

THE  
PINE BRANCH

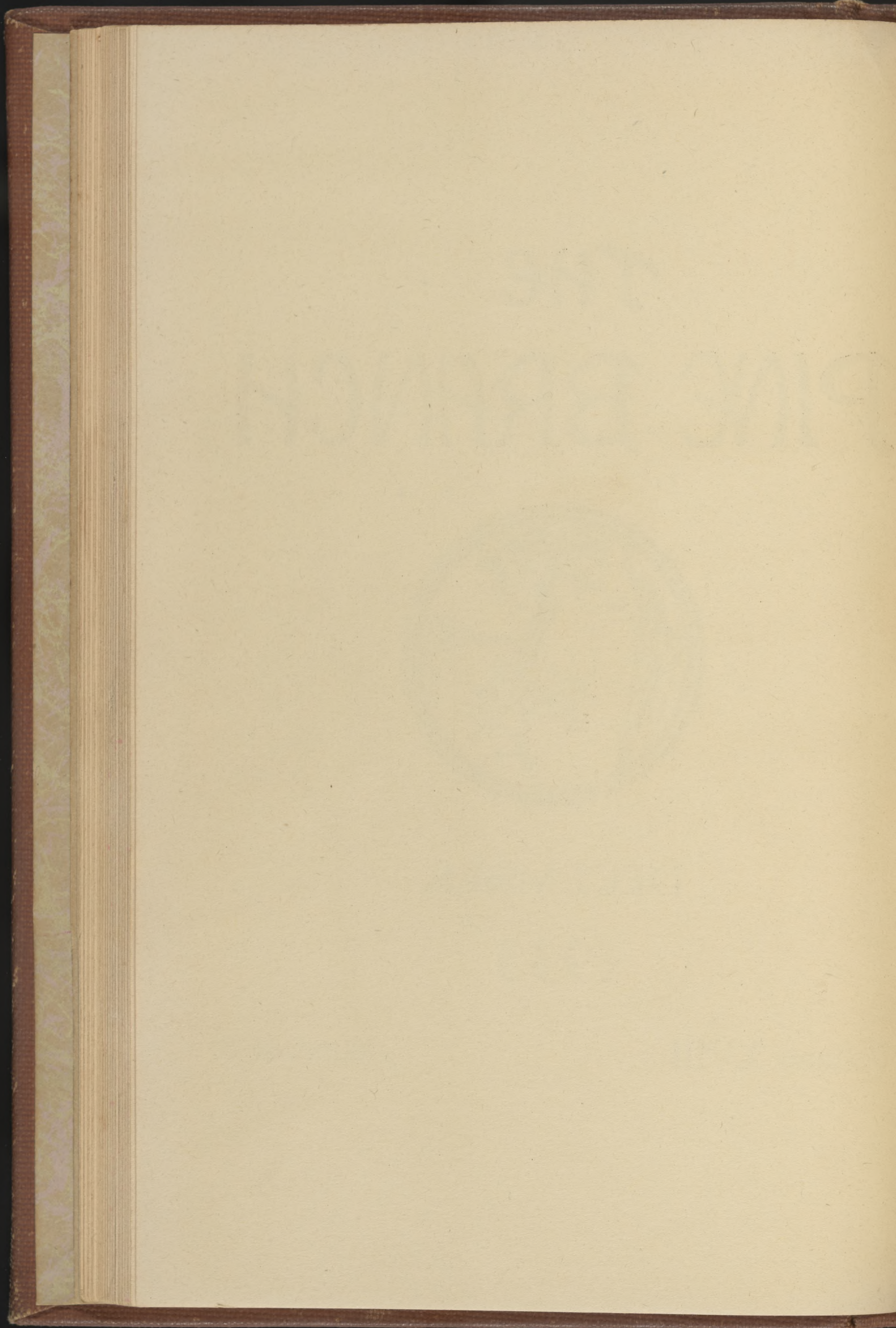


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# THE PINE BRANCH

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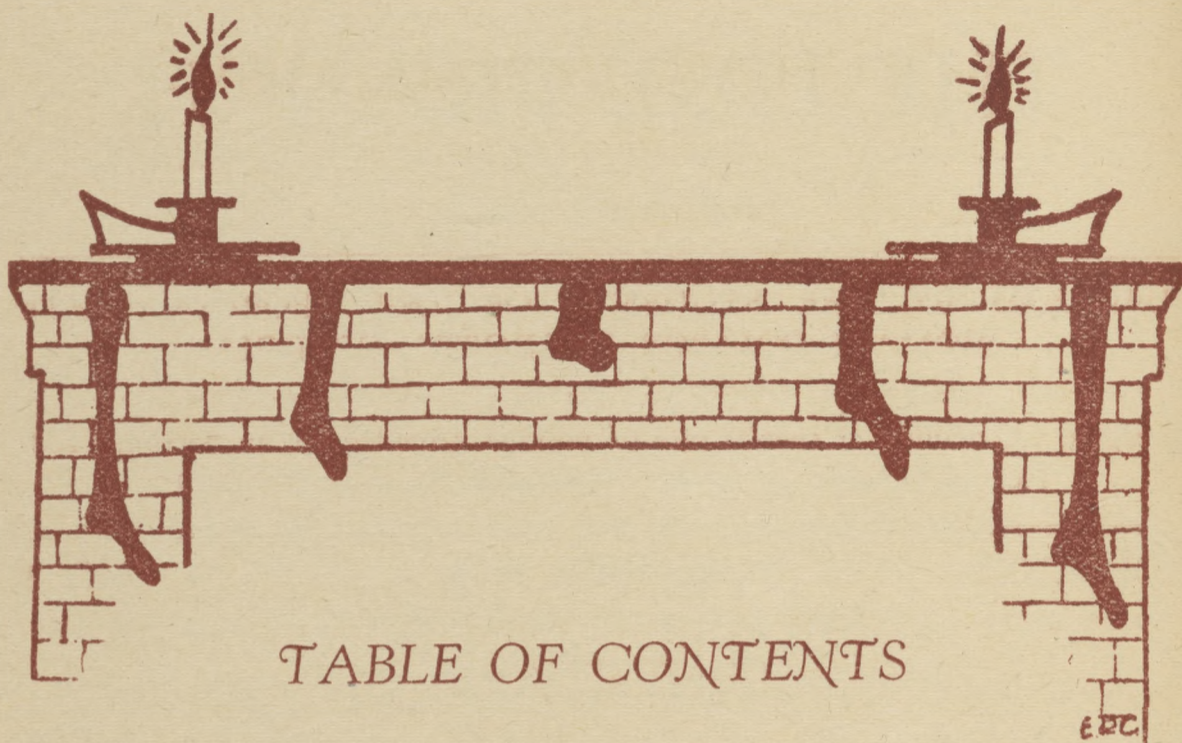
VOL. XVIII

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## LULLABY IN A MANGER

*Kathryn Connell*

Lullaby baby, on Mary's lap,  
Sleep little one, a little King's nap.  
Hush-a bye darling—that light in the sky  
Is my baby's star shining so high,  
Is my baby's light from out of the east,  
It shines like the beacon set out for a feast.

What other song does my baby hear?  
Lullaby—angels—never fear, never fear.  
Do you see the kings, I think there are three.  
They bring lovely gifts for you and for me.

Gold is for you, dear, gold for a king—  
Frankincense for the blessings your birth will bring;  
But myrrh, hush my darling, myrrh means a grave—  
It's myrrh for your mother, but mother is brave.

Sleep pretty loved one, sleep till the day.  
I will watch over you, and keep you alway.  
Sometimes I wish my son were like others,  
But worry and care is the way of mothers.

Lullaby, lullaby. I would I could sleep—  
Lullaby, lullaby, Mary's small sheep—  
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, none other has trod,  
Little son, the hard way of the mother of God.

## WHILE OTHER MORTALS SING

*Winnie Davis*

The loneliness of a dreary soul at Christmas Tide  
Is like the loneliness  
Of the dead among the quick ——— or yet,  
The isolation of a single star suspended in the night.

## THE DOWNFALL OF ELLEN HARDY

or THE DEMON DRAMA

Estelle Roberts

There was her cue. Ellen Hardy stepped forward, carefully smoothed the cuff of her right sleeve, and said, "Oh," as if it had no particular bearing on the subject.

