

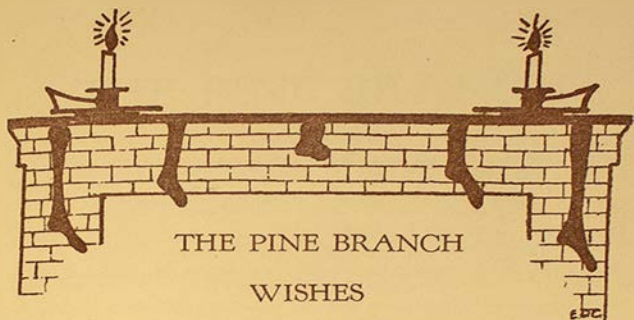
THE PINE BRANCH



DECEMBER
1931

Volume XVI

Number 3



THE PINE BRANCH
WISHES
ITS READERS
A
MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND
A HAPPY NEW YEAR



THE PINE BRANCH

Issued Monthly

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WOMANS COLLEGE, VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

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POEMS

Buford Williford

MY PRAYER

Let not my mind be shallow
And think not for itself,
Let not it be too sure of things
To stay an apish elf.
But let it have opinions
And thoughts of widened range,
For there is nothing that exists
As permanent as change.

ANOTHER CONCEPTION OF LOVE

Give me not a gracious portrait
That I may remember you,
Nor a bit of your handwriting
In my album for a clue;
Ask me not to make a promise
Never to forget today,
For I've loved you so divinely
That my love will live for aye.

THE BUOY

I set my life a-sailing
On life's tempestous sea,
And faith was the shrewd compass
That cheered and guided me;
But when the waves leapt higher,
My little ship to toss,
My conscience was the buoy
That saved my ship from loss.

ROMANCE TO ORDER

Dorothy Davis

Thirty small heads lolled forward on drooping shoulders under a weight of heavy boredom. A gurgly unattractive voice bubbled on and on incessantly. Slow minutes passed with an intolerable langour.

The voice finally paused and chirruped, "And now, children, I've told you all these lovely, lovely interesting tales. And now, you must do something for me. One little thing I ask of you"—

Miss Haddon clasped her plump hands under an ample chin, dramatically placed her elbows on the desk, half-closed her eyes, and crooned, "Sing for me!"

The sixth grade responded with a sulky dispirited air. Bargie swallowed a dangerous quantity of unmasticated peanuts and muttered, "I knew it!" If there is anything disgusting, it's a teacher who thinks it's cute to take advantage of you and make you yell your head off every afternoon when you're tired. She was just copying those movie ladies who listened to theme songs. She was probably practicing for Big Ben.

Bargie reached across the aisle and matter-of-factly punched Frances with a pencil. You always have to sort of watch out for your best friend—specially if your best friend is sleepy-minded. Frances awoke with a start, glared around wildly, and then somewhat groggily rose with the others.

"One, two, three," chanted Miss Haddon.

At the "three" Jack's grim young mouth opened and the room was filled with an astonishing volume of sound. The rest of the class watched him disinterestedly until the song was half-over, then resignedly joined in, uttering more or less musical noises. When the last note was variously achieved, they plumped back down and started stolidly ahead.

"Beautiful, beautiful," breathed Miss Haddon. "I just adore 'Springtime in the Rockies,' class." Then benignedly looking at Jack, continued, "And you, Jack, I just adore your alto voice, Jack. Class, I just adore alto voices."

Bargie frowned. Really, this was the last straw—"alto"; and Jack was a boy. She punched Frances again and grimaced disgustedly under cover of an ink-smudged hand. Frances blinked in a puzzled way. "What?" she asked.

Bargie glowered; well, a certain amount of dumbness simply had to be overlooked in one's best friend, she supposed. "Jack's a boy," she whispered.

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"What?" asked Frances, in a stage whisper.

"Jack's a boy," repeated Bargie.

"Oh," Frances blinked again, paused, and then said, "Who's a boy?"

"He is—Jack is."

"Who'd you say is?" asked Frances.

Bargie sat for an aggrieved moment, then, carefully tearing a minute piece of paper into an exact square, laboriously wrote:

"Jack is a Boy.—"

"P. S. And please tell Margaret to hurry and pass the peanuts. And please tell her I saw her take four. And tell her she can't have but only just two tomorrow.

"P. P. S. No wonder she is a elephant.

"P. P. P. S. No, wait. Don't tell her about having only just two now. She'll start crying. Wait until tomorrow."

She solemnly delivered the note just in time. Miss Haddon was speaking.

"And now, class, can you guess what? I just heard something—can you guess what? Guess, class, what I heard."

Everybody determinedly did not guess.

"I just heard a—whisper!" she exploded, "a whisper! A whisper—a whisper, after that nice story I told you this morning about what the little blue fairy did to the little girl who always whispered. Oh, I'm so hurt with two little girls. Little girls should never, never be selfish and just talk to themselves, should they, Bargie? Now come to the front of the room, Bargie, Frances, and tell us what you said."

Two small figures trudged glumly forward. Bargie's heart languished; Frances was such a dumb one.

"Now, Frances," said Miss Haddon, "tell us exactly what you said."

Frances' eyes frantically sought Bargie's. "Well, we, uh, we said, uh, that Jack is a —"

"We said," interrupted Bargie firmly as she gave Frances a vicious kick, "we said that we, uh, adore Jack's, uh, alto voice, too. Just like you."

"Oh, how sweet," sang Miss Haddon, "—just like me." She smiled at the class and gave the two permission to sit down again.

Frances argued in mild bewilderment. "But we didn't say tha"—

"Oh, Frances," reproved Bargie, "don't you know *anything*?"

The period dragged on. At last, at the sound of the 3:30 bell the class to the last man jumped with more animation than they had shown before that day, and hurriedly prepared to fly to freedom.

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Miss Haddon braced herself against the door and bravely held up the onslaught for a last determined word.

Bargie groaned and wondered in exasperation what she wanted now. It was heck to have a gold digger for a teacher.

"Oh, children," said Miss Haddon brightly, "we all want our room to look pretty and lovely, don't we? Don't we want our room to look pretty and lovely? Now, if any of you have an extra little cushion at home that you would like for me to have, it would be so sweet of you to bring it. Any little cushion to fit my chair. Because we all want our room to look pretty and lovely, don't we? Goodbye."

Hurried goodbyes were screamed and the class rushed out.

"Let's see, October, November,—eight more months of this," resented Bargie.

"Yea bo'," sighed Frances, "eight more months. Ain't— isn't she awful?"

"Making us sing and bring her tangerines and flowers and cushions, and wearing those flat old shoes and"—

Bargie came to a dead halt in the middle of a busy street and dramatically orated, "Frances, something simply just has got to be done!"

Frances kindly pulled her to safety and asked, "But what? She's our teacher, and she won't get sick or break her leg or"—

Bargie carefully considered the means of extinguishing school-teaching careers—teachers were constantly disappearing, surely there were more methods than sickness and bodily violence. Suddenly the common and ideal solution appeared. She jumped up and down and cried ecstatically. "Oh boy! oh boy!"

"What? What?" begged Frances.

"Oh boy! oh boy!" pranced Bargie.

"Now you tell me, Bargie, now," demanded Frances in some anger.

