

# THE PINE BRANCH

ISSUED MONTHLY

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## RECONSIDERATION

*Leonora Du Four*

"There is no beauty in the night," I cry,  
"The pine clad hills are heavy with the rain  
Of early summer evenings, and the  
Night is listless, dull, inane" . . . .

"No," you answer, "You are very foolish—  
Maybe very young; Yonder in the valley  
The moon is breaking through the pale  
Rainclouds and o'er the hills  
There is a white mysterious veil.  
And the lights along the water's edge  
Are dim, mysterious, hidden; still you see  
No beauty in the scene?" You turn  
And look at me incredulously.

Then you turn into the night  
And while I stumble after,  
"Maybe you are right," I cry—  
But I only hear your laughter. . . . .



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PLAY DAY—MAY DAY

*Adelaide Spencer*

The sun comes slowly up over the dome of the Administration Building. It is hidden in mist at first, but it breaks through and smiles cheerily down upon a broad athletic field. The field is festive with many-colored streamers and balloons on the goal posts and tennis courts. The sun grows warmer and absorbs the dewy freshness. Not a cloud is in the sky. There is a hush of expectancy in the air.

Cars full of girls begin to arrive. They enter the dormitories clad in sport clothes and come out again looking like Babe Dedrickson herself. They become very active at tennis, basketball, box-hockey, fist ball, and a dozen other sports. American girls playing American games! Fun, excitement, victory, defeat, scores, drinks, ice cream! Play Day!

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun reaches its height both in heat and distance. The crowds go into one of the dormitories, and songs rend the air. Prizes are awarded the members of the winning team. The crowds come out to enjoy a picnic lunch with hearty appetites and smiles for the cameraman. Glassy stares become less glassy. College seniors rub elbows with high school seniors and say "Come to my room and rest."

Afternoon comes! The sky is as blue as blue can be. The crowds are gay. They gather on the green for the grand climax of the day. The seasons appear in the form of graceful dancers. Spring is crowned queen of the seasons before her rainbow maidens.

Now comes the lovely Queen o' the May with her Lords and Ladies gorgeous in color and majestic in effect. She is crowned before a merry crowd of fun makers who then begin their festivities in her honor.

The villagers show the Queen what would happen if all the world were paper. The Irishmen show her a bit of their native land. The Morris Men do a sword dance for her. Playful children play at being tin soldiers and rag dolls. Her Lords and Ladies dance the "Galliard" before her. A band of picturesque gypsies show her a gypsy festival. Two strolling players show her how Pierrot and Pierrette make love in a garden. Finally the very statues in the garden are infused with all this romance and lose themselves in the dance.

As the grand finale the May poles are wound by all with one accord, and the Queen descends from her throne and leaves the Green to go to the castle and dream of spring and love.

May Day!

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## THE GOLDEN STANDARD

*Marjorie Sessions*

The factory whistle quivered and groaned. Then, as if by a mightily effort, it uttered a piercing call.

It was closing time at the Peerless Basket Mills.

Strong iron gates swung open, people of every nationality filtered through and were lost in a stream of tired workmen winding down the hill to the village below.

Soon the streets of the small village were deserted, pale lights began to appear in the windows of the homes as dusk settled on the earth. Too tired for revelry, the factory people turned wearily to the necessary tasks and then sought rest, while the lights in the windows flickered out one by one.

To the right of the village on the bank of the river sat a lone cabin, obscure in the darkness. The palest light of all flickered through this one small window and shone there throughout the night. So regular was its appearance that a wandering soul could have found the way, guided by this frail light.

Through fifteen long years, this unassuming guiding light had burned from early dusk to the light of dawn. Should a passerby, becoming curious, perchance have glanced inside, the same, unchanging scene would have greeted him in 1900 as now in 1915.

Bent low over the table sat a man—an immovable statue with an impassive face, surrounded by a stillness suggestive of the supernatural. As the hours passed there was no motion to break the quietness save the quick, agile movements of the capable hands. A click — an adjustment, another twist, and still no change of countenance expressing failure or success.

The handle—the safety catch—would this night bring the solution to his problem? His handle with a safety catch—his invention—would it be clamped to all of the baskets in the world? Gold—gold—more gold pouring in, no silver money to be exchanged for gold.

The capable hands moved slyly along the edge of the table and then plunged out of sight, only to return with two bags whose contents were soon spread out on the table. As the faint ray from the light caught the gleam of the gold, a smile flickered over the once impassive face, the immovable statue sat upright and the light flickered out.

\* \* \* \* \*

Blevins, retired capitalist, who had amassed his fortune from his invention of the "Safetyhandles" on baskets, the patent of which

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he received in 1920, now in 1925, after five years of luxury, was more distrustful of his fellow men and more of a hoarder of gold, than formerly. He was completely disgusted with the life around him at present and he sat sulkily ordering his servants who continually hovered around him.

No! He didn't want the newspaper! Who in the hell was interested in what a lot of fool people were doing? His bath was ready? Damn anyone who took a bath every day! He hated cleanliness. Why couldn't they leave him alone?"

"Must a man spend the remainder of his life being besieged with servants? Of what value were they but to torment him? To use up his money—his gold—God!" he stopped. Was it still in hiding or did they have it now?"

A fiendish expression appeared on the man's face, warping it and giving him the air of a wild animal ready to attack his prey.

Blevins slumped quickly to the floor and crawled slowly on his hands and knees to the opposite corner of the room, while watching with hawk-like eyes the doors leading to the other rooms of the apartment. He stealthily pushed the button which gave him access to the secret chamber, the door of which was hidden behind the radiator. He peered inside and a smile of grim satisfaction spread over his face as he assured himself that all was as he had left it.

He quickly drew one small sack from the chamber and spread its contents on the floor. He let the gold coin slip through his fingers and drop on the highly polished floor with a ring.

Gold was his god, his happiness, his very existence. Each coin added a ray of joy to his life but he could always imagine someone stealing it from him.

The life of the factory district still hung as a cloak around this recluse. There remained to him only the meagre things in spite of his vast wealth. Man that he was, Blevins could not be transplanted from the ugly barren soil of his former station to this rich foreign soil and then bloom accordingly.

Each day he grew more distrustful, and gold, not as a medium of exchange for things desired, but gold as the king of the universe and the master of his fate, ruled his every thought and action. He could not stand the prying eyes of the world and the separation from his gold, so quietly the inventor slipped from the world's eye and began his life as a hermit far from any form of civilization.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Extra — Extra," the voice of the little news hawker from out-

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side, drifted in through the walls to the cells of the Federal prison.

He took up his cry again, this time calling a few of the headlines to catch the attention of the passersby.

