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MY GYPSY HEART

STROPHE I.

I wander midst the grove of noiseless pines,
And think it strange they are so quiet.
Ah, a melody is carried on the air
Like the symphony of southern winds.
The pines are speaking to the heart of me;
Within the softness of their sound I hear
The voice of him I love.

STROPHE II.

Here by a dying fire quietly I kneel,
And elfin dreams from cupid's wings are fled
To dwell within my heart this winter night.
His voice's melody I seem to hear,—
To feel his tender hands upon my brow.
In sheerest quietness I love, unknown
I'm rich; for he does not remotely guess
The sweet emotion that his touch inspires.

STROPHE III.

To him my spirit flies
As the sunlight to the earth;
In the deepness of his eyes
My being finds new birth.

I tear a rose apart
To ask the slender stem,
"Shall I let him see my heart,
Or have my eyes tell him?"

I whisper to the grass,
"Who knows but his may be
The step that shall next pass
Bringing a heart to me?"

STROPHE IV.

Cease your yearning, my gypsy heart,
You own the wide, caressing skies.
True you possess of his love no part,
But cease your yearning, my gypsy heart.
Go, push the thoughts of him apart;
The winds will kiss away your sighs.
Do cease your yearning, my gypsy heart;
You own the wide, caressing skies.

FRANCES HOWELL—'32.

"A CHILD, MORE THAN ALL OTHER GIFTS"

The young man who made his way slowly along the walk, under the stately old trees of the University campus, did not use his cane to feel his way, as most blind men do, but used it with a swagger, almost like a dandy.

"Hi, Franz, wait a minute, can't you? What I've got is good news, boy!" a cheery voice broke the silence—everybody was at the football games—and an impetuous youth rushed out of one of the buildings, and up to the blind boy.

"Just a minute, Jim. You are disturbing the harmony of a certain little melody I have been trying to catch for days. Why in the—didn't you go to the game, too? But it's all right. What were you going to say?" An indulgent smile lit the usually sombre face, but the large blue eyes, with their fixed expression, made the smile seem half-hearted, for smiling lips need laughing eyes.

"Great scott, Franz, I'm sorry. How was I to know that the great Van Arnsdale was composing? But, listen, I was just talking to the Dean's peachy little secretary—I'm kind of soft on her, y' know—an' she told me that you were elected today to that great fraternity, the Mystic—I beg your pardon, I mean Phi Beta Kappa," laughed the irrepressible Jim, "and, old man, there's not a man in college gladder than me. Shake!"

But instead of breaking into an answering laugh, the half smile became slightly twisted, and the well-clad shoulders a trifle straighter. "So, I made it, did I? The little blind boy is classed with the great intellectuals!" Then Franz did laugh, but bitterly. "What good will it do, Jim? I could have all the honors, and all of the degrees in the world, and where would they get me?"

A distressed look crossed the face of his friend. Jim hated to hear Franz talk like that. It made him think about life and the future too seriously, and Jim wanted to think that life was a glorious adventure. Still, when a fellow had been blind all his life, it must be rather tough.

"Aw, Franz, shut up. You make me sick when you talk like that. You've got everything—brains, musical ability, looks—and you can get around as well as anybody. Gee, forgive me for mentioning it, but you made me. I never think about it. Why, you're one of us, and you've got us all beat on looks. With that mouth and those blonde curls of yours, we haven't a chance with the women around here," poor Jim floundered on, getting deeper and deeper.

"Girls!" the crooked smile became a sneer. "Yes, they like me

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all right! You mean they pity me. Listen, do you think one of them would ever marry me? You don't answer, eh? Well, you are darn right, they wouldn't! Phi Beta Kappa, eh? and will that get me a job when graduation is over? Bah! I should have been learning to make chairs instead of going to a university."

Jim looked as if he wanted to run, but Franz held his arm in a vise-like grip.

"What am I going to do? No money, no job, no prospects. What is life going to mean to me? If I had money, I could buy books, and a piano, but I can't even do that! Women? I hate them! Soft little things that make life hell for you. Universities? They make you see what is wrong with life, the farce of it, and then throw you out into life to take part in the great farce—and, boy, won't I have the chief role, though!" Jim could hear the gritting of firm white teeth.

"Religion? a lot of bunk for cowards and old fogeys. God? What kind of a God is it that gives you a strong body, a brain, a talent—and deprives you of love, money, a chance, even a glimpse of this so-called beautiful world He's made! Ha, ha, ha!" The laugh trailed off into almost a sob. Then the taut figure relaxed, the blue veins disappeared from the high white forehead, and the compressed lips softened.

"Jim, kid, forgive me. My brain's gone a little soft, I guess. Don't let my ravings worry you. Thanks for the congratulations. What do you say? Let's go get a dope and celebrate."

* * * * *

The small corner cigar store was stuffy. Franz knocked the ashes from his pipe, raised the window a bit, and patted his foot impatiently. Some job he had! Clerking behind a cigar counter. Well, it was better than nothing. At least he was not dependent on anybody for a living. He hummed a strain from "Faust", listening to the roar of traffic outside and the howling of the wind around the corner, thinking they would be fit accompaniments for Dante's "Inferno." Business was rotten today.

The door opened, and a large, rough-looking individual approached the counter.

"Gimme four ten centers, and change for a ten, Bud, and make it snappy," the individual demanded.

Franz's face flushed. "Don't call me 'Bud'," he said very distinctly. "You will wait a moment until I verify the amount of this bill," he turned towards the back of the shop.

"Naw, you won't, Bud," the individual drawled in a nasty man-

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ner, laying a heavy hand on Franz's arm. "You'll just gimme the change and those cigars right now. The idea of doubting the customer's word. A blind bozo like you ought —" the stranger got no further. A small tornado had launched over the counter and was pounding him on stomach and jaw. There was a splintering of glass, and the former customer was sprawling on the sidewalk outside, Franz standing over him.

