

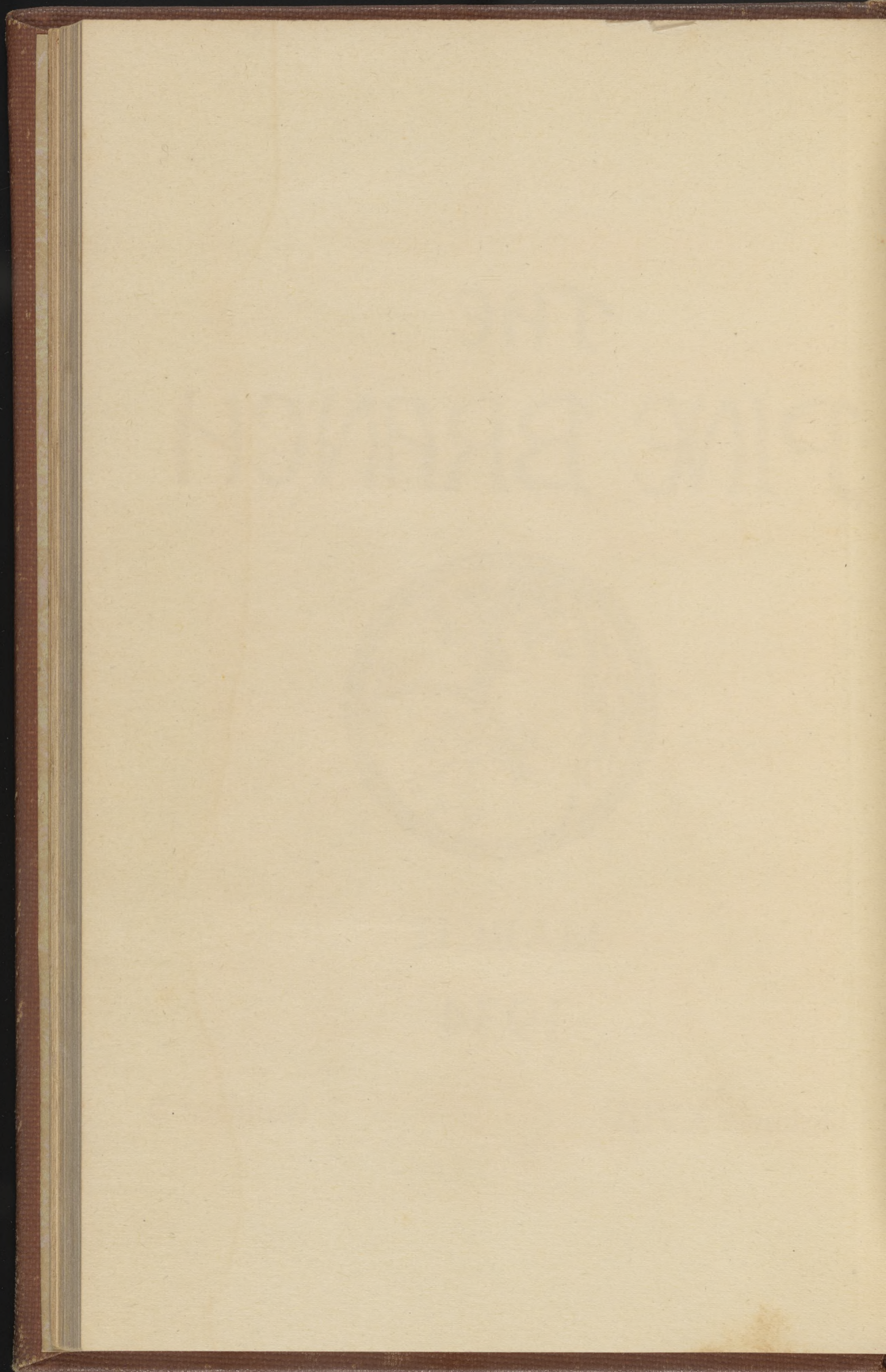
THE
PINE BRANCH



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THE PINE BRANCH

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NO. 5

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COLLEGE ROUND-UP

We hear that the Juniors and Seniors say we never mention them, that the dormitory students say we leave them out in the cold, and that the day students say we don't even recognize them, so on thinking the thing over, we wonder how we get this up every month anyway First there was the Mercer Glee Club the pianist, Charlie Thompson, John Minter also and from all we can gather, the dance afterward was intertaining And the Freshman dance. We had no idea that anyone could possibly look as dejected as did the Sophomores from between the bars in the upper Rotunda The Juniors and Seniors are gonig society with all the recent tea-dances, or is it that they're worried about that trip? Those were lovely carnations Rachel got from a certain former Mercer man on Valentine's There are just lots of worried little girls—worried if they're going to make the Emory Junior banquet It's going to be lovely down in the park, especially with Spring just around the corner We're proud of Doctor Gulliver's being the newest of Georgia's authors and we hear he had a jolly time at the banquet in Athens What dormitory student has become interested in a certain professor's younger brother? And what faculty member is very muchly admired by an attractive Major from over the sea? And what young Sophomore is very worried as to whether or not a certain young man-about-town feels that way about her? Carol Forrester's clothes—jaunty And why does Bess (slow-drawl) Autrey like to visit her old high school so much What Junior did we see having dinner at the Daniel Ashley with Foxy It's in the air Margaret Dalton and Fred Murphy We wonder what happened to Teets and a certain red-head (?) from Emory Junior? We'd like to own that bright orange sweater of Harriett Bullard's Have you seen Willene and Mary Nell in riding-habits smooth Do you like *Black Moonlight* and *Orchids In the Moonlight* like we do We wonder why Kathryn Moore sported that new beige outfit on a certain not-so-far-distant Sunday We heard Myrtle was shopping for furniture the other day Maggie Joiner attended fraternity dances at Douglas not so long ago Didn't it look like old times to have Bishop, Pitt and Dott back Was the old Maestro (Curlilocks) kept busy? Have you tried the *carioca* or the *bolero* The G. A. C. C. W. was an event, with tennis parties, luncheons, and a dance We grow fascinated when Jacke plays basketball And the delegation from Georgia Dorothy Ann Braswell

