

THE PINE BRANCH

ISSUED MONTHLY

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THE FEAR OF THE LORD

Margaret Bischoff

Grandpap was not always the good soul that he now appeared to be, seated in his rocking-chair by the window, with a cheerful word for all and ever ready to preach the word of the Lord and save the souls of his brethren.

"And ever since, yo' Grandpappy's walked de straight and narrow paths" This was the statement with which the aged negro always concluded the tale that he never tired of relating to his mischievous grand children.

* * * * *

All of the few inhabitants of Baker's Crossing, both white and colored, viewed with pride and satisfaction the little white church situated in the heart of the negro graveyard. For two years the small band of colored folk had diligently worked, and little by little the rude frame structure began to take on the appearance of a place of worship. Now the last board had been nailed and the final coat of paint added.

On this very first day after the completion of the little church Brother Jones, pastor of the congregation, was called upon to preach the first real funeral service to be held in the community in the whole two years since the plans for the church had begun.

Brother Jones was not himself. Usually so eloquent in delivering his sermons, he stammered and groped for words to express his feelings for the dead brother that lay in the casket before him. The hand that held the prayer book trembled violently and his eyes became fixed on the long gray object before him. The congregation breathed a sigh of relief as the service ended and the body was carried away to its resting place.

The old preacher leaned heavily on his cane and walked slowly homeward. He seemed to have aged several years in this one day.

* * * * *

There is no sound more terrifying to the darky than the hoot of a screech owl in the dead of night. It was this terrifying sound which gripped at the heart of the old preacher on the night of the funeral of his friend. Three times the owl hooted and then a dreadful silence reigned, only to be broken again at intervals by the three long hoots of the screech owl. Some one was going to die—and soon.

Brother Jones slowly rose from his bed and crept to the window. The moon was shining brightly and there on the limb of the cherry tree just outside his window sat the owl, his black beady eyes peering into the room.

"Lawsy, Lawsy," exclaimed the old man, "dat bird ain't dere fo no good. Lord, I don wanna die—I's gwine ta reform. I didn't

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mean no harm. I'll burn it up, shore nuff, I will, ef you on'y lemme live. Shoo, go 'way you ole skweech owl."

Daylight found the old darky still at the window. He had finally succeeded in scaring the owl away. He dressed himself slowly and crept out of the house and down the road to the graveyard where the little church was situated. Once there he worked quickly. It was not hard to find dry twigs and dead grass with which to start a fire. He soon had the fire laid under the side of the church, and looking carefully around to see that no one was in sight, he struck the match. Flames were licking from beneath the church—it would only be a short time before the whole building would be in flames and by that time but Brother Jones had never once thought of the milk man and his early morning rounds.

"Slim" noticed the flames as he turned the corner by the graveyard and was quick to give the alarm. No crowd assembled quicker or worked faster than this group, both white and colored, who did their best to save the little church.

When all traces of the fire had been extinguished the group were intent upon finding the cause of the fire. "Slim" had seen Brother Jones slink away like a frightened dog, but nevertheless he entered the church with the rest.

A distinct odor pervaded the building and seemed to come from the back part of the church which had been partly destroyed by fire. The rescuers glanced about and at each other. A look of incredulity was written on each face.

It couldn't be—but yes, there it was, the remains of what had once been a fully equipped liquor still.

* * * * *

Brother Jones fell on his knees before the window in his room looking out at the cherry tree where only a few hours ago the owl had perched and accused the old man of his crime.

The old negro had had no scruples as he and his clan held sham funerals, supposedly for their deceased brethren, while all the while the liquor was packed in coffins and carried away in the hearses. It took the death of one of the clan to put the fear of the Lord in the old man.



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LIFE IS STRANGE, GOD

Buford Williford

Life is strange, God,
This universe
Filled with sad laughter,
Smiling tears;
Moments of ecstasy
Years of loneliness.

Who has not felt the tranquillity of tempests?
Sensed the whimsical beauty of moon-colored fancies?
Known the deep-voiced thunder of silences?

Life is strange, God,
Hold my hand in Thine
That I may feel one constant element—
Thee,
Altogether lovely!

TRAINS

Leonora Du Four

Trains.
Dark wet monsters tearing down through
jungles swaying in the wind and tropic
rains.

Trains.
Across the distance, rumbling—
then a roar. Then silence—only smoke
remains.

Trains.
Leaving crowded station platforms,
starting toward far cities with slow rhythmic
gains.

Trains

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VULNERABLE

Virginia Martin

Mrs. Forrester slowly folded ten crisp dollar bills, and carefully put them in her expensive jeweled bag. She looked at her friend across the bridge table, and gave a smile of satisfaction.

