

# THE PINE BRANCH

ISSUED MONTHLY

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## THE BOUNDS OF GOSSIP

*Doris Zittouer*

For three and a half years Jane Everly had been a student at the college, and she had only three and a half months before she would proudly leave college with her degree. Jane was anxiously looking forward to the day when she would be free from school for life! What long years they had been for Jane, and she often hoped that her parents were at the height of their expectations of her, because she had come to school merely to please them.

"Well, Mil, old dear, to be exact we have one hundred and five days to go, and then we'll positively be through with school forever. What a swell barn fire these old books are going to make. Education 's a flop anyway, don't you think?"

Mil was the nickname of Mildred Thomas, Jane's roommate. For two years Jane and Mil had roomed together, and they had proved to be satisfactory roommates, although they were very different when it came to their nature, ambitions, and ideals of education.

"Jane, I do hope you will enjoy all those free times you are always raving about. That's the future and this is the present, and if my memory serves me right you have an exam in trig tomorrow."

"For goodness' sake let the trig exam ride awhile, I have the night before me. I'm not in the mood for study now."

"Listen, Jane, how's your average?"

"Oh, hump average, you know darn good and well a prof wouldn't flunk a senior! That trig prof has fallen for my line, and wouldn't the old bird be surprised if he knew that I had'nt cracked my book this semester."

"Take my advice Jane, or should I say, Miss Bluff, and wake up, and quit talking so loud or the whole hall will hear you."

Jane jumped from the bed, grabbed her mules, and slipped into her negligee.

"For heaven's sake Jane, what's the matter?"

For several minutes the two girls stared at each other, Jane was angry, Mil could see that her anger was growing and finally Jane blurted out, "Talk, talk, Mil, I'm going nuts. Listen, have you heard anything about me? Don't look at me so funny, I merely want to know if you had heard the gossip too. Of course you have, but you would think of me, and not say anything."

Mil was really confused, and she knew something was on Jane's mind. What was it?

"Have I heard the gossip? That's a fast one, but I'll bite, what phase of gossip are you referring to? I heard today on my way to class that council had a heated discussion in a meeting last night, and



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I also heard that Dean Lewis took a sudden inspiration to walk back campus Sunday night, and she saw more than she expected to see."

"What - what did she see, Mil?"

"Oh, some freshman said that she had heard some monitor say that the Dean had seen a girl come in the back way after eleven o'clock. That's the source of my information, and I guess the same story has several more chapters by now."

"Mil, are you sure you didn't hear anyone say who the girl was?"

"Nope, sure have'nt, but I suppose our good old friend Sarah knows all, go call on her for further information."

"Oh, I don't care to know that bad, but I sure would like to know who the girl was. When was the council meeting?"

"Last night."

"Is it true that we are going to have a call meeting tonight of the student Government Association?"

"Yep."

"What for? I wonder."

"Heaven's sake, Jane I've read this paragraph five times, and I haven't the thought yet. Why all the silly questions?"

Both girls were reading, but Jane knew nothing of what was on the printed page. A knock on the door made both girls jump.

"Come in!"

"Dean Lewis wishes to see you, Mildred."

"Me? What an hour for the Dean to send for me, didn't she know that I was undressed?"

Mil was gone thirty minutes, to Jane she had been gone two hours and thirty minutes. Mil came in so amused she couldn't wait to tell Jane.

"You know, Jane, Dean Lewis called me in to talk about you. Can you feature that?"

"What did she want?"

"Oh, don't get excited. She wanted to know how many times you had been out last week, if you were studying as you should, and other little odd questions. Tickles me. Why didn't she call you in?"

"What else did she say?"

"Oh, nothing much. We just got strung off on class affairs. Oh, she did ask me when you came in Sunday night."

"What did you say?"

"I told her that I was dead to the world and I really didn't know."

"What else did she ask about me?"

"Nothing in particular about you, but she did say that she never did know what to expect. Jane, I guess she thinks you aren't pas-



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sing, and that you are going out too much. You aren't the only one who's been jerked up about work. I heard that ——."

Jane jumped from her chair, went to the dresser and got a handkerchief; she began to cry and talk at the same time.

"Jane, for goodness' sake, what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing—Yes, there is something too. Listen, Mil, I can't stand this any longer, and you'll know tomorrow anyway, so I may as well tell you."

"Tell me what? Say, you can't talk while you're crying. Dry those eyes and tell me what's on your mind."

"Well, it was I who came in late Sunday night, and I thought I made a clear entrance. I came in and you were sound asleep, as usual. Don't look so dumb, I've slipped in three times since Christmas, but you didn't know it, because you sleep as hard as a rock."

"Jane, what are you talking about? Are you sure Dean Lewis saw you?"

"'Course I'm sure. I've heard enough gossip here and there to convince me, and since council meeting the members have stared holes thru me. Oh they know everything and everyone else will too at student government meeting tomorrow evening. ——"

\* \* \*

The Student Government meeting was called to order by the president, minutes read, and then the meeting was given over to the president of the college.

"I feel that is the duty of the president of any educational institution to bring before the student group the problems confronting the student body. Tonight our meeting is to be concerned with the problem of finance which is of much concern at present. The Board of Regents say ——."

"Mil, my free days have begun ——."





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HAVE YOU HEARD?

*Marjorie Sessions*

Emyle gazed intently at the guest list which she held in her hand. Apparently she was deeply engrossed in solving the difficult problem of cutting down the number of guests to be invited to her week-end house party. The guest list was worn and crumpled, giving the impression that it had been handled a great deal by a person who was very much undecided as to what to do with it. It had been folded and straightened out so many times that one name, which appeared in the exact center of the sheet, was almost completely obliterated.

If an observer had been skilled in the art of mental telepathy, it would have been quickly discovered that the guest list as a whole was not occupying Emyle's attention. Instead, the name which had almost disappeared from the slip of paper, was firmly stamped into her consciousness.

Mrs. Ennis looked questioningly at her daughter and, seeing that she was not at all conscious of her presence, suggested firmly,

"Emyle, I think it would be best for you to follow your mother's advice and get through with this unpleasant task at once. This is your affair—Amelia was your friend, but you insist on delaying the matter, I shall be forced to attend to it myself."