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reminded us of Burney The faculty seems to be going in for tennis in a big way We wonder if Dr. Punke enjoyed his trip to Cleveland—the faculty seems to have suddenly developed a habit of traveling Have you ever noticed those little flower arrangements of Miss Carpenter's And what tall, dark gentleman from town is always sure of a good rush at the dances No wonder Did you see that valentine the Emory Juniorites sent us Sweet of them to remember And what young couple with very serious intentions is it that always seems to be having a perfectly grand and glorious time No wonder it was hard for Melville to resist—Eloise has lovely eyes Martha Jackson's hair Juanita Butler's cocky blue hat And the Junior tea-dance—we've run out of adjectives, but you know what kind of a time everybody had.

So au revoir my children, there is absolutely nothing more. We're practically exhausted from observing so much this month. We hope we've pacified everybody—after all we're just one great big happy family—so if you've been keeping anything from us in the hope of meeting Wenchell, let us have it because we hear he's terribly exclusive anyway. Lotions of love, your G. S. W. C. Correspondent.

Last Minute Flashes: Mary Nell Carlisle will guide the fortunes of the old Pyne Branche for Aprilee—good luck youngsters!

An A. T. O. was observed on campus Sunday, a former B. M. O. C. at Emory. Local girl makes good, what?

An orchid to Marjorie Sessions—the annual has gone to press.

Flash! Students go under for exams, can they take it? Let's go to press.



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TAKE OFF THEM WHISKERS!

Estelle Roberts

Tally Burke introduced him to her at eleven o'clock at the dance which celebrated the University's overwhelming football victory of the previous afternoon. At eleven-fifteen they were calling each other Alec and Joy. By eleven-twenty they had discovered a number of common interests—strawberries, tangoes, and blue shirts, to be exact. At eleven-thirty he cornered her alone near the stairs.

"You're lovely," he said, and meant it.

"You're flattering," she answered gaily, and hoped he wasn't.

By midnight he knew there wasn't any doubt about it. He was convinced, positively and absolutely, that she was the one girl in the world for him. It was just one of those things, inevitable, meant to happen from the day the world began. All he needed was time, luck, and a gift of gab to convince the lady too.

Time was the only thing that really bothered him, and that because Joy was planning to meet one of her father's sisters next day and go down to Kingston for a visit of uncertain length. It might be weeks before he saw her again, and Alec did not relish having his matrimonial campaign upset.

"'Strike while the fish are biting,' or whatever that old maxim is, has always been my motto," he confided to Tally as he explained the situation after lunch next day. "I've an idea, but I need your strong arm to way-lay the aunt, who is arriving at four this afternoon."

"But Joy's aunt—"

"Don't argue, idiot. This thing is serious. I tell you, I'm in love, but I'm lost without a few more days to pursue the fair lady. Here's the plot: You meet the train and grab off the aunt."

He paused to let this sink in, but was obliged to hasten on as he saw the argumentative gleam in Tally's eyes increase.

"Pretend you think she's your long-lost grandmother, or something. Tell her Joy has gone to—to Siam—anything to get the lady to go back home peacefully. Then I appear as the aunt, and explain that the children have measles and we can't let her expose herself to the dread disease by visiting us now. Get it? Joy will stay here, and by the time she hears from the aunt, I hope she'll be Mrs. Alec Stevens."

"Not bad." The argumentative gleam had become tempered with a look of hesitant speculation. "Since when have you been a female impersonator?"

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"Don't be a sap. She hasn't seen the lady in years. I'll wear a veil and tell her I have a cold to explain away the deep voice."

The mental picture of the husky football star in feminine attire was too much for Tally to withstand.

"I know where I can get you an outfit. You'd look great in black. Guess I'd better go get 'em now, it will take you every bit of two hours to dress. Want me to bring the stuff here so you can dress at the hotel?"

"Sure, you don't think I'd show myself on the street in such a get-up, do you? Thank heaven, Joy was planning to meet her downstairs in the lobby instead of at the station."

Tally darted back into the room a few minutes later and proudly laid his spoils on the table.

"Coat, dress, hat, shoes, gloves—even hose!" he announced with a profound bow.

Alec held up the dress.

"How the deuce do you get into it?" he asked, surveying the row of buttonholeless-buttons decorating the back of the garment. "Did you bring any scissors?"

"Kindly notice the snaps on the inside." Tally, having five sisters, was more experienced in the matter of ladies' apparel than was Alec. "You jerk it—like this." It wasn't his fault that the "snaps" happened to be hooks-and-eyes. Even when a man has five sisters he is liable to make mistakes.

