

THE PINE BRANCH



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THE STAFF

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
Lady In Waiting—Kathryne Connell	3
Down to Earth—Esther Smith	4
Ideals of a G. S. W. C. Student	10
Easy as A. B. C.—Winnie Davis	12
Editorial	14
Critical Tips	15
Locals—Literary Societies	17
Clubs	18
Open Letter Home	20
Y. W. C. A.	21
Athletic News	22
Alumnae	23
Jokes	24



LADY - IN - WAITING

Kathryne Connell

I have not wasted tears on lads who were untrue,
Or passed a sleepless night over some inconsequential you;
Nor have I eaten heavy in Passion's fervid hall,
I shall need my thirst and hunger when I hear my true love's call.

My life is not a-cluttered, my mind is very clear,
My hands are clean, my lips unsoiled, as sure as Christ is dear.
For this high heart-fancy shall evermore be mine,
And its very thought supports me as water turns to wine.

I shall be so very sure beyond ambition's measure,
I shall be so very true, a finer thing than pleasure;
For love is sorely mocked when it bears the name of passion,
I shall love quite simply, in my own particular fashion.

These are my dreams, high and hard, I'll have no second-best,
Yet would God my love would come that my weary heart might rest!
A dream is hard to keep undimmed, and lips were made for kissing,
Mine must be the perfect him, to think of what I'm missing!



DOWN TO EARTH

Esther Olivia Smith

Stanley Baker was tall, dependable, handsome; the key to his happiness lay behind an aeroplane motor or in the aeronautics laboratory. Unpremeditative, unassuming, he was more interested in his work than is common among young men, but Jack Bowers sensed a recent change.

"Stanley, you're 'bout to let a skirt come between you and your work, aren't you?"

"Not so long as I'm conscious. Why?"

"You've had a date with Joyce every night this week. Everybody's talking it. Sounds pretty bad to me."

"Oh she's interesting, and I like her. That's all."

"I don't know whether she is or not, Stan. She's too —— Well I wouldn't know what to talk to her about."

"Oh, don't be funny" Stan said with a laugh, "She can get you talking about yourself just as quick as any of 'em. Nice kid. But don't get all up in the air, Jack."

Jack Bowers was a bigger fool than he thought. The idea of giving up his job for a girl. If the social routine chanced to demand a date every night it was legal to acquiesce with Joyce in the bargain. She expected no more of him than a playboy. Both understood that. She knew of that past meeting of the aeronautics board and the position in which he was placed. The president's words amused him: "I'm giving you young men these positions only on one condition—that you do not marry or take on any family affiliations during the three years of experimental aeronautics. There will be a contract to that effect. If broken, you know the rules; you automatically sever all connection with the company. Of course if your three years are successful, your future is made. Take it or leave it."

Stan took it. The very thing he lived for. And now, after a year and a half of really living, breathing the air of the droning motors, facing chemical dangers with an inscrutable smile, this work had become an integral part of him. Nothing, no nothing human, could take it from him. Thoughts of his former position as grocer store clerk filled him with a sickening disgust. How had he stood it? Then of Joyce. "Intelligent girl," he decided. "No mistaking that. Building a delightful future for herself."

Individuality plus personality,—quite a combination. Reserved? Well I don't know. Most too entertaining. Come to think about it I really don't know much about her. Guess I do all the talking.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

One thing about her—she's plenty oblivious to what people say or think about her, and I like that.

The social routine continued finding Stan and Joyce together. The general public linked their names. Drug store conversation found a possible lasting romance.

"If they don't marry pretty soon it won't be Joyce's fault. She's plenty crazy about him." Frank little Gay loudly expressed her sentiments.

"Has she told you so?" interestedly asked Peggy Giles, one of the girls from the Wetherby boarding house.

"No Garbo don't talk, she don't, but I know."

"Well I think you're wrong." Jack Bowers was too much of the same make-up as Gay to be agreeable. "He's just as stuck on her as she is him and more so too. Nothing but her refusals holding him down."

The male population of the surrounding table chimed a mutual agreement. Men knew the hearts of men. "Jack's right Gay. He's goofy about that girl. With her every night. If there's any kicking done, I'm afraid Stan'll be the recipient."

Joyce and Stan never sensed the importance of their affair to the casual observer, if youth can ever be termed casual in regard to such affairs. It was no affair. Simply the filling in of spare moments, Joyce had indifferently explained it. And now Stan was having to work so hard they had to give up their dates for a while. Gay walked down the hall. Joyce immediately began tapping the typewriter.

"Don't you miss Stan, Joyce? Doesn't come often now, does he?"

"Well, I miss him some, but he's working. I find plenty to do myself."

"Working is he? How do you know?" Gay laughed maliciously.

"Poisonous little snipe," Joyce thought, "Best way to get around such people is to ignore them completely. Wonder if any body else thinks I've been stung? Not that I care. I could show 'em, but — — I don't care enough about it to bother. Haven't heard of Stan having any dates, any way."

* * * * *

Stan puzzled Joyce. He had realized that he was drifting. He was forced to snatch himself from the precipice's edge and never reflect on the desirability of a sudden fall. The only way out was to suspend dates. No, he didn't like it. Stan was the one person who had penetrated Joyce's real personality and he realized the sweet surprises hidden beneath that undemonstrativeness—and the danger. His future hung in the balance and diligent, untiring effort was the

THE PINE BRANCH

beam. Work involved more time. Spare moments were hard to find. Time would not wait. Joyce would, perhaps. An engagement would keep him on the edge, so he did the one sensible thing there was to do. Quit, with expectations of a happy return in a successful career and love some day.