"Latest news on the 'Hoarding case.' All about the hermit Blevins who tried to pass \$2,000,000 in gold in May 1934. Inventor not expected to live—he's dying for want of his gold."

The cry of the newsboy produced sneers and smiles on the faces of the inmates of the Federal Prison. But in one cell, sat a man, lifeless and expressionless. If the recognition of the man's name had impressed his benumbed brain, there was no evident sign of it. Very few times during the day, did the haggard old man emerge from the stupor.

Blevins, the inventor, having lived for many years in isolation, had been completely ignorant of the law calling in all hoarded gold and making the passing of it later than the date set, a penal offense. Forced to return to civilization to buy supplies after ten years, he had only gold in his possession and in attempting to spend it, was seized and given the penitentiary sentence.

Regardless of the old man's wealth, he had not been able to save himself from this sad fate. The first few weeks of imprisonment had been hard for a man accustomed to no restraint, but there still remained to him a small \$5 gold piece. He cuddled, polished, and worshipped it, while hiding it from the authorities. But now that this last piece of his gold had been discovered and taken from him, the aged man was sinking.

He stirred now as a faint breeze blew from the small window across his bunk. He tossed and turned, muttering inaudible words, and then sat upright.

It was late in the afternoon, the sun was casting its last glance over the earth before retiring for the night. The rays struck the walls of the prison and penetrated through the cracks into the cells within, forming tiny golden particles, dancing in the air and on the stone floor.

The old man stared fixedly as if realization had suddenly penetrated his consciousness, he plunged from the bunk down on the stones clutching at the golden particles of sunlight, muttering, "Gold—gold—God—"

When the jailor made his usual round at seven o'clock, he found the hoarder lying huddled on the floor with his right hand tightly clinched.

## KINDRED SPIRITS

*Emeliza Swain*

There may be hundreds in the world, there may be only a few. But you've seen some of them, haven't you? You may meet one anywhere, if you look for him. Sometimes you are thrown against him in a crowded car; sometimes you rub shoulders with him on the sidewalk; sometimes you cross the street with him; sometimes you have a hurried conversation with him while waiting; or you may meet him in a business way and have hours of conversation with him—business, and semi-business; or best of all he may be or become an old friend of yours, whose every characteristic you know by years of association.

But however you may meet him, however and whenever you see him, one thing is certain—you always know him—this man with a spirit kindred to your own. You know him by the smile in his eyes as he says "Beg pardon"; or by the way he holds his chin as he walks; or by the way he falls in step with you and seems to help you across the street; or by the instantly intimate voice he uses in the casual conversation; or by the straightforward, helpful way he does business. You always know him.

And you always respond to him. It is easier to serve him than not to serve him. The moment you recognize the kinship, you instantly wish for an opportunity to do something for him. He may need a hand to support him, he may need an arm to lean against, or he may be in need of any one of the innumerable services, large or small, which a human being is able to perform for his fellows. All others may fail him, but you are drawn—almost forced—to serve him by that kinship between you. You respond to his pleasant moods as well as to his need. You may be a grouchy soul who dislikes merriment in general, but with this one person you are willing to enter whatever joyous mood he is in—you smile at his quiet smile, and laugh aloud at his hilarious merriment.

There is no need of a gradual approach to intimacy between you, for there is never any hesitation. The first five minutes' conversation is as intimate and frank as any that may follow—on whatever subject, you express your honest opinion without fear of his misunderstanding or misinterpretation, and you earnestly desire to know his opinion.

What shall you call him?—this person who might come under so many classes—an acquaintance? an associate? a friend? a stranger? he may be any one of them, but nevertheless, a kindred spirit.



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In what does the kinship consist? Merely in this—that each calls forth the best in the other, that each is the complement of the other, that together the two of you can develop—in five minutes—in a few hours—in years of association—a satisfactory community of interests. Perhaps at the end of life—or whenever it is that relationship with other human beings are finally ended, you may measure the richness of your experience by counting the number of such kinships you have found, and more than that, by counting the number of such friendships that have become permanent.

## EXPLANATION

*Louise McMichael*

You wanted stars from out the sky,  
And I could not reach them.  
Only Dawn can do that,  
Stretching gray hands over the night.

## HOPE

*Louise Durham*

Hope, a light and airy fairy,  
Dancing in a lonely place  
Lifts the leaden weight of sorrow  
With one glimpse of her bright face.

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THREE IN ONE

(By One of The Three)

*Margaret Bischoff*

What could be more unoriginal, more confusing, more disconcerting than three girls with the same name rooming in the same room? Such is the position that I found myself in as one of the three Margarets.

A knock on the door—a cheerful voice calls—“Margaret, a letter for you.”

Three hearts beat as one—three hands are outstretched to receive the coveted letter—one exclamation of delight is followed by two oh's, and two sadder but more hardened and worldly-wise expressions on the faces of the other two. They are learning to bear disappointment.

And then there is the time that a perfectly innocent person suffers because she is kind enough to say “Margaret, did you get your ‘special?’”

Great is the suspense when a message comes to the effect that a member of the administration would like to see Margaret in her office immediately. “What have I done now?” each one asks herself and breathes a sigh of relief when the right one is finally designated.

So often one forgets oneself as being one among many. Imagine the situation when a message is attached to the mirror, “Margaret, call 333 at your earliest convenience.” Needless to say, the three Margarets rush down to receive the call, and two are quite bewildered when a voice answers, “Sorry, but no one here called any one by that name.”

Something must be done. Nicknames? Yes, but nicknames are not simply attached to a person at random and retained for life.

A clever person suggests variations in tone of voice—a harsh, austere tone if addressing the largest, an even, natural tone for the middle sized, and a wee, tiny voice for the little one. Excellent plan, but must each girl, each official, and so forth be informed and coached in voice inflections?

Strangely, the problem solves itself after a fashion if not wholly. Quite unconsciously one roommate finds herself inflicted with the name “Bunny,” no doubt after the proverbial “dumb bunny.” An unsuspecting student lends assistance to the cause by supplying “Weary Willie” or simply “Willie”. This is quite a help in the room and some outsiders are learning fast.

Since there no longer remains any competition, the third may retain her mother's choice and be just Margaret.

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“AS YOU SOW—”

Louise McMichael

I've never heard a voice sound as alarmed as Bug's did when she called me Friday afternoon. "Nee," she said, "You've just got to help me. I'm in a stew!"

"Ye gods," I thought, "that dance over in Milbrook Monday night. Her mother's found out." All I said was: "The suspense," and I paused, "is practically *killing* me."

"You remember Bill Clark—in Savannah last summer. The one I told you about who could sing. He's here—in this town—and I've only just succeeded in convincing Nickey that I'm true to him alone!"

When I'd recovered sufficiently, I drew a breath. "And where," I questioned politely, "do I come in?"

