

# THE PINE BRANCH



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# THE PINE BRANCH

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## THE STAFF

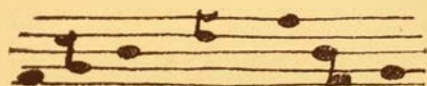
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From Fresh To Senior

## THE DWELLINGS OF IMAGINATION

Fairy land—  
Pale veils of blue wisteria,  
Golden daffodils,  
Silver moss, and  
Narcissus.

Magic land—  
Pale veils of misting white sea foam,  
Golden silhouettes,  
Silver sands, and  
Fireflies.

Love land—  
Pale veils of pearly cobweb dew,  
Golden crescent moon,  
Silver stars, and  
Two.

MARY A. SMITH.

## LOVE'S REQUIT TAL

Twilight,  
Lovelight,  
My heart's desire,  
Crowning the realm of my heart  
With love's mysterious art.

Moonlight,  
Lovelight,  
My heart's desire,  
Giving the love that I sought,  
Cherishing all that was brought.

Starlight,  
Lovelight,  
My heart's desire,  
Sought, beloved, and obeyed,  
For never a price was paid.

GRACE DONAHUE.

## SUPERFLUITY

Regina came in and threw her swimming cap and shoes on the bed. Roberta looked up from her book, she almost wished she had gone swimming with the boys and Regina.

"Well, did you all have fun?" she asked absently. Regina did not answer until she had completely finished daubing paint on her olive cheeks and slicking her wet black hair behind her ears.

"Oh, after a fashion, but I'm so tired of these little high school boys. They have no individuality, no unusuality, if there's such a word, and nothing ever enters their feeble brain except the thought of a good time. Today I asked Bill what his philosophy of life and the hereafter was, and he gave me a queer look and said, 'I can't be annoyed with such stuff, let well enough alone.' The shallow brained idiot! I might have known that he's never had a serious thought."

Her sister looked at her twin thoughtfully. Like so many twins the two were exactly opposite in everything from the color of the eyes and hair to their personalities. Regina seemed to have the stronger spirit, and had since childhood overshadowed Roberta in an inoffensive and unconscious way; Roberta was always ready to be led, and would always take advice to avoid argument.

"Well, I like Bill," said Roberta. "And I agree with him in a way. Why do you always want to be analyzing and fussing about things that you don't understand?"

"To tell the truth I have a horror of being just like everybody else and always doing the conventional thing. That seems such a drab existence to me, maybe when I get to college I can find someone who thinks like I do, and maybe I'll have a chance there to develop into something different. By the way, have Mother and Daddy ever decided where we're going?"

"No, not that I know of. Last I heard was that Mother was determined we should both go to the University where she went, and Daddy was equally as determined that we should both go to some Woman's College in Alabama. I don't care myself, but I do wish they would decide."

Out in the solarium Mr. Wellman was saying:

"Well, there's no use for this thing to break up our happy home. You want them to go to the University and I think they should both go to a woman's college. Since we don't agree, and since the girls have the traits they do, I don't think it would be a bad idea to separate them for a year anyway. What do you think?"

"There seems no other way out, but I do wish you could see

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things my way. How will we decide who will go to which college?"

"Why, just let the girls decide that between themselves. Now that I've started thinking about it, I think it would do them good to be separated."

"Yes," replied his wife, "Let the girls decide that between themselves and you know what would happen. Regina would decide where she was going, and Roberta just to avoid further contention would agree. Sometimes I believe that you don't know your own children, Harry Wellman."

"Well then let them cast lots in order that there can be no room for disagreement."

\* \* \* \* \*

About two months later the twins left, Regina with her theories, ideas, and philosophies headed for a woman's college; Roberta with her love of convention, her easily persuaded soul, and her amiable disposition for a university. The first letters between the twins were of the usual type telling each other about the college, the courses, and the athletics. As the Christmas holidays neared their letters contained eager anticipation of the holidays which they would have at home. Roberta in her charming way wrote:

"Dearest Regina,

I can hardly find time to write you, I am so busy. However, since there is not a soul in the house except myself and three other girls, I shall try to scribble you a note while I'm waiting for Dick. Dick, by the way, is a new pledge—he happens to be Jack's pledge. He is a little young though, and not as interesting as he might be. Another drawback, he is a blonde, and you know how I hate blondes. But I suppose he's all right though. Did I tell you about the darling man who will be at home the same time I will for vacation? I know you'll like him because he is a rather serious type, but even in spite of his seriousness he is awfully attractive.

Our sorority gave a dance the other night. The papers gave us a grand write-up, and I think it was about the best dance this year. It should have been, it certainly cost us a plenty. But we did have such a grand time! I had a darling new evening dress, all the very latest lines and probably the most extreme dress I've ever had. You will love it!

