

# THE PINE BRANCH



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# THE PINE BRANCH

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## QUATRAIN

I'll not starve in a garret  
So long as there are these—  
A golden moon, a limpid star,  
And God to pay the fees!

JULIA MAYE MURRAY—'30.

## LIFE

Youth is a dream,  
Scintillant gleam—  
Riot of ebbing and flow;  
Tremor of haste,  
Fever of waste—  
Sunbeams melting on snow.

Love is a robber,  
Itinerant jobber,—  
Botcher of life's set stage;  
Fluttering dancer,  
Reckless entrancer—  
Working without a wage.

Life is alloy  
Of sadness and joy—  
Often without a plan;  
Amalgam of blisses,  
Reeking of kisses—  
All in a single span.

JULIA MAYE MURRAY—'30.

## IT ALL DEPENDS

Sue Colquitt stepped from the train to the platform of the station. From the top of her tilted brown felt hat to the tips of her high heeled pumps, she breathed contempt for her surroundings. She glanced up,—a sign in bold black letters met her eyes. *M-a-z-e-v-i-l-l-e*. "So this is really it! Just as I thought! The hick place! I bet there isn't even a cab here." At that moment a tall smiling man touched her on the arm.

"Are you Miss Colquitt, the new teacher? I am Mr. Johnson, a member of the board. The superintendent asked me to meet you."

Before she had time to answer, he had picked up her bags, and was starting toward a long Packard sedan.

"The crazy! He doesn't even ask me if I want to go with him. Just look, they do have something besides Fords to ride in, though I guess this is the only one of its kind for miles around."

When Mr. Johnson had started the car he said, "Listen to that pick up. I've had it six months and not a bit of trouble. Have you ever driven a Packard much?"

"No, I haven't."

"Well, I wouldn't have anything else. How do you like our little city?"

"I can't tell yet."

"Of course, it's not much, but we are right proud of it. Do you mind if I stop here a minute? The wife told me to bring some things home. I'll be right back."

Sue began to look around. "Those hats in the window don't look so bad, but the manner in which they are arranged. There are chain stores! I didn't know they had chain stores in small towns." At that moment a group of laughing girls was passing. They all turned and stared. Sue clutched her hat to see if it was on right. "What's wrong with me," she thought. Then she heard someone say.

"I bet she is one of the new teachers."

"Teacher! Of all the things I hate to be called. I guess it will be teacher this, and teacher that, from now on. If father hadn't bought those last stocks I wouldn't have to be teaching school in a hick town."

"Excuse me, for keeping you waiting, but all the boys detained me asking who you were, and where you were going to board," Mr. Johnson said pleasantly.

"I suppose they are the village shieks," she said to herself.

When they reached the residence section, Mr. Johnson took pains

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to point out all the houses along the street. "That is the home of Mr. Stidwell, our banker. Pretty place, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is attractive."

"Over there is the Howards' home. He is chairman of the Board of Education. Here is where I live, and next door is Mrs. McDonald's. That is your boarding place. You must come over to see us often for it is so near."

He helped her out of the car, and carried her bags into the house. At the door a kind faced lady met her.

"I am Mrs. McDonald, Miss Colquitt. Just come right upstairs to your room. I know you are tired out." She put her arm around her and helped her up the stairs.

Sue stiffened. She need not be so affectionate on such short notice.

"You just bathe your face and rest. Supper will be ready in a little while."

In a few minutes the supper bell rang, and Sue was introduced to the rest of the family.

"This is Mr. McDonald, my husband—and that is Don, my little boy," she said, pointing to the handsome six-foot man at her side.

Supper was a merry meal for all except Sue. They tried to draw her into the conversation by asking questions, but she answered so briefly that they finally ceased trying.

That night Sue heard a soft knock on the door. Mrs. McDonald entered. "Just came to see if you had everything you wanted, and to have a little friendly chat. I hope you will like it here. I have never had any boarders before, so I don't know exactly what to do. You see my husband and son are gone most of the week, and they wanted me to get someone to stay in the house. But tell me about yourself. Did you have a pleasant trip down?"

"A little hot, but otherwise it was comfortable."

"Do you like to live in the city? I don't believe I would like it."

"I like it very much."

"Is this the first time you have ever taught? I taught my first and only school here. It was here I met and married Jim."

Guess she thinks that is the height of romance,—and that I should do the same thing thought Sue.

After about a dozen more questions Mrs. McDonald left Miss Colquitt's room.

Sue sank on the bed. Maybe she knows all about me now. She is rather thoughtful.

The next day was the first day of school. Sue had prepared herself

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for most anything, but not for the reception she received. First the long assembly program; all the teachers had to be introduced. There were so many of the mothers there; each one wanting to talk about her child. Some of them even came into the classroom and spent sometime,—probably to be critical.

That afternoon Sue walked down town. By the end of the first two blocks she felt as if there was a hole in her back. She began to feel that her suit wasn't exactly right. Everybody spoke to her; some even calling her by name. She couldn't understand! Everybody knew all about one here!

A week passed, a month. Things were no better. Sue couldn't understand the questions, the looks, and the comments about her,—that she was snobbish. Well, she didn't care if she was. All she lived for was the occasional week-end when she returned to the city.

One dreary rainy evening Sue sat in her room writing letters. When she finished, she looked out the window. The rain had stopped and the sky was clearing. "I think I shall die of misery if I don't do something right now. Oh, I know, I'm going to walk down town to mail my letters. I don't care if Mrs. McDonald did say people would talk if I went by myself. They would talk anyway; so what difference does it make?"

She slipped into a light coat, hurried downstairs, and into the open. Everything was darkness, and she could scarcely see in front of her. "I guess I shouldn't have come," she thought. "It's not exactly safe, and it's so dark; but these people make me tired saying what you can do, and what you can't do."

She was so intent on her thoughts that she did not see the pool of water in front of her. She slipped and trying to balance herself, fell turning her foot. Sharp pains began running through her ankle. Painfully she pulled herself up and hobbled back to the house. She went upstairs as quietly as she could, for she did not wish to awaken Mrs. McDonald. She went to bed as quickly as possible, but not to sleep. She could feel her ankle swelling. Would morning never come! Finally she heard the breakfast bell ring. "I don't believe I'll go to breakfast. I'll just stay a little longer in bed; then dress for school." After a few minutes Mrs. McDonald knocked and came in.

"Just wanted to know if you wanted breakfast. What is it dear, don't you feel well?"

"Oh, nothing much. I turned my ankle last night, and it is hurting a little."

"Let me look at it . . . Why you poor child. I believe you



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have wrenched it. You lie right still, and I'll find something and fix it for you."

"But I must get up and dress. It's nearly school time."

"Now don't you worry about that. You are not going to school today."

"I know I ought to go to school, but I don't believe I could stand."

After a few minutes Mrs. McDonald returned with cloths and medicine. She began to rub Sue's ankle. "It's just a sprain, but you can't walk on it for a while. Does it feel any better now?"

"Yes, much better!"

"I hear Dr. Smith. I asked him to come over and look at your ankle. I had better go and meet him."

"A doctor bill," Sue breathed.

"Dr. Smith, this is Miss Colquitt. I want you to examine her ankle."

"It looks rather bad, but we will have it fixed up in no time." Soon he had Sue laughing. When he finished with her ankle, all the pains had stopped.

"Young lady," he said in leaving, "I'd advise a good rest and plenty of good things to eat."

"But can't I go to school? What will they do?"

"Don't worry about school. I'm on the board myself, and nothing will be said. You stay in bed as long as you like."

"Thank you so much, and about the bill . . ."

"Oh, I don't charge anything for pretty schoolteachers," he said laughing as he went out.