"Did it ever occur to you that there might be some expression put into that line?" For three hours Miss Jacobs had been rehearsing the sophomores in their class play, and three hours of begging, "Please put something into those lines!" without noticeable result will wear the nerves of even the saintliest and most considerate of directors to a mere frazzle.

"But, Miss Jacobs, I haven't had any time to put on it. I had a chemistry test this morning."

"Try and get some characterization into those lines, all of you, before the next rehearsal. I'll meet you here Tuesday at three o'clock and we'll go over the last act again."

As she walked over to the dormitory Ellen wondered how she should say that "oh."

Her line! It was only one word, but she would deliver that single word with such fiery eloquence that the audience would be compelled to notice her, and having taken notice, to applaud. Not physically, perhaps, but no doubt they would offer homage to her mentally. Her acting would be such that she should stand out from the group of girls around her like the moon stood out from the stars. Who knew? This one word might be the beginning of a great career behind the footlights. That was all very well to think about, but to do it — how should that *line* be spoken?

As she began turning over in her mind the numerous ways from which she might select, the athletic coach and several girls passed her. The coach was talking of the approaching series of games.

"If it rains —"

"Oh?" sneered Ellen, doubtfully, as the villain of an old-time melodrama might have sneered when the heroine declared her intention of paying off the mortgage and saving the old homestead.

"What did you say?" inquired the coach blankly.

"I? I didn't — I mean — I'm sorry to have interrupted you," stammered Ellen.