"Climb in and I'll pin it up," he offered.

"Straight pins?" inquired Alec suspiciously.

"What do you expect?" Tally leaned back to view his handiwork.

The black dress bore all the ear-marks of an heirloom; judging from its style it had graced the figure of its owner for quite a number of years. Perhaps it fit her, but on Alec it revealed an expanse of muscular arms and legs which certainly were not in accord with the fashions of the day. The sleeves stretched toward his wrists in vain, leaving some three or four inches of bony arm exposed to view. What it lacked in length of sleeve and skirt, however, it more than made up for in width.

"Tally, I can't wear this thing! It's impossible looking." He began struggling out of it with little regard for fastenings. "I can see how a man might fear being stabbed with a stiletto or a bowie knife, but to be pricked to death with pins—! I'll put my own clothes on and roll up the trouser legs and keep on the coat all the time. Hand me those shoes and hose."

"They belong to the heavy-weight who cleans up downstairs. I think they'll be large enough, but here's some powder to sprinkle

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in 'em just in case. It'll make 'em slippery—I know you'll need it for the gloves." He pulled a box of bath powder from his pocket and flourished it aloft. "I was looking for the cook's room, but found The Heavy Weight's door unlocked so I just went in and took possession."

"And to think, I was afraid you couldn't find any large enough for me," sighed Alec, slipping his feet easily into the shoes.

"These gloves are another story," warned Tally. "Bring on the powder. And may I warn you, young man, that wearing gloves which are too small will cause corns on your delicate fingers? Oh! Safe on second," he grinned, as the powder triumphed at last.

"Bright boy." Alec tilted the black hat on his head at a saucy angle and murmured. "How 'm' I doin,' huh? Some class." He straightened the hat and let the heavy veil fall down before his face.

"Your own mother wouldn't recognize you," admitted Tally, "But don't stride about like that. You must remember, my child, that above all else, you are a lady. Walk this way."

He minced across the floor and back while Alec strove to imitate him.

"Well, I'm off!" Tally turned at the door to cast one last, lingering glance at the black-garbed figure. "I'd give a lot to see this. Good luck. And—er—don't bother to send me an invitation to the wedding—I'm moving to Siam myself after this day's work."

He slammed the door behind him, leaving Alec to put on the finishing touches to his disguise alone.

At a quarter to five he judged that the time had arrived to test his impersonation. With a prayer on his lips and a weakness in his knees he descended to the lobby. He had expected Joy to be waiting at the desk and was more than a little perplexed not to find her there.

"Miss Gregory? In the grill," replied the clerk, in answer to his question. "I just saw her go in. Yes, she was alone."

She must have decided that her aunt had missed the train. She was due to have a surprise. That she *was* surprised was quite evident from the look of amazement which greeted his husky, "Joy, isn't it? How you have grown. I'd never have known you if the gentlemen in there hadn't pointed you out to me. Don't you know me, dear? I'm your aunt."

"Not Aunt — — Carrie!" She rose as if about to kiss him, but when the pseudo-aunt made no move to lift the intruding veil she sank back into her chair. Alec was mentally cursing the necessity for wearing the veil. But Joy was continuing, "Sit down and have some tea. You must be hungry after your trip."

"Thanks, but I never eat much when I have a cold," said Alec

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gruffly. "This one has been worse than any I've had. It left me with such an atrocious voice." He ended with a squeaky cough to illustrate further how atrocious it was.

"I should think you'd be afraid to venture out in this weather. It's so warm in here, though, one would never realize the temperature was 10 outside. Let me help you take off your coat."

"I'm quite comfortable, really. I do hope the children are safe in bed." Alec was inclined toward abruptness in both thought and speech.

"All ten of them in bed at this hour? Are they ill?"

"Oh, dear, yes,—all ten of them," mournfully. "I came up to tell you about it. They—they have the measles, and we thought that since there is really no hurry about your little visit—you see, we couldn't allow you to become exposed—"

"And you want me to come later, do you?"

"Say, next week." He studiously avoided her gaze.

"Then father can come with me. He had business here this weekend, and was disappointed at being unable to run out to see you. He's always been so fond of you."

"Your father is here?" He searched her face for a hint of mischief, but she continued to gaze innocently into her tea cup. He hadn't remembered any mention of her father's presence last night. If he actually showed up, there would be no end of complication.

"I told him I was meeting you—oh, there he is now."

"Damn!" The exclamation burst forth with a force of feeling that did not bespeak great affection on the part of Aunt Carrie. Alec wished fervently that both Aunt Carrie and Joy's father would go off somewhere and stop interfering in his affairs.

"I wondered if you'd be able to stand up under that one." Joy appeared to be enjoying the situation immensely. "Dad's a thousand miles away, but I simply couldn't resist seeing what you'd do if you thought he were here. You're such an idiot, darling, thinking you could get away with a thing like this—it was doomed from the beginning."

"You mean you've known all the time?"

"Of course. My aunt's name isn't Carrie, and she has two children instead of ten, besides which she wired me this morning that she couldn't come down to meet me. The children—" she paused dramatically to heighten the effect—"the children have the measles!"

