

THE PINE BRANCH



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RETROSPECTION

At the Altar of Flame I knelt;
To see life fully was my prayer.
I lived—but the disillusion I felt—
I had more than I could bear.
I tried to draw scorched fingers back,
But fascinated they clung.
Now there is no knowledge that I lack,
But my heart with anguish wrung
Guards this secret of all the most—
From alien eyes withdrawn.
Experience! How great the cost;
Ashes remain—the fire is gone—
Yet the world goes on,
And I go on too—though all is lost.

MARY ALICE HOUSE.

MAD MARCH HARES

Hares go mad in March,
But a hare is a happy thing;
I'd rather be a Mad March Hare
Than a Wise December King.

KATHRYNE CONNELL.

THE SWAMP ANGEL

When I was doing research work studying and cataloging the different botanical specimens in Georgia, I spent several months on the edge of the Okefinokee Swamp. The place was a veritable treasure house for me with its myriads of trees, plants, and flowers, but there I came in contact with something even more interesting than my beloved plants. I had a glimpse into the lives of a people, who, though they live in a civilized country, are cut off from civilization; whose joys, sorrows, and tragedies remain unknown; who live and die in obscurity. These are the children of the swamp.

Even as the jungle people call the jungle their mother, so do the children of the swamp live under the sheltering wings of the spirit of the swamp—shall I call her the Swamp Angel? She feeds them, punishes them, rewards them, binds them to her, and sometimes, perhaps feeling lonely, claims one of them in death, even as in life.

It was early spring when I made the trip. I stopped in one of the small towns nearest the Okefinokee to find out if there was a house on the edge of the swamp where I could stay for some time, and go and come as I liked. The hotel clerk told me to "arsk Uncle Charlie over thar as he knew all the folks thar about." Uncle Charlie was whittling, and chewing a piece of tobacco so large that his jaw was swelled out of all proportion. I went over and introduced myself.

"Howdy, Stranger," Uncle Charlie spat forcefully and looked at me from under bushy eyebrows. I asked if he knew of a possible lodging place near the swamp. He looked quizzically at my pressed suit and shaven countenance, as if such things were novelties to him, and shook his head doubtfully.

"You had better not go 'roun' no swamp with them clothes on," he said emphatically, and spat again. I hastily replied that I had the proper apparel up in my room. This seemed to reassure him.

"Wal—I don't know as if thar's any place that'd suit ye, but 'bout the best place is over to 'Zekiel Birch's. He's got a half-breed Injun squaw fer a wife, and his gal is queer in her haid, but Zeke's a good fisherman and his squaw's a good cook. I don' reckon as how they'd mind ya stayin' thar awhile if Zeke likes ya, and if thar's much money in it."

I pondered on this not very encouraging information about the Birch family, but finally concluded that I would probably be able to do no better. Uncle Charlie promised to take me and my "truck", as he called it, out to the place in his old ford. I was surprised to find passable roads so near the swamp.

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On the way out, partly to make conversation and partly through curiosity, I asked Uncle Charlie for more information concerning Birch.

"How does it happen that he has an Indian wife?" I asked. "There aren't many Indians around here, are there?"

"Nope, none to speak of. This here squaw come from Floridy. He went down thar right after his first wife died, and come back with this Injun to keep house fer him. I think she musta hoo-dooed his little gal, cause she ain't like other folks. Zeke's a funny cuss. He don't talk much, and ain't easy to make friends with, but once yore frien', he'll do anything fer ya. Don't try to make him talk, jus' act natural and he'll come roun'."

Just then we entered what looked like more flat woods, but as we went on, the cypress trunks became larger, the undergrowth denser, and the pools of water more frequent. A kind of hush seemed to hang about us. It was difficult to realize the immensity of the swamp or to imagine the teeming life that dwelt within it. I was immediately filled with the longing to take my microscope and go the remainder of the way on foot, but the idea was impractical for a person without wading boots.

"This heahs only the first stretch," my companion explained. "Zeke's place is on a strip of dry ground 'tween this and a cypress pond. Thar's his place over thar."

Ahead of us the road came to an end on the banks of what would have been called a lake had it not been so full of trees. At one side was a small frame house, unpainted, unadorned in any way. But it appeared clean, and the windows were screened. There were even flowers in what served for a yard, and my heart warmed towards the inmates of this house because of those flowers.

As we stopped the rattling ford, a deep voice boomed from the depths of the house. "Minna, thar's a cyar outside. See who it be."

"Minna's the squaw," Uncle Charlie whispered. Then he said aloud, "Howdy, Minna. Zeke heah?"

The woman whom he addressed was dusky-skinned, dark-haired, and—very fat. She waddled as she walked. But her faded gingham dress was clean. "Yah. Inside Unk Charlie," was all that she said. We followed her into the house.

From a chair a large figure loomed upward. Zekiel Birch was tall, but his back was bent as by a heavy load. His hair was snow white, though Uncle Charlie had said he was but forty-five. His face was deeply lined, but his blue eyes were still clear, and held a kind of peace that reminded me of the hush of the swamp. Later

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that peaceful look was to puzzle me for, according to the ideas of the world beyond the swamp, his eyes should have been clouded by the thoughts within. Perhaps he had absorbed some of the secret calm of the swamp.