"His friend—"

My interest was aroused. I felt the short ends of hair at the back of my neck. I'd have to get a set.

"Oh, he has a friend," I said sweetly.

"Yes, and they're coming around for bridge tonight. And, Nee," she sounded desperate, "You must be sure to see that we're not alone together for a minute—Bill and I. I'm going down to the beauty parlor right away. Want to come along?"

While I was waiting for Bugs to drive over, I considered her predicament. Nickey really had been difficult to manage when she'd returned from a month's visit in Savannah last summer. With Bugs' receiving special deliveries and telegrams every five minutes from this Bill Clark, Nickey had decided to take somebody else to the picture show and dances. In a little town, of course, everybody knows every body else's most intimate affairs, even to what cereal he eats for breakfast. And in a little town, too, if you don't have some one to take you places regularly, you just don't go.

After two months of staying at home and reading special deliveries, Bugs had decided that seeing Greta Garbo and hearing "St. Louis Blues" were more interesting. She wrote Bill a very convincing letter, after Christmas, of course, and said that she supposed it was all summertime and starlight; and that, since it was winter, he'd better seek new fires to conquer. After that, Nickey, who'd been relenting since November, became convinced that her brain storm was over.

When I climbed in the car, I saw that Bugs looked pale.

I tried to be cheerful. "Don't take it so hard, gal. We'll see it through some way." I wondered how.

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"Well I just don't understand it, Nee. His voice sounded so funny. See, I answered the telephone and he said, 'Is this Bugs Fleming?' and of course I said, 'Yes'. Then he said, 'This is Bill Clark.' I gasped, 'From Savannah?' and he said, 'Yes, I've just come from Savannah. Frank Thorpe told me to call you.' Frank Thorpe is Bill's best friend. I couldn't understand why he'd told Bill to call me, but I said, 'He did?'—like that. And he said, 'Yes, I'm going to be in town for a day or two and I just wondered if I couldn't come around tonight and play bridge'—*play bridge!* He said that he had a friend with him and that they didn't know anybody here or anything, so of course I had to say it'd be all right."

"Well, I guess our contract lessons 'll come in handy after all," I decided as I went in the beauty parlor. Bugs gave me the dirtiest look I've seen since we used to throw mud-pies.

"So that," she muttered grimly, "is the consolation I get from my best friend."

That night we were dressing in Bugs' room. We'd been very careful to go straight home after leaving the beauty parlor, so that we wouldn't see either Nickey or Bill. Bugs was in a pitiful condition. She reminded me of the hunted heroine we used to see in Saturday serials.

"This," I declared firmly as I combed through her perfect finger wave, "is no way for anybody eighteen to act. You've written him your final word, and if he's ass enough to come down here after all this time he deserves a cold shoulder. By the way, where's that snapshot you had of him?"

Bugs looked through her memory book and found it. I inspected the picture again and saw a rather good-looking boy with attractive eyes and a strong chin. He didn't look like the kind of a person who'd accept defeat by coming back whimpering. I said as much.

"That's why I don't understand it," Bugs said. "He's sweet as long as things go his way; but everybody said he never hangs on."

As we were applying the last touch of perfume to our ear lobes the door bell rang. Bugs went to pieces. She sat down in a chair and wailed. I gave up and sat down, too."

"Nee, you'll *have* to go to the door. I can't!"

"Idiot," I said helplessly, "I don't know the boy. And your family's all gone. Get on up!"

"I can't now—honest." She really did look pathetic in that new black dress with white organdie bows.

"This," I thought as I walked down stairs, "is how Daniel faced the lions."

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I opened the door and saw two strange boys. One of them was not entirely hopeless; but the other, the one with spectacles! He *would* be spokesman.

He smiled politely—why are spectacled people always so polite?—and said, “Bugs? I am Bill Clark. I’m from Greenville and have been working in Savannah with Frank Thorpe. When he found out I was going to work through here, he told me to be sure to call you—” He stopped suddenly. I guess the expression on my face would’ve stopped an eight-day clock.

I choked all up. “Come in, please.” I managed to gasp, “and I’ll go get Bugs.”

I rushed up to Bugs’ room and had a small attack of hysterics. She was hanging all over me asking what the joke was.

“Go down,” I begged convulsively, “and see the vengeance Bill’s best friend has taken upon you!”

## PRAYER

*GeDelle Brabham*

God—

What is life?

Love and hate—the same emotion—

That cause men to lie and steal and kill.

Tears and laughter—the same emotion—

That cause men to weep for joy and  
smile for grief!

Help me to understand!

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COMMENCEMENT

Doris Zittrouer

Commencement time! Girls frantically doing last-minute cramming for exams. Parties, picnics, plays, a dance—then the mingled tears and laughter of Graduation—frenzied packing and tearful good-byes—Commencement!

This year will mark the twentieth commencement of G. S. W. C. The commencement program will be initiated on Friday evening, May 26, with the Senior Dance, given by the faculty at the Country Club.

On Saturday, May 27, the college will compliment the Alumnae with a Commencement luncheon. In the afternoon the alumnae and their friends have been invited to tea in the Rotunda; the program will be given by the Fine Arts departments.

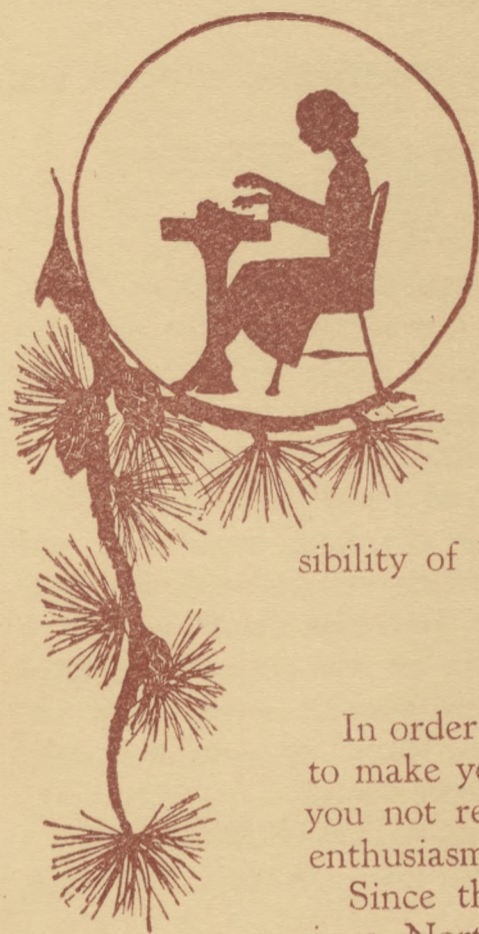
In the evening the Senior Class will give three one-act plays at the Woman's Building. The casts are as follows: *The Princess Marries the Page*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay, The Princess, Miss Myrtice Johnson, Vidalia; The Page, Miss Elizabeth Pardee, Thomasville; The Chancellor, Miss Doris Zittrouer, Savannah; The Kings, Miss Frances Arrington, Ellaville. *Riders to the Sea*, by Synge: The Mother, Miss Maxine Purdy, Valdosta; Nora, Miss Mildred Minchew, Baxley; Kathleen, Miss Mary Virginia McKey, Valdosta; Bartley, Miss Anna Frances Ham, Valdosta. *Seven Women*, by Sir James Barrie: Captain Rattrap, Miss Louise McMichael; Leonora, Miss Emily Burney, Boston; Mr. Lovey, Miss Nancy Rowland; Mrs. Lovey, Miss Emily Jennings, Dawson.

