

THE
PINE BRANCH



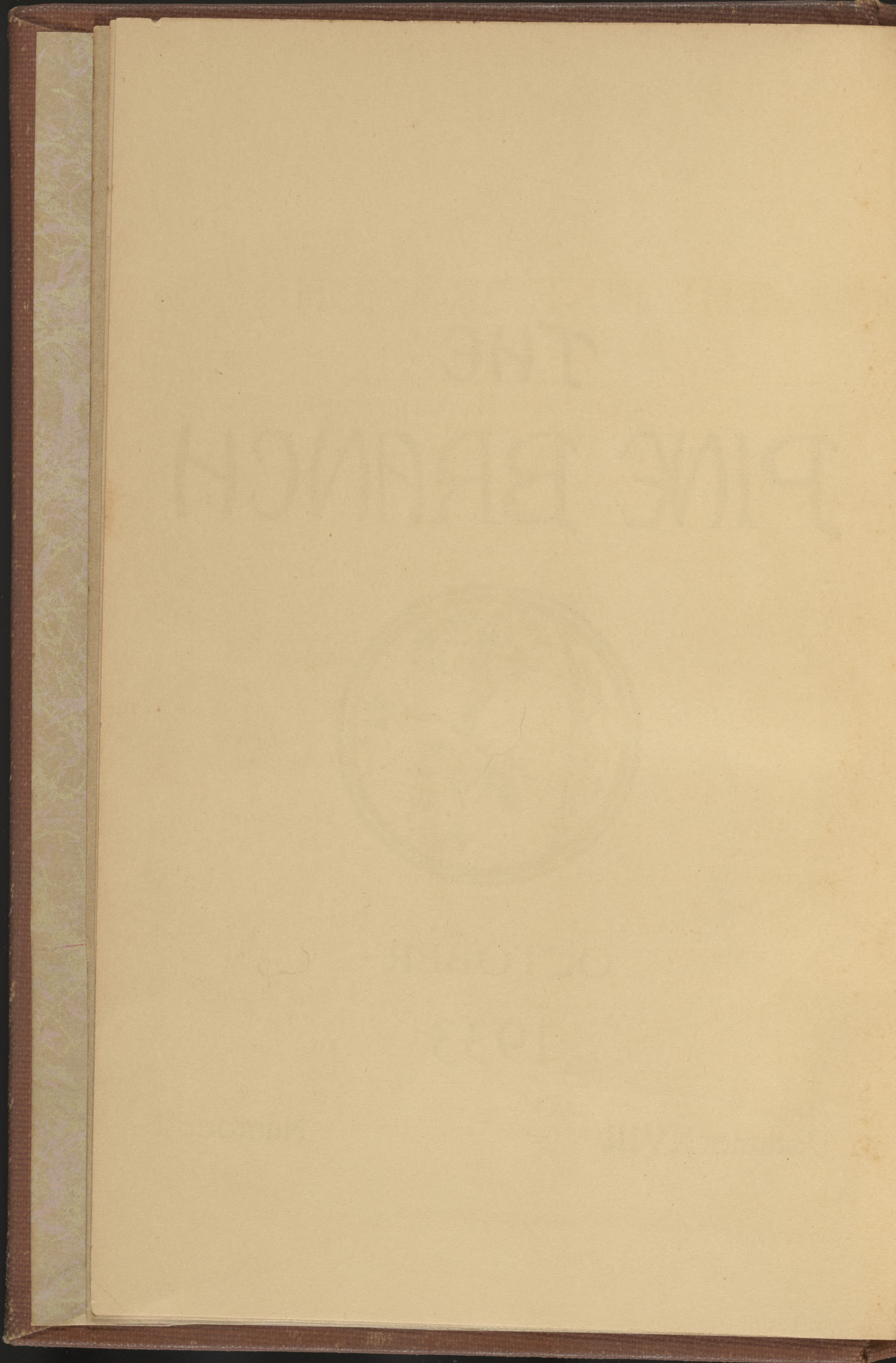
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THE PINE BRANCH

