

THE PINE BRANCH

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REALIZATION

Buford Williford

We climbed the dusk together
As we watched the purple cloud,
And saw the shadow of the sun
The daffodils enshroud.

You filled my arms with goldenrod
And bright anemones,
And brilliant flowers with starry cups
And powdered peonies.

I thought when starting down towards night,
"More beauty's left, than when we came";
But now—oh, I have learned since then—
The beauty's not the same.

QUATRAIN

Margaret Joiner

Would God, that love were beautiful
Like fragile, pale lilies on the moon,
But alas! only bitter disillusion,
For often—too often, the moon changes.

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THE RIGHT COURSE

Margaret Bischoff

A boy and girl sat side by side on the library steps of the large university, to all appearances, each very much engrossed in his and her own work. Students and professors passing up and down the steps marveled that two such attractive young people could be sitting side by side, each seemingly unaware of the other's existence. Professors smiled knowingly and remarked, "Must have had a tip that the oral quiz is in vogue today." Co-eds envied the pretty little blonde with the handsome collegian by her side. Likewise the male co-eds envied the handsome one who could study in the face of such a distraction.

"How's this?" asked Tono suddenly. Tono, or to be more exact, Antonio Joseph Myer was the name of the boy on the library steps. The girl was Marianne Mills, or rather it was before coming to college. The boys and girls had lost no time in renaming her Mimi, a name which seemed particularly suited to her style of beauty.

"I say, how is this?" he repeated impatiently.

"What?" asked Mimi, "Oh yes, the feature story, of course."

"What else but the feature story? Here I am doing my best to write a story for you, and you can't take time out to listen to it after it's finished."

"Just remember, sir, I am working your math problems, and it takes a higher degree of concentration to find the graph of a polynomial function than it does to dash off a two-hundred word story."

"That's right, say, how are those problems coming along anyway?"

"All finished, and correct too," she replied very calmly.

"That's great. You know, Mimi, I think you're swell."

"Yes, I know, but let's hear the story now."

Tono began to read the story which began, "Every where that Smitty went his goose was sure to go ———". It was a good story, and one from his own experience.

When he finished reading, Mimi was laughing so that tears were streaming down her face.

"That is the best you've written yet," she cried enthusiastically, "Fessor will give me an A on that."

"I'll take the problems now and 'peace be with you' if they are not ab-so-lute-ly correct. So long honey, I'll see you at chapel."

* * * * *

Two weeks later found the same two strolling arm and arm on the campus which was a scene of lively activity, both physical and

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mental. Students were herrying back and forth, to and from the scenes of torture—examinations. Few stopped for idle chatter or to remark about the beauties of the glorious May morning.

Amid all this excitement Tono and Mimi continued to stroll serenely up and down. They seemed to be arguing very quietly between themselves.

“But Tono,” wailed Mimi, “what on earth will I do if I have to write an editorial or a feature story or, or anything?”

“Write on ‘The Folly of Coming to College;’ but what, I ask you, am I going to do when it comes to working those problems?”

“We’re both up against it all right,” sighed Mimi. “I hate to think of flunking and not being able to come back next year, for that’s what it will amount to. You know Tonie, I always had a vague idea that I could write if I just got on the right track. I’ve always liked the idea of being called a journalist, and thought it would be fun to work on a newspaper and some day write a book. Why, I had already decided on the binding of my book, it was to be purple and gold. Well, that dream is shattered—if I haven’t learned another thing this year I’ve learned that I’ll never be a writer—why I can’t write a thing. Much as I hate to admit it, Mother and Dad were right, they didn’t want me to take journalism. Oh, I can just hear them saying, ‘I told you so.’”

“It’s not that I mind flunking,” began Tono, “I’m thinking of Dad’s disappointment. He has always been more or less disappointed in his only son. He can see no reason why I shouldn’t follow in his footsteps and become an electrical engineer. Well, I’ve done my best, with your help on the math. I’ve spent many long afternoons on mechanical drawing while all the time I was thinking of the plot for your next story or of my book, which I’ve already begun. Sometimes parents are difficult. Why can’t they take us as we are?”

* * * * *

Exams over, the joys of commencement day had erased all care and worry from the minds of the young students.

“The last day of our Freshman year, Tonie, are you sorry?” asked Mimi, as the two paused on the chapel steps as the long line of seniors in the regal splendor of their caps and gowns filed slowly in to receive their degrees.

“Sorry for one reason, Mimi, we won’t be able to be together every day as we have for the past nine months—they have been wonderful, honey, just being with you. You’ve given me inspiration for my book, and when that’s finished ——— Listen Girl, why don’t you change your course to Home Economics?”

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MAID OF HONOR

Virginia Martin

Sunshine Ray placed another pillow under her head, and looked around at all the other college girls who were sitting or lying on all the beds and chairs in the room. "Well, if you'll bear with me, I'll tell you the story, though 'tis a long and weary one. As you all know, I hail from the hickiest of hick towns, 'way down south in Georgia—and I love every hick in it! The Claymont people have only one fault in my eyes. They all think that when a girl gets as old as I am (eighteen is pretty old, isn't it?) that she ought to be surrounded by young men, clamoring for her attention. Last year, when it became known that I was coming 'way up here to college, the whole town—old, young and middlin', turned out to congratulate me. They were sure I'd come home laden down with frat pins and candy boxes, 'cause I'd have the opportunity of meetin' so many fine young men at college. They considered college as a kinda matrimonial bureau, or somep'n.

"I can tell by your hee haws and hisses that you know what a mistake they made. You know how few boys there are in this town, and the upper-classmen had already annexed all the boys when I got here. The scarcity of men bothered me but little (laugh that off) until it was time for me to go home for Easter Holidays. Then the appalling fact that I was going home unloved, unlettered, and unpinned—now, young ladies, you know I'm referring to fraternity pins—dawned on me.