"That was a close pull, partner. We'd never have won anything if we hadn't been vulnerable that last time. That gave us a swell score. It certainly pays to be vulnerable sometimes. You know, just today, my daughter Millicent asked me what 'vulnerable' meant. Guess she's heard me talking about it enough to make her curious. I told her to look it up—and she found some definition like 'capable of being wounded.' She couldn't understand what in the world that had to do with playing bridge."

Amy Forrester looked at the other ladies at the table as if seeking for appreciation of her daughter's naivete. All of the ladies laughed with her except Mrs. Lane. Mrs. Lane was only filling in for someone else tonight. She wasn't a member of the Thursday Club, so it really didn't matter if she failed to smile. She never had joined the club, and her only excuse was that she couldn't neglect her duties at home. She lived in the most beautiful house in Glendale, and had a retinue of servants, and only two children. Yet she had the nerve to use "household duties" as an excuse for not joining the most exclusive bridge club in the city.

"How old is Millicent, my dear?"

"Milly? Oh, she's fourteen—no, fifteen, I believe. She's such a peculiar child. She's never been interested in really jolly things—I can't induce her to play bridge. She reads every leisure minute."

"And what does she read?"

Amy Forrester looked at her incredulously. "Read? Why, how should I know? Just books and magazines. Why?"

The older woman answered, "My dear, there are many books on sale which young girls shouldn't read. Aren't you afraid for her to read just anything she gets her hands on?"

"Certainly not. Milly is the most innocent kid I ever saw. She goes out a little with her high school crowd, but she's not like the others. Even if she were, I wouldn't worry, because she could never fool me! I can read her like the proverbial book."

Amy slowly drew on her gloves, and rose to go. Mrs. Lane reached out a hand and almost timidly touched Amy's arm. She said softly:

"Don't forget, Amy, that we can be vulnerable in more ways than one."

Amy nodded absently, as she turned to another club member to

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make arrangements for a game the following morning. Perhaps she was a trifle rude, but she couldn't be bothered with Mrs. Lane's cryptic sayings.

* * * * *

Amy slowly turned the key in the lock, and opened the door to her apartment. It was a very smart apartment. Every piece of furniture had been carefully planned. In fact, Amy's whole life had been spent in scheming. She had belonged to one of the poorest families in Glendale, but she had diligently made herself a place among the children of Glendale's foremost families.

Her beauty and wit had kept her place for her as she grew older. Among her many admirers, who ranged from butcher-boy to multi-millionaire, she chose a young doctor—not because of any love she bore him or his pocketbook. She married him solely because his social position was superior to that of the other men.

Dr. Forrester was killed in a wreck when their daughter, Millicent, was only four years old. He did not leave the family as well fixed as would have been expected. But Amy was determined to maintain the social position which she had attained, and she managed to do this by careful stinting and budgeting.

Now, eleven years later, she was at the height of any ambitions which she had ever entertained. She was president of the most select bridge club in the city, and her maid was kept busy answering the telephone, and arranging bridge dates for her.

In bridge, as in everything else, Amy Forrester was a constant winner. She was considered a brilliant player, but she played deliberately and uncompromisingly. She studied bridge as diligently as she had studied to be popular in her younger days.

* * * * *

Amy was very tired. She was not long in going to bed. She had forgotten to look in Millicent's room, but it really didn't matter. She was sure that Milly had been asleep for many hours, and if she had not come in she had her own key to the apartment. Thank God for security—and sleep.

Two hours later, Amy awoke suddenly to hear the telephone ringing sharply. She reached her hand out for the receiver and sleepily said: "Hello." Her next words were hoarsely whispered: "My God!" Then quickly: "Yes, of course I'll stand her bail. Send her home immediately." When she fell back against the pillows, her whole being was changed. Her eyes were wide open as they stared unseeingly into the dark room.

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Her daughter—the daughter of Amy Forrester—*arrested* by a policeman who had found her parked on a side road with a college youth. Her daughter—drunk! Dear God! It would be in the papers.

“The daughter of Mrs. D. A. Forrester, prominent society matron ——”

It couldn't be true. Things like that didn't happen to her.

Suddenly she remembered Mrs. Lane's words: “We can be vulnerable in more ways than one.”

She had never considered the fact that she, too, was vulnerable—“capable of being wounded.”

RED ROSE BLOOMING

Kathryne Connell

I grew sane one May-day, called upon my neighbor.
She gave me cakes and ale and rested from her labor.
Here was such a kindness I never could return,
Lest I take her butter from my earthen churn.
And she, the very neighbor who used to curse at me,
Now sends me home-baked loaves, and calls me in to tea.
I must have been mistaken when I thought that Joy is dead,
For sure as I am living now the rose is blooming red.

ETERNITY

Annie Sue Brandon

I often ask, what is eternity?
Until I find myself where I began.
Still, that must be the very answer that I seek:
A circle—no beginning and no end.