As she beat a hasty retreat she was uncomfortably aware of the amused stares that followed her.

Nemesis stalked by Lady Macbeth no more closely than Ellen was pursued by consciousness of her duty to her art. It pursued her

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to bed; she dreamed of it. It pursued her to her meals; she hurriedly swallowed a mouthful of food between successive "oh's," each uttered with a thoughtfully varied intonation. It followed her into chemistry class as if evilly aware of the lesson for the day.

"During a storm," explained the instructor, "nitrogen is separated from the air by lightning."

The mind of Ellen was impervious to all but the problem that she was even then debating, as she had debated continuously for the entire past week.

"Now, if it rains ——"

"O - o - o - h," moaned Ellen. It appeared as if the very thought of rain was so distressing to her that she could not bear the mentioning of it without giving utterance to the torture it roused in her breast. That she *was* in torture was clearly evident from the sharp note of agony expressed in that one word, and from the manner in which she squirmed under the gaze of the startled professor.

"I've often said," murmured her roommate darkly, "that if ever Ellen lost her mind it would be over our dropping pins on the floor or not putting the caps on the toothpaste tubes, but now —— this raining ——"

"Ellen has always been so dependable," worried her English teacher.

The Saturday evening performance of the sophomore class play let in some light on the subject, but as the matter was never wholly explained to the satisfaction of all concerned, it is not unreasonable to suspect that there are even now people who firmly believe that during that hectic week Ellen was temporarily demented. What little explanation there was appeared in this manner.

The play progressed very nicely through the first two acts. In the third, the group of girls, including Ellen, came on as scheduled. The hero of the piece threw back his head and contemplated the ceiling above him as if looking for a sigh from the heavens.

"If it rains,—" he muttered.

The eyes of the entire audience shifted expectantly to Ellen. Evidently they were anticipating great things. As for Ellen, her mind had become as blank as the ceiling the hero had regarded so earnestly. Not one of her carefully rehearsed "oh's" came to her rescue. She stood as if stricken dumb.

Who can say what might have been the outcome but for a presence of mind and a safety-pin? The situation was saved by a quick jab by the girl standing behind her.

"Ouch!" yelled Ellen, dramatically.

But after that she had little left of her self-confidence, so that is the sad story of how the stage career of Ellen was brought to an abrupt and untimely end.

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“ANY MAIL, SANTY CLAUS?”

Winnie Davis

Oh, dear! He's so beautiful and so *utterly* oblivious of me, thought Fay.

Toby smiled at her. He said, “Fay, I—you—Fay, I want to tell you so much and I've got such a short time. Listen closely, Friend o' Mine, I'm twenty-two, I graduate in the spring, and this summer I'm a-coming wooing you. Could you give me a tip on my rating?”

Fay jerked to attention. Fay said, “Toby ——”

“You're perfect,” rhapsodized Toby, “I've never known a girl with whom I've wanted to spend all my days —— or nights. But *you!* —— I *must* be in love. A fellow would never be bored with you.”

“Toby, I didn't know. Why, oh! why,” moaned Fay, “didn't you tell me before?”

“I was afraid you'd laugh. You're flippant at times, you know. It's hard for me to say these things—too damn sensitive, I guess. But Fay, I want you to promise to write to me, and this summer—. You'll write, often? Promise!”

Fay smiled at the tea-table. Blessed Fool. He loved her and she hadn't known—she'd thought her wiles and efforts had been in vain—Fay blinked—she caught her breath—that letter she'd written for Toby to read on the train ——.

She snatched her hat and called a taxi—could she get to the station in time—that letter! *What* had possessed her to write it? It was so flippant, so full of adolescent arrogance that had had its bluff called. If only Toby had told her he loved her before she'd written it ——.

Fay chewed her glove. She remembered a certain part of the letter only too plainly—“I'm a flippant person, so don't take me seriously. I never mean what I say. And I'm out to do whom and what I can.” Fay regretted that letter.

She reached the station. The train was just pulling out. Fay watched it vanish, carrying Toby out of her life. Darkness seized her soul. Fay jumped up and down and shrieked.

For a week Fay hoped perhaps Toby hadn't read the letter. Maybe he'd lost it. But as the second week, and then a month passed, and no word from Toby, she knew.

Fay languished. No “laugh, clown, laugh” for Fay. When she sorrowed, she made no pretense about it. As Thanksgiving came on Fay hoped perhaps Toby would come—or write. For a week before Thanksgiving Day she prayed fervently. But November 30th came. Fay had plenty of turkey, but no Toby.

After that people began to knit their brows over Fay, her moth-



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er's friends sighed and wondered, "What's come over Fay? She used to be such a sweet child." Her brother's friends held their noses and made noises with their mouths and said, "Lemon." Her confidantes sat around tea-tables and nodded sagely over tea-cups, "Fay's in love again."

