing for school. She'll be so lonesome on her return trip—so do please meet the bus as she goes through your hometown Sunday. Cheer up! Something to look forward to!

Do I believe in love at first sight? She need not be worried about that! Do I prefer blondes or brunettes? What's that to her? Someone is occupying the compartment that she wants. Well—what can I do about it?

Oh, she doesn't like the bus driver and hopes there'll be another on duty Sunday. Well—young lady, that's mutual!

How far is it to Brunswick, anyway?







# DITORIALS

The Pine Branch staff wishes to encourage every girl in school who has any writing ability whatsoever to make frequent contributions to the *Pine Branch*. A number of students have the mistaken idea that this magazine consists only of material contributed by the staff,

and a select group. This is true only when other material is unavailable. We appreciate the excellent material received from these particular girls, but we want the *Pine Branch* to be a magazine representative of the entire student body; therefore we are enthusiastic over material obtained from any student.

Last year the *Pine Branch* offered prizes for the most outstanding work done in connection with the magazine. This plan proved to be so successful that we have decided to give the same prizes this year.

These prizes are for the best poem published during the year, the best essay, the best short story, the most published contributions, and the staff member doing the most outstanding work. The prizes are ten dollars each.

There are three rules governing the presentation of these prizes. First, no person can receive more than one prize. Second, awards are based on contributions in the eight issues of the magazine, the material of the last issue being judged before going to press, so that the announcements may be made in that number.

If you have never done much writing before, don't be discouraged. Who knows but that you have some hidden talent? Get out your pencils and paper and write for the *Pine Branch*—a magazine of the students, for the students, and most of all, by the students.

\* \* \*

We have endeavored to cover every field of activity. In this connection we make one reservation—Should any student submit an outstanding piece of work which does not fall under any of the groupings, for instance, a play, and should there be no contribution in any one group that approaches standard, we reserve the right to transfer the prize of that group to the individual work. It is understood, however, that this transfer is to be effected only in case that the standard entries fall short.



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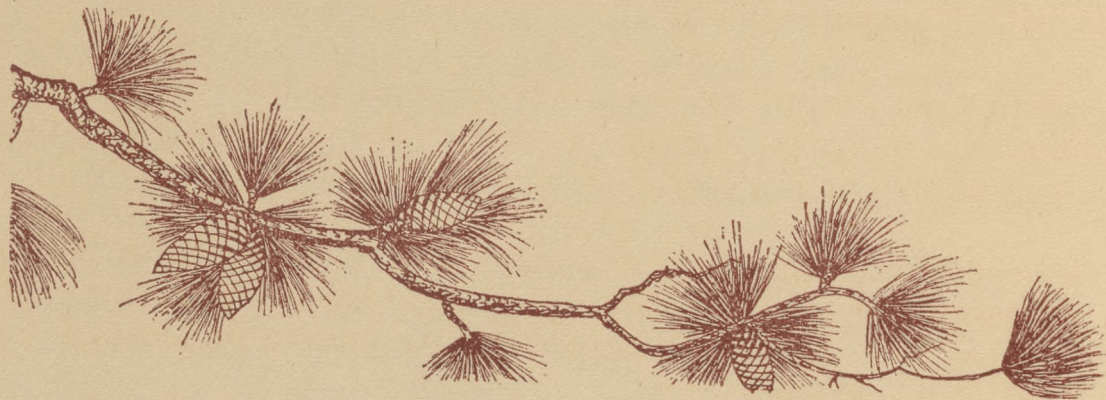
There are three hundred and fifty-nine students enrolled at G. S. W. C. this year. This is more than a twenty-five per cent increase over last year's registration. When we consider the fact that the majority of schools are complaining of a smaller enrollment than usual, we are led to ask: "Why this increase? Why have so many girls chosen to come to G. S. W. C. this year?"

The most natural answer is that our school is less expensive than others. This statement is very true. Due to the fact that the tuition is paid by the State, we receive advantages free of charge which would be expensive elsewhere. But it is not to be inferred that inexpensiveness is G. S. W. C.'s only drawing card.