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THE OLD GEORGIA FIELD SCHOOL

SUGGESTED BY THE GEORGIA BICENTENNIAL

Marjorie Sessions

The one-room log cabin, with two windows and a single door sat on the slope of the hill from the old creek. The chinks between the logs had been filled with red clay during the winter to keep out the cold, but now that spring had come, the daubing had been knocked out for the sake of ventilation and through the cracks came the sweet odor of the pines. Benches without backs lined the wall, placed on one side of the schoolroom for the girls, and on the other for the boys.

The teacher, usually a ne'er-do-well and worthless fellow, ignorant of anything beyond the rudiments of the three R's, firmly believed in the saying, "spare the rod and spoil the child." It was an unusual day if some boy did not get a whipping. The switch was thrown at the feet of the boy who was misbehaving and he was forced to pick it up and carry it to the teacher and receive his whipping before the entire school.

School began early in the day when the dew was still on the grass and the shadows were long. In the middle of the day, when the sunlight, falling through the open door reached a certain mark on the floor, the pupils put aside their spelling, reading and arithmetic books, and with their tin buckets on their arms went down to the spring to eat their lunch, which was carefully prepared by their mothers early in the morning.

The children studied aloud, silence being considered idleness. At the proper time the teacher called "Books" and the recitation began. The pupils were required to memorize often and the practice of declaiming was a regular occurrence.

The older boys sometimes formed conspiracies against the teacher to turn him out of school and force him to give them a holiday. If they managed to arrive first and bar the door so that he could not break in, they were successful in their plot. Occasionally the teacher was good natured and did not try very hard to break down the bolted door.

At sunset, when the shadows were beginning to lengthen again, the children started down the long road toward home, carrying their empty tin buckets swinging over their arms.

EDITORIAL



Are you a knocker? You've been in school a whole semester of this school term now, and have started on a new one. Suppose you think over the complimentary things you said about your school, your roommates, your teachers, and your classmates, during the foregoing months. You wouldn't have to cover much territory,

would you? Now, think of all the unpleasant remarks you've made on the same subjects. That was easier, wasn't it?

It's so easy for most of us to find something wrong with everything and everybody. It may be the color of some girl's hair, or the shape of her nose, or the tone of her voice—but we always manage to find something wrong. But have you stopped to think of the Law of Averages? If there's something unpleasant about everyone, there is sure to be something pleasant about everyone, too. The pigeon-toed girl will almost invariably have nice ears, and the teacher with a wart on her nose probably has nice wavy hair, if you'd notice it. Let's make a practice of finding out the good traits of everyone we meet, and when our roommate whispers: "Isn't her vocabulary abominable?" say "I didn't notice it. I was too busy looking at the lovely curve of her eyebrows." "Look for the beautiful."

Besides the girls who knock their teachers and fellow students, and all the people with whom they come in contact, there are a surprising number of girls who knock their school. They think that the whole school system should be revised for their personal benefit. They don't like the teachers, the system of grading, the buildings, the classrooms, the meals, or the officials. They even think they're due the school a grudge if the weather is bad. It may be harder to find something beautiful in every phase of school work, but if we try enough it can be done.

* * *

We represent our school wherever we go. What kind of advertisements are we? Have we told all the good things we know, and proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that "our hearts are with the Red and Black?"

CRITICAL TIPS

Kathryne Connell



John Galsworthy is dead! It is passing strange how too often success comes at a time when one is least able to appreciate it. Illness prevented Galsworthy from making a trip to accept formally what he had won, the Nobel prize for literature. Yet he lived to see his work crowned with the greatest honor a writer can have.

How many poets and novelists have long been dead before their works have received even the semblance of approval. Yes, Galsworthy is dead, but he is not dead, for perhaps writing is the only occupation that snatches anything from the angry fingers of time.

* * *

One simply has to know what Technocracy is now for it is the hue and cry of every conversation. The *Literary Digest* for January 28, in the *Lexicographer's Easy Chair* offers a very definite solution to your problem, and an easy definition that will do for your sisters and your cousins, and your aunts.

* * *

Did you know that Tony Sargs' marionettes had been to Atlanta? And that Lawrence Tibbett who is making history in his role of *Emperor Jones*, is going to sing there February 22?

* * *

There are some books in the town library that you should have a look at; *Invitation to the Waltz*, by Rosa Lehman, and *The Sheltered Life* by Ellen Glasgow, who is certainly one of America's best.

* * *

The February *Golden Book* is as always thoroughly delightful. One feels that that is a magazine one may always depend on to be novel, entertaining, and yet improve one with sugar-coated bits of the classics. The thoughts of great writers, most of them long gone, about children, are reprinted in this issue of the *Golden Book*, and while you're in that part of the library read *Regret* by Guy de Maupassant in the January number. It is so exquisitely written that one feels a real lump in one's throat after reading it—that, my dears, is what we call genius, and art.