Two weeks before Christmas Fay talked to her brother. He groaned aloud when he heard all the bloody details. He advised her to write,—to do *anything*. So Fay wrote,—a clever letter that explained much but left plenty of exits for Fay's pride if Toby wouldn't forgive.

Toby showed the letter to his room-mate. The handsome Yankee said, "Writes a clever letter."

"What'll I do?" asked Toby. "Quit that tango and give me some advice—you haven't got any sense of rhythm anyhow."

"Toby," said his roommate with serious mein, "I'm your friend, aren't I?"

"Ye gods! I hope so—you're a damn good actor if you aren't. But what —"

"I'm your friend, and as I want to remain such I shan't tell you what to do. Advice—seek it from your enemies—me, I've got a class."

Fay checked the days on the calendar. She'd written Toby that if she didn't hear from him before December 25th, she'd know he couldn't forgive. Fay didn't do much Christmas shopping. As a matter of fact she didn't do much of anything except watch for the postman and answer the 'phone.

By the twenty-third she was mildly insane. Her family suggested she go out and join a nunnery—or they would.

After the last mail on the twenty-fourth Fay knew Toby hadn't written. Perhaps he was going to telegraph, that was romantic—or telephone. But even these hopes sank lower as night approached.

"It's too late to send a special delivery to Atlanta, isn't it?" Toby asked the handsome yankee.

His roommate rolled over and buried his head in his pillow. He mumbled through the feathers, "Yes! you ask me to spend a jolly, southern Christmas with you and! you don't do a damn thing but read that letter you got two weeks ago—it must be written on parchment the way it wears—and write letters and tear 'em up. If this be a jolly southern Christmas, give me snow and a couple of dam' yankees. And what's more you ask me questions and before I can answer 'em you answer 'em yourself."

"I think I'll telephone Fay," mused Toby, "or should I send a telegram?"

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His roommate groaned a yankee groan. Suddenly he sat up in bed, the light of inspiration in his eyes, he said, "I almost think I'm not your friend anymore. God knows I've been tried—I'm gonna give you some advice. I'm telling you! Hop a 'plane tomorrow and have Christmas dinner with Fay—and leave the rest to providence."

Toby looked at his roommate thoughtfully and murmured, "I rather planned to do that all the time."

Fay looked at the clock—quarter to twelve. She looked at the calendar—December 24th. She brushed her long bright hair—Toby liked long hair—Fay wondered how much a haircut and set would be—she brushed her hair and thought her long black thoughts. "The next writing I'll do," vowed Fay, "will be on ice. Maybe — he'll write me a letter tomorrow, for a Christmas present and come in person New Year's Day. We'll start the New Year right." Fay brushed her long hair more vigorously. She smiled a bright little hopeful smile.

Fay glanced at the clock—11:59. She looked at the telephone—she held her breath—she listened for the door bell —.

Twelve chimes tinkled a dirge to love's bright young dream.

"Well," said Fay, crawling into bed, "Out with the old love, in with my sense of humor."

## THE MASTER'S CHRISTMAS COMMANDMENT

*Kathryn Connell*

Bright burns the candle of charity  
On the world's great Christmas tree;  
Flickers bright the taper tall,  
God gives gifts to children all.

Something God said, something simple,  
And sweet and pure as a maiden's wimple;  
Something for His people to keep,  
At Christmas time, "Feed My sheep."

"Feed My sheep, shelter My flock,  
Answer the weary traveler's knock;  
Wake your heart, from the season's sleep,  
At Christmas time—Feed, Feed My sheep."



## EDITORIAL

*Kathryne Connell*

"And to you, your wassail too."

I have never known the exact nature of a wassail. When I was very young, I thought the wassail belonged to the weasel group, and that w - a - s - s - a - i - l was an old English way of spelling it. But that was no good either, for though being born in the

South, I can understand one hankering after a 'possum long about Christmas time, but a weasel? No.

Now I have reached the age of discretion when one does not burst in upon custom and tradition so unadvisedly. One knows that a wassail is a something, and being imaginative one concludes that it is a rather nice something. And though imaginative, it is logical. You can't get a nothing, and songs so merry aren't made about stupid things.

I hope all of you Freshmen who believe all things, Sophomores who hope all things, Juniors who endure all things, and Seniors who suffer all things, will get your own favorite brand of a wassail.

Mayhap a wassail is tall and blonde and plays on the football team. Mayhap it is lovely and white with brilliants, and hangs in a store window. Mayhap it comes in a bottle and makes you all willowy and bewitching. That would be a charming wassail. Mayhap it is brown and sweet and chewy, and named: Nunnally's. That is a most excellent wassail. And mayhap! O! Mayhap, it wears a brown suit, and carries yellow telegrams—that is the best wassail of all.

What ever wassail you prefer, may Christmas bring it to you. Perhaps this hint about wassails will be helpful. One can only wassail in green leaves. That means they last until Springtime.