There are certain requirements for entrance to the college which eliminate any girls who have done inferior work in High School. Therefore, we may be certain that our college is made up of girls of the highest types. We feel sure that this fact has been the prime consideration in the selection of G. S. W. C. as an Alma Mater.

Our alumnae are the advertisements of our college. The girls who go out from G. S. W. C. as teachers, or in any other walk of life, are closely observed by the parents of prospective students. Surely the fact that we have an increased enrollment is proof that our alumnae have made effective impressions on the public.

Perhaps bragging is not in good order, but we would like to say that we are proud of our alumnae, proud of the girls who have returned to us for further work, and proud of the new girls who have shown their preference for this college.







# CRITICAL TIPS

Kathryne Connell

Falling leaf and fading tree time always bring a host of new things in the fine arts and literature. But let us recall a book that caught the fancy of the world this past spring and summer, *The Good Earth*, by Pearl S. Buck. No doubt, it was the most discussed book of the year. It will be interesting to read Mrs. Buck's new novel, *Sons*, to see if it quite reaches the high standard set by her former one. Mrs. Buck was a graduate of Randolph-Macon college. In respectful tribute to her the students dedicated their annual of this past year. The annual is illustrated with Chinese pictures, and appropriate quotations from *The Good Earth*. Mrs. Buck in a very charming letter to the student body sums up her beautiful philosophy of life, the essence of which is, "Life is good, live it."

\* \* \*

Eva Le Gallienne, the able manager of the Theatre Guild, is going to produce *Alice In Wonderland* this winter. Miss Le Gallienne has been to Europe on a vacation, and the world of the theatre welcomes her return. Certainly, Miss Le Gallienne is the outstanding figure among American stage producers. Alice will never cease to charm the imagination of the people who remember their own childhood. How thrilling it would be to meet the Mad Hatter and The Walrus on the stage! And to see Alice as she travels through the mad enchantment of Wonderland, to receive advice of a caterpillar, and talk with Humpty-Dumpty.

\* \* \*

Lillian Gish, whom we wept over in silent films, has deserted the celluloid sheet for the legitimate stage. She is playing the fragile Marguerite in *The Lady of the Camellias*.

\* \* \*

But the films have gained the grand lady of the stage for the lead in *Rasputin*. I refer to none other than Ethel Barrymore. This remarkable production is also graced by the austere presence of John and Lionel Barrymore.

\* \* \*

Paul Muni, who scared us all out of our wits in *Scarface* has returned to New York to play in *Counsellor-at-Law* by Elmer Rice.

Thirteen



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While I am speaking of movies and actors, let me say a word about the Brothers Marx who will have by the time you read this made you die laughing by their outlandish antics in *Horsefeathers*. There is a picture of Harpo, who has succeeded Clark Gable in feminine affections, playing croquet in this month's "Theatre Magazine."

\* \* \*

Lawrence Tibbett, Lily Pons, Grace Moore and Richard Crooks are going to give concerts in the Artists Series in Atlanta this season. So near and yet so far away!

\* \* \*

In return for the Statue of Liberty America has given France a gift equally as lovely; it is called France Defiant. A photograph of it may be seen in the September 22 issue of the *New York Times*. Look it up. One might indeed say that it is a beau geste.

\* \* \*

You may have read A. A. Milnes' *Dover Road*, *The Truth About Blairds* and *If I May*, but I'm willing to wager you haven't read his *Winnie the Pooh*. If you could know how delightful it is you would forego almost anything to possess a copy of it. You would learn to love Pooh-Bear and Eyore and Christopher Robin as you now love Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn.

\* \* \*

I can't resist passing on to you a very apt description of what the well-dressed young lady will resemble this season—"a nun going to chapel." And truly one shall, what with abbess necklines and decorous little capes.

\* \* \*

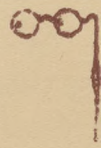
Some one has said that now since the war is over there is nothing so violent to depict, but Ernest Hemingway comes through with a new type of novel about violent death, a novel concerning bull-fights and toreadors, *Death in the Afternoon*.