I'll be glad when Christmas vacation comes. I'm simply worn out, with going, going, studying, and never having time for anything else. I want a good rest when I'm home and plenty of sleep.

Well here comes Dick, so I'll close and see you holidays.

Love,

Roberta."

The other letter was much longer and even more eager.

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"Dearest Roberta:

It seems an eternity since I last saw home. I can never believe that it was only three months ago. Next week our Christmas holidays begin, and no one knows how glad I'll be to get home. I've enjoyed this much of the year because I've certainly had time to think and read. But you know how I've always dreaded the thought of being like everybody else, well I'm just 'one of the college girls' here. I find no one here who has much in common with me. If I want to read unusual books, or to do something out of the ordinary, I find that they all look on me as being peculiar or trying to be different. You would love the air of conventionality about the place. Everything you do is dependent on something someone else has just done, and likewise influences what the next person is going to do. In every word and act you must consider the group as a whole instead of yourself. Life is strange and full of meaningless traditions.

But that is neither here nor there. I can't wait to see the gang. After being so cloistered it will be heaven to be free again to do just as I please. I hope everyone of the kids is as silly and foolish as can be when I get home; then we can have two weeks of fun and going without a moment's rest. Just to be where people understand you and don't think you are queer because you don't want to always do the conventional thing will be wonderful. But here I have written half a page about myself."

\* \* \* \* \*

The excitement of getting home was over and the girls were in their room talking.

"When," asked Regina "are you going to introduce me to the man who will be here during holidays? I'm crazy for a date with him. There's the 'phone now, I hope it's Bill. He said he'd call me! Gosh, I wish he'd take me to a dance tonight."

Roberta lounged on the bed and wondered. What had happened to Regina? She had always been popular, but she had never before openly expressed a desire for a date.

When Regina came back, she began to unpack her trunk, and threw some books on the bed. Roberta gave an exclamation of delight and asked, "Regina, where in the world did you get 'The Art of Thinking,' 'Psychoanalysis; Mind and Body', and 'The Story of Stoic Philosophy?' I've heard a lot about some of these, but I've never had time to read them."

"Oh, I bought them to read at school. Help yourself, they—there's Bill!" said Regina, as she dumped the rest of the books on the bed and hurried out.

Roberta watched the two drive off, and then settled down contentedly with Regina's books.

HELEN WEST.

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### SPRING

"April!" called a voice that came from the wind of March.

"Yes," said a soft, soothing voice from the distance. This voice brought to one's senses the smell of growing and budding things.

"Come, you must ride in my new car," said March, with a pride in his voice that made one see his swelling chest.

"I am coming," said the soft voice drawing nearer, and there she was—April, in all her glory. Her hair of gold crowned her head as if a sunbeam had wrapped itself there to rest. Her skin as soft and pink as peach blossoms was in its glory, for it was offset by a soft dress of downy white and blue that reminded one of fleecy, billowy clouds after a spring shower.

March took April's hand and led her to a low car which stood near the walk. It was very much like the powerful racers except that the seats had no backs. April doubted her ability to sit on one of the uncertain seats, but for March's sake she would try anything.

March and April settled into the car ready for a race with the world. After March had started the car as if he would out-run the world or die, April gasped with fear and clutched March's arm crying into his ear, "March, if I can't sit by your side, I can hold onto your coat, can't I?"

"Yes," he roared, for he saw that his coat was flapping in the wind behind them.

Dear April, she had to do as she had in fun threatened, for she slipped from the seat and grasped March's coat. As every one knows, she still hangs on to March following him around the world.

AGNES L. CALDWELL.

### APRIL

While walking in the woods today  
I heard the pipes of Pan,  
Banishing the last dull gray,  
And lifting winter's ban.

The air was flooded with the sound  
Of reckless melody,  
The glad notes filled the mellow air  
With joyous ecstasy.

The music drew me on and on  
To see what I had heard,  
Hark—it was not Pan at all—  
But triad of a mockingbird.

LOIS WILSON.

## AVANT-COUREUR

The day was hot and oppressive, and the last class was showing all the effects of the heat. Between the spiritless recitations the tick of the clock could be heard like a summons. A girl stood up to recite, and the remainder of the class gazed languidly in her direction, and wondered how she happened to know the answer to the question. Mary stifled a yawn, and looked expectantly toward the clock. Ten more minutes! She yawned again, and resumed her day-dreaming. The heat, the suppression, the monotonous sameness, the recitations in monotone continued. Suddenly the bell rang. There was a quick change. Books were slammed shut, vanity cases were of uppermost importance to one group while the other looked on in a mixture of appreciation and disgust. Locker doors banged, and their clanging discordant sound echoed and re-echoed through the building. Girls called to each other in voices none too musical. There was no evidence of order anywhere, shrill laughter could be heard in one end of the hall only to be followed by a girlish scream.