* * * * *

The drug store got the story.

"Yeh, what'd I tell you," Gay exploded victoriously. "I knew it was coming. He kicked her, didn't he?"

"Did he." Jack was coolly sarcastic. "How'm I s'posed to know. 'Cause he don't go may be a sure sign that he can't."

"Well she won't talk about it, so I draw my own conclusions. When a girl has the whip, don't you fret, big boy, she cracks it."

"Ah nerts! Joyce's too brainy for anything like that."

"You make me sick, Jack Bowers, talking about a brainy person, when you wouldn't recognize a brain if you saw one. I know what I'm talking about. No sensible girl's gonna throw up show tickets, 'n everything else that's coming free just for the fun of it. Either she's gone crazy or she had to do it, and of course we all know she isn't crazy."

The argument split the company, the jealous creatures of the girlish realm agreeing that Joyce had been dropped, while the males had no sympathy for a man who could be led so far and gyped.

But the drug store failed to hold in confinement its argument. The old, old story,—conversation stopped when Joyce entered one of the girls' rooms. Evidently it failed entirely to penetrate. Her complete indifference both assumed and natural resulted in her saying nothing about it. She played the role, she asked no questions, and she did it far too well, for detection. A casual remark was made about her getting thin. Study and hard work would make any body thin, she said. She was secretly exultant by spells. She had carried it off wonderfully and she knew it. Not for any price would she have them know the depth of her feelings. Sweet consolation for a hurt that refused to be consoled. Sweet only when she thought, "Just consider the humiliation if they really knew."

Work has often been called the cure-all, but even that failed to effect for Joyce a complete erasure. It left her tired, but unrelieved; an excuse for not assembling with the girls in the living room.

It had been a day of hard work after late study the night before. Tired, dreadfully tired, Joyce fell across her bed, removing neither coat nor shoes. Face downward her head lying on her arms she passed into an exhausted sleep. Lines caused from constant concentration and something she refused to confess even to herself, were

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

definitely marked under her eyes. The bell rang at six-thirty for the evening meal, but she did not wake.

"Where's Joyce?" Gay was the first to miss her.

"There isn't a light in her room," answered Peggy. "She must be out."

"I'll see." Gay would always see.

She looked for a moment, an early moon casting a pale glow across Joyce's face. Had she done something desperate. She heard her even breathing. Not that bad, but plenty bad. Such a thing as this, even, was desperate for Joyce.

Poor kid. She'd be sympathetic if the little fool wasn't so darned tight-lipped.

She told it to the girls with emphasis, position, moonbeams, cause and effect. They all took a peep as Gay knew they would.

The land lady, voluble, unquestioning, indignant, "Men oughtn't to be allowed to get by with any thing like that. Disgusting. Do girls just like they wanta. Hurt 'em todeath." She busied herself fixing a tray for Joyce. "We gotta talk to her about it. You've heard that about sharing your troubles."

The three girls and Mrs. Wetherby went to Joyce's room. The light woke her. "Oh was I tired?" She saw the tray. "I didn't mean to sleep like that. I'm sorry, honestly."

"Poor little dear, don't you mind a-tall about that. Men oughtn't be allowed to get by with it, I say. Better fish in the ocean than's ever been caught, 'n don't you go worrying your head off. Come on and eat dearie, you'll feel better."

Peggy and Flo understanding as only girls can understand, attempted to express their sorrow. It hurt terribly for awhile, but she'd get over it maybe.

"Well you've all gone completely daffy while I took an innocent little nap."

It was bad enough, but such public interference. Joyce couldn't bear it. She must stem it before it got farther. No chance. "Don't now, please don't be like that little girlie," Mrs. Wetherby had been patting her shoulder since the minute she stepped into the room. "Smother all them troubles up in your heart and you'll just naturally choke to death. Come on now; tell us all about it."

"Well for goodness' sake give me a word please. Hasn't anything happened to me."

Gay popped. "Oh yeh—you're telling me. That's why I'm not sympathetic. But you can't get by with it this time. You've been kicked and kicked hard and everybody knows about it."

THE PINE BRANCH

"I've never heard anything so ridiculous. We've both been working the reason—"

"Work, your left eye. Go on and face the music. You thought you had him. The whole gang's talking about it."

Uncontrollable anger seized Joyce. "Well your whole gang's got the wrong damned idea. I could marry Stanley Baker in a minute if—if—."

"Yes my dear," Gay raised superior brows, "If he would have you."

"I'll show you what I can do. Clear out, please." Joyce stood aside outwardly calm, dignified.

Gay held the upper hand. "Have before holding, you know."

Joyce reflected bitterly. The devil of a mess—that was it. Kicked, yes deliberately kicked. No getting around that, but it diminished in importance in the face of having everybody know her feelings. But worse, yes much worse, was the idea of blurting that she could marry Stan if she wanted to. Did people ever die with disgust of themselves? The whole town would know she had said that. And Stan. What would he think of her? She must see him and explain somehow. Say it was a fit of temper, a joke,—anything. But she was sane enough to know that Gay would punch holes in anything she said. Better to face his taunts alone though than have him laughing with the whole crowd at her. No damned earthly reason for people always poking their nose in some one else's business. The telephone rang.

* * * * *

Jack Bowers tiptoed quietly into Stan's room. Everything was deathly still.

"What you doing?"

"Can't you see?"