The Baccalaureate Sermon will be given by the Reverend Robb White, of Thomasville, at the Methodist Church. On Sunday afternoon, the college will honor the seniors, their parents and friends, with a tea. The Sunday evening Vesper program will be given by the Seniors.

Monday, May 29th, will bring to a close the twentieth commencement with Senior graduation at the Methodist Church. The Honorable Governor Eugene Talmadge will give the graduation address.



## EDITORIALS



Our Student Government Association belongs to everyone and everyone belongs to it. Since the student body, may at any time, change the regulations of the S. G. A., if it so desires, it is bound to uphold them so long as they stand. As the object of student government is to represent and to further the best interests of the students, it needs the support of each person who assumes the responsibility of being a member.

GeDELLE BRABHAM,  
President of Student Body, 1933-'34.

\* \* \*

In order to strengthen your student government—to make your association one you are proud of, will you not return next year with a renewed spirit of enthusiasm and cooperation?

Since the time when a group of young women in a Northern college felt the need of some kind of a religious organization on their campus and founded what is now our Young Woman's Christian Association, the purpose has grown to fill the needs of the organization. Today, our purpose is stated—"We, the members of the Young Woman's Christian Association, unite in the desire to realize a full and creative life through the growing knowledge of God; We determine to have a part in making this life possible for all people; In this task we seek to understand Jesus and follow Him." For the coming year the Y. W. C. A. is going to put forth an extra effort to make our purpose a living thing in the life of our college.

MARGARET KENNEDY,  
President Y. W. C. A.

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The *Pine Cone* is the permanent expression of the spirit and activities on the campus. The 1933-'34 annual will be a record of what the students do next year. May we begin as soon as we return next September and take an interest in all the worthwhile activities on the campus and make this year-book reflect an atmosphere of enthusiasm, charm, and usefulness. The staff will be looking forward to the work that they can contribute and they want every

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student to feel that she can contribute by constructive criticism and suggestions.

MARJORIE SESSIONS,  
Editor of the *Pine Cone*, 1933-'34.

\* \* \*

Like Mr. Micawber, the most of us usually find ourselves "waiting for something to turn up." We wait for ideas, and we wait for inspiration; then suddenly somebody pounces upon us with the announcement that something has to be done in short order—and we immediately begin to turn things up for ourselves. To me, the editorship of the *Pine Branch* is a great adventure which has "turned up"—an undertaking to be entered upon with fear and trembling, and a great meekness of heart, but with a feeling of gladness also that I am to have a part in it. It is my fondest hope that the *Pine Branch* next year will be finer and more expressive of our college life than ever before. For that to be possible, every student must "turn to" with a will and help to make it so. Be a friend to your magazine to the extent that you will be anxious to write for it!

LOUISE DURHAM,  
Editor of the *Pine Branch*, 1933-'34.

\* \* \*

The two Athletic Associations desire to create and sustain in the students the spirit of loyalty, cooperation and good sportsmanship—the controlling factors which make an athletic association successful.

DOT ANDREWS,  
President Phi Lambda Association  
MARIE GASKINS,  
President Phi Kappa Association.

\* \* \*

At last the secret is out! Since the *Pine Branch* first included *Campus Chatter* as a part of the magazine, we have been besieged by girls begging us to reveal *Gadabout's* identity. We can't let this issue go to press without acknowledging her original contributions. Have you guessed who she is? It's Miss Emily Fluker, of Quitman. Thank you, Fluker!

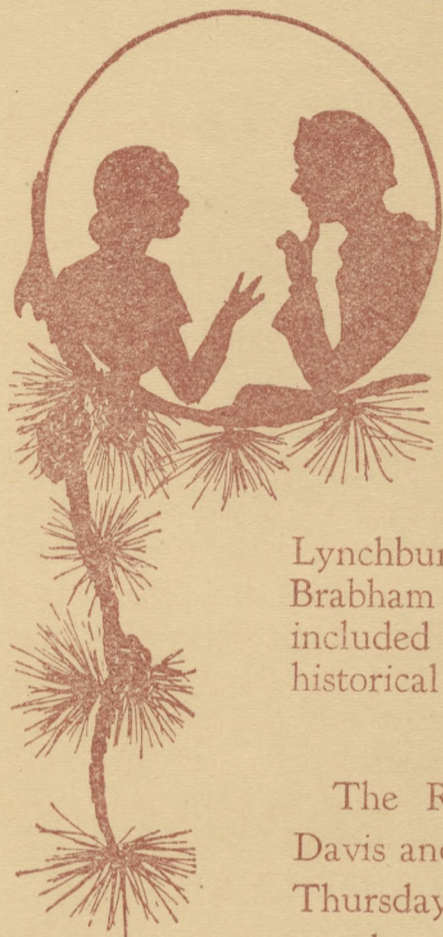
\* \* \*

And so the last 1932-'33 *Pine Branch* goes to press. This year has been an unforgettable experience for each member of the staff, and we are thankful for the opportunity which has been afforded us. We appreciate the cooperation of the contributors to the *Pine Branch*, and urge each individual member of the Student Body to do her bit towards making the 1933-'34 *Pine Branch* better than ever before.



## LOCALS

*Margaret Sessions*



At the Student Government meeting held April 21st, Miss Virginia Clark, the retiring president of the Student Government Association and Miss Gedelle Brabham, incoming president, gave reports on the Southern Intercollegiate Association Student Government Conference held at Randolph Macon Woman's College, at Lynchburg, Virginia, April 5-8. Misses Clark and Brabham also spent several days in Washington and included in their talks brief descriptions of the historical spots that they visited.

\* \* \*

The Riflery Class, conducted by Messrs. Bill Davis and Eddie Zant, had supper out on the range Thursday afternoon, May 4th, after practice. The members of the class are: Misses Vera Parker, Margaret Bischoff, Verda Will Carter, Marjorie Sessions, Virginia Hutchinson, Margaret Easterlin, Sarah Nicholson, Mary Alice Mosely, Mary Glover, Martiele Turner, Vonice Ritch, and Virginia Jones.