"Going to the meeting this afternoon?" pleasantly inquired one girl of another as they stood at their lockers perplexed over which books they could best leave at school.

"Guess so," retorted the questioned one none too convincingly, and a little bored. "I hate to, but I suppose I'll have to," and she stopped to add, "But then I guess if all my crowd goes it won't be so bad."

The other did not appear to notice or regard the reference to crowds, as she turned to leave, she spoke to her companion again, "Well, do come, we'll be awfully glad to have you, and its going to be at Joan's, you know." She added with a laugh, "We always have the best refreshments there."

The girl spoken to smiled a condescending rather sophisticated smile, and no more was said.

The meeting, if it could be so called without disregarding Webster's definition, was to be at four o'clock. The house was soon filled, and as the girls continued to arrive they appeared to be much at home, and seated themselves languidly on any available piece of furniture.

Some stretched themselves comfortably along seats, while others sat in little groups discussing or eagerly listening to an affair d'amour.

The president, a rather tall, self-conscious, affected girl, called for order six, or maybe seven, times before she got the least response.

Joan, the sergeant-at-arms, who could talk more than five average girls, came to the president's rescue.

"You all shut up so I can hear something that might take place."

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As the president announced the new business to be brought before the club, order became a little more in evidence. The subject for discussion was an entertainment to be given for the time-worn cause—the raising of money. Finally as the enthusiasm of the crowd grew, order became a thing of the past, and ideas were shouted from all parts of the room. The president rapped for order, Joan hit several girls on the head, and at last a little attention was obtained. “Babs,” she announced hesitatingly, “you take charge of the tickets, an’ for heaven’s sake sell as many as you can.”

Babs turned serious at once. “All right, do my best.”

“And you, Janice, you go and see where we can give this party for the least money. But you know, we want some nice place.”

Janice merely nodded in the affirmative.

“Now, Joan, you see about the food, we want it good, but inexpensive, you understand.”

“My Cow!” came Joan’s unexpected reply, as she slapped her nearest neighbor on the back, “Can you beat it?”

“Now let me see,” hesitated the president again, “Oh yes, Gloria, you get us some talleys; I think Greenleaf will give you some if you ask them.”

“All right,” drawled Gloria as if she were bored to death, but she added in an undertone to her companion, “I can’t do that. Imagine! Asking for talleys! I hate cheap skates. Talleys!”

The president looked thoughtfully around the room, and seeing a girl who looked as if she didn’t know what it was all about, asked, “Dolores, you can—”

“Me!” exclaimed Dolores feigning horror and surprise. “Oh, let somebody else do it who can.”

“No, you can do it all right,” gushed the president, “It’s just the program.”

And Dolores consented, laughing at her own inability.

The meeting dragged at a similar tempo, and after a few joyful, laughing moments of refreshments, the crowd disappeared.

The president turned to her secretary as she prepared to tell Joan “What a delightful time she had had,” “Listen, May, go to that committee meeting on Wednesday and get what they decide.”

May nodded indifferently.

Soon Mary and Joan were left alone in a room showing disorder; but seemingly unaware of the confusion, they sat down to talk over something.

The girls were decidedly different. Mary’s smile was wistful, her eyes pensive; she loved solitude, she lived almost entirely in the abstract. When she loved some one she idealized him, and believed

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he could do no wrong, and one by one people had failed her by being human. She had had a great deal of sickness in her youth, she had suffered physical torture, and even now her back was curved, making her limp a little. But her loneliness had made her feel different from the rest; she felt apart, yet never alone. Her suffering had made her stop and think; she knew the art of sympathy. Yet she smiled at the world, sighed in solitude, and wished for the moon.

Joan expected a great deal of life; she wanted adventure. She was full of fun and eager to have a good time. Her moods of dependency were not frequent, but she suffered silently when unhappy. She preferred one pal to a host of friends, and for her one pal she would give all. Yet she was extremely sensitive, and consequently hurt in a thousand ways. Her disappointment showed clearly in her manner. She was not popular, and while she appeared not to care in the least, she often wondered. Her smile was all one could ask it to be; her beauty the result of beautiful thoughts; she had an unaffected manner and a naturally happy disposition.

The two girls talked easily, Mary naming ambitions, and Joan bringing her back to earth and a fading sunset.

\* \* \* \* \*

A quiet, soothing rain was falling gently. A group of girls made a comfortable picture as they formed a small group in Janice's living room. The day had tired the girls, the rain had quieted them, and now they sat silent, though the silence was not strained.