"You might as well do that. I'm sorry pal, honestly. All the gang's glad of it, but I'm not. Don't take it so hard. You'll find someone else and — — —."

Stan was disgusted. "Sit down Jack, and sober up. I've told you that if you don't keep that poison stuff out of your system it'll kill you."

"What stuff? I haven't seen a drink today. I'm talking about Joyce; the way she did you — — —."

Four members of the male gang made a sudden appearance.

"Hi old pal, you got it handed to you, did you? Believe you thought you had her."

"It's just a game with any of 'em" added Roy Bates, "but I thought you had too much gumption to be pulled in."

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Stan was amused. "You guys are off track some how. Why—I we—it was understood — — —."

"No doubt, no doubt, but it hurts like the devil to have to understand some things. Take your medicine if it is bitter. You've been duped, wise guy, and we all know about it."

That was a little more than Stan could bear calmly. "You don't know a damned thing. When I'm duped to the hurting point, you'll all know about it. Did Joyce say that?"

"Of course not. We know it now. Did she just get fed up on you?"

"Joyce isn't the kind of girl who goes around punching boys in the eye, if I was the sort of guy to get punched."

"Still crazy about her. Too bad."

"What are ya trying to do, any how? I would marry that girl this week if it wasn't for my work."

"Be careful. Law's pretty strict on kidnappers, ya know."

"You think I can't. Think I've been gyped. I'll show you a thing or two. Get out of here." So they took him for a fool, eh? He'd show 'em. Maybe that's what he wanted to do all the time.

And in a few minutes the 'phone rang for Joyce.

Joyce decided that fate had played into her hands. She was nervous, excited. Would fate make her next play easy?

One o'clock. It had all been so unusual. Fate, that was all fate. It must be right that way, after all. He had simply said, "Joyce, you're so sweet. I didn't know I could miss any one so terribly." Now she was wearing his mother's ring.

Intelligent girl, Joyce, but she never wondered if Stan made it a practice to carry engagement rings in his pocket.

"One-fifteen. It had all been so simple. Only a few words and she—well he didn't know she cared like that.

The drug store: "Oh they just quit off like that for a blind. I knew it all the time." This from Gay.

"For once in my life I agree with you Gay," responded Jack.

"Asparagus, green beans. Anything else, today?" Stan heard the whirr of an aeroplane in the sky, but he went on piling vegetables into the show window. Joyce was worth it. Maybe in a year or so he'd get a break and be able to take up aeronautics again. Maybe!

THE PINE BRANCH

"IDEALS OF A G. S. W. C. STUDENT"

Cooperation and responsibility in the activity of the school, the home, the community, the nation, and of an international order. Effective command of intellectual powers in order to see life as a whole, and more wisely choose an objective.

Reverence for the spiritual.

Self-discipline in physical, mental, and emotional activities.

Appreciation of the beautiful and a continuous growth of aesthetic judgment.

Maintenance of a courteous, friendly manner.

Truth in thought and in behaviour.

Anticipation and preparation for a dynamic adulthood.

The foregoing paragraph contains the standards offered by the student body to the committee on curriculum.

The girls whose pictures will appear in the feature section of the annual were judged by these ideals. The election of a girl by the student body does not mean that she exemplifies these principles perfectly, it means only that her effort to live up to the finest ideals is apparent.

Following are the girls who most nearly attain these "Ideals of a G. S. W. C. Student":

Miss GeDelle Brabham of Moultrie, Georgia, President of the Student Government Association for 1933-34. Miss Brabham is a very active member of the Phi Kappa Athletic Association, receiving the signal honor of having her name engraved on the athletic plaque this year. In the four years that Miss Brabham has spent on the campus, she has also served as president and secretary of her class.

Miss Josephine Daniel, Hinesville, is the only member of the Sophomore Class who received the distinction of being elected as one of the most representative girls. Miss Daniel is a very outstanding member of the Phi Kappa Athletic Association, serving now as official scorer of that Association, and having received her athletic numerals and letter.

Miss Henry Kate Gardner, of Camilla, is a member of the Junior Class and is vice-president of the Y. W. C. A. Miss Gardner played the leading role in the Dramatic Club play, *Mary The Third*, last year.

Miss Margaret Kennedy of Dawson, president of the Y. W. C. A. for the year 1933-34, has also served as vice-president and treasurer of this organization in the past three years. Miss Kennedy has the distinct honor of being an assistant to the Dean of Women this year.

Miss Marjorie Sessions of McRae, is the editor-in-chief of the

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

year-book, the *Pine Cone*, for the year 1933-34. Miss Sessions has also been vice-president of the Sororian Literary Society, Intersociety Debater and a member of the *Pine Branch* staff.

Miss Martiele Turner of Valdosta, president of the Phi Kappa Athletic Association, is also vice-president of the Euclidian Club this year. Miss Turner is completing her course in three years, having made high honors each year.

Miss Annie Belle Weatherford, Savannah, is the president of the Junior Class, and vice-president of the Phi Lambda Athletic Association. She has also served as treasurer of her class, 1932-33, and has received her numerals, letter, and athletic cup.

Miss Margaret Zipplies, Savannah, is the president of the Philharmonic Club for the year 1933-34. Miss Zipplies is a member of the Junior Class, is accompanist for the Glee Club, and was Council member of her class, 1931-32.