"Big Ben" explained Bargie.

"Well?" asked Frances.

"Why, we'll hook him, and make him marry her! Then she'll leave, and we can have a new teacher maybe, that substitute maybe, and have picnics and never have to tell our whispers any more!"

"But, Bargie," objected Frances dolorously, "she's been trying to vamp him alla time and he won't pop the question. He won't marry her just to please us, I bet."

"Yes he will," promised Bargie. "We'll make him. He'll have to. We'll tell the boys tomorrow and get them on our side, because they think she's silly anyhow, and I'll be the chairman of the committee

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and we'll sure fix—we'll surely fix Big Ben. If only," she sighed, "she wouldn't wear those flat shoes."

The next morning they successfully approached the boys on the subject. Bargie had discovered through painful experience that, unpleasant as it seemed, nothing important could be done without their help. Boys were nuisances, but sometimes useful. The masculine element was at first somewhat reluctant to doom a fellow member of their sex to such a fate, but finally the class unanimously decided that Big Ben should be their liberator.

From that moment their attitude towards Miss Haddon changed. From jeering at and condemning her appearance and mannerisms, they more or less subtly offered constructive criticisms, and determinedly strove to convert her into an irresistible desirable prize without whom no man could live.

Bargie thought it a sure sign of progress when Miss Haddon abandoned the "flats." But the boys shouldn't have been, she thought, quite so obvious in their loud proclamation that only old maids wore them. This, however, was to be expected of boys.

On Big Ben's occasional visits the class astonished his lady by their new meekness. No more did they sullenly act their worst, or miss their most. Bargie had carefully convinced even the most hardened reprobates of the necessity of appearing in love with their teacher, "because," she expounded, "if she's cute at all, well naturally we'd like her, and so if we like her, well Big Ben'll really think she's cute and he'll like her too, and then maybe he'll like her more and maybe after 'while let her marry him. And if," she added sternly, "you *have* to be bad that day, wait 'til after he's gone."

Bargie hoped that Big Ben had forgotten their former stubborn indifference. He would—they loaded Miss Haddon's desk with tight bunches of haggard-looking flowers, they gave her a fruit shower every week, they fought among themselves to do her bidding—with all these indications of undying affection he simply could not doubt them.

And he really was impressed, for he visited her more, and even took her to church twice. Bargie knew this authoritatively for she had asked Miss Haddon pointblank. "She had," she told her co-plotters cheerfully, "three dates in last week. And also, he told her she gets cuter every day. And she says he says it's darling how we love her so much."

This in itself was encouraging, but it didn't go far enough; things progressed slower beyond the point of going to church and mild visits.

"At this rate," complained the weaker members, "why it won't

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do us any good at all for the old thing to marry, 'cause by the time we make up his mind for him to ask her, school'll be out."

Bargie decided desperately something had to be done about this hesitation. The acting was becoming a strain, and she was not getting the same cooperation she had had at first.

One morning their intended champion came to Miss Haddon's room at recess. Bargie's mind, as she vigorously jumped rope, set to work frenziedly. Suddenly she decided she was cold. She started back to her desk for her sweater. She hated to be sly, but, she argued, somebody had to do it. The hero, she candidly admitted to herself, was usually herself.

She entered the room without making too much noise. She did not disturb Miss Haddon and Big Ben at all; they were engaged in exactly what Bargie had prayed they would be engaged in. She thought, "Oh boy! oh boy!", and turned and ran back to get Margaret and Frances. The more witnesses the better, and she needed moral support. She hurriedly explained as they made their way back into the building.

A minute later Miss Haddon and their victim jumped apart and whirled around at the sound of three pronounced, if simulated, gasps, and heard three enthusiastic young voices cry, "Oh, Miss Haddon, Oh Mr. Ben, you're going to get married! You're going to get married!" They tactfully overlooked the look of complete blankness on the man's face. With a final "you're going to get married;" to clinch the business, and another gasp, they wheeled and scampered to proclaim the glad news to the world at large, in voices calculated to reach the ears of the newly-engaged.

The next morning, Miss Haddon softly and coyly announced that there was a subject upon which she must speak to her dears. Bargie settled back in complacent satisfaction. "At last," she thought contentedly.

"You darling children," gurgled Miss Haddon, "I have some awful news to tell you"—the class heaved an exaggerated sigh and tried to cover up a frantic hope by looking sad.

"Yes, children" she resumed, "I'm going to have to leave you, for I'm going to get married. Isn't it awful, children, that I must leave you? but now, I must do just what Mr. Ben tells me, mustn't I?" She finished archly.

The class smothered a definite desire to cheer, and was silent for a moment. Bargie relaxed and looked around at her assistants proudly. This was the way to succeed she guessed. Then, sensing that something was expected of them, she conquered her innate hon-

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esty and decided to do the only thing. After all, it was worth a little white lieing, and a noble piece of work should be gloriously ended.

So she rose and bashfully began, "Oh, Miss Haddon, we're so sorry! Course we're glad you've finally got Mr. — I mean we're glad you're going to marry Mr. Ben if you like him and all, but we'll miss you so much," here she even managed a tearful sniff or two, "and we'll never, never, never," she triumphed, "ever, ever, ever like another teacher as much as you!"

INDIFFERENCE

Mary Alice House

Indifference,
Impenetrable armor
Guarding the soul
Against the thrusts of pain,
The darts of love,
The spears of jealousy.
Indifference,
The soothing balm for hurt.

TRIOLET

Frances Howell

Oh Pinetrees, weeping now with rain,
Lend me one soft and cooling tear;
Lest in the end I love again.
Oh Pinetrees, weeping now with rain,
Take entirely away my gift of pain.
Wound me that my heart may fear.
Oh Pinetrees, weeping now with rain,
Lend me one soft and cooling tear.

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WHO'S WHO

Emeliza Swain

Miss Lillian Lively, of Savannah, was elected Miss G. S. W. C. at the annual Who's Who election which was held Wednesday, December 2nd. Miss Lively was chosen from the student body as its most representative member. During her four years at G. S. W. C. she has held many responsible positions, among which are—president of the freshman class, president of the Sock and Buskin Club, and at the present time she is president of the Student Government Association. She has also taken an active part in dramatics, taking the leading part in the play put on by the Sock and Buskin Club last year. Miss Lively has won much recognition by her quiet capability. Others nominated for this distinction were—Misses Helen Brasington, of Waycross, President of the Phi Lambda Athletic Association, and Virginia Carswell, of Waycross, editor-in-chief of the College Annual.

Miss Willene Roberts, of Valdosta, was elected the most popular Day Student, and deservingly so, for she is always willing to "taxi" for the college girls in her blue Chevrolet, and spends a good deal of her time in being friendly with both town and dormitory students. Miss Roberts is also recognized as one of the best actors on the campus. Others nominated for this title were: Misses Katherine Connell, Anna Frances Ham, Grace Holcombe, Mary Virginia McKey, Anne Myddleton, and Winona Parrish.

Miss Helen Bishop, of Unadilla, holds the title of most athletic. Miss Bishop has just completed a successful season as the manager of the victorious Phi Lambda American ball team, and was a winner of the double tennis tournament and of the basketball goal-shooting tournament. Misses Katherine Stovall, of Bainbridge, Winona Paterson, of Alamo, and Florence Powell, of Griffin, were also nominated for the most athletic.

