

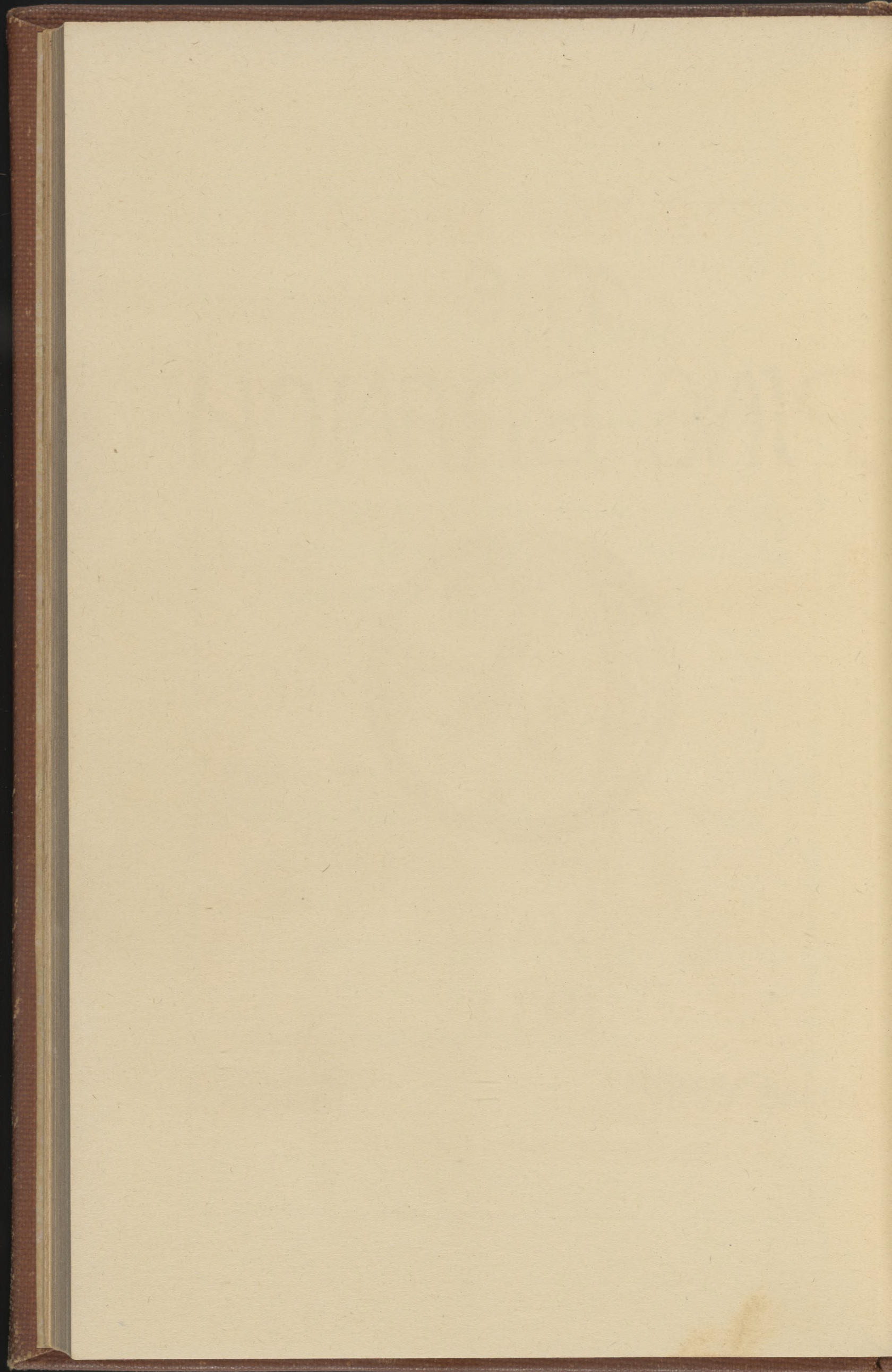
THE  
PINE BRANCH



MAY  
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# THE PINE BRANCH

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
The Staff .....	1
Table of Contents .....	2
Heart Cry—Ethlyn Massey .....	3
Summer Shower—Ethlyn Massey .....	3
Super Salesman—Estelle Roberts .....	4
A Visit From the Washerwoman—Virginia Martin .....	9
Night Kaleidoscope—Leonora DuFour .....	10
Masterpiece of Local Color .....	11
Campus Patterns .....	16
Editorials .....	18
Locals .....	19
Y. W. C. A. ....	21
Athletics .....	22
Clubs .....	23
Societies .....	24
Alumnae .....	25
The Last Round-Up .....	27
Critical Tips .....	29
Jokes .....	31
For The Fun Of It .....	32

## HEART CRY

*Ethlyn Massey*

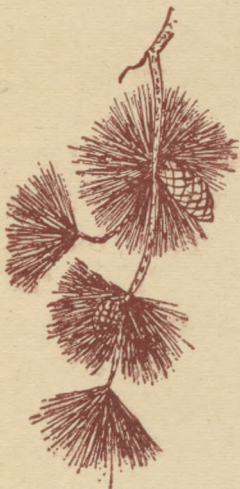
What must I do  
Now that you are gone?  
I am a rudderless ship  
Without a course,  
I am a life  
Without a purpose,  
I am a star  
Without a light.  
What will I do,  
Now that you are gone?  
\* \* \* \* \*  
My dear, was it because  
The gods knew  
I loved you so?



## SUMMER SHOWER

*Ethlyn Massey*

Drenched flowers  
With their deep fragrance  
After a gentle, misty rain  
Are so gay  
In their sweet freshness.  
Like them,  
I feel soothed  
By the soft patter  
Of the friendly drops—  
They are my  
Tears I cannot cry,  
Yet, they flood  
My arid heart  
With a quiescence  
That even my filling eyes  
Could never give.



THE PINE BRANCH

SUPER SALESMAN

Estelle Roberts

William Graham, who was unfortunate enough to be called Willie, instead of Bill, realized that he was about to be late for supper again. He finished the remaining half of the block in a spurt, leaped aboard the departing street car, thrust his face into the outstretched hand of the grinning conductor, and sank with relief into a seat toward the back.

He drew from his pocket a little book bearing the impressive title of *Successful Salesmanship, in Ten Easy Lessons*, and sighed deeply.

Sighing had become more or less a habit with Willie since that day three weeks ago when he had met an angelic creature, Margarite McGregor. From that moment Willie had determined that he must rise in the world, for was it not general knowledge that angels were the occupants of the higher places? Her father was owner of the McGregor Motor Company, in the offices of which Willie was a junior clerk. Undoubtedly this influenced his decision as much as anything else; a cat may look at a queen, but Willie had no intention of spending his life just looking at Margarite. All of which brings us back to the little blue book. Within its pages lay the magic key, the fairy wand, the open sesame to financial independence—and Margarite. He had hit upon the brilliant idea of selling ukeleles in his spare time.

"Lesson Six: As we have previously stated, the art of successful salesmanship lies in: first, an original presentation of one's salable product to the buying public, showing new uses, new advantages; second, a thorough knowledge of one's product; third, a pleasing manner, for a customer pleased is usually a customer sold." Willie, deeply absorbed in lesson six, forgot to stop the car at the right corner, so that he had to walk back three blocks and nearly missed his supper.

Some time later, after a shining of shoes and brushing of hair, he tucked his ukelele under his arm and made off down the street to try his luck. In one pocket there reposed some order blanks and the little blue book on salesmanship; in another lay "Play the Ukelele and Be the Life of the Party. Our Home Training Method Guaranteed." He had been compelled to add this one to his collection recently. A prospective customer had asked for a demonstration. To save himself further embarrassment he had been obliged to learn to play the instrument.

He selected a big house of red brick, with an imposing looking

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

front, for his first attempt of the evening. A maid, neatly attired in crisp black and white answered the door-bell with a cool, "Bon jour, m'sieur—"

Willie hastily began to assemble the few French phrases he remembered from high school.

"Bon jour—er—je would like—voir Madame. Parley-vous English?"

"Madame n'est pas ici. Je ne parle pas l'Anglais. Que voulez-vous?"

