

# THE PINE BRANCH



NOVEMBER  
1931

Volume XVI

Number 2

# 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. XVI.

NOVEMBER, 1931

NO. 2

## THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief .....	Emily Burney
Local Editor .....	Mildred Talley
Alumnae Editor .....	Lillian Patterson
Departmental Club Editor .....	Helen Clark
Society Editors:	
Argonian .....	Elizabeth Pardee
Sororian .....	Jessie Norman
Athletic Editors:	
Phi Kappa .....	Dorothy Bryant
Phi Lambda .....	Polly Walker
Y. W. C. A. Editor .....	Mildred Morris
Joke Editor .....	Louise McMichael
Art Editor .....	Winona Parrish
Critical Tips Editor .....	Mary Alice House
Business Manager .....	Myrtice Johnson
Advertising Manager .....	Anna Frances Ham
Assistant Advertising Manager .....	Mildred Minchew
Head of Mailing Department .....	Doris Zittrouer
Assistants .....	Mary Hagan, Carolyn Bullard, Annie Sue Brandon

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
A Thanksgiving—Emeliza Swain .....	3
Clouds—Buford Williford .....	3
Gigolo Hats—Mildred Talley .....	4
White Circles—Elsie Quarterman .....	5
Ressurrection—Emeliza Swain .....	6
On The Consumption of Grapefruit—Buford Williford .....	7
Thwarted Moments—Mary Alice House .....	8
Smiling Pictures—Emeliza Swain .....	9
Editorial .....	11
Critical Tips .....	12
Locals .....	14
Clubs .....	16
Y. W. C. A. ....	17
Societies .....	18
Athletics .....	19
Alumnae .....	20
Jokes .....	22

## A THANKSGIVING

*Emeliza Swain*

Though others bring thee thanks galore,  
For plenteous feast and brimming store,  
For this alone my thanks I bear,  
That happiness salts my scanty fare.

## CLOUDS

*Buford Williford*

Feather-like fleecy clouds,  
Milk white as blossoms of pyrus,  
Floating like cygnets in shrouds—  
The cirrus!

Veils of gray mist assume  
Forms like the pillows of Atlas,  
Halos round sun and round moon—  
The Stratus!

Layers of blackened mass  
Frayed edges send snow to betrim us,  
The "Scud" of the sailors that pass—  
The Nimbus!

Effulging the mackeral skies,  
Dome-shaped monoliths luminous  
Of fanciful images rise—  
The Cumulus!

THE PINE BRANCH  
GIGOLO HATS

Mildred Talley

Paris fashions come and go—

And now they turn to gigolo.

Have you *seen* one of the new gigolo hats? Well, that's fine. Now that we really have something in common I feel much more at ease.

On first observation of one of these gay little pieces of adornment, I was struck by its likeness to Paris, its birthplace. The gigolo hat, like most of the newer styles in dress, is a creation from the French shops, and it goes a long way toward expressing the care-free spirit of its people. Who could be the least bit serious minded with one of these gay little hats sitting jauntily on her head?

In this modern age of so called freedom of expression Paris stylists, after having placed Empress Eugenie in the spot light for several months, are releasing to the feminine world an article of dress not representing any particular historical age, but a style expressing the world wide spirit of modernism.

Judging the character of the gigolo by his characteristics, I found him very shallow, his personality usually conforms to the situation in which he finds himself; so is the gigolo hat shallow and easily adjusted to any situation whether it be stretching itself over a mass of blonde curls or scrambled into the smallest corner of a hat box.

Although gigolo hats are comparatively new creations, there has come into use a synonym or probably better a nick-name for gigolo hats. Last week while I was riding to town with a group of G. S. W. C. Freshmen, one girl (I shall call her College Freshman) asked another whether or not she had bought her Go-to-Hell Hat. I was aghast. Had there been another change in hat styles even before I had made the last payment on my gigolo hat—and Eugenie herself not long discarded? I was greatly relieved when College Freshman explained that this was only another name for my two-weeks-old gigolo hat. College Freshman went on to explain that the nick-name Go-to-Hell Hat was much more expressive of the style which the hats represent since the uninitiated might not know the meaning of gigolo, while it would be hard to find a person who would fail to get the significance of a Go-to-Hell Hat.

When I climbed out of the car I thanked College Freshman—she thought it was for the ride—for having told me what I was wearing. Now when I go up town in one of my indifferent moods, I can express my feelings in a perfectly lady-like fashion, for it is lady-like to wear a hat, isn't it?

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

## WHITE CIRCLES

*Elsie Quarterman*

"Yassum, yo' Aunt Ellen wuz pow'ful headstrong, an' Mr. John he wuz jest as set in his ways as she wuz.

"Miss Ellen she loved purty things ----- all them pieces of mahog-ganey wuz her choosin', an' dat glass an' chiny in de dinin' room. When dey wuz fust ma'ied, Mr. John wud ha' bought her de moon itself if she'd a wanted it, he thought dat much uv her.