"I was a true picture of a damsel in distress until Dibber, true to her duty as a roommate, produced an idea. You saw that perfectly divine picture of 'Chunk' Anderson that Dibber had last year. He and Dibber were childhood sweethearts, and he was a cadet at W. M. A. last year. I met him when I visited Dibber during Christmas holidays, and we became the original buddies. We wrote to each other for a long time—he poured out his love for Dibber, and I told him of my many troubles. To get back to the story, Dibber suggested that I take his picture home with me, and work up a romance around it. I jumped at the chance.

"Maybe you think Claymont didn't fall for Chunk. After they found out that his cadet's uniform wasn't a telegraph boy's, their interest rose to untold heights. I was kept busy answering questions about everything from how many brothers and sisters he had, to how he liked his eggs cooked. I didn't want to tell too many fibs, so whenever anyone asked me if I loved Chunk, I'd answer truth-

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fully, 'Oh, I'm in love with his looks!' My indifference went over big.

"While I was at home, Chunk sent me a special. It was the first one I'd ever received from him, and I'll never know what prompted him to send it at that particular time. Of course, that added fuel to the fire. But imagine my amazement when a mysterious-looking box came and I opened it before the whole gang at home, and found a gorgeous Easter corsage, with a card from 'Chunk' in it. I found out later that Dibber had sent 'em—I mean I found out when she presented me with the bill!

"By the time I came back to Mallory, the aunts were ready to begin sewing on my trousseau, and the girls at home were raging with jealousy. They say a woman can't keep a secret. Well, gaze on me! I told neither my best friend nor my family!

"I'd nearly forgotten about the matter until the summer vacation was staring me in the face. By that time, even Dibber had quit writing to Chunk. But I knew the folks at home hadn't forgotten my handsome hero. Dibber and I sat up all one night trying to figure out what to do with Chunk. I couldn't keep up the romance, 'cause there'd be no more specials or flowers. If I said he'd died, or somep'n, I'd be forced to wear mourning. It was left up to Dibber to have an idea, and at the last minute she came across with one. She suggested that I tell the Claymont folks that Chunk had come to see me one night, and had gotten so gloriously drunk that I'd refused to go with him any more.

"The first time the girls at home asked me about Chunk I unwillingly (they thought) told them the sad, sad story of Chunk, the young reprobate. By the time I got through with the story he had tried to kiss the Dean, and been black-listed for life! The girls were on the verge of weeping, because of my heartlessness. They said 'Aw, you shouldn't be too hard on him, when he just got off from school for a night, and the other boys in the crowd were drinking. You'll make up, won'tcha?' But I had a heart of cement. You'd have wept, too, to hear me tell the tale. He had killed all the love which once sparkled in my heart, and though I could forgive, I could never again care for him!

"Maybe I wasn't the town heroine! The older people commended me for my moral standards, and the boys and girls marveled at me. How could anyone turn down a man like Chunk?

"I went on in my role of the heartless maid for about two months. Then my sister, Mary, returned from a long trip. She'd been gone all summer, so had not heard of my cruelty to Chunk. She thought I still loved him! Mary and I were having a grand ole 'bull session,'

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when suddenly Mary said, 'Shine, guess who I met on my trip? Chunk Anderson!'

"I looked kinda sick, and said, 'Didja really?' and then and there I decided to tell her the whole story. I thought she'd probably found it out from Chunk anyway. So I told my wicked story, and expected to hear a burst of laughter any minute. But when I finished, I was surprised to find her staring at me with amazement in her eyes. I grinned sheepishly, and asked her if her best friend had died. Suddenly she began to laugh and cry hysterically. I had no idea what it was all about, and it was a long time before I could make her tell me.

"Mary and Chunk had fallen in love with each other, but Mary had spurned his affections, 'cause she thought I still loved him, and he was being untrue to me!

"Now, girls, I ask you, don't you think it was darling of them to ask me to be maid of honor?"

JOYS

Buford Williford

Oh, the sound of laughter,
Music, gay or sad,
Bids my soul awaken
And my heart be glad.

And the sight of beauty,
Colors dull or bright,
Flowering, fading from the earth,
Bring my heart delight.

But if you should give me
Love and your caress,
These small joys I'd cry away
In my happiness!

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DOUBLE STANDARD

Louise McMichael

Trail's sex had never affected her life at all. During the entire eleven years of her existence her closest friendships had been with boys. As there had never been another girl within several years of Trail's age in the neighborhood, her mother had finally given up in despair and stopped trying to make a lady-like child of her daughter.

Of course there were the girls at school. Trail somehow managed to live through those tiresome hours in the school room without even considering them a part of her life. It was after school hours and during vacation that she really lived.

This last summer had been exceptionally thrilling. They had built a house of pine trees in the pasture back of Teeny's house to use as the headquarters of the "North Avenue Gang." They had participated in a series of wars with the gang from the south side of town, and had usually emerged from the fray triumphant. Trail, in the manner by which she had earned her name, followed her gang from one siege to the next, throwing rocks, bricks, or soda-water bottles.

And now the gang was meeting to plan the last fight before school started. They all sat around on the floor of the headquarters while Bo-We gave out the plan of attack.

"Shorty, you and Teeny kin climb up in that big sycamore tree back of Mis' Barnett's house. Y'all get all the empty soda water bottles and bricks you kin find to chunk at 'em, an' we'll close in on 'em around there. Ginney-Boy an' Pot kin hide in Mis' Moore's barn. There's a good place up in the loft you kin chunk from, and when y'all hear us comin' 'round the corner git ready. We'll lead 'em right past there. They'll be chasin' us an' as soon as we git by, y'all light in! Then follow us when we surround 'em."

"What'll the rest of us do?" asked Trail.

"Oh, you, Tunk, Jimmy, Warde 'n me are gonna run out and lead 'em around until they git tired. When they're worn out we'll lead 'em by the sycamore tree and surround 'em there. We have a rope hid in that ole chicken coop an' we're gonna tie 'em all to the tree with it. I jes wish we had another man. They have one more than we do."

"Well that boy from North Carolina is coming this afternoon. We kin look him over an' maybe he'll do," volunteered Teeny. "He's gonna live with Mis' Pringle an' go to school here 'cause his mamma

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died an' Mis' Pringle's his aunt. Aunt Freddy's done told me that I've gotta go to see him this afternoon soon's he gets here."