Enough of such stuff! *Adestes fideles*—Christmas is the season for all the faithful whether to love, to friendship, to God and home, to duty, country or dreams, to come and proclaim what they have loved—how they have been faithful, not saying "in my own fashion," but searching to see if their faithfulness has matched that of kings.



## CRITICAL TIPS

Elizabeth Larisey

Famous date in history: November 19, 1933, Eddie Cantor back on the air. And we had better listen while we may, because John McCormack thinks radio is just a fad, thinks it won't last, thinks its future looks not so good.

\* \* \*

Miriam Hopkins will replace Tallulah Bankhead in *Jezebel*. On account of illness, Miss Bankhead is unable to play the role written especially for her by Owen Davis.

\* \* \*

*Pictorial Review* and Dodd Mead and Company have conducted a contest for first novels, and the \$10,000 prize has gone to Mrs. L. M. Alexander for *Candy*. *Candy* is the heroine of a story of negro life on a plantation in the Savannah River valley. *Candy's* heart was so full of love that it "jes' slopped over," and it led her into difficulties. Mrs. Alexander plans to begin work on another novel soon, and *Candy* will appear in *Pictorial Review* in serial form.

\* \* \*

We who have been carefully pronouncing the President's name roze' velt, having outgrown the high schoolish ru' ze velt, will have to learn it all over. The *Literary Digest* recently announced that the correct pronunciation is ro' ze velt.

\* \* \*

James Wallington, N. B. C. announcer, has received the American Academy's medal, token of the annual award for good diction. (And did Cantor howl when Wallington mispronounced psychoanalysis the other Sunday night!) Presentation was made by William Lyon Phelps, noted writer and Professor in Yale's English department.

\* \* \*

Young Tonio Selwart is attracting favorable attention as the Hessian deserter in *The Pursuit of Happiness*. Hitherto, in his stage appearances he has been, like the mythical good child, seen but not heard. He was Nana in *Peter Pan*, and the Fish Footman in *Alice*

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in *Wonderland*. His career as an actor began only four years ago, when Katharine Cornell discovered him in Munich.

\* \* \*

Readers who have a penchant for historical fact will probably be interested in Hilaire Belloc's *Charles the First*. This period of English history is significant because Charles I was the last king of England who not only reigned but governed.

\* \* \*

George (*Rhapsody in Blue*) Gershwin's first opera, a version of Du Bose Heyward's *Porgy*, will be produced next season by the Theatre Guild. Gershwin says that he is close to negro music, because negroes feel his music; they have *Rhapsody in Blue*.

\* \* \*

Ann Harding, who seldom gets a picture worthy of her, is to star in the film version of *Alien Corn*, the play in which Katharine Cornell scored such a hit on the stage last season.

\* \* \*

One of the reasons that the music on the Chase and Sanborn hour is always just right; every Sunday morning, Rubinoff has dress rehearsal, and recordings are made. All Sunday afternoon he plays these recordings back, and if anything is amiss, he corrects it before the broadcast that night. Rubinoff is meticulous about these personal recordings, because they insure a good broadcast, and he maintains that a performance is as good as his last broadcast.

\* \* \*

Alla Nazimova is going strong after a career as long as six ordinary ones. She is on Broadway now, playing in a Polish drama called *Doctor Monica*. As a play, it is said to be a minor effort, but Nazimova's dynamic performance causes audiences to overlook the weakness of the play itself. I read somewhere not long ago that when she was thirteen years old she was playing first violin in an orchestra in Odessa, and played for Rimsky-Korsakoff.

\* \* \*

My nomination for the handsomest author in the library—Richard Halliburton.

\* \* \*

Rachmaninoff, world famous Russian pianist, will be heard in Atlanta on December 7. He is appearing, under the auspices of the All Star Concert Series, for the first time in nine years.



## LOCALS

*Louise Ambos*

The Pine Cone, the Georgia State Womans College annual of last year, won all-American honor rating in the National Scholastic Press Association. This is the third time our college annual has won this high honor.

\* \* \*

Dr. Jere M. Pound spent several days in Atlanta during the week of November 16, serving on a committee for public school curriculum revision which was headed by State Superintendent M. D. Collins.

\* \* \*

Dr. Charles M. Snelling and Dr. J. C. Wardlaw visited the campus Wednesday morning, November 15, in the interest of general extension.

\* \* \*

The first of a series of faculty recitals of our college was a two-piano program featuring Miss Gladys E. Warren, head of the music department, assisted by Miss Margaret Zipplies, of Savannah, one of her most talented and accomplished students, at the Woman's Building on November 24th.

The program opened with Prelude and Fugue Opus 35-1 by Mendelssohn, which was marked by precision, buoyancy, and classic finish. The number reached a conclusion with the German Chorale, "A Mighty Fortress in Our God." This number was followed by Etude Opus 10-2, by Chopin. The poetic feeling of this chromatic Etude made for its popularity.