As an answer to her mother's suggestion, Emyle reached, in a dazed manner, for the telephone on the table near her, and mechanically repeated the familiar number, 3010. While waiting to be connected with the desired party, the girl moved nervously in the chair, as if awaiting an unpleasant interview. A quick click, made by the removing of a receiver, followed by a slow drawl of the number reported only a few seconds earlier by Emyle, told her that she was talking to Amelia's mother. Very briefly, she explained to Mrs. Lawson that the week-end party had been called off and that she expected to leave in the next few days, to be away the remainder of the summer.

"Emyle!"

The girl turned slowly, and met the angry eyes of her mother.

"I can not understand you! You—my daughter—have intentionally disobeyed me. Your week-end party shall not be called off! I suggest that you reconsider the matter and realize the stupidity of your actions—"

"I have considered nothing except my decision in the matter for the last twenty-four hours," interrupted Emyle quietly, "it remains



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unchanged. I, in turn, can not understand you, mother! Amelia is my best friend, the party is in honor of her twenty-first birthday, and I refuse completely to continue without her."

Emyle rose and walked slowly up the winding stairs toward her room. On the landing she looked down at the determined face of her mother, and knew that this was not the conclusion to the scene but that there would be other installments, ending with "to be continued later."

Hardly aware of what she was doing, Emyle walked across her room to the window overlooking the rose garden, and drew back the curtains. The roses in full bloom made a lovely view from the window, but all of this beauty was lost on the girl.

"It isn't true," she said to herself continually, "it can't be—but yet, the accuracy of the details stunned her—it could not be denied. "Amelia, how could you?" moaned Emyle, "without me knowing it?"

The same sinking feeling that Emyle had experienced the night before when her mother had first told her about Amelia, swept over her again. In her ears the clear, sharp words of her mother rang emphatically.

"In the future, Emyle, you are not to be seen with Amelia Lawson again. Dayton is entirely too cultured a community to approve of the risqué conduct of some of our young people today. Our pastor has already forbidden his daughter to have dates with your brother because he is seen continually with you and Amelia. I have always said that a girl's character can be judged by the company she keeps, and people here must know that you are no longer Amelia's friend."

"Why, mother," Emyle had protested quickly, "I'm sure that there must be some mistake! What has Amelia done to be so severely criticised?"

"Evidently you have been very blind to her actions, Emyle, or you have tried to conceal them, also. Amelia has not been visiting her aunt in Jackson as everyone has believed. She has been going to Branchville, instead, to meet that notorious young botanist who has all those false ideas about the creation of life and the power of God. They have been seen together quite early in the morning, coming out of the field, covered with mud and carrying weeds in their arms. She has been seen in his laboratory late in the night and also at his apartment many times during the day—"

"But, surely Mrs. Lawson would know about it," Emyle interrupted, "she doesn't object to Mr. Rand—"

"Col. Lawson certainly objects," cut in Mrs. Ennis, "and he has forbidden her to go with him. Her father is a very strict man, and



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Amelia was a little fool to go against his wishes. If he finds this out—of course, he doesn't know the scandal about his daughter."

Emyle protested violently against these accusations brought against her friend, but she was forced to admit that the proof was unquestionable. Why this had been town gossip for weeks, but naturally she was the last one to be told.

All night Emyle had thought about her friend, sometimes accusing her severely, and then again, making excuses for her conduct. The next morning she had not been able to continue with the arrangements for the week-end party that she and Amelia had planned for so long. Mrs. Ennis had insisted that Amelia's name be omitted from the guest list and Emyle would not openly humiliate her friend.

Now as Emyle stood in her room looking out over the rose garden, she wondered—could Amelia be in Branchville now? Mrs. Lawson certainly had not suggested that she wait and call Amelia when she returned. Mr. Lawson disapproved heartily of Paul Rand, but could Mrs. Lawson be shielding her daughter?

"Mother was right," thought Emyle, "Col. Lawson is a hard man. How thankful I am that my father isn't that strict on me. Why Amelia can't marry until she is twenty-one, unless her father approves—she'd be disinherited. Thank Heavens—Amelia will be twenty-one tomorrow and she can marry Paul without her father's consent."

Emyle almost shouted—Why the idea had just struck her! Maybe Amelia was fooling her father, hiding out from him until tomorrow, then she'd be safe.

Suddenly Emyle realized that she could not condemn her friend until she investigated the matter herself. Tomorrow she would go shopping for that knit suit that her mother had wanted her to add to her wardrobe for such a long time, and catch the 11:15 train to Branchville.

\* \* \* \* \*

Emyle walked the length of the lobby of the Branchville Hotel to a telephone booth marked "Private." She gave a number and then the click of a receiver and a voice said—41719.

"Mr. Rand's apartment?" inquired Emyle.

"Yes", came the answer, "but he is not in at present. May I take the message?"

"Why—er—no," stammered Emyle.

"Is your business urgent?" inquired the voice.

Emyle stammered again, for she realized that she had no business



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at all. Evidently her hesitation was interpreted as reluctance to talk to a stranger, for there was a brief pause and the person at the telephone apparently talked to others in the same room. Bits of the conversation were audible to Emyle.

"Do you think that I'd better take the message, instead of you?" a slow drawling voice inquired. What a familiar voice—Mrs. Lawson's. Almost impossible—thought Emyle.

Then came the answer, "No — I think it's quite all right now."

Another pause and then Emyle heard quick steps approaching the telephone. Now a voice was speaking—Amelia's voice—saying—

"This is Mrs. Rand, what can I do for you?"

## BREEZES

*Marie Louise Blair*

Tepid and langourous,  
Gallant and gay—  
Breezes that blow through my life today.  
Fraught with a memory sad as the sea—  
Breezes that blow through the world to me.  
Calm with a calmness  
Born of no care—  
Breezes that blow from I know not where.  
Come to caress me  
Steal them away—  
Breezes that blow here never to stay!



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A "STAG" AT A GIRL-BREAK DANCE

Virginia Martin

It seems so funny for girls to be breaking. Thank goodness, I don't have a date to bother with. I'll rush anyone I please, and no one else. Some of these boys need a lesson, anyhow.