"Yeah, we kin see. 'Course if he looks like a sissy we don't want him," said Bo-We, "but he might do all right. We don't have no she-babies in this here gang!"

Each gangster's chest expanded as his face assumed an expression of self-conscious dignity. Trail looked proudly from one to the other and she slipped closer to Pot, the youngest member. He looked at her with an understanding smile and hit the muscle of her arm with his fist.

Late that afternoon Trail was walking around in her back yard on stilts. Remembering the arrival of Mrs. Pringle's nephew she decided to stroll up to the next block, hoping to catch a glimpse of him. She was hardly more than casually interested. Other boys, trying to get in their gang, had failed. Somehow other people never seemed to fit in. She began concentrating upon stepping on the lines which marked off the blocks of pavement. The blocks were quite long in comparison with the steps which her short little legs were accustomed to taking. She found that by squatting over her stilts a little she could just reach from one line to the other.

She was becoming accustomed to hitting the lines exactly when she heard an unknown voice say, "An' I can't stand girls. They get on my nerves with all their darn' silliness." Looking up, she discovered that she was just in front of Mrs. Pringle's home. Teeny was there on the lawn in—marvel of marvels!—a clean pair of white duck trousers and a fresh white shirt. In spite of Aunt Freddy, however, Teeny was unable to remain immaculate. Even now the hair just at the back of his head was beginning to stand on end.

Trail's eyes widened in surprise and her mouth fell open. She looked from Teeny to the person beside him who was, of course, Mrs. Pringle's nephew. It was he who had spoken. He was of the same height as Teeny, but was of a stockier build. His hair was red and, of course, his face was freckled. As he glanced at her his blue eyes assumed a disdainful expression.

Her chin stuck out stubbornly. Why, he was taking her for a common, ordinary girl! She'd show him. She walked over to the magnolia tree which grew on the Pringle lawn, just off the pavement, and leaned up against it remaining on her stilts. "Hi, Teeny."

Teeny's face flushed. "Er — hey, Trail," he said weakly, jamming his hands down in his pockets. The new boy looked up at her again, this time with sheer disgust written on his face. "C'mon, Teeny, in the house. I'll show ya my air rifle," he said quickly, and

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started walking up the Pringle walk. "Yeah, girls allus get in the way, don't they?" Trail heard him add softly "— like that one. I'll bet she's a nuisance."

"Well, she ain't so bad, but she does hang around all the time. We call her Trail." Teeny tried to be loyal without losing his virility. Trail's eyes filled with tears. She hated that boy and he'd never be in the gang as long as she had anything to do with it! She stood leaning up against the tree watching the boys disappear into the house. And for the first time in her life she was glad to hear her mother call her home for supper.

The next morning the North Avenue gang met at headquarters immediately after breakfast. Teeny was enthusiastic in his report of the prospective member. "Gee, he's got a life-saver's badge for swimmin', 'n he kin walk up an' down the steps on his hands, an' his daddy went to war!" was announced in one breath. "An' he sho' does hate girls." Teeny eyed Trail doubtfully.

"Well, I don't think we need him in here," Trail said hotly. "He don't know nothin' about the town or nothin'. An' I jes' don't like his looks!"

"Well, ain't you got no special reason fer not wantin' him?" Bo-We asked.

"Aw, it's jes' 'cause he don't like girls," said Teeny. "Why he might not even want to be in a gang with a *girl*."

Trail stood before them indignantly. She wore overalls cut off above her knees just as the gang did. Her fair hair was pushed behind her ears, and to a stranger she would have seemed quite like one of them. Her gray eyes were almost black with anger. "Well, if you've gotta choose between me 'n that boy, go ahead 'n take him! Most of you don't even know his name. 'N' I've always been in here. I know all the secrets 'n' everything—I even planned some of 'em. An' besides," she broke into a sob, "I can't help not being a boy." She rushed out of the door leaving the little boys looking at each other doubtfully.

"Gee," said Shorty, "I never had even thought about Trail bein' a girl!"

"Well, it don't make no difference," defended Pot stoutly, "She's always been in here. I'd ruther have her than a new boy."

They all unconsciously turned to Bo-We, who, because of his advanced years, was always the judge of more serious questions.

"Well, if he's any good we really need him," considered Bo-We. "— Still we can't let Trail down. We'll send for both of them. Teeny, you go for that boy, an', Pot, you'd better go for Trail."

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Teeny returned first with his new friend. Of the two, Teeny was much more embarrassed. "Well—er—this is Harry Elmore," he said self-consciously. The new-comer looked around with a friendly smile. "Folks don't ever call me that, though—'cept grown people. My real name's 'Bam'."

They watched him silently for several seconds. After a glance at the others Bo-We stood before him. "Okey, Bam. Look here, kin you throw good?"

"You mean baseballs? I pitched on our Junior High team last spring." Bam walked to the door and picked up a large rock. Aiming at a telephone pole some twenty yards away, he hit it squarely.

"Well, that's good enough, but we don't mean baseball. We mean *brick-bats*. We've got a gang here an' we'd like to ask you to join." Seeing Bam's eyes light up, he added, "But we've got a girl in here an' we ain't gonna kick her out."

"You mean a girl in here with all you boys? What kind o' girl?"

"It's that one you saw yesterday," admitted Teeny.

"You mean that kid on stilts? In here to throw brick-bats?" The new boy burst into a laugh. "Gee, that's great!"

Bo-We frowned. "Well, she's gonna stay; so you kin make up yo' mind. D'ya wanna join or not?" They all began talking at once, defending Trail, and explaining that she could "run fast, throw straight, an' keep her mouth shut."

"Well, if you feel like that about it, maybe I can stand it. Course she may not be so bad, after all. Most of 'em are though."

Pat walked in leading Trail by the hand. "Aw, c'mon, Trail. You kin show him!" The boys looked at her sheepishly. Bo-We, of course, was spokesman.