Other students on the ballot were: Misses Lilla Alexander of Nashville, Carolyn Brim of Sasser, Judy Cochran of Camilla, Ruth Ellis of Savannah, Annie Lois Gardner of Camilla, Grace Holcombe, Broun Hutchinson, Virginia Hutchinson, Martha Jackson, all of Valdosta, Mildred McDonald of Colquitt, Winona Parrish of Valdosta, Una Ritch of Jesup, Jeannette Schulman of Albany, Esther Smith of Sycamore, Mildred Turnbull of Moultrie, Mary Elizabeth Weatherford of Savannah.



THE PINE BRANCH

EASY AS A, B, C.

Winnie Davis

Reverently Liza gazed,—*Personality Building* by Madame Zola. She thumbed through the pages to the section marked "Personality Three." She concentrated on the advice given there, and then the 'phone rang. She clasped the book to her heart and picked up the receiver.

"Hello, oh! yes I remember you"—frantically she scanned the pages under "Personality Three"—don't bother to remember names; play up some physical characteristic or individualistic behavior in an absent-minded way—"You're the one with the intriguing blue eyes"—don't be too eager for the first date—"Tennis? But I never take violent exercise before lunch—yes, I suppose so—at one then?"

Liza relaxed. She blew a kiss to the little blue book. Jim! She had thought perhaps Tom or Dick, but Jim!

Liza smiled vaguely across the table at Aunt Beulah. Here lay dangerous ground. If her mother had—but then mother rarely went about spreading the news that they had daughters with absolutely no sex-appeal. Liza buttered a piece of toast.

"You're wanted," mumbled the maid, "on the 'phone, Miss Liza."

Liza held her breath, "Hullo. Oh! yes I remember you. You're the one with the lovely baritone. I had a lovely time. Sorry, I never golf before breakfast. Why yes, I'd like to go. Tomorrow night? Good-bye." Liza sighed. She was getting better results than she'd dared hope for. Praise Allah, she had a good memory. Jim and Dick!

At ten o'clock Liza went up to her room. She had to put in some intensive study. Her date with Jim would decide her fate for the rest of the summer. Liza wondered for a moment if it were worth the struggle. Then she remembered with a shudder the long, long days of loneliness and oblivion at home. Liza straightened her shoulders. En Avant!

Liza glanced up through her lashes at Jim; "That remains to be seen." And Jim plainly intended to remain to see. Liza toyed with her salad. Mentally she salaamed to the little blue book. So far so good. She was intensely glad Mme. Zola's pose of detachment and indifference did not call for continual vivacious repartee. "Thanks, if I go—oh! I promised Dick."

"Dick?" Jim frowned. Dick got in his hair. "Save me your no-breaks then."

"S'pose we wait till the dance. Dick will probably fill them for me. I know so few people here."

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Aunt Beulah sat on the edge of the bed. She had the proud look of one who owns a prize animal. Liza felt like a worm under a microscope. Aunt Beulah made soothing noises in her throat, then said: "I'm so glad for you, my dear, that you are so popular. It's funny, though, that your mother should write me that she was sending you up here because she was so distressed about your lack of social attention!"

Liza gazed desperately at the little blue book. It was much easier to bluff men; women seemed to know all the tricks of the trade. Her heart sank to her toes. Lost! She visualized Jim's face if ever he got hold of this little piece of Liza's history. "Oh, mother has to have her little joke."

Swan Song. Liza looked at her dresses hanging so primly straight. Her last date, and with Jim. Tomorrow she was going back home to oblivion. "At least," Liza defiantly stated to her frocks, "I have good taste in clothes." It might be a Swan Song, but Liza determined it would be sung to trumpets and cymbals. She had hoped it would be a home-date and had planned on the coffee-colored lace. But since the country-club dance had complicated matters, Liza decided on the gray crepe and Juliette cap.

Liza looked at the moon behind Jim's head. She wondered what the man-in-the-moon would do in a case like this. If Jim really wanted to marry her, he was in love with her no matter what she was. Liza decided she believed in pre-destination. Somehow she felt it was written that Jim was going to kiss her again.

Liza almost was in tears. Life was such a strain. Here she was engaged to Jim, and he didn't know about *Personality Building*. Liza looked at the little blue book. It was quite worn, especially "Personality Three." Each of the cues had been used at least three times. Liza wondered if Mme. Zola had a post-graduate course.





EDITORIAL

"I want the whole wide world to know, I love the land of Old Black Joe." Thus goes an old minstrel curtain raiser; yet for all its obvious sentimentality (protect me from the author, oh, oblivion) I like it. I like it because, in milder terms that's the way I feel. I could go right on loving the South, content as I am, without tell-

ing it to the world, but if ever the chance presents itself, I shall include a little of cotton fields, magnolia trees, negroes and jamborees in the story I tell to the nations. Deny it as you will, the whole of America can't help getting sentimental about what lies beyond the Mason-Dixon line. Virtually, the South is the land of romance, mystery, swords and roses, and it will always be so even if only in the memories of our children's children.

Come let us do a lesson in synonyms. First America, Independence; second, Independence, Washington; third, Washington, strange but this pops up here, minuet; minuet, ladies in powdered wigs; ladies, belle of the ball; belle of the ball, the ball; the ball, and now this is purely a trick of memory, crinoline and mint juleps; mint juleps, the south; getting there nicely, what? The South, Georgia; Georgia, pine trees; pine trees, you tell me.

Will you ever be able to erase that memory, that close relationship of our college and the tallest, most fragrant tree on earth?

"You went to school in the midst of pine trees," your children will say. It must have been a very dinky little country school. A hasty trip to the attic for the annual. "Oh," they will say, "You went to school there, and they had pine trees? How unique!"