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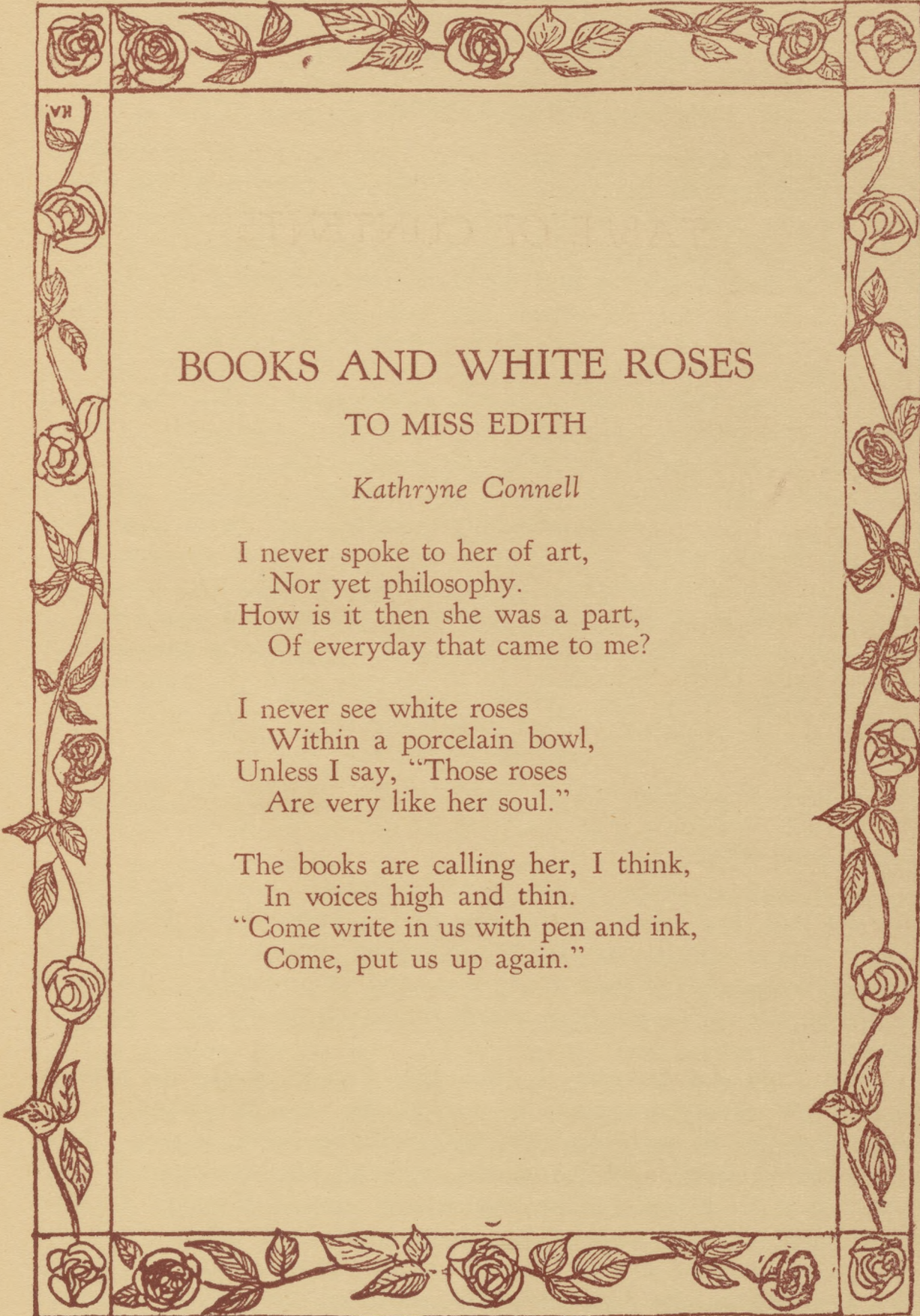
NO. 1

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VH

BOOKS AND WHITE ROSES

TO MISS EDITH

Kathryne Connell

I never spoke to her of art,
Nor yet philosophy.
How is it then she was a part,
Of everyday that came to me?

I never see white roses
Within a porcelain bowl,
Unless I say, "Those roses
Are very like her soul."

The books are calling her, I think,
In voices high and thin.
"Come write in us with pen and ink,
Come, put us up again."

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"OVER THE WAVES"

Margaret Bischoff

Miss Carrie always wore navy blue, "because it is so serviceable," as she explained to her friends. When she went shopping in the morning she wore trim white picnic collars and cuffs, immaculately starched, and in the afternoons when she was expecting callers and wanted to look charming and feminine she exchanged the starched ones for dainty lace, or collars and cuffs of the finest Irish linen with tiny frilled edges. Once Miss Carrie dared to effect a dashing red scarf and belt with her blue silk, but as it happened, no one came, not even one of the inevitable book agents. Miss Carrie was secretly glad as she was always afraid of being considered bold.

"A born old maid, just like her great Aunt Carrie. What a comfort little Carrie will be to her mother and father in their old age." How many times had Carrie heard those words? And how often had she wished great Aunt Carrie had been called Caroline, and had been just a little more attractive and a little less prim and domestic! And yet here she was a distinct replica of Aunt Carrie, inwardly rebellious, yet prone to accept the situation as it was.

Now Miss Carrie was "getting along in years" according to the verdict of the neighbors. And indeed she was a drab figure at the age of thirty. Her life was one of dullness and monotony—to all appearances she looked neither backward nor forward, but lived from day to day concerned only with her shopping, her household affairs, and church obligations.

Carrie had certainly proved to be a comfort—not to her mother, for she had died when Carrie was yet in high school; but to her father, whose health was rapidly declining. Carrie had upheld the Jamison household for these many years and consequently had allowed herself to fall into a rut from which little opportunity of escape was offered.

On a particular morning in May Miss Carrie caught the subway as was her usual procedure, to go into the city to attend to her marketing and to get a book or two from the public library. Miss Carrie dearly loved a good romance, although she would never have admitted it to a soul. This was a very special morning as Miss Carrie had with her one of her prize angel food cakes which she was going to enter in the "Electric Maid Cooking School" contest. For two weeks she had regularly attended the school and had managed to turn out, via the demonstrator's directions, a cake that was perfection itself.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

As Miss Carrie entered the city auditorium in which the demonstration and contest was being held she became a little dubious as to the perfection of her masterpiece. The auditorium was filled with a seething mass of noisy women, and the stage was covered with tables on which were displayed cakes of every color, size, and description.

She timidly placed her cake among the rest, tagged with her name and address, and turned away to interest herself in some of the many demonstrations that were in progress, until the time when the judges had reached a decision and the speaker was demanding the attention of everyone.

Miss Carrie held her breath.

"The first prize will go to — — ." It was with a pang of disappointment that Miss Carrie heard a name other than her own called. "But," she consoled herself, "there is a second prize, perhaps "And to Mrs. Alan Mixon of 23 North Central Avenue, goes the handsome electric cake mixer, which is the second prize awarded," broke the speaker into her thoughts.

He continued with a long eulogy on the superbness of the two cakes, their lightness, texture, and of course the taste.

"And the third prize, we award with pleasure to Miss Caroline Jamison, the prize being a Eugene permanent wave, with three months free service. Is Miss Jamison in the audience? Will Miss Jamison please step up and receive the order for the wave which she may get at the Parisian Beauty Parlor at any time she may desire, provided it is before January 1, 1934."

Miss Carrie's cheeks turned scarlet—how could she possibly march up before the sea of staring faces to receive her award?

"A permanent wave," she murmured to herself with bitter disappointment. "What in the world can I do with a permanent wave? I won't claim it. Oh, but I must."