"Howdy, folks. Set down. Go on and clean the fish fer supper, Minna," was the way in which he greeted us.

Uncle Charlie introduced me and explained what I wanted.

"You come down to fish an' hunt?" Zekiel asked when the introduction was over.

I answered in the negative and explained that I wanted to spend the spring studying the plant life in the swamp. This seemed to puzzle Zekiel greatly.

"You ain't no Guvment man, be you?" he queried, wrinkling his brow. Again I answered no, and told him that I was merely a harmless botanist on a trip both for pleasure and for profit. He gave up trying to understand; then smiled queerly at me.

"You'd better watch out, Mister; she might git you."

I started. "She? Who is she?" I asked, thinking of his daughter, who was "queer." Zekiel laughed. "Wal—you do be a stranger, shore enuff. I was speakin' of the swamp. But you'll learn to know her if you stay here long."

I felt reassured and asked what he meant by it "gettin' me." He explained that the swamp was a dangerous place for a stranger—people could easily bet lost or drowned there, and no one would ever know it. Then I laughed and told him that woods and swamps were a second home for me. He seemed more friendly after that.

"But this here swamp aint like other places to me," he said quietly. "She's different from anything else in the world. I know. I've tried to git away from her, and she wouldn't let me. Wal—let's bring in yore things so's you can make yoreself to home."

This was done, and Uncle Charlie rattled off in his ford, taking with him all my feeling of contact with the world outside the swamp. But I was not sorry. I asked Zekiel whom I could get for a guide. He thought a moment, then said slowly, "Lola knows the swamp better'n anybody in these parts."

"Lola?" I inquired.

"My daughter," he replied shortly. "Folks say she's queer, but she's a might more sense 'bout some things than most people. She knows every tree and bush and animal in this part of the swamp. She ain't afeard of nothin', and can shoot and row a boat. You couldn't do no better fer a guide," he seemed to see nothing peculiar in offering his daughter as a guide to a man whom he had known

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only a few hours. Could he "size people up" quickly, or was it something else?

I did not see Lola until supper, but when I did I was even more astonished at her father's suggestion. She stood for a moment in the doorway and the lamplight threw her figure into relief against the outer darkness. She was a girl of about nineteen. Her skin had an almost unearthly whiteness, like that of a flower that blooms at night. Her hair was a rough gold, and she wore it in a plait down her back. Her body was supple and strong.

It was not until she was seated at the table, however, that I received the greatest shock of all. Her eyes, which were big and blue, looked at me as a baby's looks out upon the world. There was no expression in them. They saw, but they did not comprehend. Here was a lovely shell whose soul was—where? Wandering in the wilderness hand in hand with the Swamp Angel? Perhaps. For I was later to learn that it was only in the swamp that she seemed really alive. Here in this room she was a mechanical being. I knew then, or thought I knew, what had turned Zekiel's hair white, bowed his body, and lined his face. And I knew also why he had been willing to trust his daughter with me. Even a ruffian would have hesitated to touch this queer creature of the swamp.

"Lola," Zekiel addressed his daughter gently and slowly. "This man is our friend. He loves the plants and the swamp. He wants you to take him and show him your swamp friends every day."

"Yes, Father. They will be glad to know him if he will not hurt them." Lola looked at me and there was neither friendliness nor enmity in her gaze. "The Swamp Angel lives out there," she said simply. "She is a friend of mine. Sometimes I hear her wings outside my window when the moon is shining, and I look out and see her there among the trees. She is white like the mist. She calls me, sometimes, and I must follow her."

When I went to bed that night, I lay thinking for a long time concerning this man and his daughter. There was something inexplicable about them; the same atmosphere of mystery surrounded them that lay silently over the swamp.

The next day, and many days after that, Lola led me through the swamp. Her father was right when he said she knew it perfectly. She never got lost, and always, as if by instinct, delighted in showing me unusual plants. The chief trouble was in keeping her in one place long enough for me to do my work. She was like a sprite, here and there among the trees, rarely ever pausing to rest. But although we were together a great deal, I never really made friends

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with Lola. She was a creature apart from man; the birds, the trees, the insects, the flowers, were her brothers and sisters.

Zekiel was different. Each of us respected the other as a man. I never asked him questions, but gradually we drifted into a quiet companionship, and after a month, I could really call him my friend. And I was proud of my friendship with this stern, taciturn man. Several times I thought he was on the verge of speaking of the man I knew lurked beneath his quiet exterior, but something stopped him.

Then one night it came. 'Zekiel and I were smoking our pipes out on the porch. It was as if we smoked the pipe of peace, for all barriers drifted away, and two men were left, close together in mutual understanding. Nearby the frogs were croaking; occasionally from far off came the scream of a wild cat. The moon had risen and cast a weird light over the swamp. It had a mysterious loveliness that attracted and repelled at the same time.

The hush that hung over it during the day had lifted and it lived the name given it. For the Choctaw word, "Okefinocau" means "quivering water." The whole swamp was quivering under the moon's pale light. Quivering and waiting—for what?