"Trail, you're a member of the North Avenue gang an' we ain't got no complaint. You ain't never been yellow or run or nothin', an' you can't help being a girl. We've gotta beat that gang from the South Side, an' if you're a good member you'll want us to. We need one more man an' you know it. We've gotta chance of gettin' one now. The war's gonna start in about fifteen minutes. He's willin' to join an' fight. He kin throw good—better'n you can—but we want you in here, too. You ain't gonna be a baby, are you?" He smiled at her encouragingly.

Trail's lower lip quivered. She looked from Bo-We to Mrs. Pringle's nephew. She knew that he had been staring at her since her entrance. The gang held its breath expectantly. Trail ran a finger under her nose sniffing gently. She pulled a soda-water bottle from her pocket and walked to the door. Aiming deliberately at the

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telephone pole, she threw the bottle. Bam's mouth flew open as he heard the glass smash. He looked at Trail in amazement and held out his hand. "Not bad—for a girl."

The triumphant look faded from Trail's face. She looked at his outstretched hand. And, although she hated him for it, she had a pleasant shivery feeling all over because of his almost friendly look. She knew that she was going to hate him because of that feeling but, for the moment, truce was declared.

"What's yo' name?" she asked as she thrust out a grimy little hand.

I HAD A LOVE

Kathryne A. Connell

I had a love when I was young,
A tallish love with a bitter tongue;
And his love was true like love in books,
Though you would never guess by his words or looks,
For he was tall with a bitter tongue,
And I loved him well when I was young.

And the only way I ever knew
His love was deep and strong and true
Was the day they gaveme away as a bride—
The tallish man swore and cursed and cried.



EDITORIALS

Thanksgiving—how many delightful memories are brought to us! Pictures of former happy Thanksgivings came crowding into our consciousness, and we revel in the joys of retrospect.

Perhaps the picture most universally enjoyed is that of feasting—tables laden down with everything from 'possum and 'taters to the proverbial turkey and cran-

berry sauce! Food! We can smell the plum pudding and see the steam rising from hot cups of delicious coffee.

At the Thanksgiving dinner, class songs are sung, as well as the "Alma Mater" and the "Pine Branch." The students, the alumnae, and the faculty lift their voices in praise of the superior college which it is our privilege to have and to attend.

Memories! Could anyone want any more colorful memories? Surely, even when G. S. W. C. has become a remembrance, no Thanksgiving experiences will flood the retrospect with more happiness, rejoicing, and festivity than the Thanksgivings spent at G. S. W. C.

Thanksgiving is a synonym for football to a good many people. The roar of the crowd, the exhilarating music of the band, the thrill of meeting old friends, the bulging of hip pockets, the fights on the grandstands—and incidentally, the game!

Thanksgiving! A magic word which carries us into the realm of reminiscences.

But let us think of Thanksgiving at G. S. W. C. What pictures do our Thanksgivings contribute to the store of memories which is ours?

Thanksgiving morning is initiated by a prayer, and a Thanksgiving service, after which the entire student body participates in games. Purple and red banners and pennants are flying everywhere. Whistles are blowing, people are cheering—truly an exciting and delightful picture for our Thanksgiving gallery!

On this day the alumnae of the college come from far and near to sing the praises of their Alma Mater, and to renew old acquaintances. How interesting it is to re-meet old friends whom we have not seen for many years, and find out what each one has done since she left college. How delightful to meet the present G. S. W. C. students, and discover how well they are perpetuating the traditions of the college.



CRITICAL TIPS

Kathryne Connell

Let's not put out the lights and go to sleep, let's turn them on and read J. B. Priestly's *Faraway*, a novel of adventure in the twentieth century. And speaking of adventure, I cannot refrain from passing on to you the most exciting, exhilarating, thrilling, books I have ever read—Jeffery Farnol's swashbuckling tales. You know them—*The Amateur Gentleman*, *Sir John Dering*, and his latest, *Jades of Destiny*, a novel of the Elizabethan age. These books are suited exquisitely to the kind of weather we are going to have in a few weeks. One should have a box of caramels at one's elbow and a great oak fire burning before one. Farnol, with his magic pen makes the past live again, and so charmingly and vividly that before one's very eyes, great ladies, knights, brave rascals, fascinating highwaymen, kings, peasants, pages, and maids-in-waiting pass in glorious panorama—Figures that have gone into the dim, healing past come again to charm the fancy of us who live in the prosaic age of reason.

* * *

Rose Macualay, who gave the world the amusing satire, *Told By An Idiot*, has offered another book of seventeenth century life, *The Shadow Flies*.

* * *

Frank Swinnerton, author of *Nocturne*, presents something new in the way of light reading, *The Georgian House*. Don't miss these two books. Their authors are artistic people who are sure of themselves, whose understanding of life has been mellowed by tolerance and beauty.

* * *

What southern girl has not heard hair-raising tales about John Brown? Who of us living in the deep south has not been reared on the war song, *John Brown's Body* and *The Sour Apple Tree*? Finally this poor, mad fanatic has found a just biographer, Leonard Ehrlich. The book is called *God's Angry Man*. John Brown was possessed of a burning faith which was hard for normal, sane people to understand and tolerate. But underneath his coat of black which the world has given him, the man was really gallant and unafraid.

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Lion Feuchtwanger who wrote *The Ugly Duchess*, and *Power*, comes through again with the most powerful and authentic historical fiction of the year, *Josephus*—a tale of old Rome. Louis Untermeyer says: "Comparable to but one other historical novel written in our generation, *Power*."

* * *

Do you know that Eugene O'Neill's *Emperor Jones* is being made into an opera?

* * *

Do you know that *Madame Butterfly* is being filmed with lovely Sylvia Sidney as Butterfly?

* * *

Personally, I can't wait to see Norma Shearer in *Smilin' Thru*. But perhaps you will remember as I, when you first saw another Norma in that role, Norma Talmadge, and remembering how long ago that was, conclude very definitely that we are growing up.