"Sometimes days like this are necessary," spoke Babs suddenly as she drew her finger across the window pane.

"I wonder just where we'll all be next year this time," asked Dolores. This was one of her few moments of seriousness.

"Why worry about it," murmured Gloria.

"Oh, we'll all be in some college studying as if we liked it," moaned Babs.

"Thanks for thinking I've got some chance to graduate," smiled Dolores, "Me and my ten or eleven credits."

"Speaking of where we'll be next year, I wonder where we'll be fifteen years from now," asked Mary slowly.

"No telling," came from Babs.

"I guess you mean where would we like to be," questioned Janice.

"Well, since you have mentioned it, where would you like to be?" asked Babs of Janice.

Janice smiled as though seeing something in the distance which pleased her. Janice was an attractive girl with brown wavy hair and large brown eyes. She lived almost entirely in the present merely because it was pleasant, and as a result she was well liked

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by everyone. Her popularity was the result not only of her beauty and her disposition, but also of an over ambitious mother.

"Well," she began slowly, "I like children awfully well—but I guess I want to be a very great singer—you know the kind that everyone loves, and of course I want to be rich, real rich, so I can have beautiful clothes n'everything. But I want to be a singer most of all."

Babs laughed suddenly, but quickly became all seriousness again; then she resumed the attitude of a toastmaster, "Joan, you're next on the program."

"Promise you won't laugh," was Joan's first request.

The girls nodded.

"Well—you see—it's awfully silly, but I want," she faltered, "I want to be a great stage dancer."

The girls looked up amazed. This was the very last thing they expected. Babs to prevent further comment called out, "Gloria! next!"

Gloria turned her blonde head a trifle and sighed audibly. She could have been termed beautiful, but her face was expressionless. She was the living personification of selfishness. Her mother and father could give her nothing; so she lived with an aunt who could give her the clothes she needed to go in the crowd she preferred, and as a result she had taken up all the habits of a crowd and made them her own. Her affected ennui now expressed "her crowd."

"Well," she announced slowly, "It doesn't make so awfully much difference to me, but I'll be a debutante, and then maybe marry. I think children are silly—dumb; I hate 'em. But now, I'm sick of everything there is to do," she frowned.

Half the girls looked disgusted.

"All right, Mary, you're next."

"Some day," replied Mary without hesitating, "I'm going to be a great writer.. I am going to write something that will help every one to be happy. And, Oh, I guess I want money, like the rest, and love, and—a home by the side of the sea."

There was a pause, a deep stillness, and Babs as though suddenly awakening exclaimed, "Your turn, Dolores!"

Dolores was the picture of animation, and she expressed her whole character in what she said, "Oh, I just want to have a good time, go places, and do things."

The crowd laughed a little at her ambitions. Then Janice turned on Babs. "Well you're last but not least, turn about is fair play."

Babs was a tall, rather awkward girl, with a dual personality; quiet and studious in school and among strange people, but among good

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friends she was clever. She was trying to make the big things in life absorb her while she was afraid of finding out that the little things count. She, too, answered without hesitation, "I want to write, too, but stories for children. You know, little things to amuse them."

\* \* \* \* \*

Fifteen years were born to die an aged death before even two of these girls met again. Babs had succeeded in all she set out to do, but she was not satisfied. The rest had lived in a world controlled by the irony of circumstances, and they wondered what might have been.

MARY A. SMITH.

## O'COOSA

( At Rome, Georgia )

Out of the realm of the pine tree tall,  
Out of the land of spring and fall,  
Answering nature's echoing call,  
O'Coosa.

You pass through haunt of the mocking bird,  
Through forest wild by mortal ne'er stirred;  
Onward you pass without saying a word,  
O'Coosa.

Singing and rippling as you go,  
Watching the clouds drift to and fro,  
Tell us the secrets that you know,  
O'Coosa.

Life of mortals go out as a light,  
Languages and customs shrink from sight,  
But you move on, both day and night,  
O'Coosa.

ELIZABETH WRIGHT.

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## A SOUL'S QUEST

Waking dreams  
On late moonbeams,  
And list'ning to the pipes  
Of Pan.

Longings vain  
Through misting rain,  
And calling from the soul  
Of man.

Torture's hell—  
Too deep to tell,  
And wondering always  
Just why.

Dust of a kiss—  
Remembered bliss—  
In memories that never  
Quite die.

Breaking dawn—  
A soul reborn,  
And a whisp'ring voice  
From above.

Answering clear  
In accents near,  
What you are seeking  
Is love.

MARY A. SMITH.