"But dem ve'y fixin's of hern wuz whut fin'ly come atween 'em. Miss Ellen wuz awful proud uv dat big dinin' table ----- an' law! how she did make me polish dat piece uv wood; but Mr. John wuz careless, sorter ----- not dat he didn't set sto'e by nice things, too, but bein' a man, nacherly he didn't know much about takin' keer uv things. Miss Ellen, she'd allus have a big dinner, 'specially on Sundays, 'cause nobody never knowed when some uv hern or Mr. John's folks 'ud drop in for dinner. He'd set on de po'ch between de kitchen an' dinin' room whar he had a good view uv de road, an' whenever I heerd him rap hard on de flo'e wid his cane and sing out, 'Liza, collect yo' manners up—comp'ny's comin'!' I'd know to fetch out some extry plates for dinner.

"Ez I wuz sayin', Miss Ellen allus had big meals an' Mr. John did love to eat, an' he et hearty, too; but 'twouldn't be more'n ten or fifteen minutes afterward—I'd generally jest git de table cleared off—he'd come slippin' back to de kitchen an' ask for a dose of sody—hit never failed. Dat wuz what started de trouble. I'd fix his sody fer him, an' he'd go into de dinin' room wid his glass for water, an' bless my soul, but dat man would set his glass on dat polished table, an' before I caught on to dat habit, he'd got three-four white rings on Miss Ellen's nice shiny table. Miss Ellen wuz terribly per-voeked an' tried her best to git him to stop. But Mr. John wuz dat way—you tried to make him do one thing, he wuz sho' as gospel to do jest de opposite, so he kep' on a-spoilin' uv Miss Ellen's table ontill one day dey had a sho' 'nough quarrel. Miss Ellen, she say if he treat her dat way in little things, why he treat her dat way in big things sometime. Mr. John say he guess ez how he kin put a glass down when he please in his home, an' it don't have nothin' to do wid de way he treat her. Dey arguy till fin'ly Miss Ellen make her voice soun' col' an' hard, an' she tell him he kin beg her pardon an' ack perlite or he needn't speak to her no mo'e. Dat if he don' love her well 'nough to please her in dis, she don' want a see him again. He try to say he don't see whut whar he set his glass down's

## THE PINE BRANCH

got to do wid lovin' her, but she flounce out an' den he stomp off out do'es.

"Lawd a mussy, chile, hit wuz ha'd livin' in his house for a while—'til Miss Jane come to stay. She done her bes', but nothing could persuade Miss Ellen to make up till Mr. John quit puttin' wet glasses on de table, an' beg her paddon; an' nothin' could budge Mr. John, he wuz dat stubborn; so fin'ly Miss Jane, she give it up an' fix Mr. John's things on one side de house an' Miss Ellen's on t'other.

"Ain't neither one on 'em spoke a word to t'other an' it's been fifteen whole years, chile; an' Miss Ellen's lips gittin' straighter an' harder sot dan ever, an' her eyes havin' a wishful look, lak a lonesome chile. But Mr. John jes' got wuss an' wuss stubborn an' kep' on puttin' his sody glasses whar he please, 'cep' he seem kind a los', too. I tell you, chile, hit's come nigh breakin' dis nigger's heart all dese years.

"Den when Miss Ellen tuck sick an' 'gin to pine away so's they ain't no hope for her, she fin'ly give in an' ask for her John. Pore chile, she might ha' died happy!—but Mr. John didn't b'lieve she wuz so sick, an' he wudden set foot on t'other side de house. Lawd, dat wuz an awful night. When he won't come, Miss Ellen jes' close her eyes an' move her lips—den shut 'em tight, an' in an hour she wuz gone. When Miss Jane tell Mr. John her sister done lef' 'em, he re'lize she wuz nigh gone when she call' him, an' 'peared lak he mought follow. Chile, dey hadn't never stopped lovin' one 'nother! Mr. John he went an' sat dere by Miss Ellen de rest of de night; but I heerd some buddy movin' in de dinin' room 'bout daybreak an' when I open de do', hit wuz Mr. John rubbin' at de stains on dat polished table wid a cloff an' de tear drops all de time mekkin' fresh stains whar he rubbed!"

## RESURRECTION

*Emeliza Swain*

I saw by the stream four withered ferns,  
Dead and brown,  
Yet marching in a row,  
Straight and proud,  
As if they knew that from their roots  
A new and verdant life would spring.

## ON THE CONSUMPTION OF GRAPEFRUIT

*Buford Williford*

Considering the difficulties the average grapefruit consumer encounters in the daily excavation and consumption of his morning grapefruit, it is not to be wondered at that many arise from the breakfast table drenched as well as fatigued.

In spite of man's advanced civilization wherein he has but to pull a lever, push a button or turn a crank in order to turn out any amount of perfected articles, he still continues to adhere to the same old implement, the spoon. It is needless to say, however, that if this crude instrument continues to be used by future generations, the same difficulties will continue to inhibit progress in this important operation as formerly, owing to the disposition and peculiar tendencies of a grapefruit.

One unfamiliar with the disposition of a grapefruit, owing to the fact that appearances are sometimes deceiving, may wrongly accuse it of being yellow. Anyone, however, who is really intimate with a grapefruit, knows that it has not even so much as a yellow streak. In other words, a grapefruit is no coward as is shown by its method of counter-attack. Having a disposition rather fickle and changeable, it may when punched, effervesce with a swishing sound like Old Faithful, and it may canvass the entire vicinity of the face, thereby increasing the relative humidity of the surrounding atmosphere. It is no wonder indeed that a feeling of inferiority runs up the spine when one discovers suddenly that he is confronted by a grapefruit for breakfast.

