

THE PINE BRANCH



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"WEED" TIME IN GEORGIA

A high droning sound, as from an immense bee hive, greeted my ears, and the strong, pungent, slightly acrid odor of cured tobacco assailed my nostrils as I stepped for the first time into the door of a large tobacco warehouse.

Pile after pile of yellowish-brown tobacco, resembling leaves that have turned too soon and hang on the trees in mid-summer as unwonted harbingers of autumn, lined the huge, rectangular floor from one end to the other. I recalled the green fields of tobacco I had seen not so long ago, and wondered at the great change that had taken place during the curing season. Men, women, and children, negroes and whites, stood about in groups talking, or walked among the piles of tobacco fingering the leaves. The rafters of the rough, unfinished interior of the warehouse echoed pleasantly with the hum of many voices, and the vari-colored signs and advertisements, on the walls and hanging from the ceiling, swayed slightly as an occasional breeze relieved somewhat the intense heat.

"Leben—leb—leb—leb—lebbe—leben,
lebhof—lebhof! going, goin', goin',
leb, lebhof, eleven and half, gone!"

The droning sound began again, and grew louder and louder. It was the voice of the tobacco auctioneer, who was easily the most picturesque and interesting figure in the whole scene, as he sang the prices the buyers were willing to give in his monotonous singsong voice. He ran his words together, and spoke so rapidly that it was impossible for me to distinguish what he said. He was the "medicine man" of the proceedings, and as I listened to his jargon, I did not have to stretch my imagination far to picture the jibbering blacks of the Congo, who conjure evil spirits away. Similarly, the tobacco auctioneer was endeavoring to conjure better prices for his clients who depended on him to sell their tobacco.

He was dressed in white "ducks," or rather, I suppose they had been white at one time. They were now streaked with bits of tobacco leaf, dirt, and perspiration. His face, from the heat and from the strain of his continuous vocalization, was as red as that of the proverbial turkey gobbler. His chin shook up and down in ague-like fashion, and his hair veritably stood on end.

The auctioneer's movements seemed almost involuntary as he wended his way through the piles. It was necessary to move rapidly, for he had to sell seven piles of tobacco a minute to clear the half million pounds on the floor by dark. He spoke approximately three hundred words a minute. Other onlookers than myself gazed in amazement

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and fascination at him, and tried to understand what he was saying, but all in vain. I asked one of the experienced tobacco men standing near to interpret for me, but he smiled and replied, "The auctioneer doesn't know himself. He mentions the bids occasionally, but the rest is nothing but jabber." I admitted that the auctioneer was a unique figure, but I made the mental reservation that auctioneering did not appear to be a very business-like method of selling tobacco. The prices that I later heard the farmers received for their major crop convinced me that I was right in my observation.

Lines of buyers and their assistants followed the auctioneer. They jerked enormous handfuls of tobacco from the piles, examined it, smelled it, pulled it to pieces, and threw it down again. I wondered that there was any tobacco left to use when they finished with it. They kept their ears keen for prices, and if they wanted a pile, their sharp, staccato barks broke into the monotonous harangue of the auctioneer, and he concocted the price mentioned into his doggerel chant. The clerk wrote the names of the highest bidders for each pile on pink and white slips, and the line moved on.

The anxious looking farmers, clad in overalls, or rough outdoor clothing, smelling of fields and barnyards, followed the auctioneer and buyers outside the rows of tobacco, and they strained their ears in trying to discern the amount offered for their "weed." For on the price that the tobacco brought depended many things of importance: whether the mortgage on the farm would be paid, whether the children could go to school or not, whether there would be sufficient food and clothing for the winter months, or whether the family could sport a new car and have a radio. Most southern farmers are old-fashioned and do not use any business ability or common sense about their crops. The majority of the farmers before me had staked their all on tobacco, and if the prices they received were poor, misery would reign in their families during the coming year.

I glanced at the farmers' wives and daughters who sat on the benches that were built around one side of the warehouse. Most of their faces were lined with fatigue, and I surmised that they had worked hard helping to gather and cure the tobacco. They talked together quietly, and I knew they were hoping to be able to buy a long wanted dress and hat, or a much needed pair of shoes. From time to time, they looked earnestly at the fathers and brothers as if trying to guess if all was going well.

The shining black skins, and flashing white smiles of the negroes attracted my attention as they pushed hand trucks helter-skelter over the floor, making a rumbling sound, as of distant thunder. They loaded and unloaded the tobacco, moving it from one part of the

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warehouse to the other. Every now and then one of them burst into song, "Look down, look down, that lonesome road * * *" Negro women, whose clothing gleamed red, green, yellow, and blue, tied the tobacco into bundles at the far end of the warehouse. The peal of their rich laughter rang out, and melted into the medley of sound.

The sun beat down mercilessly on the tin roof, and the warehouse became a veritable blast furnace. Everyone was soaked to the skin. The smell of perspiration, human bodies, tobacco, and peanuts which small boys were hawking, was almost overpowering. The heat, the noise, the color, and the odors of the scene before me made my head whirl.

I looked, for the last time before leaving, at the yellow piles of tobacco, and in my mind's eye I saw mountains of Lucky Strikes, Camels, Hav-a-Tampas, and Granger Rough Cut. What, I pondered, did mankind do for reverie before Columbus discovered America and made known to man that mystic weed that pipe dreams are made of!

MELBA YOUNG BEALE—'32.

THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE

I.