"Je voulez—I mean—look!" He waved the ukelele in front of her astonished eyes. "Je sell·ez, huh?"

"Je ne comprends pas, m'sieur," she shut the door hastily as she spoke.

Willie mentally consigned all high-brows who kept French maids to the nether regions. He vaguely remembered seeing an advertisement somewhere which claimed that, for a reasonable sum of money, one could be taught at home, French, Spanish, and German. Did one have to be a linguist to sell ukeleles?

In the next block he discovered a little bungalow nestling between two larger houses. It appealed to him strongly. He turned in at the gate. What was that in lesson six? He thumbed through the pages rapidly. "Present your product in as good a light as possible. Be unusual; be different. Remember that the first impression is usually a lasting one. If a customer is pleased the result should be immediate. "Please the customer—be unusual." What better than a demonstration of the ukelele's finer qualities?

He took his stand by the door, assumed an attitude worthy of the best of ukelele artists, and began to strum "Sweet Adeline," aiding it as best he could by singing the words softly. The door was suddenly thrown open and there descended upon the unsuspecting Willie no less than two hundred pounds of blonde femininity. Two plump arms draped themselves about his neck and a riotous voice screamed in his ear, "Tooky, darling, I didn't know you could play a—oh!" She had seen her mistake, but before either of them could remedy it a thin little man with a terrier-like face had dashed up the walk demanding shrilly, "What's this, Cooky? I say, what's this!"

"Mistaken identity, I'm sure," offered Willie.

"I did think it was you, Tooky, honest. I thought you were serenading me. It was so nice—," her voice trailed off into wistful silence.

"Tooky" looked at "Cooky"; he looked at Willie; and last of all he looked at the ukelele. Willie understood. Once he had taken a correspondence course in mind reading.

## THE PINE BRANCH

"Let me take your order now," he suggested. "It never fails to produce results."

"Tooky" hesitated and was lost.

"I'd take one," he said, "but I don't know how to play it."

"Don't let that stop you. Three weeks ago I didn't know a note. I'll throw in a book on *How to Play the Ukelele*—same one I used. You can teach yourself in no time."

"I'll take it!"

With the order stored away in his pocket alongside the book on salesmanship, Willie looked for other worlds to conquer. They presented themselves in the form of two prosperous looking houses facing each other at the end of the block. On the right side the house was white, trimmed with green. On the left was a green house trimmed with white. He took the one on the right; Willie liked white houses trimmed in green. They reminded him of spring.

"Yes?" inquired the stoutish lady who came in answer to his ring.

"I'd like to show you something new in ukeleles—just the thing for putting the children to sleep."

"I don't care for any today, thank you."

"But this is something you really should see," pursued Willie.

"But—"

"What is it, Clara?" It was the voice of Margarite. Willie struggled against an almost overwhelming impulse to run.

"It's a man who wants to sell us some ukeleles."

"A ukelele," corrected Willie weakly.

"Why it's—isn't it Mr. Prahm?"

Willie bowed. He blushed. He was saved from stuttering only by a hazy remembrance that somewhere in lesson nine was an admonition against stuttering.

"Do come in," she invited cordially. Willie went in. "It's good of you to call. I'd no idea you'd even remember me."

"Remember you?" It was on the tip of his tongue to tell her that since he met her he had remembered nothing else, but the words stuck in his throat. The tone of his voice, however, told her all she wanted to know.

She was kind, so they talked of the weather. Willie became more at ease and the desire to put his feet in his pocket left him. He had always been ashamed of having big feet.

"You work in the office, don't you? Do you like it? But that's silly. Of course you do, or you wouldn't be there."

"I like it all right, I guess, but I've always kind of wanted to be in the sales department. You see, I've got a book about salesmanship that—perhaps I'm boring you."



## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

"Not at all," she hastened to assure him.

"Well, I've got a book that explains all about how to be a sure-fire salesman. It's a knock-out! I could sell anything. I've always wanted to and recently I—er—I had occasion to really try my hand at it. I've been pretty successful, but of course it takes time."

"Are you really good at selling things?" she asked eagerly.

"Well—," he hesitated with becoming modesty.

"I wish you'd sell Daddy a car."

"Your father hasn't a car?" incredulously.

"I've begged him to get one for years, and he still refuses. If you could sell him one—"

"Jiminy!"

"I believe you could do it."

"I'd be afraid to try. Suppose I lost my job?"

"I'd fix it for you. But he wouldn't do anything like that. He's really a good sport, but he's just a little narrow about that one thing."

"Well—" For Willie, valor seemed the better part of discretion.

"Daddy!" Margarite had no idea of waiting around and letting him back out.

Willie was thankful for the benign look of Mr. McGregor. He was thankful for the kindness in the grey eyes which beamed over the steel-rimmed spectacles, and thankful for the humorous quirk of his firm lips. He found himself wondering why he had ever been afraid of this portly old fellow; he even wished that he had known him earlier. He might have been spared many moments of uneasiness about his job. At the office McGregor was a name to conjure with.

"You remember Mr. Graham, Daddy. We've been talking about how perfectly disgraceful it is for the owner of a motor company not to have an automobile."

Willie wished she wouldn't put it quite so strongly.

"Not exactly disgraceful, sir—I hope you understand that I—"

"Oh, don't apologize. I assure you that I'm quite used to it. For the past ten years she's been trying to sell me one of my own automobiles. I'll sell them to fools who have no other use for their money. They're deuced nuisances, that's what they are."

"Nuisances? You've never owned one at all, have you? Then you don't know what you're talking—I mean just don't understand the value of an automobile, Mr. McGregor. Look here, sir, you have to go out of town quite often, don't you? Do you know that you can make those trips in half the time, and for less money, in

## THE PINE BRANCH

an automobile? I can prove it to you. Not now, because I haven't the figures with me, but I can prove it."

"Just a minute, young man—"

"Lake Corbin, for instance. You have to go over there at least once a week, don't you? Only train you can make is the four o'clock one. You have to stay overnight. If you owned a car you could leave at three, make it in two hours, have the conference, and be back here in time for dinner."

"I never could get a decent dinner in Corbin—and the beds!" Mr. McGregor had become a devoted worshipper at the shrine of comfort in his latter years. He heartily disliked spending a night away from his own comfortable home.

"You ought to see the new model. It has everything. Floating power takes out the vibration, individual springing takes out the bumps, and hydraulic brakes and a safety-steel body complete the picture. The apex of motor production."

For half an hour Willie continued the beauties of the new model; he recited its advantages over preceding and contemporary models; he detailed the progress made in construction and operation; he forgot time and embarrassment. He was in his element.

At the end of his dissertation Mr. McGregor held out his hand.

"Young man, I congratulate you. It has always been a mystery to me how you salesmen ever remember all those facts. I've never heard a sales talk delivered with more nerve and dash. You come near convincing me and when you do that, you're good." He smiled fondly at Margarite. "I think I'll go down and look at one of those wonderful machines tomorrow. Could I get you to demonstrate for me?" he asked, turning back to Willie.

"I—er—I'm sorry, sir, but I'm not a regular salesman."

"Not a regular salesman?"

"No, sir, I work in the office."

"You should be in the sales department," he said with a frown of annoyance. "Why the deuce hasn't Whitaker put you there?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir."

"I'll see him tomorrow morning. You be ready to take a roadster out for a demonstration tomorrow afternoon."

"Yes, sir." Willie was nearly overcome. A salesman!

Margarite was violently making signs at her father from behind Willie's back. Her father interpreted them correctly.

"Better make it a sedan. Margarite and her mother had better come along, too."

"Yes, sir," said Willie again, and wondered where he could get a correspondence course in driving automobiles.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

A VISIT FROM THE WASHERWOMAN

*Virginia Martin*

How you, Miss Jessie? You lookin' mighty pritty to-day. Blue sho' becomes you. Miss Jessie, I come to borry a cup 'n' saucy off'n you. You know, I tol' you 'bout havin' to take three delegates at my house which come to the Afercan Meth'dist Converents. I figgered dey could drink outen my pieced-up chiney, same as my old man—an' two of 'em could. But law, Miss Jessie, I got one high-fallutin' dele-gate frum Nawth Caliney, an' I jes' don' feel right in my min' 'bout havin' him drink outen dat broke cup 'n' saucy which I got wit dose boxes of serious you give me. Kin I make a loan uv some of dat mawnin' glorious chiny you bought at Mr. Kresses'? Thank ye, Miss Jessie.