If I could pray only one prayer for G. S. W. C., it would be that the Great Gardener will always let her have her pine trees. Keep the sleepy music of the pines ever in the hearts of the girls. Remind them always by the music that they are of a glorious heritage, a heritage of sky and water and air to breathe, air that has never known the smoke of a busy city, air that has always lingered about fields of growing things. "The sun shines bright."



CRITICAL TIPS

Elizabeth Larisey

Katharine Hepburn is appearing in New York in a stage production, *The Lake*, and critics are at cross purposes both concerning the merits of the play, and Miss Hepburn's performance. It is regrettable that she be cast in a mediocre vehicle, that her marvelous talent be chained to something unworthy of her.

* * *

Helen Hayes seems to be the one star who is equally successful in Hollywood and on Broadway. *Mary of Scotland* is another triumph for Miss Hayes.

* * *

The versatile Noel Coward's operetta, *Bitter Sweet*, has been filmed in England.

* * *

Ninebranch his name was when he lived in the jungle, but when men captured him and he lived in a cage he was labeled "Rajah—Royal Bengal Tiger—India." He tells his own story in *I, the Tiger*, by Manuel Komroff. This book is a brilliant satire on man in general. Among other observations, Rajah makes this one—"The more weaknesses a man will show the more women will tag after him. I think that if I were a man I would just naturally develop weaknesses."

* * *

The popular shirt waist dress need no longer be restricted to the tennis court and the class room; it has now ventured into the realm of smart evening wear. Hope Williams in *All Good Americans* wears one with all the regular features—bosom front, bow tie, short cuffed sleeves, pockets, etc.; but it is made of heavy gold lame, and has a tiny train. A photograph in *January Stage* is stunning, but it is said that the dress must be seen to be believed. Hattie Carnegie is the designer.

* * *

Podrecca Piscoli, whose marionettes you probably saw in *I Am Suzanne*, has a company of life sized marionettes which appeared in New York last month. In regard to the picture—didn't you love the puppet that played the piano, and the ones of Gene Raymond and Lillian Harvey?

THE PINE BRANCH

Julia Peterkin has a new book, *Roll, Jordon, Roll*, about negro life in South Carolina. It is not concerned with any one set of characters; the characters appear, tell their stories, and disappear again into communal life. There are many photographs of these South Carolina Gullahs, taken by Doris Ulmann, and they are said to be as enjoyable as the story itself.

* * *

Dorothy Parker had better look to her laurels if Margaret Fishback keeps on. A December *New Yorker* carried this jingle of hers:

Christmas Guide

Give a bracelet, not a ring.
Rings can be so misconstrued.
Hark, the herald angels sing,
Give a bracelet, not a ring.

Beaux who'd do the handsome thing,
But who would not be pursued,
Give a bracelet, not a ring,
Rings can be so misconstrued.

* * *

Claude Rains made his cinema debut under rather peculiar circumstances. He played the title role in *The Invisible Man*, the latest of H. G. Wells' bad dreams to be filmed. It was shown at a local theatre recently.

* * *

Charles Baskerville has begun something that may grow into a fad. He does interior decorating, and uses portraits of his clients' pets. January *Arts and Decoration* has several pictures of this type of work. One that particularly attracted me was a lacquered screen made for Mrs. Gilbert Miller; it has her cats painted on it in tawny colors on a silver leaf background.

* * *

A screen version of Hans Fallada's *Little Man, What Now?* is in the making with Douglas Montgomery as Pinneburg, and Margaret (Only Yesterday) Sullavan as Bunny.

* * *

Among the new additions to the library are *Bird of Dawning*, *End and Beginning*, *Poor Splendid Wings*, *Mary of Scotland*, and *Beaver Kings and Cabins*.

* * *

Not such a long while ago, some one reading this page said to your Critical Tips editor, "You'd be lost without the *Atlanta Journal* wouldn't you?" Well, it's a good paper, isn't it?

LOCALS

Louise Ambos

Dr. Benjamin Burke Hendrick, professor of history at the Woman's College, Greensboro, N. C., and chairman of the Regional Social Science Research Council, was a visitor to the campus on Thursday, January 18, and guest of honor at a luncheon given by a group of faculty members.

* * *

The Presidents' Club met on Friday, January 19, at the House in the Woods. The subject of "Moulding Public Opinion" was discussed. Miss Martiele Turner, of Valdosta, led the discussion and Miss Annie P. Hopper participated. Miss Ruby Nell Wall, Ellaville; Miss Sara Nicholson, Amsterdam; and Miss Mildred McDonald, Colquitt, served tea.

* * *

The Senior Class sponsored a tea dance at the American Legion Home on Saturday, January 20. The junior and sophomore classes participated with the seniors in this affair. Many out-of-town guests were present.

* * *

An attractive and delightful addition to the social life of the college is the weekly dinner with faculty guests which we have been enjoying since the beginning of the winter quarter.