My life had been a paved highway. On a certain day, I found myself on a desert plain. Looking backward, I saw the cities through which my highway had passed. My savage nature felt no desire for their civilization. Around me stretched a vast emptiness. There was sunshine in the desert, but it was that burning, scorching sunshine which has no cooling relief. Desert sunshine—the cheer of casual friends. All this wearied me and I fain would have rested, but the highway ran on—I followed.

Then, looking into the far distance, I saw Her. Amid the stifling silence, I thought the desert sunshine beamed unmercifully upon us. She, at least, should be spared its sweltering heat. Just then, my highway joined hers. It seemed that we were in a forest. The birds twittered and sang. Squirrels, rabbits, and other animals darted to and fro. My heart sang within me. I thought that I had found Love. Now the sunshine did not blister. It sifted through the foliage of the trees and, being cooled by gentle breezes, made the grass and the flowers to grow. I was entranced and fain would have lingered, but the highway ran on—I followed.

She left me, on a stony, rocky road. I felt crushed and forsaken. Again the copperish sun flamed with the smothering, tinkling laughter of society. I was tired of seeking, hoping, struggling. Love had evaded me; life seemed a ceaseless toil; but the highway ran on—and I followed.

LILLIAN M. HOPPER—'31.

TWO CONTEMPORARY ESSAYISTS

In reading John Erskine and Gamaliel Bradford, the main thing that attracts the attention is the way in which they speak of their characters. They speak casually, as though they had just been lunching with them. John Erskine has been most successful in his novels that are drawn from mythology and history. Gamaliel Bradford on the other hand has been equally successful in handling age-old characters as well as those prominent in the political and social life of today.

Even though one is attracted to the way Erskine handles his characters, his erudition cannot escape notice. Erskine has steeped himself in the Bible, Dante, Homer, and Shakespeare, until their greatness suffuses his whole being. Indeed he readily acknowledges as much. "I couldn't have written about Helen, or Guinevere, or Eve a single day sooner. Why? Chiefly because I didn't know them well enough. I had to come to my novels slowly, with a whole lifetime of preparation." However, Erskine does not stay strictly with his character sketches. He is a dealer in social ideas. He portrays through his characters drawn from mythology and history the anguishing truths that persistently afflict mankind.

Gamaliel Bradford's portraits are, on the other hand, analytical of the inner motives and character of his subjects. Each sketch leaves with the reader a distinct picture of a real and challenging personality. I have referred to Bradford as a portraitist. Bradford himself however, thinks that term is inadequate. He calls himself a psychographer, a word which he has borrowed from Sainte Beuve. He says in his "Naturalist of Souls": "As a portrait painter I could present a man at only one moment of his career, and depict his character in only one phase, one situation, one set of conditions and circumstances. Now the aim of psychography is precisely the opposite to this. Out of the perpetual flow of actions and circumstances that constitute a man's whole life, it seeks to extract what is essential, what is permanent, and so vitally characteristic.

"Psychography is the attempt to portray character. Character is the sum of qualities or generalized habits of action. Psychography is the condensed essential artistic presentation of character. It must be admitted that psychography is always in danger of degenerating into gossip. Psychography picks, chooses, and rejects in a bushel of wheat; but treasures that wheat as precious and invaluable."

Bradford's method disregards chronology, thus differing from the method of Erskine. Bradford begins his sketch sometimes in middle life; sometimes in later life; and again with the character's youth.

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One wonders after reading his essays how it was possible to revive such a unity of impression.

The striking thing about Erskine's favorite characters is that they are well past middle-age. Someone may take issue with me here, by referring me to "Galahad". I will agree that Galahad was a youth, and that he is included in Erskine's story. However, one has only to read the book to know that it is truly the story of Guinevere, Lancelot, and King Arthur. Here is portrayed the deep beauty of love in middle age. Listen to Erskine's reason for portraying the hero and heroine in mid-life. "Only in middle age can we be daring," he declares. "Only when we are well rooted in life can we branch out and grow. And since few people plunge their roots deeply into life before they are forty, it is only then that our emotional and productive powers begin to take on the rich color of maturity. Not until we are well into middle age does happiness assume its truest form, inviting men and women to enter upon the full promise of life."

The above fact is interesting when one knows Erskine's own life. He was over forty before he achieved fame. Erskine has succeeded in making the mid-period of life what he terms "the heart of adventure." Erskine himself proves that the middle age triumphs; not only in his writing, but in his career as a teacher, lecturer, and musician. His concerts with the New York Symphony Orchestra have been amazing.

At times, I have felt like taking issue with Erskine. He has woven such amazing tales into favorite stories. Take for example his "Adam and Eve." I have seen the time when I have been indignant over his Lilith. A friend after reading Erskine's book in which Lilith is so real, asked me, "Well, didn't Eve have a mother?" I wondered at her ignorance of the first few chapters in the Old Testament. But this led me to investigate my friend's question. Surely the Lilith who plays so prominent a part in the story is not mentioned in the King James version of the Bible, with the exception of a latter reference to her as the "screech owl," but she is to be found in the "Talmud." The painters of the middle ages certainly knew her, for on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, Michaelangelo depicted her with a serpent's head on the body of a woman. Later in the Pre-Raphaelite period, Rossetti is found referring to her. Erskine does fabricate extraordinary tales, but he has shreds of evidence, and a remarkable imagination.