A crowd gathered, but Franz quietly went back into the shop. When a policeman arrived, Franz answered the officer politely but firmly, and the dazed bully was taken into custody. One of the men in the crowd had followed Franz into the store.

"I beg your pardon, young man, but would you mind telling me your name?"

Franz smoothed his hair, straightened his tie, and turned toward the questioner, a middle-aged man, who gave a start on noticing Franz's blindness.

"Not at all. My name is Franz Van Arnsdale. What can I do for you?"

"You don't happen to be related to Louis Van Arnsdale, do you?"

"He was my father. He has been dead for several years." Franz was becoming bored with all these questions.

"By jove, what a coincidence, Mr. Van Arnsdale. Your father was one of my best friends in our college days. I have heard nothing of him in years. I would certainly like to talk to you. Will you have dinner with me this evening? My name is Lane Allen. Perhaps you have heard your father speak of me?"

Franz could detect nothing but kindness in the tone of his new acquaintance, so he accepted the invitation. He had nothing to do, and maybe the old codger had been a friend of his father's. He recognized the man's name—Allen—one of the city politicians, if he remembered correctly. Perhaps he had a good piano, anyhow.

Franz dressed carefully that evening, extravagantly called a taxi, and arrived at the Allen home, located in one of the fashionable districts of the city.

A maid opened the door, and Franz sensed the atmosphere of quiet luxury as soon as he stepped inside. Not a bad idea to cultivate the old man. A good job might be the result. A soft voice at his elbow startled him.

"Good evening, Mr. Van Arnsdale. My father will be down in a moment. Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you, Miss, ah, Allen," he hadn't known there was a daughter.

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"Father told me about the way you knocked out that bully. I'll bet it was awfully thrilling. You see, father was immediately interested when he saw you were blind, because I've never been able to see either, and then when he found out you were the son of his old friend, he just had to know you better."

Franz stirred uneasily. He didn't like to speak of his handicap, but she spoke of her blindness so calmly that he felt ashamed.

"So you're in the dark, too, eh?" he answered smiling, deciding to play the game, whatever it was. "I'm sorry we can't see each other, though. If you're half as lovely as your voice, you are beautiful."

"Oh, no. Not even pretty," she laughed lightly. "Brown eyes, black curls, and—freckles! But I'm awfully spoiled. Only child, you know. Dad's wonderful to me. Here he is now, speaking of angels."

"Well, hello, Van Arnsdale. You two already acquainted? Fine!"

By the time the evening was over, Beth Allen had almost changed Franz's idea about women. He was in love the first time, and that night he slept very little. How could he marry? They were both blind, and should have no children. She was the pampered daughter of a rich man, who would probably not even give his consent. What could he do with a clerk's job and a miserable salary? Beth hadn't even said she liked him yet. What a fool he was!

But Franz continued to see Beth, and their friendship deepened. Mr. Allen apparently enjoyed his company, also. What times he and Beth had together! She played the violin, and accompanied him as he played the grand piano to his heart's content.

When Franz finally asked Beth to marry him, it was with sick misgivings, but she was so unbelievably joyous that he put his fears aside, and determined to be happy at all costs. Strangely enough, Mr. Allen did not oppose the match, and even offered any assistance that he could give, but Franz proudly refused. They were quietly married, and found an attractive little three-room apartment. Mr. Allen wanted them to live with him, but they would not hear of it. They would manage somehow. Franz was going to try to pick up some odd work tuning pianos. He would hate it, but it meant a little extra money for Beth.

For the first year all went well, then things started happening. The stock market crashed, and Mr. Allen lost all of his money, and his health at the same time. Franz wanted him to live with them, but he went to a small sanitarium instead. Beth was heartbroken over her father's condition. She had become very irritable of late, and Franz was puzzled. It wasn't like Beth.

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On their first anniversary he bought her flowers—she loved them so—and started home with a heart lighter than usual. He hoped she felt better tonight. They'd celebrate and go to some quiet place. She was so darned sweet most of the time—why, she had nearly changed his whole outlook on life!

He decided to tease her and ring the bell, but when he reached the door, he heard the unmistakable sound of a woman sobbing. A cold fear clutched Franz's heart. It did not sound natural. Beth never cried.

He pushed open the door, and almost stumbled over Beth's figure lying on the rug. "Beth, honey, what is it?" He knelt and lifted her tenderly to the couch. Only a stifled moan answered him.

"Look, Sweetheart, I brought you some gorgeous roses," he held the lovely flowers temptingly under Beth's nose. Beth sniffed, but the sobbing did not cease.

Franz became rather angry. He shook Beth a little roughly, and demanded to know what was wrong. Beth lifted her head with a desperate movement, and stammered, "Franz, I think I'm go-going to have a baby, and we—we can't afford it."

Franz felt the earth reel. This was what he had lived in daily terror of. He buried his face in his hands. So this had to happen, too. Doctors were a farce like everything else. Life played a trick on you at every turn. He paced the room, oblivious to Beth's moans. Just when he had a grasp on things, this had to happen! The child would probably be blind, and go through a life of hell like he had. There would be doctor bills. Beth might even die. His racing thoughts were interrupted by the ringing of the telephone.

Over the wire came a staccato voice, "Mr. Van Arnsdale? Telegram. Shall I read it? 'Mr. Lane Allen died this morning. Wire instructions. Telfair Hospital.'" Franz dropped the receiver. God, what next! He could not tell Beth in her present nervous state. He must wait. Poor little Beth. How selfish he had been. He tried to comfort her, telling her things he did not believe himself, assuring her that all would be well.

He could be comforting when he chose, and soon Beth was smiling tenderly, smelling the roses, and trying to prepare supper. She was even a little gay over what Dad would think on being a grandpa. Franz hid his aching heart under a gay exterior. The future was a black fog. He knew Mr. Allen had left no insurance. The market had taken even that.