\* \* \*

Keep a steady look-out for reviews and comments on the novel which is predicted to make history in literature, *The Fountain*, by Charles Morgan. And so to press with one last comment—"the world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."



# LOCALS



*Marjorie Sessions*

New faces! Hundreds of them, it seemed, during the opening week of school. Oh what a scene of great activity was our campus beginning September the fifteenth.

Approximately one hundred and sixty new girls, freshmen and upper classmen, ready to file down the registration line and really become a part of our G. S. W. C.

Now, the life of the college has settled down, strange faces are growing fewer and fewer, and our regular campus activities have swung back to the old routine.

\* \* \*

The faculty of the Georgia State Womans College entertained the student body at a reception Saturday evening, September 24th. The faculty reception has always been one of the most important and most beautiful of all the social features taking place at the College. A program was given by members of the faculty and later in the evening, dancing was enjoyed by the entire group.

\* \* \*

The first meeting of the Student Government Association of the year '32-33 was held in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall Friday evening, September 15th. Dr. Powell, speaker of the evening, was introduced by Miss Virginia Clarke, president of the association. Dr. Powell chose as his subject the origin of the Student Government Association.

The Junior class elected the following officers for the year '32-33: Misses GeDelle Brabham, of Moultrie, president; Margaret Bischoff of Savannah, secretary; Kathleen Glisson of Bainbridge, treasurer; and Margaret Williams of Cordele, council representative.

The Valdosta Club entertained the new members in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall Friday afternoon, October 14. The officers of this club are: Misses Virginia Hutchinson, president; Mary Alice Mosely, vice-president, and Elizabeth Larisey, treasurer.

\* \* \*

Jonathan Swift might well have borrowed some pointers for his *Gulliver's Travels* from the talk which Dr. Gulliver gave at the



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second meeting of the Student Government Association, held in the Rotunda Friday evening, October 7th. The theme of his talk was the Olympics, and he very interestingly brought out the different phases of the Olympics as he knew them from his travels and reading.

\* \* \*

Quite a number of G. S. W. C. girls spent the week-end of October 8th, off the campus. Misses Virginia Clarke, Tampa, Fla.; Anna Lois Gardner, Camilla; Winona Parrish and Betsy Powell were guests of Dr. Brittain of Tech, at the Tech-Kentucky football game in Atlanta, Saturday, October 8th. A small group consisting of Misses Frances Arrington, Ellaville, Mary Bance Joiner, Sylvester, and Mildred Minchew, Baxley, visited friends at Wesleyan College, Macon.

\* \* \*

About twenty-five of the college girls spent Sunday, October 9th in Savannah—among those in the group were: Misses Virginia Hutchinson, Valdosta; Virginia Martin, Arlington; Margaret Bischoff, Savannah; Kathleen Glisson, Bainbridge; Elizabeth Pardee, Thomasville; Emily Burney, Boston; Gedelle Brabham, Moultrie; Harriet Shepherd, Savannah; Margaret Kennedy, Dawson; Margaret Williams, Cordele; Adelaide Spencer, Savannah; Reba Harrison, Boston; Mildred Morris, Brinson; Bessie McRae, Savannah; Marjorie Sessions, McRae; Doris Zittrouer, Savannah; Sue Pendleton, Grace Holcombe and Martha Jackson, Valdosta.

\* \* \*

An informal tea was held in the Rotunda Sunday afternoon, October 9th. The musical program was: The Holy Hour, Nevil, Joy Miller, Albany; Nocturne, Chopin, Mildred Folkes, Montezuma; My Heart Is a Lute, Margaret Lindsey, Blakely, accompanied by Carolyn Bullard, Nashville, and Rigadon, MacDowell, Margaret Zipplies, Savannah.





# CLUBS



Margaret Bischoff

The opening meeting of the International Relations Club was held at the fireplace on Wednesday, October 12th. A delightful picnic supper was enjoyed, after which the meeting was called to order by the president, Miss Mildred

Morris, who welcomed the new members. The new members were given their bids. The program was as follows:

The Purpose of the International Relations Club, by Miss Bessie McRae, of Savannah; The Work of the International Relations Club, by Miss Doris Zittrouer, of Savannah; and Current Events, by Miss Kathleen Glisson, of Bainbridge.