Bradford does not weave such fanciful tales into his essays and stories. He prefers rather flesh and blood men and women. While Erskine's irony makes me wince, Bradford piques my curiosity. Erskine may make my friend and others wonder if there really was a

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Lilith, the mother of Eve. He may have me using my wildest imagination in deciding the paternity of Galahad. I may rage at him for making my darling who set out in search of the Holy Grail an illegitimate child, but I never have been disturbed over the fact that in the "Idylls of the King," he was nobody's son! Erskine shows his use of irony and his wit, in the part of the story when Arthur becomes a Christian, for then Galahad's reputed paternity was transferred to Lancelot.

Bradford doesn't make use of irony to any great extent. He tells just enough so that the curiosity is piqued. Does Mussoulini have many mistresses? Does he really wish to start another war? Who were the famous generals and statesmen referred to in "Ninon de Serdos?" Could Ninon have really been the King's Mistress, usurping Mme. de Maintenon's place? Did Sarah Bernhardt owe her career to her struggle for her son's existence? Bradford has a real passion for distilling the final essence of man or woman, writer, artist, or statesman. The questions that arise in reading Bradford tend only to increase a picture, indelibly written on the mind. Bradford means, I believe, all that he has said. He has said much, and yet so little. I believe that Erskine says only half of what he means.

Erskine and Bradford attract attention by the way in which they handle their characters. In both of their works, vigor, originality, and charm predominate. They make use of one of the time-old characteristic of great art: that of suggestiveness. Both Erskine and Bradford compliment the reader's intelligence by an utter lack of editorial comment and lumbering stage directions. They do not furnish a blue print with every idea. They suggest more than they could ever say in words. Both have a bright vision of immortal beauty, the world tries so hard to forget; and I have a feeling that they both have a shrewd suspicion of how the people live.

MARY PENCE—'32.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Oh, golden folds of softest silken balls;
Oh, sturdy stems that hold them up to view;
Oh, crisp, fresh smell that escapes e're petal falls;
Chrysanthemums—that God has made for you.
The blossoms fair, held fast beneath Heav'n's blue.
Fair spectacle for nature's child a feast,
Each head uplifts its face all moist with dew.
Thy beauty would charm the lowly minds of beasts
Who strive to comprehend God's masterpiece.

E. HALLYBURTON—'31.

LOVE

Young love is pretty love,
Daring, free, and fair;
A tender kiss—
A sweet caress of the hair.

Later love is deeper love,
Realistic, true, and sane,
A stronger tie—
A sharing willingly of pain.

Old love is pure love,
In things both said and done,
Intrinsic memories—
That bind them one to one.

ELIZABETH WRIGHT—'33.

PESSIMISM

Behind me are my childish fancies
Faded and almost gone.
Before me is an unknown blackness
Ominous with fearful sound.
And shrinking between the two I stand,
Disdainful of the past,
Afraid of that ahead,
Wishing I might choose
The nothingness on either hand.

EMELIZA SWAIN—'33.

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IS THIS YOU?

One bright, sunshiny afternoon in early autumn, the tall poinsetta swayed softly downward and peeped shyly in the Freshman's window. Hearing no sound except the faint rustling, grating sound made when the wind blew loose the sticking plaster which held the pennants to the wall, the flower ventured to look farther into the room. There were the usual chairs, beds, and table. What! No pictures? No, only the three noisy pennants relieved the monotony of the expanse of white wall. No musical instruments and no rugs were in sight. A small Freshman, propped by a large white pillow, lay on the bed, reading a magazine.

The tall poinsetta stood straight again and growled to a neighbor, "I don't think much of college life."

The neighbor poinsetta, which grew in front of the window next door, started an indignant reply, but a shrill whistle prevented its being heard. Both flowers turned quickly towards the soccer field.

Girls were crowding through the colonnades and pouring onto the field. There were flashes of purple and red. Everybody was talking, but an occasional "Rah, Rah, Kappa," or "Come on, Lambdas," was heard above the uproar. The squads of players, dressed in white, trotted out on the field and were greeted by the rousing cheers of the spectators.

Again the tall poinsetta peeped in the Freshman's window. This time she burst out indignantly,

"That girl in there merely glanced out the window, yawned, and started reading that cheap magazine again. A fat lot she contributes to school life!"

The neighbor flower cried excitedly,

"Look, the captains are flipping the coin for choice of kick-off! Now, each team is taking its place; the whistle blows; the game is on!"

Up and down the field went the ball with both teams in hot pursuit. "o-o-Oh!", shrieked the neighbor poinsetta, "See that girl who just kicked the ball? That's Dot. She rooms right here next door to that dumb egg you're fussing about. I bet she'll get something out of college."

"Why don't they score! There; that was a good pass. She's going to kick for goal. Oh, the full back caught it. Now, they'll hafta run to the other end of the field."

The first quarter passed, the half and third quarter came and went. Still the teams struggled on without having scored.

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Urged by the more and more frantic yells of the spectators, they gathered new energy and plunged into the last quarter.

"There, that goal-keeper saved another score. She's going to kick."

"Goody, it went right in Dot's arms. She's ahead of everybody else, too. Oh, if she can just dodge that full back!"

"She's almost at the goal."

"There's Margaret on the other side of the goal. Dot's going to pass to her."

"Margaret has caught it."

"The full back and goal-keeper are both after Margaret now."

"They'll surely get her."

"She has passed back to Dot. The other team are nearly all on the side of the goal next to Margaret."

"Dot has made a touchdown!"

And both flowers bobbed their heads fervently to the rythm of the fifteen rahs of the winners.