In contrast to the classical and romantic numbers was a group of modern music. First in this group were two numbers, Romance and Waltz, from a suite by Arensky, one of the outstanding younger Russian composers. These numbers showed considerable use of folk-tunes which he harmonized and developed most effectively. Le Matin by Chaminade represented her agreeable salon-music; and the Jester by Bucher, an American composer, depicted the more animated as well as the retarded antics of a courtly jester.

The concluding number Concerto in A Minor, Opus 16 by Greig, showed the composer's ability to adapt classical structure to themes so nearly allied to actual traditional times as to be hardly distinguishable from genuine folk-music.

*Twelve*



## Y. W. C. A.

*Ruth Ellis*

One of the most inspirational Vesper Services of the year was a quiet worship service held on Sunday evening, November 5th. Miss Josephine Joubert, of Savannah, and Miss Bessie McRae, of Savannah, were the speakers of the evening. Both of these talks brought out "The High Points in the Life of Jesus." Miss Joy Miller, of Albany, and Miss Evelyn May, of Quitman, sang a lovely duet.

\* \* \*

Mr. John Elbert Wilson, professor of History at Emory Junior College, made a very interesting talk to us at Vespers on Thursday evening, November 9th. His subject was "International Problems" and it was presented in a very interesting and helpful way.

\* \* \*

The International Relations Club and the World Fellowship Committee worked together to present two very interesting programs on one of the most significant questions of world problems—Russian Recognition. Miss Virginia Hutchinson, of Valdosta, was leader of both programs. On Thursday evening, November 16th, the discussions were based on a study of Old Russia. Miss Mary Elizabeth Weatherford, of Savannah, made a very helpful historical survey of Russia as a nation. "The Race of People in Russia" was discussed by Miss Rachel Coxwell, of Leesburg, and Miss Laura Allen, of Climax, told of "The Customs of the Russian People". On Thursday evening, November 23rd, the discussion was based on a study of "Russia Today." "The Five Year Plan" was presented by Miss Leonora DuFour of Albany, and Miss Louise Driskell of Surrency, discussed the "Situations in Russia Today." The question of "Russian Recognition" was discussed by Miss Virginia Sheppard of Savannah in a very interesting way. At the conclusion of this discussion Miss Price displayed a collection of Russian articles, among which were Russian toys, bits of copperware as well as a real Russian costume which she wore herself.



## SOCIETY NOTES

*Jeannette Schulman*

*Margaret Zipplies*

The Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies held a joint meeting Friday evening, December 8th, in the play-production room. They are indebted to Miss Sawyer's play production class for the most enjoyable program of the year, 'Op - O' - Me - Thumb, a one-act play by Frederick Fenn and Richard Price. The cast consisted of:

Madame Jeanne Marie Napoleon de Gallifet Didier, Miss Bessie Autrey, Valdosta; Clem Gallaway, Mrs. Glenn Johnson, Quitman; Rose Jordan, Miss Geraldine Arrington, Ellaville; Celeste, Miss Kathryn Connell, Valdosta; Amanda Afflick, Miss Grace Holcombe, Valdosta; Mr. Horace Greensmith, Miss Annie Maude McLeod, Newton. Property manager, Miss Margaret Williams, Cordele.

'Op O' Me Thumb concerns itself with the dreams of Amanda Afflick, a little work house girl who works in a laundry. Amanda, played by Grace Holcombe, worships from afar Mr. Horace Greensmith who came into her life only once, and that, to leave his shirt at the laundry. As Madame Didier says, "She is little, but she is good—she work—" while every one else "talk - talk - talk!"

The cast handled the play very effectively, though it did leave one with a lump in the throat.







## ATHLETICS

### PHI LAMBDA NOTES

*Virginia Tuck*

Have the Lambdas spirit? You're asking me. You should have seen the Lambdas with their flying colors and high spirits on November 17th, as well as on Thanksgiving morning. You couldn't blame them though—winning an American ball game is no little thing in the life of a G. S. W. C.er.

On November 17th, the Lambdas and Kappas played their second games of the year—The Kappas won the fist ball game with a score of 2-0. The Lambdas won the American ball game with a score of 3-1. Hats off to Hudson and Jones for running up the score for us.

On Thanksgiving morning the third and last game was played. This game was to announce the winners of the series—because there was a tie in fist ball and American ball. Such an exciting morning. The Lambdas won the fist ball game with a 2-0 victory, thus making the score for the series 2-1 in favor of the Lambdas. The Lambdas playing in the fist ball game were: Margaret Kennedy, Dawson, (manager); Mary Glover, Valdosta, (captain); Beth McCullom, Thomasville; Monty Campbell, Athens; Sara Nicholson, Amsterdam; Sara Ellen Morgan, Mystic; Louise Driskell, Surrency; Clare Lawson, Savannah; substitute, Jeanette Schulman, of Albany.