Alec appeared to be on the verge of sliding under the table. "Such is fate. Look here, you aren't angry, are you? I only did this fool

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thing to try and get you to stay over a few days—there are some important matters I want to talk over with you—”

“You know I’m not angry. I’m staying with Tally’s mother while I’m waiting for the children to recuperate, so if you’d like to drop around and talk over some of those things tonight—”

“Did you say you were staying at Tally’s house?”

“Yes, he was with me this morning when I got the telegram, and so he got his mother to take me in. He’s a *sweet* boy, isn’t he?”

“Un-huh, a *sweet* boy.”



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ANTHONY ADVERSE

Joe Daniels

You may be disheartened by its lengthiness, but Anthony Adverse is so colorful that you will be fascinated in spite of yourself.

The story opens in France and then takes you to Italy, Cuba, Africa and at last to America. It is full of romance, adventure, disillusionment and thrills—so if its thrills you're looking for, you'll find them.

The hero, son of the lovely young wife of an Italian Count, and her Irish lover, is left by the gouty old husband at a convent. He spends his childhood there, but through a whim of Fate is adopted, as an orphan, by his mother's father, a rich old merchant. His grandfather gives him his surname of Adverse because of the adverse conditions under which he came to him.

Then Anthony gives to Cuba, Africa, and America and through all his adventures run the myriads of people that affect his life—Cubans, slaves, half-breeds, priests, yankees, creoles, religious fanatics, French, Scotch, Spaniards,—every class and nationality.

You may not like *Anthony Adverse*—But try it anyway. If the old saying, "Truth is stranger than fiction," is so, this story could easily be a real experience.

POOR SPLENDID WINGS

Elizabeth Larisey

Frances Winwar's *Poor Splendid Wings* was the winner of the *Atlantic Monthly* \$5,000 prize. It is a composite portrait of a group of Pre-Raphaelites, centering around Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who Johnny Millais' mother distrusted because he was a long-haired Italian who wrote poetry. Elizabeth Siddel, Gabriel's *Blessed Damozel*, of course plays a major part in the book; Lizzie was red haired and beautiful, and served as model for the whole group of artists. Christina Rossetti is perhaps the most appealing character of them all. Her frustrated love life leaves one with a distinctly melancholy feeling. John Ruskin, who knew quite a lot, but not that a December-May marriage such as he contemplated wouldn't work out well, is given a good deal of space. There is Edward Burne Jones and his Emma, and there is William Morris and his Janey. In the book also are reproductions of some of the loveliest work of these artists, including a portrait by Rossetti of Christina and their mother, Rossetti's *Annunciation*, and Millais' *Ophelia*. Miss Winwar had superb material to work with, and made of it an excellent volume of biography.

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HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

(Conference on International Relations)

The Eleventh Annual Southeastern Student Conference on International Relations met February 22-24, in Hattisburg, Mississippi, with State Teachers College and Mississippi Womans College as hosts. The student conferences are under the direction of and sponsored by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The purpose of the Endowment in undertaking this work is to educate and enlighten public opinion. It is not to support any single view as to how best to treat the conditions which now prevail throughout the world, but to fix the attention of students on those underlying principles of international conduct, of international law, and of international organization which must be agreed upon and applied if peaceful civilization is to continue. It is the intention of the students attending these conferences to deal with all topics of international affairs in an impartial manner. The Endowment provides eminent speakers to inform the students and help them maintain their broadmindedness in dealing with these topics.

The speakers provided for the Conference this year were Major C. Douglas Booth, of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, London, England, and Mr. Ernest Viberall, graduate student of the University of Vienna, Vienna, Austria. Major Booth gave addresses on "Ten Years of Fascism in Italy," and "Economic Nationalism in Europe vs. International Economic Cooperation." Mr. Viberall gave an address on "Austria and Central Europe." Miss Amy Heminway Jones, executive secretary of the Carnegie Endowment, was in charge of the conference.

The Round Table Discussions were among the most interesting features of the conference. These discussions were led by students on such subjects as: "The Present Crisis in International Organization" which included sub-topics of the United States, European countries, and the Far East; and "The United States and Latin America," including Cuba, Mexico, and the Montevideo Conference.

The delegates were delightfully entertained with luncheons, dinners, a banquet and reception held in the Crystal Room of the Forrest Hotel.

Delegates from G. S. W. C. were: Miss Noelline Johnson, Miss Nettie Johnson, Miss Nellie Johnson, Miss Rachel Coxwell, and Miss Virginia Hutchinson who was first vice-president of the conference. They were accompanied by Miss Mildred M. Price, faculty adviser of the club. After leaving Hattisburg the girls spent a few days in New Orleans, sight-seeing.

DON'T DRY THOSE TEARS

Kathryne Connell

There is nothing so despised, nor yet more blessed than tears. Even that most gentle and understanding poet, Alfred Tennyson, said that he did not think highly of idle tears. Yet surely he was not speaking truth; for had his heart not broken once? A little quiet weeping should have come easily to him. However, one does not condemn the worthy man. He stood for the positive virtues: tea at four, mutton, applesauce, commonsense, and purity. Mrs. Browning, who should have wept out of the fullness of her heart, for no other reason, seemed to have dried all her tears when Robert came. And that Robert who had an abundance of all things, once wrote such a line as this: "Must a little weep, love, foolish me." How prettily they would have wept, if they should have wept.