The cynical sneer of his old college days was on his lips as he went to the cigar store next morning. Life was hell, religion was blah. A fellow did not have a chance.

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He had just pulled off his hat and coat when he heard the voice of his boss. "Oh, ah, Van Arnsdale, I want to talk to you. I hate it like the devil, but times are hard, and I've got to cut expenses somehow. I am going to run this place myself. Boy, it's not—what's the matter?"

"Nothing," Franz had clutched the counter to keep from falling. When he was steady again, the voice of his boss was rambling on.

"That's quite all right, Mr. Evans," he heard himself saying. "I understand. I suppose I have the usual two weeks notice?"

"Of course, of course. Glad you don't take it so hard. You're a fine fellow, and it's a pity—"

"I don't want any of your pity, sir," Franz cut in sharply, turning his back.

The next two weeks dragged by. Franz tried to keep his spirits up for Beth's sake. He read fictitious telegrams from her father, and said nothing of his lost job. He looked for another position during his spare time, but everyone said the same thing. They were letting people off. Then, there was so little he could do because of his blindness.

Franz reached the depths. He was on the brink of suicide several times, but the thought of Beth alone in the world, facing her ordeal without him, stayed his hand. He even prayed to the God he had never believed in.

Finally he obtained a job with a piano company, tuning pianos for a mere pittance. But he grasped it eagerly. It would at least keep them alive. Unable to keep pretending, he had finally nerved himself to tell Beth of her father's death, and she had been very brave, much braver than he.

The months passed slowly, each day full of worry and dark forebodings. The money question was almost driving Franz crazy. If one of the best friends of Beth's father had not been a doctor, Beth would have suffered seriously.

A week or two before the child was to be born, Franz had to tune the piano of a rather famous concert artist. It was a magnificent instrument, and when it was in condition, he played lovingly an air from a concerto he had composed. Then he drifted into the works of the great masters. He poured his whole rebellious soul into the music, and voiced his sorrow, misery, and bitterness. He did not hear footsteps behind him, and was not aware of anyone listening until the last notes had died away.

A voice asked bluntly, "Who are you?"

Franz started. "My name is Van Arnsdale. I was sent to tune Mr. Gustovski's piano. I have just finished."

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"Oh, no, you have not, sir. You have just begun. Why, do you not realize that you have a remarkable talent? You must not cheat the world by hiding it. I am Gustovski. You will talk to me, eh?"

Franz was the more astonished of the two, and was still a bit dazed when he hurried home to tell Beth, after signing an agreement for a trial concert to be given the next week, with the great Gustovski as his patron.

In spite of the short time Franz had to prepare his repertoire, the concert was a success, and Gustovski was unstinted in his praise. When it was over, Franz hurried homeward with a full heart to tell Beth that their financial future was assured, at least. He hoped she was all right. He had not seen her since noon, and he hated to leave her for long periods at this time. He wished she could have been there to share his triumph.

As he opened the door of the apartment, he heard the voice of their doctor. His heart almost stopped beating. Something had happened and they had not let him know! He had not been there. Beth! Was Beth safe?

Then the doctor's cheery voice hailed him, "Congratulations, Van Arnsdale. You have a fine, normal, baby girl, and your wife is doing nicely."

"Thank heaven," breathed Franz, "but, why couldn't I have been here!"

He slipped quietly to his wife's bedside, and knelt whispering in her ear, until the nurse laid a small bundle in his arms. Too shaken to speak, Franz smiled waveringly at his wife.

Then, gently, softly, he passed his sensitive fingertips over the baby's tiny face, and as he did so he realized that she was to have the vision of a world which he had missed; this caused his bitterness to mellow into a new-found joy.

MELBA YOUNG BEALE—'32.

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AN APOLOGY

Evelyn Lee stretched forth one slender arm lazily from the cool, fresh linen sheets; and looked at the dainty watch on her arm. She reluctantly pulled herself away from the sheets and out of bed and ran over to the window. The patter of a horse's hoofs could distinctly be heard below. Evelyn Lee brushed the fair hair from her wide and intent eyes; she leaned anxiously forward and peered out. John Markham was on the horse; and when John rode, the usual recklessness which so characterized him sent little thrills of rapture and terror over Evelyn Lee.

This morning John seemed more or less preoccupied; he had an absent-minded look about him that caused Evelyn Lee to shrink behind the screen.

Why should she be afraid of him? Almost every night since they were youngsters he had come over. Truc, his father often came with him and talked to Grandmother while they had interesting moments to themselves.

That night Evelyn Lee ran upstairs early to dress for her birthday dinner. Why she was eighteen years old now! She was a real young lady! She looked in the mirror and was rather startled at what she saw. Surely it was not merely her new birthday gown that caused her to look so mysteriously lovely. Something had been awakened in those child's eyes of hers.

After dinner, Judge Markham, John's father, gave her an unusual birthday gift. It was in the nature of a wish. He wished that she might marry the man she loved without anyone's consent.

When the lovely pink and white frosted cake had been cut, it was discovered that John had cut the ring. A little later, although he had not said a word about marriage, John slipped the ring on Evelyn Lee's finger. She could not have felt more engaged, especially after the kiss John gave her as he arose to go.

After John had left, Evelyn Lee ran upstairs in a whirl of ecstasy. But soon the realization came to her that she had not told him how much she cared. Tears came in her eyes when she knew it would be twenty-four hours before he would know. She sat down and after several attempts at a note enclosed the following:

"My darling John,

My answer is yes. I hope you will come soon to hear me say it instead of write it and to claim

Your own,
EVELYN LEE."

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The following morning Evelyn Lee awoke to find the letter had been posted. A crimson flush spread over her face when she realized he was probably reading it now and preparing an answer. How impatient Evelyn Lee was even now for that answer.