## THE JOYS OF FORGETFULNESS

The pleasures of memory are only comparable to the joys of forgetfulness. Memory has ever been praised. "Remember" is the first word in every school teacher's commandment. But there is another side of the question which should be considered. The fine art of forgetfulness is to be coveted.

Education should teach the wise selection of things to be carried in the mind. The human mind is like a ship, it can carry only a certain amount of cargo, and the shrewd captain will load up with only the things needed on any voyage.

Happiness comes from judicious forgetting as well as from the proper exercise of memory. "Forget the things which are unpleasant" is a good new year's resolution, and every morning issues in a new year's day.

It is not a crime to fail, but it is a crime to one's self to brood on failure. It is the one who has learned how to forget who pushes forward in the world's work.

On returning from a vacation one is to be commended on knowing what to carry in his memory. The ants in the lunch, the upsetting of the boat, the undesirable food at the country boarding house should be relegated to their origin; and only the delights of the trip should be kept in the treasure chest of memories.

Blessed is the person who can forget as well as remember, for forgiveness is only forgiveness when it forgets. The mind forgets the thing it is least interested in. The creation of interest in the right things will therefore shut out from remembrance the less important things.

A "treacherous memory," as it is often called, is not always to be lamented. It is sometimes a matter for rejoicing. The power to forget things which remembered are weights to impede progress is indeed a quality to be coveted.

ANNA FRANCES HAM.

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## A STUDENT ARTIST

The artist mixed her colors carefully. She took a brush of yellow and a palette knife burdened with green, and drew her brush zig-zaggingly across the palette.

"Oh!" cooed Sue, "a perfect likeness! Two children walking down a railroad track."

"Don't be absurd!" shouted the temperamental artist viewing her work, while scratching the back of her head with the end of her brush, "This is an impression of the Prelude in C-sharp Minor."

"That lavender kinda looks like wisteria to me," wistfully added Angela, holding the sardine she was eating by the tail and viewing it with a puzzled expression.

"Oh, doesn't that look just like Mary's new permanent?" nonchalantly reasoned Jane shaking cracker crumbs over the pillow as she viewed the artist draw uncertain yellow across the glass.

"Think I'll make this into a scene from that fairy tale where the princess hangs her hair out of the window, and her lover uses it for a ladder," murmured the artist.

"What an idea!" beamed Sue as she fluffed her long bob proudly with expectation of what her tresses might bring.

"What's that spot of red—a sunset?" softly asked Alice as she paused a moment in the memorizing of an amorous note.

"No, foolish, that is the lover's cape!" reproved the indignant artist.

She continued her work in silence, stopping now and then to gaze at what she had done. The room was quiet except for the splashing of water created by Mary's washing hose, the occasional sound of an olive seed hitting the tin waste basket, and the munching of crackers.

"Hell's bells!" exclaimed Alice glancing at her watch, and forgetting that she was in love, "the college shop is open, and I'm starved!"

"Who isn't?" questioned Jane, licking her finger and replacing the relish.

The artist viewed her work which was now being changed to represent one of her classmates, and slowly picked up the spatula. A moment later she walked over a "busy" sign, interrupted a bridge game, and borrowed a dime.

MARY A. SMITH.

## WHAT'S IN A HAT?

Janet looked out of the window. She wished she could go home; the everlasting nothingness of the place was driving her mad. She told herself that all she did was to go to classes, go to meals, and go to bed. Billie came in and Janet continued to look out of the window.

"Janet, tomorrow is the last day we can look for the hat." Gee, couldn't Billie stay off the subject of that silly old hat a second? Who wanted a hat anyway? Who cared whether the Freshmen found the hat, or whether the Sophomores hid it a thousand times?

"I know it, but what of it? I think it's silly to hunt for an old hat. What's the difference whether we entertain the Sophs, or whether they entertain us? I'm hungry, let's go to the store, and as far as the hat is concerned I think it's childish and I can't find myself interested in it."

Billie shook her head sorrowfully. "If only Janet would get into the spirit of things." As they started to the store she said,

"Janet, if you only wouldn't take that attitude about things, you have no idea how much more everyone would like you. I know you don't care what people think about you, but it's just the principle of the thing. As long as you're a Freshman, why not join in with the rest of us?"

"Yes, and lose myself entirely and become one of the mob? No thanks! I prefer my present state."