'Zekiel's voice suddenly broke into my thoughts. "Guess it's always seemed sorta quar to you for Lola to talk different from me, hasn't it, Pardner? Wal—she took after her Ma, what was a school marm. Her Ma was smart and made Lola talk right when she was a little gal. It plum broke her heart for Lola to be like she be. She kep' on think'n and hopin' she'd get all right when she got older, but she didn't. She jes' stayed like a little baby. Wouldn't read nor write nor nothin.' Wouldn't do a thing but play in the swamp."

I was afraid to say anything lest I should break into his train of thought. I was silent and hoped for more. Finally it came.

"I guess it sorta be my fault, Pardner. I can't figger it out any other way and I've done a mighty heap o' thinkin' about it. I ain't never talked about it to nobody about it, but fer some reason or 'nother I'm goin' to tell you. Maybe it's just 'cause I want to get it out."

"Twenty years ago, I wasn't a bad looking fellow. I went to school in a little town called Oconee. The school marm thar was young and pretty, an' no older than myself. She sorta took a fancy to me, and I up and married her. I don't much think she realized what she was doin'. I couldn't do nothin' but fish and hunt. We was pretty happy for a while. But then she wanted to leave this country and go to the city. I wanted to please 'er, but I guess the old swamp wouldn't let me go. Whenever we'd leave, I'd feel some-

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thing pullin' at me to come back, and we'd come back. Finally I built this place and settled down to fishin' and huntin.' I told her we were goin' to stay for good. She was dissatisfied, but didn't say much. One day she said she was goin' to have a baby, and I shore was glad, but she didn't seem to be.

"There was a city fellow over in Oconee that she'd liked a heap 'fore she knew me, and one day I came home from fishin' and found them together. I never let on I knew, but when it happened again, I guess I went crazy. I asked him to go out huntin' soon afterward. He didn't want to much, but was afraid to make me mad by refusing. He went through the swamp an' hunted, and then started home. He'd quit bein' afraid by that time and even twitted me about burying a pretty wife in the swamp. Then it was I told him he was goin' to die. He looked like a scared rabbit, but I didn't care. There's a black bog out in that swamp that sucks down anything that gets in it. I took him there and told him to walk into it. He didn't know what it was, so he did, laughing, because he had thought I was going to shoot him. I left him there. He didn't ever come back."

Here Zekiel paused and drew a long breath. A wildcat screamed and a shudder ran down my spine as I imagined it to be the scream of the dying man as the black bog swallowed him up forever.

"My wife begged me to tell her where he was, but I didn't say nothin'. Then one night she got sick and nearly died. I got a doctor and he said it was brain fever. She got over it, but was so weak that when the child was born, she nearly died again. The baby was pretty an' I thought she would forgit *him*, but she didn't. An' the baby didn't act like other babies. She didn't cry, an' always lay so still. We tried not to notice nothin', but when she got older, we couldn't help it. Folks said she was quar. One day when Lola was ten, she and her ma went into the swamp to visit some of Lola's pets. Lola come back by herself. I asked her where her ma was and she said she was with that Swamp Angel she is always talkin' about. I got worried and asked her to take me where her ma was. Pardner, she led me to that black bog I was tellin' you about and pointed to the middle of it, 'Daddy,' she said, 'The Swamp Angel called Mamma and she followed her in there'."

Through the loveliness of the night, a voice sweet as a nightingale's broke the stillness. Lola was singing to the Swamp Angel.

MELBA BEALE

OF THE BLACK SHEEP

Have you ever considered the advantages of the black sheep? Have you ever thought of the possible joys of the bad one?

Nothing is expected of him; no one is sure that he will be a president. A sane good person has the awful responsibility of living up to his sanity and goodness, but the black sheep without righteous acts has nothing but a sinful past to help him. A deed that brings ruin and damnation to the virtuous is in the daily routine of the unprincipled.

Susie was a wayward one. There were already two wearing haloes when she came along. Her role was waiting for her—she must fill it, like it or not.

Her career began early and fiercely. She did not dislike her nurse, but she did dislike her nurse's nose. She bit it off. In later years her family dated from this occurrence the dawn of their consciousness that she was really a problem.

From then on Susie, with appalling regularity, performed a daily monstrosity. The only responsibility that she ever felt was this duty of upholding her reputation. The only disadvantage her life had was that she must be bad whether she liked it or not.

There are three rare advantages of being a black sheep. First, Susie enjoyed a soul-satisfying amount of publicity. She was the topic of all gossips from the social hour of the Ladies' Aid to the recess period in the kindergarten. Her name was uttered by the star prayers in the Missionary Circle; she was visited by the Committee on "Our Modern Youth and What's the Matter;" the preacher talked it over with her, pleaded, wept, described scenes of future heat; her sisters, her father, her mother wailed of her exploits to the world at large. Everybody knew her. She was one of the village celebrities to be pointed out to the visitor.

However, Susie's life was never a bore. The fun she got out of staggering folks was tremendous. Her job was made easier by the folks themselves. They were always ready and prepared to be staggered. If Susie had overlooked a single possible sin they would never have forgiven her.

Most important of all, Susie never knew the meaning of repression. A black sheep is one who has no suppressed desires. Susie might with perfect sobriety, dance a jig at her uncle's funeral, or steal her best friend's beau, or pawn the family heirloom—but not so her sisters. They, looking on with envious horror, must tread the rocky tiresome path of the respectable.

