

# THE PINE BRANCH



OCTOBER  
1930

Volume XV

Number 1

# THE PINE BRANCH

ISSUED MONTHLY

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS 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. XV.

OCTOBER, 1930

NO. 1

## THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief .....	Marguerite Powell
Associate Editor-in-Chief .....	Pauline Griffin
Alumnæ Editor .....	Iva Chandler
Local Editor .....	Elizabeth Wright
Departmental Club Editor .....	Emiliza Swain
Athletic Editors:	
Phi Kappa .....	Ruth Dozier
Phi Lambda .....	Mary Leverette
Society Editors:	
Argonian .....	Lillian Hopper
Sororian .....	Dorothy Chapman
Y. W. C. A. Editor .....	Nancy Rowland
Joke Editor .....	Emily Burney
Art Editor .....	Emily Hallyburton
Business Manager .....	Emily Jennings
Advertising Managers .....	Mildred Talley, Mildred McArthur
Head of Mailing Department .....	Alice McCall
Assistants—Carolyn Readdick, Ruby McSwain, Sara Kate Boseman	

## CONTENTS

	Page
Dawn—Elsie Quarterman .....	3
Clouds—Elsie Quarterman .....	3
Shall I Appear Conceited?—Lillian Hopper .....	4
Requiem—Elsie Quarterman .....	7
Right Or Wrong—Kate Jones .....	8
Mary Elaine—Margaret Bullock .....	11
Going Back—Emiliza Swain .....	12
Must One Be Vulgar to Be Popular?—Melba Young Beale .....	13
Content—Elsie Quarterman .....	16

(CONTENTS CONTINUED)

	Page
Their Mutual Friend—Marguerite Langdale .....	17
Editorial .....	20
Locals .....	22
Clubs .....	24
Y. W. C. A. ....	26
Societies .....	28
Athletics .....	29
Alumnae .....	32
Jokes .....	34

## DAWN

Pallid white pillars of moonlight  
Faded to phantoms of day—  
Diamond-bright needles of starshine  
Paled into turquoise-gray;

Amethyst, amber, and mauve  
Rose-tinted cloud-tufts of pearl—  
Flung from horizon to zenith  
Banners of dawning upcurl;

Gold and magenta and flame  
Mother of pearl inlay—  
Feverish strands of the morning  
Restlessly break into day.

ELSIE QUARTERMAN—'32.

## CLOUDS

Herds of horses galloping,  
Coursers swift, across the sky—  
Cloud-born, wind-borne, hurrying  
Squadrons scurrying by.

ELSIE QUARTERMAN—'32.

## SHALL I APPEAR CONCEITED?

"As usual, they've gone out and left the door open!"

Eleanor angrily slammed the door and turned to face her visitor, a friendly Junior, who replied calmly, "O, don't mind them—they're just your roommates."

"Just my roommates! I never dreamed I'd come to let people walk over me like that!"

"Aw, little Freshman, don't get all hot and bothered. They both happen to be from Waycross; so, of course, they knew lots of girls before they came to college."

"But, I've been in school two whole weeks, and I have made only very few friends. I am scared to death by this great mob of girls; I let my roommates treat me as though I were used to being a wallflower."

"Look here, there's nothing to cause you to become a social peanut. You've got enough natural wit to be quite amusing if you would only try to make friends. Swallow that false pride. Don't be a shrinking violet. Develop a personality that will command attention."

"If I only could!"

"Why, of course you can! Make yourself a leader here by being friendly to everyone, and keeping your troubles to yourself. Put your best foot forward and keep it there!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Two years later, a group of girls were on their way to the "House in the Woods."

"Hey, I wish you'd come on, and help me carry this victrola."

"All right, I'll help you. But do be careful! The last time I was down here, I fell in that ditch."

"Have y'all got everything else?"

"Yeah, I think so. Eleanor and Sara are coming after Dramatic Club. They'll bring the marshmallows then."

"Gee! this victrola's heavy. Let's set it down out here 'til they get the door open."

"I'm glad Eleanor is coming. She's a good ole sport."

"Yes, I'm crazy about her, but she's so darn conceited!"

"You people stop talking about conceit, and help me unlock this door."

"Inside at last! Elizabeth, you and Mary can go up and start the coffee-making while we build a fire downstairs. We won't make the sandwiches until everybody is here."

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

After the primary preparations for a lunch had been made, the group was seated downstairs.

The electric lights were turned off. The only illumination was the light of the fire, which shifted its rays on the faces of the girls.

"That conceit of Eleanor's certainly takes her through. There's no one else on the campus who could do what she does and get by with it."

"If she gets all down and out, she just tosses her head in the air, smiles, and looks as though she dared the world to try to hurt her feelings."

"You remember how she used to rate when she was a Freshman. She was the only one who had the nerve to visit upperclassmen—especially Juniors and Seniors—and tease and laugh at them."

"They surely liked her, and they helped her into those offices she held last year."

"The only time I ever saw her lose her nerve was the time when her best friend, a Junior, got shipped for something that Eleanor did not think a shipping offense. That really hurt her."

"Yes, I remember she swore she'd never let herself care very much for anyone else."

"She didn't, either, for that year. She wouldn't go with the same person for any length of time. Of course, she made more friends by not sticking to any certain gang."

"But the more friends she makes, the more conceited she gets."

"She and Sara have been crazy about each other ever since last year."

"They are so entirely different—don't like the same things at all, and are as stubborn as they can be."

"I'd call it a sort of 'cat and dog' friendship."

"Sara is so cute, too."

"Hush, here they come."

The door was thrust open and two laughing girls appeared. They were both almost hidden in French coats and mufflers. The French coat lent to Eleanor's boyish face and closely cropped brown hair a very masculine appearance. She no longer looked reserved. She had become the type at which one would take a second look. The sparkling steel-grey eyes held a challenge in their teasing laughter, and the downward curving smile spoke of honest love and sympathy.

To Sara's curly black hair, flushed cheeks, and flashing white teeth, the French coat added the necessary emphasis to her typical girlishness. She was decidedly the type referred to by college students as "precious" or "darling." Nevertheless, there was something

## THE PINE BRANCH

about her which indicated a certain firmness of character and capability for the deepest affection.

These two chums were loudly welcomed by the rest of the party and the evening was spent in eating, shrieking, and dancing.

As they went back to the dormitories that night, Eleanor and Sara were engaged in the usual "cat and dog" argument.

"I wish you weren't so conceited."

"Do you really think I'm conceited?"

"I should say I do. Everybody talks about it."

"Why do you think I'm conceited? What have I got to be conceited about?"

"That's the trouble, you haven't got anything. If you did have, it would be different."

"What do I do that appears so conceited?"

"O, you think you are so smart. You are smart, but you don't have to know it so well."

"Anything else?"

"You always act so snooty—just as though you didn't care a thing about anybody. I used to hate you before I'd been around you enough to learn to like you. Even now, I sometimes think you don't care anything about me—that you are just stringing me along in order to make yourself appear more popular."

Just then some of their companions called back:

"Hey, you, Eleanor and Sara, come on here. There's the light flash—which means we should be at home."

Although she tried to forget them, bits of that conversation with Sara kept forcing themselves into Eleanor's thoughts.

"So that is what they think of me—after all these months of fighting with myself, of forcing myself to be friendly with everyone, and of not letting myself spend all my time with the girls I love best! I wonder if I've done the right thing. How many friends would I have if I stopped laughing and joking with everybody I meet? Even Sara, who thinks she loves me in spite of my conceit—wouldn't she lose interest in me if I frankly admitted that I enjoyed being with her more than anyone else? Would she still love me if I decided to be only a negative charge? Well, I'll see—"

For several days, Eleanor devoted herself entirely to Sara. She no longer plunged whole-heartedly into "bull sessions" and "feasts." Her jokes were no longer the life of the party. She became almost quiet and reserved, and annoyed Sara greatly by wanting to be alone with her. When they were alone, she became even more annoying by continually telling Sara how she adored her, and couldn't bear to be out of her sight.