Xerxes, the mighty monarch of Ancient Persia, cruel, avenging, and relentless, stood on the plateau above the plain of Marathon, and did a very ungentlemanly, very unexpected thing. He looked down on the largest army ever assembled in those days, naturally he gloried in it, for it was his; but then thinking on the waste of human life, little as it meant to the Oriental, he bent his graceful head and wept. Strangely enough, that is all I have ever been able to recall about Xerxes, though I am told that he did a great many things more important.

And David wept for his little son. And Jesus wept—divine tears from the heart of the world. The psalmist sings of a nation's tears. "Sat we down by the waters of Babylon and wept, remembering Zion."

Tears are not without noble and distinguished precedent. But what of the little people of the earth, the half-gods, the heroes and heroines of humdrumness—the flood of years wherein men eat, sleep, and hide in the dark? The long shadow of Death finds all men in tears. The handkerchief which waves farewell is often placed to the eyes, and the jest so cheerily spoken to speed the parting too often is drawn out into a sob. One cries for the moon, and again on having got the moon, weeps again on discovering that it is made of green cheese. Sensitive souls weep at having found love, and christen its coming with proud tears as well as happy laughter.

Yet it remains that among the more practical peoples of the earth tears are regarded as some intoxicant which is permissible only in case of illness—or to be taken surreptitiously when no one else is looking. Be not ashamed of your tears, they add sweetness to living like the breaking of an alabaster box.

EDITORIAL

Kathryne Connell



It's Spring! You thought perhaps that there would be no spring this year. I know I have had the same feeling—it's going to be winter always, or else the seasons are going to skip straight from winter into summer, and I confess that I have often wished it so. The spring is the most exacting season in the world for folk who have allowed their lives to become empty. Spring is a season of delight, ecstasy, even a little mild madness.

Well, people who are no longer in love with life cannot even pretend to be mad or ecstatic. I tell you, spring takes plenty of courage. It presents a two-fold problem. You might as well be prepared for loveliness that will make you ache and ache, and you might as well be prepared to feel that you want to do something about the aching business. But, you're in bad luck. You can't be a dull old body all winter, and then suddenly when the first whiff of spring comes into the air, expect spring to include you in her plans. No indeed, this spring person is a very proud person—slight her once and it is mighty hard to get her to look your way after that.

Now, of course if you have the colossal good luck to fall in love in the spring that solves all your difficulties, but then you couldn't go on falling in love every spring, it would be too trying. So we shall have to discover another way of having spring pay some attention to you.

I have found a new hat, and a white something, and a bottle of perfume to be potent magic. This year I discovered too that a new poet helps with the spring. Put away Millay and Teasdale for a while and dive into John Donne and Herrick. I suggest also that you adopt a star, buy a jonquil, wade knee-deep into a bowl of narcissuses, write a story of your life, take nocturnal strolls. For the love of all that is lovely don't be the same person all the year around. It may be you have waited too late this year—but there's always next year, and Juliet, and although you may not believe it, spring once treated with courtesy repays a thousand fold.

CRITICAL TIPS

Elizabeth Larisey



Famous date in history: March 1, 1934, Richard Halliburton lectured in Valdosta.

* * *

Sinclair Lewis' *Work of Art* is a novel of strength and vitality, and his most popular book since *Arrow-smith*. It is the story of Myron Weagle, a country boy whose ambition is to build a perfect inn. In this book Mr. Lewis gives himself a holiday and ordinary mortals a break, and writes with sympathy and very little satire.

* * *

The following pictures have been chosen as the ten best of 1933: *Cavalcade*, *Forty-second Street*, *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, *Lady For a Day*, *State Fair*, *Farewell to Arms*, *She Done Him Wrong*, *I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang*, *Maedchen In Uniform*, *Rasputin* and *The Empress*.

* * *

Leslie Howard is quoted as saying that the English public doesn't respond warmly to drama, that only musical comedies, thrillers, and farces flourish. He has come back to Hollywood to play in Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*.

* * *

It is said that the only similarity in the picture *Nana* and Zola's book is in the name of the heroine. The screen version is trivial, but is a personal success for the Russian, Anna Sten. Miss Sten is given splendid support by Richard Bennett, Phillips Holmes, and Mae Clark.

* * *

Farrar and Rinehart have a new edition of *Toward the Flame*, Hervey Allen's famous war memoirs. This book is a vivid record of the war, comparable to *All Quiet On the Western Front*.

* * *

Whether he is conscious of it or not, the Prince of Wales wields a tremendous influence on dress for women. Munro, the tweed makers, say that the present woman's run on herring-bone tweed is directly attributable to His Royal Highness. The beret would have died a natural death had it not been that the Prince persistently

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wore one. A year ago, the Prince appeared in open weave aertex shirts; this year the shirts are being sold by the tens of thousands. From cap to shoes his clothes are watched and copied by women.

* * *

Just in case you aren't at your best on proper names, and most of us aren't, the *Readers' Digest* offers lists of names much in use, painstakingly spelled out in phonetic syllables. Two that may surprise you are Lynn Fontanne and Litvinoff. Properly pronounced they are fon-tahn and lit-vee-noff.

* * *

Among the more popular of the recent additions to our library are: *At Thirty-Three* by Eva Le Gallienne, *A Farewell To Arms* by Ernest Hemingway, and *Life Begins at Forty* by Walter B. Pitkin.

SOCIETIES

SORORIAN-ARGONIAN NEWS

Jeannette Schulman-Margaret Zipplies

The literary societies seem to be forever in debt to Miss Sawyer. At the joint meeting of the two societies, on February the second, she read all the parts of *Death Takes a Holiday*. She seemed to hold her audience spell-bound with her reading.