Later at the class meeting Billie was selected to watch the Sophomore class president to see whether she sneaked out during the night and moved the hat. The selection was quite fortunate since Billie and Janet roomed only two doors from her. The plans were completed about noon. The Freshmen knew that if they did not find the hat either that day or before noon the next day it would be too late. The entire afternoon girls were seen poking about the shrubs and searching the campus. They climbed the trees, dug up flowers, and knocked down posts. They ran upstairs and downstairs, and into the library, but no hat did they find. They condemned the Sophomores because they were so clever, and themselves for waiting until the last minute. They decided about five o'clock that their only hope was that the hat would be moved under the cover of darkness, and they depended upon Billie to investigate that. Several girls were in Billie's room planning the night's watch. It was decided finally that Billie and one other girl would climb into a tree at the end of the dormitory and wait for developments. Janet, who

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had been reading a novel all afternoon, left the others in disgust that they should be so interested in the stupid affair.

It was after supper and almost time for the watch to begin when Billie took sick and Janet had to take her to the infirmary. Billie was so worried about the hat and about it being too late for her to get someone to take her place that Janet, out of sheer pity, offered to do it for her; however, her parting words were,

"Don't think I'm doing this because I want to, but it's because you are so interested. I wouldn't do it for anybody else but you."

There was a half hidden torpid moon when Mae and Janet left the hall in an unguarded moment and climbed into the tree. It was a moonlight night, but not the kind of moonlight that would help to reveal things, rather a ghastly moonlight that brought to one's mind forgotten tales. The girls climbed silently into the tree to wait; Janet unwilling and Mae disheartened and uninterested because of Janet's lack of enthusiasm. They sat or rather perched there as the dormitory lights began to go out. "How uncomfortable it was in that old tree," thought Janet, "and what a fool she had been to come! Even the Sophomores would have better sense than to hide the hat again tonight. How she hated the place anyway!" There were second winks and the Sophomore lights were also turned out. Soon all save one or two dim lights were extinguished. What was that grotesque shadow, and what made the rustling noise behind her? It was so silly to be afraid, maybe if she talked she wouldn't notice things.

"Is that someone?" she asked her companion, although she knew full well that it was not.

"No, I don't think they're going to move it tonight. Let's go in," said Mae.

This surprised Janet. She hadn't wanted to come out, but now that she was on duty she felt that she could not desert her post without having stayed at least a reasonable length of time; so she insisted that they should remain a little longer. Mae was a quitter. How Janet hated a quitter! Quite suddenly the idea came to her mind that to be a quitter one must have at least entered into a thing, and she hadn't even done that. She was worse than Mae! A soft rain began to fall, and the ashen moon with its dingy light was gone. How desolate it was, but now Janet found herself wishing that they could find the hat because, after all, finding a hat is a small thing to fail in. All nature save the misty rain seemed uncannily quiet; time passed and Mae wanted to leave, but strange to say Janet was the one who insisted on staying. Slowly the dormitory door opened and there came two vague figures. Janet could hardly control herself

## THE PINE BRANCH

in her excitement, but she and Mae sat almost rigid as the two figures passed and entered the administration building. In a few moments they returned in the splattering and soft rain, they paused a moment by the roots of an old oak tree, then returned to the building.

Both girls scrambled down and hugged each other as they relaxed. They had won! They would hurry noiselessly to bed. The next morning Billie was awakened by some absurd yelling—

"HAT! HAT! FRESHMEN! FRESHMEN!"

She looked out of the infirmary window. They had found it! There was Janet leading the mad yelling crowd. Janet who had thought it was all so silly and childish.

HELEN WEST.

## SONG OF A FRESHMAN

Until you've missed the lure of streets you know,  
The scenes of work and play your childhood knew,  
The home-like sound of the dear old river's flow,  
You don't know what the home-town means to you.

Until you've seen the lights of other homes,  
And other families sitting 'round the fire,  
Until, back home, your heart—so lonesome—roams,  
You don't know what the home-place means to you.

Until you've been away, and cannot see  
The folks who always seem to understand,  
With whom you always feel entirely free,  
You don't know what the home-folks mean to you.

Until you've wanted mother in the night,  
To seek her care that's constant, quiet, true,  
And missed, at every sound, her footsteps light,  
You don't know what your mother means to you.

EMELIZA SWAIN.

## RIDING

The other day I went riding with three sixteen-year-old high school girls,—what a ride and what a conversation! I am not quite an old fogey—only seventeen, and a freshman in college. Six months away from home caused me to be the silent rider for a part of the time.

"This is the craziest ole car I ever saw. Dad acts right childish about getting a new one. Would you believe it when the funny ole mule out at the farm died, Dad rushed all over everywhere till he got a new one, and yet I spend all my time trying to show him how the car is practically dying on his hands, and he doesn't even act interested!"

"Isn't it so! You know—look! There's my type! Boy! What wouldn't I do for a brunette man!"

"Scuse the interruption, Mae, but you know what your Dad said, and you're making over fifty."