These thoughts flashed through her mind rapidly. Miss Carrie suddenly found herself on the stage facing the judges. She was handed a slip of paper and highly complimented on the excellency of her culinary endeavors. As she turned and walked, almost ran, back to her place, a little laughter arose. These people were unkind—they could not visualize this drab little person undergoing the tortures of a permanent wave, nor could they visualize the straight sandy hair, brushed neatly back and securely pinned, falling in soft waves.

Miss Carrie hurriedly made her way out of the crowded auditorium into the streets and home. Her first and last cooking school contest she firmly declared.

Every time Miss Carrie passed the Parisian Beauty Parlor for the

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next week and a half, she held her head erect, and glancing neither to right nor left hurried by. Perhaps she had a fear of being drafted and given the permanent wave by force, against her wishes, or perhaps she was afraid of being recognized by some one as the winner of the permanent wave; she had not forgotten the thoughtless laughter—it had hurt—no one but Miss Carrie could possibly know just how much it did hurt.

Each time the desire to enter and inquire about the wave was stronger, and one day more than all it happened. Two charming young girls stepped from the entrance of the "Parisian" and paused a moment as if deliberating in which direction to go. "Don't you simply love my wave," asked one.

"Adorable," exclaimed the other in ecstasy.

Miss Carrie had reached a decision. With an emphatic toss to her head as if to throw off some long cherished convention, she walked boldly into the shop just as if the beauty shop were one of her daily haunts, and in a most superior manner asked to see the manager.

"But yes, Mademoiselle, it is with pleasure," answered Monsieur Lazell to her inquiries regarding the wave. And so within an hour Mademoiselle was unrecognizable, enveloped to her chin in a white coverall with hair suspended in mid-air.

Being one of her free days, that is one of the days on which Uncle John came to sit with Jerry Jamison and read to him or talk "politics" thus leaving Carrie free to go to a show in town, Carrie made the beauty parlor her headquarters for the afternoon. A facial? A manicure?

She allowed herself to be drawn into the mysteries of the beauty parlor by these delightful girls who talked so interestingly and flatteringly while working with swiftness and dexterity. How soothing to be massaged with such gentle firm strokes! What a joy just to relax under these delightful treatments.

It seemed to Carrie that she had spent only a short time in the beauty parlor, when in reality five hours had been spent in the transformation. And certainly a transformation had taken place. Carrie emerged a different person in spirit as well as in appearance. Mirrors did not lie, and Carrie could not deny that she looked lovely. A dash of lemon had brought out the natural golden tint to her hair which waved in beautiful soft waves, the knot forming a figure eight at the neckline.

For the first time she realized that her clothes were dowdy. How utterly blind she had been to herself and her appearance.

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The Lady Lucille showed the very latest fashions, even though their prices were a trifle high, but this was not the day to consider a thing so trivial as prices. Caroline was charming in black and white—somehow the name Carrie did not suit her now.

"An attractive young person across the aisle. A new addition to the younger set at Drexel?"

Caroline heard herself being discussed by her next door neighbor and the Mr. Harvey Dillingham.

"Why — er — no — a neighbor of mine. By jove I didn't recognize her at first—dashing new hat she has on," the neighbor replied.

"Well, man, what about an introduction? For two months I've pined away in Drexel and you deliberately conceal beautiful next door neighbors from me."

Caroline was thrilled. For two months since this young bachelor had taken up his residence in Drexel Hill, he had ridden in the same car with Caroline, and for two months Caroline had wondered about him, admired him, and after him had patterned her ideal.

"A date tonight? Sorry, I have another engagement. Tomorrow night? Why yes, I think so." Caroline was being nonchalant, and it had been fully five years since she had had a regular date.

"What would Great Aunt Carrie think?" laughed Caroline to herself. Laughter came easy tonight. Life was thrilling, interesting — — — Carrie was carried along on a wave of excitement. Why her life was just beginning.

"You look mighty pretty tonight, Chic," remarked old Mr. Jamison tenderly as he glanced admiringly at his daughter — — — he had not called her that since she was nineteen.



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ASK ME NO MORE

Elizabeth Larisey

I experienced a certain hoarseness and a slight sore-throat for several days, but being what my friends call "easy-going" and my enemies call "careless," and furthermore, being squeamish about medicine, I did nothing about it.

Then one morning I woke up, as I have a habit of doing, and was non-plussed to find that I could speak only in whispers. By making an effort I could produce guttural sounds which broke in the middle and wailed away miserably. My feeling was one of extreme helplessness and utter futility.

People reacted to my mishap characteristically. One whooped gleefully, "You've got laryngitis!" and laughed immoderately. One grew facetious, and suggested that I have my vocal chords restrung. One said frankly, "Well, you're pathetic," but curiously enough, seemed more amused than pitying. My father fumed and called me names behind my back, because I wouldn't see a doctor. My mother seized upon an unfortunate suggestion and attempted to bribe me into resorting to a particularly vile concoction of paregoric and some other equally nauseous syrup. (Paregoric at my age!) Clerks eyed me askance, with the ill-concealed idea that I was a congenital idiot, because they could see no necessity for my being either furtive or confidential about a request for a spool of white thread, number sixty. And *everybody* whispered back to me!

After about a week of letting nature take its course, a remnant of what was once my voice came back with obvious reluctance. It sounded like nothing on earth, except maybe poor Ben Gunn when "he hadn't spoke with a Christian for three years." But I would have sung poems of thanksgiving had I been able, because, after a fashion, I was talking.

Those who have been in a like predicament can sympathize. Those who have escaped can be duly thankful, and say with the kindly Izaak, "Every misery that I miss is a new mercy."

FRAGMENT OF AUTUMN

Emily Fluker

Desire departs not with the autumn
Nor goes love with the waning moon.
What liars you are, O! worthy cynics.
October faithful is to June.

Eight

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

THE LIVING-DEAD

Winnie Davis

Like poverty and politics our library breeds strange bed-fellows. Hillaire Belloc and Charles Lamb, the aristocratic Elizabeth Barrett Browning and the proletarian Carl Sandburg; esoteric essayists—Mencken, Brown, Morley—back to back with "Collected Poems," all neatly arranged in accordance with the Dewey Decimal System.