Death Takes a Holiday is one of the most novel dramas written during the last few days. It concerns Death, in the guise of a nobleman, who visits the earth to find why mortals fear him so. He falls in love with a lovely young girl, Grazia, who recognizes him and is not afraid of him. In the end she goes with him, triumphant in her love and fearlessness. The play has deeper meanings than appear on the surface, and is an interesting experiment in psychological drama. Frederic March is playing the role of Death in the current motion-picture production of the same title.

* * * * *

The societies are now making plans for debating contests in order to secure a representative debating team for the annual inter-society debate to be held at a later date.

LOCALS

Louise Ambos



The Senior Class entertained with a Valentine tea on February the fourteenth. The Valentine idea was carried out in decorations and refreshments. Miss Annie Lois Gardner, of Camilla, president of the class, and Miss Harriet Massey, of Tifton, secretary, presided at the tea table. Miss Mary Lois Hitch, of Valdosta, gave

a musical number, *Moonlight Sonata* by Beethoven. *Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses* by Openshow was sung by Miss Mildred McDonald, of Colquitt. *The Sisterly Scheme* by H. C. Bunner was read by Miss Catherine Morgan, of Cordele. *Butterflies* by Olsen was played by Miss Mary Ernest Foreman, of Tifton. Misses Vonice Ritch, of Jesup, and Marjorie Sessions, of McRae, gave a Valentine dance number.

* * *

The Sock and Buskin Club presented its annual play on February 16, in the Emory Junior auditorium. The play, *Enter Madame*, was a comedy in three acts by Gilda Varesi and Dolly Byrne.

The entire cast of the play is as follows: Madame Lisa Della Robbie, Miss Margaret Williams, of Cordele; Gerald Fitzgerald, Madame's husband, Miss Willene Roberts, of Valdosta; Mrs. Flora Preston, a widow, Miss Mary Agnes Roane, of Savannah; Tamaoto, Mr. Fitzgerald's servant, Miss Una Ritch, of Jesup; John Fitzgerald, his son, Miss Virginia Tuck, of Thomasville; Aline Chalmers, John's fiancée, Miss Priscilla Kelley, of Savannah; Bice, Madame's maid, Miss Leonora Du Four, of Albany; The Doctor, her personal physician, Miss Vongie Trimble, of Moultrie; Miss Smith, her secretary, Miss Mary Nell Carlyle, of Valdosta; Archimede, her chef, Miss Vonice Ritch, of Jesup.

* * *

Dr. Harold Gulliver attended the "Evening With Georgia Authors" of the Georgia Press Institute in Athens on the evening of February 23.

* * *

Dr. Harold Punke attended the meeting of the department of superintendence of the National Education Association in Cleveland, Ohio, during the week of February 19.

CLUBS

Doris Young



The Philharmonic Club held its regular monthly meeting Thursday night, February 16, at the home of Miss Warren. A report, *Music Becomes a Youth* was given by Ruth Jones, of Thomasville, and another *Music Comes of Age* by Doris Rowland, of Wrightsville. The musical program included two vocal numbers: Arve's

The Lass With Delicate Air by Joy Miller, of Albany, and La Forge's *Like a Rosebud* by Florence Tharpe, of Leesburg; and the following piano selections: Cyril Scott's *Lento* and Bach—St. Saens' *Gavotte in B Minor* by Annie Lois Gardner, of Camilla; Grunn's *Rain* by Virginia Ingram, of Bainbridge. An enjoyable social half-hour followed.

* * *

On Tuesday night, February 27, the Fine Arts Club met in the Art Dome. A very interesting program on puppets was presented, arranged by the program chairman, Nellie Mae Gannon, of Valdosta. Pearl Wilson, of Cordele, made a talk on the history of puppets; Sara Bingham, of Valdosta, discussed puppets of today; and Lillian Bragg, of Savannah, gave a description of the different types of puppets and how they are made.

* * *

The Science Club met February 3, in the Upper Rotunda. Dr. Alton Johnson spoke on *Nutrition of Children*. After this several reports were made by members on the trips the club has made. At the close of the business meeting tea was served.

* * *

The subject of discussion at the Math Club meeting Friday night, February 23, was *Immunity*. Ruby Nell Wall, of Ellaville, spoke upon the general theory of immunity and Mildred Turnbull, of Moultrie, reported on modern experiments in immunity. A discussion of *Where Mathematics Is Used* was given by Sara Nicholson, of Amsterdam.

* * *

At the English Club meeting on February 7, an evening with the magazines was enjoyed. Kathryn Connell, of Valdosta, presided in the absence of the president, Mrs. Herman Johnson, of Quitman.

THE PINE BRANCH

The guest editors of *Golden Book* were discussed. Dorothy Walls, of Cordele, reported on Hugh Walpole and the short stories which he selected in the December *Golden Book*. A report on Irvin Cobb and his short stories in the January *Golden Book* was given by Judy Cochran, of Camilla. Esther Smith, of Mystic, discussed Ivan Bunin's *Gentleman from San Francisco*.