* * *

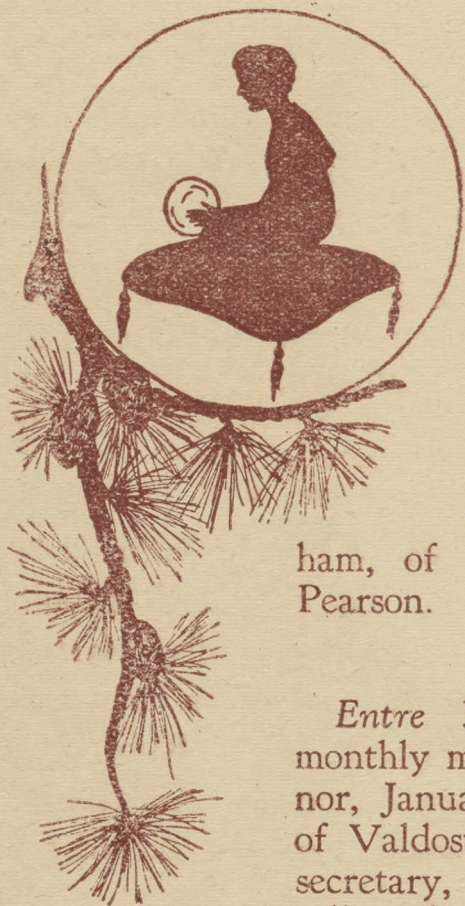
ARGONIAN AND SORORIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES

Margaret Zipplies—Jeannette Schulman

The Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies held their first meeting this year on January 12. They met separately for a short business meeting and afterwards both societies assembled in the play production room where a one-act play was presented by the play production class.

The play was Zona Gale's well known "Neighbors." It was unusually well presented and the characters were particularly well suited to their parts. The cast was as follows: Grandma, Nellie Mae Gannon; Mis' Diantha Abel, Margaret Bischoff; Ezra Williams, Henry Kate Gardner; Peter, Ruth Ellis; Inez, Virginia Sheppard; Mis' Elmira Moran, Elizabeth Wilkes; Mis' Trott, Dorothy Walls; Mis' Carry Ellsworth, Louise Odom.





DEPARTMENTAL CLUBS

Doris Young

At a meeting of the International Relations Club held January 2, Louise Ambos, of Savannah, spoke upon the International Significance of the Lindbergh Flight. The club has issued bids to the following students: Nettie Johnson, Nellie Johnson, of Valdosta; Laura Allen, of Climax; Sara Bingham, of Valdosta, and Nanette Hargreaves, of Pearson.

* * *

Entre Nous, the French Club, held its first monthly meeting at the home of Miss Sapelo Treanor, January 27. The President, Kathlyn Taylor, of Valdosta, called the meeting to order. As the secretary, Naomi Austria, of Waycross, called the roll, each member answered with a French proverb.

A sketch of the proposed club key was shown. Opening the program, Lucy Hammond, of Griffin, gave an interesting report upon a biography of Francois Villon, by Lewis. One of the ballades written by Villon was read by Jeanette Schulman, of Albany. Ruth Jones, of Thomasville, next discussed two contemporaries of Villon, D'Orleans and Froissart. A delightful social half hour followed, during which the hostess was assisted by Miss Bush and Miss Warren. *Toutes se sont bien amusees.*

* * *

At the January meeting of the Philharmonic Club January 19, the following program was presented: reports from "Music Comes of Age" by Betty McCollum, of Thomasville; a vocal solo, "With the Wind and the Rain in Your Hair" by Edwards, Elizabeth Kelley, of Savannah; "Venitienne" by Godard, a piano number by Martiel Lundy, of Boston; two other piano numbers, "Butterflies" by Olsen, played by Mary Earnest Foreman, of Tifton, and "Valse Chromatique" by Godard, played by Annette Phillips, of Eastman; and two more vocal solos, "The Blind Ploughman" by Clark, Rebecca Fryer, of Blakely, and "Star Eyes" by Speaks, Eloise Odom, of Ashburn.

* * *

The Fine Arts Club met January 23. In answering the roll call each member reported upon some event relating to art. The mem-

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

bers discussed putting on a puppet show. Plans were made for a tea to be given for the faculty and student body. At the close of the meeting there was a social hour.

* * *

A very interesting program upon astronomy was presented at the meeting of the Euclidian Club Friday evening, January 19. Those taking part were Mary Glover, of Valdosta, who reported on the article "The Exploration of Space," by Hubble; Ruby Nell Wall, of Ellaville, who discussed "The Magnificent Universe" by Frost; and Clare Lawson, of Savannah, who gave an account of the lives of Hubble and Frost, and pointed out a few uses of astronomy. She also discussed some of the major constellations with the help of diagrams drawn on the boards. A general discussion followed concerning the artificial star erected at Fort Myers, Florida, in honor of Edison. Dr. Hawkes invited the members of the club to a tea at her home on Sunday afternoon, January 28.



THE PINE BRANCH

OPEN LETTER HOME

Dear Marge:

There are some things about being a Sophomore that really get in my hair, that Freshman-Junior dance for instance. Yet I heard a senior say only yesterday, that she thought the sophomore year was the best year in school because then you were over being scared like a freshman, you weren't as used to things as a junior, and you didn't have the cold cruel world waiting for you like a senior. So I guess I shouldn't kick. The quarter got started finally, nothing has happened that you'd be interested in much except the Senior Tea dance. I've never seen so many girls in my life. Everybody was dressed to kill, thousands of the dearest tea hats, and one tea dress there was so lovely it simply made me boil with envy. It was white satin with gold brocading. We had to take a taxi over to the Legion Home, it was a nasty afternoon. The old maestro and his date were among the first arrivals. I met some smooth dancers, and a really handsome person from Tech, but I can't spell his name. I spent the first hour of the dance trying to beg for no-breaks. You don't see that happening when the boys stage a dance, but then that's the way women have to do. Kelley arrived all smiles with the man of the hour. I sat and wished that I had a big moment, but better luck next time.