To deny that a grapefruit has personality would be to deny it of one of its greatest attributes. It exhibits its most desirable qualities when in its calmest mood, as exemplified in its first appearance on the breakfast table. A grapefruit in this resigned mood is a good example of kinesthetic energy, but if sufficiently irritated by a spoon it becomes an example of potential activity, as shown by a sudden wild squirt. It is the quantity of the squirt rather than the quality which gives the grapefruit its bad name. A grapefruit always expresses itself directly from the heart when encouraged, and being egotistical it never fails to show off, whether there is occasion or not.

Observe the activity of a young grapefruit. No wonder an old grapefruit is so sallow. This is due to jealousy and its many suppressed desires.

In addition to having personality, a grapefruit also has immortality. Consider the numerous cans of grapefruit juice sitting calmly on the pantry shelf. These represent the spirits of grapefruit par excellence at lowest resistance, perfectly harmless and emigrated safely over into the sphere of immortality.



THE PINE BRANCH

THWARTED MOMENTS

A SERIES OF SKETCHES

Mary Alice House

The family is away. You blithely set about taking your bath undisturbed. Your water is just right—hot and emanating fumes of your favorite bath salts. You get in the tub and leisurely set about bathing. You stop short. The telephone pierces the air. Oh well, it is not for you, so you begin with the soap again. The telephone rings insistently. You get some soap in your eye. Maybe it is Bill. Maybe it is a long distance call saying somebody is killed. Maybe ——— the telephone gives another long, impatient sounding ring. You can not stand it any longer, so you leap out of the tub, throw on your negligee, run bare-footed and dripping downstairs, pick up the receiver—"hello"—it buzzes in your ear. "Hello—hello"; voice from the other end of the wire, "Is that H54?"

"No, this is 444."

"I am sorry but that is the wrong number!"

\* \* \*

It was a foggy day, so foggy that a fine mist was coming down like rain. The sidewalks in town were wet and slippery. I was turning the corner of main street, walking rather hurriedly, when I espied about ten boys in uniform—"Ah, cadets from Riverside," I thought. I started straightening my hat, when suddenly and without warning my feet slipped out from under me and I set sharply down on the wet, dirty pavement. A considerate policeman caught my pocketbook as it soared over his head. He then picked me up and set me carefully on my feet. I thanked him and looked with a mortified air at the cadets, who were now even with me. I looked at them closer. They were not cadets at all. They were bus-drivers returning from a Bus-Drivers' convention!

\* \* \*

Father and mother were going off for a week. I was feeling rather depressed at the thought of the responsibility that would fall on me. I brightened—I had an idea, an idea that was entirely worthy of me. I had bought my winter clothes about four weeks ago. I was bored with them by now. There was a most ravishing hat at the Smart Shoppe. Father would leave me money for the groceries—it would have to be a neat little sum. Yes, I would get that hat. I would feed my brother and sister inferior quality, to say nothing of insufficient quantity. They could not starve in a week. Just before Father left he said, "Daughter, we have charge accounts at the bakery, two grocery stores, and the meat market. You can charge anything you want to, but here is three dollars in case of emergency." Three paltry dollars! I gained five pounds while they were gone. Revenge was sweet.

## SMILING PICTURES

*Emeliza Swan*

Life is a humdrum affair at best. The repetition of so many things makes each day too much like its yesterday and its tomorrow. Most things we see, we have seen before, and will see again, and we grow to view them with no feeling of interest or excitement, with a mere glance, and not even a second look.

But each day, and many times a day to one who seeks it, comes the happiness of seeing a picture which brings a smile to responsive lips, and a smile in responsive hearts. Perhaps the picture appeals by its very oddity, perhaps by its unusual suitability to the time and place, or by its simplicity, and occasionally by its sheer beauty. But always in the mind of the observing one, there remains that image that made him smile; and he goes on with the monotony of living with renewed interest, because he has had his faith in the essential beauty of life renewed.

A negro riding a bicycle and whistling happily, a girl wearing a dress the exact color of her lips, a group of children playing in the sand, a single pine-tree silhouetted against the sky, an interesting looking person, a new song or an unusual composition—all these have brought smiles to me. The other night, as I turned off the light, I saw against the wall the shadow made by the street light through the window—a little pot with a beautifully shaped small pepper plant was sitting on the sill, and the curtains were blowing in the wind—every leaf of the plant, every fold and movement of the curtains was pictured there on the wall—and I went to sleep smiling.

In poetry I have found more of these happy images than any where else. A thought expressed in a curious way, a particularly apt phrasing, or a peculiar twist of thought that the average person would not have—these are a few of the things that appeal to me in poetry. Millay offers these:

“Am I kin to Sorrow,  
That so oft  
Falls the knocker of my door—  
Neither loud nor soft,  
But as long accustomed,  
Under Sorrow’s hand?  
Marigolds around the steps,  
And rosemary stand,  
And then comes Sorrow.

THE PINE BRANCH

And what does Sorrow care  
For the rosemary  
Or the marigolds there?  
Am I kin to Sorrow?  
Are we kin?  
That so oft upon my door—  
Oh, come in!"