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Miss Mildred Minchew, Baxley, and Miss Willene Roberts, Valdosta, gave the following program at the luncheon of the Georgia Speech Convention at the DeSoto Hotel, April 20-22: Tango, "In The Garden," Miss Minchew and Miss Roberts; Descriptive Symphony, Miss Minchew. Miss Margaret Zipplies, Savannah, was accompanist for the dances.

\* \* \*

The Freshmen entertained the Sophomores with a banquet Friday evening, April 14th. The dining hall was decorated to carry out the Easter motif. The president of the Freshman class, Miss Mildred Turnbull, Moultrie, welcomed the members of the Sophomore Class, and Miss Lavinia Buckner, Waycross, responded. The following program was given: "Little Gypsy Sweetheart," "Smilin' Through," Miss Rebecca Fryer, Blakely; "After the Wedding," Miss Henry Kate Gardner, Camilla; "By Courier," Misses Elah Holliday, Vienna, Cleo Barber, Bainbridge, and Una Ritch, Jesup. After the banquet,

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dancing was enjoyed in the dining hall, the music being furnished by the G. S. W. C. orchestra.

\* \* \*

The officers for the Sororian Literary Society were elected Monday, May 1st. Miss Sarah Nicholson, Amsterdam, was elected president; Miss Margaret Bischoff, Savannah, vice president; Miss Betty McCollum, Thomasville, secretary; Miss Jeannette Schulman, Albany, Treasurer.

Miss Henry Kate Gardner, Camilla, was elected president of the Argonian Literary Society; Miss Annie Belle Weatherford, Savannah, vice president; Miss Ruth Ellis, Savannah, secretary; and Miss Frances DuPriest, Sylvester, Treasurer.

\* \* \*

Miss Marjorie Sessions, of McRae, was elected *Pine Cone* Editor for the year 1933-'34. Miss Sessions was Inter-Society Debater 1930-'31, a member of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet 1931-'32, and for the past year she has been Vice-President of the Sororian Literary Society, Chairman of the Debating Council, and a member of the *Pine Branch* staff.

\* \* \*

Miss Louise Durham, of Dawson, will be the *Pine Branch* Editor next year. Miss Durham was Secretary of the Argonian Literary Society this year, and an active member of the Dramatic Club. She has been elected as Secretary of the Dramatic Club for next year. Miss Durham was one of the winners in the Inter-Society Debate this year.

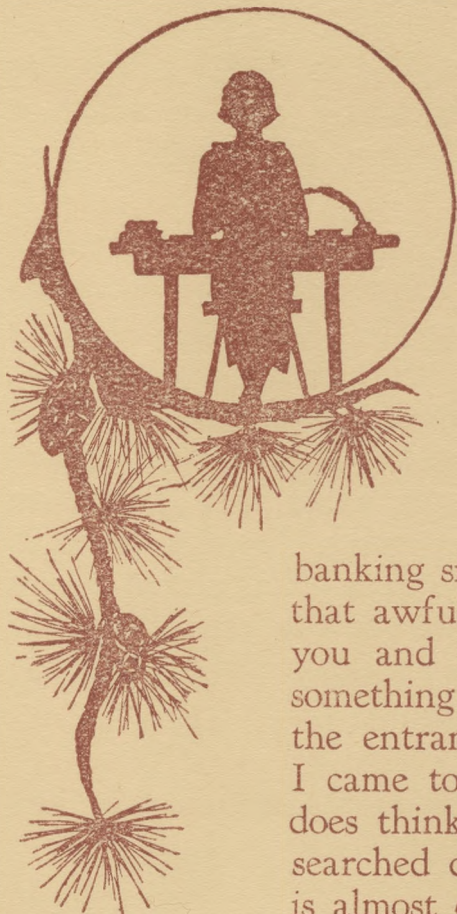
\* \* \*

The officers for the Valdosta Club for the year 1933-'34 were elected Wednesday, May 3rd: Miss Grace Holcombe, president; Miss Jeselyn Mosely, vice-president; Miss Doris Young, secretary; Miss Frances Garbutt, treasurer.



## CRITICAL TIPS

Katheryne Connell



I feel that I should say something complimentary to you in parting, something like a swan-song, something on-coming-to-an-end, but all I can say is "thank you for a lovely time." But really, being your critical tips editor has done me a vast amount of good. I've nosed into things I never gave serious thought to before.

I actually knew something about the banking situation 'way back in March when we got that awful scare, simply because I had to tell it to you and tell it straight. Though technocracy as something for curing the nation's ills went out with the entrance of the American Houdini, Roosevelt, I came to think rather well of technocracy. One does think rather well of something when one has searched diligently for hours, and when finally one is almost on the verge of nervous collapse one sees the elusive name with helpful information in the much befingered Readers' Guide. And then there's *Lucrece*. To me, at first, another name, now almost my favorite play, though the gods of caprice only know why. I suggest that patient and laborious reading about it has made it so.

\* \* \*

Thanks to you, I know how to be bored in the best manner ("State of Being Bored." *Atlantic Monthly*, or was it the *Bookman*?).

\* \* \*

I have kept a finger on the pulse of wayward fashion (nothing personal, please).

\* \* \*

I have fallen in love with a magazine, two magazines, (duplicity of women) *Fortune* and *The Golden Book*.

\* \* \*

I shall never miss another James Branch Cabell article.

\* \* \*

I am devoted to *The Saturday Literary Review of Literature*. Have you met it in browsing about the library? It is very unassuming, resembling a Congressional Record in exterior, but the interior is graced by the beneficent presence of none other than the world's most charming essayist, Christopher Morley.

## THE PINE BRANCH

*The Bookman* shall ever have my affection for its lovely Christmas number all red and gold, and the accommodating way in which it told you what book to give to Aunt Sue, Tommy, and others.

\* \* \*

*The Theatre Magazine*, our Colonel's Lady of stage talk has received my homage. And then the Judy O'Grady, the more genial *Stage* has behaved itself beautifully. Will you forget the pictures of Beatrice Lille in *Walk A Little Faster?* Or Katharine Cornell as the tragic Lucrece? Or Lynn as the heroine of the season's most discussed play *Design for Living?* It has been so long ago, but I did love it so that I cannot forbear mentioning with respect the name of a gentleman who was in the hearts of everyone, Wintergreen For President in *Of Thee I Sing*. We do live so fast these days. I'm afraid this is getting to be a sore point with you, so as meekly as possible let me eulogize one whose name has appeared in my column with astonishing regularity—Eva Le Gallienne, and her *Alice*.

\* \* \*

The new Editor of *Bozart* is Dr. Wightman F. Melton, who was in our city recently.