Who'll I break on first? "Hi, Louise—that's a precious dress!"—Must she wear that terrible green?—Guess I'll break on Anne's date. She's scared to death she'll get stuck—People are so silly at dances. They say such insane things—"Having a good time?" He knows I'm going to say "yes." Golly, isn't Mary going to get any one to break? I've danced three dances with him already—this walking around between dances bores me to death—There's Dick. Wonder whom he came with? I'm scared to try to dance with him. He looks like—Thank goodness, here comes help in the form of Ellen.—"Enjoyed it."

There's Bob and Mildred. It'll give me the greatest pleasure to break up that little party. She's so sure of him. "May I break, darlin'?" Boy! what a dirty look! He's not very communicative. Oh well—what do I care? Someone's breaking—

Break on your date? No thanks, I took one look, that's enough! "Oh, I'm sorry, but there's a boy from my home town here, and I simply must break on him." Catch me getting stuck with that egg.

"Hello, Frank. Been trying to break all night, but couldn't make it. What'd he say? Oh, a no-break. Who do you have this one with? Marilyn?" (If she doesn't come, I'll break her neck.) "Yes, I'd love to have it with you if she doesn't come. Oh, here she is. Sorry." I'm glad I got out of that.

"Introduce me to your date, Sis. I like his looks." — Did I get fooled? I've never seen such a terrible dancer. Say, if you must step on my feet, make it one at a time. "Thanks. I like to dance with you, too." — Must this go on forever? — at last!

"Shorty, how are you?—You can't make me believe that. I'll bet you've told every girl here the same thing. — Yes, isn't she pretty? Such lovely hair." He doesn't even know she dyed it. Men are such fools. "Tired? Want some punch?" He's getting a dose of his own medicine now. Groaning about dancing so long without stopping to rest. They never consider our feet at the regular dances. —"Sorry, you can't smoke in here—Yes, it's the prettiest thing—" I could have had a corsage, too, if I'd bought mine like she did. "G'bye, Shorty."

Believe I'll sit down awhile—nobody ought to wear a dress that



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thin.—Walter's never smiled at me like that before. Oh, I see. He's still dancing with Marguerite. Well, he can give me that come-hither look 'til his eyes drop out, but I'll not break on him. Not after the way he treated me at the Christmas dance."

"Yes, I'll dance with him if you'll get someone to break—" "I'm from Blanktown. Where are you from?—Yes, I know her. She lives right across the street—" Do I know Fat Burns? I guess he thinks I'll bite on that!—But he is cute—" "A date? That would be grand." Hope I didn't sound too anxious. Here comes Sadie—she would. May you break? I don't care if you crumble!

Intermission—wish I had a date. "Hello. Yes, I'm having a marvelous time." Gosh I'm sleepy. There comes Mr. Rose. Let me get out before I have to talk to him—I look like a wreck. Why didn't someone tell me my nose was shining?

Let's see. Have I danced with everyone? Maybe I'd better break on Dave. He's always nice to me—Why's Grace staring at me so? Guess she's mad with me for rushing Phil so much. Well, she'll have to take it —.

"Dave, I'm sorry I haven't broken sooner. There were some boys from home—oh, but it's true—you know I'd rather dance with you—you shouldn't say that—you know I do." Wish they'd quit bumping into us—"Now you know that's a little lie, Dave. He's crazy about Agnes. He wouldn't look at me—Fine. Just call me—you would break, Kitty!"

"Home Sweet Home." They always play that just when I'm having the best time. "Break?—Goodnight, Hal. Have surely enjoyed dancing with you tonight—What? I haven't broken on you before? I could have sworn I had—But you see, there were so many boys from home — — ."





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WILLIE PAUL'S SERMON ABOUT  
"NORY'S" FLOOD

*Louise McMichael*

It was a rainy Sunday morning in August. Dr. and Mrs. Hagood had dutifully gone to church, leaving their sinful younger generation lazily reading the Sunday papers. I was perfectly contented to remain home with them, because it was the last day of my visit there.

Bill came out of the kitchen into the living room with a look of pretended shame on his face.

"All of us is going straight to hell, brothers and sisters," he declared. "Willie Paul has just prophesied eternal damnation for us!"

We all smiled at the thought of the eleven year old negro philosopher.

"Call him in," said Sally, "and let us defend ourselves."

Willie Paul's peculiar walk could be heard as he flapped out of the kitchen in response to the summons. We demanded his reasons for condemning us.

"Heah's Sunday mawnin'," he replied, "and not nair one of de Hagood chilluns at chu'ch. Ef you don' heah at leas' one submon on Sondag hit's a sin. I mean sho' nuff; an' de debil gwine git you!"

"Nothing to do but hear a sermon, good people," decided George. "The radio has too much static, so one of us will have to preach. Bill, it's between you and Willie Paul. There'll be a reward for the one who delivers the most instructive message to us."

At the mention of a reward Willie Paul's black eyes lighted up. He looked up at Bill. The broad black nose wriggled expectantly and his thick lips broadened into a grin.

"Me fu'st—or you, Mistah Bill?"

"Oh, I'll let you go first, Willie Paul. I'll have to think." Bill's eyes twinkled. "Give your text."

"Put up yo' money," Willie Paul said emphatically. Then he said very sweetly, "Is you got a cigarette so I kin conserate?"

Some one handed him a cigarette and he inhaled several times, holding it between his thumb and first finger and blowing the smoke over the burning end. Then he stood before us and delivered the following sermon:

\* \* \* \* \*

Bruth'ren an' sistren. I'm gwine take my tex' from de book o' Job, de twenty-third chaptah o' Matthew, an' de fus' vuss, "And de floods came and de rains fell."

One time Nory had a flood. Hit's a mean ole kang in dat co'ntry and all de peoples 'uz a-smokin' cigarettes, an' a-dancin', an' playin'



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cahds, an' evah thing like dat. Nory kep' tellin' 'bout hit's gwine be a flood. He put papers all on de telephone poles, but nobody wouldn' pay no 'tention ter him.