Patience had its reward and just due; Evelyn Lee soon received the answer. She tore open the envelope to read the precious bits, but what she read was:—

“Dear Evelyn Lee:

I feel that I owe you an apology. I hope there was nothing in the way I acted tonight which could have been misconstrued. Your friendship has meant much to me. I hope we may always be friends.

JOHN M.”

The next night John Markham came with Phil Poole, a friend of his, to the Lancasters’. Phil was quite impressed with Evelyn Lee. In fact he was so much impressed he was just about to confess a great and undying love for her when John called Evelyn Lee aside.

Evelyn Lee’s gaze went up to John’s face. She said simply, “You were afraid I’d think he was really in love with me, were you? I’m not that much of a fool—all the time.” With that she started toward the house.

John caught her hand. “Don’t go,” he said. “That letter—I wrote it before I got yours, honey. Will you ever forgive me?”

Just then something very brilliant and lovely shone in the girl’s drowned eyes. She put out her hand toward him.

“You don’t have to pretend anything with me, John—and I’d see right through it if you did pretend.”

“Listen to me,” protested John. “I love you. I’ve loved you all my life—every minute. I just wrote that fool letter to apologize for kissing you ’cause I’d said so many things against it. I was afraid you’d be offended. But I won’t apologize now—or now—or now!”

EMILY HALLYBURTON—’31.

ENCHANTMENT

The night was dark. All the blossoming things of earth were hidden and the fragrance abroad seemed shaken from the stars.

Daphne stood at the entrance of a rose-bowered vista. Nearby was a faint broken shadow where by day lilac and laburnum poured over in a wild maze to winding paths. But over near the rowan tree Daphne saw that it still glimmered faintly—a cloud—a ghost. Not until then did she realize that she was not alone. A man stood by her side. He reached for a delicate white spray and held it out to her.

"Rowan means charm, and grows from seeds of enchantment. Keep it and wish; you'll have your heart's desire."

Daphne reached for it, but her hand was caught. He held the spray and clutched her hand, and said nothing. Their forms were shadows just outlined against the luminous tree.

"What are you going to wish?"

"I—don't know."

"No wishes?"

"Too many" she turned away a little, "what a night! Isn't it?"

"It's the very devil."

"I don't feel a bit like myself. There's something queer about it. Or do you think it's just being young?"

"Perhaps."

"I never wish to be old. Could you bear it?"

"I shouldn't like it.—Well, wish that—wish never to be old."

"No," she said at last. Her voice came huskily, "I've wished something else."

Gently she drew her hand away. She must run quickly from whatever was happening.

"Don't go in," he implored. "Can't we walk?"

"Oh, I must. I must go in!"

A feminine voice from the veranda was heard to call—"Bring my coat, darling."

"You know, nobody ever does call me that—darling."

"Not anybody—ever?"

"Not anybody—ever."

"What a pity! And it is so enjoyable to be called 'darling'."

"I've no doubt. I tell you I've no experience." He peered into her face, and repeated: "Nobody ever does." Daphne laughed aloud.

"I will," she heard her own voice saying.

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"You really will?"

She waited.

"Go on," he urged.

The word would not come.

"Go on, go on," he shouted triumphantly.

"Oh, be quiet!"

"Please!"

"No!—Besides I tell you I must go."

"Well—only to the veranda then."

Her companion's eyes were so bright that Daphne could see them shining, brimming with amusement in the dim light.

"What are you laughing at?"

"You."

"I can see your eyes. Can you see mine?" He bent his head over hers.

"Yes, of course. They are like stars."

"Are they?" They approached the veranda.

"You're beautiful! From what planet could the gods have dropped a lovely thing like you?"

"I'm not beautiful, and I'm not from another 'planet. I am a plain woman—a married woman at that. I've been bored to death at this party."

"You're too lovely to ever be bored. But it has been a miserable party—until now. Let's sit down here on this swing together and forget our troubles."

"You know I feel that I shouldn't," Daphne stammered.

"Why not?"

"Because of Fate," Daphne explained. "Weren't you talking about the gods a few seconds ago? I believe in Fate."

"All right then, Fate has decreed that I'm going to kiss you."

"Whoever heard of such!" Daphne exclaimed. He leaned forward, undismayed by the scowling penciled eyebrows that approached each other in a forbidding frown. "I want to kiss you so badly. You have the most kissable mouth—"

"I've been married so long that I had forgotten that I had a kissable mouth," mumbled Daphne hopelessly. "But this is all nonsense; I don't even know your name."

"Really?"

Daphne's eyes met the daring eyes of Jim Du Bose. In the glare of the light, Daphne realized the foolishness of her elation. She must remember that he was meeting her for the first time. It was plain, it must be plain to him, that she was a person with no notion of the conventional rules of behavior.

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"I'm Jim DuBose,—Mable Stegar invited me. She'll tell you that I'm O. K. See here, I spotted you at the beginning of this party. You're the most interesting person I've seen around these parts; so I followed you into the garden. I know your name, too. You're Daphne Orr—Mrs. Jerry Orr—and you live next door."

"I don't understand"—Daphne said at last.

"Come on in and dance," he suggested. It was curious how much easier it was to understand when he had an arm around her. His mind, the whole of him came freely to meet her then. Here was entire happiness, entire peace, and harmony.

"I don't want ever to stop," she said suddenly.

"We won't," he promised, and held her closer, as if he were as much caught and dazed as she.

He bent his head and whispered laughingly, "Just say it."

"Say what?"

"That word that you say is so enjoyable to be called by. Say it just as a kindness."

"No, I won't—now."

"When will you?"

"You are naughty—perhaps when I know you better."

"You'll never know me better than you do now."

"Don't say that!!"

"There's nothing more to know."

"Oh, if there's nothing more to know, then you are—"

"What?"

"More or less—as far as I can tell—"

"What?"

"A darling," she whispered.

"Ah, thank you," he added rapidly in the full soft voice of laughter. "Thank you, darling."