Susie was bad; she was even wicked—this was an established fact.

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But Susie had more "dates" than all the good girls put together; and Susie was never dull and she laughed the most; and she somehow acquired a rich husband; and she never had to make speeches to doubtful ones on "No, and Why"; and she never had to bore herself with rearing her children as all good mamas should; she never in her life did a single thing she should have done. She had a gorgeous time.

A black sheep is not a black sheep, but a very wise one.

DOROTHY DAVIS.

WILL YOUNG MEN OF 1932 WEAR GOATEES?

With the return to Empress Eugenie styles for winter, the group of girls at the Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta have asked many questions in costume, and history classes. Will the young men of 1932, as did those of 1860, grow mustaches and goatees, to vie with the tilted hat and long dress? Will close-fitting trousers, long-tailed coats, and silk hats, be the prevailing styles for men this winter?

When Empress Eugenie, wife of Napoleon III, introduced to Paris styles the slenderizing, lengthening effects, the fashions for young men changed in accordance. The plumed, tilted hats, the long slender silhouette, the small waistline of the women, made derbies look ridiculous. So, in order to make their faces seem slender, beaux brummels of the day wore tall silk hats, and grew goatees and mustaches; and in order to lengthen the lines of the body, they wore long-tailed coats and close trousers. Miss Elizabeth Pardee, of Thomasville, secretary of the Fine Arts Club, wonders if suitors of 1932 will show as good sense of proportion.

Changing fashions for men was only a side-line of Eugenie's. Her chief delight was in changing the fashion for the women of her realm. When she appeared with wide ruffled skirts, the whole of Paris immediately did the same. When she discarded her numerous petticoats for one of stiff material, other women promptly followed her example, and when finally, she discarded her last petticoat for the modern slim silhouette, the feminine world followed, and, incidentally, have continued the style.

Miss Lillian Lively of Savannah, president of the Student Government Association, asks: "Will women's taste in smokes follow their

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taste in dress, this season?" Empress Eugenie smoked huge black cigars. If every woman who follows this radical queen in feathers and furbelows follows her as well in smoking, the tobacco market will improve overnight.

If our actions are to conform to those of Napoleon III and his Empress, husbands and wives must also change their ways. Eugenie was, for awhile, infatuated with the young cousin of Napoleon, Jerome Bonaparte. However, because of her lack of noble birth, and indeed, her lack of any proof of legitimate birth, he did not care to marry her. A little later, she met and fell in love with Napoleon III. He had for some time been seeking a wife among the nobility of Europe, but finding none to his taste, he married Eugenie simply because he loved her, disregarding the fact that all of France and of Europe was almost sure to despise them both for their marriage. Do men even in this age of less narrow prejudice, have the courage to disregard public opinion in this way?

However, Napoleon need have had no fear about his bride's being popular with his people. She was as lovable and kind-hearted as she was attractive and daring. Her first act of unselfishness, which made her people love her, was to refuse the 600,000 franc diamond necklace which the city of Paris presented to her as a wedding gift. She expressed the desire that the money be used for the relief of the poor. During the cholera pestilence, the Empress risked her life by visiting the hospitals. During the war, her magnificent home was used as a hospital, and she herself nursed the wounded soldiers. On one occasion, the petite Empress saved her husband's life by throwing her own body between his and the weapon of an assassin.

Should brides, during the depression, refuse to accept too expensive wedding gifts? Could not women today learn lessons of loyalty and altruism from this queenly spirit? Should a wife protect her husband at the risk of her own life?

The Empress was not only the stylist of all Europe, but was also a practised diplomat. Realizing that she did set styles for all of France, and in order to increase trade with the textile merchants, she decreed that skirts should be wide, and sometimes wore dresses that contained two hundred yards or more. In this way, she helped to make the reign of her husband richer and more spectacular. Shall Southern women this year wear dresses containing hundreds of yards of cotton material, in order to increase trade and so bring relief to the cotton market? "Such a style adopted by G. S. W. C. girls, will certainly result in more advertisements for the *"Pine Branch,"* states Miss Anna Frances Ham, of Valdosta, Advertising Manager of the paper.

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Emperor Napoleon III depended on his wife to counsel him about important matters—he always asked her opinion before making a decision. And it was well that he did, for if he had not awaited it nor asked it, it is extremely probable that she would have delivered it and had it carried out without his asking. Such was her nature, and this very audacity is shown in the tilt of the hats she wore, with the plume draping her shoulder or sticking boldly into the air. Shall the leaders of countries in 1932 await the decision of their wives before taking important steps on prohibition, tariff, and similar questions? Shall wives of today command their husbands how to act and expect obedience? Maybe young matrons on our campus can tell us about that.

Indeed, so important was Eugenie to the reign of her husband, that this year when France was seeking some way to honor him, it was suggested that the highest honor to him would be to honor his wife. Thus it is that women all over the world are bringing back the name of Empress Eugenie, by wearing the hats she introduced.

All these questions are propounded at G. S. W. C., but most interesting to Miss Elizabeth Kirkland, of Sylvester, president of the Senior Class, is: "Will all the young men in Sylvester have mustaches and goatees by Christmas holidays?"