Aftah while, one day, all de peoples wuz up ter de kang's house carryin' on an' Nory went up dere. He said ter de kang, "Mistah Kang," he said, "I'm tellin' you, hit's gwine be a bad flood; an' some o' you folks bettah git right or de sins of de fathers is gwine be visited upon y'all."

Dat ole kang jes' laugh an' look aroun' an' say, "Dis ole Nory don' know what he talkin' 'bout—Sang on!" Den he start thankin' 'bout de flood an' he sent one o' his servise out dere to see ef it's any sign o' rain.

The service came back in an' say, "naw suh, Mistah Kang. Ain't 'cep jes' a leedle cloud in de Naws an' Souse an' Eas' an' Wes'."

De kang laugh some mo' an' say, "What I done tole y'all? Dat ole Nory done gone looney. Dance on!"

And den, mah beloved, de flood come! Drops o' watah big's tin tubs. Hit kep' on a-rainin' an' den de peoples got kind o' 'fraid. But de kang jes' laugh an' say, "Aw, I seen lot wusser rains dan dis. Smoke cigarettes on!"

Aftah while de watah come up to de fust floor o' de house. An' some o' de peoples start tellin' de kang dat mebbe Nory's right 'bout dat thang. But de kang jes' say, "Aw, ole Nory jes' crazy. Why, I seen lot wusser rains dan dis. Come on up to de nex' floor and drank whiskey on!" Dey kep' on a-dancin' from one floor to de nex'.

Hit rained fawty days an' fawty nights and finally de kang an' his crowd got up to de roof o' de house. Den de watah come on up and dey had to jump off. Lots o' de peoples uz already daid.

Den somebody said, "Look ovah yondah. What's dat floatin' so peaceful on de watahs?" Hit wuz Nory's Ark.

De eagle ca'ied mail fo' Nory. Hit ca'ied de culled peoples fus'; den de white peoples; den de snakes, an' ants, an' geraffs, an' elyphants.

Den he come back and set up on Nory's han' like dis an' say, "Nory, I done done ev'ah thang you tole me. I ca'ied de cullud peoples, de white peoples, de geraffs, de elyphants, an' all dose thangs."

\* \* \* \* \*

Willie Paul paused and looked out the window over the rainy landscape. His face assumed a serious expression. "Ef I wuz you, deah ones, I'd git right—'cause hit may come another flood!"

He walked over to a table to crush his cigarette into an ash tray. Bill smiled at him fondly. "You win, Willie Paul. Take the money."



## EDITORIAL

*Virginia Martin*



We have had quite a few serious talks in chapel recently on such subjects as "War Debts," "Technocracy," "The Sales Tax and the Present School Situation." The chapel speakers are helping us to realize that we are no longer girls who can depend on others to shoulder the responsibilities of the nation, but that we are each

an important unit of the nation, and it is our duty to have an intelligent understanding and interest in its affairs.

The girl who is ignorant of the affairs of her state and country may have been able "to get away with it" at one time, because the woman was expected to be interested in household duties alone. But now that women have secured so many legal rights, and are constantly gaining recognition in new fields; the girl who is ignorant of current trends is considered as "dumb" and not "charmingly naive." A girl may be able to win a man's friendship or love by rolling her eyes, or practising any of the age-old wiles of women, but to maintain this friendship or love, there must be congeniality. Any intelligent man desires and expects an equally intelligent woman for a friend or a wife.

It is our duty to be familiar with current events, and to understand what steps are being taken by our state and national legislatures. Where an important question is at issue, we must discover both sides to the question, determine the right side, and stand by our determination. When we know the facts, we must not sit down on the job, but must do all we can to see that the right thing is done. How can we, who are almost all too young to vote, do anything to determine the steps which the "political powers" will take? We can use our influence at home and elsewhere. Our parents would be proud of us if we showed an active and intelligent interest in current affairs, and we might do much to influence them. We may, in ordinary conversations, change the views of friends. We may write our legislators, show them we are interested in the issues, ask them to help put over our beliefs.

We are a part of the youth of America, the youth that is responsible for the future of our country. Are we going to go on blindly ignorant of our country's situation, or are we going to step in and take a hand in helping our country to get back on its feet?



## LOCALS

*Marjorie Sessions*



Mr. J. R. Mott, Principal of the Valdosta High School, spoke in assembly on the subject of Technocracy. Dr. Powell explained in chapel, Monday, March 6th, the importance of the proposed Sales Tax Bill in regard to relieving the school systems of Georgia.

\* \* \*

The members of the Glee Club were hostesses at tea on Wednesday afternoon, February 22. They had as their guests, the members of the Emory Junior Glee Club. Miss Elizabeth Pardee, Thomasville, President of the Glee Club, presided at the tea table, and was assisted in serving by other officers and members of the club. During the afternoon, entertainment was furnished by a negro quartet and by the Emory Junior Glee Club.

\* \* \*

The Junior class sponsored a faculty take off on Friday evening, February 24th. The chairman of the committee in charge was Miss Margaret Easterlin, Boston.

\* \* \*

The Senior class was in charge of the Student Government meeting held in the Rotunda, Friday, March 3rd. "The College Girl We Admire" was the subject and the following phases were discussed: Attitude towards Work, by Miss Emily Jennings, Dawson. Attitude towards Play, Miss Frances Arrington, Ellaville; Attitude towards the Student Government Association, Miss Emeliza Swain, Rome; Attitude towards other Girls, Miss Mildred Minchew, Baxley; Attitude of the Town Students, Miss Anna Frances Ham, Valdosta; Attitude towards Boys, Miss Louise McMichael, Quitman.