\* \* \*

"Before she has her floor swept  
Or her dishes done,  
Any day you'll see her  
A-sunning in the sun.

"It's long after midnight  
Her key's in the lock,  
And you never see her chimney smoke  
'Til past ten o'clock.

"She digs in her garden  
With a shovel and a spoon,  
She weeds her lazy lettuce  
By the light of the moon.

"She walks up the walk  
Like a woman in a dream,  
She forgets she borrowed butter  
And pays you back cream.

"Her lawn looks like a meadow,  
And if she mows the place  
She leaves the clover standing  
And the Queen Anne's lace."

All of life is brightened for me by such pictures. All I would ask of Eternity is that it offer a series of them—simple, picturesque, interesting, happy—I call them my smiling pictures.



# DITORIALS

November is the time of year for tabulating our blessings and publicly expressing our appreciation, so it is meet that we should take thought of what Thanksgiving means to us. Now it would be almost impossible to name the things we are individually thankful for, for they are so very diversified. There is one thing, however, for which all of us

as college students should give thanks on the appointed day, and which we should keep in mind on every day. It is not a thing to boast about; rather it is an advantage to exploit. It is the ability to think of what we are going to do rather than what we might have done. It is youth!

So many of our famous and admired people have written that they would gladly give all of the glory and worldly possessions that the years have brought to again have a part in the swift competition of youth; to feel again a keen, pulsing contact with life. So many, many people have longed in song and poem for another chance at life. It is not arrogance, therefore, that we should give thanks for possessing that which so many desire.

Is it not a great thing to be young? Is it not glorious to know that we have our lives in the hollow of our hands, that we can move them as we choose? What a privilege it is to dream of the fine things we are going to make of life, and to work to that end. Of course reason and the experience of the ages show that the majority of us will never achieve even a small part of what we desire from life. But some of us will. There is a possibility, a chance for us all.

In stopping to express our thanks for this possession let us also pause to think of the responsibility it imposes upon us. We owe it to our dreams and to our future "old age" to live gallantly and to the best of our ability. Of course we will make mistakes, but quoting Barrie—"Even the Lord gives one and twenty a second chance."



# CRITICAL TIPS

Mary Alice House

Did you know that road-houses, gambling halls, and risque affairs were very much in evidence in the 19th century? After reading Sherson's *The Lively Lady Townsend* we have decided that the younger generation is not so bad after all.

\* \* \*

E. K. Chambers' new two-volume encyclopedia is a recent addition to the Shakespeariana in the college library. Chambers believes that Shakespeare stole deer, that his marriage was irregular, that the sonnets disclose a personal passion.

\* \* \*

One of the most fascinating books in the library is *Fatal Interviews*, by Millay, a book of sonnets. These sonnets are poignant, cynically brilliant, portraying the author's increasing sadness and disillusion, and above all, her hunger, her intense craving for beauty.

\* \* \*

*Elizabeth, The Queen*, by Maxwell Anderson, a new play in the library, is the tragic story of a woman who had power, admiration, brains,—everything but the thing she wanted most in the world, the thing that she was willing to sacrifice all for—the true love of the man, Essex, whom she worshipped.

\* \* \*

One of the most charming groups of essays in the library is G. K. Chesterton's *Tremendous Trifles*. These essays are fleeting sketches about little insignificant things—just anything that Chesterton's eye happened to fall on.

\* \* \*

It would be interesting for those who have access to radios to listen to the Highlights of History presented by the Crosley folks over W. L. W. every Saturday evening at eight o'clock. These Highlights portray a modern version of great historical figures in short three or four act plays. It really is refreshing to hear Antony say to his love, "Oh rats, I'm simply nertz about you, Cleo, ole gal, ole kid, ole tomato," or to hear King Arthur haggling over the price of a hot dance orchestra for his brawl, and Napoleon explaining why his hand is inside his coat. It makes these figures more human if not more heroic.

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

*Seeing Things at Night* is a collection of essays by the eminent Mr. Brown. Contrary to the title, these essays are not spectacular pieces of literature, but rather they are written hurriedly, impulsively—just as one writes something the night before it is to be published in the morning paper.

\* \* \*

Burns Mantle has selected the following as the best plays of 1930-31: *Elizabeth, the Queen*, by Maxwell Anderson; *Tomorrow and Tomorrow*, by Philip Barry; *Once in a Life Time*, by Moss Hart and George Kaufman; *Green Grow the Lilacs*, by Lynn Riggs; *Alison's House*, by Susan Glaspell; *As Husbands Go*, by Rachel Crothers; *Five Star Final* by Louis Wertzlukorn; *Overture*, by William Rolitho; *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, by Rudolph Besier; and *Grand Hotel*, by Vicki Baum.

\* \* \*

The O. Henry Memorial Award Committee has selected as the best short stories of the year '31—"Can't Cross Jordan by Myself", by Wilbur Daniel Steele; "One Head Well Done", by John D. Swain; *The Five-Minute Girl*", by Mary Hastings Bradley; "Fifteen From Company K", by William March; and "Haunted Ground" by Oliver LaForge.