The magic hour midnight and the King Fairy, Dewey Decimal, waves his wand. The room becomes enchanted. Agnes Repplier wanders to the desk to muse over some red rosebuds; Willa Cather smiles demurely at Disraeli; Bye and Taussig fight over the current issue of the *New York Times*; Henry VIII berates Francis Hackett for misrepresenting some of his royal motives; Queen Victoria looks on with vague distress while Pericles and Cleopatra imitate Gable and Harlow for a picked audience of Napoleon, Frederick II, Anne of Austria, Eugene O'Neill, and Pepys; in the northern wing Tolstoy gazes out a window, his hands in his hair and snarls, "Oh God! Everything I write is tripe."

Falstaff and the Old Soak discuss the relative values of English and American beers; Scarlet Sister Mary timidly follows behind and mimics the Wife of Bath; Talleyrand and Mirabeau are taken for a ride by the Wright Brothers.

Again the clock chimes. King Dewey D. hustles everyone back to shelves. Queen Elizabeth tries to retain her dignity while scrambling back to the fifth shelf in the 900's; Shakespeare yells a last malediction on Neilson—and silence. A silence that lives and throbs with all the souls of the characters and authors—a quasimute resume of the march of the world from beginning of time to the end.

Philosophy, languages, biology, eugenics, poetry, history, making an endless chain, and each in part is a repetition of the others. The beauty and color of the bindings belie the drab context of some, while conservative black tries to subdue the rollicking experiences of Frederick II.

Merely by stretching out a hand one may bring all the continents and their peoples together. By rummaging among the magazines one enjoys the pleasure of a Columbus in discovering delicious literary fragments or spicy wit. One may sob with Eshbach in the blue backs of "Verse Craft," shudder convulsively in a world created by Sabitini in the "Golden Book," be the proud cynosure of all eyes in a creation from "Vogue." The newspapers take one to the judicial bench during the trial of Machine-Gun Kelly and his Kathryn, and then, during adjournment, to lunch with the Great Greta in Hollywood.

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All this is provided by the State to make the women of the next generation "Bigger and Better." The world spins dizzily on and the endless parade of history, factional and fictional, spins with it. The State augments, selects and assembles all time for us; and we, in our ineffectual way, try to grasp just a wee bit of the "why" of it all in a mad scramble for favor of the Great God Knowledge.



HAPPINESS

Ethlyn Massey

The flame of
A falling star
Brightly shining
For one brief
Glorious moment
Before
Sudden obliteration
In lonely darkness.

WHAT PRICE DARING—

Estelle Roberts

Katharine Hepburn had nothing to do with it. Since my infancy there has been in my heart a desire to appear at a tea in old clothes. By old clothes I mean clothes that really are old; not a dress which has been worn to some half a dozen other teas, but one which has undergone the wear and tear of other and more strenuous affairs than occur in the ordinary social whirl.

The idea fascinates me. Consider the sensation, the buzz of conversation following my entrance through the more or less sacred portals of the drawing room attired in something other than the latest creation in tea gowns. Think of the stares, some showing wonder, others disapproval; more than a few expressing a carefully hidden admiration for the courage such a daring deed would require.

I have a mental vision of the too-blank face of my hostess, vainly striving to meet the situation with the grace and dignity which her station in life demands. No doubt she is wondering whether I should be forcibly ejected, or whether I could be prevailed upon to leave quietly; but being the perfect hostess none of that would show on her face.

Probably I could not resist the temptation to strut about the room and show myself off a bit. I hope that my fellow guests would forgive this momentary weakening.

Finally, after much parading, I should take my departure, happily satisfied at my defiance of convention. I can see the relieved look of the hostess, and hear the envious remarks of those timid souls who have always yearned to create just such a disturbance, yet always lacked the courage of their convictions.

The very thought fires my imagination. I will certainly attend the next tea to which I am invited, and I refuse to dress up for the event. I will wear old clothes. I will wear sensible, common-sense clothes. I ——— but suppose someone thought I hadn't a new tea gown! People would talk. This idea of wearing old clothes to teas is silly. Why, what would the neighbors say?

EDITORIAL

Kathryne Connell



Old Cato Maior must have grown excessively tired of saying, "Carthage dilenda est", which is for the benefit of those who left Latin with high school, "Carthage must be destroyed." But the old man really thought that it would be both proper and fitting that the city of Carthage should be destroyed. So it became his custom

to repeat that phrase every day when he came to the senate. I am sure that there were some days on which he should have liked to have said something about the loveliness of spring, or how he didn't sleep well the night before; but the phrase was repeated. Finally someone woke up to the fact that old Cato, who was a wise enough man for his time, really thought that Carthage should be destroyed; and they said, "Well, now indeed, so that's what the old fellow has been driving at." Some of them even went to other senators and remarked that if Cato thought Carthage should be destroyed why hadn't he said so. It takes a heap o' driving to get what you want in this world. But note that Carthage was destroyed.

At the end of each school year we do get an annual, though I am sure the staff wonders if it is going to require a miracle to get it out. And a *Pine Branch* comes out each month. See, this one did? Freshmen become Sophomores, Sophomores become Juniors, and Juniors become Seniors and Seniors It just happens that way, though no one knows how. Perhaps good fairies haven't gone totally out of style.

"How doth the little busy bee" is still a good poem.



CRITICAL TIPS

Elizabeth Larisey



If you should by any chance decide to do a novel, capitalize your Southern birth and your Southern home. It seems that northerners find it easy to wax sentimental about the South, and there is a growing demand for books with a Southern locale. Even better than that, many best sellers today are written by Southern authors.