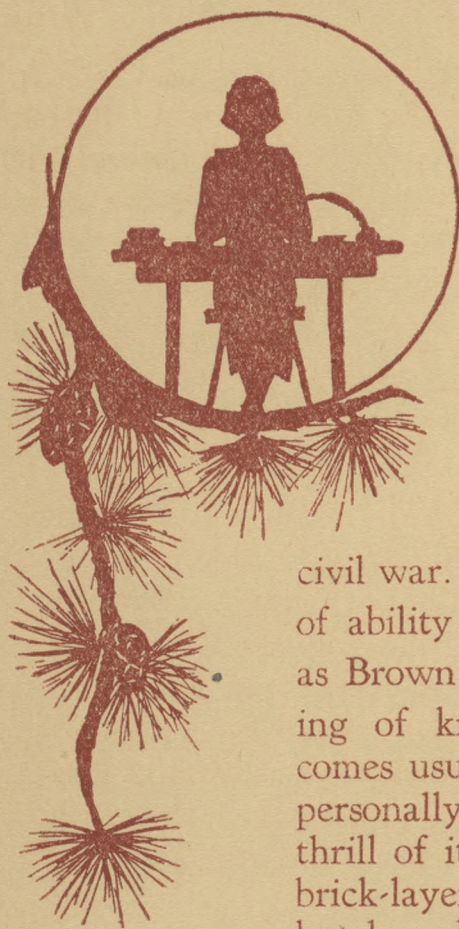
\* \* \*

The Senior class prophecy was presented by the Juniors, Friday, March 10th. As the prophecy was read, the seniors, as they will appear in 1943, passed in review before the crystal ball. Miss Margaret Bischoff, Savannah, chairman of the committee in charge, was assisted by Misses Sarah Nicholson, Amsterdam; Vonice Ritch, Jesup, and Marjorie Sessions, McRae.



## CRITICAL TIPS

*Katheryne Connell*



Once again has come the glory of the Southern spring, and with the Southern spring has come the present crisis. The much abused depression has taken on the aspect of drama. To think we, who have always been too young or too much preoccupied with other things, are actually a part in the history of this grand America of the most crucial period since the

civil war. The high purpose of sacrifice, the proving of ability that Jones can do as well on his pittance as Brown and Robinson on theirs. There is a feeling of kinship and unity abroad nowadays that comes usually with wartimes, so I've been told, and personally, I think it's rather wonderful. The big thrill of it all is that philosopher, teacher, preacher, brick-layer, Judy O'Grady, the Colonel's Lady, the butcher, baker, the candlestick maker—all of us, are just as perturbed as we can be, but each one is resolved to be as sporting as the next fellow. Sometimes our pioneer ancestors seem to be peeping over our shoulders, speaking with our voices, seeing with our eyes.

\* \* \*

Into the gloom comes one man with a candle of reason in his hand. Read J. M. Daiger's article in the February Harper's *Confidence Credit, and Cash*.

\* \* \*

Perhaps my next recommendation is a little out of order, but nevertheless some people can manage to be bored in the midst of anything, so here goes "The State of Being Bored" in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March.

\* \* \*

Elmer Rice (*Street Scene, Counsellor-at-Law*) gives another cross-section of American life in his *We, the People*. No one is more master of the vignette in drama than Rice. With a few masterly strokes he portrays a character unforgettably. Have a look into the *March Stage* and see types you meet on the street everyday. Who knows, you might have come to life yourself under the hand of the modern giant of character-portrayal.

\* \* \*

Katharine Cornell is playing in a drama of our own times after  
*Sixteen*



## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

roaming in ancient Rome. Sidney Howard wrote it, *Alien Corn*. When will the queen relent and resort to the lowly movie, so that we, the people who live in Valdosta, Quitman, Thomasville, and the like, may see her?

\* \* \*

And guess what has happened? Since the sophisticated darlings of Park Avenue and Broadway have seen *Alice in Wonderland*, a new vogue of hairdressing has come in, all down the back and a ribbon like Alice.

\* \* \*

Of course no one missed *Strange Interlude*. Dear old Charlie stole the show for me, but I bet you liked Gable? Well, there is one thing we will not argue about and that is Shearer. But what I came to ask you was: Don't you think that before so very long all the movies will be thinking aloud? In a novel one is given an analysis of the character, in the movies, this is of course impossible. The dear things can't quite afford to be subtle, but with the actors repeating their thoughts, perhaps we could grasp what the author really meant to put into it. The play may be the thing, but the plot isn't all of it.

\* \* \*

G. K. who calls himself simply that, but who is really Mr. Chesterton, illustrator, gentleman, author, essayist—but you hadn't thought very seriously about his poetry? Well, this versatile person has written the most exquisite love poem I have ever read. It depicts the courage of lovers, the thrill of want of luxury, the purging quality of grief, and the hunger that is in itself a blessing for those who have eaten with gods. Don't miss this poem. It is in the library in a volume of poems by Chesterton. The title of this poem which comes in a group of love songs is: *The Great Minimum*.

\* \* \*

In the March 6th issue of *Time* Mrs. Sara Delano Roosevelt, the president's mother, gives us an insight into Franklin Roosevelt by a very innocent remark, "Franklin had a great way of ordering his playmates about." And though Americans of voting age could hardly be termed playmates, they are all waiting, and hoping that he will order them to do something definite and constructive. He might even, quoting Roark Bradford's *Green Pastures*, "rare back and pass a miracle." Who knows?

\* \* \*

And ending with the words of Charles Reade's immortal Denys "Courage Comrade, the Devil is dead."



## CLUBS

*Margaret Bischoff*



The annual Glee Club concert of the Georgia State Womans College was given at the Ritz Theatre on Thursday evening, March 4th. The program which was presented in two parts, consisted of songs and dances. In the first part of the program many beautiful songs were sung by the Glee Club, with Miss Margaret Lindsey, Blakely, as soloist. Miss Margaret Zipplies, Savannah, gave a piano solo.

Part Two of the program opened by the Glee Club singing a Russian folk song, which was followed by a Russian folk dance.

Miss Mildred McDonald, Colquitt, sang "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." At the close of the song an interpretation of the dance "Irish Eyes" was given by a special group. An Irish folk song was sung by the Club.

A dance "Gypsy Festival" was followed by a vocal solo by Miss Rebecca Fryer, Blakely.

Miss Joy Miller, Albany, sang a Mexican folk dance rhythm. While the Glee Club sang "Under the Silver Stars" Misses Willene Roberts, Valdosta, and Mildred Minchew, Baxley, gave "The Exhibition Tango."