Most attractive of the G. S. W. C. girls is Miss Edwina Arnold, of Fort Gaines. Miss Arnold is president of the Freshman Class, and active in Glee Club and Athletic Association work. Her dark complexion in contrast to her blond hair, and her dignified composure, make her unusually attractive. Nominated for this title were, Misses Ruth Webb, of Tifton; Clyde Kimball, of Valdosta; Elizabeth Kirkland, of Sylvester; Julia Manning, of Bainbridge; Montene Floyd, of Baxley; and Jeannette Lovette, of Dublin.

The pleasing smile and cheery greeting of Miss Emily Jennings,

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of Dawson, has been known on the campus for three years, so it was little surprise that she received the title Most Pleasing Personality. Miss Jennings has held several important offices, being president of her freshman class, and president of the Y. W. C. A. this year. Those nominated for this title were: Misses Polly Walker, of Patterson; Jessie Mae Prescott, of Lake Park; Vera Estelle Parker, of Waycross; Margaret Joiner, of Griffin; Maxine Purdy, of Valdosta; and Dorothy Andrews, of Plains.

Miss Louise McMichael, of Quitman, was elected the most versatile. She, as the title suggests, takes part in practically every activity on the campus. She is president of the Phi Kappa Athletic Association, a member of the Sock and Buskin Club, Glee Club, the Fine Arts Club, the Pine Branch Staff, and takes part in the Y. W. C. A. activities. Besides her many activities, Miss McMichael is always friendly and pleasant, and willing to help where she can. Her abilities range from teaching school last year to taking the part of the Fool in the Christmas Festival the year before. Others nominated were: Misses Emily Burney, of Boston; Ruth Dozier, of Morgan; Emeliza Swain, of Rome; and Margaret Warfield, of Savannah.

Miss Elsie Quarterman, of Valdosta, was elected most deserving. She certainly deserved this title, for she is one of those many girls who do a great deal for the organizations on the campus, yet receives small credit for it. She is always busy doing something to help out somewhere. Nominated for this office were: Misses Hazel Allen, of Lake Park; Lavinia Buckner, of Waycross; Phara Elarbee, of Calvary; Pauline Forbes, of Valdosta; Margaret Kennedy, of Dawson; and Frances Smith, of Vidalia.

Miss Virginia Clark, of Tampa, Florida, was elected most intellectual. Miss Clark has made a fine record since she has been at G. S. W. C., making honors two semesters, and high honors two semesters. She is not, however, merely brilliant in the marks she makes, but has all-round poise and intellectual ability. Others nominated were: Misses John Corn, of Valdosta; Helen Clark, of Ashburn; Dorothy Davis, of Valdosta; and Mary Poole, of Balboa, Canal Zone.



Thirteen

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GEORGIA STATE WOMANS COLLEGE BOASTS ADORNMENT OF UNUSUAL TREE

Buford Williford

Students of the Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta believe the campus of their institution to be landscaped by a most unusual tree. Members of the administration even suggest that perhaps this is the only college in the world surrounded by the famous tung oil tree introduced on the American continent in comparatively recent years.

As the spectator views the golf links of the Georgia State Womans College he cannot fail to notice tung oil trees on every side; however, if he does not go out to the golf links, he may content himself with a most excellent view of these trees on the front campus, since a line of them extends all the way from the gymnasium out to Patterson Street and along the north east part of the campus facing Patterson and Georgia avenue. Although these trees have just been set out and are comparatively small at the present time, both students and faculty believe in the promising beauty of them. They seem to be in agreement with a statement made by Aloysius Coll in the *Florida Times* a few years ago: "The discovery of the tung oil industry is like finding an oil well above the ground, and the development of this industry has proved to be a source of wealth more certain than the discovery of a gold mine." Interest in this most unusual tree has led to investigation by some of the students as to its history and value.

Students of the Georgia State Womans College who have investigated the history of the tung oil tree are delighted to find that they have a representative shrub from China on their campus. The first tung oil tree introduced on the American continent was planted in Florida in 1906, and in 1913 the first tung oil to be produced (2.2 gallons) was extracted from a bushel of seeds. Tung oil has been used in China for more than five thousand years in fine arts and commerce.

Tung oil trees resemble in appearance the common fruit trees; and an orchard in bloom is very beautiful, the snow-white blossoms forming almost a solid mass. When the trees are three or four years old they bear nuts which are about the size of apples, usually in the month of October or November. Requiring an acid rather than a lime soil

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these trees flourish very well in the south eastern part of the United States.

Investigation has proved that the cultivation of tung oil trees is more profitable in America than in China. Florida trees, 3 1-2 years old have been found to produce over three hundred nuts per tree in contrast to one hundred and thirty nuts from a ten year old tree in one of the best groves in China. The new tung oil industry at Gainesville, Florida, which is the only plant of its kind in the world, extracts sixty gallons of oil in an hour, which is equal to the employment of one thousand Chinese coolies with crude methods. Students of the Georgia State Womans College believe that if their tung oil trees continue to thrive perhaps America will not be forced to continue paying \$15,000,000 a year to China producers.

Tung oil has drying properties superior to linseed oil, and it has therefore come to take the place of the latter in the manufacture of paints and varnishes. Some other uses of this very interesting plant are: in the making of linoleum, insulation in electric factories, soaps, water-proof cloth and paper and for hardening and drying rubber products.

The manner of preparing and marketing tung oil at the present is very interesting. The nuts drop in the grove, cure on the sands, and are harvested by a process similar to the short-cut taken in a wheat field. The hulls are discarded and left in the groves for humes, and the clean nuts are transported to the nearest mill for grinding and extraction of the oil.

With the splendid faculty and the modern equipment, and with the campus of their institution lined with these most valuable and remarkable trees, the tung oil, it is no wonder that the students of the Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta anticipate a brilliant future for the college.



THE COLLEGIAN'S SATURDAY NIGHT

Emily Burney

Saturday night! What enchanting words to us! The night to do impulsive, frivolous things; to forget we're young ladies and to forget to have any dignity. Saturday night is to the week what Christmas is to the year.

We decide about five o'clock on Saturday afternoon that there is nothing in the world quite so depressing as a long line of freshly washed laundry hanging across a freshly swept room. We are tired of waving good-bye to our more scientific friends who are gaily departing on a butterfly chase. We have nothing but worth-while things to read. It is against our principal to study. We are almost in a mood to fight. Then like a flash from Heaven, Inspiration! We'll go to town.

We jam on a beret, and drag out the shoes that have sacrificed style to comfort. Perhaps we have a quarter, perhaps a dime. What difference does it make as long as there are roommates? Surely they have some purpose for being here, so why not this? Borrowed money spends sweeter anyhow. It doesn't disturb the memory of our Scotch ancestors, because it's impossible to save what we haven't got.

Everybody else is going to town on Saturday afternoon, so able to speak almost enthusiastically about the weather. (It is always the correct thing to discuss the weather with the fortunate person taking one to town). Lots of people are already up town, and there is an exciting traffic jam. We wave back eagerly to people whom we've never laid eyes on before. Perhaps we looked like one of the Smith girls, or Cousin John's new sweetheart; or maybe the hired girl. Anyhow we waved!