Yes'm, I done had 'em to one meal—bre'k fus'—I had peas an' syrup an' cawn bread—An' Miss Jessie, dat table did look swelligant, if I does say it. I had a boo-kay uv sun flowers in a peanut-butter jar settin' right in de middle. An' I had mos' enough knives an' fawks to go 'roun'. 'Twaint much use to putt nuthin' but knives at two uv dem men's places—but dat Reverent Mr. Doolittle frum Nawth Caliney et intelli-gent! You know dem paper doilets you give me? I scalloped 'em up real fine and folded 'em side uv each plate. Br'er Jones, he didn't eben use his'n, an' Br'er May, he wipe syrup all ober his'n. But dat Reverent Doolittle jes dab at his mouf so nice—jes like you does when you has comp'ny, Miss Jessie. An' he folded hit up fine, so's I kin use it for dinnah.

But I ain' tol' you de bes' part—dat gennemun ain' ma'ied! My chile Bu'thur jes' nachally made time wit' dat man. He kep' makin' eyes at her, an' she want givin' him no enc'ug-ment. Y' know, she been keepin' comp'ny wit dat boy frum Lu-sany which is vis'tin' here, an' it's kinda went to her haid. But I call her off an' tol' her ef she cou'dn' be no nicer to a gennemun lak Reverent Doolittle, I want gwine let her wa'k out wit dat yankee frum Lu-sany no mo'. Well, she sot right up to him atter dat.

I know she has got ma'in' in her haid, now, ca'se she wen' ter meetin' dis mawnin' wit her bes' gawgette dress on. An' she mus' have made a impreshment, ca'se dat Reverent wuz 'pointin' chair-mens an' chair ladies fer de diffrunt commitments, an' he collected her fer pres'dent uv gittin' up de money.

You ain' gwin need all yo' clothes dis week, is you? I's 'fraid I won' have time to do all uv 'em, what wit gettin' up grub fer de preachers, an' l'arnin' Bu'thur how to ta'k to de Reverent. Yessum,

## THE PINE BRANCH

dat smock wuz a leetle tore las' week. I don' know how come dat, lessen' Bu'thur snatched it off'n dat bob-wire fence too quick-lak. Hit won' do you no good now, Miss Jess, but I cou'd sho' make a darlin' piller-case fer dat sofy on de front po'ch. You know, Bu'thur don' sot a hole in it, settin' on de po'ch an' wavin' at no-count boys—I hopes de Reverent ask her to set out wit him some.

Yes'm, I got a col'. No'm, I didn' sleep in no draf' las' night. Sometime I does, but las' night I slep' in a night-gown. I's been takin' keer of it. I tuck some sody-water this mawnin'. I ain' got no time to be laid up.

Law, I gotta be goin', Miss Jess, don't dem men fok'ses won' hab nothin' t'eat. Now I'll thank yer fer dat cup 'n' saucy. Oh, cain't you gib me a leetle cawfee, too? I plum forgot to pu'chase any. Thank yer, Miss Jess. I'll sho' see dat you gits a invite when Buthur an' Reverent Doolittle gits hitched up.

## NIGHT KALEIDOSCOPE

*Leonora DuFour*

### I.

Only the stars  
Reaching across the night  
With tender fingers to touch the moon  
Can understand this loveliness.  
Yet, as I watch,  
My little dreams are dragged across the night  
In trailing star dust.

### II.

To-morrow there will be no moonlit paths  
Across the lake,  
No silence hanging softly on the dusk—  
Where water weeds are thickest.  
Aeons lie between tonight and then,  
So good-by to loveliness  
And moonlit paths that lead  
Down through the years.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

## MASTERPIECE OF LOCAL COLOUR

*Esther Smith*

"Miss Loyd, I can't get this thing to work out exactly right. Those other two characters aren't so very important, but I have to do something with them. See, they're on the stage and I can't get them off. I might have them fall through a trap door like Flecknoe, but I have no reason for it," added Jacqueline Autrey humorously.

"I have to go now, Jacqueline, but we'll see if we can't work out some plan for an unobtrusive exit tomorrow. Dear, you're a born genius. I'm almost envious of your possibilities." And Jacqueline's adoring English teacher and instructor in play production, went to see Mae West in "She Done Him Wrong." The one little theatre in town always managed to get such good pictures.

Jacqueline decided to work the situation out for herself before she went home. There were a number of things she could do with those characters, and Miss Loyd always liked whatever she did. It must be true that she had some talent for composition, otherwise there was no point in Miss Loyd's effusive praise of her work. And she was ambitious to produce successful plays. It was almost an obsession with her.

Temperamental as Jacqueline was, she had definite plans for her future, determined by two precise causes. The one was that she hated with a fiery and frantic hatred the small town in which she lived. The other was her desire to write plays and the encouragement that she received to do it. These two well defined passions ruled her life. She had unshaken confidence in her own possibilities. Something of vast importance would be attached to her name some day. Through diligent study and application of all possible situations to a stage setting, she became adept in the mastery of characters and stage settings.

"Still working on that play, Jacqueline?" said the dear old bald-headed school superintendent. He had manifested this same degree of interest in Jacqueline during his five years of superintendency of Barnum High School.

"Read it, Mr. Copeland, and give me some worthy criticisms," replied Jacqueline complacently. Mr. Copeland always said the correct thing about her plays. He never criticized.

Superintendent Copeland read through the final act; the others he knew, having seen them develop from the embryonic stage.

"Criticism! My dear child, you force me to realize my inefficiency. Jacqueline, you have the makings of a successful playwright, and I

## THE PINE BRANCH

have positive assurance of a delightful future for you. This is by far the best thing you have done. Child, you're a genius!"

"That's the second time I've heard that today Mr. Copeland, and you always tell me the last thing is best. Considering this particular play in reverse order of praise, you'll have me doing my first act over again."

"No, it isn't that Jacqueline. It's simply that everything you write, shows vast improvement over the thing preceding it. I still say that you have a future if you'll consider obstacles an inspiration and let nothing bar your road to success."

"Nothing shall. I'm sure of that."

"Your father isn't firmly convinced of your ability to write. He said last night that he wouldn't advance your education along such lines; that you could take teacher training and a regular college course if you liked."

"So he told the whole town about it, did he? Well I'll show him."

Mr. Copeland was aware of Jacqueline's temper, but he had not meant to arouse it. She even swore sometimes, earnestly and sincerely.

"That drug store! I guess he made my efforts to write a ridiculous laughing stock. No doubt the whole town knows how he feels now. If you want to know one thing or everything about the family affairs in this town stay in that drug store five minutes. You'll get all the information you want, I'll assure you, and in a big way. No more privacy around here than—than—" Jacqueline could recall no hyperbolic expression to express sufficiently her anger and disgust. Instead, she stamped her foot in a tantrum of rage while Mr. Copeland soothingly attempted to coax her back to sanity.

"Now, now, Jacqueline. You musn't do like that. It doesn't reform the town, and at any rate there are lots of interesting things around here to do. At least there is until you have an opportunity to go into an atmosphere more conducive to literary advancement."

"Interesting things to do! Don't be absurd just for my benefit." Jacqueline directed her rising anger at Mr. Copeland. "I wish you would tell me what it is. You could live forever in a dump like this and never know a thing but how to act silly at a church social; or that the pastor's wife is extravagant considering the pay he gets; or perhaps that Mrs. Brown has changed the brand of milk she gives her baby. You can't do, say, or even think what you like around here without the whole town's knowing it, and I'm so damned fed up on that kind of stuff that I'm going to burst sometime. When I do, the devil will be to pay."

Mr. Copeland came to the conclusion that she had already "burst-

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

ed." "Jacqueline, Jacqueline, calm yourself, will you? I thought you had learned to control your temper better than that."