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

In only a short time, it became evident that Sara did not appreciate this over-dose of displayed affection. She began to avoid Eleanor, and Eleanor, seeing that it was really her conceited self that Sara loved, laughed to herself and went on playing her self-assigned part.

Then one night when everyone was dancing at the gymnasium, Eleanor returned to her usual self. She put away her dignity and became again a jolly Junior. Amid her laughter, shrieks, and dancing, she watched for Sara's reaction.

Sara stood leaning against the piano. At first, astonishment was written all over her face. This look gradually changed to one of puzzled interest and relief. When it did, Eleanor somehow freed herself from her partner, and, fairly running to Sara, called out, "Don't look like that. Come on and smile. I love everybody, and everybody loves me. Besides, you know you'd rather dance with me than anyone else."

LILLIAN M. HOPPER—'31.

## REQUIEM

Dusk—

A dead leaf fluttering falls,—

Sinks, softly sadly sighing,

Onto a sodden heap of leaves below.

Dusk—

A faint soul vainly calls—

Goes, unregretted, dying,

Into the hidden depths which shadows know.

ELSIE QUARTERMAN—'32.

## RIGHT OR WRONG

"My Dear Cynthia—

I must confess that I am sorely grieved with you for the step that you are taking, heedless of all my requests. To think that a Cartwright would marry a divorce! It is inconceivable. I only thank God that our dear mother, whose place I have tried so hard—without success—to fill, is not alive to see this.

"Naturally, I shall not come to your wedding as you asked. I told you that if you married that man, I should consider you both as strangers; and you have chosen.

"If I thought such were possible I should wish you happiness, but I know that no happiness can come to you with a man whom another woman has deemed it wise to leave, and also in a sinful step; because, although you are very foolish now, you do know right from wrong, and cannot be happy in the wrong.

"I hope that you will realize your mistake and repent before it is too late.

—Agatha."

Cynthia folded up the letter and replaced it in the envelope, saying as she did so,

"Well, Dick, you see how it is. I thought she'd give up and come to the wedding, but she didn't. Even though I know I'm right, Agatha's letter makes me feel like a sinner."

"Now don't you worry about Agatha, honey, she'll come around in a week or two. I wish I could see this august lady,—judging from her letters I can't picture a thing but Miss Minerva."

"Oh, but she's not that at all! Agatha's the most attractive and most brilliant of the Cartwright girls, but she's a prude. I think she would have been hurt with me if I had married the Prince of Wales as suddenly as I did, without giving her time to have him under her eagle eye for two or three weeks. There's where I was wrong. I should have had you properly presented to the family, and given your pleasing personality a chance to win the Cartwright souls to our cause. See how the others have come around . . . To tell you the truth, I feel terrible about Agatha. You see I'm the youngest, and she's the oldest and,—well, she's just been a mother to me. I would rather have Agatha on my side than any of the others."

"Cynthia, you're making me feel like a beast. Why, child, we were married only yesterday, and here you're wishing you hadn't married me already—and I've tried to be a good husband to you, too," he added in an injured tone.

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

"Oh, Dick, you're the best ever, and I wouldn't give you for all the Agathas, but—"

"Now listen! you love me and I love you, and it wouldn't make any difference if I'd been a blue-beard and you Cleopatra—we still couldn't help loving each other. As for dear sister Agatha—the affectionate soul—if she hasn't a heart of stone the touching letter we're going to write her will have her down on her knees begging our pardon and forgiveness in two weeks."

The touching letters, however, failed to touch, and as Agatha could not be prevailed upon to meet her new brother-in-law, his pleasing personality and appearance were not given an opportunity to exert themselves. Two years passed and still Agatha had not relented—outwardly. Nobody knew the struggles she went through; and the fact that Frank, her husband, had been drinking more than usual lately did not help matters. Although she had never written Cynthia since her wedding and Cynthia had stopped writing after the first year, she heard all about her through the other sisters, and down deep in her heart she was just a little jealous when she heard how happy Cynthia was. Somehow she had thought that Cynthia would be unhappy without her, but from the accounts of the girls she was far from that. Not that she asked the girls for information, she would have died first, but the girls were careful to give their information in general conversation.

Jennie would say, "I wish Jim and I could get along as well as Cynthia and Dick. I declare, I've never heard them quarrel—and they're so happy together."

In response Agatha would say roughly, "Probably fight when they're alone. When people act so affectionate before folks you can always count on there being a scarcity of china and rolling pins in the household."

Or Isabel would complain, "Henry wouldn't remember my birthday any more than the cook's if I didn't drop a subtle hint a few days before. I always said our quiet little Cynthia would make the best match of the family. Here she ropes a man that remembers birthdays, Christmas, Wedding Anniversaries, Easter, and now even Mother's Day since the baby came. And he's the most attentive thing I ever saw. Would you believe it, after two years of wedded bliss, he still kisses her good-by when he leaves for work."

Agatha thought of the years that had passed since Frank had remembered a birthday without a very broad hint, and of the careless pecks on her cheek that served for kisses, and answered,

"Just give him a few more years, it won't last long."

"No, Agatha, I believe he'll always be like that. He certainly is an unusual man."

## THE PINE BRANCH

Then came a spring when everything was just a little worse than ever. If the truth were known, Agatha was plain homesick. She pictured in her mind the old home—deserted by all now. She had visions of the azaleas blooming in the old front yard. How many times she had slapped Cynthia's small hands about those very flowers. Then she pictured the great oak trees, covered with wistaria, and with moss. How could she have ever disliked that moss,—thought it depressing! How could she have hated the quietness of the old village, and longed for the bustle of the city! "The place for tired wounded hearts is the country," she thought and would have given anything to go back for just a day. Therefore this was the psychological time for her to receive the letter from Isabel announcing the family reunion at old Midway on Memorial Day.

Agatha sat down and re-read the letter.

"Of course Cynthia, Dick, and the baby will be there. No family reunion would be complete without them. I've never said anything about your attitude toward Cynthia, but if you refuse her and the rest of us the pleasure of a complete reunion by not coming, you certainly will have something to answer for. I think it would be wonderful to spend the night at the old house. I'm heart sick for a sight of it.

"Of course we've made no definite plans without consulting all of you, so please write me your suggestions right away. I'm sure that you and Frank will come."

Finishing the letter she thought to herself,

"I can't go, I simply can't! Why, I wouldn't know how to act towards Cynthia and her husband! Her husband, a divorcee who had made Cynthia content without me. I should hate him." Then she'd remember little things the girls had told her, evidence of his kindness, and their happiness. "After all, isn't happiness all?" she thought. Then she'd picture to herself the old home. In the midst of her reverie Frank came in and gave her a dutiful peck on the cheek.

"I have Memorial Day off, Agatha," he said, "what shall we do with it?"

"That settles it then. We're going to Midway! I heard from Isabel today and they're planning a reunion."

"Well, isn't that great! Will Cynthia be there? I declare I'll be proud to see the girl again!"

Agatha's eyes were shining,

"Of course she'll be there, and of course you'll be glad to see her. Who wouldn't be! She's stayed away from us too long already."

KATE C. JONES—'31.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

## MARY ELAINE

Mary Elaine hurried out of her mother's room, and, slamming the door to her own room, fell on the bed.

Why did the whole family have to treat her like a baby, always telling her what to do and what not to do? One would think she were twelve, instead of seventeen. She would show her mother whether she went to Johnnie's Place or not! Nearly every girl in her set, except herself, had been. How thrilled she had been when Sam Knight had asked to take her! When she told her mother about it, she had said, "No nice girl would go with him, and certainly not my daughter." Why, any girl in town would jump at the chance! Of course, he is a little wild, but who wanted to go around with the flat tires her mother picked out? As her mother says, you are perfectly safe. Who wants to have everything just right all the time? For once she was going to do what she wanted to—let happen what may.