Furthermore, the publishing houses welcome new authors. In the autumn Scribner's will bring out a new volume of verse by Conrad Aiken of Savannah. Margery Kinnan Rawlings, discovered by Scribner's, has a new novel of Florida called *South Moon Under*. The Pulitzer prize for the year's best novel was recently awarded to T. S. Stribling of Tennessee, for *The Store*. Roark Bradford, creator of John Henry, the black river giant, has just had *Kingdom Coming* published. Bradford was at one time an Atlanta newspaper man. The vogue for William Faulkner is still increasing; he lives in a small Mississippi town, and is now busy on his next book, *The Snopes Saga*. Harper's is very enthusiastic about Caroline Miller of Baxley, whose first novel, *Lamb In His Bosom*, they have just published.

* * *

Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante is now dispensing his own inimitable brand of clowning via radio. His schnozzle is not altogether his fortune, for he is very effective over the air; he deals out gags, and he's got "mill-yuns of 'em, mill-yuns of 'em!"

* * *

Paul Robeson, the noted negro actor and singer, will make his first screen appearance in Eugene O'Neill's *The Emperor Jones*. The play was adapted to the screen by DuBose Heyward.

* * *

October Stage says that the Peke appearing in *As Thousands Cheer* is such a competent actor that when he sticks out his tongue at Leslie Adams, the audience knows just what he is saying. And they call dogs "dumb" animals!

* * *

Do you know what it is that makes some of us enjoy Poe's wierd

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tales, some of us go to the "blood and thunder" type of picture, and children read comic strips? There's a psychological reason for it all. Dr. Albert (*Fruit of the Family Tree*) Wiggam explains that such activities allow us to hover on the outskirts of danger, and yet be assured that we are perfectly safe.

* * *

Nino Martini, young Metropolitan tenor, says that the tighter his belt, the higher he can sing. If Donald Novis of radio fame used the same method, he would have practically no waist at all by this time; remember that high note with which he finishes most of his songs?

* * *

A thoroughly fascinating small boy is Carl Anderson's "Henry," who cavorts weekly on the last page but one of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Watch for him; you'll like him.

* * *

It's no use. I can't keep up. First Helen Chandler was to play "Alice" in the film version of *Alice in Wonderland*, then it was Ida Lupino, then it was an unknown from Brooklyn. Mary Pickford considered it for herself. Now Charles Laughton gets funny and suggests Jean Harlow. Why don't they get Eve Le Gallienne's company to do it again, film it as she produced it in New York?

* * *

Can you wait for Katharine Hepburn as the "Jo" in *Little Women*?

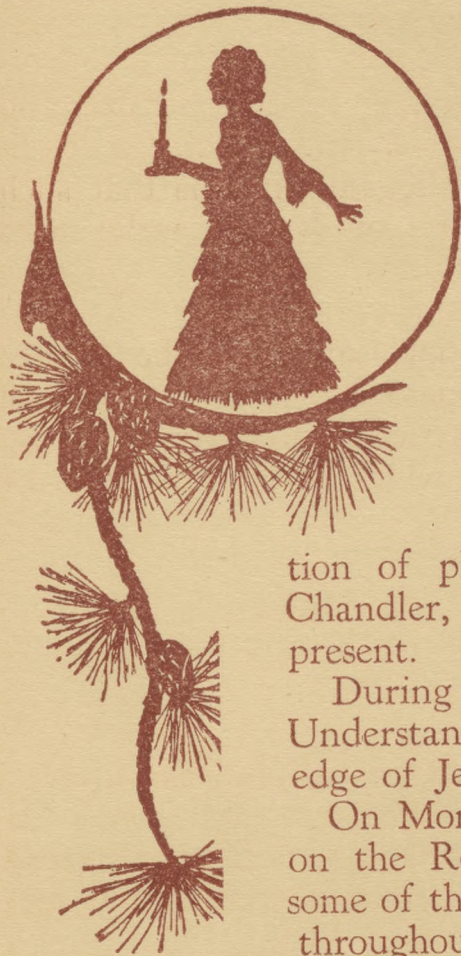
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Pressward we go with: a quotation from the Anglo-Saxon:

"Some hae meat
And canna eat,
Some hae no meat
Who want it—
But we hae meat
And we can eat,
And so the Lord be thankit."

Y. W. C. A.

Ruth Ellis



One of the most important events in the work of the Y. W. C. A. took place when the members of the cabinet met together on September 15th for their annual Retreat. Miss Carrie Weares, of Atlanta, met with the cabinet during this week-end, and was the source of much inspiration. She gave many ideas for the formula-

tion of plans for the year. Miss Hopper, Miss Chandler, Miss Gilmer, and Dr. Pound were also present.

During the Retreat the theme for the year, "The Understanding of Life Through a Growing Knowledge of Jesus Christ," was chosen.

On Monday, September 18th, the girls who were on the Retreat had an opportunity to carry out some of their plans. Freshmen were welcomed, and throughout Freshman Week the Y. W. C. A. did everything possible to help the Freshmen to orient

themselves.

The cabinet is very glad to have for the Y. W. C. A. advisers this year Miss Bush, Dr. Hawks, Dr. Durrenberger, and Miss Hopper. Our Bible Study teachers are Miss Hall, who is the teacher of the Freshman Bible Study Class; Miss Gilmer of the Sophomore Class; and Dr. Punke, of the Junior-Senior Class.

On Thursday evening, September 28th, the Vesper program was presented, at which time each cabinet member told of her department and its work. The cabinet consists of: Miss Margaret Kennedy, of Dawson, president; Miss Henry Kate Gardner, of Camilla, vice-president; Miss Harriet Bullard, of Nashville, secretary; Miss Louise Ambos, of Savannah, treasurer; Miss Dorothy Ogletree, of Savannah, Bible Study; Miss Ruth Ellis, of Savannah, World Fellowship; Miss Mary Elizabeth Weatherford, of Savannah, Morning Watch; Miss Mildred McDonald, of Colquitt, Music; Miss Ada Jewel Cochran, of Camilla, pianist; Miss Virginia Tuck, of Thomasville, Room Chairman; Miss Betty McCallum, of Thomasville, Membership; Miss Annie Maude McLeod, of Newton, Publicity; Miss Mildred Turnbull, of Moultrie, Entertainment; Miss Carolyn Davidson, of Gabbettville, Club House; Miss GeDelle Brabham, of Moultrie, president of S. G. A.