"Yes, I've controlled it too long. I don't care if Daddy thinks I can't write, but when he expostulates to the whole town about it, I get frantic."

"Some one asked about your writing, Jacqueline. That's why—."

"I don't want them to ask about me. I'm going to write a masterpiece, some day and when I say masterpiece, I mean masterpiece. A burlesque on small town life! 'Drink Information From Our Drug Store' or 'Know What Your Neighbors Are Doing.' I'm going to show up this town in all its ludicrous atmosphere. I'm very likely to make the fact that you, a man of supposedly more than average intelligence, said there were interesting things to do and see around here. Watch me do it!" Jacqueline burst angrily from the room.

Poor child! Mr. Copeland had only sympathy for her. She was such an adorable girl when her feelings were unruffled. An unfortunate situation she was in. How he would like for her to attain her ideals.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Copeland," Jacqueline had penitently retraced the one block she had walked towards home.

"Forget it, Jackie. Have a nice time at the dance tonight."

"You're so agreeably sweet and understanding, Mr. Copeland."

Anything but sweet, were Jacqueline's present thoughts. That dance! The boisterous, unrefined, element which always held sway completely disgusted Jacqueline. Plain silly; only those words effectively described them. She passionately hoped that "Saint Louis Blues" could not survive the ordeal and one other record, at least, would alternate. That record must undoubtedly fit the crooked position those boys danced in. She detested it!

As Jacqueline alighted from Bill Smith's car the inevitable "Blues" sounded its timely blast on her rebellious ears. It was Bill because it was not Tommie, Ray, Jimmie, or some one else and not because of the least preference for him. Jacqueline was proud of the fact that she remained aloof from their foolish love affairs.

"Oh boy," Bill started a dance or hop, Jacqueline could never distinguish which, to the loud music. "Don't it just make your blood tingle all over you, Jackie? Gosh, sounds even better'n it did at the last dance. Can't see why that record's not wore out."

Jacqueline silently wished that it were as he pulled her awkwardly up the steps.

Raucous shouts of welcome were addressed almost entirely to Bill. "Come on, Bill old pal. Your old flame's been asking about you."

## THE PINE BRANCH

The only pleasure that Jacqueline derived from these affairs was that little feeling of superiority that she was able to assume and carry off so well. It fit her beautifully. The only obvious conclusion was that she was bigger than the town, so why should she let it hold her prisoner?

"Jackie, why don't you come down to earth?" Democratic Mr. Autrey chuckled playfully. "You can't write, child. Go on and take a regular college course; you have just enough temper to make a good school teacher. I'm tellin' you it would be wasting money to take that writin' course you was talkin' about."

Jacqueline usually found persuasion effective in dealing with her father. "Why does Miss Loyd say that I write well if it isn't true, Daddy. She says the only thing I need is a little formal instruction; that I have the ingenuity and plots."

"Oh, Jackie, you're a trustee's daughter. She does it for show, of course. I never have put one of my family in to teach here, so I might as well do it."

Was Jacqueline to accept this as the denouement to her career? College—it held definite attractions, but after that—what? Back to her small home town as a teacher and the drab, uninteresting existence she so passionately detested. The same people, the same conversation, day in and day out, unvarying routine. Face every morning a room crowded with impudent, unruly children. Teach Sunday school even, and say she liked it. Listen to desultory, commonplace chatter through the years to come, when she might do creative work instead. Maddening! She would hate herself if she degenerated to such. Another Sinclair Lewis, Main Street heroine. No, not so long as her brain functioned properly.

Jacqueline went to a school for amateur writers as she knew all the time she would. Working incessantly on plots, characters, scenes, revising according to college rules the plays she had written in high school, she determined to make her work carry over. Somehow her instructors failed to see startling successes. Revision made a flop of them. The originals drew D's because of unconformity to rules. Mediocre, mediocre, mediocre! The word pounded on Jacqueline's brain. This thing wasn't child's play after all.

"Your work is tiresomely artificial, Miss Autrey." Dr. Flakes explained in that superior tone, common to him, "Why don't you stage a scene perfectly natural to you? Write of things with which you are familiar. Your work is affected. You don't know how a yankee would respond in a stolen sweetheart situation. Would he kill himself? His sweetheart or rival? Naturally you don't know. You know Southern people, Southern towns. Write about them."



VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

They have stage interests."

Jacqueline was discouraged. What about those desperate threats she once made to write a farce with her own home town the scene? The threat came to her vividly, but the intensity to do it was thin air. Expose her environment to high-brow amusement. Never! But what about the condition of failure?

Surprising as it may seem, Jacqueline painted the little town of Barnum in its own colors, green and red, where green and red should be. The drug store dominated the plot. Too vividly did she portray the absurd nearness and familiarity of a town with one thousand inhabitants. She was unable, however, to get into the spirit of the thing. Say derogatory things of her own environment? It hurt. She felt that she was doing a sacrilegious thing.

Dr. Flakes smiled with dignity, "So you came to reality and produced some creditable work." He smirked behind sophisticated brows. "It amused me very much, very much indeed. It is natural, unaffected. And you seem to know the situation perfectly. The ridiculous topics of conversation. Nothing interests them out of a forty mile area." Dr. Flakes continued to chuckle. "Why you'd think they were barred from the rest of the world—evidenced by their complete indifference to it. Common, plain, interesting in a droll way. Conceive of everybody knowing what his neighbor is doing. Oh the absurdity of such, the unquestionable absurdity!"

"Oh, don't be funny. You don't know what you're talking about." Jacqueline forgot the prestige of Dr. Flakes. "Evidently you've never known anything but this congested turmoil of city life, and you're too foolish to realize that there are pleasant places in the world. Ridicule the fact that people are interested in each other in a small town if you like. Your neighbor doesn't care if you live or die. You are inconspicuous in a universe of uninterested people. Literature! Age-old stale stories. You love them because you have no friends to attach yourself to. Get out of this mad whirl sometime and learn that there is something besides pomposity, affection. Find reality, affection, people who ask about you every day. You might like it. I'm going to write a burlesque on this deformed, unnatural existence you lead here. Scenes of show, unreality, with human interests entirely absent. Nothing about you that is dear. Sordid, foreign elements. Laugh, I don't care. Wasted breath. You're stuck in such an atmosphere, but thank God, I'm not."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Dear Dad,

"Of course if you can't find some one to satisfactorily fill that opening in the school at home, I shall be glad to do it. An excellent opportunity for a study of human nature with those adorable children. Love,

—Jacqueline."

THE PINE BRANCH

CAMPUS PATTERNS

SPRING SONG

The campus is lovelier than ever at sundown. The light breaks against the trees, casting long shadows across the grass. Over near the hedge are two girls walking on front campus. Perhaps they are hoping that a certain person will pass. It's spring and a young man's fancy. . . .

WITH APOLOGIES TO VOGUE

Lyall does the *carioca* at the gym in a very effective pink and brown combination . . . . Patsy shows up at the Sophomore-Freshman party in an eye-filling white and brown outfit . . . . Lucy is seen signing out in pink flannel and pink sandals . . . . Henry Kate graces the stage at the Woman's Building in a stunning black and white evening gown . . . . Miss Sawyer and Miss Gilmer vie with each other in the cartwheel hat line—both with brown ones . . . . Miss Price wears a lovely rust organdy blouse to History 120 . . . . Bootsie waits for a taxi in an attractive brown and yellow ensemble . . . . Rachel wears navy with white accents to church . . . . Priscilla pins novelty initials to her collars . . . . Annie Maude is glimpsed on the front steps of Ashley in dark blue hose . . . . Miss Temple sings at the Baptist church in a charming dress with a light blue neck outline . . . . Marjorie signs out, with one of the many, in a brown and white striped silk . . . . And the shirtwaist dress comes to the campus along with bangs . . . . Blues, greys, yellows, greens, cottons, seersuckers, taffetas and silks . . . . And so the parade goes on into the pages of fashion.