A few minutes later, they turned back toward a window. This time, it was the window next door, and cautious peeping wasn't necessary. Dot was in the center of a whole roomful of girls who were jumping, yelling, and slapping each other on the back.

One would never have guessed that the same dormitory regulations were applied to this room and the room next door. This was the kind of room which someone had compared to a jazz phonograph record. The draperies to the windows matched the covers on the beds. The floor was strewn with rag rugs and tiny footstools. The same style of chairs which was perfectly plain in the other room had gay cushions and covers for the backs. The walls were almost hidden by movie stars, notices, and pennants. Amid the menagerie of all sizes of cats, turtles, dogs, etc., which occupied most of the table, a victrola was howling, "Her dress, I guess, is white for Georgia, too."

This loud rejoicing was interrupted by the sound of a bell. Amid shrieks of "Come on, we gotta get dressed for supper," the visitors departed.

After supper, Dot and her roommate were strolling down the hall.

"Everybody! Let's go to the gym and dance," yelled someone.

"I'm too tired," said Dot to her roommate, "Let's stop in to visit the egg next door."

"Well, all right. But it's no use wasting time on her. 'Betty Co-Ed has eyes'"—

Bam! Bam! Bam!

"'of Yale's deep blue.' Here we are! Hey, you've got company."

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The Freshman was standing before the mirror fluffing her hair. She didn't seem particularly impressed by the idea of having guests, but she was polite enough to ask them to be seated.

As collegiate chatter does, the conversation jumped from one thing to another until someone mentioned court. This seemed to be a sore spot with the hostess, for she began:

"Well, I guess I'll go again next Tuesday. That fool monitor is going to send me for taking a shower after ten o'clock. It's all so silly—to go to court for taking a shower out of hours. Last week, our room had to go to court just because some busybody discovered that we had a few tacks in the walls. This cell looked bad enough then. Now we hafta have that messy sticking plaster everywhere."

"Aw, shoot, we had to go for that, too. But it didn't bother us. We took out the tacks and stuck in toothpicks."

"Well, you didn't need any toothpicks for that supper we had tonight. Wasn't it awful? Grits! Just as though we didn't get enough grits every morning for breakfast. I had a chance to go out to supper, but they said I'd hafta take a chaperon. I'm not going out if I hafta take some 'Goody-Goody' along with me. So that means I'll be here for Quiet Hour Sunday and spend the afternoon looking at these four white walls. Why do they have four walls? Why do they hafta be white? Oh, I could just scream and die!"

Just then, Dot burst in:

"I wish you'd hush if that's all you can say. You knock everything. Why did you come to college anyway? You fuss about every rule. You get griped every time you get jerked up about anything. What good do you do the Stud. G.? You've got a good voice, but you won't bother to belong to the Glee Club. You won't go out for Athletics. You won't even have your picture put in the annual. How on earth do you think you are going to get anything out of college life if you don't put anything into it? And now that I've had my say, I think we'll go home and give you a chance to think it over. If you decide I'm right, come out and play golf with me tomorrow."

The next morning, while the sun was making diamonds from the dewdrops on their petals, the two poinsettias peeped in Dot's window; then gasped with astonishment. For while Dot was energetically pulling on a pair of golf socks, the Freshman was winding the victrola with one hand and bouncing a golf ball with the other!

LILLIAN M. HOPPER—'31.



EDITORIAL

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT AT G. S. W. C.



The Christmas spirit is a mystery which has never been satisfactorily explained. Why is it that for fifty-one weeks of the year life has practically the same values and that strangely significant experiences come to all in the one remaining week? Could anything but some wild Christmas ecstasy make a college girl stay awake all night to see whether the Santa Claus on her hall put a ball

or a rattler in her stocking? But the real essence of the Christmas spirit lies in the brotherhood which we feel with every living soul. It is at Christmas time that we frighten every stray dog to death trying to pat them all and that we are guilty of wanting to ask the peddler on the street if this is the kind of weather that he likes.

It is this same spirit of brotherhood with all mankind which gives greater emphasis to the warm sympathy and close comradeship which we feel with all our fellow-students. Just as we see the evidence of the resurrection in new life each spring, so Christmas has its annual miracle. At this one time in the year is given to us the power to see the bright red spark of goodness which glows in every heart, no matter how well it may be covered during the rest of the year.

Christmas Day at the Georgia State Womens College at Valdosta is always the last Friday before December 25. We are wakened in the hallowed beauty of the gray dawn by the clear voices of our own Christmas carolers as they pass through the halls lingering here and there. They seem to be uttering a beautiful prayer which echoes throughout the halls. If you happen to have imagination and have not been awake very long you can see them outside with their red pointed caps, their candles, and their old-fashioned hymn books. You almost hear bells in the distance—you're still half asleep. This beautiful beginning swings us right into a full day of real Christmas cheer.

The climax to the day comes at Ye Olde English Christmas Feast that night. This event is really unique; it is one of the loveliest

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college customs of the south. Everybody dons an appropriate costume and, as in the old days, ceremony is laid aside and guests, faculty, students, all make merry. The burning of the Yule Clog is one of the important features of our festival. The illusion of a banon's hall is perfected by the raised dais on which the administration sits. A distinguished post is assigned to the boar's head. The presentation of "St. George and the Dragon" by our own mummers, the court jesters, and the groups of dancers contribute to the gay, spontaneous spirit of the occasion.