CRITICAL TIPS

One of the new magazines in the library is the *Verse Craft*, a by-monthly publication of poetry. Believing that the creative impulse is divine, and that poetry comes nearer to being immortal than anything else created by man, the *Verse Craft* is engaged, seriously and wholeheartedly, in the important business of publishing the best poetry available.

* * *

The girls who are interested in winning some of the prizes which are being offered by the *Pine Branch* will be interested to know that there are several books in the library that will help them in their writing. There is the "Rhyming Dictionary" for the poets, "The-saurus" by Marsh, which tells about selecting the right word at the right time, "Essays and Essay-Writing," Tanner, and Untermeyer's "Forms of Poetry."

* * *

"Alexander Hamilton," a great historical drama, is coming to the Ritz Theatre in Valdosta at an early date. Its dramatis personae includes George and Martha Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, Senator Roberts, Count Talleyrand, Philip Schuyler, John Jay, and Betsy Hamilton, in addition to the first secretary of the treasury who is impersonated by no less a personage than George Arliss.

* * *

One of the recent additions to the College library is "Essays" by Christopher Morley. Nearly all of these essays are written in a whimsical vein, full of humor, not flagrant, boisterous humor, but the kind which causes one to chuckle comfortably and think how human Morley is.

* * *

One of the most fascinating books in the library is "Selected Prejudices" by H. L. Mencken. That blythe old iconoclast shatters all sheltered traditions. When he has disposed of the things and people which displease him most, he tells his philosophy. This philosophy is logical but not sound. It is rather like a "goodly apple rotten at the core."



EDITORIALS

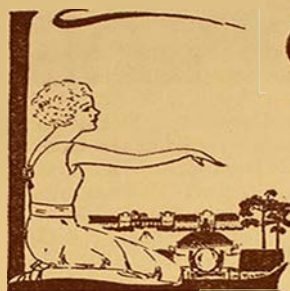
The *Pine Branch* is at least one organization that can take a forward-look in the midst of the depression, due to its financial success of last year. We, therefore, take great pride in announcing to the student body that a series of ten-dollar prizes is to be offered for outstanding work in connection with our College Magazine, *The Pine Branch*.

The grouping for prizes is: first, a ten dollar prize to the author of the best poem published during the year; second, ten dollars to the author of the best short story; third, ten dollars to the staff member doing the most outstanding work; fourth, ten dollars for the best essay published; and fifth, ten dollars to the person having the most contributions published during the year.

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

The presentation of these prizes is governed by three rules. First, no person can receive more than one prize. Second, awards are to be based on contributions in the eight issues of the magazine, the material of the last issue being judged before going to press, so that an announcement of the winners may be made in that number. Third, the winners are to be selected by a secret committee.

There is a two-fold purpose in giving these prizes. First and foremost, we feel that outstanding work merits recognition and reward. In the second place, we hope to stimulate a more wide-spread interest in our particular branch of activity. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that three or four times as many girls as are contributing to the *Pine Branch* have the ability to do excellent work. The *Pine Branch* challenges you to right-about face and show what you can do!



LOCALS

The pastors of the Valdosta churches made their first visit of the year to the College at chapel Monday, September 28th. Each pastor introduced himself and gave a few words of welcome to the students.

* * *

The Valdosta Club entertained with a pretty tea Thursday, October 1st, for its new members. The tea table was arranged in a beautiful setting on the lawn in front of Ashley Hall. A program of music and dances afforded entertainment.

* * *

On October 1st our own Dr. Durrenberger formally offered to the public, his new book, "Turnpikes," a study of the Toll Road movement in the Middle Atlantic States. This book was printed by the Southern Stationery and Printing Company, of Valdosta.

* * *

Two very interesting speakers have visited our campus since the opening of school. The first of these was Mrs. Atkins, State Organizer for the W. C. T. U., who gave a talk at the conclusion of the evening meal Friday, September 25th. The other speaker was M. Porohovckikov, a native of Russia, who has for a number of years been a resident of Georgia. M. Porohovchikov gave very interesting and entertaining talks in several classes, and also spoke at the meeting of the Student Government Association Friday evening, October 2nd.

* * *

G. S. W. C. girls held open house for Emory Junior students Sunday, October 4th, from four to six o'clock. Informal music helped to make the afternoon enjoyable. Punch and cakes were served by members of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet.

* * *

The Senior Class sponsored a Kid Dance in the dining hall Saturday, October 10th. The College orchestra furnished a lively program of dance music. A prize was awarded Miss Mildred Minchew of Baxley, for the best kid costume.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

The Presidents' Club held a business meeting at the "House-In-the-Woods" October 7th. The following are the members for this year: Student Government, Lillian Lively, Savannah; Y. W. C. A., Emily Jennings, Dawson; Argonian, Nancy Rowland, Wrightsville; Sororian, Phara Elarbee, Calvary; Phi Lambda, Helen Brasington, Waycross; Phi Kappa, Louise McMichael, Quitman; Senior Class, Elizabeth Kirkland, Sylvester; Junior Class, Winona Patterson, Alamo; Sophomore Class, Mary Poole, Balboa, Panama; Freshman Class, Edwina Arnold, Fort Gaines; Philharmonic Club, Annie Lois Gardner, Camilla; Dramatic Club, Mildred Minchew, Baxley; Mathematic Club, Annie Sue Brandon, Norman Park; Valdosta Club, Martha Jackson, Valdosta; Fine Arts Club, Emiliza Swain, Rome; Glee Club, Miss Elizabeth Pardee, Thomasville.