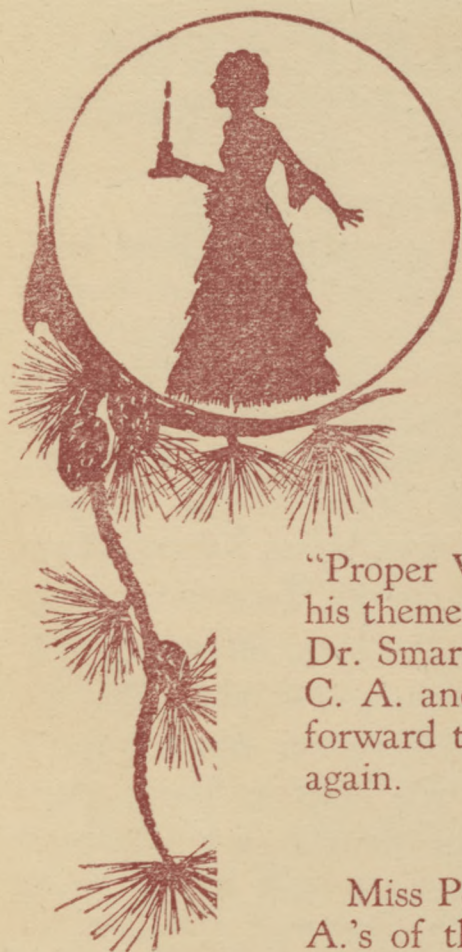
Everybody out here got a ring for Christmas, and some of the rings have a very definite orange-blossom sound to them.

If you see Mama tell her to send me something to eat, like a cake. I haven't seen my name on the bulletin board for anything except an excuse in so long, I'm afraid I'll forget how to spell it.

Always yours,

SOPHIE MOORE.





Y. W. C. A.

Ruth Ellis

During the month of January the Y. W. C. A. has been very fortunate in bringing to the campus several speakers whose visits were both interesting and helpful.

The first of these visitors was an old friend, Dr. Smart, who arrived on Saturday, January 6th.

On Sunday morning he talked on "Proper Values on Things in Life." At one service his theme was "Pharisee and Publican." We found Dr. Smart to be the same good friend of the Y. W. C. A. and of our college, and all of us are looking forward to the time when we can have his message again.

* * *

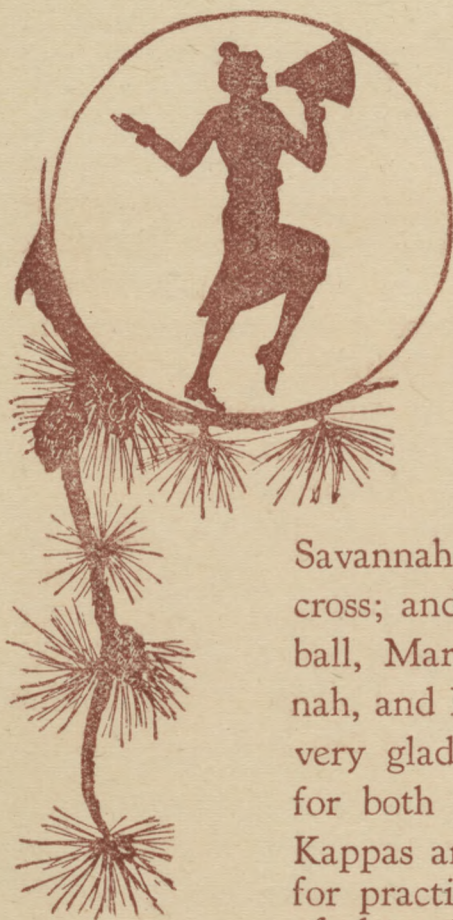
Miss Pearl Bourne, a representative of the Y. W. A.'s of the Southern Baptist Church, spoke to the Y. W. A. on our campus at a meeting on Sunday afternoon, January 14th.

* * *

On Thursday evening, January 4th, the Freshmen Commission were tapped at a very impressive tapping service. The following girls have been chosen to serve on the commission: Miss Betty Ward, of Waycross, Chairman; Miss Dorothy Bates, of Waycross; Miss Martha Gay, of Quitman; Miss Priscilla Kelley, of Savannah; Miss Annie Kate Knight, of Quitman; Miss Mary Agnes Roane, of Savannah; Miss Elizabeth Simms, of Thomasville; Miss Shelley Sparks, of Fitzgerald; Miss Ida Lee Stearman, of Savannah; Miss Doris Summerlin, of Pelham; Miss Harriet Tison, of Moultrie; Miss Florence Williford, of Camilla; Miss Mary Walker Thomas, of Jesup; Miss Pearl Wilson, of Cordele; and Miss Eloise Ogletree, of Savannah.

* * *

At chapel on Wednesday, January 12th, the Y. W. C. A. conducted the program. Miss Eleanor Bailey, of Douglas, conducted the service. The call to worship was given by the members of the Y. W. C. A. choir. Miss Virginia Tuck, of Thomasville, read "A Psalm of Life" by Longfellow. The life of "Stonewall" Jackson was reviewed by Miss Amanda Barksdale, of Blakely, and Miss Emma Ambos, of Savannah, reviewed the life of Robert E. Lee. Miss Leonora DuFour, of Albany, closed the program with a prayer.