The Candle Light Recessional and the soft chant of "Silent Night" awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. It is a beautiful arrangement that this same festal time which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love has been made the season for gathering together of family connections, and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to separate. What a blessing that Christmas does come back every season with its gaiety and revelry, its mystery and tradition, its tenderness and self-sacrifice!

THE SEA OF MOODS

As I sat on the beach of the Sea of Moods, a tiny ship passed by, and I followed that ship to the bend of the shore where the King of Deep Thought held sway. It was then that I saw that the ship was without rudder and obeyed no captain's command. It bounded forward and backward and rocked from side to side as it struggled with the waves of emotion which claimed it from time to time.

Boundless joy was turned to deepest sorrow; the ring of merriest laughter was accompanied by the sound of tears; the storm of childish anger found an aid in stubborn will. All this was followed by a rush of fear and a mighty flood of despair.

Just then, someone looked down from Heaven and, seeing the vessel's plight, threw down an anchor of Hero Worship—an anchor of "love that endures for a breath". Yet it soothed and held the storm-tossed ship 'til the rudder of hope was made.

Then the ship journeyed on and found its way through shallows and intricate channels until at last, it came to rest on the blue and silver waves of the Bay of Victory.

And as I looked again at that tiny ship whose rudder was made of hope, I saw at the helm a captain. His name was Courage and he seemed to be wondrous brave as he cast in this bay the anchor of Truth—of love that endures always.



LOCALS

Miss Ruth Scott, soprano, assisted by Mrs. Frances B. Pardee, violinist, and Miss Gladys E. Warren, accompanist, presented the first Annual Faculty Recital of the Georgia State Womans College at the Woman's Building, Monday evening, November the seventeenth. Miss Scott opened the program with a group of Italian folk songs. The program given follows:

Spirate Pier, Spirate—Cazone	Donaudy
O Del Mio Amato Ben—Aria	Donaudy
"Cure, Curuggee"	Sadero

Miss Scott

Walther's Preislied	Wagner-Wilhelmj
from Die Meistersinger—Verdi	

Pizzicato	Delibes
from Sylvia Ballet	

Waltz Op. 64 No. 1	Chopin-Powell
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Oriente	Caesar Cui
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The Ghost Dance	Ellis Levy
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Mrs. Pardee

Romance of Gold	Terry
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Cradle Song	Brahms
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The Little Bells of Sevilla	Samuels
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All Through the Night	Old Welch Air
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In Italy	Boyd
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Miss Scott

* * *

Dr. P. C. Quarterman, Valdosta, has been appointed by Governor Hardman to succeed the late Mr. J. R. Dasher on the board of trustees of the Georgia State Womans College.

* * *

Thanksgiving Day was a big one on the campus and will stand out as one of the important dates on the college calendar of 1930-31. Many members of the Alumnae spent the season here. The morning was filled with competitive sports between the Phi Lambda and Phi Kappa Athletic Associations. The dinner was an ideal southern

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Thanksgiving dinner which was greatly enjoyed by the college family; students, faculty, and alumnae. After dinner the following program was enjoyed:

I. Play: Turkey Red—Dramatic Club.

This was the story of two sisters returning home to spend the holidays with their mother and grandmother in their southern home. The girls brought as their guest a sophisticated northern girl who they thought would feel very much out of place if things were not carried out in the latest style. Serapheema, the cook, was an old family servant who had been with the family for a great while and she took much pride in preparing the holiday meal. Upon hearing of a hungry family nearby each member carried away some part of the Thanksgiving dinner at the opportune time and when the cook started to serve dinner there was none to serve. The girls were very much embarrassed for their visitor's sake but were much pleased when she in turn told them that it had been her true conception of Thanksgiving and that she had learned what the much-spoken-of southern hospitality meant. The parts were aptly played by the following:

Verodica Mont, the Visitor—Marguerite Powell.

Janice Fitzray—Myrtice Johnson.

Joan Fitzray—Mildred Minchew.

Mrs. Fitzray, the Mother—Margaret Sumner.

Grandmother—Nancy Rowland.

Serapheema, the cook—Margaret Jennings.

II. Dance—Trio Groups.

An autumn dance of the maidens in flowing costumes of pastel shades.

The first group, composed of Miss Kate Jones, Miss Caroline Parrish, and Miss Margaret Bullock, danced with gay colored balls; the second group, Miss Mad de Lois Summerlin, Miss Roselle Hatcher, and Miss Essie Allygood, carried wreaths of vari-colored autumn leaves; while the third trio made music with the tinkering tambourines from which streamed bright ribbons—these were Miss Jean Loughridge, Miss Joyce Roberson, and Miss Leta Mac Stripling.

III. Praise to God; Dixon—Double Quartette.

This was the climax of the program and it left us with the real Thanksgiving feeling.

* * *

In the evening the Junior Class was hostess to the student body at a "manless" dance. Music was furnished by Mr. M. B. Simmons and his assistant.

ELIZABETH WRIGHT—'33.



CLUBS

The Sock and Buskin Club held its regular meeting in the lecture room of West Hall at seven-thirty, November 18. The program consisted of discussions of and readings from several modern dramas by Dr. Gulliver.

* * *

The double quartet of the Glee Club made its first appearance at the service in the rotunda Sunday morning, November 23. They sang "Heav'n is My Home" Sunday morning, and "When Evening Comes" Sunday evening. They also sang on the Thanksgiving program.