ATHLETIC NOTES

Pasty Sparks—Kappa

Virginia Tuck—Lambda

The Athletic Associations have elected new officers for this year. Officers for the Kappas are, Martiele Turner, Valdosta, president; Mildred Turnbull, Moultrie, vice-president; Ruby Nell Wall, Ellaville, Secretary and Treasurer. The Lambda officers are, Sara Nicholson, Amsterdam, president; Annie B. Weatherford, Savannah, vice-president; Virginia Tuck, Thomasville, secretary-treasurer, and Clare Lawson, Savannah, official scorer.

* * *

The following managers were appointed on the Athletic Council: GeDelle Brabham, Esther Smith, American ball; Mrs. Glenn Johnson, Estelle Roberts, archery; Hilda Cox, Verda Will Carter, campus games; Vangie Trimble, Clara Davis Adams, golf; Vonice Ritch, Betty McCallum, hiking; Harriett Bullard, Una Ritch, tennis; Carolyn Davidson, Margaret Kennedy, fist ball.

* * *

The annual athletic party on October 7th was quite an unusual social affair. The celebration was in the form of a barn party. Sugar cane, corn stalks, and the colors of the two societies carried out the decorative motif. Members of the associations were divided into teams which competed for the cup which was won by the team led by Virginia Tuck, of Thomasville.

Freshmen then received bids to become members of the associations. The new faculty members were also given bids. Welcome Dr. Punke, Miss Hall and Mrs. Beale!

Attention! Free coaching lessons in all campus games are now underway. Come out on Tuesday and Friday at chapel period and get your lesson.

SOCIETY NEWS

SORORIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Jeannette Schulman

One never knows how many new Sophomores and Seniors there are until the opening meeting of the Sororian Literary Society.

Miss Margaret Bischoff, of Savannah, presided over the short business meeting. Miss Bischoff, who is our new president, told the new members about the Modern Poetry Forum, and the Debaters' Forum. There is still a five-dollar gold piece at the right end of the Reading Contest.

The program for the evening might have well been titled, "Echoes of Broadway." Reviews of current plays were given: *Ah! Wilderness*, Eugene O'Neill, Miss Kathryn Connell of Valdosta; *Hold Your Horses*, by Russell Crouse and Cary Ford, Miss Eva Martin of Arlington; *Men In White*, by Sidney Kingsley, Miss Elizabeth Kelly, of Savannah; and the delightful *Dinner At Eight*, Ferber-Kaufman, by Miss Katherine Moore of Douglas.

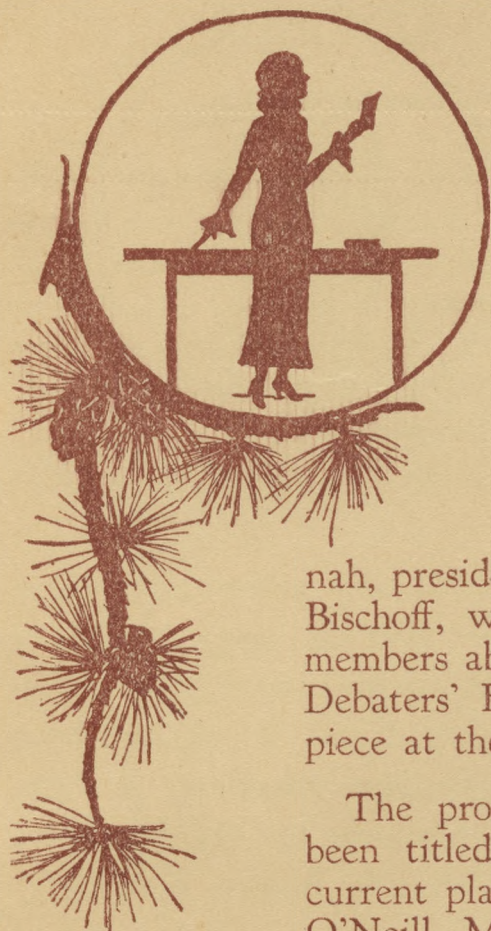
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ARGONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Margaret Zippies

The Argonian Literary Society held its first meeting on Friday night, October 13. The program was in the form of reviews of current plays. It was made especially interesting by the fact that Miss Chandler and Miss McRee, who were in New York this summer, commented on some of the plays and musical shows they saw.

The following are the plays that were reviewed: S. N. Behrman's *Biography*, Miss Iva Chandler; Sidney Kingsley's *Men In White*, Miss Elizabeth McRee; *Ah! Wilderness*, by Eugene O'Neill was reviewed by Miss Ruth Ellis, and *Hold Your Horses* by Carey Ford and Russell Crouse was reviewed by Dorothy Ogletree, who has been elected President of the Argonians.



LOCALS

Louise Ambos



The faculty of the Georgia State Womans College entertained the student body at a reception Saturday evening, September 30, in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall. Receiving with President and Mrs. Jere M. Pound were Miss Annie P. Hopper, dean of women, and other faculty members.

Three members of the faculty presented a short program. Miss Gladys Warren opened with a piano solo, *Carique d'Amour* by Liszt. Miss Louise Sawyer then gave a reading, *Home Work*, and Miss Alimae Temple closed with three selections, *A Feast of Lanterns* by Bantock, *Chinoise* by Manning, and the lullaby from *East Is West* by Bowers Riegger.

The reception marked the formal opening of the social activities on the campus.

* * *

The Savannah Club had its first meeting at the fire-place in the late afternoon of October 5, in the form of a weiner roast. Officers were elected for the year as follows: Bessie McRae, president and Adelaide Spencer, secretary-treasurer.