The program was brought to a climax with a Southern dance, "Dixie Blossoms." This dance was followed by a vocal solo by Miss Margaret Williams, Douglas. Other Southern songs were sung by the Glee Club, Miss Eloise Odum, Ashburn, singing the solo parts, and the program was brought to a close with "Old Folks at Home."

The personnel of the Glee Club is as follows: Misses Elizabeth Smith, Meigs; Joy Miller, Albany; Marie Gaskins, Nashville; Evelyn May, Quitman; Elizabeth Kelley, Savannah; Lyall Temple, Lake View, S. C.; Margaret Lindsey, Blakely; Mildred McDonald, Colquitt; Elizabeth Taylor, Bainbridge; Eloise Odom, Ashburn; Nancy Rowland, Wrightsville; Ann Myddleton, Valdosta; Peggy Bower, Bainbridge; Judy Cochran, Camilla; Margaret Williams, Douglas; Miriam Ryon, Hinesville; Frances Copeland, Valdosta; Mary Elizabeth Weatherford, Savannah; Louise Ambos, Savannah; Louise McMichael, Quitman; Sarah Murchison, Vidalia; Sarah Bingham, Moul-



## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

trie; Dorothy Ogletree, Savannah; Elise Adams, Vidalia; Doris Young, Valdosta; Louise Odom, Ashburn, Lucy Hammond, Griffin; Elizabeth Pardee, Thomasville; Emeliza Swain, Rome; Betsy Powell, Valdosta; Elizabeth Fitzgerald, Camilla; Mildred Vail, Bessemer, Ala., and Adelaide Spencer, Savannah.

\* \* \*

The International Relations Club met in the upper Rotunda on Monday evening, March 6th, for their regular monthly meeting. Miss Doris Zittrouer, Chairman of the program, gave an interesting questionnaire on current events. After this the social committee was in charge of the program.

\* \* \*

At the meeting of the Science Club on March 11th, Miss Marruth Carter, who is doing research work on insectivorous plants, gave a most interesting talk on that subject.

\* \* \*

The Euclidian Club gave a very interesting as well as entertaining program at Chapel on Wednesday, March 1. Miss Pauline Forbes, Valdosta, President of Club, was in charge of the program. The program opened with an amusing song, to the tune of Yankee Doodle, by the club. Miss Annie Sue Brandon, Norman Park, read a paper on "Teaching High School Mathematics."

Miss Mary Glover, Valdosta, read an interesting paper on "The Theory of Probability," and Misses Martele Turner, Valdosta; Marie Gaskins, Nashville, and Ann Jones Boller, Savannah, entertained the student body with some very clever jokes.

At the regular monthly meeting of the club, Mr. Ford, a local insurance agent, spoke to the girls on the importance of insurance and different types of insurance.

\* \* \*

Two one-act plays were presented at the monthly meeting of the Sock and Buskin Club on Thursday evening, March 9th. "Over-

\* \* \*

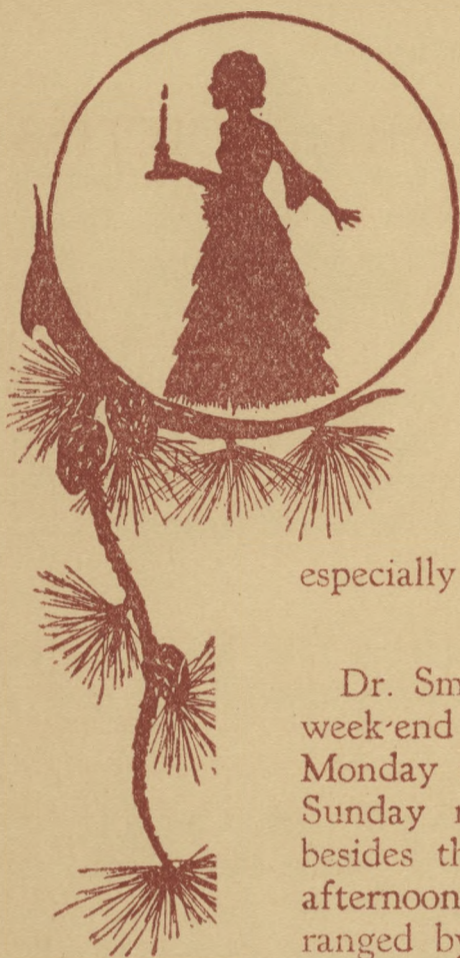
tones," a comedy, presented in the manner of the recent play "Strange Interlude" was given under the direction of Miss Emily Burney, Boston. The cast included: Harriet, Miss Mary Virginia McKey, Valdosta; Margaret, Miss Marie Gaskins, Nashville; Netty, Miss Elizabeth Kelley, Savannah, and Maggie, Miss Nancy Rowland, Wrightsville.

"Antiques," another comedy, was presented under the direction of Miss Anna Frances Ham, Valdosta. The cast for this play included, Mrs. Sprawls, Elah Holiday, Vienna; Amelia, Lavinia Buckner, Waycross; Miss Clair Van Ness, Broun Hutchinson, Valdosta.



## Y. W. C. A.

Judy Cochran



At vespers, Thursday evening, February 16th, Miss Annie Belle Weatherford, of Savannah, gave a most interesting talk on "The opportunities in the business world for women." Since the Sophomores at their conference periods have been studying this same topic all the year, it was thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated, especially by them, as well as the rest of the group.

\* \* \*

Dr. Smart, who was a visitor on the campus the week-end of February 18th, returned to Atlanta Monday night. He held services Saturday night, Sunday morning and night, and Monday night, besides the informal groups Sunday and Monday afternoons. Many private conferences were arranged by the girls. Dr. Smart has been visiting the campus for about twelve years now, but he seems to grow dearer as the time goes by. He has hardly left the campus before we are anticipating his return the next year. But we will not have to wait so long this year, for he will be on the Emory Jr. campus sometime in April.

\* \* \*

We are so glad to hear that Miss Edith Patterson is recuperating at her home in Columbus, Georgia. As an adviser of the Y. W. C. A. we are especially interested in her, and hope that she will soon be on our campus again.