The only serious moment in the whole lovely, lovely afternoon is, when we've been dropped on the street corner and are faced with the problem of whether it'll be better to buy Liz's soap first, and if so where, or whether we'd better hunt for the sixth time for curtain samples. We decide on the soap, because there's little chance of ever buying the curtains anyhow.

It is necessary to pass a boot shop on the way to the soap. Shoes are really fascinating this season, and it is impossible to tell when there's a chance to run across a real bargain. It isn't practical not to drop in and look around. We've always had a feeling it's valuable to know how the feet respond to different types of shoes anyhow. It makes one discriminating. Shoe men are always terribly polite

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too. They don't expect us to buy a pair of shoes just because we try them on.

There is still the soap to be got. But we agree that is more sensible to drop by a dress shop on the way. Nobody thinks the depression can last forever, and anyhow there's no telling when it's going to be necessary to know where to put our hands on just the right dress. Cousin Jane lives in a university town, and we never can tell when she might ask us up for one of the big games. Of course she never has, but it's better to be safe than sorry. There are more lovely new colors this season than ever before. It is hard to determine which will be just the right shade. It is best to try as many as possible and then compare them. It is also best to get as much variety in the type of dress. In other words, we mix a few afternoon dresses in with the sport suits. It helps the saleslady to know just what size her dresses really are.

We look over the stock of costume jewelry, lingerie and other things. We know Christmas is coming, and it saves embarrassment to know where to exchange gifts. We try on some of the new berets too. If we can get a dollar by next week, probably we'll buy one.

But it's getting late, and there's still the soap to be selected. We collect ourselves with the exception of some twenty-five hairpins and dash out. Imagine our surprise at seeing the girl down the hall sporting down the street with a new boy. He isn't half bad looking either. We wonder what line she used.

The streets are getting more congested by the minute. How can anybody have fun coming to town with about a dozen children tagging along? And some women can find the most atrocious hats! We wonder why they don't ever look in a mirror. It's a good thing some of the farmers don't come to town but once a week. Judging from the packages they're carrying there wouldn't be any town left if they came much more often. We decide a bakery is the loveliest smelling thing in the world.

We are suddenly conscious that we're awfully hungry. We think of savory hot dogs, and delicious coffee at five cents a cup. They know just how we like our hot dogs fixed at our favorite drug store. We watch people at the punch board while we wait. We hear the foot-ball returns, and are glad the winning side won, for no reason at all. We watch all kinds of people wander in, and we speculate as to what they'll have for dinner tomorrow. We're practically certain to have chicken and ice-cream. We greet our hot dogs with ill-concealed joy, and try our best to act like we've had food before. Reluctantly finishing the last swallow of coffee, we go up and watch

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the soda-water jerker concoct a barbecue sandwich. It is a fascinating business, and we'd like to try our hand, but refrain from asking.

We suddenly recall the soap. It is necessary to hurry out after it immediately, for that particular brand may soon be gone. We nearly bump into one of the best-looking boys we've seen all day, and we would probably get all excited about it if we didn't happen to spy a fruit sale going on next door. We see that we can get four dozen tangerines for twenty-five cents, and as luck would have it we have just that much left. The girl selling them is an Italian, and she has a gorgeous smile. We think that probably she uses Pepsodent.

Four dozen tangerines are a little bunglesome, but luck is with us tonight. One of the girls we go to school with stops by and offers to take us out to the college. The moon has risen and the seats are soft and comfortable. It is a lovely ride.

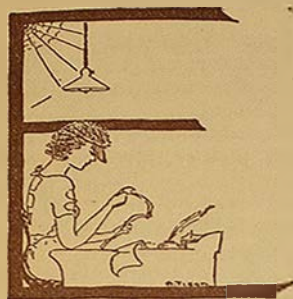
There is nobody waiting around to see if we come in late. We walk unmolested to our room. It looks cozy and home-like, and we think how smart we are to have cleaned it up so well.

Suddenly we gasp! Of all things on earth! We've entirely forgotten the soap. And it Saturday night, too!

AT CHRISTMAS

Emeliza Swain

If you would find true Christmas joy,
Seek it not in words of the wise.
Give a child a simple toy,
And find it written in his eyes.



DITORIALS

CHRISTMAS AT G. S. W. C.

In these days when sentiment and glamour have been replaced by the new cult of realism, Christmas is about the only occasion left us that has the charm of tradition. Christmas blends together the pagan and christian, gay and grave, mystical and matter-of-fact, historical and legendary, into a spirit that is at

the same time representative of both the noblest and gayest in man. It is as if in this season of the anniversary of our Savior's birth we capture again for a brief moment a glimpse of the ideal life, and in response bring out for display the best qualities that we possess. Nowhere is there a better example of this Christmas spirit than on our own campus. At no time is there more evidence of that certain something that in a man is called personality and in a college is called atmosphere.

The Christmas season at G. S. W. C. really begins when the Freshman-Sophomore chorus classes start practicing "Adeste Fideles," and the other Christmas songs. The dancing classes have extra sessions at night to learn clever new steps to please an increasingly exacting audience, and the Y. W. C. A. is busily perfecting plans for the special vesper service of "The-Hanging-of-the-Greens." The Glee Club begins to think of their choice of the carols with which they will delight us as they march through the halls at dawn on the day of the Festival. The long shopping lists that are indispensable for town trips during this season have notes on costume material sandwiched among the lists of gifts. Everybody and everything is moving in unison for the climax—Ye Olde English Christmas Feast, which is always on the last day before we go home for Christmas.

This Festival is unique and is indigenous to G. S. W. C. It is one of the loveliest and best-known celebrations of its kind in the south. A splendid illustration of the interest and enthusiasm it arouses among the students is the fact that it so challenges the interest that it even temporarily supplants the thrill of going home.

Beautiful pungent greens, quaint lamps, shadows cast by roaring fires, lovely gentlewomen with high-piled powdered hair, and daintily sprigged lacey Elizabethan dresses, gentlemen with dashing capes—all these lend themselves on that night to create such a scene of

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picturesque and gracious loveliness as is depicted on the loveliest of Christmas cards. The dining room is transformed by the art classes into an authentic appearing baron's hall, even to the dais for the baron—Dr. Powell—and the special guests.

Everything hearkens back to the customs of olden days with their yule logs, boar's head, strolling players, court jestors, dancers, and mummers. An ever new, yet always old scene, it is so distant from present-day revelries that its significance can not be expressed in writing. Only those who are of it, for everybody contributes by being in costume, can really appreciate and enjoy its beauty.

Towards the last there is a lessening of the spontaneous gait that is so in evidence in the earlier part of the evening. A more serious note is struck which culminates in the beautiful and dignified dancing of the minuet, followed by a candle light Recessional to the soft chant of "Silent Night." A feeling of deep reverence seems to linger over everything and eyes are bright with unshed tears. Momentarily, at least, we have captured the true significance of "peace on earth, good will to men."

What a beautiful Christmas gift—this Festival—from our Alma Mater!