The American ball game was an exciting game between two well-balanced teams. Neither team scored. The Lambda spirit was even higher than usual with Helen Brasington, 1931-32, President of the Lambdas, on the side lines cheering her team on to victory. The Lambda players in the American ball were: Jackie Studstill, Lakeland, (captain); Esther Smith, Sycamore, (manager); Henry Kate Gardner, Camilla; Margaret Jones, Lakeland; Ruby Harrison, Fitzgerald; Ida Lee Stearman, Savannah; Una Hitch, Jesup; Margaret Hudson, Newton; Mary Gibbs, Tifton; Leonora DuFour, Albany; Estelle Roberts, Cordele. Substitutes, Laforest Smith, Valdosta; Virginia Tuck, Thomasville.

Lambdas, Remember—your pep, you've got it, now keep it!

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PHI KAPPA NOTES

*Patsy Sparks*

Just think! We saw our last American ball and fist ball game Thanksgiving morning. The fist ball game was played first and of course we hate to admit the defeat, but it is the truth that hurts lots of times. Team, we are for you just the same. Just suppose you had a fist like Ruby Nell Wall. She can put the ball over the net, and by the way this was her last fist ball game for G. S. W. C. Players during the game were: Carolyn Davison, Nell Allen, Permelice Olliff, Mayme Register, Ruby Nell Wall, Laura Allen, Lois Corley, Mary Bertha Kennedy. Substitutes were: Marie Bower and Mildred Ogles.

The American ball game was a splendid game, but when the last whistle blew the score was nothing to nothing. Players during the game were: Martiele Turner, Ann Turner, Louise Odom, Esther O. Smith, Maggie Joiner, Mildred Turnbull, Margaret Hall, Margaret Colswer, Joe Daniel, Josephine Joubert, Jessie Langdale, GeDelle Brabham. We shall miss GeDelle and Martiele next year.

Important days for Kappas are in the week December second through ninth for the athletic tournament. Among the games that are scheduled in the tournament are miniature golf, basket ball, goal shooting, and archery.

The games that will be played during the winter quarter are basket ball and soccer. Come one, come all, and after Christmas Holidays let's have the best teams ever.

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### BEGGING YOUR PARDON IN ADVANCE

No, Annie doesn't. Not any more . . . . These went to Homecoming at Florida: Margaret Hale, Juanita Butler, Grace Holcombe . . . . Can you remember 'way back to the Valdosta Club Tea Dance? Remember the orchestra leader's perfectly grand imitation of Cab . . . . Minnie, speaking of Cab, Minchew came to see us t'other night, and Toots Stanaland was seen in the drug store with Lilla . . . . Una Ritch can be depended on, and is that a compliment? It is . . . . Vangy Trimble, Clara Davis Adams, did you have a nice Thanksgiving dinner? . . . . or was it supper? . . . . Mary Askew can pick smooth dancers.

Seen at the Sophomore-Senior Dance: Miss Sawyer—looking like a million dollars—with her hair coronet fashion . . . . All the Juniors leaning over the stairs . . . . Sophomores sporting corsages . . . . Seniors in black evening dresses . . . . Lyall Temple wearing a broad smile . . . . Cripey? . . . . Patsy's date—tall and handsome . . . . Smiley. . . . The late arrival . . . . and the ice cream.

Happy Christmas to you, and merry New Year.



## CLUBS

*Doris Young*

November 21, the Sock and Buskin Club met in the play-production room. A delightful play "Elizabeth the Queen" by Anderson was presented by the following:

Elizabeth—Margaret Williams, of Cordele; Lord Essex—Estelle Roberts, of Cordele; Penelope—Elizabeth Kelley, of Savannah; and the reader—Henri Kate Gardner, of Camilla. On December 9th the club will sponsor with the Emory Junior dramatic club the Jitney Players.

An entertaining play entitled "Father and Son," was sponsored by the Sock and Buskin Club, Saturday evening, November 11th. The characters, all faculty members, were: Father, Dr. Gulliver; Mother, Miss Parrish; Son, Dr. Phelan; Doctor, Dr. Punke; and Maid, Miss Ivey.

\* \* \*

At the November meeting of the Philharmonic Club a short business session was held, after which the following program was presented: "To a Wild Rose", MacDowell and "Characteristic Piece", Sinding, played by Virginia Hudson; "Adoration", Borowski, a violin solo by Elizabeth Larisey; "Down in the Forest" and "Summer" from "Cycle of Life", Roland, sung by Mildred McDonald; "Evening", Boyle, and "Merrymakers", Travers, played by Mary Lois Hitch; Presentation of Plan of Study from How Music Grew, by Annie Lois Gardner; "Southern Moon" and "Mah Lindy Lou", Strickland, sung by Joy Miller; and "Theme and Variations", Schumann, played by Margaret Zipplies.

\* \* \*

The Euclidian Club met November 17th. The President, Margaret Easterlin, of Thomasville, read to the members the parts of the constitution which had been necessary to change. Next the chairman of the program committee, Martiele Turner, of Valdosta, took charge of an interesting program upon the subject of "Light." Annie Maude McLeod, of Newton, gave some interesting facts from the life of Professor Albert A. Michelson. Others taking part were Edith Hightower, of Bainbridge, who gave a report on "The Speed

## THE PINE BRANCH

Record of Light," and Cleo Barber, of Bainbridge, who spoke of "The Engineering Aspects of Michelson's Experiments."