\* \* \*

The Nobel prize in literature for 1931 was awarded to the late Dr. Erik Apel Karlfeldt, Swedish poet.

\* \* \*

The November number of *Poetry*, a magazine of verse edited by Harriet Monroe, gives the prize-award poems of the year.

\* \* \*

First class authoresses of this generation are the late Elinor Wylie and Amy Lowell, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Willa Cather, of America; Colette, of France; and Virginia Woolf, of England.

\* \* \*

Japanese articles and brass-ware will be featured at the Fine Arts Club Bazaar, which is to be held December 3, 4, 5 in the Art Dome. Among the interesting articles to those artistically inclined will be the Japanese prints, of which a varied collection will be on display. One booth will contain G. S. W. C.-made articles made by members of the club. There will be Christmas presents "to suit all tastes and all pocket-books." Follow the crowd, and do your Christmas shopping there.



# LOCALS

*Mildred Talley*

One of the most pleasant social affairs of the month was the informal tea given by the Administration Staff of Ashley Hall on Wednesday, October 21st. During the late afternoon a short program was presented. Miss Edwina Arnold of Fort Gaines played as a piano solo, "Rustles of Spring," by Sinding; Miss Margaret Zipplies of Savannah played, "Polichinelle," by Rochmaninoff; Miss Mildred Minchew of Baxley read, "Billy Brod and the Big Lie", by Ellis Parker Butler; and Miss Ruth Webb of Tifton sang, "The Bird With the Broken Wing, by Golson.

\* \* \*

The Valdosta Club held its October meeting at the "House-in-the-Woods" on Friday, October 23rd. Luncheon was served after a short business meeting.

\* \* \*

The Ladies Auxiliary of the Presbyterian Church entertained the Presbyterian girls with an informal tea at the Manse on Saturday, October 24th. Decorations, favors, and contests were suggestive of the Hallowe'en season.

\* \* \*

The A. A. U. W. held a meeting on October 29th, at the home of Mrs. R. H. Powell. Miss Leonora Ivey gave an interesting discussion of modern schools of dancing.

\* \* \*

Hallowe'en was celebrated at the College by two happy occasions. Friday evening Mrs. Beck planned a dinner dance for the dormitory girls, and on Saturday evening the Valdosta Club sponsored one of the most original dances of the year in the dining room of Ashley Hall.

\* \* \*

The Eighth District Convention of the Georgia Federation of Womens Clubs met in Valdosta Thursday, November 5th. The club women were luncheon guests of the College, and during the luncheon hour a program of dances, readings, and music was presented.

\* \* \*

Friday, November 6th, the regular monthly meeting of the Student

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Government Association was held in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall. The senior class had charge of the meeting. The topics, "Points For and Against Student Government" and "Which Are You For" were discussed by Miss Elizabeth Kirkland of Sylvester, Miss Mary Elaine Flanagan of Waycross, Miss Helen Brasington of Waycross, Miss Katherine Wall of Americus.

\* \* \*

Mid-term holidays began at noon Saturday, November 7th, and continued through Wednesday, November 12th. Most of the students were off campus to visit friends or relatives.

\* \* \*

The arrival of Dr. Smart of Emory University on our campus Monday, November 16th, marked the beginning of a week which has been anticipated with much enthusiasm by the whole student body.

\* \* \*

On Wednesday afternoon the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet gave an informal tea in honor of Dr. Smart. A delightful program was furnished by the Music Department.

Sunday morning the cabinet will entertain with a breakfast party at the "House-in-the-Woods."

\* \* \*

A group of girls in the Senior Class have formed a social club. On November 4th the club was entertained by a group of young men at a dinner party at the club house at Ocean Pond. Those present were: Miss Jessie Mae Prescott, Miss Ruth Webb, Miss Elizabeth Kirkland, Miss Lillian Lively, Miss Helen Steele, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Helen Brasington and Mr. James Stokes, Mr. Charlie Joyner, Mr. Bill Culpepper, Mr. Jack Duval, Mr. John Bell, Mr. J. L. Harris, Mr. Maxwell Oliver.

\* \* \*

The ladies of the Episcopal church entertained the Episcopal girls at a candy-pulling at Mrs. Ashbrook's home on Patterson street Friday, November 6th.

\* \* \*

Two recently added attractions on our campus are the open fireplaces, one being near the House-in-the-Woods and the other near the branch. These are two of the very newest things provided by our thoughtful faculty members for making our campus life more interesting, and credit is due to Miss Ivey, Miss Gilmer, Mr. Dusenbury, and Dr. Powell for our added pleasures.



# LUBS



*Helen Clark*

The regular bi-monthly meeting of the Fine Arts Club was held Tuesday evening, November 3rd, in the Art Dome. Definite plans for the bazaar, which is to be held December 3-5 were discussed.

\* \* \*

The Sock and Buskin Club held a short meeting October 20th. After the business meeting Miss Sawyer gave a delightful reading.

\* \* \*

The Natural History Club held its second meeting on Saturday October 31st. The members spent their second field trip in classifying trees. After about two hours of study the club members went to Mr. James Stokes' home where a short business meeting was held followed by an entertaining social hour. It was decided to have two presidents and two secretaries, selecting one of each for the Emory Junior group and the G. S. W. C. group. Miss Marruth Carter, Valdosta, became president, and Miss Ruby Nell Wall, Ellaville, secretary, for the G. S. W. C. group.