Sue saw Mrs. McDonald returning with a large tray. "Here is your breakfast. I hope it is something you like. Just ring the bell if you want anything."

She had never seen such a delightful tray. "My ankle may be hurt, but there is nothing wrong with my appetite," she thought as she ate the last bit. She heard a knock. "Come in."

"Mary told me you were sick, so I came over to bring these flowers. Maybe they will brighten up your room a little. I'll drop in again today."

"Thank you, Mrs. Johnson, the flowers are lovely."

Mrs. McDonald was Sue's constant attendant, bringing everything to content and amuse her. Several of the neighbors came to bring books, magazines, and flowers. Late that afternoon a box was sent up to Miss Colquitt. It was filled with fruit, candy, and a letter from all of her school children. Tears sprang into Sue's eyes as she



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read them. "The sweet little things, and to think I have been calling them mean brats."

For the three days that Sue stayed in bed her room was filled with flowers. Many of her children came to see her, and many of their mothers. At first Sue couldn't understand it. Why be so thoughtful of her? She had never done anything for them. She thought back to the three weeks of her illness in the city. How lonely she was with only a few close friends occasionally calling. Maybe she had judged these people wrong. It was true that she had done nothing to make friends. At that moment she heard Mrs. McDonald coming up the stairs.

"Is there anything you need, Miss Colquitt?"

"I'm quite comfortable, thank you. Mrs. McDonald, after this call me Sue if you don't mind."

MARGARET BULLOCK—'31.

## PASSING THE INTELLIGENCE TEST OF YOUTH

John Romer had closed his last year as pastor of the Vineville Memorial church. He sat alone in the semi-darkness of his study reviewing his work.

"Yes, I've failed," he told himself, "failed the church and its young people. They are growing farther from the work every day, and they're spending more and more of their time with such trifling things as the Vagabond Theatre and all kinds of clubs. Why can't they see that they are wasting their time!"

Mr. Romer believed in being fair, even though it meant recognizing his own short comings. There was the time when he might have gone on one of their hikes, and didn't; he had a new book on "Winning Young Souls to His Cause" that he wanted to read; then there was the time when the young man next door sent him a ticket to one of the plays at the Vagabond, but he wanted to call on old Mrs. Redfern and didn't go to the play. Yes, he admitted, that these were just two of the many times he had failed the very young people whose friendship and support he sought.

"What the church needs is youth, the throbbing spirit of youth, its fire and enthusiasm. Without it we can't keep going," he had said at the last steward's meeting.

More and more he realized that this responsibility of winning their interest and support rested on the pastor. But what was he to do?

"Oh, God, help me not to fail the young people in West Haven," he prayed fervently.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following week found Mr. Romer and his widowed mother in their new home. The older people were not slow in greeting their new pastor. The young people looked on with the attitude,—so you're just another preacher! Well, don't bother yourself about us, we can take care of ourselves. It was only a short time until he realized that he was being shunned by his young charges. Vainly he sought a reason for their dislike.

The ringing of the door bell prevented similar thoughts one evening. The caller was the Sunday School superintendent.

"Brother Romer, I have come to talk over this problem of getting our young people back into the Sunday School and church work. Now, I have a plan, if you don't mind listening . . ." said the superintendent shyly.

"Yes, yes,—let's have your plan. I am willing to do anything

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I can to interest them. If the church is to continue as an effective institution, it must have new spirit, and that new spirit must come from the young people."

The superintendent outlined a plan for a festival to be held in the annex of the church. There would be games, contests, and refreshments. It was to be a party for the express purpose of attracting the young people. Impatiently Mr. Romer heard the plan through.

"What! Allow a party in the church where I am pastor! Never! It is sacrilegious to even think of it. The young people are needed and wanted in the church, but they must leave their worldliness behind. Really, Mr. Adams, I am surprised, and you the Sunday School superintendent. Of course, it is perfectly all right for you to give them a party, but it must be in the school house, or somewhere else, not in my church."

Mr. Adams did not linger to discuss his plan further. He was mistaken in his pastor. But hadn't the pastor said he was willing to do anything to gain the young people?

Mr. Romer was alone; his mother was calling on a neighbor. He was restless! Deep in his heart there was a vague sense of disappointment. He tried to read Evan Beecham's new book on "The Youth Movement in the Church," but he could not focus his interest. He kept seeing Mr. Adam's disappointed face. There came a brief moment of triumphant happiness, he had kept his church pure, uncontaminated by worldly pleasures. Slowly the sense of disappointment and loss filled his soul, and he tried to think, but concentrated thought is impossible when conflicting emotions are warring in the human breast. But what was there for him to be disappointed about anyway?

A walk in the cool evening breeze refreshed him, but the stars were a million sad young eyes looking reproachfully at him. Now why should the stars remind him of sad young eyes? He had never done anything to make anybody's eyes sad. Finally, he decided a stuffy room was better than this.

Back in the room he picked up Mr. Beecham's book. It opened at the chapter entitled "The Pastor's Responsibility to the Youth." He read that chapter,—every word of it. Could it be possible that a man as outstanding in Christian work as Mr. Beecham was advocating the very thing that the Sunday School superintendent had suggested? Well, it wouldn't hurt to give it a trial anyway.

The party in the annex was not at all sacrilegious. Mr. Romer enjoyed it himself. He felt again the thrill of his youth. After all, it wasn't so different to the socials that used to be held in the church

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when he was a boy. He paused on the side lines to catch his breath, and he marveled at the spirit and enthusiasm of the boys and girls.

"Oh, if I could only capture their fire and spirit and use it for the promotion of His Kingdom," he was thinking as two of the liveliest of the girls paused beside him.

"Oh, Mr. Romer, we've had such a good time. We never knew that preachers could be so much fun. We want you to go with us Friday evening on a hike that our club is having. Will you . . . ." The changed expression on his face caused them to pause.

"I appreciate your invitation, and I'm sure it is meant in all kindness, but I'm afraid I can't go."

After the party Mr. Romer walked home alone. The cool breeze was refreshing, but the stars again looked like sad young eyes.

"Pshaw! I'm getting old and sentimental," he told himself. "It's just a waste of time to go tramping over the woods when there is a lovely park right here in town."

He entered his study by a side door, and pulled a chair over by the window. An unexpected feeling of loss and disappointment was creeping into his heart again.

"It's sleep that I need," he said. "I'll feel all right in the morning." But the next morning he was unable to concentrate on his work. He was restless, and wandered from the house to the garden and back again.

"You are right." "It is useless." "What nonsense." One phrase followed another all day. The ringing of the telephone brought him from his silent battle.

"Hello, Mr. Romer, this is Catherine Owen. Ethel said she would ask you to go with us on a hike on Friday afternoon, but I was afraid she had forgotten, and we're just crazy for you to go with us. Will you?"

"Yes, Catherine, I'll be glad to go. Thank you for calling."

The same wholesome carefree spirit of the party was evidenced on the hike.

On Sunday eager young people filled more pews than they had filled for several years. Mr. Romer preached to those young people. He forgot that their mothers and fathers were present. His was a message from youth to youth, and the messenger lost himself in the message.

"John, I've never heard you preach as you preached this morning. You preached with the fire of your first sermon."

"Mother, I hope I have found the pathway to the heart of youth,

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and just think what that group of young people is going to mean to this church." But youth is ever exacting!

Several days later Catherine called and gave him the opportunity of proving to himself that he had found the way to young hearts.

"Mr. Romer, we are beginning work on a new play at the Vagabond Theatre. There is one part that nobody but you can do. It is an important part, but not much memory work. I hope you can help us."

A curt refusal rose to his lips. The two warring forces in his heart picked up arms, but the battle was short, and it was decisive.