* * *

A very enjoyable weiner roast at the fireplace preceded the business meeting and program of the French Club Saturday evening, February 24. Kathlyn Taylor, of Valdosta, the president, called the meeting to order, and in response to the roll-call each member gave a current event relating to France. After reading the minutes of the January meeting, the secretary, Naomi Austria, of Waycross, brought before the members a further discussion of the club key. It was decided that at the April election of new officers, a parliamentarian should be elected as an additional officer. Doris Young, of Valdosta, presented the program which consisted of: a report of the government of France by Betty McCollum, of Thomasville; an account of the present trouble in the French government by Helen Claire Varnedoe, of Valdosta; a discussion of the organization and work of the Alliance Francaise by Mary Ernest Foreman, of Tifton. This last report led to an expression by the members of the hope that their club could join the Federation of the Alliance Francaise, in the United States and Canada. (La Federation de l'Alliance Francaise aux etats—Unis et au Canada).

* * *

A clever play by Evelyn Emig, *The China Pig* was presented at the Sock and Buskin Club meeting Tuesday evening, January 30. Henry Kate Gardner, of Camilla, directed it, and the cast included Vangie Trimble, of Moultrie; Leonora DuFour, of Albany; and Priscilla Kelley, of Savannah. In a short business meeting following the play, committees were appointed for the play *Enter Madame* to be given at Emory Junior on February 16.

At the meeting of the Sock and Buskin Club February 20, Dr. Phelan gave an interesting and instructive talk upon lighting.

* * *

The International Relations Club met Tuesday evening, February 13. Questions from the *Fortnightly Review* and topics from newspaper headlines were discussed. The following were chosen as official delegates to the International Relations Conference at Hattisburg, Mississippi, February 22-24: Virginia Hutchinson, of Valdosta, president, who was elected first vice-president of the Conference and who delivered a speech there, and Noellene Johnson also of Valdosta. Besides the faculty adviser, Miss Price, other members who attended the Conference were Nettie and Nellie Johnson, of Valdosta, and Rachel Coxwell, of Leesburg.

Eighteen

Y. W. C. A.

Ruth Ellis

One of the most interesting visitors on our campus this year was C. F. Checlizzli, Ph.D., D. D., M. A. Mr. Checlizzli, an Abyssinian, spoke to us at the vesper service on Thursday evening, February 8th. He is widely known as a lecturer, preacher, and educator. His visit here was of much interest to all of those who heard him speak.

* * *



On Sunday evening, February 25th, a deputation team from the University of Georgia presented a program at the vesper service. Mr. E. L. Secrest, who is Director of Religious Activities at the University of Georgia was in charge of the service. Miss Dorothy Ann Braswell opened the service with the scripture lesson. David Powell, of Athens, then sang *Goin' Home*. Miss Braswell followed this selection with a musical reading *The Bells of Saint Michael*. Mr. Vyrlin Moore, of Atlanta, a member of the Senior Class, spoke on *Passing the Buck*. The subject of *A Growing Conception of God* was discussed by Mr. Milton Richardson, of Macon, a member of the Senior Class and President of the University Y. M. C. A. Miss Agnes Highsmith, of Baxley, a graduate student and the Assistant Director of Religious Activities at the University of Georgia, spoke on *Spiritual Adventuring*. All of these students were excellent speakers and are outstanding leaders in the University of Georgia. We felt that we were very fortunate to have them as our guests and speakers.

* * *

On Thursday evening, February 22nd, Professor Lisamore and his high school choir presented to us a very enjoyable Vesper Service in song.

At chapel, on Wednesday morning, February 21, the Y. W. C. A. presented a very interesting program based on the *Achievements of the American Negro*. A group of girls from the Glee Club sang several negro spirituals. Miss Ruth Ellis, of Savannah, conducted the devotional reading. Miss Henry Kate Gardner, of Camilla, told of the lives of some negro writers, and read a poem written by each. Miss Iva Chandler then concluded the program by relating the lives of the composers of the negro *National Anthem*.

Nineteen

ATHLETIC NEWS

Virginia Tuck and Patsy Sparks



The Georgia Athletic Conference of College Women met with us March 2-4. The guests attending were: Frances McCalla, Little Rock, Arkansas, and Margaret Massie, of Lexington, Kentucky, who represented Agnes Scott; Jane Trapnell, Weston, W. Va., and Elizabeth Herton, Belton, S. C., who represented Brenau;

the Coordinate College of the University was represented by Eleanor Terhune, of Atlanta, Georgia; Shorter sent Rebecca Fish, of Coleman, Georgia, and Rose Dupree, of Charlotte, N. C.; the delegates from South Georgia State Teachers' College included Helen Oliff, of Statesboro, Ga., Mary Margaret Blich, of Statesboro, Louise Rosier, of Stilson, and Miss Carol Lane, of Statesboro; Wesleyan Conservatory sent as its delegates Margaret McKinnon,

Wniter Garden, Fla., Mary Tom Rochester, Norcross, Ga., Irene Brewer, Atlanta, Vandelle Kirklighter, Glennville, Ga., and Jaunita Stokes, of Macon, Ga.; from Wesleyan came Frances Cook, of Norfolk, Va., and Mary Jenkins, of Savannah. The University of Georgia delegates were: Mae Dobbs Kincaid, Marietta, Ga., Ethelyn Dixon, Glennville, Ga.