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If a popular contest for non-fiction were conducted on our campus, I'm willing to wager my copy of Van Loon's *Geography*, that *Vogue* (the eternal feminine), and *The Stage* would win first places. But at that, do look and see who is in *The Stage* for February. None other than dear Alice and all the crazy creature of Wonderland and the Looking-glass. Alice isn't so far away from our lives. Forsooth we do ask advice of caterpillars, and swim in our own tears at times. And wasn't it Shakespeare that made some remark to the effect that "we are such stuff as dreams are made on."

* * *

Romantic San Francisco! No. I am not day-dreaming, nor is this the stuff of fancy. It is the title of a very thrilling and equally novel article in the January *Fortune*. The article is illustrated by a person whose name I simply refuse to spell, because you wouldn't remember it anyway. A hint to the well-informed is adequate. The pastels of Chinatown are simply delicious. The dedication reads thus: "To St. Frances, his chinks and his beautiful harbors."

* * *

Enough can never be said concerning the inimitable trio: Lunt, Fontaine, Coward. The very mention of their names makes me want to go out and hire a hall, that I might vent undisturbed my enthusiasm for these charming, clever, ingenuous people. They are playing in *Design For Living*, by Mr. Coward.

* * *

Katharine Cornell has been elected the greatest American actress. Others mentioned were: Helen Hayes, Lynn Fontaine, Alice Brady.

* * *

Brentona's publishers have compiled a list of the season's best-sellers. Here's a few you might like:

Never Ask The End—Isabel Patterson.

Flowering Wilderness—John Galsworthy.

Public Faces—Harold Nicolson.

Talks With Mussolini—Emil Ludwig.

Van Loon's Geography—Van Loon.

* * *

At our own theatre we shall soon see *Madame Butterfly*, *Son-
Daughter* and *The Bitter Tea of General Yen*. Allee same velly glad. But really, Mrs. Buck did start something, didn't she?

* * *

I wish you a very happy February, same as Pooh always wishes Christopher Robin a happy Thursday, and a merry spring semester.

LOCALS

Marjorie Sessions



The Reverend Mr. Armond Eyler, of the Episcopal Church, spoke in chapel Monday, January 9th, on the subject, "Is the Bible True?" Dr. H. S. Gulliver, of the English department, spoke in assembly on Wednesday, January 11th, on the plays which he saw in New York on his recent visit. Among those included were:

The Rape of Lucrece, Dinner at Eight, and Christopher Bean.

* * *

The Student Government Association of the Georgia State Womans College held its regular monthly meeting on Friday, January 6th. The meeting was called to order by Miss Virginia Clark, of Tampa, Florida, President of the association. She presented Dean Stubbs, of Emory Junior College, who spoke on the individual loyalty of each member to his association.

* * *

A fashion show, the script of which was written by Miss Virginia Martin, of Arlington, was presented by the members of the Junior class, Friday, January 13th, in the play production room. Members of the Junior class participated under the direction of Miss Virginia Hutchinson, of Valdosta, assisted by the following committee: Misses GeDelle Brabham, Moultrie; Marjorie Sessions, McRae; Kathleen Glisson, Bainbridge; Vonice Ritch, Jesup; and Margaret Bischoff, Savannah. Old fashion versus modern fashion were shown in the form of a bride's trousseau.

* * *

Professor Ambrose L. Shurie, of the Teachers College and Normal School Education in New York University, talked to the students of the Georgia State Womans College at dinner, Friday evening, January 13th.

* * *

At the Student Government meeting held in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall, Friday evening, February 3rd, Miss Annie P. Hopper, Dean of Women, spoke on the True Meaning of Culture.

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The Pine Cone, the year book of the Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta, has received All-American rating by the National Press Scholastic Press Association. The association awarded this honor to the best annual in the country in schools of less than 500 students. Miss Virginia Carswell, of Waycross, was editor of last year's annual, and Miss Delia Bonner, of Vienna, was business manager.

* * *

The Freshman Class dance on Saturday evening, February 11th, was one of the most outstanding affairs on the social calendar of the year. The Rotunda in Ashley Hall was attractively decorated, carrying out the Valentine motif. In the receiving line were Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Powell, Miss Annie P. Hopper, and Miss Mildred Turnbull, Moultrie, President of the Freshman Class. Receiving at the door were: Misses Virginia Clark, Tampa; Emily Burney, Boston; GeDelle Brabham, Moultrie; and Lavinia Buckner, Waycross.

* * *

The Savannah Club met at one of the open-air fire places February 9th, for a steak supper. Miss Annie P. Hopper, Dean of Women, and Miss Gertrude Gilmer, of the English department, were guests of the club.