In the last act of the play the character that Mr. Romer was to portray was shot by the hero and as he fell he cried, "My God, I'm shot!"

"That is taking God's name in vain," he had explained at that first rehearsal, "and I don't think that is quite right, even in a play. Do you? Suppose I say, 'My Goodness, I'm shot!' It will give the same effect." The producing staff agreed, and rehearsal followed rehearsal until opening night came.

The play had moved through the first two acts with the success the producing staff had hoped. The stage manager stood ready to draw the curtain on the final act which held the undivided attention of the audience. The hero raised his pistol, pointed it at Mr. Romer's heart, and fired.

"My Goodness, I'm shot!" he cried as he clapped his hand to his heart.

The curtain was being drawn. He felt a warm fluid trickling through his fingers. He glanced down. His shirt was stained red.

"My God, I AM shot!" he shouted. "A doctor quick!"

The absence of pain and the property manager's explanation about placing the small vial of red fluid in his pocket for the effect of blood, brought Mr. Romer to the realization that there was a storm of applause in front.

EUNICE SEAGRAVES—'31.

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

### REVISION

My soul was fragile to begin,  
But now that joy has stretched me thin  
And pulled resistance to a line  
That scarcely marks your will from mine,  
I sit and think upon this wonder  
Drawing all my parts asunder . . . .  
Ah love, so suffocating sweet  
That stops my breath, and stays my feet  
Till I stand, the world and I as one,  
To watch the rising of a sun;  
Ah, aching surge that turns on me  
And drowns me in a tender sea!  
Dear loved head,—and hands  
That turn my face to lands  
Unseen through all the years  
When Beauty set herself to tears;  
This is that insistent wonder  
Drawing all my parts asunder.

MARY KATE BURROWS—'30.

### ABNEGATION

Rose pink murmurs to the lisping  
Of a dream three summers gone,  
Heeding not the gentle whisp'ring  
Of a faithful heart's swan song.

Pink petals drooping—  
Loving heart stooping  
To water with tear drops rare.  
Pink petals falling—  
Lonely heart calling  
In vain on the empty air.

LOUISE LASTINGER—'30.



## EXIT—THE HERO

Jazz music moaned low over the lake; couples moved gracefully over the dance floor, or strolled out to the canoes that rode gently on the water. Moonlight lent a touch of romance to the scene. Romance! magic word,—flitting will-o-the-wisp chased unceasingly by restless youth.

A boy and girl descended the steps of the club house and walked slowly to one of the unoccupied canoes.

"Let's have just one dance, Percy," said the girl, "that music is heavenly."

"That music heavenly! My dear Lucy, I'm afraid your ideas of heaven are slightly warped. Now Beethoven or Strauss! That is indeed heavenly. As for dancing, what is the use of it. It's only an outlet for some of this wild energy stored up in the youth of our generation. You like it now, but I will teach you to like things more worthwhile."

Just then a third figure came to the top of the club-house steps and scanned the occupants of the canoes as if searching for someone.

"Tommy," said Lucy rather eagerly, "I promised him this dance, Percy."

"Lucy, I told you that I had a new poem for you, that I wanted you to hear it, and see if you like it. You promised! Let Tommy find a girl with as little appreciation of the meaningful things of life as he has, and enjoy jumping around to that unearthly din. We have more worthwhile things to do."

With a half-longing glance at the club house and the group of young people enjoying themselves so thoroughly, Lucy strolled with Percy to a marble bench screened by evergreens.

"Now your poetry, Percy. Is it a new one?"

"Yes, you were my inspiration for this one Lucy. You've no idea how you help me. Soon I'll have these silly dancing notions out of your head. Listen!

Where you have been the way is sweet,  
Oh sweet, as the honeyed dew!  
And where your lilting song has soared  
The skies are twice as blue!  
Where you have walked the sun has spilled  
Its gold the dusty way—  
Trees are nodding their breathless words  
And I know what they say!



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Where you have dreamed a heart beats high,  
In memory of a kiss,  
And never will ways be long or dark  
Because my dear of this!"

"Beautiful! Oh Percy! To think I inspired you to write that. It does seem worthwhile to do lovely things like that. Percy, you're so refreshing after these college boys who think they've given you a huge compliment when they say, 'you've got me all up in the air, Baby'."

"Lucy!" shouted several voices at once. "Come on Lucy and give us that song and dance. Thomas Henry Heywood III, you are appointed a committee of one to seek out Miss Lucy Allen and repair with her to the scene of gala festivities at once!"

Tommy was no man to shirk his duty. Having been appointed to find Lucy he found her, and informed her that her presence was unanimously requested on the dance floor.

"Come along Percy," he invited.

"No thanks," returned Percy. "I prefer to remain here where that music isn't so loud. Dancing holds no charms for me."

"You're certainly going to miss something. Lucy's going to put on an exhibition the like of which 'ain't never been seen in this one man's town.' I know, I taught her myself."

Lucy was led laughingly upon the dance floor and after her song and dance she danced several numbers with Tommy. Tommy was a dear. She supposed she had been neglecting him lately. If a girl wanted a good dancing partner, or a foot ball hero, or a swimming champion to worship, then Tommy was the man. On the other hand there must be a serious, a worthwhile side of life. She had been searching for something different and had finally decided that Percy with his scorn for the pleasures of youth, with his love for poetry and nature, was her heart's desire.

Suddenly she stopped dancing.

"I've got to run, Tommy," she said, "I promised Percy I'd help him with a poem."

"Poem!" Tommy muttered as she left him at the steps. "Pure drivel I call it. I didn't know Lucy could be such an idiot. Imagine her falling for this long-haired poet just because he's a bit different from the average. Oh well! I should worry."

Meanwhile Lucy had reached Percy again.

"Oh you've come back, my Lucy. I knew you would. You'll soon detest such sordid pleasures, even as I do."

"Let's paddle out on the lake, Percy. The moon is glorious, and

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it's no fun just sitting here. You can give that poem again if you will."

The desire for romance had taken possession of her. What a glorious night.

Soon they let the paddles rest and drifted. Percy began his masterpiece again.

"Where you have been, the way is sweet,  
Oh sweet, as the honeyed dew!"

Suddenly an inspiration flashed across Lucy's mind. What could be more romantic than a rescue on a night like this. It would prove to Tommy that Percy could do other things besides write poetry.

With a quick turn of her body,—canoe, poet, and girl were struggling in the water.

"Help! Percy!" screamed Lucy.

Evidently Percy had considered the art of swimming a physical pleasure unfit for a poet, for with one grab he caught the bottom of the capsized canoe and clung to it for dear life, sputtering and wiping the water from his eyes.

Lucy, treading water, and waiting for her hero to rescue her, suddenly saw him clinging to the canoe, and with a disgusted glance in his direction, swam with quick, strong strokes to the shore.

Dripping and angry she pulled herself up on the bank. There she encountered the surprised gaze of a young man who paced angrily up and down taking quick short puffs at his pipe.

"Lucy!" he gasped. "What in the world is the matter?"

"Thomas Heywood, if you ever mention this to anyone else or to me again, I'll never speak to you. Now take a canoe and go haul in that insect you will find clinging to a capsized canoe in the middle of the lake,—or throw him out where he can't catch anything if you want to. I'll give you fifteen minutes; by that time I shall be presentable again. Then come back here and let's dance. Listen to that music going to waste."

K. JONES—'31.

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

### SHOULD SHE?

As Jane Hightower walked down the main street of Hillsborough one Friday afternoon her friend Peggy Foster called to her from across the street.

"Say, Jane, let's go to Jacksonville Beach for a two weeks' vacation?"