* * *

The Mathematics Club held a meeting at seven-thirty on November 25, for the purpose of electing officers. The following officers were elected: President, Grace Chastain; Vice-president, LaVerne Adams; Secretary, Sara McEachin.

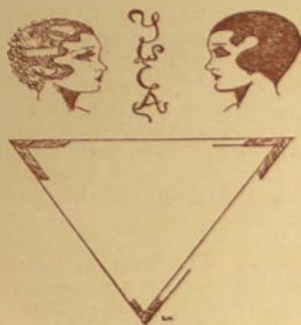
* * *

The Fine Arts-International Bazaar was an event of the week of November 17. The Bazaar opened at seven-thirty Monday night in the Art Dome of West Hall, and was open three hours each afternoon and two hours every night for the rest of the week. This activity of the two clubs was very successful, as well as interesting.

* * *

The regular monthly meeting of the International Relations Club was held at the club house at seven-thirty, November 13. Lillian Patterson had charge of the program which consisted of three talks by members of the club. Miss Dorothy Harris told of the revolt in Brazil; Louise Johnson discussed several topics of current interest in international affairs; Alice Hicks reviewed the book "France" by Siegfried. Refreshments were served after the program.

EMELIZA SWAIN—'33.



Y. W. C. A.

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore,
let

Thy voice rise like a fountain for me
night and day.

For what are men better than sheep
or goats

That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those that call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is everywhere
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

—Tennyson.

"World Fellowship Week" or "Week of Prayer" was observed by the Y. W. C. A. from November 13 through November 16. "World Fellowship Week" means more than any other term which has been used before for this gathering together in prayer; it means more a giving of ourselves in sympathy and prayer. It may cost more to pray this year than it has at any previous time. One who prays finds herself almost wordless—so little do we understand what the world's need is—so helpless are we in the face of it.

There were two vesper programs on World Fellowship. Miss Carolyn Bullard of Nashville, Ga., led the program on November 13, and Miss Mary Pearson of Atlanta, Ga., told two stories to show what fellowship really means. Dr. Durrenberger, professor of history, gave a talk on world peace, Sunday, November 16.

November 13, 14, and 15 Morning Watch was held in the Y. Parlor. The first morning Miss Mary Pearson gave a few thoughts on the need of prayer; November 14, Miss Lillian Patterson of Cordele, Ga., talked on guidance through prayer; and the last morning Miss Buford Williford of Moultrie, Ga., discussed the value of prayer. It is the custom now to hold a Morning Watch every Tues

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

day morning. These services have a distinct part in the Christian life of the campus.

Miss Elizabeth Smith, national traveling secretary for the Y. W. C. A., visited the college November 19. Miss Smith met the cabinet at the House-in-the-Woods and discussed with the members the work of the Y. W. C. A. in its many and varied fields. Miss Smith also talked at vesper Thursday evening. She used as the basis of her talk the purpose of the Y. W. C. A., and spoke of the needs of an active Y. W. C. A. in connection with campus life. Miss Margaret Sumner of Poulan was leader.

Dr. W. A. Smart, dean of the School of Theology at Emory University, was the guest of the college November 23 and 24. He held a series of services in the rotunda of Ashley Hall. Sunday morning at 11 o'clock he made a very inspiring talk. He endeavored to show that God is the same all powerful Being today that He has been through the ages, and will always be. Sunday afternoon he gave a most interesting discussion of the Bible. His Sunday evening talk was on Prayer, its meaning and its strength. The Morning Watch of the week was changed to Monday, so that Dr. Smart might lead it. An open Forum was held Monday afternoon and Dr. Smart discussed the personal and religious problems of the students. The subject of his elevating talk Monday night was the scripture, "Believe, and be saved." His visit to the campus is a much looked forward to event every year, because of the many worthwhile things he brings to it.

NANCY ROWLAND—'33.






SOCIETIES

SORORIAN LITERARY

SOCIETY NEWS

World famous actresses, both living and dead, was the subject of the program of the meeting of the Sororian Literary Society held on November 15, in the Lecture Room.



Eleanor Duse, the famous Italian tragedienne, was most interestingly discussed by Mrs. C. K. Beale of Valdosta. Miss Duse began her acting at the age of four. When she was fourteen she saw Sarah Bernhardt act; and the acting of the already famous Bernhardt served as an inspiration to her. Duse's fame came when she was twenty. She was one of the most sincere actresses the stage has ever known, for she lived every part that she played. Eleanor Duse is most famous for her acting in Ibsen's and Dumas' plays, in "Claude's Wife," and as Juliet in Shakespeare's "Rome and Juliet."

The life of Sarah Bernhardt, "the divine Sarah," as all the world knew her, was reviewed by Miss Helen Clark of Albany. Sarah Bernhardt was born in Holland, of Jewish parents, but she began her education at a Gentile convent in Paris after her flight from her home at the age of fourteen. She made her debut at the Comedie Francaise when she was only seventeen. Bernhardt was a friend of Eleanor Duse at the beginning of the latter's stage career, but turned to a dangerous foe before long. Bernhardt never wholly forgave Duse for challenging her supremacy or quite forgot what she regarded as Duse's ingratitude. William Winter, who was a shrewd critic of acting, said that Bernhardt was always the woman being loved, never the woman loving. Bernhardt was before the public for approximately sixty-two years and was internationally known. When Sarah Bernhardt died several years ago a million people thronged the streets of Paris to pay homage to her. She now lies buried at Pere la Chaise, next to Croizette, her popular comrade and rival.