* * *

A new member has come to our faculty this year, Miss Sapelo Treanor, who is head of the French Department. Miss Treanor comes to us from Athens, Georgia.

* * *

The Pine Cone staff for the 1932 Annual is planning to have an even better annual this year than ever before. The staff is: Editor-in-Chief, Virginia Carswell, Waycross; Literary Editor, Elsie Quarterman, Valdosta; Activities Editor, Mary Elaine Flanagan, Waycross; Feature Editor, Hazel Allen, Lake Park; Snapshot Editor, Dorothy Chapman, Savannah; Secretary to the Editor, Carolyn Readdick, Folkston; Chairman Art Committee, Margaret Warfield, Savannah; Business Manager, Delia Bonner, Vienna; Advertising Manager, Helen Steele, Savannah; Assistant Advertising Manager, Kathryn Wall, Ellaville.

* * *

Miss Louise Sawyer, who has for two years been studying at Northwestern U., Chicago, has returned to the G. S. W. C. faculty.

* * *

Saturday evening, September 26th, the faculty entertained the student body at a formal reception. A delightful program was presented by members of the faculty.

MILDRED TALLEY.



LUBS



The first meeting of the International Relations Club was held at the "House-in-the-Woods" Monday evening, October 5th. Miss Ruby McSwain, Secretary, and Rosalind Blieler, Treasurer, were the only old officers to return for

the year 1931-32. The other officers will be elected soon. After a short business meeting, Miss Mildred Larsen, honorary member of the International Relations Club, successfully conducted her audience on a vicarious trip to Europe by exhibiting scenes and representative articles from the different countries. Her talk was especially interesting concerning Sweden, where she spent a great deal of her time while abroad this summer.

* * *

The Sock and Buskin Club held a business and social meeting Tuesday evening, October 6th. Try-outs for membership began Monday, October 12th. They consisted of selected readings from Shakespeare, an original pantomime, selected readings in dialect, and tests in stage technique. The following girls received bids for membership: Marie Gaskins, Nashville; Julia Manning, Bainbridge; Bernice Leggett, Unadilla; Helen Bishop, Unadilla; Vivian Chapman, Savannah; Vivian Johnson, Gainesville, Fla.; Louise Durham, Dawson; Lavinia Buckner, Waycross; Mary Lou Connell, Valdosta; Louisa Heeth, Quitman. Miss Anna Frances Ham, Valdosta, and Miss Elizabeth Kirkland, Sylvester, were voted in as members without trying out, because of their unusual work last year.

* * *

On Wednesday afternoon, November 30th, the Valdosta Club gave a very delightful tea in honor of the new town girls. Tea was served on the terrace and front lawn of Ashley Hall. An orchestra made up of college students provided the music for the occasion. During the course of the afternoon, Miss Madeline Race, Valdosta, gave a tap dance, Miss Ruth Webb of Tifton, and Miss Sally Lou Powell of Valdosta, gave musical numbers.

* * *

Friday evening, October 9th, the Valdosta Club held a business meeting.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Auditions for the Glee Club were completed under the supervision of Miss Temple the week beginning October 5th. Regular bi-weekly meetings on Monday and Thursday have already been initiated.

* * *

The Natural Science Club is a new club formed on the campus. The members are drawn from the biology majors and minors of the Georgia State Womans College and Emory Junior College. For their first meeting they assembled at the branch on the campus and went along its course collecting specimens. The officers for the coming year are: LeRoy Spates, of Emory Junior, President; Marruth Carter, vice president; and Ruby Nell Wall, secretary and treasurer. It is the plan of the club to take a field trip every two weeks. At the end of this first trip the boys entertained the girls with a weiner roast.

* * *

The Fine Arts Club met at the "House-in-the-Woods" on Wednesday evening, October 14th. The meeting was for the purpose of welcoming the new members. In order to acquaint them more with the purpose of the club, the constitution of the Fine Arts Club was read. After several items of business were disposed of, games in connection with art were played. The winners of certain contests were given very attractive prizes.

* * *

On Monday evening, October 12th, the Philharmonic Club welcomed its new members at a meeting in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall. An interesting program was given, consisting of several beautiful musical numbers and current happenings in the musical world.

* * *

The Euclidian held its first meeting Wednesday evening, October 14th, in the mathematics room. New members were welcomed and a short program was given on articles interesting to mathematics students. Mary Poole had as her subject, "Mathematics in the Home" and Mary Glover gave a report on "The Pythagorem Theory."

HELEN CLARK.



"Are you a new girl? Would you like to register now?" These words, accompanied by a friendly smile from a Y. W. C. A. cabinet member, met the new girls at our doors on Freshman Day. Each new-comer found a "Y" girl waiting and eager to carry her bags and

show her how to reach her room. In this way the cabinet members were perhaps the first to become associated and acquainted with the new girls.