"Peg, what do you want to go there for? I am tired of places like that. For the last two years I have spent every vacation at Jacksonville Beach."

Oh Jane, please go. We'll have such a good time. I know lots of boys who will be there. By the way, did you know there was a new catch in town, and he's from a very wealthy family."

"No, I didn't know it, and further more I don't want to. You know what I think of the masculine sex. I've got to hurry though." Saying this Jane left her friend and went to her boarding house. She was a girl that men might consider attractive,—dark brown curly hair and mysterious eyes. When she was nineteen, four years ago, she had had her first love affair. Since then she had not cared for men. She had loved then, but her lover had proved false.

When Jane reached her boarding house, she found a letter from a girl friend in a neighboring town telling her about her young men friends. Jane threw it into the fire saying, "Aren't girls disgusting?"

Peggy came over to Jane's that evening and again the subject of a vacation was the topic of conversation. "Why don't you go to your home for a vacation?" Peggy asked.

"Peg, I have no home. The house is there, but my father and mother have been dead for twelve years. A cousin of mine lives near, but I have not been home since my parents died. I ran away from the old associations, and how I came here and started working is a long, long story. I will tell you about it sometime. How I wish I could go back!

That night Jane dreamed that she went home, and when she awakened she was delighted, but troubled. Of course, she could never go. She had written to her cousin only once since she had been in Hillsborough. "I'll write to her today. An answer from her would give her attitude," she thought.

Jane waited impatiently for an answer to her letter. In a week it came. Her cousin would be delighted to have her! Let her know when to expect her. Wasn't that great!

\* \* \* \* \*

In the first week in the month of June an old negro man met Jane

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at the station. He had worked for Jane's father and mother and was very anxious to see her. As she stepped from the train he said: "Lawd, ef you ain't jes lak the missus. Yassah, I sho' is proud ter see yuh."

At that moment Jane saw her cousin, Helen, seated in the car. She approached Jane with, "I am so glad to see you. How like your mother you have grown to be! — —"

The ride over three miles of country road provided time for renewing associations and experiences.

"Now Jane, your room is just as you left it. You must enjoy your visit and do just as you please," said Mrs. Sandlin as they entered the house.

"Thank you, Cousin Helen. I shall." She went to her room. As she walked in the door she saw a picture of her father and mother. How handsome they were! Why should they have been taken away from her so soon? Finally she left the room. As she did so she spied an old trunk she had never seen before.

Jane's cousin saw her looking at the trunk and said, "Jane, dear, that was your mother's trunk. I have never opened it. You may do so if you like."

At lunch Mr. Sandlin offered his car to Jane to use any time that she wished. Jane thanked him, but said that she preferred walking to riding. Jane was anxious to see the old familiar places of her childhood. That afternoon she walked down to a pine forest at the back of the house. After she had walked for ten or fifteen minutes she heard the sound of a gun. It frightened her, but as she started out of the forest she met the hunter. When the man saw her, he stopped suddenly. Jane wondered what had happened.

"You frightened me lady. I was not expecting to see anyone down here. My name is Matthews."

"How do you do, Mr. Matthews. My name is Jane Hightower. I am visiting my cousin, Mrs. Sandlin."

"Your—your name is Hightower? Why—"

"Yes, but why should my name and looks make you act so queer?"

"I don't know, but I'm glad to have met you. I will see you again."

Jane went back home with a troubled mind. Why had the man acted strangely? She soon forgot about the experience, and after supper went into her room to write to Peggy, but the trunk attracted her attention. Beneath lace dresses was a box. Opening this she found some letters addressed to her mother before she had been married. She read a number and found they were not from her

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

father, but from another man whose name was Robert. In the last letter she found that her mother had married another for money.

The next morning Jane decided to go horseback riding. The bridle path lead to an old mill which was near her home. As she rode she thought of the many experiences of the day before. She knew that some misfortune must have happened to the hunter years before that was brought back to his memory by seeing her. She looked up suddenly and saw a youth approaching her on horseback. She was in the mood to meet no one; so she turned her horse into a bypath. She did not notice that the girth was too loose. All of a sudden the saddle slipped and she was thrown to the side of the road.

"Are you hurt?" she heard a strange voice asking. "I thought you would never open your eyes."

"No, I am not hurt, but very frightened."

Jane saw him now, and at once found that he was handsome. She hated men, but now there was nothing to do but look at him, for she was hurt and could not get up at once.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I was going over to the old mill for my early morning ride."

"May I go with you?"

"Surely," said Jane. "I'm afraid you'll have to help me on my horse."

"Perhaps you'd better ride my horse, and I'll ride yours in case anything should be wrong with the saddle."

"What is your name?" he asked when they were on their way.

"Just call me Jane."

"You call me Phil then. I've never seen you here before. Are you visiting?"

"Yes, I'm visiting my cousin, Mrs. Sandlin. I used to live here when I was small. This is my first visit since I went away. I work in Hillsborough."

They rode in silence for awhile, then he said, "I want to call on you during your visit here, may I?"

"Yes," she said as they approached her home. "I will be riding again tomorrow morning if I am not too stiff after the fall."

That evening Philip told his father about meeting Jane. "But what is her other name Phil?" asked his father.

"I didn't find that out."

"Is she the girl visiting at Mrs. Sandlin's?"

"Yes."

"Well, I saw her yesterday, and she is the very image of some one with whom I used to go. I know that Jane must be her daughter,



## THE PINE BRANCH

because my old sweetheart married a Hightower. She would have made a darn good wife, but she was too hard to get. See if you can do better with her daughter than I did with the mother."

"Father, you can't mean that you were in love with Jane's mother?"

"Exactly."

"Well, I'll see what I can do. I had not thought of a serious case with Jane, for I only met her this afternoon, but if I see her very often, which I hope will be possible, I'll do what I can to get her, and you won't see me stopping either."

"Well good luck to you son. You need it if she's at all like her mother. I'll tell you this,—I might have married Jane's mother if I had not been so impetuous. I worked too fast, and loved too much. She loved me, but she wanted money, and I didn't have any then."

Several mornings later as Philip and Jane were riding horseback he said, "Jane, it's wonderful to have some one to go riding with me. I'm so glad you came to visit here. You must come often."

"Of course I shall, if I can get away. You see I'm a very busy person and do not have much time for play. I've never liked visiting, or doing anything else except working. I've never cared much for social life."

"Do you like to be with me?"

"Well, yes, as much as with anyone. I'm a poor mixer, and it has been several years since I've used my leisure hours in a social way."

"You are strange. How could you have been such a recluse?"

"That was easy!" she said.

But was it easy! Didn't she hate men! Was she beginning to like one again? Oh no, that could not be!

Yet morning after morning she found Phil waiting for her, and how she enjoyed the rides. One morning, however, Philip did not appear. Had he forsaken her? Did he not care for her? He had never told her that he had, but she was positive that he did. She turned homeward and thought what a fool she was. He liked her only as a friend, someone to be with occasionally. I'll show him. I won't ride with him again, I'll stay at home."

Jane's vacation was nearly over, and she had not seen Philip in three days. She was seated on the veranda talking to her cousin, Helen. "I have had such a good time. I wish I could live here."

"You can, my dear, if you wish."

"Oh no, I could never leave my work. By the way, Cousin Helen, have you seen Philip lately? I would like to tell him goodbye."

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"Suppose you invite him and his father over tomorrow?"

"What about his mother?"

"Oh, she's dead. Mr. Matthews misses her so much. He is a very fine man, and so is his son."

"Yes, I think Phil is too. Do you know, Cousin Helen, I have had nothing to do with men for three years and I have hated them; yet did you hear what I said about Phil? He appears to be so honest and kind. He's independent though!"