\* \* \*

The program on Thursday evening, February 23rd, was very worthwhile and inspirational. Misses Leonora Du Four, of Albany, and Carolyn Bullard, of Nashville, played soft music. Miss Henry Kate Gardner, of Camilla, read "The Mansion" by Henry Van Dyke.

\* \* \*

Miss Henry Kate Gardner, of Camilla, gave a very interesting talk on the problems of the negro in the United States, on Sunday evening, February 26th. In this talk she brought out many points that we have a tendency to forget. One finds that such little reminders are very helpful in everyday life.





## LITERARY SOCIETIES

*Adelaide Spencer*

*Henry Kate Gardner*

"Three Pills in a Bottle," a fantasy in one act by Rachael Lyman Field, was presented at a joint meeting of the Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies on Tuesday evening, March 8th. The play was under the direction of Miss Mildred Minchew, of Baxley.

This fantasy is the very wistful and appealing story of Tony Sims, a little fever-stricken child who is left alone all day to play with his imaginary friends. His mother, a poor widow, has bought, at much sacrifice, three pills for him to take. There is a yellow pill which will take away the pain from his head, a brown pill which will make his eyes stop aching, and a red pill which will make him grow tall and strong.

One day while his mother is away at her work as a seamstress, Tony sees an elderly man pass by. Tony asks him in to play, but he refuses as he is too busy settling his accounts. Tony begs him to send his soul in to play. The elderly gentleman's soul is so old and bent and ragged that Tony can't believe he belongs to his master, for the elderly gentleman was so big and well dressed. The soul says his condition is due to neglect on his master's part. Tony thinks that perhaps the elderly gentleman will notice his soul more if his soul were bigger than he. He gives the soul the red pill, and the soul is so pleased he promises to bring his master back to pay his respects.

The elderly gentleman's soul has hardly gone before a scissors grinder comes by. He is lean and bent, but very good natured. Tony asks him to come in and play, but he cannot. At Tony's request he sends his soul. His soul is much taller than he, and he sings to Tony of the travels he and his master make. When he finishes singing he complains of a headache which the buzz of the grinder gives him. Tony gives him the yellow pill to stop the headache, and he is so happy he promises to come again with his master and sing.

Tony is still humming the song of the scissors grinder's soul when an old Irish scrubwoman comes by. Tony asks her to come in and play, but she must be on her way to scrub floors. She sends in her



## THE PINE BRANCH

soul instead. This is the most beautiful soul Tony has ever seen. She is like a fairy. She tells Tony of the wonderful land her mistress used to live in, and of the lovely things to be seen there. This is so thrilling to Tony that he gives the soul the brown pill to take away the ache she has in her eyes caused by the soapsuds in them. The soul is so grateful, she promises to come back and bring a bunch of harebells full of dew to him.

The widow comes home, and weeps when she finds the pills gone. Tony tells her what he has done with them. She cries harder, but Tony is happy because he hears the scissors grinder's song far away, and knows his headache is cured. The old scrub woman comes by and hands Tony a bunch of harebells wet with dew. Tony knows her eyes do not ache any longer. The elderly gentleman, with his soul grown bigger, comes by, and gives the widow money to buy more pills.

Those taking part in the play were Misses Virginia Martin, Arlington, as Tony Sims; Louise Durham, Dawson, as the Widow Sims; Estelle Roberts, Cordele, as an elderly gentleman; Frances Arrington, Ellaville, as her soul; Vonice Ritch, Jesup, as a scissors grinder; Grace Lahey, Valdosta, as his soul; Peggy Bower, Bainbridge, as an old scrubwoman, and Elizabeth Kelley, Savannah, as her soul.







## KAPPA-LAMBDA NEWS

*Ruby Nell Wall—Kappa*  
*Frances DuPriest—Lambda*

The last basket ball and fist ball games were played Friday, March 3, the Lambdas winning the basket ball game 31-11, and the Kappas winning the fist ball game 2-1. They were both interesting and exciting games. The two teams were fighting in the

game but no harder than were the rooters on the side lines. Before the games the Kappas showed how much pep they had by giving a grand march. All this time the Lambdas were letting off steam by giving their favorite yells. In other words, these were swell games.

The Lambda line-ups were—Fist Ball: Misses Annie Sue Brandon, Norman Park; Mary Glover, Valdosta; (captain) Betty McCollum, Thomasville; Louise Durham, Dawson; Edith Hightower, Bainbridge; Jeannette Schulman, Albany; Annie Warren, Jesup; Virginia Tuck, Thomasville.

Basket Ball: Misses Jack Studstill, Lakeland; Helen Bishop, Unadilla (forwards); Emily Burney, Boston; Una Ritch, Jesup (center); Janet Cook, Boston; Dot Andrews, Plains (guards).

The Kappa line-ups were—Fist Ball: Misses Mildred Morris, Brinson (captain); Reba Harrison, Boston (manager); Sara Bingham, Valdosta; Margaret Joiner, Griffin; Jeselyn Mosely, Valdosta; Carolyn Davidson, Gabbettville; Virginia Ingram, Bainbridge; Virginia Bickley, Ocilla; Ruth Jones, Thomasville.

Basket Ball: Misses Marie Gaskins, Nashville; Modesta Dukes, Coolidge (forwards); Teets Brabham, Moultrie; Margaret Hall, Adel (guards); Louise McMichael, Quitman; Lavinia Buckner, Waycross (center).

Substitutes: N. Johnson, Valdosta; Dot Ogletree, Savannah.

\* \* \*

Kappa line-up: Misses Kathleen Glisson, Bainbridge (captain); Ruby Nell Wall, Ellaville (manager); Evelyn Cherry, Bainbridge; Mrs. Glen Johnson, Quitman; Misses Mildred Turnbull, Moultrie; Ann Jones Boller, Savannah; Emeliza Swain, Rome; Vonice Ritch, Jesup; Lucile Hudson, Thomasville; Mary Polhill, Sylvester; Ruth Ellis, Savannah; Hilda Jane Cox, Camilla; Elise Adams, Vidalia.