* * *

The Big Sister-Little Sister party, sponsored by the Y. W. C. A. on September 19th was the first social event of the year. The student group assembled in the rotunda at eight o'clock for an informal reception, followed by the playing of various games. Later all gathered in the dining room where dancing was enjoyed until a late hour.

* * *

The customary Sunday and Thursday night vesper services have been very interesting this year. The service of October 4th was devoted to the Annual Recognition service, in which new girls are recognized as members of the Y. W. C. A. This is a candle-light service and is regarded as one of the most impressive services of the year. Emily Jennings, of Dawson, president of the Y. W. C. A., welcomed the new girls to the association. Margaret Zipplies of Savannah, freshman representative, responded for the new girls.

* * *

All of the old girls are looking forward very eagerly to November 16th, for on that day Dr. Smart, Professor of Theology at Emory University, arrives. We are very fortunate this year in having Dr. Smart an entire week on our campus, instead of the usual week-end. Preparations have already started in anticipation of his arrival, as a box for discussion questions has been placed in Ashley Hall. Also study groups, under the supervision of the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet have been formed and are studying questions they wish to be further discussed by Dr. Smart. By taking up these questions we hope to make this one of the most profitable visits he has ever made us.

MILDRED MORRIS.



SOCIETIES

ARGONIAN

The Argonian Literary Society promises to have an extremely successful year, under the competent leadership of Miss Nancy Rowland, Wrightsville, Ga.

At the first meeting, October 3rd, Miss Doris Zittrouer, Savannah, Ga.,

was elected Treasurer, Miss Emiliza Swain, Rome, Ga., Secretary, and Miss Harriet Sheppard, Savannah, Ga., Sergeant-at-Arms.

Some very interesting talks were made on the news of the summer. Miss Emily Burney, Boston, Ga., gave a summary of the politics. The sport events of the past three months were discussed by Miss Ruth Dozier, Morgan, Ga. Miss Virginia Clark, Tampa, Fla., gave some very interesting facts concerning the progress of aeronautics. A review of the best pictures coming to the theater and a timely discussion of the Princess Eugenia hats was given by Miss Emiliza Swain.

The programs for the year have been placed on a competitive basis. The Society has been divided into groups and each group is to have charge of a program. Judges, composed of a group of girls of the Society, will consider the good and bad points of the programs, and a prize will be awarded.

ELIZABETH PARDEE.



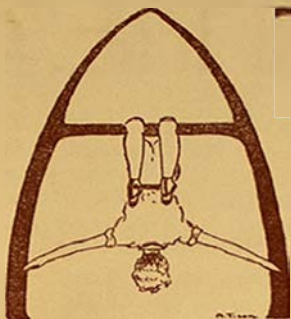
SORORIAN

The Sororian Literary Society held its first meeting of the year on Saturday evening, October 3rd. The program was based on what happened during the summer in various fields, with the President, Miss Phara Elarbee, as leader. Miss Virginia Carswell talked of the progress and events which took place in aviation. She described the Lindberghs' tour to the Orient and also the Post-Gatty flight around the world.

Miss Dorothy Bryant discussed the political and economical events which had taken place during the summer. She discussed the actions of British Parliament and of Premier MacDonald. She told of the economical situation in both England and the United States.

Miss Catherine Stovall concluded the program by telling of the best movies that the local theatres are going to present this fall. Among them are "Alexander Hamilton," "Dirigible," and "Byrd at the North Pole."

JESSIE NORMAN.



THLETICS

A shrill echo—Miss Ivey's whistle, and the three-ring Athletic Association party was off with a great big start. As each girl had entered the door she had been given a ticket marking her first destination. The whistle was the signal for everyone to go to her respec-

tive place, the dining room, the gym, or the play production room.

Dancing was the feature of entertainment in the gym. The music was furnished by an orchestra composed of G. S. W. C. girls. A miniature track meet was held with much hilarity in the dining hall. "The Duchess Bounces In," a delightful comedy in pantomime was presented in the play production room. The characters, Emily Burney, Florence Powell, Nancy Rowland, Pauline Forbes, and Polly Walker, were uniquely dressed in several varieties of costume. The orchestra: Ruth Dozier, Bernice Leggitt, and Elizabeth Durden was very effective. Vera Parker and Mildred Minchew did a tap dance, "Sidewalks of New York."

About ten o'clock everyone reassembled in the dining hall to witness the issuing of bids to the new girls.

Now for the perfect finale! The girls all lined up for the grand march. The music began and the dance was on. The dancers formed a procession at the back of the dining room and snatched the offered lollipops.

A few minutes later the still excited girls were sent to their rooms, but not to sleep. Discussions in which "Kappa" and "Lambda" figured prominently could be heard far into the night.

* * *

Kappas elected Louise McMichael, President of their association Tuesday, October thirteenth.

* * *

American ball and volley ball practice for the Lambdas and Kappas started Monday, October fifth. The old players were glad, indeed, to see so many of the new girls out for sports. The season has begun promisingly. Start fighting now, the battle is really beginning!

DOROTHY BRYANT,
POLLY WALKER.