"You really like him Jane? I had hoped you would. I'll ask them right now to come over tomorrow."

Jane looked charming in her dainty white dress as she awaited Philip and his father's arrival the next day. When they approached Jane exclaimed, "Are you Phil's father? You are the one I met in the grove the other day. Aren't you?"

"I certainly am, dear, and I've heard lots about you since then. I guess you thought I acted very queer the other day. Jane, I once loved a girl with all my heart, you looked so much like she did then, that I thought the dead had come to life. She loved me, and I her. We were to be married, but two months before, she visited in Winchester and there met and married a rich merchant. I married later and was happy, but my wife died three years after we married. I'm sorry I acted so strange, but I couldn't help it, that's all." With this he followed Mrs. Sandlin into the house leaving Jane and Philip alone. As he entered he said, "You know, Mrs Sandlin, I think Philip is in love with your cousin. I told him he must not do as I had done. I know Jane must be like her mother. I told Philip to be very nonchalant, and she would like him better. He wants to know if she is really leaving tomorrow. Is she?"

"Yes, she has planned to."

"Couldn't you persuade her to stay another week? Phil needs time to see if she really cares for him, and if his plans work, I think she will. Do make her stay."

"I'll try."

"When Philip and Jane were left alone they wandered out onto the veranda. After a casual conversation Philip said, "Jane, I have something to ask you?"

Now she would hear what she wanted to.

"Jane, I believe you said you were going away tomorrow. I want to know if you will ever visit here again?"

"Was that all he wanted to know?" thought Jane. "Why no,



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not any time soon. I may come again in three or four years, but it would be impossible to come before then. I may never be able to come again!" she exclaimed.

"I hope you will. I enjoy entertaining visitors, and I have especially enjoyed riding with you."

"I've enjoyed it too, but now I'll be leaving tomorrow and I will probably never see you again."

"Oh, you know you are coming next summer."

Next summer! Didn't he want to see her before then!

At this moment Mrs. Sandlin called them to dinner.

"Have you two been enjoying yourselves? Jane, I'm so glad you have had the privilege of being acquainted with your mother's old sweetheart and his son."

"Yes, it has been very pleasant, and I would like to stay longer and know them better, but I shall be leaving tomorrow."

"Listen at that!" Mr. Matthews said aside to Mrs. Sandlin. "I believe she would stay. Ask her!"

"Why Jane, couldn't you stay another week? I'll send a telegram saying you can't possibly return for another week. Will it be all right?"

Through Jane's mind flashed the conversation that she had just ended with Phil. Was she going away now? No, she would have to stay. Softly she answered, "I'll do my best to arrange it."

KATHERINE HARRISON—'31.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

SHE AND I

She can see visions  
Of roses and rice—  
Before her beloved  
Kisses her twice.

I can see nothing  
Beyond a pale face—  
His arms are the boundaries  
Circling this place.

JULIA MAYE MURRAY—'30.

SPRING OUTLAWED

Spring, you cannot walk this street  
For other people do—  
And who would dare to walk along  
The self-same way with you?

Don't toss your head and flutter so—  
Tho' you've disguised your art  
And wear that modest gown of green  
I know your siren's heart.

You'd take, oh wanton, blue-eyed Spring,  
What I dare not to give—  
So you can't pass along the streets  
Where I and others live.

JULIA MAYE MURRAY—'30.

## RESTLESSNESS

"So Strength first made a way;  
Then Beauty flowed; then  
Wisdom, Honor, Pleasure.  
When almost all was out  
God made a stay,  
Perceiving that alone of all  
his treasure  
Rest in the bottom lay."

George Herbert in his poem, "The Pulley," thus gives the source of all discontent. God blessed man with Strength, Beauty, Honor, Pleasure, but Rest He did not grant. For only in the continual search for contentment will His master creation return to its maker. When God "perceived that alone of all his treasure, Rest in the bottom lay," He knew that in rest alone could He retain his influence.

Samuel Crothers gave this restlessness a name in his "Every Man's Natural Desire to Be Somebody Else." The musician paints a picture or tells a story with his notes. The artist writes a story or a great symphony with his brush, and the author paints a picture or produces harmonies with his pen. Each is flattered in being mistaken for the other.

The lawyer is pleased in being taken for a doctor; the judge in being taken for a preacher; the doctor in being thought a politician; and the preacher in being mistaken for a lawyer. The student is thrilled in being thought an instructor. The instructor is flattered in being considered a student.

Every man may or may not have a natural desire to be somebody else, but every man does have a natural desire to be somewhere else. The present is always too close for a calm scrutiny of any enjoyment it may hold. Pleasure is always greatest when in anticipation.

When the mind reverts to the past, the pleasant things are foremost. Unpleasant things lose a part of their unpleasantness with passing time. Pleasure is enhanced by the misty veil of years.

"When I was . . . I did . . ." is a very frequent expression in all conversation. It is used as frequently in formal lectures as in informal talks.

The discontent caused by the inability of people to satisfy their natural desire to be somewhere else is responsible for any stability that is found. "If I work hard, and if I save, I can go . . ." The

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place may be to college, to a conference, to Europe, or to the South Pole. Somewhere, or anywhere, there is always the hope that it will be possible later.

The Easterner longs for a trip to the Pacific coast. The Westerner sighs for the glamour of the East. The Northerner tours the romantic South, while his Southern friend thrills with the bustle of the industrial North.

The American at home thinks a trip to Europe a "joy forever;" yet he throws his hat the highest when the Statue of Liberty is sighted on the horizon. The European, or Asiatic longs for the golden opportunities that await him on the American shore; then sends his money home to better the conditions there against his return.

Likewise, Herbert thought God had the pulley, "restlessness," to bring man to His Kingdom—

"Let him be rich and weary,  
that at least,  
If goodness lead him  
not, yet weariness  
May toss him to my  
breast."

EUNICE SEAGRAVES—'31.

## WHAT MIGHTY CONTESTS RISE FROM TRIVIAL THINGS

Pamela got up and closed the door, laughingly remarking to Margaret as she did so,

"Pat's the most aggravating girl I ever saw. I'd be willing to bet my last dollar that she hasn't closed that door twice this year. She's such a happy-go-lucky mortal. I suppose that's why every one likes her."

This conversation had occurred two months ago. It was that very happy-go-lucky nature of Pat's that had first made Pamela like her and want to room with her. Now it was becoming monotonous to have to be forever overlooking Pat's little faults.

"It's your morning to sweep, Pat."

"O-mi-gosh! It surely is. Tell you what I'll do, Pam. I'll sweep the next two mornings if you'll sweep this morning. I've simply got to finish this paper. Had to go to the show last night, you know."

Pamela managed a smile. "All right, scatter-brains, but don't forget these two mornings. You have a terrible memory you know."

She knew very well Pat wouldn't sweep. She never did.

Pamela walked over to the lavatory and began straightening the towels on the rack. She glanced towards Pat's rack. There were at least six soiled towels stuffed on it.

"Pat, will you ever learn to straighten things? Look at this!"

"Be a dear and throw 'em—oh throw 'em under the bed. I'll fix it all next period."

"Yes, you will—not!" The minute she said that Pamela was sorry. There was no point in her fussing all the time, but it seemed as though she had to say something.

"Aw, Pam, I'll do it. Truly! But I've got to finish this paper now. Can't you see?"

Yes, she could see—had been seeing for the last two months. It was always the same thing. Pamela felt herself drifting away from Pat. At the first of school they had been inseparable, not that they had had a crush,—they were simply the best of friends. Now it was different. One thing led to another. Pat never let work interfere with her pleasure, and Pamela scarcely ever let pleasure interfere with her work.