* * *

Have you had an eye on Richard Dix since *Cimarron*? If you have, then you know what marvelous acting he did in *The Roar of The Dragon*, and *Hell's Highway*. But he has again secured an epic role supporting the breathlessly lovely Ann Harding in *The Conquerors*, a drama as great as *Cimarron*, but with a Dix that is perhaps greater than the one we have admired so long. As for La Harding? Do I have to tell you?

* * *

Smart magazines for women have gone in for advice on personality. The most fashionable personality to wear with leg of mutton sleeves and 1932 wide-awakeness seems to be a cross between a clinging vine and *Oh What a Pal Was Mary*. But to get on with the story, those who know advise us to cultivate that "I-Rather-Need-You-Look, and then in a push to be able to gather up our gay ninety skirts and catch the out-going subway.

* * *

By the way did you know that the humble safety pin was coming into its own as an ornament for milady's dress? Fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong.

* * *

And just before putting out the lights here's a night-cap:

"Here's a sigh for those who love me,
And a smile for those who hate;
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for any fate."



LOCALS

Marjorie Sessions

Holidays have come and gone. The new students have experienced the thrill of their first vacation, and the former students have checked off one more familiar milestone along the way.

We are back and ready for work again, having before us the shortest stretch of the year—but oh, how many and varied are the activities that will be crowded in that short space of time.

* * *

The Freshmen election for class officers was held October 19th: Miss Mildred Turnbull, Moultrie, was elected president; Miss Mary Bischoff, Savannah, vice-president; Miss Una Ritch, Jesup, secretary, and Miss Amanda Barksdale, Blakely, treasurer.

* * *

According to the tradition of the college, October the 19th was hat day. On the eve of the 19th, the sophomores hid the hat and on the 19th the hunt was begun by the freshmen, who will continue to hunt on that date each month, the last date being the 19th of March.

* * *

The Junior Class conducted a Hallowe'en carnival-dance on Saturday, October 29th. Booths, including freaks such as the snake lady, midgets, and a fortune teller were arranged in Ashley Hall. Throughout Ashley Hall Hallowe'en decorations were used, which added much color to the occasion. Miss Mildred McDonald, Colquitt, was chairman of the committee in charge. Her assistants were: Misses Willene Roberts, Valdosta; Marjorie Sessions, McRae; and Mrs. Herman Johnson, Quitman.

* * *

The Savannah Club entertained with an informal tea at the House-in-the-Woods, Sunday afternoon, October 23rd. Only the members of the club, the faculty, and a few friends were present. Miss Doris Zittrouer received the guests and those serving were: Misses Bessie McRae, Annabelle Wetherford, Mary Elizabeth Wetherford, Mary Ellen Croft, Ruth Ellis, Margaret Zipplies, and Margaret Bischoff.

* * *

On Wednesday morning, November 2nd, at chapel period, Dr.

THE PINE BRANCH

Patterson, a returned missionary to Africa, told the student body many interesting things about the topography of Africa, the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and the language.

* * *

Monday afternoon, October 31st, the Senior Class entertained the student body and faculty with a Hallowe'en tea. The idea of the ancient traditions, such as witches, cats, and jack-o-lanterns, was carried out and a program in the same spirit was given: *The Pumpkin Man*, Anne Stubbs, Valdosta; *Little Orphan Annie*, Riley, by Miss Mildred Minchew, Baxley; *The Witches Dance*, Misses Margaret Williams, Cordele; Eloise Odum, Ashburn; Helen Bishop, Unadilla; Dorothy Courtney, Mary Alice Mosely and Winona Parrish, Valdosta; Miss Margaret Zipplies, Savannah, played *Funeral March*, Chopin; and Miss Louise McMichael read *The Tell-Tale Heart*, by Edgar Allen Poe. Miss Emily Burney, Boston, President of the senior class, and Miss Doris Zittrouer, Savannah, Vice-president, presided at the tea table and those serving were: Misses Frances Arrington, Ellaville; Virginia Clark, Tampa; Margaret Baker, Valdosta; Elizabeth Pardee, Thomasville; and Mary Virginia Paulk, Valdosta.

* * *

At the Student Government meeting on Friday evening, November 4th, the presidents of the classes took their oaths of office, administered by Miss Virginia Clark, President of the S. G. A.—Miss Emily Burney, Boston, of the senior class; Miss GeDelle Brabham, Moultrie, junior class; Miss Lavina Buckner, Waycross, sophomore class, and Miss Mildred Turnbull, Moultrie, freshman class. Miss Iva Chandler, assistant dean of the college, spoke on the constitution of the Student Government Association and urged the support of every individual in backing its president.

* * *

The Valdosta Club met at the fire-place in the pines north of Ashley Hall, Friday noon, November 4th. Miss Mary Virginia Paulk, Valdosta, was elected secretary of the club.





LUBS



Margaret Bischoff

The judges for the Sock and Buskin Club found it very difficult to select the new members due to the unusual amount of talent that was displayed in the tryouts. After much consideration on the part of the judges the following

new members were accepted: Misses Peggy Bowers, Bainbridge; Henri Kate Gardner, Camilla; Grace Lahey, Valdosta; Leonora Du Four, Albany; Elah Holliday, Vienna; Broun Hutchinson, Valdosta; Elizabeth Kelley, Savannah; Virginia Martin, Arlington; Estelle Roberts, Cordele; Vonice Ritch, Jesup.

Miss Frances Arrington, of Ellaville, and Miss Emily Burney, of Boston, received bids on account of their outstanding work in play production last year.

The tryouts have been held and work has begun on the play which is to be presented to the public this month.

* * *

The new members of the Philharmonic Club were entertained with a theatre party at the Ritz on the evening of October 28. After the show delightful refreshments were served at the home of Miss Gladys Warren, where the girls gathered and discussed plans for the year.