\* \* \*

The purpose of the first meeting of the Natural History Club held at Chapel on Friday, October 7, was to elect the officers for 1932-33. Miss Nancy Rowland, of Wrightsville, was elected president; Miss Ruby Nell Wall, of Ellaville, vice-president; Miss Harriet Sheppard, of Savannah, secretary; and Miss Vera Parker, of Waycross, treasurer. The plans for the year were discussed. This year the club will be open to any one interested in natural history, there being a special group for science majors and minors.

\* \* \*

The Sock and Buskin Club held a business meeting on Tuesday, October 4th. Miss Myrtice Johnson, of Vidalia, was elected secretary-treasurer. Plans for the tryouts were discussed.

\* \* \*

Tryouts for the Philharmonic Club were held on September 30th, and ten new members were elected. The first regular monthly meeting was held in the Rotunda on the evening of October 10th. A very interesting program was given by the old girls.

The program consisted of *Nocturne*, Grieg, and *A Chinese Quarrel*, Niewann, Miss Mildred Fokes, Montezuma; Current Event, *Mary Ellen Croft*, Savannah; *Shepherds Hey*, Granger, Carolyn Bullard; Current Event, *Buford Williford*, Moultrie; *Autumn*, MacDowell, Margaret Williams, Douglas; *Romance*, Sibelius, Anna Lois Gardner, Camilla; and *Until*, Sanderson, Mildred McDonald, Colquitt.



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Miss Virginia Bickley, of Ocilla, was elected secretary-treasurer of the Euclidian Club at its meeting called for that purpose on Tuesday, September 27th. \* \* \*

The first meeting of the Fine Arts Club was held at the House-in-the-Woods on October 14th. The meeting was a social one in honor of the new members who received their bids then. \* \* \*

Those receiving bids to the Fine Arts Club are: Misses Frances Arrington, Ellaville; Mary Bischoff, Savannah; Bessie Autrey, Valdosta; Margaret Williams, Cordele; Mary Askew, Arlington; Grace Temple, Lake View, S. C.; Leona Miller, Boston; Joyce Tipton, Sylvester; Frances Garbutt, Valdosta; Annie Sue Brandon, Norman Park, and Sarah Webster, Quitman. \* \* \*

A short business meeting of the English Club was held at Chapel period on Saturday, October 8th. Miss Anna Frances Ham, of Valdosta, was elected vice-president, and Miss Mary Alice Mosely, of Valdosta, was chosen as secretary. Plans were discussed for the next meeting which is to be a spaghetti supper at the home of Mrs. Oliver. \* \* \*

The new members of the English Club are: Misses Margaret Baker, Valdosta; Edmonia Beck, Valdosta; Emily Burney, Boston; Anna Frances Ham, Valdosta; Myrtice Johnson, Vidalia; Grace Holcombe, Valdosta; Louise McMichael, Quitman; Virginia Martin, Arlington; Mary Alice Mosely, Kinderlou; Elizabeth Pardee, Thomasville; Mary Virginia Paulk, Valdosta; Emeliza Swain, Rome; Annie Leila Wells, Valdosta; Buford Williford, Moultrie, and Mrs. W. H. Oliver, Valdosta; Mrs. Glen Johnson, Quitman, and Mrs. Joe Wisenbaker, Valdosta. \* \* \*

From the large number of tryouts for the Glee Club, thirty members were selected. The Glee Club quartet sang on Tuesday, October 4th, at the meeting of the U. D. C. held at the Womans Building. The new members were entertained with a weiner roast at the fireplace on the evening of October 8th. \* \* \*

New members of the Glee Club are: Misses Peggy Bowen, Bainbridge; Rebecca Fryer, Blakely; Elizabeth Kelly, Savannah; Evelyn May, Quitman; Eleanor Miller, Albany; Eloise Odom, Ashburn; Lyall Temple, Lake View, South Carolina; Louise Ambrose, Savannah; Mary Bonce Joiner, Sylvester; Elise Adams, Vidalia; Lucy Hammond, Griffin; Elizabeth Fitzgerald, Camilla; Louise Odom, Ashburn; Dorothy Ogletree, Savannah; Sarah Bingham, Valdosta; Adelaide Spencer, Savannah; Mildred Vail, Valdosta.