"Now, we've both said it—Aren't we absurd?"

"No, very sensible."

"Did you like it?"

"I adored it."

"Gracious! Are we flirting?"

"Are we?"

"If we are, it's your fault. I don't flirt as a rule."

"I'm very glad to hear it."

They laughed and danced on. He held her so close that the cold rim of his ear touched her forehead.

"To think I have never enjoyed dancing before."

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"Why haven't you?"

"Nobody I like to dance with."

"Nobody?"

"Nobody at all."

"Well now I'm here, we'll dance a lot, won't we?"

"Oh yes—But you'll disappear."

"Not yet, and not for long."

She could have cried, he was so comforting. He spun, holding her tightly, stopped, held her a moment more, and let her go as the dance came to an end. He looked pale and composed as ever, while she was flushed, throbbing, and exhausted with excitement. They went out through the French windows, across the veranda to the banisters. Daphne leaned against one of the columns. Jim watched her for some time, and then said, "A penny for them."

"I was thinking—what extraordinary things one says. I suppose it's the dancing. It seems so incredibly easy to behave as one naturally shouldn't."

"I find that myself," he said solemnly.

"The unsuitable things that generally stay inside one's head—they spring to one's lips—don't they?"

"They do," he answered.

"Values have changed. Don't you think so?"

She must make him realize that she was not really a cheap flirtatious creature; re-establish her dignity in his eyes. She had behaved so lightly that he might be led to think her, and treat her, without respect; he might even laugh at her behind her back.

"Quite—quite changed," he said.

"Isn't it queer? I suppose—it doesn't do much harm? One ought not to think worse of a person for—"

Jim clasped Daphne's hand in his, and attempted to pull her beside him.

"Oh, I must go in."

"Oh, Daphne!"

"I must—Jim. Thank you for rescuing me from the garden. I must fly now. It's so late—"she said in a bewildered way.

"When shall I see you again?"

She called a soft goodnight and left him in the darkness.

* * * * *

((How does this flirtation affect the life of Jerry Orr? See the March Pine Branch.)



EDITORIAL

STUDENT GOVERNMENT AT G. S. W. C.

Student government must never be considered merely the activities of a representative group whose chief purpose is to provide laws to restrict us and punishments to inflict on us when we break the laws. It has a broader signification than this. The purpose of the G. S. W. C. government association, as stated in our constitution, is "to preserve order; to promote the highest standards of hon-



or and integrity in all matters of personal conduct; to strengthen the cordial relations between faculty and students; to promote a general respect for law and order; and otherwise to provide the general success and efficiency of the Georgia State Womans College." It is quite evident from this that the association is not merely a governing body nor a law court, but an organization to mold and create public opinion in the student group, to establish standards of conduct and living, and to promote the general welfare of the college. Dean Thyrsa W. Amos of the University of Pittsburg has formulated a creed for an ideal student government, and in it she has admirably stated some of the convictions from which our association arose. She says:

"I believe that a college is a democratic community with three classes of citizens—administration, faculty, and students—whose interests are mutual and inseparable.

"I believe that the government machinery of a democratic community should be set in motion by the combined effort of all classes to insure the richest community living.

"I believe that the faculty and students should know the value of mutual counselling together in practice of government as well as in formal studies."

She makes the interests of the faculty and of the administration particularly clear. We are sometimes inclined to forget that the students are by no means the only part of an educational institution. In our system we have faculty representation on the judiciary coun-

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cil, an advisory dean, and the veto power of the president in order to draw on the broader viewpoint and wider experience of the more permanent group in the institution.

The Georgia State Womans College was one of the pioneers in the field of student government. During the infancy of the college as the need for organized government became evident to the students, they were guided in formulating a student government association. As the need for regulations arose, action was taken to fit the occasion. In this way, the existence of a great number of petty, meaningless rules has been avoided. The formal organization of the Student Government Association of the Georgia State Womans College dates back to 1914, the year after it was founded. The history of our association has been a succession of years of efficient administration and of constant improvement.

To our student government we owe the general attitude that we are a group of self-respecting, independent young women instead of a "bunch" of foolish girls who are forcibly kept under control by some kind of a faculty autocracy. Student government has created the spirit of conformity to necessary regulations which has made possible the liberty and numerous privileges which we enjoy. We students who are now enjoying the benefits of the experiences of student governments in other years owe a great debt of gratitude to the administration which has founded and fostered our system.

The fundamental principle of our association is that liberty implies responsibility and that the students be given every liberty for which they are prepared to take responsibility. It is only by preparing ourselves for responsibility that we can attain the ultimate object of our system, which is that every student be trained to govern her own individual self in a manner which results in her highest personal development and which contributes to the general welfare of the institution.



LOCALS

The Student Government Association of the Georgia State Womans College held its monthly meeting in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall, January 2. Miss Margaret Bullock, the president, called the meeting to order and "The Pine Branch" was sung. Miss Leta Mac Stripling read the minutes of the December meeting which were accepted as correct, after which Miss Bullock gave an interesting

report on the Student Government Conference held at North Carolina College for Women last spring. The Alma Mater was sung, and the meeting adjourned.

The Georgia State Womans College presented its third annual faculty recital January 8, featuring Mrs. Frances B. Pardee, violinist; Mr. Billy Pardee, violinist; and Miss Gladys E. Warren, pianist; in a program of ensemble music at the Woman's Building. The playing of the three artists over-reached technical analysis, for there was a fervor, a dramatic and musical unity, that fulfilled music's highest function. The program consisted of Concerto, by J. S. Bach, Suite Op. 71 by Moszkowski, and Suite Antique by Albert Stoessel.

The senior class entertained the faculty and student body at a delightful tea, December 10, in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall which was beautifully bedecked with holly and Christmas berries. A very interesting program was given by the music and expression departments. Miss Jean Loughridge, president of the class, presided at the tea table while other members of the class met the guests at the door and served them.