* * *

The Junior Class had supper at the fire-place on October 6. Judy Cochran is the newly elected Junior Council member and Virginia Sheppard, the secretary-treasurer.

* * *

The Senior Class recently elected the following officers: Annie Lois Gardner, president, and Harriette Massey, secretary-treasurer.

* * *

Miss Marjorie Sessions of McRae, editor-in-chief of the '33-'34 Pine Cone, has announced the following staff: Misses Lilla Alexander, Nashville, business manager; Margaret Bischoff, Savannah, literary editor; Adelaide Spencer and Bessie McRae, Savannah, activities editors; Margaret Easterlin, Thomasville, and Annie Lois Gardner, Camilla, snap-shot editors; Kathryn Moore, Douglas, advertising manager; Virginia Hutchinson, Valdosta, assistant advertising manager; Winona Parrish, Valdosta, art editor.



ALUMNAE NEWS

Frances Dekle

IN MEMORIAM

MISS EDITH PATTERSON

MEMBER OF THE CLASS OF 1918

MAY, 1933

The Association was well represented at Columbia this summer—Glimpsed on the campus were, Lucile Dowling, Emma Moore, Margaret LaFar, Elizabeth McRee, Catherine McRee, Lillian Hopper, Iva Chandler and Nell Bracey.

* * *

The Century of Progress lured many of the Alumnae members to Chicago during the summer. Among those going from Valdosta were, Helen Hightower, Lucile Wood, Louise Holcombe, Clare Bray, Frances Dekle, Mary Virginia Paulk, Dorothy Stroud, Mrs. Carlos Evans, Mrs. Harry Pence, Augusta Rentz, K. D. Rentz.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Agnes King to Mr. John Ellis Broadnax was solemnized on June 3rd, in Waycross. They will make Athens, Georgia, their home, as Mr. Broadnax is Freshman coach at the University of Georgia.

* * *

Miss Athena Church and Mr. Earl Beasley, of Blakely, were married in June. For the past two years Athena was a member of the faculty in the Slocomb, Alabama, public schools.

* * *

Miss Janet Scarborough of the class of '28, and Mr. Samuel M. Merritt of Americus, were married in June. Janet taught in the Sasser Public School last year.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Essie Laura Mansfield to Mr. Willard J. Henry was solemnized on June 8th.

* * *

A wedding of much interest was that of Miss Emily Hallyburton to Mr. Millard Arrington of Ellaville, which was solemnized in July.

THE PINE BRANCH

Miss Dorothy Davis and Mr. Walter Waldron were married on September 1st.

* * *

Mrs. Dick Sanders (Virginia Hightower), of Chicago, has a young son.

* * *

Mrs. Thornton E. Stokes (Elsie Gunn) is living in Chicago. Her address is 7709 Phillips Ave.

* * *

Miss Lillian Hopper is attending the University of Mississippi.

* * *

Miss Sue Pendleton is spending the winter in New York with her brother and sister, Lieut. and Mrs. T. G. Cranford. She will attend Columbia University.

* * *

The following announcement was taken from the Savannah News. "Of cordial interest to a large circle of friends is the recent announcement of the marriage of Dr. Mary Kate Macmillan to John Shelton Hires, of Waycross, which was solemnized December 13, 1932. For business and professional reasons, no announcement was then made except to members of the immediate families."

* * *

Miss Emeliza Swain is teaching in the Grammar School in Rome, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Elizabeth Cox is teaching in the Waycross Grammar School.

* * *

Miss Doris Zittrouer is teaching First Grade in Savannah, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Carolyn Bullard is teaching Fourth Grade in the Poplar Springs school in Nashville, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Mildred Talley is teaching first grade in Rome, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Louise Johnson is teaching history in the Cordele High School.



CLUBS

Doris Young

The first practice of the Glee Club was held Monday afternoon, October 9. From the unusually large number who tried out this year the following were selected to make up the personnel of the club: Anne Alford, Sylvester; Jerry Arrington, Ellaville; El-

eleanor Bailey, Douglas; Sara Bingham, Valdosta; Marie Bower, Ocilla; Margaret Carter, Ray City; Judy Cochran, Camilla; Frances Copeland, Valdosta; Alexa Daley, Dublin; Leonora Dufour, Albany; Ruth Ellis, Savannah; Mary Earnest Foreman, Tifton; Rebecca Fryer, Blakely; Jesselyn Griggs, Perry; Lucy Hammond, Griffin; Ruby Harrison, Fitzgerald; Allisor Hudgens, Sneads, Fla.; Virginia Hughes, Glenville; Nettie and Nellie Johnson, Valdosta; Elizabeth Jones, Albany; Elizabeth Kelley, Savannah; Lyall Temple, Lake View, S. C.; Lucille Murphy, Valdosta; Priscilla Kelley, Savannah; Eleanor Lang, St. Marys; Ethlyn Massey, Jesup; Evelyn May, Quitman; Marie Middleton, Colquitt; Joy Miller, Albany; Margaret McCall, Tampa, Fla.; Mildred McDonald, Colquitt; Eloise Odum, Ashburn; Louise Odum, Ashburn; Eloise Ogletree, Savannah; Dorothy Ogletree, Savannah; Florence Oplinger, Waycross; Annette Phillips, Eastman; Elizabeth Sims, Thomasville; Elizabeth Smith, Thomasville; Adelaide Spencer, Savannah; Hulda Summer, Cordele; Florence Tharpe, Leesburg; Evelyn Tommins, Savannah; Leila Mae Tyson, Jesup; Mary Elizabeth Weatherford, Savannah; Pearl Wilson, Cordele; Doris Young, Valdosta.

Officers for this year are: Mildred McDonald, president; Eloise Odum, vice-president; Frances Copeland, secretary; and Joy Miller, treasurer.