The guests were welcomed Friday evening at a formal dinner and a reception, after which the delegates and the Athletic Council went to the Club House for a midnight frolic. On Saturday morning the first business meeting was held in the board room of West Hall. The discussions were led by the delegates from Shorter, South Georgia Teachers' College and University of Georgia. The last meeting was held Saturday afternoon and the discussions were led by the delegates from Brenau, Wesleyan, and Agnes Scott.

We wish all of you could have been out for the tennis party on Saturday afternoon. It was really great. The day ended with an informal dance in the dining room.

* * *

As we go to press we are right in the midst of a tennis tournament.

ALUMNAE NEWS

Frances DeKle



The marriage of Miss Emily Tillman to Mr. Robert Whitaker was solemnized on February 10th, in Valdosta, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. H. Y. Tillman.

* * *

The following was taken from the Tifton Gazette: "Miss Margaret Williams, of Douglas, has been elected to the faculty of the Tifton Schools as expression teacher, succeeding to the place made vacant by the death of Miss Daisy Hartley. Miss Williams studied at the Brenau Conservatory and the Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta, where she graduated."

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Parker, of Stuart, Fla., have announced the birth of twin daughters. Mrs. Parker may be remembered as Dorothy Larsen.

* * *

Edna Rogers of the class of '28 is teaching in Moultrie, Georgia.

* * *

Virginia Touchton (Mrs. E. E. Rosborough) of the class of '28, is living in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

* * *

Grace Buie (Mrs. Robert Yancey) A. B., '25, is living in South Hill, Virginia.

* * *

Margaret Dasher of the class of '28, is teaching in Commerce, Georgia.

* * *

Mary Nell Fitts, (Mrs. Albert Petty) of the class of '27, lives in Dawson, Georgia. She has a little son about three years old.

* * *

Lucy Jackson (Mrs. Claude Hagood) of the class of '25, is teaching in Atlanta, Georgia.

* * *

Iliene Adams (Mrs. E. P. Bowen, Jr.) of the class of '23, lives in Tifton, Georgia. She has a little son three years old.

JOKES

Winnie Davis



Mother: "Well, son, what have you been doing all afternoon?"

News Reporter: "Shooting craps, mother."

Mother: "That must stop. Those little things have just as much right to live as you have."

* * *

Simile—He looked like an accident going somewhere to happen.

* * *

Mr. Stokes: "Describe the cat."

Larisey: "The cat is a quadruped, the legs, as usual, being at the four corners."

* * *

Don't worry about anonymous letters. The best thing to do is not to open them at all.

* * *

1st Co-ed: "I never told lies when I was a child."

2nd Co-ed: "Well, when did you begin?"

* * *

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea;
But I bet you could break for forty years,
And not be as broke as me.

* * *

Margie: "You're dumb."

Liz Larisey: "I am not so."

M.: "Ha! Why you don't even know what you've got a head for."

L. L.: "Indeed! I've got a head for the same reason a pin has."

M.: "How's that?"

L. L.: "To keep me from going too far."

* * *

Train ran into Joneses' flivver,
Ran his ribs right through his liver;

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

"Ain't that mean?" the children cried,
"Father always spoils our ride."

* * *

Woody: "I've lost the car key."

Emmy: "Aw! forget it, we can ride in the rumble seat."

* * *

WHICH REMINDS US—And this is no joke!

Teets Brabham—A little dutch girl who can't decide whether to laugh or cry.

Marjorie Groover—Sophisticated Lady.

Virginia Hutchinson—The Gibson Girl in 1934.

Margaret Hale—The gentle maid of Astalot.

Leonora Dufour—Bolero played in rag time.

Katherine Moore—A madonna's eyes in a setting of the latest Spring Fashion.

Willene Roberts—A lady D'Artagnan.

Vonice Ritch—Juno in a Maytime mood.

Margaret Easterling—Guinwere.

Glenn Johnson—Mistress Peter—Pumpkin Eater.

Turnbull (Mildred)—"Jo" in Little Women.

Marjorie Sessions—Energy plus charm.

* * *

Instructor, handing back exam papers: "Is everybody happy?"

* * *

Miss Temple: Why I've heard of a baby that whistled since it was six months old.

Lyall: Constantly?



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At Valdosta**

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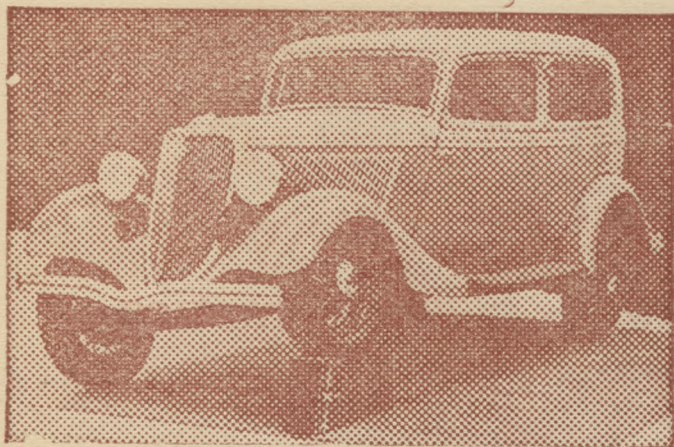
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FRESHMAN LOGIC

I've searched for inspirations,
I've gazed at moon and stars;
I've studied the old translations,
And poets near and far.
And I can draw but one conclusion,
As you may readily see;
If poems are made by Fools like Kilmer,
What in the world can I be?

—Selected, Exchange.

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