On January 15 the Freshman class elected a "Who's Who" from the class. The representatives were as follows:

Typical Freshman, Ruth Jones; Prettiest, Dorothy Lang; Most Attractive, Sue Pendleton; Cutest, Grace Holcombe; Most Popular, Dorothy Patterson; Best All Round, GeDelle Brabham; Wittiest, Virginia Jones; Most Athletic, Gussie O'Quinn; Best Sport, Virginia Jones; Most Friendly, Willene Roberts; Most Capable, Helen Clark; Our Venus, Carolyn Ward, Florence Smith.

ELIZABETH WRIGHT—'33.

CLUBS



The I. R. C. held its monthly meeting on December 9, at 7:30. The following program was rendered after the business meeting: Current Events, Mattilu Doss; Imperial Conferences, Margaret Jennings; Book Report, "Ordeal of This Generation" by Murray, Margaret Brabham. An interesting regulation was proposed and voted on—that the I. R. C. key is to be worn on the campus exclusively by members of the club.

* * *

The Euclidian Club held its regular program meeting on Wednesday night, January 14, at seven-thirty. The business meeting was conducted by the president, Miss Grace Chastian. The program consisted of two reports—one giving something of the life and works of Hypocrates, by Cleo Griffin; the other giving some material about Euclid, by Annie Sue Brandon.

The Fine Arts Club held its regular program meeting at seven-thirty on December the second in the Art Dome. After a little business was attended to, the meeting was turned over to the program committee. The president, Mary Elizabeth Boyd, gave an interesting account of Sophie Newcomb pottery, which was at that time on exhibit in the office of the history department. The report gave the interesting purpose of Sophie Newcomb pottery—to furnish an individual and characteristic art from the South—and something of the history of its development and of the type of decoration. Miss Carpenter talked to the club about Japanese prints. She explained in detail the method that the Japanese artists use in making the prints.

The January business meeting of the Fine Arts Club was held in the Art Dome at 4:15 on January 14. Several items of business came before the club. A report from the Fine Arts-International Relations Bazaar was made by the president. A clear profit of \$27.28 was made by each club, the whole profit of the bazaar being \$54.56. The president also restated the twofold aim for this year: first, to serve the college wherever possible; second, to become recognized as an outstanding club on the campus. Two F. A. C. pins were presented to the club, and one was chosen, and a motion carried to contract for that pin for five years.

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The Sock and Buskin Club held its regular meeting Tuesday, January 20, at 7:30 in the English room. Two one-act plays were given. One, directed by Ruth Dozier, was a comedy of Japan: "A Man and His Wife." Those taking part were Helen Steele, Lillian Hopper, Katherine Stovall. The other of the two, directed by Margaret Sumner, was "Jean-Marie," a one-act French comedy. The characters were: Therese, Wynona Copeland; Jean-Marie, Margaret Smith; Joel, Wylene Roberts.

* * *

The Philharmonic Club held its program meeting on December 8th, at 7:30, in the rotunda of Ashley Hall. The program was in two parts:

Part I.—

There Are Fairies At the Bottom of My Garden, (Lehmann)—Margaret Morrison (vocal).

My Love's An Arbutus, (Stanford); Ho, Mr. Piper, (Curran)—Madge Ingram (vocal).

Prelude in C sharp Minor, (Rachmoninoff)—Annie Lois Gardner.

Caro Meo Ben, (Giordani); Lavender Gown, (Cameron)—Mary Elaine Flanagan (vocal).

Part II.—

Introduction to "Face to Face With Great Musicians"—Alice Hicks.

Scherzo in B Minor, (Schubert)—Jimmie Arnold.

Intimate Glimpses Into Life of Schubert—K. D. Rentz.

The Bee, (Schubert)—Billie Pardee.

Intimate Glimpses Into Life of Brahms—Mildred Minchew.

Hungarian Dance No. I., (Brahms)—Billie Pardee.

The January meeting of the Philharmonic Club was held on January 19, at 7:30, in the rotunda. The following program was rendered:

Face to Face With Chopin—Mildred Minchew.

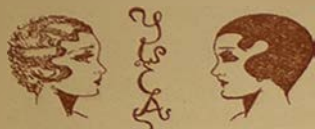
Polonaise in C sharp Minor, (Chopin)—Joyce Roberson.

Drowsy Dream Town, (Dailey)—Adair Lankford.

Face to Face With Debussy—Elizabeth Thompson.

Clair da Lune, (Debussy)—Helen Ryon.

EMELIZA SWAIN—'33.



Y. W. C. A.

The Christmas season with all its joys is gone, but there remains in the memory of G. S. W. C. girls the lovely vesper services that ushered in the Christmas spirit.

A Latin Christmas play, "Christus Parvulus," was given by the members of the Latin classes Sunday evening, December 7, in the rotunda of Ashley Hall. Miss Elizabeth Kirkland of Sylvester announced the play and gave a brief sketch of each act. Miss Jeanette Hall of Sparks compared Christmas and Roman Saturnalia. The play opened with a prologue which was given by Miss Phara Elarbee of Calvary.

In the annual ceremony, "The Hanging of the Greens," on December 11 Miss Margaret Bullock of Adel represented the spirit of Christmas and led the ceremonial. Christmas songs and carols were sung by the Y. W. C. A. choir. Candles were lighted and placed in the windows, and wreaths placed by various girls above the lights in the rotunda.

The annual Christmas pageant, given by the Y. W. C. A. Sunday night, December 14, was more beautiful and inspiring than ever—Miss Nancy Rowland of Wrightsville gave the prologue to the pageant. The nativity of Christ was very effectively dramatized. The character of Mary, mother of Jesus, was portrayed by Miss Dorothy Lang of Woodbine, and Miss Blanche Parker of Ogeechee took the part of Joseph. The beautiful accompanying music made the program much more impressive.