The regular monthly meeting was held in the Rotunda on November 7. The program consisted of: piano solo, *Butterfly* by Grieg, *Schoen Rosmarin* by Kriesler, by Mary Bance Joiner of Sylvester; current event by Martha Wilkin of Colquitt; violin solo, *Traumerei*, Schumann, by Elizabeth Larisey of Valdosta; piano solo, *Rachmaninoff*, by Leonora Dufore of Albany; vocal solo, *A Brown Bird Singing*, Eloise Odom of Ashburn; current event by Betty McCollom of Thomasville; piano solo, by Teele Tyson of Cairo; current event by Peggy Bower of Bainbridge; vocal solo by Joy Miller.

* * *

The English Club held its regular monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. W. H. Oliver. Supper was served, after which Dr. Gulliver told of his trip to Mexico. Miss Sawyer told about the plays that she saw in Chicago this summer, and Miss Gilmer told of her trip to New York and Washington and of the plays that she saw while there.

THE PINE BRANCH

It was the pleasure of the club to have as its guests Dr. and Mrs. Powell who have been made honorary members.

* * *

At the Euclidian Club meeting on October 13, Miss Ann Jones Boller of Savannah, gave an interesting talk on "A Course in Mathematics for Pupils Not Going to College."

A program committee for the year was appointed, consisting of Miss Ruby Nell Wall, Ellaville, Chairman; Miss Ann Jones Boller, Savannah, and Miss Clare Lawson, Savannah. Likewise, a committee for the selection of the club pins was appointed, consisting of Misses Gedelle Brabham, Moultrie; Emily Burney, Boston; and Marie Gaskins, Nashville.

It was decided that the topics for this year's programs will be practical problems, and that reports of the club will be sent to a current mathematics magazine.

* * *

At the business meeting of the International Relations Club Miss Doris Zittrouer of Savannah, was elected Vice-president; Miss Margaret Williams of Cordele, was elected Secretary, and Miss Julia Manning of Bainbridge, Treasurer.

The regular monthly meeting was held in the upper Rotunda on November 7. The following book reports were given: *Recovery* by Salter, given by Miss Harriet Sheppard, Savannah; *Unseen Assassin* by Angell, by Miss Dorothy Courtney, Valdosta; *Society of Nations* by Morley, discussed by Miss Margaret Williams, Cordele. These books were sent by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace to encourage study of International Relations. They are selected books judged by a committee.

* * *

The second meeting of the Fine Arts Club was held on Monday evening, November 6, in the Art Dome. Miss Annie Maud McLeod of Newton, gave a talk on Cezanne; Miss Louise McMichael of Quitman, recited a poem, and Miss Wylene Roberts of Valdosta, talked about current events in the Art World.

Miss Mary Bischoff of Savannah, has been elected Vice-president for 1932-33.

* * *

The Science Club held its first regular meeting in the lecture room on November 5; the program consisted of a Round Table discussion carried on by a group of students.

* * *

The former members of the Glee Club sang at the St. Paul's Methodist Church on Sunday afternoon, October 30, at the program presented by the A-1 negro choir of that church.

Y. W. C. A.



Judy Cochran



The Vesper program of Sunday evening, October 23rd, was on the life and work of a Georgia poet, W. Marcus Bridges. Miss Virginia Martin, of Arlington, told the story of his life. Misses Henri Kate Gardner, Camilla; Mary Julia Williams, and Elah Holliday read several of his poems. During the service the choir sang poems by American poets which have been set to music.

* * *

Vicar Armand Eyler, of the Episcopal Church, talked at Vesper Thursday evening, November 3rd. He chose as his topic for the evening, "Simplicity" which he presented in a most interesting way.

* * *

A short musical program was given at Vesper, Sunday evening, November 6th. Those on the program were: Misses Margaret Ziplies, of Savannah; Carolyn Bullard, of Nashville; and Helen Bishop, of Unadilla. The choir also sang two special songs. This type of program lends an atmosphere for heartfelt worship, prayer, and thanksgiving. Such a service could not be given too often.

* * *

The Sunday evening Vesper service of October 8th, was one of the most impressive services that we have ever had at G. S. W. C. The service was by candle light. The Y. W. C. A. choir sang two songs. The subject of the evening was "Courage," and Misses Elizabeth Kelley and Mary Ellen Craft, both of Savannah, gave interesting talks. Misses Mildred McDonald, Colquitt, and Joy Miller, Albany, gave the special music for the evening.

* * *

Miss Bessie Oliver, formerly of Unadilla, was our guest for the week-end of October 15th and 16th. Miss Oliver is a missionary to Korea, now home on furlough for a year. The Y. W. C. A. cabinet entertained Miss Oliver at the Club House Saturday evening. Miss Oliver talked at Sunday School and also at Vesper Sunday evening. She told interesting facts about Korea. The student body enjoyed her visit.

THE PINE BRANCH

The Fire-Lighting Service, on Thursday evening, October 21st, was one of the most beautiful services of the fall. The president of each organization gave to the Fire of Good Fellowship, the thing that she wanted her organization to contribute to G. S. W. C. The choir sang softly two or three special songs. These fires, signifying the first cold weather of the year, were the first fires to be built in the Rotunda of the year 1932-1933.

* * *

The Y. W. C. A. Cabinet of G. S. W. C. has added a Freshman Commission to its membership. The chairman of the Freshman Commission is Miss Virginia Tuck, of Thomasville, Georgia. Her helpers are Misses Ruth Jones, Emily Harlowe, Virginia Hues, Camille Rogers, Evelyn May, Carolyn Davidson, Harriet Bullard, Elizabeth Kelley, Carolyn Dix, Clara Louise Driskell, and Lilly White Ellis. The Freshman Commission will take charge of the Club House, as assistants to Miss Odessa Stephens, the Club House chairman. We are expecting big things from the Freshman Commission this year.

* * *

Some of the off-campus speakers scheduled to come before Christmas are: Miss Ruth G. Lockman, who will talk on the 9th and 10th of November on the problems of liquor; Miss Eva Jakeman, who is a missionary to Africa, will come on the 19th and 20th of November; also a group of boys from the University of Florida will come on the 4th of December to present a vesper program. We are looking forward to having all of these visitors and to receiving the messages which they may bring.