\* \* \*

At the November meeting of the Science Club held Saturday, the 25th, it was decided that the club should be divided into two parts, one doing biological work and the other chemical work. The plan is for the two groups to hold a joint meeting at a specified time to report the work accomplished by each. Clare Lawson, of Savannah, conducted a very interesting program on the subject of Television. "What is Television?" was given by Louise Ambos, of Savannah; an account of the history of television by Virginia Kirkland, of Metter; and a discussion of the recent developments of television by Dorothy Walls, of Cordele.

\* \* \*

The International Relations Club held its December meeting on Tuesday night, December 5th. The interesting program conducted by Mary Elizabeth Weatherford, of Savannah, included the following book reports: McClure: *World Prosperity*, by Leonora DuFour, of Albany; Eagleton: *International Government*, by Broun Hutchinson, of Valdosta; and Richardson: *Will They Pay*, by Margaret Williams, of Cordele. The members of the Valdosta Wymodausis Club were invited to attend this meeting.

\* \* \*

The English Club met November. The following books were discussed: *Little Man, What Now?* by Hans Fallada, Kathryne Connell, of Valdosta; *Anthony Adverse* by Hervey Allen, Kathryne Moore, Douglas; *Farewell Miss Julie Logan* by J. M. Barrie, Estelle Roberts, Cordele; and the first installment of Eva Legallienne's life entitled *Footlights*, Elizabeth Larisey, Valdosta. At the conclusion of the program refreshments were served.

\* \* \*

The Glee Club members contributed several enjoyable numbers to the program at the Thanksgiving dinner. These were: "Sonny" by Moore, "Thanksgiving Be to God" by Dickson, sung by the entire group; and "Prayer of Thanksgiving" a Netherland folk tune and "Rose in the Bud" by Foster, presented by a smaller number.

\* \* \*

The officers of the newly organized French Club for the year 1933-'34 are: Kathlyn Taylor, of Valdosta, president; Carolyn Brim, of Dawson, vice-president; and Naomi Austria, of Waycross, secretary and treasurer.



## ALUMNAE

*Frances DeKle*

Cora Burgard writes from Fort Lauderdale, Florida, that she has an interesting art club in the high school. Cora teaches English in the high school.

\* \* \*

Margaret LaFar is fifth grade critic teacher in the Maryland State Normal College at Frostburg, Maryland.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Daniel Lindsey Grant (Morgan Majette), of the class of '27, lives in Bronxville, N. Y. She sent the following to Iva Chandler: "I have two prize children, a boy and girl, ages eight and seven. Professionally, I am a story-teller, president of the Westchester Story League."

\* \* \*

Helen Ryon is teaching in Ludowici, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Kathryn Blackshear, of the class of '26, is teaching in the Sarasota High School, Sarasota, Florida.

\* \* \*

Annie Lou Stanaland, Wylene Whitley, Marian Lundy, and Evelyn Blanton are teaching in Pavo, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Joyce Roberson is teaching in Oak Park, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Ethel McSwain is in New Hampshire doing interior decorating.

\* \* \*

Shirley Gaskins (Mrs. Agnew Thomison) is leading the busy life of being a doctor's wife and looking after her three-year-old daughter. Her address is 308 Third Avenue, Dayton, Tennessee.

\* \* \*

Eunice Chute is teaching in Folkston, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Virginia Clark is doing substitute work in the Tampa schools. Her address is 2811 Terrace Drive, Tampa, Fla.

\* \* \*

Ruby McSwain is teaching in a consolidated school "Cedar Crossing," near Vidalia, Georgia.



## JOKES

Winnie Davis

Martiele: "Did you put that water in a glass?"

Gracie: "No, I left it in a little pile on the table."

\* \* \*

Elizabeth K.: "Look, did that tree blow down last night?"

Sister Pat: "No, it's probably just sleeping late this morning."

\* \* \*

Have you ever:

Felt as unnecessary as a college senior on her first experience as chaperon?

Felt as welcome as an empty mail box?

Thought yourself to be as neglected as a three-day old bulletin board notice?

\* \* \*

I hate he,  
I hate he,  
I wish he were die;  
He told I, he loved I,  
But damn he, he lie.

\* \* \*

Policeman (at scene of murder): "You can't come in here."

Reporter: "But I've been sent to do the murder."

Policeman: "Well, you're too late; the murder's been done."

\* \* \*

Book canvasser (to little boy at gate of villa): "Is your mother at home?"

Little boy (politely): "Yes, sir."

Canvasser (after knocking a dozen times): "I thought you said your mother was at home."

Boy: "Yes, she is, sir; but I don't live here!"

# Greetings of the Season

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