That night Pamela studied even harder than usual because of the fact that she had an examination in English Literature the next day. She had memorized passage after passage from all of the poets until her nerves were strained to the breaking point. As usual Pat was the last to get into bed. Eleven o'clock winks had been given ten

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

minutes before, and the monitor's warning tap had sounded on the door twice.

Pat threw articles of clothing in the four corners of the room, and with one stroke swept about a dozen books from the bed on to the floor. Then she snapped off the light and with one bound jumped into the middle of the bed.

Pamela had glanced instinctively toward the closet door just before Pat turned off the light. Just as she expected! It was open. She wouldn't mention it for a minute and see if Pat would remember it. Five minutes passed and Pamela could stand it no longer.

"Pat!"

"Um-m," said Pat sleepily.

"You didn't close the closet door."

"Oh, I forgot it. Go to sleep!"

"Pat, get up and close the door, you know it's your time."

"Oh get up and shut it yourself, you ain't crippled. I can sleep with it open. Why didn't you tell me before I got in bed any way."

"Pat Williams, I've told you about that closet door every night for two months, and it seems as though you would remember something some time. You do me that way in everything. Do you ever sweep! Do you ever bring the laundry! I've done everything for you because you are so thoughtless. I thought you really didn't mean to be so careless, but do you know what I think now? I believe you're just plain lazy! I can't stand your little 'forgotten things' any longer. One of the two of us has got to leave room 576. That's all I have to say about it."

"Well I'll be darned! And all over a measly little closet door. So I'm lazy, am I? Well, let me tell you one thing Pam. You're headed on the straight and narrow road to spinsterhood, or pity your husband. You've already got one of the attributes of an old maid—being so particular—and that leads to the rest. But we won't break up housekeeping, baby. I do see your point,—if it is through a darkened glass, and I'll try to mend my erring ways, but you've got to stop this fussing."

"All right, Pat, I'm for it and I'll try. I'm sorry I said so much, but I had stood about as much as I could."

Pat jumped up and closed the closet door softly.

"That's all right, Pam. Let's get some sleep now. By the way, remind me that tomorrow is my morning to sweep, won't you?"

As Pamela snuggled down under the covers and drifted off to sleep, almost mechanically she began one of her quotations for the quiz next day.

"'What mighty contests rise from trivial things.'"

KATE JONES—'31.





## EDITORIAL

### PLAY DAY AT G. S. W. C.

No awards, no winning teams, no form of competition—these will be the omissions of the Play Day at the Georgia State Womans College. In the Field Meets participated in by High Schools, there is too much of that spirit of an-

tagonism, too much of that "I've got to win" feeling. Instead of giving something of benefit to the schools, there remains a superior feeling of victory on the one hand, and the rankling hurt of defeat on the other. These phases of an otherwise very worthwhile undertaking will be omitted in the Play Day, while the worthwhile phases will remain.

Play Days are comparatively new in the field of Physical Education, and especially in this section of South Georgia; therefore Play Day on March 26th is being looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure and interest by the entire student body of the College.

In inviting the High Schools to attend our Play Day, of course, all the High Schools were wanted, but because of the great distance of many of the schools, it was finally decided to invite those accredited schools within easy motoring distance of the College. Thus the plans were formed and the invitations were issued. The College has invited six outstanding girls from the Senior Class in the High Schools, the Superintendent of the High School, and a chaperon for the girls,—the woman coach or some member of the faculty who is interested in athletics.

In the morning of the Play Day all of the High School girls and some of the College girls will be divided into six teams, with no two girls from the same town or school playing on the same team. Various sports will then be played including Basketball, Tennis, Croquet, and Clock Golf.

At noon everybody will enjoy a picnic lunch at which the College will be hostess. For a short time after lunch the girls will be given time to enjoy visiting their new-found friends and becoming better acquainted.

In the afternoon there will first of all be massed demonstration



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work by the College girls for the entertainment of the guests. This will include the Freshman Drill which is always one of the spectacular events, and the marches and folk dances. After this the guests will be given an opportunity to take part in the play again,—in the races, the relays, and the stunts, in which the six teams compete again.

No definite training is required in order to play any of the games; the only requirements made of the girls are to bring their health certificates showing their physical fitness to play anything or everything, and to bring their basket-ball suits or gym clothes. The aim is for every girl to take part in some sport, and the games will be varied enough to allow for this.

The aims of the College for Play Day are manifold. They are, in the first place, to promote play for all. Secondly, to inspire young women with the spirit of play in their sports rather than the spirit of keen competition.

Thirdly, to encourage play for the love of the sport rather than for the sake of winning.

Fourthly, to play games which our guests may take back with them, many of which are inexpensive and within the reach of all.

Fifthly, to foster the spirit of good fellowship between the neighboring High Schools.

As yet we do not know what a real Play Day is,—we're only anticipating great things. However, we will find out by having one, and we hope our guests will enjoy it as much as we feel sure we will.

K. JONES—'31.



## Y. W. C. A.

Miss Annie P. Hopper, dean of women, spoke in vespers Sunday evening, February 16, on "What It Means to Be a Christian." Miss Hopper portrayed the obstacles that are encountered in the attempt to live a Christian life. These

obstacles are over-shadowed by the two great benefits that are derived from such a life. One of the chief pleasures is the way in which Christ affects the daily living, the other being the pleasure derived from communion with Him.

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On Thursday evening, February 20, Miss Margaret Sumner, of Poulan, and Miss Eunice Seagraves, of Hawthorne, Florida, made reports on the student volunteer conference at Agnes Scott College.

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On Saturday evening, February 22, the Y. W. C. A. held a book party in the dining room of Ashley Hall. An attractive decoration scheme was carried out in the colors of the triangle, blue and white. Many new books were added to the Y. W. C. A. Library at that time.

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Miss Janie Bush, of the Latin Department, was the speaker at Vespers on Sunday evening, February 23. Her subject was "Character Building." She gave as a means of measurement the number and type of friends, and the ways in which leisure time is spent.

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Though the Y. W. C. A. is often taken in a matter of fact way upon the campus, the student body realizes and appreciates every day the helpful things that are accomplished by this organization. Many parties and entertainments are sponsored by the Y. W. C. A. Every week the "Y. W." Cabinet meets and works steadily upon various plans for the betterment of our moral, spiritual and physical life. One of the most appreciated acts of the Y. W. C. A. is that of the custom of bringing good speakers and thinkers to our campus.

It is with much pleasure that the students anticipate the visit of Doctor Smart, of Emory University the week-end of March 9th. He is always welcomed by the student body, for he brings sincere and inspirational messages to our campus.

L. M. HALL—'32.



# ATHLETICS

## KAPPA NEWS

Hurrah! Three cheers for the Kappas! You're well on the way toward winning the honor plaque, so keep it up—we're backing you.

The first basketball game of the season was a hard fought match, but the Kappas came out victors with a score of 19 to 5. The second game more than equaled the first in interest and excitement. The Lambdas were out to win, and we'll have to admit, they came closer to winning a basketball game than they have come in four years; but the Kappas were equal to the job and the game ended with the score 8 to 8.

If the second game was exciting, it couldn't compare with the last game, which would decide the series. The Kappas were on the warpath, and it was win or die trying!

Rain interrupted the game just before the first quarter was finished; but as soon as the shower passed the soccer game scheduled for the afternoon was played while the basketball court was put in condition for use.

When the game was renewed, although the court was damp and slick, both teams threw themselves daringly into the game, "and oh! how the gingham and calico flew"—however, this happened to be purple and red instead of gingham and calico. But more purple flew than red because the Kappas won the game, 18 to 9, and the series as well.

The lineup for the game was:

Forwards—Virginia Clark, of Louisville, Ga. (captain); Grace Chastain, of Thomasville; Delia Bonner, of Vienna.