\* \* \*

And so things go. In the summer we talked about *The Good Earth*, in the winter we all ran for Charles Morgan's *Fountain*, now we are fondly perusing *Ann Vickers*. *The Barretts Of Wimpole Street* has remained popular on the campus for an astonishing length of time. Edna St. Vincent Millay soothes the hearts of seniors as well as freshman, and most of us could repeat many of her poems backwards. Look up her new one, the title reads like—"the farmer takes the wife" it is *The Princess Marries the Page*.

\* \* \*

Edward Arlington Robinson, the thoughtful, quietly powerful American poet, has a new book which is on our shelves, *Nicodemus*.

\* \* \*

When in the cool of your own living rooms this summer you are scanning languidly some trivial magazine, please, for the love I bear you, read a classic or two!

\* \* \*

Thus endeth the epistle. And when again the Indian summer is on the wane, and we come back to Astolat—and until then, adieu.



## Y. W. C. A.

Judy Cochran

On April 20th, Mr. W. G. Eager, one of the town friends of the Y. W. C. A., spoke on the subject of "The Jew."

\* \* \*

The former members of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet entertained the new members at Twin Lakes during the week-end of April 22nd. All the

plans for the rest of this year were made, and most of the plans for next year were started. Those who enjoyed the retreat were: Misses Emily Jennings, of Dawson; Lavinia Buckner, of Waycross; Margaret Kennedy, of Dawson; Annie Maude McLeod, of Newton; Gedelle Brabham, of Moultrie; Carolyn Bullard, of Nashville; Judy Cochran, of Camilla; Marie Gaskins, of Nashville; Louise Ambos, of Savannah; Henry Kate Gardner, of Camilla; Mil-

dred McDonald, of Colquitt; Harriet Bullard, of Nashville; Virginia Tuck, of Thomasville; Margaret Zipplies, of Savannah; Emily Fluker, of Quitman; Miriam Townsend, of Climax; Carolyn Brim, of Dawson; Ann Jones Boller, of Savannah; Annie Sue Brandon, of Norman Park; Nina Way Holliman, of Savannah; Odessa Stevens, of Bainbridge; Annie Belle Weatherford, of Savannah; Carolyn Davidson, of La Grange; and their guests, Misses Margaret Graham, and Amelia Embry, of Tallahassee, who shared and exchanged ideas with them. Miss Janie Bush, one of the faculty advisers of the Y. W. C. A., accompanied the girls.

\* \* \*

On Sunday evening, April 23rd, Miss Ruth Carpenter talked on "Creative Art." Since the theme for the year has been "Creative Living," this talk was thoroughly enjoyed.

\* \* \*

One of the most interesting services that we have had was a musical program, Sunday night, April 30th. Miss Vonice Ritch, of Jesup, gave the invocation. Miss Elah Holiday, of Vienna, gave a musical reading, accompanied by Miss Margaret Williams, of Douglas. Misses Margaret Zipplies, of Savannah, and Carolyn Bullard, of Nashville, played soft music during the rest of the program.

## LITERARY SOCIETIES

*Henry Kate Gardner*

*Adelaide Spencer*



"Poetry is older than Egypt and younger than Oklahoma. It is man's eternity of sentiment."

And so the Poetry Forums of the two Literary Societies, being quite up-to-date, chose sentiments of some modern poets for their chapel programs on April 19, and April 24.

In the fall, the Societies had announced that they would give two prizes each for the best readers of modern poetry—the student body and faculty acting as judges.

In the Argonian Society, the following program was given: "A Lyric," by Daniel Whitehead Hickey—Miss Mary Lou Connell, Valdosta; "Night Letters" by Lew Garrett—Miss Mildred Minchew, Baxley; "Ballad of the Harp Weaver" by Edna St. Vincent Millay—Miss Louise Durham, Dawson; "Interim," by Edna St. Vincent Millay—Miss Henry Kate Gardner, Camilla; "Birches," by Robert Frost—Miss Lavinia Buckner, Waycross; "Patterns," by Amy Lowell—Miss Marie Gaskins, Nashville; "William Cary," by Carl Sandburg—Miss Louise McMichael, Quitman.

In the Sororian Society, the program was: "Mountain Whip-o'-will," by Stephen Vincent Benet—Miss Vonice Ritch, Jesup; "Mending Wall," by Robert Frost—Miss Carlyne Dix; "Chicago," by Carl Sandburg—Miss Jeannette Schulman, Albany; "Ellis Park," by Helen Hoyt—Miss Elizabeth Kelley, Savannah; and "Patterns," by Amy Lowell—Miss Peggy Bowers, Bainbridge.

The first prize in the Argonian Society was given to Miss Henry Kate Gardner, and the second prize to Miss Marie Gaskins.

Miss Vonice Ritch was winner of the first prize in the Sororian Society, and Miss Elizabeth Kelley of the second.

The societies are trusting that this program will be the successful harbinger of those that take place next year.

\* \* \*

The play, "The Pot Boilers" by Alice Gerstenberg, was presented at a joint meeting of the Literary Societies on the evening of May 2nd.

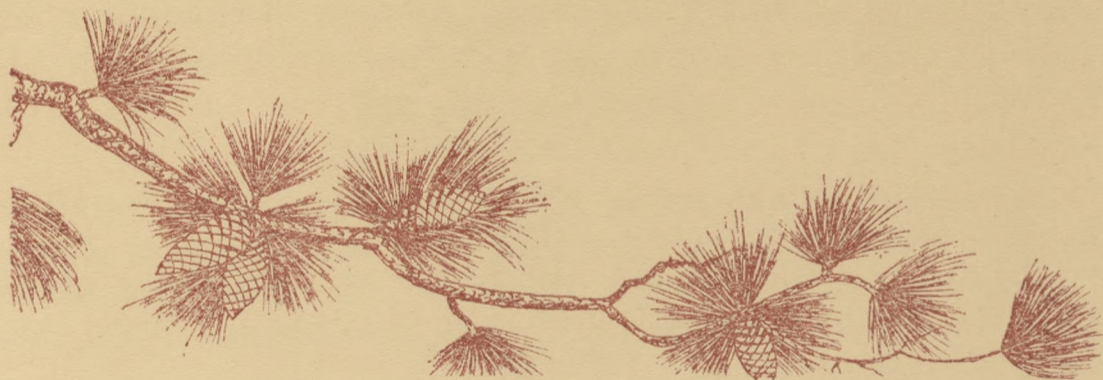
The play is an amusing satire on modern playwrights. Mr. Sud,

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

who is the playwright, provides a great deal of amusement, as well as disgust, by his lines. At the rehearsal of his latest play, his whole character, as a playwright, is revealed in a speech to Wouldby, the novice. He says, in speaking about the play he has written, "In it I have used all dramatic principles." I agree—yes—all legal and illegal, and one wishes to say with Alice Gerstenberg through her characters, "Oh, shoot the author!"