* * *

Miss Mildred Chambliss of Americus led the New Year's vesper service on Sunday evening, January 4. Several subjects were very interestingly discussed. Miss Quinnie Carmack of Hawkinsville talked on "A New Year's Presence" and Miss Reba Harrison of Boston on "Making Beautiful Years." Then followed a beloved poem, "New Year's Harp Strings," by Miss Mary Poole of Balboa, Canal

THE PINE BRANCH

Zone; "Let Go, Let Go," by Miss Louisa Heath of Quitman; "Grandly Begun," by Miss Emily Jennings of Dawson.

Vesper services were held Thursday evening, January 8, and Miss Mary Pearson of Atlanta was leader. The subject was India—Miss Mildred Morris of Brinson discussed the student movement in India. The relationship between Great Britain and India was discussed by Miss Cleo Griffin of Ochlocknee.

Mrs. R. A. Peebles, a speaker of Valdosta, talked Sunday evening, January 11, at vespers. A special song was given by the Y. W. quartet, which is composed of Miss Emeliza Swain of Rome, Miss Caro Horn of Vienna, Miss Ethel McSwain of Vidalia, and Miss Madge Ingram of Vienna. Miss K. D. Rentz of Lakeland was leader for the service. The following Thursday Miss Pauline Ryon of Hinesville led the program and Miss Beatrice Roberts of Donaldsonville talked on "The Overcoming Life." This ended a series of interesting discussions on "The Life Beautiful."

The vesper service Sunday evening, January 18, was held in the lecture room of West Hall. Dr. H. S. Gulliver of the English department was the speaker. His discussion centered around education in the near East and Robert College at Constantinople. Interesting pictures corresponding with his talk were flashed on the screen.


* * *

The cabinet of the Y. W. C. A. is working hard on its many problems. It is striving to make a plan for the vesper services so that they will mean something worthwhile to each girl. The Music Chairman, Miss Mary Winn of Savannah, has organized a Y. W. choir. This choir consists of about twenty girls who lead the music at every service. The Bible Study classes are showing an increased attendance. These services do much toward broadening and encouraging the religious life of the students. In every phase of its many activities the Y. W. C. A. strives to help each girl realize that "richer, fuller, and more abundant life."

NANCY ROWLAND—'33.



SOCIETIES



The Sororian Literary Society held its regular meeting on December 6, in the Lecture Room. Prior to the program a short business meeting was held, during which a vice president and a sergeant-at-arms were elected. Miss Delia Bonner of Vienna was chosen vice president,

and Miss Mildred Chambliss of Americus sergeant-at-arms.

Famous actors was the theme of the program. The first of the three outstanding actors to be discussed was Moliere, whose life was reported on by Miss Mary Dozier of Morgan. Moliere, who may well be called the true father of French comedy, had as his real name Jean Baptiste Poquelin. Moliere organized in 1634 a theatrical company called "L'illustre Theatre," and from 1646 to 1658 he traveled through the provinces with his troupe. He died in 1673, by the irony of fate just after a performance in his last play, "Le Malade Imaginaire." Moliere is not only acknowledged the greatest figure in French literature, but with Homer, Vergil, Dante, Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Goethe one of that small company of universal geniuses of all time. Moliere has attained the rank of a world poet by his marvelous capacity for rendering his characters universal types as well as distinct individuals. The most obvious side of his genius is the comic element, in which he is best able to stand a comparison with Shakespeare.

Thomas Edwin Booth, a renowned American actor, was reviewed by Miss Mary Elaine Flanagan of Waycross. Booth won his fame by his acting in many Shakespearian plays, particularly Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, King Lear, Richard III. His fame increased until his younger brother, John Wilkes Booth, assassinated President Lincoln in 1865. Booth gave his last appearance as Hamlet in 1891 at the old Academy of Music in Brooklyn, N. Y. He died in 1898. Germany gave Booth's acting the highest praise until in 1926 when he was elected to the United States' Hall of Fame.

Miss Mary Poole of Balboa, Canal Zone, gave a short sketch of one of America's most famous comedians, Joseph Jefferson. Jefferson

THE PINE BRANCH

was born in 1829 and began his acting career at the age of three. In 1858 the turning point in Jefferson's career came when he was playing Asa Frenchard in Tom Taylor's "Our American Cousin," at Laura Keene's theatre in New York. The dramatic version of "Rip Van Winkle" appeared in 1859 with Jefferson in the lead. The play was successful in Washington and in other places in the United States, as well as in London, where it ran 170 nights. With the exception of minor parts, Joseph Jefferson never played in anything except Rip Van Winkle from 1865 until his death in 1905. Miss Poole read also several brief excerpts from Jefferson's autobiography.

DOROTHY CHAPMAN—'32.

* * *

On Saturday, January 17th, the two Literary Societies held a joint meeting. The program consisted of a play "The Marriage Proposal" by Anton Tcheckov, which was directed and given by members of the Play Production Class. Helen Steele played the part of the father, Stepan Stepanovitch. This gentleman was rather slow to grasp an idea, but once he understood that Ivan Vasselyitch (Marguerite Powell) wanted to marry his daughter (Mattilu Doss), he was determined to get her married as soon as possible. Of course, he took her side when the quarrel over the ownership of a meadow came up, but, as soon as his temper cooled, he was anxious to bring the lovers together again.

The suitor was a coolly calculating bachelor in his thirties who wanted to marry merely because he thought it the proper thing to do. However, the quarrel over the meadow was more than his poor heart and nerves could stand, and the daughter, although she really thought the meadow hers, had to admit that it was his in order to secure a husband.

The play was directed by Mildred Minchew.

LILLIAN M. HOPPER—'31.