* * *

Judge Gordon Saussy, of Savannah, spoke to the students at chapel, Thursday, February 9th, on the Bicentennial of Georgia.

* * *

The Valdosta Club was entertained at a luncheon at the House-in-the-Woods, Friday, February 3rd.

* * *

Miss GeDelle Brabham, of Moultrie, was elected President of the Student Government Association, Friday, February 10th. Miss Brabham has been an outstanding member of her class, serving as secretary of the class her Freshman year; Secretary-treasurer of the Phi Kappa Athletic Association, '31-'32; official scorer of Kappa Athletic Association, '32-'33, and Junior Class President, '32-'33.



CLUBS

Margaret Bischoff



The Euclidian Club welcomed its new members very delightfully at the meeting on the evening of February 8th. The new members who were honored at the social meeting were: Miss Caroline Davidson, of Gabbettville, and Misses Broun Hutchinson and Luella Giddens, both of Valdosta.

* * *

The members of the Fine Arts Club were entertained with an outdoor supper at the Fireplace in the Pines. A year-book of the club was presented to each new member. Miss Elizabeth Pardee, of Thomasville, spoke on "The Influence of French Leaders on American Artists," and Miss Lois Doiny, of Fitzgerald, gave an interesting talk on "Celebrated Georgia Painters."

* * *

The International Relations Club met on Monday evening, February 6th, in the upper Rotunda. The main feature of the meeting was Dr. Durrenberger's talk on "Japan's Reasons for Aggressive Warfare," his material having been received directly from the Consul General of Japan.

After this very interesting talk the social committee was in charge of the rest of the meeting.

I. R. C. members are proudly displaying their keys which they have recently received.

* * *

The Science Club had as its speaker at the January meeting, Dr. Owens, who gave a very interesting and inspiring talk on "Recent Discoveries in the Field of Science."

Dr. Phelan was the speaker at the February meeting. His subject, which was "Recent Developments for the Treatment of Cancer," was most interestingly presented.

* * *

At the February meeting of the Sock and Buskin Club two one-act plays will be presented under the direction of Miss Nancy Rowland, of Wrightsville, and Miss Mildred Minchew, of Baxley.

"Joint Owners in Spain," a comedy by Alice Brown, will be presented by Miss Rowland, with the following cast: Mrs. Mitchell, a

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director of the Old Ladies Home, Miss Leonora DuFour, of Albany. Inmates of the Home: Mrs. Fullerton, Miss Henri Kate Gardner, of Camilla; Miss Dyer, Miss Mary Lou Connell, of Valdosta, and Mrs. Blain, Miss Vonice Ritch, of Jesup.

"Three Pills in a Bottle," a fantasy by Rachel Lyman Field, was presented under the direction of Miss Minchew. The cast includes: the Mother, Mrs. Sims, played by Miss Louise Durham, of Dawson; Tony Sims, by Miss Virginia Martin, of Arlington; Gentleman, Miss Estelle Roberts, Cordele; Gentleman's Soul, Miss Francis Arrington, Ellaville; Scissors Grinder, Miss Vonice Ritch, Jesup; Scissors Grind-er's Soul, Miss Grace Lahey, Valdosta; Scrubwoman, Miss Peggy Bower, Bainbridge; Scrubwoman's Soul, Miss Elizabeth Kelley, Savannah.

"Mary the Third" a comedy of modern youth in three acts was the play selected for the Annual Sock and Buskin Club performance. It was presented at the Ritz Theatre on the evening of January 20th.

Miss Henry Kate Gardner, of Camilla, was charming in the leading role, Mary the Third—1933. The mother, Mary the Second—1908, was played by Miss Mary Virginia McKey, of Valdosta, and the grandmother, Mary the First, by Miss Emily Burney, of Boston.

In the prologue, Miss Willene Roberts, of Valdosta, played the part of William, suitor of Mary the First, and of Robert, rejected suitor of Mary the Second, and Miss Nancy Rowland, of Wrightsville, played the role of Richard, another suitor of Mary the Second.

In the play Miss Estelle Roberts, of Cordele, was the father of Mary the Third; Miss Anna Frances Ham, of Valdosta, was Bobby, Mary's younger brother. Lynn, Mary the Third's fiance, was played by Miss Willene Roberts. Lettie and Max, friends of Mary, were played by Miss Myrtice Johnson, of Vidalia, and Miss Helen Bishop, of Unadilla. Nora, the maid, was played by Miss Grace Lahey, of Valdosta.