The cast entered into their parts with ardent spirits and succeeded in bringing forth peals of laughter more than once.

The cast of characters included Misses Estelle Roberts, Cordele, Ga., as Mr. Sud, the playwright; Lilla Alexander, Nashville, Ga., as Harold Wouldby, the novice; Harriet Sheppard, Savannah, Ga., as Mr. Ivory, the father; Katherine Moore, Douglas, Ga., as Miss Ivory, the heroine; Margaret Easterlin, Thomasville, Ga., as Mr. Ruler, the hero; Vonice Ritch, Jesup, Ga., as Mr. Inkwel, the villain; Virginia Martin, Arlington, Ga., as Mrs. Pencil, the vampire.



## CLUBS

*Margaret Bischoff*



At the Annual Southeastern Conference of the International Relations Clubs, which was held at Decatur, Georgia, Miss Virginia Hutchinson, of Valdosta, was elected first vice-president of the conference for the year 1934, which will be held in Hattiesburg, Mississippi.

Miss Hutchinson has also been elected president of the International Relations Club of the Georgia State Womans College for 1933-34. Other officers elected were: Miss Bessie McRae, of Savannah, vice-president; Miss Mary Elizabeth Weatherford, Savannah, secretary; and Miss Mary Ellen Craft, Savannah, treasurer.

At the regular monthly meeting on May 1, Miss Mildred Morris, of Brinson, gave a talk on the International Relations Club: Its Aims and Achievements.

\* \* \*

A group of the Glee Club members sang at a memorial service at the Valdosta High School on April 26. The following officers of the Glee Club for 1933-34 were elected: Miss Mildred McDonald, Colquitt, president; Miss Eloise Odum, Ashburn, vice-president; Miss Joy Miller, Albany, treasurer; and Miss Frances Copeland, Valdosta, secretary.

\* \* \*

Members of the Philharmonic Club enjoyed a picnic at Twin Lakes instead of their regular monthly program. Miss Margaret Zipplies, of Savannah, has been elected president of the club; Miss Mildred McDonald, Colquitt, vice-president; and Miss Mildred Fokes, Montezuma, secretary-treasurer.

\* \* \*

At the May meeting of the Sock and Buskin Club a one-act play, "Will-o'-the-Wisp" by Doris Halman, will be presented under the direction of Miss Virginia Martin, of Arlington. The cast for the play is as follows: The White Faced Girl, Miss Mildred Minchew, Baxley; Country Woman, Miss Henry Kate Gardner, Camilla; Poet's Wife, Miss Willene Roberts, Valdosta; Serving Maid, Miss Helen



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Bishop, Unadilla. Miss Martin will be assisted by Miss Estelle Roberts, of Cordele, as property manager.

Miss Vonice Ritch, of Jesup, was elected president of the club, Miss Estelle Roberts, Cordele, vice-president, and Miss Louise Durham, Dawson, secretary-treasurer.

\* \* \*

The topic of discussion at the May meeting of the Fine Arts Club was Modern Sculpture. The discussion was held by Miss Nellie May Gannon, of Valdosta.

The members of the Fine Arts Club were entertained with a swimming party and picnic at Barber's Pool.

\* \* \*

The last meeting of the English Club was held at the House-in-the-Woods. The theme of the evening was Modern Books. Miss Mary Alice Mosely, Valdosta, gave an interesting talk on the poetry of Edgar Lee Masters; Miss Mary Virginia McKey, Valdosta, reviewed the *Life of Stanislavsky*; Miss Elizabeth Durden, Graymont, reviewed *The Princess Marries the Page*, by Edna St. Vincent Milay; Miss Gertrude Gilmer, a member of the faculty, talked on Bernard Shaw: *Play Boy and Prophet*—Henderson; Miss Mildred Talley, Rome, reviewed *Farewell Miss Julie Logan*, by J. M. Barrie.



## ATHLETIC NEWS

*Ruby Nell Wall—Kappa  
Frances DuPriest—Lambda*



"Knock a home-run!" "Strike Out!" is all a lazy fellow can hear before breakfast these spring mornings. Professional baseball is the stuff these days. We have some regular "Babe Ruths" living right with us. Proof enough for this was the fast game we had April 18th between Lambdas and Kappas. All of you who missed it, missed the time of your life. It finally ended with Lambdas 17 and the Kappas 9.

The Lambdas who played in this game were: Miss Anne Belle Weatherford, Savannah, pitcher; Miss Helen Bishop, Unadilla, backstop; Miss Joy Miller, Albany, first base; Miss Dot Andrews, Plains, second base; Miss Kat Teal, Bainbridge, third base; Miss Una Ritch, Jesup, short-stop; Miss Estelle Roberts, Cordele, center-field; Miss Frances Arrington, Ellaville, right-field; Miss Vera Parker, Waycross, fielder; Miss Esther Smith, Ashburn. Substitutes: Miss Carolyn Bullard, Nashville; Miss Clare Lawson, Savannah; Miss Nina Way Holliman, Savannah.

The Kappa line-up was: Pitcher, Miss Virginia Jones, Valdosta; Catcher, Miss Martiele Turner, Valdosta; First-base, Miss Kathleen Glisson, Bainbridge; Second-base, Miss Marie Gaskins, Nashville; Third-base, Miss Lavinia Buckner, Waycross; Short-stop, Miss Lucile Hudson, Thomasville; Miss Judy Cochran, Camilla. Fielders: Miss Miriam Allen, Albany; Miss Mildred Turnbull, Moultrie. Assistant catchers, Miss Ann Jones Boller, Savannah; Miss Dot Ogletree, Savannah. Substitutes: Miss Rachel Coxwell, Leesburg; Miss Eloise Odom, Ashburn.

The second baseball game was played April 24th. This game was won by the Kappas—score 16-6. The next game is to be played May 4th. This game will determine the championship of the season. May the best team win!

\* \* \*

One of the days that we look forward to most in college is our Play Day-May Day, which was held on April 29th. About twenty

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

different high schools were represented, besides our own G. S. W. C. girls.

After the visitors had arrived they were divided into six different teams with the G. S. W. C. girls and competed in various games and events throughout the day. The six teams and their captains were: Red, Mary Nelson Brown; Green, Hilda Cox; Yellow, Kat Teal; Orange, Sarah Coxwell; Purple, Margaret Jones; Blue, Esther Smith.

The teams changed every half hour, and the scores were sent to the scorer at the end of each game.

The Green team was victorious and the Reds next.

The program of the morning was as follows:

From 9:30-10:00, the guests were registered.