*Twenty-three*



## ALUMNAE NEWS

*Nelle Bracey*



On March 4th a meeting was held in Savannah for the purpose of formally organizing a local G. S. W. C. alumnae chapter. The meeting was in the form of a luncheon at Colonial Kitchens. Miss Mildred M. Price, of Valdosta, president of the alumnae association, presided at the meeting, and assisted in the organization of the

chapter. This chapter is to include Savannah and neighboring counties. Miss Emma Moore was elected president. In addition to Miss Moore, officers elected were Miss Martha Youngblood, secretary, and Miss Kate Jones, of Riceboro, treasurer. Plans were also made for the luncheon to be held during the spring convention of the Georgia Educational Association.

Those present at this meeting were: Miss Mary Winn, Miss Martha Youngblood, Miss Ruth Folger, Mrs. C. T. Brown, of Guyton, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Emma Moore, Mrs. Miriam Stokes Williams, Mrs. Ruth Harrell Ellis, Miss Mildred Price and Miss Nell Bracey, of Valdosta.

A number of letters were received from other prospective members expressing regrets at not being able to attend this meeting.

\* \* \*

Mrs. C. T. Brown, known to us as Caroline Cubbedge, is living in Guyton. She has two children, Barbara and Charles. Her sister Mary is living in Miami and is now Mrs. Kyle Cook.

\* \* \*

Mary Winn is teaching the first grade at one of the county schools near Savannah.

\* \* \*

Nowlan Sirmans is living in St. Louis, Mo. She is studying to be a laboratory technician.

\* \* \*

Eunice Chute is teaching commercial subjects in the high school at Folkston, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Georgia Patterson is teaching fifth grade, also History and Latin, in high school at Geneva, Georgia.



VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Velma Kennedy of the class of '27 has a very interesting position as executive secretary of the Young Woman's Community Club in Orlando, Florida.

\* \* \*

Louise Sasser of the class of '27 is teaching fourth grade in Broward School of Tampa, Florida. Her address is 3013 Jefferson St.

\* \* \*

Grace Griffin is teaching in Milford, Ga. Grace sends best wishes to the Lambdas, and hopes that they will put their name on the placard this year.

\* \* \*

Marion Groover is teaching in Dublin, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Estelle Barker is teaching in Columbia Hospital, Columbia, S. C.

\* \* \*

Reba Hill is teaching in the high school at Ashburn, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Ida Groover is teaching science in the high school at Andrews, S. C.

\* \* \*

Lucile McGregor is teaching Bible at Andrew College, Cuthbert, Georgia.

\* \* \*

The following newspaper clipping was taken from The Valdosta Times: "Miss Frances Janet Groover and Mr. Eugene Hodges, Jr., both of Boston, were married January 27, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Groover. Both bride and bridegroom are popular young people and belong to prominent Boston families. They will live in Boston."







## JOKES

*Emily Flucker*

More Boners:

In the middle of the nineteenth century, all the morons moved to Utah.

Heredity is a bad thing and it ought to be prevented.

The Ford is a fine car, with a good body and excellent chaos.

Rural life is found mostly in the country.

One of the main causes of dust is janitors.

At Roman banquets the guests wore garlicks on their heads.

Before Daniel was born his mother was visited by an angel and so she called him John.

The best illustration of faith is when blind Bartimeus climbed a tree to see his Lord pass by.

And the Spartan boy gave no sign, although the fox gnawed his vitamins.

"Stante litora puppes":—there stands a litter of puppies.

"Poeta rascitur non fit":—a poet is not fit to be born.

Romeo and Juliet are an example of an heroic couplet.

The flower has five parts, sepals, pedals, antlers, pistil and trigger.

The revolution in India is being led by Manhattan Dandy.

The Mayonnaise is the French national song.

They don't raise anything in Kansas but alpaca grass, and they have to irritate that to make it grow.

Virginia is also noted for its hysterical sights.

Cromwell was thrown from his horse, suffered a fracture of the Feudal system and died of it.

The writing in Ancient Egypt was called Hydraulics.

Chamois are a kind of cantelope.

Keats is a poet who wrote on a greasy urn.

Geese is a low heavy bird which is most meat and feathers. Geese can't sing much on account of the dampness of the water. He ain't got no between-his-toes and he's got a little balloon in his stummick to keep him from sinking. Some geese when they are big has curls on their tails and is called ganders. Ganders don't have to sit and hatch, but just eat and loaf around and go swimming. If I was a goose I'd rather be a gander.



VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

CAMPUS CHATTER

Gadabout

March winds are blowing again, blowing in all manner of lovely new clothes, pert new hats, cocky spring outfits. And the old proverb certainly seems to be true: "To them as has shall be given unto, to them as hasn't shan't get any more." That is true in my case, at any rate, because I know I didn't have anything, and I'm positive that I'm getting nothing—but the world goes on as usual . . . . .

Have you ever noticed Miriam Ryon's hair? It glistens like spun gold . . . . . Virginia Sheppard is such a sweet, dainty little person . . . . . Dot's snared the campus sweetheart . . . . . Virginia Clark's new blue outfit is a knock-out. A certain young gentleman I know seems to think so, too . . . . . I'm looking forward to Leonora Du Four's issue of the *Pine Branch* next month . . . . . Elizabeth Kelley and Dot Hester have a heart interest out at Emory, Jr., I hear . . . . . Lucky Virginia Martin, going to a Tech dance . . . . . We can't decide which career to choose, legal or . . . . . commercial . . . . . "Cissy" Brown looks the typical "All-American" girl . . . . . Henry Kate Gardner has a charming manner (Emory Jr. seems to think so, too) . . . . . We miss McMichael around campus lately . . . . . Charlotte Swearinger looks like a million dollars in her new red dress and hat ——— (that's nothing unusual, she always does) . . . . . How does Martiele Turner always keep her hair so beautifully done? . . . . . Jewel Bussell has such cute clothes . . . . . The Glee Club Concert was the best I've seen in years. The costumes were so effective, and the dances lovely, especially the last one . . . . . And why is it that faculty take-offs are always so popular? The Juniors should have made a fortune on the last one. It was very good, too.

Everyone thoroughly enjoyed having Dr. Smart on the campus this year. His talks are very effective and his religion worth the having.





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