* * *

Miss Emily Woodward, prominent Georgia newspaper woman, was a visitor of the English Club, Wednesday, February 15th. The English Club gave a delightful tea in her honor Wednesday afternoon in the Rotunda. The program was as follows: :

Piano solo: "Eroticon Sjogren", Chopin—Miss Carolyn Bullard, Nashville. Readings: "Hollyhocks," "Four Little Foxes," "Wind in the Pines," Garrett—Miss Myrtice Johnson, Vidalia. Song: "The Old Refrain," Kreisler—Miss Rebecca Fryer, Blakely. Piano solos: "Fantasie Impromptu," "Butterfly Etude," Chopin—Miss Margaret Zipplies, Savannah.

Miss Woodward lectured to the student body on her newspaper experiences Wednesday evening in the Rotunda.



Y. W. C. A.

Judy Cochran

The student body was given, through the Y. W. C. A., the opportunity to hear several faculty members express their views on various subjects. Dr. Powell gave a talk on "Opportunity." We always enjoy hearing the well selected topics upon which our president talks to us. Miss Deariso and Miss Patterson both talked on the recreations of a Christian. Not only have we enjoyed some of the members of the faculty, but also a group of girls from our own student body. These were Misses Carlyne Dix, of Rochelle, who talked on "Faith," Emeliza Swain, of Rome, on "Prayer", and Ann Jones Boller, of Savannah, on "Racial Problems."

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On December 11th, Mr. Frederick Wilson, of Emory Junior, talked on the subject of "What is Life." This talk, as well as previous talks by Mr. Wilson, proved to be helpful and inspirational.

* * *

On Thursday evening, January 5th, Dr. Fugate, of the First Baptist Church, gave a most worthwhile devotional based on the theme for the year, "Creative Living."

* * *

The second business meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held January 12th. At this meeting a summary of all the activities of the Y. W. C. A. was given by Misses Margaret Kennedy, of Dawson, and Carolyn Bullard, of Nashville. Miss Lavinia Buckner, of Waycross, also explained to the new girls the meaning of one of our favorite college activities, the drawing of "Heartsisters", and stimulated much anticipation of the date set to draw them.

* * *

On January 15th, Misses Elah Holliday, of Vienna, Vangie Trimble, of Moultrie, and Marie Gaskins, of Nashville, gave a dramatization of the Lord's Prayer. This was very impressive, and a beautiful interpretation.

* * *

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Mrs. Julian McKey, of Valdosta, gave a very inspiring talk on "Faith," the basis of all creative living, January 28th. We hope that Mrs. McKey will make us another visit soon, for such talks are always of benefit to our organization.

* * *

Vesper service on February 2nd, was very different from any service we have had this year. The program was on current events, that one likes to hear about, but would not find in the newspaper. Those on the program were Misses Dorothy Ogletree, of Savannah; Laura Hoyle, of Dawson; Ruth Jones, of Thomasville, and Catherine Maddox, of Dawson.

* * *

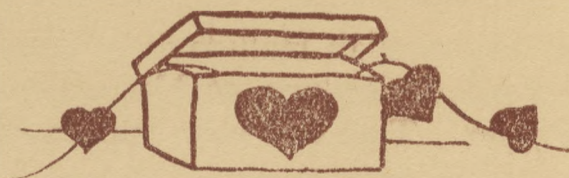
Thursday evening, February 9th, the International Relations Club had charge of the program. The topic discussed was "The Philippines." Those on the program were: Miss Virginia Hutchinson, of Valdosta, an outstanding member of the club, and Dr. J. A. Durrenberger, who is an honorary member and highly interested in the club.

* * *

Due to illness in his family, Dr. Smart was unable to visit our campus as he had planned. But we are happy to announce that he will be on the campus the week-end of February 18th.

* * *

One of the most delightful visitors that we have had on the campus this year was Miss Elizabeth Manget, formerly of China, now with the North Carolina Student Volunteer Movement. Miss Manget was on the campus February 12th and 13th. She talked at Sunday School and also at vesper Sunday evening. Sunday morning she told us of some of her friends all over the world, who needed the prayers of the people. Her subject Sunday evening was "A Day In China," and we spent a most delightful day in the home of her father, who is a medical missionary in China. Miss Manget talked very informally to a group Monday afternoon, and Monday night the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet and Freshman Commission. She also visited the Emory Junior campus while she was here. We sincerely hope that Miss Manget will return to our campus soon.





SOCIETIES

SORORIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Adelaide Spencer

Georgians should follow the example of the Sororian Literary Society and learn about their State. This is Georgia's two hundredth anniversary, and it is a fitting time to learn some facts about Georgia. Let us see what the Sororians have done towards bettering their knowledge of Georgia.

Miss Una Ritch, of Jesup, read "A Tribute to Georgia," written by Bruce Barton. This tribute tells why the settlers came to Georgia, and why we should be proud to be a Georgian.