\* \* \*

The Glee Club has already started making plans for the spring entertainment. A special committee composed of Miss Elizabeth Pardee, Thomasville, president of the club; Miss Margaret Williams, Douglas; Miss Ruth Webb, Tifton; Miss Judy Cochran, Camilla; Miss Mary Elaine Flanagan, Waycross; and Miss Mary Poole, Balboa, Panama, were entertained at a dinner by Miss Temple on November 18th, at her home on Patterson street, to discuss the formation of the program.

\* \* \*

The International Relations Club held its regular monthly meeting Monday night, November 2nd. The subject for study was the League of Nations and disarmament. Misses Ruth Dozier, Morgan, Doris Zittrouer, Savannah, and Virginia Hutchinson, Valdosta, discussed various international problems as presented in the new books recently received by the college library through the Carnegie Endowment for international peace. Officers for the year 1931-32 are: President, Miss Mildred Morris, Brinson; vice-president, Miss Polly Walker, Patterson; secretary, Miss Harriet Sheppard, Savannah; treasurer, Miss Rosalind Bleiler, Valdosta.

# Y. W. C. A.



*Mildred Morris*

The annual firelighting service took place in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall Thursday evening, November 5th. After the student body had gathered in the Rotunda Miss Lillian Lively, Savannah, president of the Student Government

Association, and Miss Emily Jennings, Dawson, president of the Y. W. C. A., lighted the fires, repeating the Sacrament of Fire. Miss Annie P. Hopper, dean of women, gave the invitations to contribute to the Fire of Friendship. In response to the invitation a representative of each organization placed on the fire a bundle of faggots representing the contribution of her organization.



Dr. Smart, Professor of Biblical Theology at Emory University, arrived on our campus November 16th, to spend the entire week with us. His first talk was made Monday evening, 7:30 o'clock, in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall. The program for the remainder of the week was filled by private conferences in the morning, group discussions in the afternoon, and regular services in the evenings. These talks were enjoyed very much by the student body and faculty.



The Y. W. C. A. entertained with a delightful tea in honor of Dr. Smart, Wednesday afternoon, November 18th, in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall. Miss Emily Jennings, Dawson, president of the Y. W. C. A., and Miss Virginia Clark, Tampa, Fla., vice-president, presided at the tea table. Misses Carolyn Bullard, Nashville; Annie Lois Gardner, Camilla; Mildred Morris, Brinson; Emeliza Swain, Rome; Louisa Heath, Quitman; Mildred Talley, Rome; Mary Poole, Balboa, Canal Zone; Joan Talbert, Colquitt; Marjorie Sessions, McRae; Elsie Quarterman, Valdosta; Margaret Kennedy, Dawson; Lillian Sumner, Poulan; Reba Harrison, Boston, and Nancy Rowland, Wrightsville, assisted in serving. The music department provided a charming program for the occasion.



# SOCIETIES

## ARGONIAN—SORORIAN

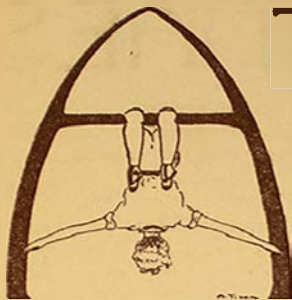
*Elizabeth Pardee, Jessie Norman*

Miss Mildred Talley, Rome, Argonian leader of October 17, presented a program delineating the characters of the four outstanding contemporary biographers. Miss Margaret Zipplies, Savannah, interestingly discussed Gamaliel Brad-

ford. A portrayal of Maurois was given by Miss Morris, Brinson. Miss Vivian Johnson, Gainesville, presented the characteristics of Ludwig as exemplified in certain of his works. A discussion of Strachey was made by miss Mary Ellen Craft, Savannah.

The Sororian Literary Society held its regular meeting on Saturday evening, October 17th. Mrs. C. K. Beale had charge of the program, which consisted of a number of talks on the life and work of some of our Georgia authors. Miss Elizabeth Kirkland interestingly discussed the life of Marie Conway Oemler and Lulla Vollmer. Miss Oemler is recognized as the author of *Skippy McGee*, and *The Holy Lover*. Lawrence Stallings was also introduced as the author of the *Big Parade* and *What Price Glory*. Miss Marruth Carter spoke next, on the life of Harry Stillwell Edwards, a short story writer, novelist, lecturer, and poet. Miss Hazel Allen discussed Ann Nichols' *Abie's Irish Rose* and its success. Miss GeDelle Brabham told about "The Bozart Magazine," which was founded by Ernest Hartsock, an Atlanta poet. She also gave an interesting discussion of another of Atlanta's poets, Mary Brent Whiteside. Miss Eleanor Boulware concluded the program with an account of the life of Corra Harris.