LUMNAE

Miss Margaret Brabham is teaching in Ty Ty Consolidated School. Her address is Omega, Ga.

* * *

Miss Margaret Bullock is teaching in Monticello, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Mary Elizabeth Boyd is teaching in the high school at Hahira, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Mattilu Doss is teaching first grade in the Pine Grove School in Lowndes County.

* * *

Miss Roselle Hatcher is teaching fifth and sixth grades in Leesburg, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Alice Hicks is teaching in the primary grades in Ray City, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Mary Winn is teacher of the Sunshine School, Savannah, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Frances Hughes is teaching seventh grade in Glenville, Ga.

* * *

Miss Pauline Griffin is teaching fourth and fifth grades in the Pine Grove School in Lowndes County.

* * *

Miss Emily Hallyburton is teaching first grade in Ellaville, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Annie Ruth Sawyer is teaching fifth grade in Brunswick, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Ruth Watkins is teaching third grade in Brunswick, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Helen Bruce is teaching Geography in Brunswick.

* * *

Miss Hazel Donahue is teaching in the high school in Milton, Florida.

THE PINE BRANCH

Miss Mary Kate Burrows is teaching in the grades in Ocala, Fla.

* * *

Miss Evelyn Deariso is attending Emory University, working on her Library Science Degree.

* * *

Miss Mary Pearson is teaching primary work in Miami, Florida.

* * *

Miss Essye Alligood is teaching in Climax, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Grace Chastain is teaching in Atapulugus, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Margaret Jennings is teaching in Scriven, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Margaret Littlefield is continuing her studies at the University of Georgia.

* * *

Miss Kate Jones is teaching school in Riceboro.

* * *

Miss Jean Loughridge is teaching in the high school in Surrency, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Marguerite Langdale is teaching in the high school in Vienna, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Georgia Patterson is teaching junior and senior high school work in Geneva, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Dorothy Stroud is attending Duke University working on her Masters Degree.

* * *

Miss Margaret Sumner is teaching in Poulan, Georgia.

* * *

Miss K. D. Rentz is teaching in Ray City, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Dorothy Harris is teaching in Ray City, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Ethel Castleberry and Mr. Earl Mitchum were married June 22nd. They are now at home in Los Angeles, California.

* * *

Miss Farrar Elrod was married to Mr. William Ramsey on April the 25th.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Miss Leola Smith and Mr. L. Raymon Brothers were married on August 26th. They are now in Nashville, Tennessee, awaiting an appointment under the foreign mission board to go as educational missionaries to Africa.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Griffin (Lucius Bedell) announce the birth of a daughter, Janice.

* * *

Miss Mattie Allen and Mr. Ellis B. Lastinger were married on September 21st. They will make their home in Los Angeles, California.

* * *

Miss Zylphia Bowman was married to Mr. Harry G. Covington on August 26th. They are now at home in Baxley, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Katherine Sawyer was married to Mr. Cecil Calvert Barrow on August 13th. They are making their home in Coolidge, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Lillian Drake and Mr. Clarence F. Bates were married on December 1st, 1930. They will make their home in Marianna, Florida.

* * *

Miss Inez Warlick was married to Mr. J. N. McNeill, Jr., on May 31st. They are now living at Portsmouth, Va.

* * *

Miss Dorothy Lile and Mr. Carl Lee Jones were married June 14th.

* * *

Miss Juanita Sweat and Mr. Adrian Wallace Odum were married July 8th.

* * *

Miss Rose Morrison of Waycross, is assistant librarian at Ward-Belmont College, Nashville, Tennessee.

* * *

Miss Hazel Taylor of Valdosta, is teaching in the grades in Decatur, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Catherine McRee is teaching in the first grade in Mobile, Alabama.

* * *

Miss Margaret Parrish is teaching school in St. Cloud, Florida.

* * *

Miss Ila Poppell married Mr. Willie Peagler in August, and will live in Homerville.

LILLIAN PATTERSON.



OKES



Dr. Durrenberger: "And now can you tell me what the tablets which the Gauls wrote on were called?"

Freshman: "Oh yes, Gaul stones."

* * *

Advice to Freshmen: Consider the fish. If he didn't open his mouth he wouldn't get caught.

* * *

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Helen Bishop: "Is that Elsie Quartermann's brother bringing her in?"

Polly Walker: "Yeah."

Bishop: "Well, what's he bringing her in so early for?"

Polly: "Because he's her brother."

* * *

AT MISS HOPPER'S TABLE

Dorris Zittrouer: "'Alexander Hamilton' is coming to the Ritz soon. I surely am going."

Frances Arrington: "Is he really? What's he playing in?"

* * *

STUDYING FOR ALGEBRA WRITTEN

Ann Jones: "What is the root?"

Weesa: "The root of all evil is money."

* * *

Miss Gilmer: "Who was the greatest actor of antiquity?"

Junior: "Samson. He pulled the house down."

* * *

And one girl, practicing dialects for Dramatic Club try-outs, asked if the Irish roll their i's?

* * *

Registrar to Freshman: "When were you born?"

No reply.

Registrar: "I say, when was your birthday?"

Fresh Freshman: "What do you care? You ain't going to give me nothin'."

LOUISE McMICHAEL

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