Centers—Ernestine Baker, of Pavo; Alice McCall, of Thomasville; Louise McMichael, of Quitman; Elsie Quarterman, of Valdosta.

Guards—Myrtle Vick, of Moultrie; Margaret Brabham, of Moultrie; Ruth Dozier, of Morgan.

The others on the squad were—Frances Mullins, of Baconton; La Verne Adams, of Coolidge; Reba Harrison, of Boston.

The first soccer game ended with a scoreless tie; but as usual

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after a near defeat the Kappas went on the warpath and won the next game with a score of 1 to 0. The last game was another scoreless tie, giving the Kappas the soccer series.

The lineup for the soccer game was: Sara McEachin, of Nashville; Sally Faircloth, of Pitts; Lois Wilson, of Bradenton, Fla.; Vivian Clements, of Valdosta; Dorothy Harper, of Valdosta (captain); Ruby McSwain, of Lyons; Dorothy Courtney, of Valdosta; Winona Patterson, of Alamo; Mary Pearson, of Odum; Mary Alice Mosely, of Kinderlou; Jenny Williams, of Cordele.

Others on the squad were: Carolyn Readdick, of Folkston; Mary Hagan, of Valdosta; Buford Williford, of Moultrie; Vernedoe Davis, of Sylvester.

ELSIE QUARTERMAN—'32.

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## PHI LAMBDA NEWS

Much interest has been manifested during the last three weeks in basketball and soccer. At the final games the Kappas came out in the lead. Out of the three basketball games the Kappas won two and out of the three soccer games there were two ties with the Kappas winning the other by one point.

The Lambda basketball lineup was: Margaret Bullock, of Adel; Itasca Crosby, of Coolidge; Ann Morris, of Columbus; Grace Donahue, of Valdosta; Ila Poppell, of Homerville, and Lucile Forrest, of Valdosta.

The soccer lineup was: Sara Wadley, of Waycross; Helen Brasington, of Waycross; Eunice Seagraves, of Hawthorne, Fla.; Mary Morris, of Columbus; Cleo Griffin, of Ochlochnee; Elizabeth Thomson, of Ochlochnee; Milwee Minick, of Statesboro; Margaret Sumner, of Poulan; and Pauline Forbes, of Valdosta.

Lambdas, even though you didn't win this series of games, you still have a chance to make the purple and white triumph. Let's do it!

ETHEL CASTLEBERRY—'32.



## LOCALS

February 19 was a busy day, and a very thrilling day. It was Hat Day! Early in the morning the Freshmen began searching for the hat which the Sophomores had the privilege of hiding this time. Such diligent searching was certain to win its reward, and by noon the Freshmen were the proud possessors of the hat. Now they are looking forward to their entertainment by the Sophomores.

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Miss Annie P. Hopper, dean of women, returned from Atlantic City, N. J., February 23, where she was hostess to the Southern delegation attending the national meeting of deans.

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Chancellor and Mrs. Charles M. Snelling, of the University of Georgia, were guests of the College Tuesday, February 18. They were pleased by the beauty of the College and the campus.

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The Sophomores presented "The Arrival of Kitty" at the Ritz Theatre on Friday evening, February 28. The director, Miss Jenkins, and the cast deserve much praise for the success of the play. The comic action brought many good laughs. Bobbie Baxter, Elizabeth Chance, of Quitman, in his love affair with Jane, Mildred Lucas, of Cairo, against the opposition of her uncle, William Winkler, Louise McMichael, of Quitman, had occasion to disguise himself as a woman, and was mistaken for Kitty, Mary Mansfield, of Arlington, an actress and close friend of Winkler, to the confusion of everybody and everything.

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The Sock and Buskin Club met Tuesday evening, February 25. A one-act play, "The Unseen", was presented. Miss Roselle Hatcher, of Donaldsonville, directed the play. Miss Lillian Exum, of Walstonburg, N. C., played the part of Jeffrey Baldwin, Miss Maxine

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Purdy, of Valdosta, took the part of Lois (Jeffrey's wife). Hulda (a Swedish servant) was played by Laura Lee Jones, of Valdosta.

\* \* \*

Miss Mildred Price, of the history department, Miss Nannie Pope, of Valdosta, president of the International Relations Club, and Miss Margaret Brabham, of Moultrie, attended the conference of International Relations Clubs of the Southeastern States, held in Macon, from February 26 to March 1. The two delegates made very interesting reports on their trip in chapel Monday, March 3. They announced that Sir Herbert Ames will be on our campus on March 7.

PHARA ELARBEE—'32.





## SOCIETIES

The Argonian Literary Society held its regular meeting in the Rotunda, Saturday evening, February 15.

The leader for the evening was Miss Helen West. The program consisted of three informal debates on important questions of today.

The first debate was on the question—Resolved: That the Emergence of Woman from the Home is a depressing feature of Modern Life. The speakers on the affirmative side were Mary Elizabeth Boyd, of Valdosta, Ga.; Frances Mullins, of Baconton, Ga. Negative, Roselle Hatcher, of Donalsonville, Ga.; and Marguerite Powell, of Griffin, Ga.

The question of the second debate was—Resolved: That a thirteen month calendar should be adopted. Affirmative speakers: Bertha Ferrell, of Quitman, Ga.; and Nancy Rowland, of Wrightsville, Ga. Negative speakers: Buford Williford, of Moultrie, Ga.; and Margaret Bullock, of Adel, Ga.

The third question for the evening was—Resolved: That the plea of temporary insanity should be abolished by law from the criminal courts. The speakers for the affirmative were: Mildred Minchew, of Baxley, Ga.; and Jean Loughridge, of Odum, Ga. Negative speakers: Louise Johnson, of Valdosta, Ga.; and Sara Wadley, of Waycross, Ga.

Misses Marguerite Powell, Mildred Minchew, and Roselle Hatcher were chosen as the three best debaters of the society.

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The Argonian Literary Society held a regular program meeting in the Lecture Room Saturday evening, March 1, 1930. The program, lead by Miss Jean Loughridge, of Odum, Georgia, was a continuation of the study of Contemporary Literature, Music, and Art.

Miss Grace Chastain, of Thomasville, gave a very worth-while review and discussion of the three best short stories of the year 1929: *THE BIG BLONDE*, by Dorothy Parker, *HOMESICK LADIES*, by Sidney Howard, and *HIM AND HER*, by Katherine Bush.

A study of life and work of Emily Dickinson, one of America's



## THE PINE BRANCH

favorite poets, was given by Miss Margaret Sumner, of Poulan. Miss Sumner read several of her poems to give an idea of the variety of subjects Miss Dickinson used in her poetry.

The concluding number of the program was a composition and study of Frank La Forge, an American composer, by Miss Helen Ryon.

JEAN LOUGHRIDGE—'31.

\* \* \*

The Sororian Literary Society held its regular meeting Saturday, February 15. Miss Myrtle Vick, of Moultrie, had charge of the program.

Informal debates on interesting problems of today were presented by several members of the society.

The topic for the first debate was—Resolved: That Buying on the Installment Plan Should be Drastically Curtailed. The speakers for the affirmative were Misses Phara Elarbee, of Calvary, and Dorothy Chapman, of Savannah; those for the negative were: Misses Mary Jane Littlefield, of Folkston, and Lillian Lively, of Savannah.

The topic for the second debate was—Resolved: That Chain Stores are More Harmful than Beneficial to Society. The speakers for the affirmative were, Misses Nannie Pope, of Valdosta, and K. D. Rentz, of Valdosta; those for the negative were Misses Elsie Quarterman, of Valdosta, and Elizabeth Kirkland, of Jasper, Fla.