SOCIETIES

Henry Kate Gardner

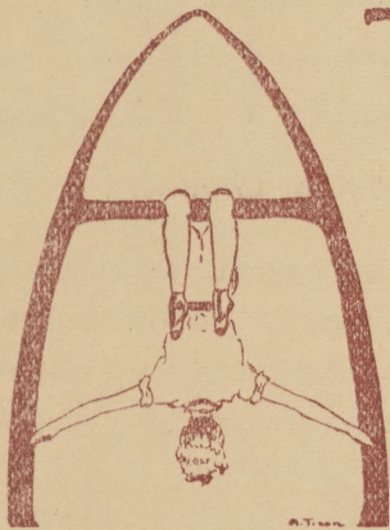
A certain man and his wife quarrel. A publisher comes to discuss business with that certain man, and they quarrel. An explorer, an ex-sweetheart, despised by that certain man comes to see that certain man's wife. A butler threatens to kill that certain man for interfering in his liquor trade. A woman of whom the wife is jealous comes to see that certain man, and is displeased because he is printing stories of their personal life. A muddle of tangled romances. Then that certain man is found dead sitting in his chair.

Who was guilty? Well, statistics prove that no member of the Argonian or Sororian Literary Societies who saw the play presented Saturday evening, November 5th, by members of the Play Production Class knew.

After the presentation of the play, each person was given a list of questions to answer,—the answers to have been gained from observation of the play. No one answered all of them, and only six girls answered seven of the ten questions.

The play, "*Who Was Guilty*", was improvised on a skeleton plot to rest the powers of observation and deduction of the audience, to show the difficulties of accurate testimony in a law court and to show the uselessness of circumstantial evidence.

The play was interesting, action well timed and characters portrayed well. Those taking part were Misses Emily Flucker, Quitman, as John McIntyre, the author; Vonice Ritch, Jesup, as Helen McIntyre, the wife of John; Virginia Martin, Arlington, as Gordon Beresford, the publisher; Estelle Roberts, Cordele, as Richard Raymond, the explorer; Lilla Alexander, Nashville, as Gloria Sylvester, an adventuress; and Mildred McDonald, Colquitt, as Oscar, the butler.



ATHLETICS

Ruby Nell Wall

Frances DuPriest

The first athletic contests of the year between the Kappas and Lambdas took place November 7th. The first ball line-up for the Kappas was: Misses Reba Harrison, Adair Lankford, Margaret Berryhill, Carolyn Davidson, Jeselyn Mosely, Mildred Morris, Virginia Bick-

ley, Ruby Nell Wall.

The Lambda players were: Misses Mary Glover, Carolyn Bullard, Claire Lawson, Sarah Nicholson, Margaret Kennedy, Annie Sue Brandon, Atheda Suggs, Betty McCollum.

Fist ball is made up of three innings, twenty points making an inning. The first and last innings were won by the Kappas. This made the final score 2-1 in favor of the Kappas.

* * *

The American ball game got under way as soon as the fist ball game was over. The Lambda line-up was: Misses Dorothy Andrews, Helen Bishop, Maurice Jones, Frances DuPriest, Annie Maud McLeod, Annie Belle Weatherford, Esther Smith, Alma Ritch, Janet Cook, Winifred Hinson, Betsy Powell.

The Kappa players were: Misses GeDelle Brabham, Ann Jones, Boller, Harriet Bullard, Mary Nelson Brown, Louise McMichael, Martelle Turner, Kathleen Glisson, Charlotte Ray, Marie Gaskins, Margaret Joiner, M. Allen.

The Kappas made the only score throughout the game, which was a touchdown made by Marie Gaskins. The game ended with a score of 4-0 in favor of the Kappas.

* * *

The Athletic Associations had a treasure hunt on Saturday afternoon, October 23. The members of the two associations were divided into groups. Each group was sent in search of a different clue, which eventually led to the treasure, a box containing ten red and purple sacks, each containing twenty-five pennies. The group finding the treasure was made up of Misses Miriam Townsend, Climax; Christine Jones, Richland; Myrtle Varner, Sasser; Julia Manning, Bainbridge; Joselyn Mosely, Valdosta; Rachel Coxwell, Leesburg; Doris Young, Valdosta; Buford Williford, Moultrie; and Emeliza Swain, Rome.

Twenty-Four

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

PHI KAPPA

"Kappa spirit's never dead,
Kappas going to rise again."

How many times that battle-song has been shouted by enthusiastic "rooters" on the athletic field! And how many times has it been proved! Now's the time to show'em what we've got!" We've started on the right road for a successful year, and may we stay on that road for the rest of the year and win the honor plaque again—what do you say Kappas? "Yea Kappas—full steam ahead!"

Pep meetings! Does that sound good? It not only sounds good, but the pep meetings the Kappas have are good—and Peppy! At the first pep meeting, the Phi Kappas elected Misses Julia Manning, of Bainbridge; Rachel Coxwell, of Leesburg; and Leila May Tyson, of Jesup, as cheer leaders. I'm sure with these girls as leaders the Kappas will score in "peppiness."

* * *

PHI LAMBDA

"Cheer for the Lambdas, Lambdas to win!
Fight to the finish, never give in," —————

Good old Lambda spirit—and have we got it? By the carloads! We didn't win the games November 8th, but we have excellent material on our teams, and are confident that we'll win next time!

My, what good pep meetings we've been having! Just that good old Lambda spirit being used in every way! At the first pep meeting, the Lambdas elected Misses Nellie Cook, of Colquitt; Estelle Roberts, of Cordele, and Katherine Teal, of Bainbridge, as cheer leaders—and they're plenty good, too!

Since fall holidays are over, we are expecting to work harder and make our last two games even better than the first one. So—

'You do your best, girls,
We'll do the rest, girls!
Lambdas to win today!"—this year, too!



LUMNAE

Nell Bracy

Since our last issue of the *Pine Branch* we have heard of two other marriages of much interest—those of Miss Kathryn Wall to Mr. Raymond Middleton, of Hazlehurst, and Miss Edwina Arnold, to Mr. Sam Gardner, of Athens.