CRITICAL TIPS

Mary Alice House

Living Authors by Dilly Tante, is a group of some four hundred miniature biographies of living authors, that is, men and women alive on the first of January, 1931. Their object is not critical but expository. They have nothing to

do with "psychographs." If they are found to be concise and pleasant introductions, or desirable supplements, to the works of the authors represented, their modest purpose will have been entirely fulfilled. As the preface suggests, there are many scraps of knowledge in this volume: A. E. Coppard, one of England's best short story writers, did not begin to write till he was forty; Gorky's name is a pseudonym, meaning "the better one;" A. E. Housman spent thirty years editing the Latin poet Manilius; Robinson Jeffers built with his own hands the tower in which he writes; Kipling married an American girl; Sinclair Lewis was the janitor of Helicon Hall, Upton Sinclair's Utopian colony in New Jersey; and Eugene O' Neill has sketched the plots of thirty plays to come.

* * *

Mourning Becomes Electra, Eugene O'Neill's latest play, is one of the new books in the library. Significant is the O'Neill treatment of Agamemnon turned Puritan, of New England immediately after the Civil War. *Mourning Becomes Electra* is a restatement for our own century of the story of the house of Atreus, of the murder of Agamemnon by his wife, Clytemnestra, of the vengeance wreaked upon her by Agamemnon's children, Electra and Orestes, and of their further pursuit by the Furies for having committed the sin of matricide. The tragedy of the House of Atreus has been written by Aeschylus in *Agamemnon*, *The Libation Bearers*, *The Furies*; Sophocles in *Electra*; Euripides in *Iphigenia in Aulis*, *Electra*; *Iphigenia in Tauris*; and now by Eugene O'Neill in the Trilogy *The Home Coming*, *The Hunted*, *The Haunted*.

* * *

The *Theatre Guild Magazine*, a new periodical in the G. S. W. C. library, gives a monthly survey of the theatrical world: new plays, great actors, theatre gossip, theatre view, reviews of the recent plays, and current opinions in general about the theatre.

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Dictionary of American Biography is a valuable addition to the library. In general only those who have made some significant contribution to American life in its manifold aspects are included in these volumes. Contributors have made every effort to secure independent accounts of well known national figures and not mere compilations of preceding sketches.

* * *

One may find good movie reviews in the *New York Times*, *Time*, *Outlook*, and *The Billboard*.

* * *

Attention should be called to the new volume of *Book Review Digest*. This book includes the recent works of our most eminent authors.

* * *

We have added to the Library quite a list of magazines from other nations. The English magazines are: *The Contemporary Review*, *Fortnightly Review*, *The Illustrated London News*, *The Modern Language Review*, *The New Statesman and Nation*, *The Spectator*, and *The Times Literary Supplement*, of London. The new French magazines are: *L'Illustration*, *La Nouvelle Revue*, and *La Petite Illustration*. The new German magazine is *Die Neue Rundschau*.

Other new magazines in the Library are: *Design*, *The Connoisseur*, *The Common Weal*, *The Catholic World*, *The American Mercury*, and *The Shakespeare Association Bulletin*.

* * *

The study of *The Adams Family*, by James Truslaw Adams (not a relative) is unique both in its material and its treatment. The author vividly presents the changing social and political world in which these vigorous, prejudiced idealists found themselves, and so deals at once with the material progress and cultural retardation of the country. A thoughtful reading of the Adams revolts has large ethical as well as informational value. Withal, they are as rugged in their failures as in their successes.

* * *

Among the new poems in the College library is *Matthias at the Door*, by Edwin Arlington Robinson, (*Matthias* with accent on second syllable). This poem is another of those dramas in which a man and woman are in subtle conflict, especially that sort of conflict in which defeat is triumph and triumph is defeat. Perhaps in none other of his works has Mr. Robinson weighed with so fine a balance the heart and brain of his characters.

LOCALS



Mildred Talley

Thanksgiving was observed at the College with athletic games during the morning, and a lovely banquet at noon. A very pleasing program arranged by Misses Ivey, Temple, and Warren consisted of two dance numbers, "Harvest

Dance," by Misses Margaret Warfield, Elizabeth Kirkland, Dorothy Davis, Elsie Quartermann, and Virginia Carswell, and "I Dance With a Mosquito," which was given two interpretations. The first was a collegiate interpretation given by Misses Virginia Clark, Hazel Allen, Winona Copeland, Myrtice Johnson, Vera Parker, and Winona Patterson. The second interpretation was given by a varied group including an old maid, Mary Elaine Flanagan; a sportsman, Willene Roberts; a colored cook, Mildred Minchew; and a modern girl, Ruth Dozier. Other numbers on the program were: a piano solo, "Valcik" by Mokrejs, Miss Annie Lois Gardner; a group of songs by the Glee Club, including "Oyaneetah," "The Snow Storm," "Old King Cole," and "A Prayer of Thanksgiving." During the meal the Junior Class added much liveliness to the occasion by singing several of their class songs.

* * *

Friday afternoon, November 27th, Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Powell entertained the College Freshmen at a tea at their home on Williams street. The living and dining rooms were attractively decorated with beautiful fall flowers from the hostess' garden. Tea was poured by Mrs. A. J. Strickland and Mrs. W. S. West. About one hundred and fifty freshmen called during the receiving hours.

* * *

Monday evening, November 30th, the first in a series of faculty recitals was given at the Woman's Building. Miss Alimae Temple, soprano; Mrs. W. A. Pardee, violinist, accompanied by Miss Gladys Warren, head of the music department, presented a varied and brilliant program.

* * *

Among the outstanding events of the fall season was the Fine Arts Club Bazaar which was held December 3rd, 4th, 5th, in the Art Dome. A varied selection of articles were offered for sale. Perhaps

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the most outstanding group of articles was that containing a number of personally selected European articles. Several handwoven scarfs and an Indian tie-dye scarf were included in this group.

* * *

The Valdosta Club held its regular monthly meeting at the "House-in-the-Woods" Friday, December 4th, at noon. Luncheon was served, and the business plans of the club were discussed.

* * *

The Presidents' Club met at the "House-in-the-Woods" on Wednesday evening, December 2nd. Dinner was served at six-thirty, after which Miss Lillian Lively, of Savannah, gave a book report on "Advantages of Group Discussion." Miss Lively's talk was followed by a discussion of various matters pertaining to the welfare of the students.

* * *

The Valdosta branch of the A. A. U. W. met in the Rotunda on Thursday, December 3rd, with Miss Hopper as hostess. Dr. Gulliver made an interesting talk on "Modern Poetry." Mrs. Pardee gave two violin numbers, "Praeludium" by Franz Ries, and "Moment Musical," Schubert-Aver. "Ave Marie" was sung by Miss Temple with Mrs. Pardee and Miss Warren as accompanists. As a concluding number Miss Temple sang "Song of the Open," LaForge.

* * *

The Student Government Association held its regular monthly meeting in the Rotunda on Friday evening, December 4th. Dr. Lena J. Hawkes, one of the most popular faculty speakers, gave an interesting discussion of "Vocations For Girls."

* * *

The members of the Freshman Bible Study Class were entertained with a hike Friday afternoon, December 4th. After the hike the group enjoyed a picnic supper at one of the new outdoor fireplaces.