In the opposite room Mrs. Dawson sat thinking. What was she to do with Mary Elaine? She was getting so head-strong. The girl might even try to slip out and go to Johnnie's Place in spite of everything she had told her. Of course, she never had done a thing like that; however, she had never talked as she had this afternoon. If Mary Elaine went to Johnnie's Place one time, she wouldn't want to go again; but that one time, something might happen. If only she didn't have to go to Mrs. Norton's to the bridge party! But it was too late to call her now.

Supper was a hurried affair. The boys were in a rush to leave, and Mr. Dawson was hurrying to dress for the party. Mary Elaine did not appear.

After supper Mrs. Dawson went to Mary Elaine's room and asked, "What are you going to do tonight, dear?"

"Oh, stay at home, I guess. I'll call in some of the girls."

"Ask a crowd around if you wish. I want us to get together next week and plan a dance. Bye, it's time for me to leave."

For once Mrs. Dawson was an absent-minded bridge player; she was always trumping at the wrong moment and taking her partner's trick. Mary Elaine's sullen face kept appearing before her, and she was glad when the time came for them to leave.

When she reached home, she rushed upstairs, but Mary Elaine was not in her room. She came down and sat on the side porch to wait. After what seemed hours she heard a car stopping and

## THE PINE BRANCH

saw two figures come up the walk. It was Mary Elaine, but who was with her? The figures stopped on the porch.

"How can I ever thank you for getting me out of trouble? I hope you don't think I was too bold to call you—"

"I'm glad you did. The trouble wasn't your fault, it was Sam's. I'm so glad I happened to be home when you called."

"To think I was foolish enough to go out with that common thing, and to such a place! Those terrible people he introduced me to, and tried to make me dance with! Then worst of all when he fell on the floor, dancing with Dorothy Stimson," she said with a sob.

"Oh, forget it. It's all over now. How about a date for tomorrow night?"

Mrs. Dawson, smiling, slipped to her room. "I knew my daughter would come out all right," she thought.

MARGARET BULLOCK—'31.

## GOING BACK

When I write a letter and don't say what I mean,  
I tear it bit by bit;  
I wish today were on paper  
So I might destroy it.

EMILIZA SWAIN—'33.

## MUST ONE BE VULGAR TO BE POPULAR?

A young woman on the eve of graduation, her four years of college life and experiences behind her, observed thoughtfully to one of her instructors, "I have just about concluded that a person has to have a certain degree of vulgarity to be popular."

I do not know what the instructor's reaction was to this statement, but I began to think of what the word popularity really includes and implies, and to wonder if vulgarity is necessarily a part of popularity.

It would seem that popularity is desired by the majority of people today, judging by the lengths to which they will go to obtain what they think is popularity. In universities, colleges, prep schools, remarks such as these are heard on all sides: "She certainly does 'rate'," "Wonder why he is so popular with the girls?" or "Reckon she's got 'It', eh?", and there is usually just a tinge of envy in the voices making the remarks. Such popularity seems to be desired whether it is deserved or not.

It is necessary to know what is meant by popularity and vulgarity. If the formal definitions of the two words are accepted, then a popular person must be in some degree vulgar. The word popular means pleasing to the common people; easily understood, plebeian, esteemed generally; and, of course, popularity is the state or quality of being popular. By the word vulgar is meant characteristic of the common people, common, unrefined, plebeian, coarse; and vulgarity is the state or quality of being vulgar. Thus it is plain that the two words have a great deal of basic similarity.

But conclusions cannot be made from mere definitions. Popularity may be general, or confined within certain limits. A person may be popular within a clique, and conform to all their ideals of good taste and proper action, yet the same person could be thought vulgar by a larger group, such as the town as a whole. The reverse of this situation is often true. A person popular with a large group may be considered common by a small, select group, and "snooted" by it.

The national hero, whether he is a soldier, an aviator, a sailor, or a sportsman, is the popular hero. In the eyes of the nation, he can do no wrong. Comparatively few people know him personally, so the idea of vulgarity does not enter into his popularity as a whole. But to one individual group he may appear vulgar, and to another polished. The various standards of the different stratas of society explain this difference of opinion.

Customs, ideals, and traditions vary with race, nationality, and

## THE PINE BRANCH

geography. In Russia, popularity consists of one thing, and may, or may not, include vulgarity; in France, or any other country, it consists of another. The Russian girl, popular in her own homeland, might go to France and be popular, popular and vulgar, or merely vulgar. The African, extremely popular in his or her own country, would not be accepted by even the most common of the white race in the United States. The actions of a Jew which cause him to be generally esteemed by his own people, may be the very actions that make the Gentile consider him common.

Going a step further, the popularity of yesterday is not the popularity of today. The quiet, sweet demureness of a popular Antebellum belle would make a wall-flower of her today. But in those days the perfect lady could dip snuff with equanimity. Today such a practice is vulgar. On the other hand, the popular modern miss would have caused the Victorian dame to throw up her hands at her show of vulgarity, bad breeding, and poor taste.

As it is commonly used in the United States today, the word popular carries with it the idea of being well liked by a large number of people, and, where it is possible, having one's person, or presence, in constant demand. For example, those who get the bids to house parties, "rate" the dances, get "dates" with the most desirable girls or boys; those who are invited to all of the bridge and dinner parties, and everywhere, so to speak,—these are the persons who are considered popular in the "popular" sense of the word.

There are various reasons for popularity: appearances, money, personality, clothes, or, to be more specific, the fact that certain persons are easy going, easy to understand, not too sensitive. They know how to "sweet talk", politic; they are good sports, hale-fellows-well-met, always have something to say. They meet every situation with ease, and know how to "fit in" with any crowd. Any of these reasons, or several of them may be true.

The young woman who said that to be popular one must be vulgar must have had in mind some of the traits of the popular girl or boy of today. The popular boy or girl often laughs and talks a little too much, and too loudly. That is unrefined and vulgar, even as we think of it today. The hale-fellow-well-met who slaps his fellow man vigorously on the back, squeezes his hand a little too hard, is being a bit over-demonstrative, a bit coarse. The popular girl usually greets everyone she meets effusively for fear she will slight someone, and cause feelings to be hurt. It is considered bad taste to overdo a thing. Many people use their popularity to attain their own ends, and this is in itself vulgar. To be a good sport, in many senses of the word, to be able to follow the crowd, usually

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

requires either a lack of refinement, or the shedding of some refinement in order to "fit in." Many girls have thrown away their good reputation to be popular, and what is a good reputation but the antithesis of the vulgar? An equal number of boys have reached the depths of coarseness and vulgarity, in trying to follow, and obtain the approval of their crowd.

No one ever heard of a person who was extremely intellectual, difficult to understand, who was popular except with perhaps a few other intellectuals. An individual of ultra good taste and refinement in person and manners is never popular in the ordinary sense of the word, for that person's associates feel inferior, in most cases. A man or woman of high intellect, character, good taste, refinement, and good breeding would find it difficult to be a good mixer, for being a good mixer means having the feelings, sympathies, and characteristics of the crowd.

Thus it is for each person to decide whether or not he really wishes to be popular, as the word is used today. If being popular could mean having the esteem of worthy people, and being worthy of that esteem, then the idea of vulgarity could be left out. But the word is seldom thus limited, and so the young woman who was finishing college had a great deal of right on her side when she remarked that to be popular, one must also be vulgar.

MELBA YOUNG BEALE—'32.

THE PINE BRANCH

CONTENT

I sent my soul a-seeking  
For the place that content abides:  
    I knew not where  
    Through dusky air  
Where the high wind swoops and rides,  
    Where shadows creep,  
    When dim stars sleep,  
And the moonbeams fade and glow;  
No, I knew not when my soul must go  
E'er it find where content abides.

My soul came back from seeking—  
"I have wandered the sad earth o'er—  
    To and fro,  
    From the northern floe  
To the sea-washed warm Azores;  
    From Capricorn  
    To the southern Horn,  
Where storm winds sweep and roar;  
I have watched the play of the Northern Lights  
And gazed on the Southern Cross at nights.