* * *

Among those who are teaching this

year are:

- Miss Elizabeth Kirkland, in Poulan.
- Miss Ruth Webb, in Ty Ty.
- Miss Hazel Allen, primary work in Ray City.
- Miss Helen Brasington, in the primary grades in Manor.
- Miss Virginia Carswell, in Waycross.
- Miss Lillian Lively, in Sasser.
- Miss Jessie Mae Prescott, in Lake Park.
- Miss Carolyn Reddick, in Woodbine.
- Miss Polly Walker, in Patterson.
- Miss Mary Morris, in Sasser.
- Miss Helen Ryon, teaching piano at Oak Park.
- Miss Helen Clarke, teaching at Davis Consolidated School, near Ashburn.

* * *

Some of our alumni have recently received recognition for writings. These are:

Miss Lucille McGregor, a student at Scarritt College has had a number of poems and articles published. They have been published in the following:

World Outlook—May, 1932.

Missionary Voice.

Woman's Missionary.

Mrs. Henry G. Pope, who will be remembered as Julia Mae Murray, has had a poem accepted by *Verse-Craft*. Mrs. Pope is now living in Valdosta, and is the proud mother of a young son.

* * *

Those who are continuing to study this year are:

- Miss Madeline Race, at Agnes Scott.
- Miss Katherine Stovall, a senior at the Florida State College for Women in Tallahassee.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Misses Florence Powell and Violet Glasscock, at the University of Georgia.

Miss Margaret Warfield is taking a business course in Savannah.

Miss Mary Elaine Flannigan is attending Vanderbilt University, working on an M. A. degree in Sociology.

Miss Louisa Heath is attending Mary Baldwin.

Miss Mary Poole is taking a business course in Jacksonville.

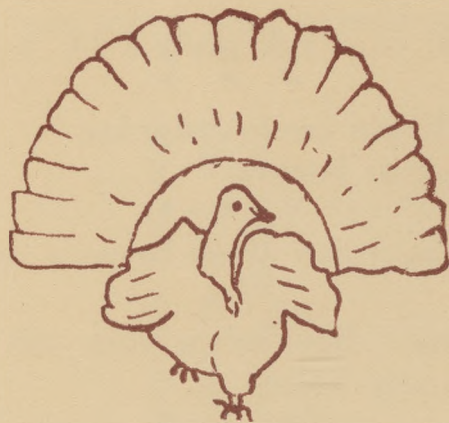
* * *

We are glad to have at G. S. W. C. this year the following girls who are continuing work towards A. B. degrees:

Lilla Alexander, Olive Autrey, Edmonia Beck, Margaret Bischoff, GeDelle Brabham, Avrylea Burch, Mildred Callan, Modesta Dukes, Elizabeth Durden, Margaret Easterlin, Annie Lois Gardner, Kathleen Glisson, Mary Glover, Grace Holcombe, Virginia Hutchinson, Martha Jackson, Mrs. Glenn Johnson, Margaret Kennedy, Adair Lankford, Mrs. Hazel McBane, Bessie McRae, Sara Nicholson, Winona Parrish, Carolyn Patrick, Sue Pendleton, Marjorie Sessions, Florence Smith, Ruby Nell Wall, Dorothy Walls, Margaret Williams.

* * *

Juniors who have transferred from other colleges to work on an A. B. degree at G. S. W. C. are: Misses Katherine Moore, Douglas; Vonice Ritch, Jesup; Mary Bance Joiner, Sylvester; Virginia Martin, Arlington.





JOKEES



Emily Flucker

Oh, what a funny bug is a lightning bug;
His light is on the wrong end.
He never sees where he's going,
But only where he's been.

* * *

She: "What do you intend to marry?
brains or beauty?"

He: "I'd like to marry both."

She: "Oh, dear—this is so sudden!"

* * *

Frances Smith: "Can you stand on your head?"

Mary Lee: "No, it's too high."

* * *

Frosh: "I guess I have a gift for poetry."

Va. Martin: "Yeah? Well you better give it back."

* * *

G. S. W. C.: "I think dancing makes a girl's feet too big,
don't you?"

G. S. C. W.: "Yeah."

(Pause)

G. S. W. C.: "I think swimming gives a girl awfully large
shoulders, don't you?"

G. S. C. W.: "Yeah."

(Pause)

G. S. C. W.: "You must ride quite a lot, too."

* * *

"The neighbor's tub ran over yesterday."

"What did she want to borrow?"

* * *

S. Y. T.: "No, John, I can never be your wife, but I will always
be a sister to you."

John: "Okay by me. Say, when your old gent dies, wonder if
he'll leave us children any kale?"

* * *

No, Turnbull, a nightmare isn't the milkman's horse.

* * *

Irate Father (to slightly inebriated daughter entering at three
a. m.): "What does the clock say?"

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Daughter: "Tick-tock, and the dogs say bow-wow, and the cats meow."

* * *

Bishop: "I don't see how football players ever get clean!"

Arrington: "Silly, what do you suppose the scrub teams are for?"

* * *

Fuzzy: "Who invented work, anyway?"

Carol Forrester: "You should worry, you'll never infringe on his patent."

* * *

Slade: "Watchagotnapackidge?"

Holliday: "Sabook."

Slade: "Wassittojuh?"

Holliday: "Sadickshunery fullanames. Gonna gettapoodledog anagottagettanameferhim."

* * *

Olympic Dictionary

Sprinter—something you get in your finger.

Finish—Nurmi's nationality.

Hurdle—The thing that a football team goes into.

Meter—Did you ever?

Spurt—It's a pleasure to know a guy that's a good one.

* * *

"Mother, will college girls go to heaven?"

"Yes, but they won't like it."

* * *

First Snob: "I'll have you understand I'm related to the Boones."

Second: "Now, I remember, your grandmother's name was Bab."

* * *

Sorry but we were
unable to find any
thing to fit this silly
space

* * *

Miss Gilmer: "Give me an example of nonsense."

Louise Maxwell: "An elephant hanging over a cliff with its tail tied to a daisy."

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