EX LIBRE

It is very quiet in the library. Over in the corner someone is reading *Anthony Adverse*. A Sophomore studies the pages of *Arts and Decorations*, while a Senior looks through the magazines with a bored manner. A girl enters and noses through the bound volumes, and knocks the 1930 editions of *Country Life* to the floor. The students laugh—so does she. After all it was accidental. A girl wearing glasses and armed with notebooks peruses the *Britannica* intently. At the desk someone asks for the June *Cosmopolitan*, while the girl who has it gloats inwardly. The student reading *Death Takes a Holiday* glances at the clock. Half an hour yet. Through the open windows cars can be heard going up and down the avenue, while carnival sounds float in across the night. A door opens and voices

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

are heard down the hall. Muffled at first—then louder. Laughing and talking, the Glee Club girls come from practice. The librarian shuts the door cautiously, but some open it and come in. They search for *The New York Times* and *The Stage*, and finding them, they settle down to their favorite haunts. Quiet comes in softly while the cars go up and down the avenue. The lights burn down brightly upon the tables.

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### WALKING IN THE PARK

It is nearing time for supper, but the girls are reluctant to leave. The pines are gorgeous with the afternoon sun in their limbs, and the branch is very peaceful beneath the bridge. They would like to stay and watch the moon rise behind the trees. One girl says, "This is the most beautiful spot on campus." There is but one answer, and that isn't necessary. Leaving the bridge, they walk along the white sand paths; it is hard on sandals, but it is being done for beauty's sake. Turning back, they can see the girls walking toward the dining hall. It must be 6:30. Regretfully, they leave the pines, the rustic bridge, and the white sand paths.

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### OVERHEARD ON SATURDAY

Did you get up our laundry? Well, I suppose I'll have it to do again . . . . All right, all right . . . . No, you sign out, I have to do the finishing touches . . . . No, just put on my hat . . . . I hated to get up this morning . . . . Are you going to the show this afternoon? I hear it's grand . . . . And I love her anyway . . . . Right after dinner . . . . This closet needs cleaning out . . . . Let's change the room . . . . Did you empty the wastebasket? . . . . I wish we could fix this room my way just once . . . . Well, tomorrow is Sunday, and what will I wear to church?

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### AU REVOIR

May Day is over and summer is here. There are beaches and mountains waiting. No more trips to Brookwood until September! Yet we love summer with long, lazy days in which we have to do absolutely nothing but day dream. So, *toujours avec l'amour*.

The G. S. W. C.—er.



## EDITORIALS

It is the belief of the faculty and student leaders that the girl who has not participated in extra-curricula activities has missed a vital part of her college life. College is not all learning; a large part of it is the practical application of that learning in the mixing with one's fellow students.

The student activities on our campus are of the highest type, and they offer every girl an outlet for her varied interests. The past year witnessed a growing interest in the various phases of campus activities, but it is the aim of the college leaders to promote more purposeful and creative work during the coming year. So during the summer months plan your special campaign for leading Alma Mater onward.

\* \* \*

In order to realize a full and creative life we must learn to cooperate and to work with each other. For the past few years the Student Government Association and the Young Womans Christian Association have striven to attain this ideal. Will you, as a member of these organizations, help to realize these ideals by doing your part?

MARY ELIZABETH WEATHERFORD,

President of Y. W. C. A., 1934-1935.

\* \* \*

A love gift for you! A corsage of the finest flowers! A medley of vying colors. Notice that red one—a vivid passion for right living. Next to it is one called responsibility. Her companion is confidence. The white ones there are for purity and truth. See the one near the top—it is mutual trust and faith. That blue is loyalty to high ideals. Oh, that one? It is the royal purple of honor. Balancing their vivacity is the calm, self-control of green fern. These flowers neither wilt nor fade if they are kept with zealous care. Draw the essence of their spirits into your lives. From your gained energies, join with us in facing problems to make life more abundant for each girl on the campus.

HENRY KATE GARDNER,

President of Student Government Association, 1934-35.



## LOCALS

*Louise Ambos*

The Sophomores entertained the Freshman class in the dining hall Saturday evening, April 14. The hall was attractively decorated to represent the Hollywood Supper Club on opening night. Each guest represented some movie star. The program was announced before the microphone by Mildred Turnbull, of Moultrie, who

represented the wise-cracking Walter Winchell very effectively. The program consisted of dances by Ginger Rogers, Carolyn Peeples, of Valdosta; song by Kate Smith, Evelyn May, of Quitman; song by the Boswell Sisters, Joy Miller, of Albany, Lenora DuFour, of Albany, and Evelyn Tommins, of Savannah; Kathleen Murphy, of Valdosta, gave her interpretation of a dance by a wampus baby star. Evelyn Tommins was an excellent Cliff Edwards.

The Four Little Women, Gene Raymond, Dolores Del Rio, and many other actors were cleverly represented.

\* \* \*

The first of a series of parties given by different groups of the Social Activities class of Physical Education was given Thursday evening, April 19, in the gymnasium. The party was in the form of a "topsy-turvy" party. Each guest was requested to wear her clothes backward and to enter by a window instead of a door. The gymnasium was decorated with pennants, flowers, and pictures, all arranged upside down. A number of amusing games were played which were in keeping with the theme of the party.

\* \* \*

Our annual Play Day on April 28 was a gala occasion. More than ninety high schools were invited to send representatives and participate in the activities of the day. The students were accompanied by the superintendents and faculty members.

The forenoon was spent in games which included tennis, fist ball, pocket ball, croquet, box hockey, horse-shoe pitching, ring tennis, bit pin baseball, golf, miniature golf, bombardment, and prisoner newsome. During these activities individuals were vying with each other in balance beam, jump the stick, balance touch, dumbbell pull, quoits, putting contest, and others for points.

## THE PINE BRANCH

Preceding a picnic lunch on the north campus was an archery demonstration, awarding of honors to teams, and group singing. After lunch a play, *Pot Boilers*, by Gerstenberg, was presented by the play production class.

\* \* \*

The following girls have been elected as officers for the ensuing year: Miss Virginia Sheppard, Savannah, president of the Senior class and Miss Eleanor Bailey, Douglas, council member; Miss Ruth Jones, Thomasville, president of the Junior class and Miss Josephine Daniels of Ludowici, council member; Miss Emma Ambos, of Savannah, president of the Sophomore class and Miss Betty Ward of Waycross, council member. These girls have all been outstanding students in their respective classes.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Weatherford, of Savannah, has been elected president of the Y. W. C. A. for the year 1934-1935, and Miss Henry Kate Gardner, of Camilla, has been chosen president of the Student Government Association.

The newly elected officers of the French Club are: president, Carolyn Brim, of Sasser; vice-president, Jeanette Schulmann, of Albany; parliamentarian, Naomi Austria, of Waycross; and secretary, Betty McCullom, of Thomasville.

The officers of the English Club for next year are: president, Margaret Touchton; and vice-president, Elizabeth Larisey.

\* \* \*

The Sophomore Sunday School class was entertained at the House in the Woods by Miss Gertrude Gilmer on Easter Sunday morning with a breakfast. Miss Amanda Barksdale is president of the class.

\* \* \*

The Junior and Senior Sunday School class enjoyed a swimming party at Twin Lakes on the afternoon of Monday, April 16. After the swim a picnic lunch was served, and dancing and games were enjoyed afterwards.

\* \* \*

The officers for the International Relations Club for 1934-1935 are: president, Marjorie Groover, of Quitman; vice-president, Rachel Coxwell, of Leesburg; and treasurer, Louelle Giddens, of Valdosta.

\* \* \*

The officers for the Sock and Buskin Club for 1934-1935 are as follows: president, Estelle Roberts, of Cordele; vice-president, Vangie Trimble, of Moultrie; and secretary-treasurer, Evelyn Tommins, of Savannah.