I flew the misty Atlantic,  
I crossed the Indian Sea;  
    Here and there  
    Almost in despair  
Of finding where peace might be;  
    From wide Pathay  
    To Mandalay,  
Then I turned my swift wings home—  
For only beside my own hearth-stone  
Will I find where content may be."

ELSIE QUARTERMAN—'32.

## THEIR MUTUAL FRIEND

As Marion followed the porter into the crowded pullman, every eye was upon her simply but exquisitely groomed figure. The dowdy little school teacher in upper four looked enviously at the sophisticated appearance of Marion's smartly tailored coat, her Frenche Shoppe shoes, and each perfect detail, and ardently wished that she could have the privilege of sitting opposite this newcomer, to her a paragon of wealth and leisure. The tired young mother, however, who occupied lower six was thankful that she was opposite even the cross old gentleman in upper six, instead of the newcomer.

"Heah yuh are, Miss, upper seben." The porter shoved her bags into place.

"Thanks." Marion Denning sat down, not noticing that she had really taken lower seven. As she loosened her coat and made herself comfortable, she saw at the other end of the car the most striking looking girl she had ever seen. "What a lovely person," Marion thought. "She's a deb' through and through. A figure, a face, clothes, money, and a perfect ash blonde, what more could one want?" To her surprise, the object of her thought stopped and addressed her in a voice that was a perfect match for her lovely silvery blonde hair.

"I beg your pardon, but there must be some mistake. I think I have number seven."

Embarrassed, but striving to keep herself calm, Marion hastily moved to the seat opposite. "I'm so sorry. I just didn't notice. Please excuse me."

"Why, of course. It really doesn't matter." She sat down. "You just came on, didn't you? You must be from Atlanta." Before Marion could answer in the affirmative, the conductor interrupted her.

Looking at her ticket, he addressed her. "You two'd better get acquainted, since you are both going to the same place, Kenilworth." He passed on smiling first at Marion, then at her companion.

"How nice." Marion was pleased at the new warmth in the voice that spoke to her. "You're staying at the Inn, of course." It was more of a statement than a question. For once Marion was glad that she had worn her old coat all winter, and had eaten lightly.

"Yes, indeed!" she replied. "Quite a coincidence, isn't it? Are you alone?"

"Yes, we'll have to become acquainted. I'm Elaine Athelson, from Montgomery. You are—?"

## THE PINE BRANCH

"Marion Denning, of Atlanta," Marion replied. "It's so nice to find someone congenial. Trains are so boring, don't you think?"

"Quite. By the way, there was a girl down home from Atlanta last year, Marcia Allen. I think she came out last season." Marion hesitated. What a terrible faux pas it would be to confess that she did not even know Marcia Allen casually. It would give her away as a non-rater, and ruin her vacation, but how much worse to have your sins find you out later!

"Er, yes. Isn't she charming? I think I'm two seasons ahead of her, but I see her quite often." There! the die was cast.

"This is marvelous luck." Elaine's face lighted up. "I've been dreading the stay at the Inn alone. You see, Mother usually comes with me, but after she had all the reservations and preparations made, she decided to take a trip with Dad to California. Now, I'll have you."

The remainder of the journey was pleasant, being shortened by more or less interesting conversation.

At dinner, the evening after their arrival, Elaine and Marion were lingering over their coffee, enjoying the dinner music, when Miss Jackson, the social secretary of the Inn joined them. "Miss Denning, I believe," she addressed Marion. Marion nodded in the affirmative. "I've just glanced over the register and found that you were from Atlanta. Do you by any chance know Marcia Allen?" Marion was in a quandary. She couldn't deny knowing her before Elaine, and yet, there were unknown dangers ahead, if she acknowledged the acquaintance.

Bracing herself physically and mentally, she replied, "Why yes, I do know Marcia, but not quite intimately. You see, I am several seasons ahead of her."

"I just wanted to find out if you knew when Miss Allen was coming up," Miss Jackson replied. "She had reservations for last week, but cancelled them indefinitely. It would be lovely to have her up here with you. She didn't come last week because her friend was unable to come."

"Yes, it would be lovely," Marion conceded, at a loss for anything else to say. Elaine was strangely silent upon the subject of Marcia.

"I have it," Miss Jackson smiled. "You write Miss Allen and suggest that she come while you're here. Do you mind?"

Marion's face fell. "Of course not," she replied; "I'll write tomorrow." Then turning to Elaine as Miss Jackson left their table she said, "That's a lovely idea, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," Elaine replied. "But let's talk about tomorrow. What do you say about horseback riding at seven?"

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

"Fine." Marion inwardly thanked her stars for Uncle Dick and his ranch. She could at least ride like a debutante. Before going to bed that night, Marion wrote a letter to her mother which contained these words, "I do hope Elaine doesn't ask me if I've written to Marcia Allen. It's so disconcerting. I live in mortal dread of Elaine's finding out that I'm only a poor secretary spending my three year's savings for a real vacation."

The next evening, Marion and Elaine met for dinner out on the terrace. Just as they began their dinner, a radio near their table began operating. "This is station W. S. B., Atlanta Journal, Atlanta, Georgia, broadcasting from the roof of the Biltmore Hotel. The Journal covers Dixie like the dew. Upon request, we present the social calendar of Atlanta for next week. Monday afternoon Mrs. Cox Fairfax entertains at the Biltmore at tea in honor of the Debutante Club—"

"Too bad you have to miss that," Elaine broke in. Marion nodded mutely. The announcer continued.

"Among the guests will be Miss Jane Marshall, Miss Sarah Holder, Miss Marcia Allen, who, by the way, is leaving Monday evening for Kenilworth to join friends—"

The shaded terrace lights hid Elaine's sudden pallor and Marion's furious blush. "Isn't that lovely?" Elaine's voice had a slight tremor in it.

"Yes, indeed," Marion replied, as she turned off the radio savagely.

"You know, I sent her a 'special' night before last, but I really didn't expect such a quick reply," Elaine explained.

Marion excused herself early pleading a headache. She really had one. Her head was in a whirl. One day,—Sunday,—remained before Marcia's arrival. Darn her, anyway! It would be too humiliating to stay and try to bluff it out. Evidently, she'd have to leave before Marcia's arrival, but her very soul rebelled at the idea of sneaking off. It wouldn't be sporting. Resolutely, she wrote a note to Elaine explaining all, her identity and pretense; put it under her pillow, and slept.

Morning brought no other salutation. Finishing her packing, she sent the note to Elaine, and sat down disconsolately before the window. A tear slipped down her cheek; so this was the way her marvelous vacation was going to end!

Suddenly, the door flew open without warning. Elaine rushed in, smiling radiantly. She hugged Marion ecstatically. "I'm so glad, honey! I was ready to duck, too. I don't know Marcia Allen either."

MARGUERITE LANGDALE—'31



# EDITORIAL

## WHY A PINE BRANCH?

What reasons are there for the existence of the Pine Branch? Have we ever delved into the causes of its conception? First of all, it gives the students an opportunity to express themselves. It was organized in 1918 by students who felt that the youngest state institution was old enough to want to talk. Then it gives to several thousand subscribers the account of us which they have a right to expect. The Pine Branch is intended to represent every leaf of every twig of thought on the campus. It is the voice of the College. Through it the students speak to their mother state. It is the medium through which we advise the state educational bodies of our needs and show them our merit and appreciation of their provisions. It is our means of presenting the advantages which we have to offer to high school students. Through it we tell our parents that we are taking advantage of the opportunities which they have given us. It informs our high school alma maters how we are representing them. It speaks clearly to our alumnae, telling them that we are trying to keep up their good work. On the campus, its articles reveal the students to one another. There have been many instances of girls whose real intellectual qualities have been entirely unknown to the student body as a whole until their articles were published in the Pine Branch. To many, our magazine reflects the influence of our faculty members. The Pine Branch tells the world what we are.