Miss Kathryn Wall of Ellaville gave a sketch of America's greatest actress, Ethel Barrymore. Ethel Barrymore comes of a family famous

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

on the stage, for she is a niece of John Drew. The family has had three generations on the stage; and with the recent addition of Ethel Barrymore Colt, the eighteen year old daughter of Ethel Barrymore, the number is increased to four. Ethel Barrymore and her daughter are now appearing on Broadway in Peterkin's "Scarlet Sister Mary." George Kelly has written a play entitled "The Royal Family" which is supposed to be the life of the Barrymore family. Although the author disclaims this supposition, one can see the close relation between the lives of the characters in the play and the lives of the Barrymores.

Miss Clarice Worsham of Meigs gave a very interesting discussion of Eva Le Gallienne, who started the Civic Repetory Theatre on West 14th Street in New York. Miss Le Gallienne is a young woman and produces many of Ibsen's, Tchekou's, and Benavente's plays. Her theatre, which is in an old Italian temple, is always full, as the prices are very reasonable.

DOROTHY CHAPMAN—'32.

ARGONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

On November the 15th, the program was based on great actresses. Special reports were made on two actresses, Eleanor Duse and Sara Bernhardt.

Mildred Minchew of Baxley reported on Eleanor Duse, the most famous actress of the 20th Century. Although this great actress spent her childhood in poverty and endured many hardships, she rose to fame both in Europe and America. In Duse's private life, she was noted for her numerous love affairs.

Wylene Whitley of Fitzgerald reported on the French actress, Bernhardt. This actress was reared by a fond, but temperamental mother, who was probably to blame for many of her daughter's peculiarities. Bernhardt was noted for her portrayal of Shakespearian characters, her utter disregard of music, and her brilliant conversational remarks. She, too, in private life, was noted for her many romances.

LILLIAN HOPPER—'31.



ATHLETICS

PHI LAMBDA NEWS

There was quite a contrast between this and last Thanksgiving games. The Lambdas did not come out on top, but they did put up a hard fight. The kind you don't mind telling the folks about.

Wednesday night before the games Thursday we had a pep meeting down in the gym. It showed the spirit of every Lambda girl which was—as good as it could have possibly been. We just had a little hard luck about the games.

Most of the girls that do not play ball came out proudly in purple overalls with the (j) A symbol on the front of them.

They made a good effect and I am sure that at the next game the field will be a solid mass of purple and white.

If you girls need a little exercise and a few points, why not try hiking some of these cool mornings? Also, we have a mighty good tennis court and play ground some of you might go out and help keep the weeds from growing on. You can lose some of that surplus weight you gained on our Thanksgiving dinner.

Come on out and get the benefit of this beautiful weather and I am sure you will not be sorry.

* * *

PHI KAPPA NEWS

"Kappa spirit's never dead"—No! It surely is not; in fact it is more alive right now than it has ever been. What better proof do we want than the Thanksgiving games? Those results were enough to stir the most unexcitable girl.

The campus is a regular athletic heaven these days, and the Kappas are surely taking advantage of its opportunities. The new miniature golf course is perhaps our most popular play spot right now; and tennis, golf, and the play ground vie with each other for second place. We are all improving on the miniature golf course; I heard one girl say she had brought her score down from 87 to 67.

We surely are showing up some good tennis material this fall.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

The courts are nearly always in use. Now is the time to start practice for the tournament for "Practice Makes Perfect," you know. We have won the tennis tournament for quite a score of years now, and we surely can't afford to lose it this year; so let's go, Kappas!

We're on our way to success, what better could we wish? All together now, three cheers for the Phi Kappas! Rah! Rah! Rah!

* * *

THE AMERICAN BALL GAME

Another American ball game has been played, and another victory has been won—for the Kappas.

Quite a few old girls and new were on the side lines to see the second thrilling clash of the Kappas and Lambdas on Thanksgiving; but some of them were doomed to disappointment, for the final score was 15-4, in favor of the Phi Kappas.

The line-up at the beginning of the game was as follows: Phi Kappa—Chastain (captain), Baker, and Brabham, forward line; O'Quinn and Smith, half backs; Patterson, full back; and McSwain, goal keeper. Lambdas—Bishop, Manly (captain), and Bullock, forward line; Ward and Powell, half backs; Griffin, full back; and Sumner, goal keeper.

The Lambdas were given the ball at the beginning of the game and rushed it through to their goal, where they scored a kick. This seemed to set the Kappas on fire for they started kicking one ball right after another. Brabham made a touchdown before the half.

Dozier's being substituted at the half began a series of substitutes during which McCall, M. Dozier, S. Brabham, Mullins, and Crosby entered the game.

No outstanding playing was done, but the Kappas as a team played beautifully.

* * *

THE VOLLEY BALL GAME.

Thanksgiving morning started off with a great deal of excitement. Purple and red crepe paper was flying from the goal posts when the girls came on the court. The first thing on our program was the volley ball game which resulted in the final score of 35-17 in the Kappas' favor.

The line-up for the Lambdas was—Horton, Bleiler, Glover, Jack-

THE PINE BRANCH

son, Forbes, Parker, Thompson, Nicholson, and Brazington. There was no substituting during the entire game.

The Kappa line-up was—Quarterman, Dukes, Readdick, Hopper, Roberson, Willis, Clark, McEachin, and Morris. The substitutions were Harrison for Clark, and Williford for Morris.