## Y. W. C. A.

*Ruth Ellis*

The members of the new cabinet of the Y. W. C. A. were installed at an impressive service on Sunday evening, April 29th, in the Rotunda. At this time Miss Margaret Kennedy, of Dawson, retiring president, gave her farewell message and read a dedication service to which the new members responded. Miss Mary Elizabeth

Weatherford, of Savannah, incoming president, then addressed the Y. W. C. A., giving the ideals of the cabinet for the new year. Along with Miss Weatherford were installed, Miss Mildred Turnbull, of Moultrie, vice-president; Miss Amanda Barksdale, of Blakely, assistant to vice-president; Miss Dorothy Ogletree, of Savannah, secretary; Miss Laura Allen, of Climax, treasurer; Miss Eleanor Bailey, of Douglas, Bible Study chairman; Miss

Clara Louise Driskell, of Surrency, World Fellowship chairman; Miss Eleanor Wilkes, of Meigs, Morning Watch chairman; Miss Priscilla Kelley, of Savannah, Chapel; Miss Pearl Wilson, of Cordele, Music chairman; Miss Evelyn May, of Quitman, pianist; Miss Ida Lee Stearman, of Savannah, Room chairman; Miss Eloise Ogletree, of Savannah, Membership chairman; Miss Mary Askew, of Arlington, Publicity chairman; Miss Vangie Trimble, of Moultrie, Entertainment; and Miss Dorothy Bates, of Waycross, Club House.

The members of the new and old cabinets held a joint retreat at Twin Lakes on Friday, April 20th until Sunday, April 22nd. Miss Hall and Miss Bush acted as chaperons. Miss Polly Moss, Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. of G. S. C. W., at Milledgeville, and Miss Margaret K. Smith, retiring president of the Y. W. C. A. were there, with Miss Billy Jennings a member of the cabinet at G. S. C. W. The theme for the Retreat was "Taking Stock of One's Self." Those taking part on the programs were Miss Margaret Kennedy, of Dawson; Miss Mary Elizabeth Weatherford, of Savannah; Miss Mildred Turnbull, of Moultrie; Miss Henry Kate Gardner, of Camilla; Miss Polly Moss; Miss Margaret K. Smith; and Miss Janie Bush.

## ATHLETICS

*Patsy Sparks and Virginia Tuck*



Baseball and seven A. M. are synonymous to most of the athletes. You can't blame them, can you, when their reward is a breakfast swim? The Lambdas are proud of having won the first game. Watch out Kappas, you know what wicked balls that Lambda pitcher throws, and be careful Lambdas, there are two more

games to play!

In the first game the following Lambdas played: Margaret Hudson, manager, Camilla; Annie Bell Weatherford, Savannah; Una Ritch, Jesup; Pearl Wilson, captain, Cordele; Esther Smith, Sycamore; Estelle Roberts, Cordele; Mary Askew, Arlington; Ruby Harrison, Fitzgerald; Florence Williford, Camilla; Joy Miller, Albany; Virginia Tuck, Thomasville. The Kappa players were: Lela Callendar, manager, Valdosta; GeDelle Brabham, Moultrie; Mildred Turnbull, Moultrie; Chappie Bragg, Savannah; Lorene Johnson, Thomasville; Florence Thorpe, Leesburg; Carol Forrester, Leesburg; Eloise Odum, Ashburn; Louise Odum, Ashburn; Rachel Coxwell, Leesburg; Lois Corley, Valdosta.

\* \* \*

The archery and tennis tournaments were completed last week. The Lambdas won the archery tournament. Individual high score was won by Lorene Johnson. Lambda shooters were: Estelle Roberts, Cordele; Clara Lawson, Savannah; Ida Lee Stearman, Savannah. The Kappa shooters were: Glen Johnson, Valdosta; Lorene Johnson, Thomasville; Dorothy Ogletree, Savannah. Una Ritch of Jesup, won the tennis tournament for the Lambdas.

\* \* \*

May Day-Play Day added quite a large number of friends to our college campus. Many high schools throughout Georgia were represented. The visitors were divided into eight color teams who competed in campus games throughout the morning. Blue was the winning team—Annie Kate Knight, of Quitman, was their captain. Play Day ended at lunch, when the visitors joined us in singing peppy songs. We enjoyed having them on campus, and we hope that their enjoyment was mutual.



## CLUBS

Doris Young



At a business meeting recently the following were elected as officers for the French Club for the year 1934-35. President, Carolyn Brim, of Sasser; vice-president, Jeannette Schulman, of Albany; secretary and treasurer, Betty McCollum, of Thomasville; and parliamentarian, Naomi Austria, of Waycross. The members suggested having a picnic during May.

\* \* \*

A group of Glee Club girls under the direction of Miss Temple presented a concert at the Tifton High School on Wednesday afternoon, May 9. The program included: *Chorus of Seraphim* from *Paradise Lost*, by Dubois, Joy Miller of Albany, soloist; *Hark! Hark! the Lark!*, Schubert; *The Green Cathedral*, Hahn; *Little Boy Blue*, Nevin—Eloise Odom of Ashburn, soloist; several numbers by the double trio; and piano solos by Margaret Zippies of Savannah.

\* \* \*

We hear that the members of the International Relations Club were entertained rather royally Saturday morning, May 5, with a delicious breakfast near the beautiful country home of Miss Price, faculty adviser. At their meeting on May 1, all the old business of the year was completed. Officers for next year were elected. The members discussed their scholarship fund, planning to sponsor the picture *Nana* at the Ritz, May 7th, 8th and 9th.

\* \* \*

Wednesday evening, May 2, the Sock and Buskin Club staged an attractive one-act play, *Nevertheless*, with the club members and some invited guests as the audience. Willene Roberts, of Valdosta, director, named the cast which included: Una Ritch, of Jesup, Boy; Annie Kate Knight, of Quitman, Girl; and Lillian Bragg, of Savannah, Burglar. The club held a short business meeting after the play.

\* \* \*

The Philharmonic Club met Friday evening, April 27. Annie Lois Gardner, of Camilla, gave a report, concluding the year's study of the book *How Music Grew*, by Bauer and Peyser. Margaret Zippies, of Savannah, then played *Mary Had a Little Lamb*, by Balantine, in the style of ten composers.



## SOCIETIES

Although the literary societies will disband this year, their influence will continue to be felt because of the work they have done and the dozens of new books they added to the library, which are indeed a welcome addition, giving the students access to some of the latest and best publications. Among the books are Joel

*Chandler Harris*, by Julia Harris; *Bible Lands Today*, by Wm. T. Ellis; *Touring Great Britain*, by Robert Shackleton; *The Spell of Scotland*, by Keith Clark; *Here's Ireland*, by Harold Speakman; *New Worlds to Conquer*, by Richard Halliburton; *After Such Pleasures*, by Dorothy Parker; *Ulysess*, by James Joyce; *Life of Our Lord*, by Charles Dickens; *The Native's Return*, by Louis Adamic; and *Men In White*, by Sidney Kingsley.

\* \* \*

The annual debate between the Argonian and Sororian literary societies was held Saturday, May 5. The question debated was, "Resolved: That the U. S. Should Adopt the Essential Features Of the British System Of Radio Operation and Control." The Sororians, upholding the affirmative side, won the closely matched debate. The Sororians were represented by Leonora DuFour, Albany, and Clara Louise Driskell, Surrency; the Argonians, by Marion Reid, Homerville, and Mary Nelle Carlyle, Valdosta. Each of the debaters was given a cash gift by her society for being an outstanding debater.

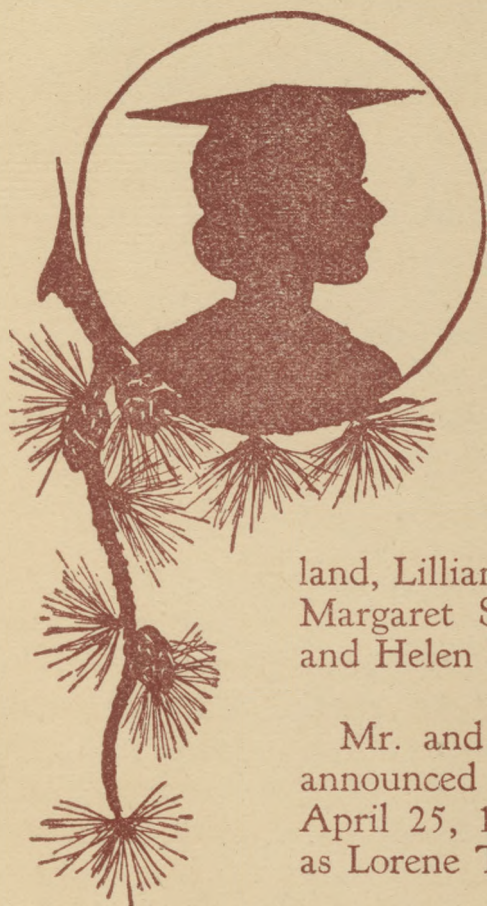
\* \* \*

As a final social note the societies closed their year with a tea which was held in the Rotunda on May 15, from 5 to 6:30. An interesting program was given by the music and expression departments.