Our publication talks for us. To a large audience its words are the only evidences of our existence. Many people who have never been to Valdosta realize that we are here only because they read it. To them the Pine Branch is G. S. W. C. Just as we judge our friends by their words and actions, so the world at large is going to judge us by the thoughts and actions recounted in our publication.

If we are to be judged by the printed pages of our monthly, what are we going to make them represent? Shall our subscribers see any but our most admirable side? Just as we do not tell our ugliest thoughts and our most unworthy intentions to those whose opinions matter, so we are not going to print anything untrue to

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

our noblest attitude for the world to see. We want to make the Pine Branch represent us at our very best. This does not mean that it is to represent a selected group of students; it means that the Pine Branch stands for the finest that is in each one of us. If we cannot afford to write what we really are, at least we can show the world what we stand for and what we want to be. Girls, with our ideals before us in the Pine Branch, can't we so live up to them that the Pine Branch will be a true representation of our every thought?

MARGUERITE L. POWELL—'33.

\* \* \*

### LET EACH DO HIS PART

You may not be skilled in bringing the tones from an organ, in shaping beautiful statues out of marble, or artistic enough to picture God's colorful out-of-doors with a few strokes of a brush upon canvas but each and every human being has been gifted with the wonderful power to think, to compose sentences, for in this modern age everyone has the opportunity of learning to write. Take a few minutes of your leisure time and use them in composing a poem. Write down your crude thoughts and then polish and arrange them in an effective rimeing scheme.

Let the world know that you are glad to be living. Stir the slumbering chords of music in your soul. Do not let those hidden treasures die with you but bring them forth that the world might be benefited by them, for you are the only person who can keep them from decaying in the crevices of your brain.

ELIZABETH WRIGHT—'33.



## LOCALS

The first meeting of the Student Government Association of the Georgia State Womans College was held in Ashley Hall the evening of September 19. "The Pine Branch" was sung after the meeting had been called to order by the president, Miss Margaret Bullock, of Adel, Georgia. Dr. R. H. Powell,

President of G. S. W. C., was introduced by Miss Bullock as speaker for the evening. Dr. Powell welcomed the new students into the Student Government Association, and gave an inspirational talk on the desirable qualities found in such an organization. Dr. Powell summarized his talk in saying that the underlying act was courtesy, and that by applying the principles involved in being courteous, the Student Government Association at the Georgia State Womans College would never face any problem. After Dr. Powell's message, the Alma Mater was sung and the meeting declared adjourned by the president.

\* \* \*

The first regular monthly meeting of the Student Government Association was held in the rotunda of Ashley Hall, September 3. After the meeting had been called to order by Miss Bullock, Miss Leta Mac Stripling, of Reidsville, Secretary of the Association, read the minutes of the first meeting. Mrs. A. J. Strickland, of Valdosta, gave a very inspiring talk on her impressions of "The Passion Play." The Alma Mater was sung and the meeting adjourned.

\* \* \*

The faculty of the Georgia State Womans College entertained the student body at a reception Saturday evening, September 27. The rotunda was effectively decorated and it was there that the guests were received by the faculty, with Miss Hopper, dean of women, and President and Mrs. R. H. Powell in the first group. A program was given by the members of the College faculty. After the program dancing was enjoyed in the dining hall, which was attractively decorated with fall flowers.

\* \* \*

The College was glad to welcome several new members into the

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

faculty in addition to the former ones. Miss Antoinette Westborn comes to the College from Albion College, Michigan, as professor Modern Languages. She received her doctorate from the University of Vienna, Austria. Miss Ruth Scott comes to the College from Oberlin, Kansas, as instructor in voice. Dr. Earl Phelan comes to the College from the University of Cincinnati.

\* \* \*

The cover of the 1930 Pine Cone, the college annual, has won honor for itself and its designers. In the Malloy cover contest, held last summer, the cover design of the Pine Cone won the second prize of \$90.00 for the staff that published it. We are very proud of this annual, but we feel quite confident that the 1931 Pine Cone will even surpass the former one with Miss Roselle Hatcher of Donaldsonville, the editor-in-chief, cooperating with her capable staff, including Margaret Jennings of Waycross, Business Manager; Maye de Lois Summerlin of Pelham, Feature Editor; Evelyn Blanton of Columbus, Snap Shot Editor; Dorothy Stroud of Valdosta and Mary Winn of Savannah, Advertising Managers; Kate Jones of Riceboro, Literary Editor; Grace Chastain of Thomasville, Activity Editor; and Mary E. Boyd of Valdosta, Margaret Parrish of Valdosta, Pauline Griffin of Valdosta, and Etta Giddens of Arlington, Art Committee.

\* \* \*

The Valdosta Club entertained the faculty, mothers, and student body at a tea Wednesday, September 1, in the rotunda of Ashley Hall. The guests were received at the door by the reception committee, Miss Marguerite Langdale, Miss Dorothy Davis, Miss Dorothy Courtney, and Miss Louise Johnson. Miss Ruth Scott and Mr. James Dasher sang, accompanied by Miss Gladys Warren. Miss Dorothy Davis gave several piano selections. Refreshments were served by Miss Louise Jackson, Miss Pauline Griffin, Miss Pauline Forbes, Miss Louise Clifford, and Miss Pearl Strong. Miss Dorothy Stroud presided at the tea table.

\* \* \*

Excitement reigned at G. S. W. C. on October 6, 7, 8. The four classes were putting on a Pine Branch Drive—the Senior and Sophomore classes against the Junior and Freshmen classes. The group having the highest percentage of subscriptions were to be dictators for one day, Friday, October 10. The Senior-Sophomore group with an average of 78 per cent won over the Junior-Freshmen group who had an average of 49 per cent. The glorious day for the victors arrived and the losing group certainly paid the penalty for not being more loyal to the College Magazine, The Pine Branch.

ELIZABETH WRIGHT—'33.

## DEPARTMENT CLUBS

\* \* \*

The Glee Club has the following officers for the year 1930-31: President, Kathleen Hurst; Secretary, Louise Johnson; Treasurer, Mary O'Quinn. The following new members were admitted: Louise Tippins, Jimmie Arnold, Caro Horn, Lillian Sumner, Doris Zittrower, Adair Langford, Margaret Morrison, Mildred Minchew, Carolyn Smith, Katherine Stovall, Mary Poole, Elizabeth Pardee.

\* \* \*

Among the most interesting activities planned by the clubs for the new year is the bazaar which the Fine Arts Club and the International Relations Club are planning for the week of November 17 to 22. The bazaar will be centered around Russian, Japanese, and Chinese art.

\* \* \*

The Fine Arts Club has elected the following officers for the year 1930-31: President, Mary Elizabeth Boyd; Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret Warfield. The vice-president will be elected after the installation of the new members. Bids have been extended to: Dorothy Courtney, Frances Hill, Elizabeth Scheider, Carolyn Ward, Sara Emily Ward, Elsie Quarterman, Emeliza Swain, Ethel McSwain, Aline Tison, Mrs. Jordan, Nelle Robinson, Winona Parrish.

\* \* \*

The Fine Arts Club entertained at tea in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall, from four-thirty to six-thirty on Friday, October 10, in honor of the new members of the club, and the Board of the Wymodausis Club. Miss Frances Ruth Carpenter, the faculty advisor, and Miss Mary Elizabeth Boyd, the President of the club served. The guests were welcomed at the door by Miss Margaret Warfield, Secretary-Treasurer of the club. Members of the International Relations Club assisted in serving. During the afternoon, a musical program was rendered by Miss Dorothy Davis and Miss Louise Clifford.

\* \* \*

The officers of the Sock and Buckskin Club for the new year are: President, Lillian Lively; Vice-president, Mildred Minchew; Secretary-Treasurer, Ruth Dozier. The new members of the club, selected in the "try-outs" are: Margaret Jennings, Wynona Copeland, Wilene Roberts, Katherine Stovall, Myrtice Johnson, Margaret Smith, Helen Steele, Mary Virginia McKey, Winona Parrish, Katherine Wall, Frances Howell.