ATHLETICS



The annual basket-ball goal tournament between the Kappas and Lambdas was played just before the holidays. The ladders stayed up during the course of one week, with much interest evinced on the part of the participants. The tournament ended with three Kappas and one Lambda on the tops of the ladders. Helen Bishop, Lambdas, came out first; Ruth Dozier, Kappas, second; Gedelle Brabham, Kappas, third; and Carolyn Smith, Kappas, fourth. The Kappas averaged the largest percent, thereby getting seventy-five points toward the plaque.

BASKET-BALL PRACTICE BEGINS

As soon as the excitement of the holidays had gone its way, the Reds and the Purples announced basket-ball practices, and loyal Kappas and Lambdas poured out to support their respective associations. The Kappas have elected Carolyn Smith manager and Earnestine Baker captain of the basket-ball team, and Kathrine Stovall manager and Ruby McSwain captain of the soccer team. The Lambda basket-ball captain is Helen Bishop and the manager Florence Powell. The soccer manager is Sara Wadley and the captain Margaret Sumner.

The Kappas and Lambdas met for the season's first games on Friday, January 30. Both associations entered the games with their usual zest and vigor. In spite of the fact that most of the players acquired rather bad habits in American ball, the basketball game was a good, clean game. The Phi Kappas won with a score of 26 to 7. The Lambda lineup was: forwards, Bishop, Poppell, and Sloan; centers, Leggett, Heath, Eason, and Bullock; guards, Powell and Wand. The Kappa lineup was: forwards, Baker, Chastain, Smith, and Dukes; centers, G. Brabham, Quarterman, O'Quinn, and Crosby; guards, M. Brabham, R. Dozier, and Bryant.

LEVERETTE AND DOZIER—'33.



ALUMNAE

The following Alumnae members visited the College during the month of January: Cora Burghard, Elizabeth Chance, Eunice Chute, Ruth Folger, Emma Moore, Marion Lundy, Mildred Lucas, Myrtle Vick, Kathryn Ulmer, and Mary Louise Maxwell.

Deborah Creighton, class of '23, came by the campus a few minutes during the Christmas holidays, en route to Miami, Florida, where she is teaching this year.

Since leaving G. S. W. C. she has studied oratory and has taken dancing in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. James Holland Brown announce the arrival of a son, James Holland, Jr., on December 19th. Mrs. Brown will be remembered as Georgia Littlefield.

Mrs. Weyman Huckabee nee Susan Bedell of Durham, N. C., writes that she and her husband are doing graduate work at Duke University this year. Mr. Huckabee is also pastor of one of the Methodist churches there.

Mary Alice Sineath is teaching in the Sparks-Adel High School.

Marguerite Ford is teaching in Morven Consolidated School, Morven, Georgia.

Irene Taylor is teaching in the grammar school of Orange Park, Florida.

Ruth Lytle is teaching in a consolidated school in Evans, Georgia.

Jeannette Davis is in the Tippettsville school, Tippettsville, Georgia.

Ethel Allen is teaching in the Adel grammar school, Adel, Georgia.

Mary Carmack is teaching in the High School at Bridgeport, Alabama.

Linnie Mae Hall has work in a consolidated school in Alapaha, Georgia.

Maggie Lawson is teaching in the Sparks-Adel High School.

Ruth Smith is teaching in Midville Consolidated School near Savannah, Georgia.

Sara Julia Cox is doing primary work in the consolidated school of Byronville, Georgia.

Annie Mae Brewer Isom is at home in Moultrie, Georgia.

THE PINE BRANCH

Edna Sineath is teaching in Monticello, Florida.

Mary Louise Maxwell is principal in one of the rural schools near her home at Calvary, Georgia.

Dorothy Glascock is teaching in Waycross, Georgia.

Rena Mae Campbell is teaching Home Economics in Gastonia, North Carolina.

Dorothy Larsen Parker is at home in Stuart, Florida. She has a position in the city schools this year.

Zylpha Bowman is remaining at home in Thomasville, Georgia.

Katherine Blackshear is teaching Home Economics in the college at Battle Creek, Michigan.

Ethel Dent is remaining at home in Douglas, Georgia.

Eleanor Dixson is teaching in her home town, Glennville, Georgia.

Marie Parham is teaching at Cottle, Georgia.

Mary Beth Parrish is teaching in Auburndale, Florida.

* * *

From the papers we have learned of the following marriages which have occurred recently:

Elizabeth Teasley was married to Everette R. McCormick of Covington, Tenn., on December 9th.

Zackie Carmack was married to H. L. Nipper of Grant, Alabama, during the Christmas Holidays.

Sara Coachman was married to Russell Hunter of Quitman, Georgia, in December.

Aline Futch was married to Ralph Layfield in Atlanta, Georgia, on December 26th. They are at home in Nashville, Georgia.

Eleanor Turner was married to Johnny Watkins in the early fall. They are residing in Sylvania, Georgia.

IVA CHANDLER—'29.



JOKES

FACULTY JOKES

Miss Gilmer enjoys citing and quoting the following example of absurd and incorrect interpretation of poetry:

A small boy near Christmas time kept begging the teacher to let the class read the story about some one who ate a ribbon and it made him sick. It was only after persistent questioning that the bewildered teacher discovered that the child wanted to read "A Visit From St. Nicholas," the particular lines which he had in mind being these:

"Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash."

* * *

She used so much make-up, he called her his powdered sugar.

* * *

Soph.: Dad, you are a lucky man. You won't have to buy me any school books this semester; I'm taking all of last semester's work over again.

* * *

Co-ed (to librarian): I want that crew story by Ibanez.

Librarian: What?

Co-ed: Yes, "The Four Oarsmen."

* * *

And again, if all the frosh were placed end to end at a banquet, they would reach.

* * *

Maxine: What day is today?

Sue: Wednesday.

Maxine: My goodness, I'm late.

* * *

Mr. Stokes: Water consists of molecules.

Grace Holcombe: Well Mr. Stokes, do fish eat molecules?

EMILY BURNEY—'33.

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