* * *

The International Relations Club entertained Monday afternoon, December 7th, with a formal tea in honor of their distinguished guest, Mr. C. Douglas Booth, of London, England. Those receiving were, Mr. Booth, Miss Annie Hopper, Miss Mildred Price, and Miss Mildred Morris, president of the I. R. C. Members of the club served delightful refreshments.



LUBS



Helen Clark

"Jazz and Minuet," a one-act comedy by Ruth Giorloff, was presented by the Sock and Buskin Club at their meeting on November 24th. The play was directed by Miss Elizabeth Kirkland, of

Sylvester. Miss Helen Steele, of Savannah, played the part of Mrs. Van Hyden, the understanding mother, and Miss Willene Roberts, of Valdosta, took the part of Mildred Devereaux William. Double roles were played by Miss Lavinia Buckner, of Waycross, who took the parts of Nettie, the modern maiden, and Lucy, a colonial girl; Lillian Lively, of Savannah, who played the parts of Richard Townsend and Robert Trowbridge; and Mary Lou Connell, of Valdosta, who played the roles of Eleanor Prudence Van Hyden and Prudence Van Hyden.

* * *

The Fine Arts Club held a regular meeting in the art dome on Tuesday, November 24th. The meeting was in the form of a work period and the members of the club spent the time in making articles for the bazaar which was held in the art dome on December 3rd, 4th, and 5th.

* * *

The Natural History Club went on another of its field trips Saturday afternoon, December 5th. The purpose of the trip was mainly for collecting any interesting specimens of plants and insects.

* * *

The Sock and Buskin Club will hold its regular meeting on December 15th. "The Dust of the Road," a very appreciative Christmas play, will be presented for the program. Miss Anna Frances Ham, of Valdosta, will serve as director, and the cast will be made up of Miss Louisa Heeth, of Quitman, as Peter Steele; Miss Vivian Chipman, of Savannah, as Prudence Steele; Miss Louise Durham, of Dawson, as the old uncle; and Miss Maxine Purdy, of Valdosta, as the tramp.

* * *

The Glee Club has been practicing fitting Christmas music for the Christmas season. The members under the direction of Miss Temple,

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have practiced Christmas carols to be sung in the dormitories, and during the Christmas Festival.

* * *

The Mathematics Club will hold a regular meeting Wednesday evening, December 16th. Miss Rubye Nell Wall, of Ellaville, will continue the history of early mathematics begun at the last meeting. An interesting magazine article concerning mathematics will be reported by Miss Florence Powell, of Griffin. Miss Dorothy Bryant, of Moultrie, will have charge of the mathematical recreation.

* * *

Mr. C. Douglas Booth, widely known English writer and lecturer, gave a lecture in the Woman's Building on Monday evening, December 7th. He was brought to Valdosta under the auspices of the International Relations Club.

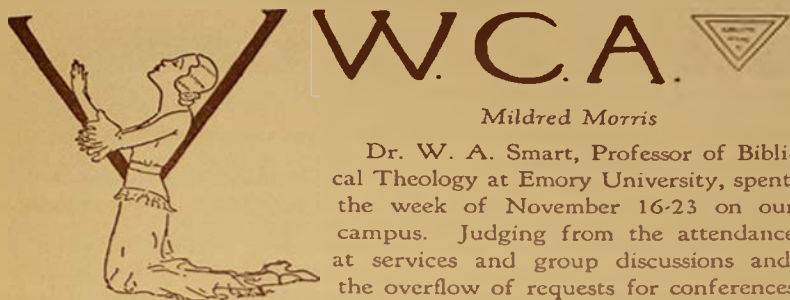
Mr. Booth is well known in this country and Europe as an authority on international affairs. He has spent a number of years in the Near East and the Balkans collecting political and economic material. He is a member of the Royal Institute of International Affairs in England, to whom he submits fortnightly reports on his findings, and before whom he delivers lectures upon international questions.

During his present tour Mr. Booth will discuss international relations in more than forty educational institutions in the South. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace aided in bringing Mr. Booth to Valdosta.

* * *

The Philharmonic Club held its monthly meeting in the rotunda of Ashley Hall Tuesday evening, December 8th. After the business, a delightful musical program was given. "Mazurka" by Godard, was presented by Miss Judy Cochran, of Camilla. A beautiful Christmas number, "Noel of the Bells" by Shelley, was sung by Miss Margaret Lindsey and Miss Margaret Williams. Miss Mildred Fokes, of Montezuma, ended the first part of the program with a piano number "Impromptu C sharp Minor" by Rhenhold.

The second part of the program began with a paper on the opera. Miss Sally Lou Powell, of Valdosta, played the "Barcarole" from "Tales of Hoffman" by Offenbach. Miss Ruth Webb gave a beautiful vocal number "Il y doux il y bon" from "Herodiade" by Massenet. The surprise number consisted of a reading from "Madame Butterfly" by Miss Frances Howell.



Mildred Morris

Dr. W. A. Smart, Professor of Biblical Theology at Emory University, spent the week of November 16-23 on our campus. Judging from the attendance at services and group discussions and the overflow of requests for conferences

his visit was an overwhelming success. Dr. Smart left us with many worthwhile thoughts on the practical everyday use of religion, a broader outlook on the religious life, and a better interpretation of the Bible.

* * *

The Morning Watch services that are held each Tuesday morning at 7:40 o'clock, have proven to be very interesting. This department of the Y. W. C. A. under the competent leadership of Miss Elsie Quarterman, Valdosta, Georgia, is one of the latest additions to our cabinet and is very worthwhile. Thus far, as much as the weather has permitted, the services have been held outside. The open fire-places are being used very advantageously. The topic of discussion for the past few weeks has been "Prayer." This subject was closed with an interesting talk on "The Listening Side of Prayer," by Dr. Smart. The service for December 1st, was, "This Is Your Day." The leader, and speaker was Miss Mildred Morris, Brinson.

Miss Sapelo Trainer spoke at vesper, December 3rd, on "The Value of Studying Foreign Languages." She showed, by using many interesting examples, that not only do foreign languages give one a broadened outlook on life, but they also help in mastering one's native tongue.

* * *

One of the most unusual vesper programs of the year was the musical service on December 6th, under the leadership of Miss Annie Lois Gardner, of Camilla. Those taking part were: Pianists, Miss Margaret Williams, of Douglas; Miss Edwina Arnold, of Fort Gaines; Miss Carolyn Bullard, of Nashville; and Miss Gardner; soloists, Miss Ruth Webb, of Tifton; and Miss Mildred McDonald, of Colquitt; violinist, Miss Jessie Mae Prescott, of Lake Park, and Miss Marjorie Sessions, of McRae.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

The annual vesper service devoted to the hanging of the greens took place in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall Thursday evening, December 10th. Miss Lillian Lively, Savannah, in the character of the Christmas Spirit, entered into the dark room carrying a lighted candle. She requested that a candle be placed in each window of the room. At her request Misses Kathleen Glisson, Bainbridge, Marjorie Sessions, McRae, Sara Nicholson, Attapulcus, Dorothy Walls, Cordele, Polly Walker, Patterson, Katherine Stovall, Bainbridge, Gedelle Brabham, Moultrie, Eleanor Boulware, Cordele, Florence Powell, Griffin, Elsie Quarterman, Valdosta, and Jessie Mae Prescott, Lake Park, placed the candles. She then requested that Greens be placed about the room. As the choir softly sang, "Come All Ye Faithful," Misses Mildred Talley, Rome, Helen Bishop, Unadilla, Frances Arrington, Ellaville, Emily Burney, Boston, Montene Floyd, Baxley, Bernice Leggitt, Unadilla, Reba Harrison, Boston, Bessie McRae, Savannah, and Jewell Wurst, Ochlocknee, complied with her request. Her third request was that the fires be lighted. Misses Helen Brasington, Waycross, and Frances Howell, Tifton, lighted the fires, as the choir sang, "Silent Night."