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

The work of the club this year will be greatly aided by the new stage which has been built in Room 102 in West Hall. This is the first laboratory equipment that the club has had.

The officers of the club are planning for the study this year to be based on European Dramas. At the first meeting on October 7, Miss Lucile Jenkins, the faculty advisor, spoke on "Plays and Dramas of Europe in 1930."

\* \* \*

The International Relations Club has organized with the following officers: President, Margaret Parrish; Vice-president, Lillian Patterson; and Secretary-Treasurer, Jean Loughridge. The following history majors have received bids to become new members of the club: Margaret Bullock, Alice Hicks, Miriam McMillan, Ruby McSwain, Dorothy Courtney, Dorothy Harris, Mattie D. Simpson, Helen Brasington, Sara Coachman, Rosalind Bleiler, Dorothy Denmark. Mrs. Gladys Evans.

\* \* \*

The Philharmonic Club has organized with the following officers: President, Mary Elaine Flanagan; Secretary-Treasurer, Marguerite Powell. The following new members were received after try-outs: Carolyn Bullard, Elizabeth Thompson, Elizabeth Arnold, Clarice Worsham, Lillian Henderson, Annie Lois Gardner, Mildred Minchew, Dorothy Ford, Madge Ingram, Margaret Williams (Douglas), Mary Poole, Dorothy Crocker, Margaret Morrison, Hazel Allen. Associate members: Louisa Heath, Adair Langford, Madge Swain.

The first meeting of the club was held Monday night, October 6, at the House-in-the-Woods. All new girls interested in music were invited. The president, Mary Elaine Flanagan, explained the try-outs to the new girls. Marguerite Powell, the secretary-treasurer told them about the pin of the club. Miss Gladys Warren, the faculty advisor, talked about the purpose of the club and gave several reasons why a girl should want to belong. The president of last year, Miss Joyce Roberson, told of some of the activities of the club during 1920-30. After the program, an hour of dancing was enjoyed.

EMILIZA SWAIN—'33.



## Y. W. C. A.

"I'm an Old Girl! Can I Help?" That little tag pinned on the Y. W. C. A. cabinet members at the opening of school had a meaning all its own. Its full significance was realized only by those who were not old girls. The cabinet mem-

bers were kept very busy welcoming the Freshmen and helping them through the hot and tiring time of registration, with all kinds of information and even a cold glass of lemonade. This marked the beginning of the varied and interesting work of the Y. W. C. A. for the year 1930-31.

On September 20, the Y. W. C. A. entertained with the annual "Big-Little Sister Party." Every old girl looked forward to that particular affair, and they were not disappointed. With the cooperation of the others it was made very enjoyable and entertaining by the Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, Miss Margaret Jennings.

Miss Essye Alligood led the first Thursday evening vesper. Miss Roselle Hatcher made an inspiring talk on the subject, Opportunity, and Miss Marguerite Powell gave a reading along the same line. Miss Jeanette Hall played a violin solo. The following Thursday evening the girls had a "get together" on the campus and sang G. S. W. C. pep songs.

Everybody was given the chance to meet the Y. W. C. A. cabinet for this year, at the first Sunday evening vesper service. After the President, Miss Margaret Sumner, had greeted the newcomers, each cabinet member spoke a few words of welcome. A large number of the student body showed a gratifying amount of enthusiasm in the work of the Christian Organization on the campus.

On September 28, the Y. W. C. A. had a very beautiful and significant recognition service for the new members—the choir, singing "Hymn of Lights," led the processional into the Rotunda. Each old girl carried a lighted candle and had as her partner a new girl with an unlighted candle. Miss Margaret Sumner in her talk asked the question, "What does membership in the Y. W. C. A. mean?" As Spirit of the Organization, Miss Essye Alligood answered the

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

question. The president made the pledge for the new girls. The old girls then lighted the new girls' candles. The recessional to the campus was led by the president and vice-president, followed by the faculty and student body singing "Follow the Gleam." The group formed the skeleton of a triangle. After Miss Annie P. Hopper offered a prayer, response for the new girls was given by Miss Annie Lois Gardner.

Everybody is going to have a big time at the club house this year. With the new coat of paint, new roof, pretty curtains and other added fixtures it looks like a "real sure-enough playhouse." Nothing is more fun than going out to the House-in-the-Woods to make hot chocolate and waffles, toast weiners and marshmallows, or to do any of those other nice things that can be done there.

NANCY ROWLAND—'33.



# SOCIETIES

## SORORIAN NEWS

The Sororian Literary Society held its first meeting of the year in the Rotunda on October 4. After a short business meeting Miss Maye de Lois Summerlin, of Pelham, turned the meeting over to Miss Dorothy Chapman, of Savannah, who was Chairman of the Program Committee for the evening. The program consisted of a study of each of the Pulitzer Prize awards for 1930. The novel winning the prize was "Laughing Boy," by Oliver La Forge. It was reviewed by Miss Phara Elarbee, of Calvary. Miss Elizabeth Kirkland, of Sylvester, gave a very interesting discussion of Conrad Aiken, the prize poet. Miss Annie P. Hopper, who saw the New York production of "Green Pastures," Marc Connelly's play which won the drama prize, reviewed the play and told her impression of it in a most entertaining account.

## ARGONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The first meeting of the Argonian Literary Society was held in the Lecture Room on the evening of October the fourth. Leta Mac Stripling, of Reidsville, presided. A study was made of the Pulitzer Prize awards.

Miss Annie P. Hopper reviewed the play, "Green Pastures," which she saw in New York last summer. After identifying the playwright, Marc Connelly, and the principal actors, Miss Hopper gave a short synopsis of the play. She told several of the most amusing incidents of the play and read extracts from some of the critical reviews. Essye Alligood, of Cairo, sketched the life of Conrad Aiken and read some of his poems.

Jean Loughridge, of Odum, gave an interesting synopsis of the novel, "Laughing Boy," by Lafarge. This novel is another example of "racy-of-the-soil" fiction and gave many insights into the lives and problems of the present day American Indian. After the program, a short business meeting was held. Quinnie Carmack, of Hawkinsville, was elected president of the society for the year 1930-31. Wylene Whitley, of Douglas, was elected Sergeant-at-Arms. Both officers were immediately installed.

LILLIAN M. HOPPER—'31.



# ATHLETICS

## PHI KAPPA NEWS

An old year has gone; a new year has begun—for our Athletic Associations, and especially for the Kappas. We were on the very tip-top when the old year ended; we are in the lead as the new year begins, but will we be in the lead as the new year comes to a close? Our reputation is at stake; shall we continue to hold up our heads, or shall we bow them in shame when the final score is announced?

For three successive years the name "Phi Kappa" has been written on the honor plaque. We must be true to ourselves and to our fore-runners by putting it there again this year. The only name on the "Roll of Fame" Plaque is that of a Kappa girl, will it be true to her to let other names outnumber ours there?

We have a wealth of new material in our new girls to add to the strength of our old ones. We should have the biggest and best year our Association has ever known. Let's show the world that we are "Phi Kappas born, and Phi Kappas bred," and that we really don't need to sing "Kappas are going to rise again," for the Phi Kappas are on top, and with hard enough work on every one's part, There they will stay.

RUTH DOZIER—'33.

\* \* \*

## PHI LAMBDA NEWS

At a short call meeting of the Lambda Athletic Association, held Monday, October 6, Miss Lucius Bedell was elected president of the Association for the year 1930-31. Miss Bedell has already made an enviable record in leadership on the campus and the Lambdas are looking forward to a big year under her guidance.

Now at the beginning of another school year, when we again have half the Freshmen pledged Lambdas, we want to start the best year ever recorded. The past is behind us; only the present and future remain. We can make our future just what we want it.

## THE PINE BRANCH

If every member will give her full cooperation by not only going out for sports but by practicing regularly, will make records that the Kappas can't beat.

Now that you new girls know you're Lambdas, what are you going to make it mean? We not only want your support, we need it—we've got to have it! How about it?

MARY LEVERETTE—'33.