## ALUMNAE

*Frances Dekle*



The following girls were visitors on the campus during the past month: Misses Frances Arrington, Ruth Wolcott, Margaret Bullock, Louise Benton, Vera Parker, Grace Griffin, Margaret Brabham, Maggie Lawson, Marguerite Ford, Harriet Sheppard, Emily Jennings, Myrtice Wade, Annie Lou Stanaland, Lou Leese Stanaland, Lillian Henderson, Helen Clark, Marie Wood, Margaret Summer, K. D. Rentz, Julia Manning, and Helen Brazington.

\* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Strong, of Valdosta, have announced the birth of a son, William Tyle, born April 25, 1934. Mrs. Strong may be remembered as Lorene Tittle.

\* \* \*

Velma Sirmans Potter, of the class of '28, lives in Ocala, Florida. She has a small daughter two years old.

\* \* \*

Emilu Trapnell, of the class of '26, is working for General Motors Corporation, in Atlanta, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Ora Mae Biles, of the class of '26, is Mrs. Karl Graybeal, and she lives in Jacksonville, Florida. Ora Mae spends most of her time traveling in the Southern States with her husband.

\* \* \*

Elizabeth Thompson, of the class of '31, is teaching in Belle Grade, Florida, Palm Beach County.

\* \* \*

Rebecca Cook and Maggie Lou Cook are teaching in Clinton, North Carolina.

\* \* \*

Dorothy Chapman, of the class of '31, is doing case work at the Chatham County Relief Administration. Dorothy reports the work is most interesting.

\* \* \*

Mary Poindexter, of the class of '22, teaches English in the Screven High School.

## THE PINE BRANCH

Sallie Kate Wolfe Harbin lives in McRae, Georgia. She has two children.

\* \* \*

Doris Nichols is working on a B.S. degree in Home Economics at Milledgeville, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Lucile Dowling is head of the English Department in Dublin, Georgia. Sara Mandeville is also one of the successful Dublin teachers. Marion Groover, who has taught in Dublin this year goes to the South Georgia State Teachers College at Statesboro, Georgia, next year.

\* \* \*

Gussie O'Quinn teaches in Odum, Georgia.

\* \* \*

The following girls are teaching in Screven, Georgia: Marion Laing, fifth grade; Merle Johnson, fourth grade; Mary Stewart Hatcher, Home Economics.

\* \* \*

Birdie Warren teaches in the Jesup schools.

\* \* \*

Myrtle Stokes Driver lives in Nahunta, Georgia. Her husband is principal and coach of the high school.

\* \* \*

Lucile Nix Adams lives in Jesup, where her husband is coach of the high school.

\* \* \*

Marion Chauncey is teaching music in Fredericksburg, Virginia. Emily is working in New York City.

\* \* \*

The engagement of Vera Parker, A.B. '33, and Cleveland Mincy has been announced. The wedding will take place in the next few weeks.



VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

THE LAST ROUND-UP

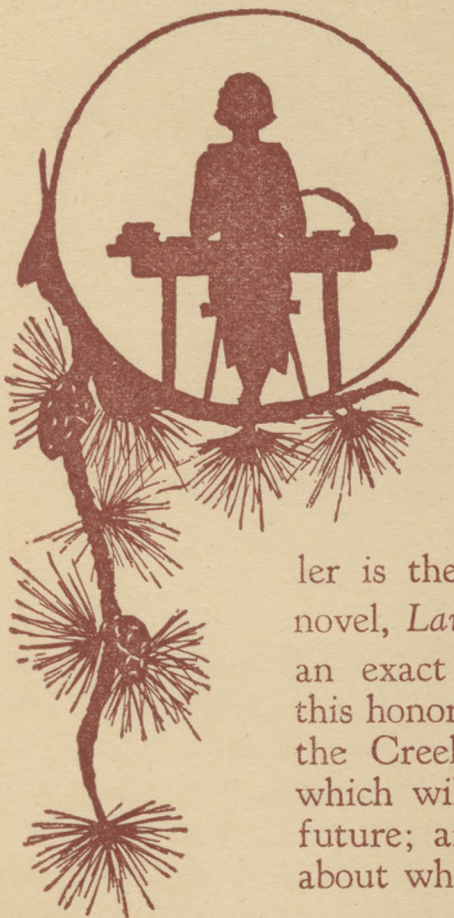
We suppose that we should call in Winchell from the Sophomore-Freshman party and let him write this (paging Winchell), but we're going a little O. O. McIntyre-ish this month and say that our favorites, despite some sidetracking, are still *Blue Prelude* and *Night and Day* . . . . and that we like the expression, "Here's stardust in your eyes" . . . . We don't know where to begin this month, there is so much to say about people we've noticed . . . . Memory how unfaithful art thou! . . . . We suppose that it would be out of the question to ask the Seniors if they enjoyed their trip to Atlanta . . . . We're still bemoaning our lost opportunity . . . . This is going to be a free-for-all (why can't we get this thing started anyway?) Don't you like to watch Carol Peeples dance? . . . . Look to your laurels, Ruby Keeler . . . . We think he's nice too, Louise Smith . . . . Have you heard from that Albany lad who hadn't written in three days yet, Marie? . . . . Tell us what it takes to sport orchids, Mary! . . . . Walter and Frances are our idea of a nice looking couple (they'll probably resent that) . . . . And we hear that our former editor is doing right well as a newspaper woman . . . . Eleanor Wilkes has lovely Titian locks . . . . We're still hoping to be invited to one of those Social Activities parties . . . . They seem to have so much fun (that was supposed to be wistful) . . . . People we thought especially clever at the Hollywood opening: All of the Marx brothers, Alexa Daley, Dot Klug, Chappie Bragg, Mary Askew, Priscilla Kelly, and Ann Turner . . . . But why go on, you probably saw them too . . . . That pink chiffon dress is lovely, Bessie . . . . The *Journal* rotogravures seem to be realizing the possibilities of G. S. W. C. . . . Lyall's clothes have a certain air about them . . . . Maurise and Rachel, does that bunch from Cairo help to make Sunday nights less lonesome? . . . . Those wedding bells are breaking up that old class of ours if you know what we mean . . . . And wasn't that azalea bush at the corner of Ashley gorgeous? . . . . Miss Ivey has so much ingenuity . . . . We liked Birch O'Neal . . . . And what would we give to be able to play like Hugh Hodgson . . . . To say nothing of Julian Barfield . . . . If we looked like you do in a tux, Tree, we'd try out for Sock and Buskin . . . . The Sophomore Easter breakfast was excellent . . . . Thanks to Miss Gilmer and Amanda . . . . Dear Marie Rose: Please, how do little girls get complexions like Eva Martin's? . . . . Or do you answer questions like that? . . . . Maybe we're mixed up . . .