"Good night! Anybody'd think I was an infant to hear Dad—'don't turn corners fast, don't go'—speaking of brunettes, how's that for a brick-yard blonde! You know there's something positively fascinating about red-headed boys—or maybe it's just because they're my type."

"Honey! Speaking of red, have you seen Susan's new dress? It's absolutely the most flaming red I ever hope to see! Bob said he was afraid to touch her because he might get burned!"

"Well he must have gotten bravely over it, because last night—look coming!"

"Guide the car while I powder!"

"Hey! — Hey!"

"Aren't they the most conceited boys you've ever seen? I wouldn't date them for anything, and they know it too!"

"Do you want to go by John's house, Sarah? Don't look. I'll tell you if he's there!"

"Wait till I find my compact!"

"If Dad wasn't so unreasonable I'd wish we'd have a blow-out right in front of his house. Aren't that sweet of me?"

"Wouldn't be much point in it. You can look, Sarah, he's not at home."

"Isn't it funny 'bout John—you know I've known him practically all my life and I didn't even think he was cute till he rushed me at Sue's dance. I guess it was because I didn't even know him—"

"I mean he's your type now tho!"

"Well—"

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"Mae! I thought you were going to run right in that post!"

"Not me, child! I've been driving too—look! Isn't that Jane with Doe Peterson? Doesn't she look thrilled!"

"She ought to. She's been crazy about him for a year, and this is the first time he's ever really taken her—"

"Talking about being crazy, where on earth are you going? Oh!—I—"

"I forgot to tell you, Mae!—he went off with his dad."

"That reminds me—we'd better go home. Dad has just got to go to that ole farm every Sunday! He—"

"Here comes Virginia and her crowd!"

"Tell her to come get us when we go home."

"I'll 'phone her at the drug store. I know that's where she's going."

"Mother doesn't really care 'bout my riding with Virginia so much. She says when you ride on Sunday it should be more to enjoy nature and not—"

"I know what you mean—Virginia doesn't do a thing but talk about boys, 'nd everything. I don't like it either, but I do want to ask her about that boy that was with Jim! He looked jus' like he was my type!"

EMILY BURNEY.





## EDITORIAL

### EXPECTATIONS UNFULFILLED— GIFTS UNPROMISED

College! Oh, what a thrill when we could casually glance down at our smart, multi-stickered bags with our tennis rackets strapped on the side and think, "At last, I am really on my way to college!" We thought that we were going to fall into a round of exciting campus politics, class rivalry, midnight feasts on the sly, whispered conversations with our chums, and other little things that would make the Dean look on us with a little suspicion. How much fun it would be to put bath salts in someone's bed, or to enter a room and be drenched by a bucket of water! We could visualize the stealthy pajama parades, and the scamper when the monitor unexpectedly appeared. What fun it would be to see our roommates, the darling pals with whom we could whisper and giggle after "lights out!" How glorious it would be to walk down the street and have people nudge each other and whisper, "There's a college girl!" How grand it would be to enter a huge lecture room and have an extremely indifferent, yet brilliant man deliver a very impressive and grave lecture on Einstein's theory!

With the narrow capacity of our little girlish high school minds for grasping things, we saw this glorious adventure as heaven and perfection and the things we wanted from life.

When we came to college, we got a big "jolt". We did not find the "rah-rah" things that our high school conception had led us to expect; instead, we received a broadening of our viewpoint which showed us that these were not the real things and the things we want from life.

After our views had been broadened, instead of ironically offering us the adventure of the little midnight episodes which would now seem childish to us, college flung to us the challenge which we little dreamed that it could.

Suppose college had given us matured minds, and then offered us a silly, giggling room-mate. No, college did not fulfill the promise of a life of midnight feasts, but think of the gifts it gave us unpromised! The catalog says nothing about the greatest things we have found here.

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Instead of having a silly roommate, we have formed real friendships, and made inspiring contacts. Instead of campus political bunk, high ideals of leadership have ruled our motives.

We thought it would feel important to be a "college girl," but did anybody tell us about the great spirit of fellowship which we would feel towards those with whom we are bound by common ideals and a common purpose?

It may have been a bit disillusioning to have a professor tell us why we shouldn't buy colored soaps, but surely that is of more practical use to us than Einstein's theory.

The best things that come to a freshman are not advertised in the catalog; they come unbidden and unpromised.

MARGUERITE POWELL.

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## THE EXPERIENCES OF G. S. W. C. FRESHMEN

The results of a recent questionnaire given to the Freshman class of the Georgia State Womans College have proved very illuminating. The students were asked to write what they considered their most worthwhile experience at college, and in trying to describe the incident, contact, or experience from which they had received the most benefit, the Freshmen have revealed some interesting facts.