# Y. W. C. A.



Judy Cochran

All of the new girls this year were met with a big smile and "Can I help? I'm an old girl." A Y. W. C. A. cabinet member was always around to carry bags or lend a handkerchief. The cabinet members were kept busy welcoming the Freshmen and helping them on registration day, not only by showing them around, but by serving cold punch.

\* \* \*

The Y. W. C. A. cabinet started something new this year that we hope can always be kept up. From Monday, September 12, to Wednesday, September 14, the cabinet went on a retreat out at Twin Lakes. Most all of the cabinet members were present, and Miss Edith Patterson acted as chaperon and adviser. The cabinet planned its budget for the year 1932-33, and took for its project the fixing up of the Club House and the Country Store. The cabinet chose "Creative Living" for its theme this year, and "Living for Jesus" for its song.

\* \* \*

To keep the Freshmen from being very homesick the first Sunday, the Y. W. C. A. gave a short musical program. Carolyn Bullard played "Venetian Love Song" by Nevin. Marie Gaskins read "Just Cause," and Margaret Zipplies played "Libestrum" by Listz. After the short program punch and crackers were served.

Everyone was given an opportunity to meet the Y. W. C. A. cabinet at the first Sunday evening Vesper service. The president, Miss Emily Jennings, of Dawson, introduced herself and greeted the new-comers. Each member of the cabinet then introduced herself and added a word of welcome.

\* \* \*

The Big Sister-Little Sister party, on Saturday night, September 18, sponsored by the Y. W. C. A., was the first social event of the year. The student group assembled in the Rotunda at 8 o'clock, and then went in the dining room for games. A group of girls gave a play, "The Kingdom of Nonsense," after which the student



## THE PINE BRANCH

body was divided into groups, each group presenting a skit. After the skits, dancing was enjoyed until a late hour.

\* \* \*

The Recognition service of September 25th, was one of the most impressive services on the campus. In this service the new girls were recognized as members of the Y. W. C. A. Miss Emily Jennings, of Dawson, president of the Y. W. C. A., welcomed the new girls to the association. The old and the new girls lit their candles while the choir softly sang "Living for Jesus." The recessional to the campus was led by the president and the vice-president, followed by the faculty and student body. Miss Louise Driskell, of Surrency, responded for the new girls.

\* \* \*

The usual morning watch, vesper, and Sunday night programs have been very interesting this year. Some of the speakers that we have had at vesper are: Miss Hopper, Mr. Wood, and Miss Patterson. These programs have promise of being very interesting throughout the year.

\* \* \*

One of the most beautiful vesper services of the year was the Fire Lighting ceremony, Thursday evening, October 13th. In the fall of every year, the first fire—that of Good Fellowship, is laid in the open fireplaces in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall and the presidents of all organizations bring fagots and good wishes so that the fire may burn cheerfully.







# SOCIETIES

## SORORIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

*Adelaide Spencer*

The lecture room in West Hall was full to overflowing on the night of October 6th. It was Wednesday night, and the Sororian Literary Society was about to come to order. This was the first meeting of the year, and new things

were in store for the Sororians.

Miss Bessie McRae, of Savannah, president of the society, announced that this year the society will be organized into two forums, a debating forum, and a modern poetry forum. The best debaters and poetry readers will vie with each other, and it is hoped that a representative may be selected from each forum and sent to Berea, Kentucky, to enter the Southern Speech Association contests there.

Of interest to all was the announcement that there will be a book reading contest in which all entering will read selected books and be able to give an informal discussion of each book read.

A committee composed of Misses Margaret Easterling, of Thomsville; Ge Delle Brabham, of Moultrie, and Mildred McDonald, of Colquitt, Miss Brabham acting as chairman, was appointed to nominate a secretary for the society.