* * *

The Christmas Pageant, portraying the Story of Christmas, is a beautiful vesper service we are looking forward to on December 12th. This service will be in the form of a pantomime. As Miss Louise McMichael, Quitman, narrates the Christmas story the characters will appear in order. The Holy Family will be portrayed by Misses Lillian Sumner, Poulan, Phara Elarbee, Calvary, Elizabeth Durden, Graymont Summit, Hazle Allen, Lake Park, Virginia Carswell, Waycross, Elizabeth Pardee, Thomasville, Ruth Dozier, Morgan, and Margaret Williams, Cordele. The shepherds will be Misses Helen Steele, Savannah, Dorothy Chapman, Savannah, Katherine Wall, Ellaville, and Winona Patterson, Alamo. The three kings of Orient will be requested by Misses Ruth Webb, Tifton, Emeliza Swain, Rome, and Mary Elaine Flannagan, Waycross. The part of the children will be taken by Misses Addie Pearl Hill, Bainbridge, Virginia Sheppard, Savannah, and Rachel Blackwell, Quitman.





SOCIETIES

ARGONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Elizabeth Pardee

Miss Carolyn Brim, of Sasser, was the leader of the Argonian Literary Society program on Saturday evening, November 21st. The discussion centered around some of the best plays of the year. Miss Lois Tucker, of Moultrie, gave a short review of "Elizabeth, the Queen." Miss Julia Manning, of Bainbridge, in a striking Elizabethan gown, read portions of the dialogue between Essex and Elizabeth. An interesting report of "Alison's House" was given by Miss Marjorie White, of Sylvester. The character, Emily Dickinson, was portrayed by Miss Emily Forrester, of Cairo, who read selections from the play. Miss Ruth Ellis, of Savannah, reviewed "The Barrets of Wimpole Street," and Miss Frances Arrington, of Ellaville, who appeared in the role of Elizabeth Browning, read parts of the play selected to show the family life of the Barrets.

* * *

SORORIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Jessie Norman

The Sororian Literary Society held its regular meeting on November 21st, in the play-production room. The meeting was called to order by the president, and the minutes of the last meeting were read by the secretary.

After the reading of the minutes the meeting was turned over to Miss Helen Clarke, of Ashburn, under whose leadership there was presented a very interesting program on "The Best Plays of 1930-31." Miss Clarke gave an introductory talk telling some facts about each of the plays to be discussed. Following her talk Miss Margaret Bischoff gave a short review of Rudolph Besier's play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Miss Elizabeth White, of Cordele, then impersonated Elizabeth Barrett and read a part of the play.

The next report was on "Elizabeth the Queen", by Maxwell Anderson. Miss Verda Van Landingham, of Cairo, told the story and Miss Montene Floyd, of Baxley, as Queen Elizabeth, read that part of the play in which Elizabeth sends Essex to be killed.

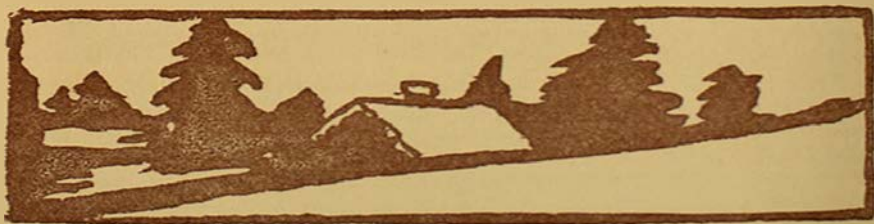
Miss Dorothy Chapman, of Savannah, concluded the program by telling about "Alison's House" by Susan Glaspel.

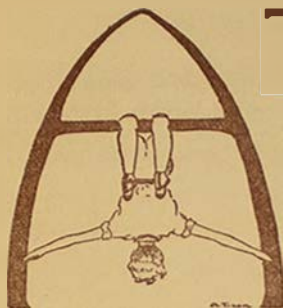
THE PINE BRANCH

JOINT MEETING

On December 5th, the Argonians and Sororians had a joint meeting in the Rotunda. The program was under the leadership of Misses Mary Poole, Balboa, and Lavinia Buckner, Waycross. A short play was given presenting the Christmas traditions and customs of our land and others.

The main features of the play were as follows: Miss Mildred McDonald, as the father, read Emerson's essay on "Gifts." Miss Myrtice Johnson, as the daughter, read "The Gift of the Magi", by O' Henry. Miss Margaret Kennedy, as the grandmother, told about the origin of mistletoe as used at Christmas time, and also of the custom of the Yule Log. Miss Lillian Lively, as the son, told of the origin of Christmas. Miss Sara Murchison, as the mother, told about the use of Carols in our country and in England. Miss Annie Belle Weatherford, as a child, told the story of St. Nicholas. At the beginning and end a group of carolers sang some of the old carols.





ATHLETICS

LAMBDA NEWS

Polly Walker

November 20, 1931 Games—A fine mist of rain began to seep through the girls' clothing, and yet they played on and on. A few girls left the ranks of the sidelines to get slickers but they soon returned. Interest was evidently high. Oh, yes, you know. This was the closest volley ball game we have seen in ages. The Kappas won with only three points, the score being 27-24. The Lambda team made most of their score in the last few minutes of the game. The whistle just blew too soon! Anyway, what a game it was!

The Lambda line-up was: Kathryn Wall, Margaret Kennedy, Pauline Forbes, Helen Brasington, Margaret Warfield, Sara Nicholson, Mary Ellen Craft, Mary Glover, and Phara Elarbee.

After a few yells every one settled into place to see a real Lambda victory in the American ball game. The excitement began when the first score was made for the Lambdas. This fired all the other girls with enthusiasm and from then on each tried to out-score the others, it seemed. It was a thrilling game and everyone was at her best. The final score was 11-3.

The Lambda line-up was: Frances Dupriest, Jack Studstill, Helen Bishop, Florence Powell, Dorothy Andrews, Jeannette Cook, and Vera Estelle Parker. Substitutes were, Emily Burney, Annie Maude McCloud and Annie Belle Weatherford.

* * *

Those making first American ball team are Dupriest, Studstel, Bishop, Powell, Andrews, Cook and Parker.

* * *

Those making first Lambda volley ball team are, Helen Brasington, Pauline Forbes, Sarah Nicholson, Margaret Warfield, Mary Glover, Mary Ellen Craft, Margaret Kennedy, Kathryn Wall, and Phara Elarbee.

* * *

Golf lessons are now being given to those interested by Mr. Neilson, golf pro from the Country Club.

* * *

It is worthy of note that Jack Studstill made the only touch-down of the year in the Thanksgiving American ball game.