ATHLETIC NEWS

PHI KAPPA AND PHI LAMBDA

Patsy Sparks

Virginia Tuck

The new sports which have been started this quarter are soccer, basketball, and volley ball. The athletic council is glad to welcome the following managers of these sports: soccer, Louise Odum, Kappa, Ashburn; Annie Belle Weatherford, Lambda,

Savannah; basketball, Margaret Varn, Kappa, Waycross; and Esther Smith, Lambda, Sycamore; volley ball, Mary Elizabeth Weatherford, Kappa, Savannah, and Mary Glover, Lambda, Valdosta. We are very glad to have these new sports, but the spirit for both associations has not been its best. Both Kappas and Lambdas should be out each afternoon for practice. Now that we are back in the swing of the winter quarter, let's come out and give all

the other girls some good competition—we'll be looking for all of you.

"Let's go skating," seems to be the chief thing we hear nowadays—and it's a great sport—no—we are very careful—no broken limbs as yet. Since skating has gained such a swing it is now possible to score four points an hour as hiking credit. We'll let you in on a secret, but promise not to tell—but we heard that we may have a skating party some night soon—a bonfire, refreshments, and everything—so get your skates out and practice up for the gala occasion.

On Saturday afternoon, January 27, the two associations entertained with a Hare and Hound chase. The group which first ran upon the hares, who were quietly hidden in a negro church yard several miles from the campus included Esther Smith, Joe Daniels, Ruby Harrison, Harriet Bullard, Evelyn Tommins, Corene West and Lucille Wurst. The Hares were, Sara Nickolson, Vonice Ritch, Ruth Jones, Betty McCollum, Annie Bell Weatherford and Virginia Tuck. Fifteen points were given to those who participated in the chase and five additional points to the winning team.

Always save the best for the last; so here we are. The G. S. W. C. Athletic Associations are to be hostesses to the State Athletic Council. We are certainly looking forward to the event, but we are going to need everybody's help so the girls will have a grand time here. This convention is about one month off, but we do want you to be thinking about the work that is ahead of us. We'll have more of the details for you next time.



ALUMNAE

Frances Dekle

The following girls were visitors on the campus during the Christmas holidays: Lillian Hopper, Cora Burghard, Florence Breen Spears, Estelle Barker Mikell, Dorothy Larsen Parker and Helen Taft.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Estelle Barker and Dr. Pinkney V. Mikell, of Columbia, S. C., was solemnized on Monday, January 1, at the Presbyterian Church, on Edisto Island, S. C. Since graduation from G. S. W. C., Estelle has been an instructor in the Columbia hospital of Columbia, S. C. Dr. Mikell is well known in Columbia, where he is a specialist in eye, ear, nose and throat diseases.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Estelle Patten and Mr. Bernerd Leverette was quietly solemnized December 24, at the home of the bride's father, Mr. S. R. Patten, in Lakeland, Georgia. Estelle has been a teacher in the Lakeland schools for several years.

* * *

Helen Ryon and Robert Martin were married December 17th, in Hinesville, Georgia.

* * *

The following announcement was taken from the Cordele Dispatch: "A beautiful home wedding, centering the interest of a wide circle of friends, was that of Miss Bobbie Booth and Mr. George Bayard, of Omaha, which was solemnized on Christmas day at the home of the bride's parents." Since graduation Bobbie has been an efficient and popular teacher in the Crisp schools.

* * *

Annie Sue Brandon is teaching in the High School in Odum, Georgia.

* * *

Nita McIntosh is teaching in Blackshear, Georgia.

* * *

Gussie Burns and Annie Warren are teaching in Oglethorpe, Georgia.

* * *

Gussie O'Quinn and Doris Nichols are teaching in Odum, Georgia.



JOKES

Winnie Davis

Miss Price (in Ancient History class): "Does any one know what a 'paradox' is?"

Margaret T.: "Oh yes! A paradox is the same as a pair o' chickens only the ducks can swim."

* * *

E. Larisey: "Who was that Ladle I seen you with last night?"

G. Lahey: "That was no Ladle, that was my knife."

* * *

Minister: "And what parable do you like best, my child?"

Mr. A.: "And what parable do you like best, tude that loafes and fishes."

* * *

L. Smith (as she sinks onto a bench at Carl's): "Hohum, I've walked over a mile and only moved a couple of feet."

* * *

You've got to admit that college students are ingenious and inventive. At Fresno State College, California, they misspelled 'ecstasy' in 39 different ways.

* * *

Vc.: "I say, was there ever such a person as the 'Fool-Killer'?"

Mc.: "What an idiotic question! How should I know? I never met him."

Vc.: "O, I know that."

* * *

Vangie (Reading aloud from paper): "There is ice in Greenland 6000 feet thick."

Rachel: "That's just the way it is! And I suppose it's so cold up there they don't need it either."

* * *

How Noah's chest must have expanded when spring freshets came around—he could always remember when the water was higher.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

V. Griner: "Miss Gilmer, was Samson killed by his wife?"

Miss G.: "It amounted to that. She betrayed him to those who wanted to kill him."

V. G.: "What did she do that for?"

Miss G.: "I don't know—maybe she gave him a letter and he forgot to mail it."

* * *

Woman may not be much of a philosopher, but she is proverbially a clothes-observer.

* * *

"I swear by those tall trees in yonder park," he commenced, but Kate interrupted him, "Swear not by *them*," she plead. "Why not?" asked he. "Because," said Kate, "Yon trees are slippery elms."

* * *

Nellie (reading paper): "It says here that a Nevada hunter spent three months looking for a bear, and the man's relatives have spent three months looking for him."

Nettie: "I bet he found that bear."

* * *

Miss Ivey (teaching tennis class): "And in tennis 'love' means 'nothing'."

Va. Hutch.: "That rather depends on the person you are playing with, n'est-ce pas?"

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