The meeting was very interestingly brought to a close by a short review of "Of Thee I Sing," that amusing and satirical musical comedy by Kaufman, Ryskind, and Gershwin. This review was given by Miss Margaret Bischoff, of Savannah. She told us just enough about the play to make us all want to read or see it as soon as possible. Of equal interest was the review of Pearl Buck's "The Good Earth." This review was given by Miss Virginia Hutchinson, of Valdosta.

## ARGONIAN SOCIETY

*Henry K. Gardner*

I am guessing that when one looks back upon college life some of the most cherished memories possessed will be those that have come through extra-curricula activities. If you attended the first 1932 fall meeting of the Argonian Literary Society on October 5th, you can add another memory to your collection.

In this meeting Miss Frances Arrington, of Ellaville, Georgia,



## THE PINE BRANCH

president of the society, assured the members that the program for the year would consist of three plays, debates, and surprises.

Not only did she arouse enthusiasm by this announcement but by saying both societies—the Sororian and the Argonian—would offer several prizes this year. In each society there will be given:

\$5.00 for the two best debaters.

\$5.00 first prize, best reader of modern poetry.

\$2.50 second prize, best reader of modern poetry.

\$5.00 first prize, reading outstanding books.

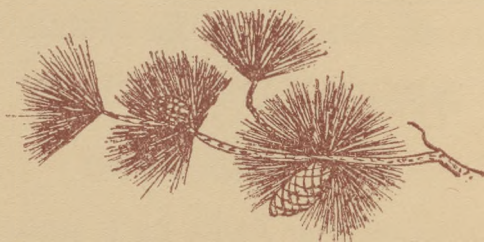
\$2.50 second prize, reading outstanding books.

The evening program consisted of comments on Pulitzer prize winners for the year 1931. Miss Marie Gaskins, of Nashville, Georgia, reviewed Pearl Buck's novel, "The Good Earth," which is commented on in "Critical Tips."

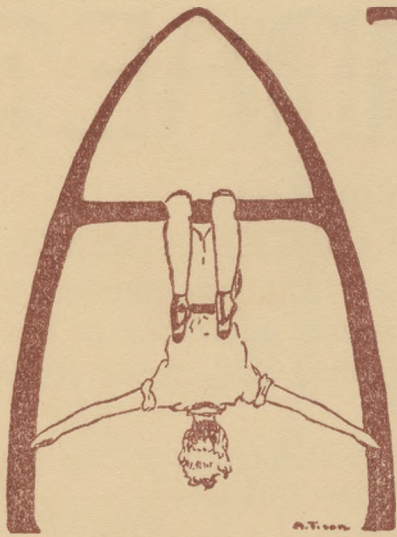
In a clever manner Miss Louise Durham, of Dawson, Georgia, told about the Kaufman, Ryskind, and Gershwin "Of Thee I Sing", which has the record of being the first musical comedy to win the Pulitzer prize.

Miss Lavinia Buckner, of Waycross, Georgia, read some of George Dillon's poems taken from his book "The Flowering Stone."

Then to send us back to a study hour in a joyful mood Miss Vonice Ritch, of Jesup, Georgia, read a poem called "The Creation of Woman" in which man says, "I can neither live with her nor without her. What must I do?" Now that's a problem. Probably one for somebody in Mr. Stokes' class in genetics.







# ATHLETICS

*Ruby Nell Wall*

*Frances DuPriest*

The two athletic associations started the year off with a "bang" on October 5th, when they sponsored a three-ring party. As each girl entered the door she was given a ticket telling her where

to go throughout the evening.

Dancing was the feature of entertainment in the gym.

"Wanted—A Private Secretary," a delightful comedy in pantomime was presented in the play production room. An audience loves an all star cast and this was one, being made up of Misses Nancy Rowland, Wrightsville; Anna Frances Ham, Valdosta; Marie Gaskins, Nashville; Emily Burney, Boston; Julia Manning, Bainbridge; Virginia Bickly, Ocilla; Myrtice Johnson, Vidalia; Edmonia Beck, Valdosta; Mary Lou Connell, Valdosta; Louise Durham, Dawson; and Willene Roberts, Valdosta.