At first there was very little scoring done, but as time began to grow shorter the score began to grow larger.

Every girl, as well as the faculty members, on the campus was out with every bit of assistance she had for her association. I must not overlook "David", because he did furnish a lot of fuss.

There is only one more game this season, and there is going to be a real fight for the top score. The teams are getting more nearly matched every day.

DOZIER AND LEVERETTE—'33.





ALUMNAE

Thanksgiving proved to be a happy reunion for many of the Alumnae. Not only were they able to visit with the girls on the campus, but the visitors could share experiences with each other.

The visiting members gave us the following news:

Lillian Drake has second grade work in West Bainbridge School in Bainbridge, Georgia.

Bobbie Mae Booth is doing primary work in Mount Carmel School near Cordele, Georgia.

Virginia Fraser has third grade in Hinesville School, Hinesville, Georgia.

Kate Johnston is remaining at her home in Sasser, Georgia.

Sara Thomas is teaching Home Economics in Cordele High School, Cordele, Georgia.

Olive Ryon has first grade work in her home town, Hinesville, Ga.

Mozelle Byrd has a position in the Census Department at Washington, D. C.

Ann Talbert is teaching science and Latin in West Bainbridge School, in Bainbridge, Georgia.

Julia Patterson and Sara Cunningham are teaching in the grades in Penia School, near Cordele, Georgia.

C. B. Sharpe is teaching arithmetic and reading in Junior High School, at Claxton, Georgia.

Eunice Chute is teaching in the High School of Saint George, Georgia.

Mary Stokes has first grade work in her hometown, Folkston, Ga.

Dorothy White and Hilda Patterson are teaching in Hatley School, near Cordele, Georgia.

Merle Johnson has primary work in Screven School, Screven, Ga.

Mary Stewart is teaching English and history in Screven, Ga.

Ida Burroughs has primary work in Sumner Consolidated School, Sumner, Georgia.

Lucile Dowling is teaching English in Jesup High School, Jesup, Georgia.

THE PINE BRANCH

Lucile Nix is studying art in Boston, Mass.

Ruth Folger is teaching geography and health in Junior High School at Savannah, Georgia.

Sarah Mandeville is teaching English in Dublin High School in Dublin, Georgia.

Emma Moore has fourth grade work in Grammar School in Savannah, Georgia.

Gladys Butler has second grade work in Whigham Consolidated School, Whigham, Georgia.

Martha Youngblood is teaching Latin and English in Junior High School in Savannah, Georgia.

Louise Causey is teaching English and geography in Junior High School, in Moultrie, Georgia.

Willie Belle Sumner is teaching French and history in Poulan Consolidated School, in Poulan, Georgia.

Dorothy Stovall and Juanita Sweat are teaching in Waresboro Consolidated School, near Waycross, Georgia.

Eleanor Gibson is teaching in Crawford Street Grammar School, of Waycross, Georgia.

Johanna Voight is working in the Post Office in Blackshear, Ga.

Lois Sharpe is teaching in Mount Vernon, Georgia.

Nowlan Sirmans is remaining at her home in Waycross, Georgia.

Bertha Ferrell has third grade work in Perry, Florida.

Myrtle McArthur has a position in one of the leading banks of Washington, D. C.

Meta McIntosh has third grade work in Odum, Georgia.

Mildred Lavendar is teaching English and penmanship in Industrial High School in Columbus, Georgia.

IVA CHANDLER—'29.



JOKES

FAVORITE FACULTY JOKES

DR. POWELL

Dr. Powell says that one of the funniest incidents in his office happened when a certain girl came in chewing gum. He asked her very nicely to please dispose of the gum.

She indignantly replied, "Now, Dr. Powell, my mother chews gum whenever and wherever she pleases, and I'll have you know she's just as much of a lady as you are!"

MISS JENKINS

Pat and Mike had just come over from Ireland and were staying in a hotel in New York. Pat couldn't sleep one night and got up to sit by the window. Suddenly he saw three blazing, red, clanging fire trucks rush by.

He excitedly yelled to Mike, "Get up, Mike! They're moving Hell, and three loads have already gone by!"

MR. DUSENBURY

A boy from the backwoods gave his name to his teacher as "Pizalem Sieve" Jones, and said that his mother had gotten the name from her Bible.

Later the teacher visited the boy's family and, remembering the peculiarity of his name and its origin, asked the mother to show her where in the Bible she had seen the name "Pizalem Sieve."

"Here it be, ma'am," and the old lady, turning to the head of a certain chapter, laboriously spelled out, "P-S-A-L-M CIV, Pizalem Sieve."

MISS IVEY

A little girl who lived in a gossiping neighborhood misbehaved one day and her mother sent her up to her room to think it over and repent. After a while her mother called up to her and said, "Well, darling, have you told God all about it?"

The little girl replied, "No, indeed, if I had it would be all over heaven by now."

* * *

Dr. Gulliver (arrested for speeding): "But, your Honor, I am a college professor."

Judge: "Ignorance excuses no one." EMILY BURNEY—'33.

Twenty-Seven

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To greet our friends on Christmas Day,
Or send a little cheerful thought—
To prove that we have not forgot—
That friendship lends it joy and light,
To make life's road more sweet, more bright;
It may be old fashioned, to wish you good cheer,
And a happy, Prosperous, bright New Year,
But we wish you all that life might hold,
Of Health and Happiness, and Gold,
And all that lends real joy to you
For Christmas, and the New Year, too.*

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