From 10:00-10:30, the games were selected and arranged.

From 10:30-12:00, athletic games were played as follows: tennis, fist ball, basket ball, croquet, box hockey, horse-shoe pitching, ring tennis, hit pin baseball, golf, balloon volley ball, miniature golf, and prison newcomb.

From 12-12:15, archery demonstration.

From 12:15-12:30, golf.

At 12:50, all guests assembled in dining hall and sung college songs.

At 1:10, a picnic lunch was served.

That afternoon we had our May-Day, which reached a climax in the crowning of Miss Mary Virginia Paulk, of Valdosta, as queen.

We all think that Miss Ivey and Miss McRee are super-human to supervise such a perfect day.



## ALUMNAE NEWS

*Nelle Bracey*



A most enjoyable luncheon was held in Savannah at the Colonial Kitchens on April 21st. Alumnae members all over the state were issued invitations to be present. The meeting was very informal. Miss Emma Moore, as President of the Savannah Chapter, presided. The following news was learned at this meeting:

May Clare Lang is taking a business course in Savannah.

Lydia Minter and Ruth McKinnon are rooming together and teaching in Thomasville. Lydia has been there since graduation five years ago.

O'Mara Minter is now Mrs. Wurst, has two children, and is living in Florida.

Sara Maude Stewart McKinnon is living in Pidcock, and has a son eight months old.

Mary Stewart is now Mrs. Hatcher, living in Screven and teaching Home Economics.

Marie Clyatt Griffin is teaching fifth grade and ninth grade in Nashville, Georgia.

Florence Breen Spears is teaching second grade in Jesup. Florence and Ed are moving to Chattanooga, Tennessee this month.

Mrs. Grover B. Stancil, known to us as Mildred Lavendar, is teaching History and Civics in Industrial High School, Columbus, Georgia.

Meta McIntosh, of the class of '29, is teaching first and second grades in Blackshear, Georgia.

A note from Katherine Blackshear of the class of '28, tells that she has been teaching in Sarasota County again this year. Her address is: P. O. Box 1373, Sarasota, Florida.

Misses Lena Maude Hiers, of Lake Park; Hazel Allen, of Ashburn; Margaret Bischoff and Nell Bracey from Valdosta, drove to Savannah to attend G. E. A. and the G. S. W. C. Alumnae luncheon.

Miss Mildred Price, President of the Alumnae Association, was unable to attend the meeting in Savannah, for she took a group of girls to Agnes Scott to attend the I. R. C. Conference.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Mrs. J. B. Davis, Jr., formerly Alma Church, has a daughter named Mary Anne, about eight months old.

\* \* \*

Ellie Joiner is teaching fourth and fifth grades in Monroe, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Mrs. William Jefferson is living in Douglas, Georgia. Her address is 519 Franklin, Street. Mrs. Jefferson may be remembered as Jimmie Carmack.

\* \* \*

Mrs. R. D. Thomas, nee Louise O'Quinn, of Patterson, has a daughter born April 18th, named Mary Louise.

\* \* \*

A daughter was born to Mrs. Wm. Sweat, nee Sarah Wadley, named Mary Kate.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Ray Fite, of Waycross, nee Essie Frye Gibson, has a young son.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Wella Peagler, nee Ida Poppell, has a daughter.

\* \* \*

Misses Iva Lee Herrin and Agnes King, of Waycross, are to be June brides.

\* \* \*

The Alumnae members who attended the May Day exercises at the college were: Misses Hazel Allen, Helen Brasington, Margaret Brabham, Elizabeth Kirkland, Kate Jones, Virginia Frazier, Inez Sharp, Polly Walker, Marguerite Ford, Lucile Dowling, Ruby Dowling, Margaret Jennings, Julia Katherine Bowden, Claire Bray, Lillian Lively.





## JOKES

*Emily Fluker*

Margaret: Do you know Chester?

Jacke: Chester who?

Margaret: Chester bundle of old love letters.

\* \* \*

Jack: Will you marry me?

Dot H.: But have you seen my father?

Jack: Yes, honey, and I still want to marry you.

\* \* \*

Minnie: I'm outa school again.

Vonice: What have you done now?

Minnie: Graduated.

\* \* \*

And Puff, did you hear the one about the Scotchman who stood so long in the bread-line that he lost his job?

\* \* \*

Lenore: Is Bruno a good watch dog?

Carlynnne: Is he? Why, our house was robbed three times, and Bruno watched intently.

\* \* \*

Louise: Do you know Dinah?

Frances: Dinah who?

Louise: Dinamite—wouldn't that shock you?

\* \* \*

C. D.: You're too old to cry, Mildred.

Mildred: And I'm too young to have what I'm crying for.

\* \* \*

The customs officer eyed the bottle suspiciously.

"It's only ammonia," stammered the returning passenger.

"Oh, it is!" crowed the customs officer, taking a long swallow.

It was.

\* \* \*

Many an ermine wrap was in its infancy a mere hare.

\* \* \*

Louise: Did you know that Nellie came Saturday?

Lois: Nellie who?

Louise: Nellie everybody.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

CAMPUS CHATTER

This being the very last issue, I should give you a real rake-off, an up-to-the-minute scandal, but alas! the campus offers no such possibilities. Everyone is submerged by studies, dull care has us in its clutches. The light, gay, carefree college girl of yesterday, has suddenly become a plodding, hard-working, everyday machine.

And yet, contradictory to my first paragraph, May Day was a huge success. The crowd was bigger than ever before, and they entered into the spirit of the day whole-heartedly. Costumes were lovely! . . . . The most charming thing about the May Festival, was the Queen herself. Here words fail me, and I can only say that Mary Virginia and "Red" were perfectly beautiful.

Wonder what we will be doing this summer? The Sophomores and Seniors are thinking that perhaps this is the last time we will all be together. Oh, Dear!

Isn't Lucy Hammond a cute thing? And her room-mate, Ruth Ellis, has such pretty hair . . . . Leonora DuFour is such an interesting person . . . . And Carolyn Brim is so capable . . . . Maxine Purdy is a love, to my way of thinking . . . . I could look at Edna Mae Brantley's "crowning glory" for quite a while and never get tired . . . . Bishop has such cute clothes . . . . And hasn't Vonice an enticing smile? . . . . I'm in love with Miss Price's new tan outfit . . . .

Things I'd like to do: Play the piano like Margaret Zipplies, recite like Henry Kate Gardner, draw like Winnie Davis, sing like Kid Williams or Katheryne Connell, play tennis like Martiele Turner, have an air like Marguerite Scott, write like Leonora DuFour, make marks like Doris Young, . . . . and several other little things like that.

Hope each and every one of you has a glorious vacation, and snare all the men in sight—The honor of G. S. W. C., you know!



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