The Sororians were next taken on a historical trip through Georgia by Miss Bessie McRae, of Savannah. The trip included visits to such places as Bloody Marsh, near Brunswick; Bethesda, near Savannah; the "Wren's Nest", home of Joel Chandler Harris, in Atlanta; Alexander H. Stevens' home in Crawfordville, and Christ Church in Savannah.

The story of how the Cherokee rose came to be Georgia's flower was told to the Society by Miss Jeanette Schulman, of Albany. This story is an Indian legend.

To send the Sororians home with something to think about, a few startling facts about Georgia were given by Miss Clara Davis Adams, of Moultrie. Every true Georgian knows that the first steamship to cross the Atlantic ocean sailed from Savannah, but did you know that Georgia was the first State to use anaesthetics?

* * *

ARGONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Henry K. Gardner

At the Georgia State Womans College in Valdosta the members of the Argonian Literary Society paused for a while Tuesday night, February 7th, to face startling facts about Georgia.

Miss Henry Kate Gardner, Camilla, Georgia, read *A Tribute to Georgia*, by Bruce Barton. The tribute told of De Soto on his quest for gold and how he failed to recognize the gold of red soil and

THE PINE BRANCH

gentle rivers in that place which two centuries later was called "Georgia" by James Edward Oglethorpe. It told of Georgia's happy land and some of her personalities in various fields such as Crawford Long, Henry Grady, Ty Cobb, Bobby Jones, and Joel Chandler Harris. Georgia has kept lighted the torch of the pioneer.

Then there are those Indian legends which are a part of our heritage. Elizabeth Durden, of Graymont, Georgia, told the *Legend of the Cherokee Rose*. It was easy to visualize the beautiful daughter of the Cherokee chief who had compassion on the wounded Seminole brave who was held captive by her tribe. She consented to escape with him, but in the darkness she returned for a spray of the rose vine that covered her father's lodge. This she carried until they reached the land of the Seminoles. She planted the twig of the rose vine and called it, in memory of her home, the Cherokee Rose.

Some of the interesting facts that Louise Durham, of Dawson, Georgia, gave us were: Georgia has eight climate belts; large deposits of coal, iron, kaolin, and asbestos; only mountain of solid granite; built the first orphan asylum; had first Sunday School; used first Indian alphabet; sent first steamer across Atlantic; had first sewing machine; first college for women; first free high school; first woman senator; and was first to use an anaesthetic.

Trips are fun and educational. Miss Annie Bell Weatherford, of Savannah, Georgia, was the generous one and transported the members from one historic spot in Georgia to another by means of a finger-trip. Some of the places visited were Milledgeville, where Lafayette was entertained and where the Secession Convention was held in 1861; the remains of Oglethorpe University where Sidney Lanier was once a student; Wesleyan in Macon, Indian Springs, Okefinokee swamp, the Mount Berry School, the cycloramic paintings in Atlanta at Grants Park, Mulberry Grove which was the scene of Eli Whitney's invention of the cotton gin, Tallulah Falls, and many other historical places.



ATHLETIC NEWS

Ruby Nell Wall—Kappa

Frances DuPriest—Lambda



As soon as the excitement of exams had gone its way, three organized sports were announced, Basket Ball, Soccer, and Fist Ball. The girls have been backing up these sports in a very enthusiastic way. The Lambda managers are: Miss Vera Parker, Way-basket ball; Miss Virginia Tuck, Thomasville, for fist ball. The Kappa managers are: Miss Mary Nelson Brown, Griffin, for basket ball; Miss Reba Harrison, Boston, for fist ball; Miss Ruby Nell Wall, Ellaville, for soccer.

On February the second, the Phi Lambda and Phi Kappa Associations entertained the faculty and students at a tea in the Rotunda. The valentine motif was given emphasis. At five o'clock a delightful program was given, Mr. Clement Greene sang "Smilin' Thru," Miss Peggy Bowers recited "A Sisterly Scheme," Mr. Curtis Jackson sang "Dawn", Miss Elah Holiday recited "Mr. and Mrs. Brownlee Hold Hands", Miss Mary Lois Hitch played "Hark The Lark," and Mr. Curtis Jackson and Mr. Clement Greene sand a duet, "In The Garden of My Heart."

The Soccer, Hiking, and Basket Ball managers of both associations acted as hostesses to the Athletic Council, on February the eighth. They met in The House In the Woods. A delightful dinner course was served, after which a short business meeting was held.

* * *

On January the twenty-eighth a cup was given to Miss Buford Williford, Kappa, from Moultrie, and a letter L to Miss Nelle Cook, Lambda, from Colquitt, for their loyalty and hard work for their associations while they were in school—Miss Williford was a senior and Miss Cook a sophomore.

* * *

Unfavorable weather has prevented the associations from playing their first games—but we hope to play them at a later date.