The dining room group held a track race directed by Miss Emeliza Swain. The group as a whole was broken into four teams. Several contests were held, and points were given to the winning teams. The team which won the highest number of points received a loving cup—a tin cup highly decorated with ribbons.

At ten o'clock everyone reassembled in the dining hall, where they were served refreshments. Then the climax of the party was reached—amid a great deal of enthusiasm, Miss Leonora Ivey, head of the Physical Education department, and the presidents of the associations, Misses Helen Bischoff, Lambda; and Louise McMichael, Kappa, gave out bids to the new girls, inviting them to join one or the other of the associations. The party ended with the grand march, and the new girls felt that they were members of two active athletic associations.

American Ball and Fist Ball have had a very successful beginning. Both associations have good material for teams, and best of all—plenty of "pep, wim, and vigor."





# LUMNÆ

*Nell Bracy*

## WEDDINGS OF THE SUMMER

Upon returning from our summer vacation we are always interested in hearing about our fellow class-mates of by-gone days.

Those of us on the campus are constantly hearing the following remarks: "Did you know — is married?"

"What has become of —?"

"Did — return to Florida to teach this year?"

A number of these remarks do seem to be concerning brides of the summer. In spite of the fact that our school is chiefly concerned with the training of teachers, we'll have to admit that we seem to have also trained a number of housewives.

I am sure this statement will be more affirmed after reading the following announcements.

First of all it may be interesting to note two of our most distant romantic marriages—that of Miss Elizabeth Chance to Mr. Minor Van Arsdale. Elizabeth joined her fiance in New York and they were married at the Hotel New Yorker. Another of our romances was Miss Virginia Hightower's marriage to Mr. Charles Richard Sanders. Dick wired Virginia to come to Chicago where he is studying at the University. Several days after Virginia's arrival she and Dick were married, and are now making their home in Chicago, where Dick is continuing with his studies and also teaching.

Among other weddings of interest are:

Miss Madge Ingram to Mr. J. Norwood Clark.

Miss Matilee Doss to Mr. Eugene R. McGowan.

Miss Anne Smith to Mr. Henry Hoover, of Charlotte, N. C.

Miss Sara Wadley to Mr. William Sweat, of Savannah.

Miss Corine Studstill, who has been doing critic teaching for some time in Ohio, married Mr. Claude Knight, of Commerce, Texas.

Miss Ermine Felder married Mr. Raymon Griffin, and they are living in Valdosta.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Stewart to Mr. L. E. Hatcher, of Screven, Georgia. Mary has been teaching in Screven, where her husband is also a member of the faculty.

Miss Lucille Nix and Mr. Stephen Ross Adams. Lucille's husband is director of athletics in Jesup High School.





# JOKEs



*Emily Fluker*

Miss Price: "It took Columbus many weeks to cross the ocean in a ship."

Freshman: "Wonder why he didn't use an airplane?"

\* \* \*

Elizabeth Kelley: "Professor, I owe all I know to you."

Professor: "Oh, don't make such a

fuss about a trifle."

\* \* \*

"Boy, call me a taxi."

"All right, you're a taxi."

\* \* \*

Little Bit: "How do you find yourself these cold mornings?"

Laura Ann: "Oh, I just throw back the covers and there I am."

\* \* \*

'36: "I'm stuck on this question."

Prof.: "Glad you like it."

\* \* \*

"I just swallowed a great big worm."

"Hadn't you better take something for it?"

"Gosh no, I'll let the darned thing starve."

\* \* \*

And then there's the man who had insomnia because one of the sheep got stuck in the fence.

\* \* \*

"Goodness, George! This is not our baby! This is the wrong carriage."

"Shut up! This is a better carriage."

\* \* \*

Aviator: "Wanna fly?"

She: "Oh! yes, please."

Aviator: "Then I'll catch you one."

\* \* \*

Visitor at G. S. W. C.: "What's the age limit for Freshmen?"

Soph: "Say, they're the limit at any age."

\* \* \*

Optimism: "I'd rather have halitosis than no breath at all."



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