The topic for the third debate was—Resolved: That Modern Advertising Is More Harmful Than Beneficial to Society. Misses Mary Winn, of Savannah, and Janet Groover, of Boston, upheld the affirmative; Misses Virginia Mathis, of Ashburn, and Annie Lou Stanaland, of Thomasville, defended the negative.

Misses Annie Lou Stanaland, of Thomasville, Nannie Pope, of Valdosta, and Virginia Mathis, of Ashburn, were voted the three best debaters.

\* \* \*

The Sororian Literary Society met in the Rotunda Saturday evening, March 1. Miss Laura Blakely Young, of Waycross, had charge of the meeting.

A report on the first three O'Henry Memorial Award Short Stories was given by Miss Mary Elaine Flanagan, of Waycross. The first two, BIG BLONDE, by Dorothy Parker, and HOMESICK LADIES, by Sidney Howard were summarized very briefly. Miss Flanagan read the third, HIM AND HER, by Katherine Brush.

Miss Helen Ryon, of Hinesville, entertained the group with a piano composition by the American composer, La Forge.

An account of Emily Dickinson's life was presented by Miss Linnie Mae Hall, of Waycross. She read a number of poems to show her literary attainments.

V. CARSWELL—'32.



# ALUMNAE

## ALUMNAE VALENTINE

### BRIDGE PARTY

The Alumnae of the Georgia State Womans College had a beautiful Valentine party at the home of Miss Claire Bray Friday evening, February 14. Nearly a hundred Alumnae were present, some coming from out of town to be guests at this party which is held every year on St. Valentine night.

The rooms in which the guests were entertained were beautifully decorated, carrying out the Valentine idea. In the center, back of the wide hall, hung a huge, illuminated heart. Red balloons hung from the chandeliers, hearts adorned the walls and red tapers burned on the mantels.

The guests were received by Miss Edith Patterson, president of the Alumnae association, Misses Claire Bray, Frances Dekle, Mildred Larsen, and Elizabeth McRee.

Bridge was played during the evening, at the conclusion of which a delightful program was given which included readings by Miss Frances Williams, A Medley of Love Songs by Mr. Jack Lockhart: "I'll Always be in Love With You," and a toe dance by Miss Myra Lott, of Waycross.

A delicious ice course was served by the hostesses and during this hour much fun was had by the singing of college songs at the tables.

Prize for high score, a novelty sport handkerchief, was won by Miss Bertha Ferrell, of Quitman, and low score by Miss Dorothy Harper, of Ocilla. The set-back prize was won by Miss Iva Chandler, of Cordele, Miss Edith Patterson was presented a valentine gift as a love token from the Alumnae hostesses.

The Alumnae that graduated in the last few years were hostesses to the older and to the new Alumnae members.

Those serving as chairmen were: General program chairman, Miss Elizabeth McRee; decoration, Miss Frances Dekle; refreshments,

## THE PINE BRANCH

Miss Helen Hightower; invitations, Miss Mildred Larsen; entertainment, Miss Clifford Quartermann.

Miss Louise Holcombe furnished music during the evening.

\* \* \*

We were so happy to have a short visit during the past week from the following College Alumnae members: Lucile Dowling, Jesup, Ga.; Mary Alice Sineath, Adel, Ga.; Dorothy Glascock, Juanita Sweat, and Dorothy Stovall, of Waycross, Georgia.

\* \* \*

In a letter from Shirley Gaskins (Mrs. W. A. Thomison) we learned that Shirley is dietitian in her husband's hospital, Dayton, Tennessee.

\* \* \*

Commencement isn't so far away, but that joy and excitement is manifested when a letter is received adding one more to our Alumnae guest list—Mae Gibson McCall and her sister, Georgia, of Rock Hill, S. C., are the last to have their names placed on the list—Elsie Gunn Stokes is coming down from Kokomo, Indiana, to be with us at that time.

\* \* \*

We are happy to learn through a letter from Mildred Williams Oettmeier the whereabouts of the following Alumnae members:

Miss Carabel Williams, 319 Ponce de Leon Avenue, N. E., Atlanta, Georgia.

Mrs. T. C. Gibson (Ruth Brown), Madison, Florida.

Mrs. S. M. Reeves (Olin Bland), St. Cloud, Fla.

Mrs. Edwin Thomas (Frances Faries), 1408 Lorenzo Avenue, Ap't. 8, Tampa, Florida.

Mrs. R. M. Lee (Miriam McNair), Brunswick, Georgia.

Miss Marie Clyatt, Stockton, Georgia.

Mrs. E. H. Coppenger (Esse Mae Clarke), Atapulugus, Georgia.

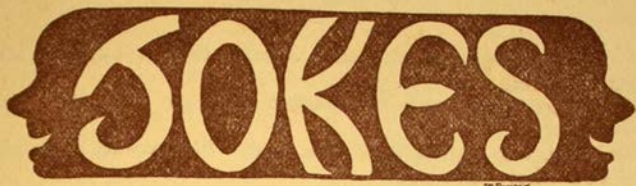
Mrs. Albert Y. Hall (Rosalind McRanie), 2145 N. W. 24th St., Miami, Florida.

Mae Lillie Touchton is spending the winter in West Palm Beach, Florida, 508 Park Street.

Willie Lunsford is head of the science department at Martha Washington College, Abingdon, Virginia.

Annie Ruth Sawyer, Mary Belin, and Ruth Watkins, are teaching in Brunswick, Georgia.

FLORENCE BREEN.



## HOW I ALMOST DIED.

I never had such a tough time in all my life. First, I got angina pectoris followed by arteriosclerosis. Just as I was recovering from these, I got tuberculosis, double pneumonia and phthisis. Then they gave me hypodermics, appendicitis was followed by tonsillectomy. These gave way to asphasia and hypertrophic cirrhosis. I completely lost my memory for a while. I know I had diabetes and acute indigestion, besides gastritis, rheumatism, lumbago and neuritis. I don't know how I pulled through it. It was the hardest spelling test I've ever seen.

\* \* \*

Mary Agnes: I've changed my mind.

Sara W.: Well, does it work any better.

\* \* \*

Mary: Did you ever hear a story so terrible that it made your flesh crawl?

Margaret: Yes, many a time.

Mary: How did your feet look when they passed your face?

\* \* \*

Emory Jr. Lad: I hear you were almost arrested for picking up a heavy rubber band.

Another Ditto: Yeh, it turned out to be a Ford tire.

\* \* \*

Miss Ivey: What would you suggest in case of rain on Play Day?

Enthusiastic Freshman (with plenty of G. S. W. C. spirit): Have five hundred Chinese parasols painted red and black.

\* \* \*

Two of the College's crack golfers (faculty members) sliced their drives into the rough and went in search of their balls. They searched

## THE PINE BRANCH

for a long time without success, a kindly little freshman watching them with interest.

Finally, after the search had lasted half an hour, the freshman spoke to them.

"I don't want to bother you" she said, "but would it be cheating if I told you where they are?"

\* \* \*

First Man: Did you know that John's wife has a wooden leg!

Second Ditto: Aw, that's nothing. My wife has a cedar chest.

\* \* \*

### NO SUCH LUCK

And then there's the absent-minded professor who had the students write the exam questions while he answered them.

\* \* \*

Miss Gilmer: What is Francis Scott Key's greatest distinction?

Kat Robinson: He knew all four verses of The Star Spangled Banner.

ELIZABETH CHANCE—'32.

## The Georgia State Womans College

INVITES READERS OF THE PINE BRANCH WHO ARE GRADUATING FROM HIGH SCHOOL THIS SPRING TO BECOME STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE NEXT FALL.

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