Thirty-one

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KAPPA NEWS

Dorothy Bryant

The last of the series of American and volley ball games were played Thanksgiving morning. The volley ball game was under way soon after ten o'clock, and was more exciting than usual, due to the fact that the Lambdas were making a last effort to turn the tables on the Kappas. The Kappa players who saw action were: C. Readdick, M. Morris, V. Bickley, R. Ellis, M. Dukes, C. Worsham, R. Wall, W. Lee, M. Lee and M. E. Weatherford. The score at the end of the game was 45-26 in favor of the Kappas. This game ended the volley ball series with the Kappas the proud victors.

The American ball game was under way just a few minutes after the conclusion of the volley ball game. This game was witnessed with more than usual interest, due to the fact that it decided whether the Kappas or the Lambdas won the series. The game was a fast and hard fought one. The Kappas who played were: K. Stovall, R. Dozier, E. Quarterman, J. Chastain, M. Turner, W. Patterson, J. Daniels, M. Joiner and G. D. Brabham. The score at the conclusion of the game was 10-6 in favor of the Lambdas. The American ball series ended with the Lambdas victorious. True to the old saying—"Turn about is fair play." Kappa Spirits are never dead, and Kappas will surely rise again!

* * *

On Thursday and Friday, December third and fourth, a miniature golf tournament was held under the direction of Miss Phara Elarbee, Lambda golf manager, and Miss Dorothy Bryant, Kappa golf manager.

* * *

The Kappas making first team in American ball are: G. D. Brabham, J. Chastain, J. Daniel, R. Dozier, M. Joiner, L. McMichael, W. Patterson, E. Quarterman, K. Stovall, M. Turner. The first team volley ball players are: C. Readdick, M. Morris, V. Bickley, R. Ellis, M. Dukes, C. Worsham, R. N. Wall, W. Lee, M. Lee, M. E. Weatherford.

* * *

Miss Ivey has been giving the girls in Athletic Council lessons in Archery. As soon as they have learned the technique they will be qualified to teach other members of the student group who are interested.

* * *

The Athletic Council held its regular meeting at the out-door fireplace on Tuesday night.



LUMNAE

Lillian Patterson

The following girls were visitors on the campus during the past month: Misses Esther Freeman, Margaret Jennings, Margaret Bullock, Essye Alligood, Kate Jones, Mary Winn, Nellie Beane, Alda DuPriest, Julia Mae Murry, Pauline Griffin, K. D. Rentz, Lucile Wood, Mary Leverette, Aline Tyson, Mary Pearl House, Pearl Fairchild, Sarah Wadley, Dorothy White, Mary Jane Littlefield, Dorothy Glascock, and Mrs. Sam Odum (Juanita Sweat).

* * *

Miss Ruth Norman is teaching sixth grade in the consolidated school in Norman Park, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Mary Louise Maxwell is doing departmental work in the Bainbridge system of schools, Bainbridge, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Catherine O'Brien and Mr. Lloyd Johnson were married November 8th. They are now at home in Naylor, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Maude Douglas is teaching Mathematics in Southern Union College, Wadley, Alabama.

* * *

Miss Mary Eunice Sapp is teaching school in Brunswick, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Ruth Yeomans is teaching piano at Thomaston, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Mary Smith Hodges is teaching seventh grade in Brinson, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Katherine Harrison is teaching English and Latin in the High School in Bluffton, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Susie Gainey is teaching sixth and seventh grades at Reno, Georgia.

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Miss Ila Rehberg is teaching first grade in Coolidge, Georgia.
* * *

Miss Inez Sharp is teaching Civics in the Waycross Junior High School, Waycross, Georgia.
* * *

Miss Cora Burghard is teaching English and Penmanship in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.
* * *

Miss Birdie Van Brackle is teaching school in Adel, Georgia.
* * *

Miss Maggie Lawson is Domestic Science teacher in Adel, Georgia.
* * *

Miss Lucile Wood is teaching primary work in Barney, Georgia.
* * *

Miss Birdie Warren is teaching school in Wayne County, Georgia.
* * *

Miss Mary Small is teaching primary grades in Dorchester, Georgia.
* * *

Miss Mary Alice Sineath is teaching school in Adel, Georgia.
* * *

Miss Frances Gilmore and Mr. Bernard Piper were married November 25th. They will make their home in Macon, Georgia.
* * *

Miss Louise Clifford is in Atlanta, Georgia, taking a business course.
* * *

Miss Marguerite Powell is attending the University of Georgia.
* * *

Miss Nell Robinson is attending the University of Georgia.
* * *

Miss Ethel McSwain is attending the University of Georgia.
* * *

Miss Nowlan Sirmans is teaching first grade in a rural school in Ware County.
* * *

Miss Elizabeth Wright is in East Orange, New Jersey.
* * *

Miss Elizabeth Chance is teaching school in Orlando, Florida.
* * *

Miss Aline Tison is teaching first grade in Morven, Georgia.
* * *

Miss LaVerne Adams is teaching Civics, English, and History in the High School in Ty Ty, Georgia.



OKES



Louise McMichael

Freshman: "My room-mate says there are some things a girl should not do before twenty."

Sophomore: "Well, personally, I don't believe in such a large audience myself."

* * *

Miss Hopper, in geography class: "Do you know why the Horse latitudes are so called?"

Katherine Bruce: "Because so many horses grow there!"

* * *

"What a dirty crack!" exclaimed Miss Chandler as she inspected the fissure between the wall and the closet.

* * *

"He wanted to know why I hadn't written, and I told him I didn't care *two cents* for him!"

* * *

Dr. Durrenberger: "And what were the uses of the Roman bath?"

Mildred Fokes: "Why it was just the city tub."

* * *

"Gee, James—Are you *sure* you love me?"

"Say—what d'you think I brought you that box of pop-corn for?"

* * *

"Say, do you know those equations?"

"Naw, there's too much graph in that system."

* * *

Mr. Stokes, after lengthy lecture: "And now are there any questions anyone would like to ask?"

Voice from rear row: "Yes sir, will you please tell me the time?"

* * *

Dr. Durrenberger: "And what were the capitols of the Greek columns?"

Jewel Wurst: "They were the places where the Greeks went to talk over their affairs of the state."

* * *

"A "Town Girl" Senior was seen at chapel the other day for the first time in her college career. Eventually curiosity gets us all!

Thirty-five

The Georgia State Womans College At Valdosta

HAS OPENED ITS TWENTIETH SESSION UNDER
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When Helen Bishop was at home fall holidays she heard Carrie Mae, the negro cook, called her latest addition to the family "Routine". Bishop asked Carrie Mae why she had named the baby that. Carrie Mae said, "W'al I seen it in the spelling book one time and thought it 'uz pretty."

* * *

"I'm not thinskinnd. I laugh at my own foolishness."
"What a merry life you must lead!"

* * *

Virginia Clark: "You never know what you may meet around the corner in a fog."

Polly Walker: "And how can you tell when you come to a corner in a fog?"

* * *

Psychology says that it's the lower part of the face, not the eyes, which express one's thoughts. Yes, especially when one opens the lower part of the face!

A bright little red little thought
Goes racing through my head.
"If the bright little red were caught,
I'd have a poem," I said.