The Play Production class presented "*Suppressed Desires*," by Susan Glaspell, at the joint meeting of the Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies, October 31. Miss Dorothy Chapman, Savannah, gave, as an introductory speech, a brief discussion of Miss Glaspell's life and her play, "*Alison's House*," which won the Pulitzer prize of 1931. "*Suppressed Desires*" is an amusing comedy which leads to a hilarious denouement. Miss Bernice Leggit, Unadilla, took the part of the wife who was temporarily a fanatic on the subject of psychoanalysis. The character of her husband, Stephen Brewster, was cleverly played by Miss Nancy Rowland, Wrightsville. Miss Emily Burney, Boston, had the role of Mrs. Brewster's sister, Mabel, a naive victim of the psychoanalytical craze.



# ATHLETICS

## KAPPA NEWS

*Dorothy Bryant*

At a pep meeting held in the gym on October 16th, Julia Manning, Bainbridge, Judy Cochran, Camilla, and Emily Jennings, Dawson, were elected cheer leaders for the Kappas.

The first athletic contests of this year between the Kappas and Lambdas took place November 4th. The volley ball line-up was: Captain Carolyn Reddick, M. B. Kennedy, Modesta Dukes, Ruby Nell Wall, Willie Lee, Mary Lee, Virginia Bickly and Mildred Morris. The substitutes were: Buford Williford, Miriam Townsend and Ruth Ellis. The game ended with a score of 45-26 in favor of the Kappas.

The American Ball game got under way as soon as the spectators could transport themselves to the field. The starting line-up was: Captain Gussie O'Quinn, Ruby McSwain, Katherine Stovall, Ruth Dozier, Janie Chastain, Winona Patterson, and Martiele Turner. The substitutes used in this game were: GeDelle Brabham, Maggie Joiner, Elsie Quarterman, and Louise McMichael. Ruby McSwain scored five points for the Kappas and Katherine Stovall scored one. The game ended with a score of 6-2 in favor of the Kappas.

\* \* \*

## LAMBDA NEWS

*Polly Walker*

The public had been anxiously awaiting the tennis finals. Everyone wanted to see Helen Bishop and Margaret Cohen test their strength against Martiele Turner and Katherine Bruce. Can you imagine everyone's surprise when it was learned that these girls had slipped out one Thursday afternoon and played off the big game with only five girls present? And we hear it was a corking good struggle! The Lambdas won first place when Bishop and Cohen finally defeated Turner and Bruce. It is too bad that such an event was missed by the entire student body.

Miss Ivey is planning to instruct a few of the girls in archery very soon. These girls will help the rest of the girls in learning the sport. Everyone is invited to take advantage of this opportunity for archery instruction.



# LUMNAE

*Lillian Patterson*

The following girls were visitors on the campus during the past month: Mrs. C. C. Barrow (Katherine Sawyer), Misses Birdie Warren, Alice Hicks, Es-sye Alligood, Dorothy Harper, Louise Forbes, Dorothy White, Marguerite Ford, Annie Lou Stanaland, Mary Elizabeth Boyd, Carrie Hart, and Myrtle Vick.

\* \* \*

Miss Margaret LaFar is critic teacher in the fifth grade in the State Normal School in Frostburg, Maryland.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Ed. Spears (Florence Breen) is teaching school in Jesup, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Miss Lillian Hopper is teaching History and Science in the consolidated high school in Duncan, Mississippi.

\* \* \*

Miss Katherine Blackshear is assistant dietitian in a hospital in Miami, Florida.

\* \* \*

Miss Marguerite Ford is teaching English in the High School in Waycross, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Miss Mary Pearl House (Candy) is teaching school in Wildwood, Florida.

\* \* \*

Miss Lois Merritt is principal of a consolidated school in Thomas County. Her home address is Ochlocknee, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Miss Annette Isabell and Mr. Lonnie Singleton were married October 24th. They are making their home with Mrs. W. P. Kendall on Central Avenue.

\* \* \*

Miss Mary O'Quinn is teaching primary work in a consolidated school near Patterson, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Miss Eunice Chute is teaching seventh grade in Folkston, Georgia.

*Twenty*

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Miss Nannie Pope is teaching school in the Long Branch school in Echols County.

\* \* \*

Miss Bertha Ferrell and Mr. T. W. Hood were married in August. They are now at home in Tampa, Florida.

\* \* \*

Miss Mary Jane Littlefield is teaching second grade in Folkston, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Miss Mary Stokes is teaching first grade in Folkston, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Stacy announce the arrival of Elvin Edward, Jr., on October 25th. Mrs. Stacy will be remembered as Alice Perham.

\* \* \*

Miss Martha Rhimes is teaching school in Ludowici, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Miss Willie Mae Fletcher is teaching in the grades in Homer-ville, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Miss Olive Ryon is teaching second and third grades in South New Port consolidated school in McIntosh County.

\* \* \*

Miss Frances Rhimes is teaching school in Ludowici, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Miss Virginia Fraser is teaching school in Hinesville, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Miss Dorothy White is teaching primary work in Hatley, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Miss Myrtle Vick is teaching school in Dixie, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Miss Carrie Hart is teaching school in Morven, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Miss Frances Folsom's address is 753 Spring Street, N. W., Atlanta, Georgia. She writes from there, "I work half of the day in Swan Hall at Tech, and get a business course the other half."

\* \* \*

Miss Cleo Mansfield is a member of the Constitution's art staff, Atlanta, Georgia. Quoting the Constitution, we find Miss Mansfield praised in this manner, "She sketches the inner qualities of her subject and interweaves those noble traits in the gleam of the eye, the aristocratic nose, the humor of the lips, and the intellectual forehead. Her work is truly that of an artist whose very soul flows from the point of her pen."