* * *

The English Club met October 10. These officers were elected for the year 1933-34: President, Mrs. Herman Johnson, of Quitman; Vice-President, Kathyne Connell, of Valdosta; Secretary and Treasurer, Dorothy Walls, Cordele. Bids for membership to the club have been issued to the following: Lilla Alexander, Nashville; Margaret Bischoff, Savannah; Kathyne Connell, Valdosta; Grace Hol-

THE PINE BRANCH

combe, Valdosta; Martha Jackson, Valdosta; Kathryn Moore, Douglas; Adelaide Spencer, Savannah; Jewel Bussell, Waycross; Judy Cochran, Camilla; Elizabeth Larisey, Valdosta; Estelle Roberts, Cordele; Margaret Touchton, Valdosta; Geraldine Arrington, Ellaville; Dorothy Walls, Cordele; Allisor Hudgens, Sneads, Fla.; Mildred McDonald, Colquitt; Virginia Kirkland, Metter; Mrs. J. L. Harris, Valdosta; Henrietta Massey, Tifton; Eunice Spurlin, Tifton.

* * *

The old members of the Sock and Buskin Club met Tuesday evening, October 3. The president, Vonice Ritch, presided over the meeting, during which Elizabeth Kelley, of Savannah, was elected secretary and treasurer. Plans for try-outs were discussed and a program for the year was prepared. The following girls were chosen for membership from the many who tried out: Jessie Langdale, Valdosta; Josephine Joubert, Savannah; Lilla Alexander, Nashville, Ga.; Eloise Odum, Ashburn; Rachel Coxwell, Leesburg; Annie Kate Knight, Quitman; Mary Agnes Roane, Savannah; Evelyn Thomas, Savannah; Margaret Williams, Cordele; Marjorie Sessions, McRae; Mary Nell Carlisle, Valdosta; Priscilla Kelley, Savannah; Virginia Tuck, Thomasville; Mildred Turnbull, Moultrie; Una Ritch, Jesup; Vangie Trimble, Moultrie; Lillian Bragg, Savannah; Dorothy Klugg, Savannah.

* * *

The International Relations Club held its first meeting Tuesday, October 3. At that time candidates eligible for membership were considered. The old members present were Adele Bickley, Meigs; Verda Will Carter, Meigs; Ruth Ellis, Savannah; Marjorie Groover, Quitman; Virginia Hutchinson, Valdosta; Margaret Joiner, Griffin; Bessie McRae, Savannah; Lois Simpson, Valdosta; Evelyn VanLandingham, Valdosta; Mary Elizabeth Weatherford, Savannah; and Margaret Williams, Cordele.

* * *

The following girls are the new members of the Philharmonic Club: Elizabeth Jones, Albany; Elizabeth Sims, Thomasville; Ruth Jones, Thomasville; Shelly Sparks, Fitzgerald; Ethelyn Massey, Jesup; Anne Alford, Sylvester; Martiel Lundy, Boston; Florence Oplinger, Waycross; Allisor Hudgens, Sneads, Fla.; Annette Phillips, Eastman; Marie Middleton, Colquitt; Rebecca Fryer, Blakely; Florence Tharpe, Leesburg; Virginia Tuck, Thomasville.



JOKES

Winnie Davis

"A pun is a noble thing, per se;
it is as perfect as a sonnet."

Charles Lamb.

* * *

Dr. Durrenberger: "What will
take a spot off these trousers?"

Dr. Phelan: "Have you tried am-
monia?"

Dr. D.: "Yeah, but they don't fit."

* * *

Don't conscience-strickens before they're hatched.

* * *

Nellie: "The Americans are a free nation but
oh! Hallucination the Greeks are."

* * *

Mary: "It's raining cats and dogs outside."

Ruby: "I know. When I came in I stepped
in a poodle."

* * *

Theme song for Roosevelt administration: "Nira, My Code, to
Thee."

* * *

First: "There aren't any insane asylums in Arabia?"

Second: "Why not?"

Third: "Because there are Nomad people there."

* * *

Mrs. Hagan passing through infirmary: "Good moaning, girls."

* * *

Electrician's wife to hubby coming in at three a. m.: "Wire
you insulate?"

* * *

Annie Maud: "I thought all Swedes were blond. Isn't it pecu-
liar that Nils Asther is a brunette."

Jerry: "Oh well, he's a Norse of another color."

* * *

BEGGING YOUR PARDON IN ADVANCE

Did it ever occur to you that Henry Kate, the younger Gardener, can look very much like the actress Katherine Cornell? Can you imagine Grace Holcombe as Mae West, Glen Johnson as Zasu Pitts?—It happened in Play Production class, and what's more it was convincing.

Seeing "Jerry" Arrington all breathless and excited makes one homesick for Frances . . . Patsy Sparks and Elizabeth Kelley are both sporting "kid sisters" this year—oh! yes, and Frances Fluker is rumored to be Emily's sister . . . Don't you get a yearning for the times when assignments were made for day after tomorrow? . . . Have you seen Miss Ida Pound? We haven't been presented yet, but we think she's lovely . . . It's nice having Jo Daniels and "Wee" Parrish back again . . . Vonice Ritch gets our vote for attractive eyebrows . . . We swelled with pride over Miss Gilmer's feature story in the Atlanta Journal . . . Don't you like the "editorial 'We'" this year? . . . One wonders if the school orchestra does not miss the abundant energy supplied by Ann Jones last year . . . Carolyn Davidson is such a sweet, dependable sort of a person—to say nothing of her pretty hair . . . And we like to hear Bessie Autrey talk—she has such an interesting "drawly" voice . . . One hardly ever hears Miss Sawyer speak of her trip abroad last summer—we should like to hear much more about it . . . Wonder if the Freshmen have learned *not* to buy a shade for the sundial in front of Converse Hall from some mercenary Sophomore? . . . We envy Clara Davis Adams—going to the Tech-Auburn game in Atlanta—and we know of several who would most willingly take her place . . . We hear that Laura Ann Bartholomew is creating quite a sensation at Georgia—she's a honey . . . And next time, little girls, we'll tell you all about the story of The Three Little Pigs and The Big, Bad Wolf.

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