## THE PINE BRANCH

. . . What is it that takes some people to Varnedoe's . . . . . We wonder if a certain salesman could have anything to do with it? Tea dances may be old stuff to some people, but we still think they're fun . . . . . And we're glad we tried out for Glee Club and Sock and Buskin . . . . . And did all the S. Y. T.'s (with apologies to the *Yellow Jacket*) go out to hear the harmonious blendings of our little brothers, or were there other reasons? . . . . . May Day was lovely, despite the hard luck, and so was the queen . . . . . We like to hear Betty Ward talk . . . . . Somehow we always think of Annapolis when she brings out that Maryland drawl . . . . . That red-headed gentleman from Rome must think a lot of a certain Freshman . . . . . Margaret Carter's sister is our idea of Southern peaches-and-cream . . . . . Eleanor Bailey is the nicest person . . . . . We can't wait for the Freshmen to entertain us . . . . . That was pretty poetry, Hulda . . . . . You should have heard Beck and Joy through the mike before it broke . . . . . Sounded like Radio City . . . . . Do you think we're improving or not? . . . . . We'd better stop or have the neighbors in on us for pounding this typewriter . . . . . Grace Lahey has attractive clothes . . . . . There was absolutely no connection in those two—so we know we had better stop . . . . . Courage! On to the end . . . . . How did you like that Citadel dance, Jewel? . . . . . We can still taste that huckleberry jam we had at Miss Price's two-mile branch farm . . . . . What former Emory Junior big light visited Kelly not so long ago? . . . . . Congratulations, Freshmen . . . . . Your *Pine Branch* was grand . . . . . The Y. W. Retreat made some people sore (no sarcasm intended—we were referring to the tans) . . . . . Since *Riptide* we've forsaken Clark Gable . . . . . Now it's Herbert Marshall . . . . . The Seniors have their dance and the Rotary Club picnic, while we underclassmen have only examinations . . . . . Twin Lakes is gaining in popularity, with the Athletic Council choosing that spot for their swim . . . . . We're looking forward to the Senior play . . . . . And didn't you enjoy Vonice's and Mildred's recital? (shades of Katherine Cornell) . . . . . Congratulations to all the new officers! . . . . . Ask Charlie Joyner his password . . . . . Also ask him if he remembers the Pirate Hunt (incidentally, we finally made one of those parties) . . . . . Also ask Larisey if she ever got disentangled from that briar . . . . . Miss Sawyer too . . . . . Another popular faculty member has tied the fatal knot . . . . . We noticed the new suit too . . . . . And the jovial English professor and the kindly registrar will soon follow in their footsteps . . . . . Well, everything must have an ending.

## CRITICAL TIPS

Elizabeth Larisey



A collection of Georgia paintings sent from the Telfair Academy of Arts and Sciences in Savannah, is on exhibition at G. S. W. C. at the time of writing. They are well worth noticing, and one, *Theresa In Orange*, is of especial merit.

\* \* \*

Stand up and cheer—Caroline Miller is the Pulitzer prize winner for 1933 for her novel, *Lamb In His Bosom*. Her victory establishes an exact equality between men and women for this honor. She has completed a second novel about the Creek Indians of an almost forgotten epoch, which will probably be published in the very near future; and she is now at work on a third novel, about which she has very little to say.

\* \* \*

*Peter Abelard*, by Helen Waddell, is a novel based on the ageless love story of Abelard and Holoise. It is a beautiful story, beautifully written, and will fit into a week-end nicely.

\* \* \*

Hiram Motherwell, editor of *Stage*, in discussing probable candidates for the Pulitzer prize-winning play speaks of *Ah, Wilderness!* as the most perfect play by America's foremost play-wright, and of *Mary of Scotland* as having the best use of theatre English by any American playwright. Both of these plays are in the library.

\* \* \*

*Play Parade* is an omnibus volume containing the most representative plays of Noel Coward. This collection includes the hilarious *Hay Fever*, the brilliant and sparkling *Private Lives*, the lovely *Bitter-Sweet*, the familiar *Cavalcade* and *Design for Living*, and *Post Mortem* which has never been produced.

\* \* \*

*Magnificent Obsession* by Lloyd Douglas is probably the most popular book on the campus at the moment.

\* \* \*

In an article in May *Stage*, Tamara Daykarkhanova, who is considered a leading expert on stage make-up, gives a demonstration of how she makes new faces out of old.

## THE PINE BRANCH

Two new travel books in the library: *The Spell of Scotland* by Clark, and *Touring Great Britain* by Shackleton.

\* \* \*

*The Lake*, which served Katherine Hepburn as her latest stage vehicle, is now in the library, and also *The Green Bay Tree*, in which Laurence Olivier appeared.

\* \* \*

Check up on yourself! There is a list in the library of a hundred worth-while books that every American between the ages of twenty and forty-five ought to read. You'll probably be humiliated when you add up your score; I was.

\* \* \*

New Additions to the Library:

*Men In White*, by Sidney Kingsley. This is a picture of doctors as humans, of impersonal scientists facing human problems. The entire action takes place within a hospital. All reviewers give *Men In White* unstinted praise; it is the first play in a year to get a four star rating from Burns Mantle, and has recently been awarded the Pulitzer prize. It is by now the oldest play in New York, and is maintaining its well-deserved popularity. Alexander Kirkland is appearing in it.

*The Native's Return* by Louis Adamic. This is the story of the discovery of his own country by an American immigrant. Adamic came to America when he was fourteen. Recently he and his American wife set out to travel in Italy. They stopped on the way to visit Adamic's parents, Yugoslavia was enchanting, and *The Native's Return* was the result. It is a narrative of home-coming, and also a gorgeous travel book.

Even if travel books hadn't been mentioned, I couldn't resist telling that *New Worlds to Conquer* is now in the library. I make no comment on it; a Halliburton book speaks for itself.

*Roll, Jordan, Roll* by Julia Peterkin. This book was mentioned in a previous issue of the *Pine Branch*, and is now in the library.

*Rainbow Round My Shoulder* by Howard A. Odum. If you happen not to like most negro stories, don't let that cause you to skip this one; it is rather like Roark Bradford's *John Henry*. It is the story of the wanderings of Black Ulysses, just rounding out thirty years, and the "mos' travelin' man ever in this land." He has had more jobs in more places than he can count, and he knows so many songs it would take until tomorrow night just to name them. Mr. Odum is a Georgian who is a professor of sociology at the University of North Carolina.





## JOKES

Winnie Davis

Judge: What possible excuse did you gentlemen have for acquitting that murderer?

Juror: Insanity.

Judge: Really! The whole twelve of you?

\* \* \*

1st co-ed: Mary is trying to improve her mind.

2nd co-ed: That so? When did she get it?

\* \* \*

"My definition of 'Boy'," said the girl next door, is: "a noise with dirt on it."

\* \* \*

S. A. E.: Who gave you that black-eye?

A. T. O.: Nobody gave it to me—I had to fight for it.

\* \* \*

Hush, forgotten "Z" letter, don't you cry;  
The government will get to you by and by.

\* \* \*

"Cocktails are the little broom that whiskey 'way your will-power."—Don Marquis.

\* \* \*

"Always speak well of your enemies," opines Gertrude, "you made 'em."

\* \* \*

Dr. Gulliver: How would you punctuate this sentence: "The wind blew a ten dollar bill around the corner?"

Freshman: "I'd make a dash after the bill."

\* \* \*

1st neighbor: Are you going to have a garden this year?

2nd neighbor: Naw! You have the garden, it's my turn to keep the chickens.

\* \* \*

Golf Pro.: Keep your eye on the ball.

Pupil: I certainly will. I don't like the looks of some of these people around here anyhow.

\* \* \*

Freshman: He put his arm around me three times last night.

Sophomore: Gee, what an arm!

THE PINE BRANCH  
FOR THE FUN OF IT

LAMENT

*Eva Martin*

I've had so many aches and pains  
While I've graced this vale of tears—  
They began when I was just a babe  
And have increased with the years.  
First pain? I had the colic,  
Then a rash to me was sent,  
Then someone stuck a pin in me—  
'Twas quite by accident.  
Next pain was caused by contact  
With my mother's lovely palm;  
A hair brush, then a peachtree switch  
Could likewise do their harm.  
This type of pain was interspersed  
With a multitude of aches—  
The head, the tummy and the ears—  
I'll stop. For mercy's sakes!  
Of course the measles, mumps and flu—  
Each one had its day;  
Diphtheria, yellow jaundice,  
And malaria in May!  
So many, many aches I've had,  
And pains in every part,  
And now that I've grown up a bit  
I have 'em in my heart.

PONDERINGS ON DOMESTICITY

*Leonora DuFour*

Once you made up all my dreams  
And all my little wishes;  
Now my dreams are broken by  
The clatter of breakfast dishes.

Often were the nights I cried,  
The nights I tore my hair;  
Can this be much recompense—  
Mending your underwear?

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—MEDLEY

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