# OKES



Louise McMichael

Freshman: What's an exponent?  
Sophomore: D— if I know.  
Freshman: Yeah, and F, if I don't!

\* \* \*

Visitor over in Converse: "Is that  
a mosquito I hear—or is it a violin?"

\* \* \*

Voices in the dead of night in Upper Ashley:

"Wake up, quick, wake up!"

"Can't."

"Why not?"

"Ain't sleeping."

\* \* \*

College, so the freshman has decided, is largely a matter of give  
and take. Give money and take examinations.

\* \* \*

A chair of humor has been suggested for college—but the members  
of the class should not be allowed to pull it out from under the  
professor.

\* \* \*

A divinity student named Tweedle  
Once wouldn't accept his degree;  
'Cause it's tough enough being called Tweedle  
Without being Tweedle, D. D.

\* \* \*

"Let us spray," quoth the Sophomore as her room-mate handed  
her the Flit. (This is not an advertisement.)

\* \* \*

"Oh, Mary, what time is it?"

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

"Oh, I just guessed it!"

"Well—guess the time then!"

\* \* \*

The height of nerve is found on one of the freshman intelligence  
test papers where this was written:

To the Instructor—If you sell any of my answers to the funny  
papers, how about going 50-50 with me on the pay-off?

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

HAS OPENED ITS TWENTIETH SESSION UNDER MOST FAVORABLE AUSPICES.

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

THE MOTTO OF THE COLLEGE IS "CHARACTER FIRST."

AMBITIOUS HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS ARE INVITED TO PLACE THEIR APPLICATIONS FOR NEXT YEAR.



## **COOK**

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

**Electrically!**

**GEORGIA POWER & LIGHT CO.**

WE WELCOME G. S. W. C. GIRLS  
**THOMPSON & GIRARDIN**

**Jewelers**

Diamonds—Jewelry—Silverware

120 North Patterson Street

Valdosta, Georgia

**THE CITIZENS & SOUTHERN  
NATIONAL BANK**

Valdosta, Georgia

**Total Resources \$85,000,000**

**W. M. OLIVER & COMPANY**

**Christmas Gifts That Are Sure to Please  
Mother and Sister**

Valdosta, Georgia

VISIT THE  
**SERVICE DRUG COMPANY**

When You Want the Best in Drinks,  
Candies, Drugs, Cosmetics  
**Phone 1300**

**LaRHYNE BEAUTY SALON**

Edwards Building--Valley at Ashley

**Eugene, Shelton, Mary Anne Permanents**

We Shall Be Happy to Have You Visit Us!

MRS. OLA LUKE, Manager

PHONE 186

**Something to Be Thankful For**  
**THANKSGIVING SALE!**

\$6.00 and \$7.50 Values

**Only \$4.95**

**Paxson's Turner Jones Shoe Store**

**DANIEL ASHLEY PHARMACY**

**Welcomes College Girls**

**Offers the Best in Drugs, Sodas, Sundries**

**Quick Deliveries—Phone 700**

**VINSON'S DRUG STORE**

**The Home of Pure Sodas**

**YOU ARE ALWAYS WELCOME**

Phone 245-246

125 N. Patterson St.

**Compliments of**

**MRS. C. WHITTINGTON**

**COME AND VISIT US**

**BROOKWOOD PHARMACY**

**TRY OUR HOT DRINKS AND SANDWICHES**

**Let Us Show You the Finest Fountain  
Service In Town!**

**HOLEPROOF HOSIERY**

**\$1.00, \$1.50 and \$1.95**

**THE STYLE SHOP**

OUR STORE

IS FILLED WITH

BEAUTIFUL NEW

MERCHANDISE

TO MEET THE

**COLLEGE GIRLS**

**Every Need**

**Churchwell's**

# SPORTING GOODS

---

FOOT BALL  
BASKET BALL  
BASE BALL  
GOLF  
TENNIS

---

We Will Appreciate An Opportunity  
to Serve You!

---

SOUTHERN STATIONERY AND  
PRINTING COMPANY

*PRINTING THAT SATISFIES*

Telephone 241

Valdosta, Ga.

We Deliver Anything to the College by  
**MOTORCYCLE DELIVERY**

AT ANY HOUR—WE CALL IT 5-MINUTE SERVICE

**YEARTY DRUG COMPANY**

**Phones 812-813**

(JOKES CONTINUED)

**A'S**

I know that I shall never say,  
"Ah, look! He really gave me A!"

An A in red or purple ink—  
(They come in crayon, too, I think.)

An A with comment underneath  
That are a victor's laurel wreath.

An A that merits bended knees  
From E's and F's and I. N. C.'s.

Upon whose earning honor comes  
Whose absence is a shock—to some.

Poems are made by fools, they say,  
But only brains can make an A.

—Alabamian.

Dear Dr. Powell:

Enclosed please find a check for \$25,000 which I wish to contribute to your college. I am very interested in seeing your worthy institution rise to a very high peak, and am showing my interest by this slight contribution.

As I wish to remain an anonymous contributor, I am leaving the check unsigned, as well as this letter.