\* \* \*

## THE ATHLETIC PARTY

And was the Athletic party a big success? I'll say it was—and how! One of the biggest successes our campus has ever seen, from the time we all went back to our childhood and "had a good old time at the circus," until our new girls were relieved of their suspense, and told to which Athletic Association they belonged.

We were just a large crowd of children (small children at that) the night of the party. Our student body can always adapt itself to any occasion, and we surely were hilarious, happy, and hopeful Saturday night. All of us were happy, and the new girls were hopeful as to which athletic bid they would get; but may I add that they are to be congratulated on the fine sportsmanship they showed on receiving their bids.

Our august dining hall was converted into one of the jolliest circuses you ever saw. In one corner the trainer of wild animals popped his whip at his animal (crackers). His lions were at their best, his elephants charlestoned as they never did before, and his monkeys kept all of us laughing. The most mysterious gypsy held sway over a number of admirers in another corner. In her own words she "knew everything about everybody—past, present, and future."

Our golf fans were provided with plenty of amusement. No longer may the outside world look on us with disdainful amusement and say, "Oh, they don't rate; they haven't a miniature golf course." We have, (or had). The golf course was one of the most important features in the dining room. Those of us who haven't yet been attacked by the golf bug were amused by bowling.

Of course, the dining room could not accommodate all of us, so we made our way to the administration building. Anna Frances Ham, one of the most talented of our film stars was playing in, "Yes and No," assisted by none other than the famous Mildred Minchew. (They were both assisted by Mary Leverette and Maxine Purdy behind the screen). Never since talking pictures came into

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

existence has there been such a picture! The adventure of it kept you sitting on the edge of your chair, the comedy of it made you laugh until you were ready to cry at the tragedy of it, but greatest of all was the romance of it. Three performances were given in order to accommodate the huge crowds that came to admire Anna Frances and Mildred.

Another feature of the cinema was a novel one-reel production, featuring Miss Elizabeth Kirkland. The audience was moved to tears as Miss Kirkland plead with a pair of men's shoes. An unusual fashion display contrasting fashions "Now and Then" followed. Some of the lovely models were—well, hilarious looking in their old-fashioned gowns.

After all the thrills and heart throbs of that stirring drama we repaired to the gym where there was much treading to merry measure. Almost all of us dance, and the gym was rather crowded; but as some remained to see another performance of "Yes and No," we managed to get along. For the benefit of those who didn't want to dance, games were played, and we had to take up our childhood role again.

From the gym we sought our way back to the dining room, and several Freshmen have confided to me since that their hearts were so in their mouths that they could hardly breathe.

Our most honorable presidents, Margaret Brabham, Kappa, and Lucius Bedell, Lambda, took charge of us there and the most fun of all began. The new girls were so excited they could hardly stand it, and the old girls weren't feeling exactly calm. But it finally ended as all things do, and each girl received her bid. The grand march followed in which every girl followed her association officers, and the new girls at last felt that they were truly members of our student body in every single way.

RUTH DOZIER—'33.



## ALUMNAE

During the commencement season the College enjoyed visits from the following alumnae:

Inez Sharpe, Mattie Baker, Georgia Gibson, May Gibson McCall, Kennie Lasseter Willis, Deborah Patterson, Jessie Mae Prescott, Mrs. Joel L. Potter, Ethel Allen, Aline Alexander Gay, Mil-

dred Williams Oetlamyer, Clara Bell Penny, Lucile Nix, Doris Fleming, Ida Burroughs, Mary Alice Sineath, Sara Mandeville, Lucile Dowling, Lois Sharpe, Kathryn Ulmer, Sara Thomas, Eunice Chute, Mary Louise Maxwell, Ila Spooner, Mary Smith Hodges, Mary Stokes, Eunice Cassels, Lillian Cassels, Lena Mae Smith, Catherine Trulock, Gladys Butler, Mildred Cassels, Mae Lillie Touchton, Rena Mae Campbell, Dorothy Larsen Parker, LaForrest Smith, Marguerite Ford, Lillian Hopper, Virginia Touchton, Mattie Campbell Lester, Natalie Sirmans Williams, and Emma Sue Morris King.

\* \* \*

The varying activities of the A. B. Degree Graduates of 1930 are shown in the following items:

Mary Alexander is spending the winter in New York with her mother.

Olabelle Barber is remaining at her home in Valdosta, Georgia.

Evelyn Blanton is teaching the third grade in Pavo, Georgia.

Mary Kate Burrows is doing grade work in the Public Schools in Jasper, Florida.

Nell Crocker is spending this year at her home in Valdosta, Georgia.

Evelyn Deariso is assisting the Librarian of The Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta.

Mrs. W. W. Everett is at home in Valdosta, Georgia.

Lillian Exum is remaining at home in Walstonburg, North Carolina.

Louise Forbes is teaching French and English in Ashburn, Georgia.

Dorothy Harper is teaching English and French in Sasser, Georgia.

Louise Holcombe is teaching English and Penmanship in the fourth grade in Lake Wales, Florida.

Marian Laing is teaching the second grade in Screven, Georgia.

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Louise Lastinger is doing grade work in the Public Schools in Laredo, Texas.

Dorothy Life is teaching in the Grammar School of NewPhiladelphia, Ohio.

7 Kathleen Little is spending this year at her home in Ocilla, Georgia.

Catherine McRee is spending several months with her sister, Mrs. R. G. Wolff, in Mobile, Alabama.

Julia Maye Murray is teaching English and Science in Eton High School, in Eton, Georgia.

Ruth Norman is doing Primary work in the Public School in Norman Park, Georgia.

Caroline Parrish is Secretary to the President of The Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta, Georgia.

Nannie Pope is teaching History and Mathematics in Hahira, Georgia.

Kathryn Sawyer is teaching the fourth grade in Coolidge Consolidated School, in Coolidge, Georgia.

Hazel Taylor is teaching the second and third grades in Bemiss school of Lowndes County, Georgia.

Emily Tillman holds a position with The Citizens and Southern National Bank in Valdosta, Georgia.

Myrtle Vick is teaching Science and coaching athletics in the High School of Hahira, Georgia.

Lucile Wood is teaching the first grade in Barney Public School. Barney, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Members of the Alumnae Association will be interested to learn of the following marriages which occurred during the summer:

Miss Florence Breen, of Jesup, who has been Assistant to the Dean of Women at the Georgia State Womans College since her graduation in 1927, was married to Mr. Edward Spears on August 29, 1930. They are at home in Jesup.

Miss Catherine Pendleton was married to Lieut. Thomas G. Cranford, Jr., in early September, at Tokyo, Japan. They are at home in Tokyo, where Lieut. Cranford is in the diplomatic service.

Miss Lorene Tittle was married to Mr. M. L. Strong, Jr., of Valdosta. They are at home at 605 North Patterson Street, Valdosta.

Miss Mary Mansfield was married to Mr. Herbert Warren, of Dallas, Georgia. They are at home in Carrollton, Georgia.

IVA CHANDLER—'29.

# SOKEs

Here: When does you-all leave here?

There: De fust.

Here: De fust of when?

There: De fust chance ah gits.

\* \* \*

He: Every morning you are my first thought.

She: Your roommate tells me the same thing.

He: Oh, but I get up an hour before he does.

\* \* \*

Remember, Freshmen, Einstein flunked in Math.

\* \* \*

## DESPAIR

My footstep lags,

My spirit sags,

Paltry joy for me, I wot;

Time hastes away,

Youth wastes away,

Another reference to be got!

—Dorothy Davis—'31.

\* \* \*

New record for meanness—The Prof who borrowed a student's pencil to mark her down a flunk.

\* \* \*

Student: Where is the American section in Paris?

Miss Jenkins: The first ten rows at the Folies Bergeres.

\* \* \*

"This is food for reflection," said the billygoat as he ate the looking glass.

Mr. Stokes: There is not a square inch of the earth not covered with living matter.

Freshman: There's no life in the Dead Sea, is there?

\* \* \*

Student: What's that compound?