ALUMNAE NEWS

We have all been very much concerned over the illness of our past President, Miss Edith Patterson. Miss Edith is at The Little-Griffin Hospital. Happy are we to have had with us on the campus, Miss Deborah Patterson, her sister, who came here to be with Miss Edith during her illness.

* * *

Another visitor to our campus this year was Mrs. W. J. Gautier. Mrs. Gautier may be remembered as Mattie Peek. This was her first visit since leaving in 1915. Can you imagine some of the changes she noticed? Those who know Mattie personally may be interested to learn of her family of two daughters and two sons. They are living at 650 N. W. 102 Street, Miami, Florida.

* * *

Anne Talbert writes that she is teaching English, Reading and Science in grammar and high school at Hilton, Georgia. Annie Beane from Colquitt, is also teaching there.

* * *

Mrs. H. Howell, who graduated here as Miss Virginia Peeples, has recently accepted a position teaching in the Valdosta High School.

* * *

Eunice Chute is teaching commercial subjects in Folkston High School.

* * *

Jean Loughridge writes that she is teaching History and English in Surrency High School. Jean adds that even after having taught several months she still thinks teaching is fun.

* * *

A letter has been received from 405 South Orange Avenue, Orlando, Florida, which happens to be the address of Velma Kennedy of the class of '29. She has a very interesting position as Executive Secretary of the Young Woman's Community Club in Orlando. It is through her letter that we learn of another member of this same class—Louise Sasser, who is teaching fourth grade in Broward School of Tampa, Florida. Her address is 3013 Jefferson Street.

JOKES

Emily Flucker



Boners:

Acrimony is what a man gives his divorced wife.

An adult is a man that has stopped growing at both ends but not in the middle.

Anatomy is the study of heavenly bodies.

Adagio is a kind of anaesthetic dancing.

A canal is a long straight ditch, filled with water and drawn by a mule.

A celibate is one who cleans out cellars.

Eugenics is the belief that man is born all right.

A fossil is an extinct animal; the older it is the more extinct it is.

A cortege is what you buy for a girl when you take her to a dance.

A finale is a Mexican delicacy wrapped in a corn husk.

Facetious is a term used to denote the followers of Mussolini.

Graft is an illegal means of uniting trees to make money.

Heredity means if your grandfather didn't have any children, then your father wouldn't have any, and neither would you, probably.

An island is a body of water with part of its bottom on top.

An incinerater is a person who hints bad things instead of coming right out and telling you.

A metaphor is to keep cows in.

A minister of war is a clergyman who preaches to the soldiers.

Perpetual motion is something which is not.

Terrapin: An angel of the highest order.

Volvox has been questioned as to whether it is an animal or not.

The warp in a piece of material is the part that goes north and south.

A yokel is the way people talk to each other in the Alps.

The Greeks wore sandals on their feet.

The general direction of the Alps is straight up.

Cork is mined in Portugal.

Malays are brown, generally, and inhabit malaria.

Inertia is the man who takes you down the aisle in a picture show.

CAMPUS CHATTER

Gadabout

Oh, dear—here it is Spring again, and soon everybody'll have spring fever—it's in the air Speaking of fever, the Freshmen certainly were in a fever over that formal Valentine's dance they put on. And all the Sophomores went around with such a pitiful look on their faces, it was impossible not to sympathize with them It certainly was a swell affair. Several young gentlemen were known to have come from as far north as Atlanta. We G. S. W. C. women must have power. . . .

Don't we envy McMichael and Bishop, going to the Athletic Conference at Shorter? Mentioning no names, but some girls have all the luck. To say nothing of Arrington, who attended mid-terms at Tech Eva Martin is one of our most attractive new freshmen From what I've been able to see from my very excellent front campus window lately, Jack Lee and Tom Gresham may have been our campus sweethearts once, but they're certainly "long-lost lovers" now—Judging from the persistent absence of Dr. Tom's car on our beautiful driveways But girls, take heart—we have another. It would be telling, if I told you his name, but from what I've been able to gather, he drives a very popular Model T around town, seems to be a good dancer, and he's a devil with the women, even dating sophomores and freshmen

"Liz" Durden has such pretty eyes And why doesn't Rachel Blackwell send that picture of hers in Blackburn's to the Atlanta Journal contest? I envy Miss Chandler her beautiful red hair—she says it's auburn, but if I had hair like that, I'd be more than a little proud of it! Frances Du Priest has a lovely new spring outfit, and me still wearing my winter dress In the midst of all this depression, it makes me sick to look at Varnedoe's window—or any window with spring clothes in it We're all glad to see Miss Campbell back after her recent illness Miss Hopper's sweet peas were lovely—judging from the samples I saw on the office desk from time to time but Jack Frost claimed 'em.

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