Dr. Phelan: Nonane.

Student: Why don't they name it?

EMILY BURNEY—'33.

## **The Georgia State Womans College At Valdosta**

HAS OPENED ITS NINETEENTH SESSION UNDER  
MOST FAVORABLE AUSPICES.

ITS DORMITORIES ARE FILLED TO THE LIMIT,  
ITS FACULTY IS THE STRONGEST IN ITS HIS-  
TORY, ITS LIBRARY AND LABORATORIES ARE  
AT THEIR BEST.

THE MOTTO OF THE COLLEGE IS "CHARACTER  
FIRST."

AMBITIOUS HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS ARE IN-  
VITED TO PLACE THEIR APPLICATIONS FOR  
NEXT YEAR.

PHONE 1281

MANICURING

## **VALDOSTA BEAUTY SALON**

Second Floor Mrs. Whittington's  
VALDOSTA, GA.

Eugene and Frederics Vita-Tonic Permanent Waves  
Marcelling, Facial Massage, Finger Waving, Scalp Treatments

PLEASING YOU KEEPS US IN BUSINESS

## **Have Your Clothing Gloverized at THE BENSON COMPANY**

PAUL BENSON, Manager

**Dry Cleaners and Dyers**

ESTABLISHED 1867

INCORPORATED 1889

## **THE VALDOSTA TIMES**

**Daily and Weekly**

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

**Commercial Job Printers**

## **LINDBERGH RESTAURANT**

**Quality Above All**

**COME AND VISIT US  
BROOKWOOD PHARMACY**

Sodas, and Sundaes made up of the finest flavors and Pure Delicious Ice Cream.

LET US SHOW YOU THE FINEST FOUNTAIN SERVICE IN TOWN--You are always assured of Perfect Drinks,

**MODEL CREAM BREAD**

**Rolls and Do-Nuts**

**MODEL BAKERY**

**Phone 22**

**"THE FIT IS THE THING"**

We are glad to have the G. S. W. C. Students and Faculty back in Valdosta, Georgia. We missed you—Make Our Store Your Store!—ALWAYS WELCOME!

**PAXSON'S TURNER JONES' STORE**

**VALDOSTA, GEORGIA**

**"QUALITY NEVER QUESTIONED"**

**Drink Coca Cola  
Red Race Gingerale  
Nu Grape and Nu Icy**

**VALDOSTA COCA  
COLA BOTTLING  
WORKS, Inc.**

The Coca-Cola logo, featuring the brand name in its signature script typeface.

**MOTHERS BREAD—BAMBY BREAD**  
**SUPERIOR CAKE**  
**At Your Grocer**

**We Welcome You at Our New Location**  
**After November 1st, 1930**  
**THOMPSON & GIRARDIN**  
**Jewelers**  
**120 No. Patterson St.                      Valdosta, Ga.**

**W. L. STEWART**  
**Wholesale Candies**  
Baby Ruth, Milky Way, Rations, Mounds, Hersheys, Peanut  
Bars, Honest Square, Snickers, Golden Day, Cheese Crackers,  
Butterfinger, Jinks, Milk Shake, Honey Bar.  
**We Thank You!**

**FOR GOOD THINGS TO EAT**  
**Call At**  
**PULTAR'S PASTRY SHOP**

**We Deliver Anything to the College by  
Motorcycle Delivery**

**AT ANY HOUR—WE CALL IT FIVE-MINUTE SERVICE**

**YEARTY DRUG COMPANY**

**Phones, 812-813**

**HOLEPROOF HOSIERY**

**New Fall Colors**

**\$1.50**

**\$1.65**

**\$1.95**

**T H E   S T Y L E   S H O P**

**COLONIAL TEA ROOM**

**Where You Find the Best Fried**

**Chicken and Oysters**

**OPEN ALL HOURS**

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**

**Valdosta, Georgia**

**Where All Accounts Are Appreciated**

**Visit The**  
**SERVICE DRUG COMPANY**  
**When You Want the Best in Drinks,**  
**Candies, Drugs, Cosmetics**  
**PHONE 1300**

**You Can Be Sure It Is Good When You**  
**BUY PLEE - ZING**  
**A Quality Line**  
**THE A. S. PENDLETON CO.**  
**Distributors**

**"The College Girls' Store"**  
**C. C. VARNEDOE & COMPANY**  
**Valdosta's Store Dependable**  
**Welcomes the Faculty and Students**

**THE A. A. PARRISH COMPANY**  
**Atwater Kent Radio**  
**Battery and Tire Service**  
**ONE STOP STATION**  
**Phone 256** **Valdosta, Georgia**

**VISIT VINSON'S**

**At New Location—125 No. Patterson**

**A GOOD DRUG STORE**

**Quick Deliveries**

**Phones, 245-246**

**Never Buy, Before You Try**

**FRIEDLANDER'S**

**Valdosta's Premier Department Store**

**Cor. Patterson and Hill**

**Valdosta, Ga.**

**PIGGLY WIGGLY SNOW COMPANY**

**Valdosta's Leading Grocery and  
Meat Merchants**

**ALWAYS THE MOST OF THE BEST FOR THE LEAST**

**WE THANK YOU**

**VANITY BOOT SHOP**

**Shoes and Hosiery**

The Vanity Boot Shop, opened under new management of Mr. C. C. Carter, carries latest in up-to-date styles in ladies' shoes at reasonable prices. You are always welcome at our store

**"WHERE COMFORT, STYLE and ECONOMY MEET"**

**110 No. Ashley Street—Valdosta, Georgia**

**DANIEL ASHLEY PHARMACY**

**Welcomes College Girls**

**Offers the Best in Drugs, Sodas, Sundries  
Quick Deliveries—Phone 700**

**JITNEY JUNGLE**

**“The Modern Grocery Store of Today  
and The Future”**

**3 Clean Stores—3 Sanitary Markets**

**For That Personal Xmas Remembrance,  
The GIFT that ONLY YOU CAN GIVE!  
YOUR PHOTOGRAPH**

**VERAN BLACKBURN  
Photographer**



**A M B U L A N C E**

**Phone 111**

**JOHN SINEATH  
UNDERTAKER, Inc.**

**Valdosta, Georgia**

**S U I T S U S**  
**JERSEY MILK AND CREAM**  
**Quality Products**

**W E L C O M E !**  
**Faculty and Students of G. S. W. C.**  
**W. M. OLIVER & COMPANY**  
**"Valdosta's Shopping Center"**

**COMPLIMENTS**  
**of**  
**HOTEL DANIEL ASHLEY**

**W. C. GRIFFIN & SONS**  
**Dry Goods, Shoes, Children's and Ladies'**  
**READY - T O - W E A R**  
**Children's and Ladies' Millinery**

# **Churchwell's**

**NEW AND UP - TO - DATE**

## **DEPARTMENT STORE**

**OFFERS THE COLLEGE GIRL  
A COMPLETE LINE OF**

**Dry Goods, Shoes and  
Ready-to-Wear**

**PHONE 63**

**Delivery Service**

## **SPORTING GOODS**

- Foot Ball**
- Basket Ball**
- Golf**
- Tennis**
- Base Ball**

**A COMPLETE LINE!**

---

## **SCHOOL SUPPLIES**

**The Largest line ever offered in  
Valdosta!**

**The Best Values!—See Ours before  
you buy!**

---

## **SOUTHERN STATIONERY AND PRINTING COMPANY**

**“PRINTING THAT SATISFIES”**

**209 N. Ashley St.**

**Phone 241**

**Valdosta, Georgia**

**COOK**

THE CLEANEST WAY  
THE SAFEST WAY  
THE ECONOMICAL WAY  
THE PLEASANT WAY

**Electrically!**

**GEORGIA POWER & LIGHT CO.**

TELEPHONE 1386

Patronize Home Industries—Call For  
**HOYE-LILLY-QUALITY ICE CREAM**  
**It's The Best!**

**HOYE-LILLY ICE CREAM CO.**  
**Valdosta, Georgia**