It is worth noting that comparatively few of the girls mentioned the same things, but that the experiences mentioned were mostly of the kind that every girl at G. S. W. C. has been subjected to, and probably received benefit from. If one girl thought it fitting to mention having received a great deal from the Christmas festival, there can be no doubt that a large portion of the other girls were similarly affected. Since the girls mentioned common experiences, one is led to believe that every Freshman has received benefit from practically every one of the experiences named. Of course, different girls react differently to the same thing, but the difference is usually in degree.

One of the most significant revelations was that by far the greater part of things mentioned were benefits which the girls had received from association with one another. This indicated that the advantages to be derived from college come largely from bringing the girls together rather than from any outside influence which they could get elsewhere.

Meeting so many different types of girls was mentioned on over one-third of the papers. Many others mentioned living with people, especially rooming with other girls. One girl said, "I have learned

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to live with a group and be friendly and happy. I have also learned the art of "give and take." This feeling of good from a group spirit was predominant. A splendid example was that of a girl who said, "I have learned to try to act not only for myself but to act in such a way that I may be a help not only to myself, but to my group."

Learning to depend on one's self, greater appreciation of home and parents, and the influence of the instructors and of the off-campus speakers were mentioned frequently. The conference period with the Dean of Women and Dr. Smart's visit to the campus were often noted.

Some of the girls mentioned the fact that they had acquired many little accomplishments which had broadened them. One said, "I have learned to play tennis and to dance, widening my experiences in college and later. Then college has helped me to appreciate many things that I didn't before."

Many girls mentioned little individual experiences which had made them realize some of the truths of the world that one must learn sooner or later. One Freshman had realized "that you are only hurting yourself when you do not accept responsibilities." Another said, "I am learning not to take things too seriously, and am in this way able to enjoy and appreciate life more fully."

One is impressed by the number of girls who felt a change and a broadening experience from having been at college, but who find themselves unable to describe the feeling or to locate its cause. An example of this is, "To me, college has brought many worthwhile things, some that I could not possibly write, because I feel changes in myself which I cannot express."

"Finding the hat," "Making the Honor Roll," having a "Big Sister," and learning "to spend money" and "to use time more wisely" were all included in the answers.

One or two town girls expressed disappointment at not knowing the pleasures of dormitory life. One indolent laggard said, "With the exception of Saturday school, most of my experiences here have been pleasant."

There was one girl who had found that "college is not what it is cracked up to be." Probably she had never outgrown her high school conception of college as a round of midnight feasts and every-thing seasoned with rah, rah.

The questionnaire brought to light many of the numberless advantages other than the actual curriculum which are to be derived from a college.

MARGUERITE POWELL.



## Y. W. C. A.

Dr. Lena J. Hawks, of the Mathematics Department, was the speaker at Vesper on Sunday evening, March 2nd. She talked on the different religions of mankind and discussed the non-Christian religions of China, India, and Persia.

In her talk she pointed out the characteristics common to all religions.

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The Y. W. C. A. was fortunate this month in bringing Dr. Smart, of Emory University, to our campus. His visit is anticipated each year by the girls who have had the pleasure of knowing him and hearing his talks before. Those of us who met him for the first time are looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to his next visit. He gave a series of inspirational lectures.

On Saturday night, March 8, Dr. Smart gave an interesting talk on the problems in the lives of young people and the way they can solve them through Christianity. Sunday morning, instead of going down-town to church, we attended services led by Dr. Smart held in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall. He gave a very impressive talk on "Love and its Relation to Life." An enjoyable feature of the service was a solo by Miss Alimae Temple.

The Y. W. C. A. entertained for Dr. Smart at tea on Sunday afternoon from four to six o'clock. Miss Anne Talbert, of Brinson, president of the Y. W. C. A., presided at the tea table. She was assisted in serving by the members of the "Y. W." Cabinet.

One of the most interesting features of Dr. Smart's visit was the open forum held Monday afternoon, March 10. The girls wrote problems and questions which he discussed and helped to solve. These discussions were very worthwhile.

An interesting devotional service was led the second week in March by Miss Ruth Norman, of Norman Park. Miss Essye Allgood, of Cairo, talked on "Truth." In her talk she brought out the fact that truth is the basis of life and although it is difficult to always tell the truth, this is the only way to obtain real happiness.

Miss Margaret Sumner, of Poulan, led the Vesper Services Thurs-

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day evening, March 13. The subject was "Making Things Worth-while."

Another interesting devotional service in March was led by Miss Etta Giddens, of Arlington. The subject was "Modern Types of Bible Women." Miss Evelyn Deariso, of Sylvester, talked on "Women of Self-importance," and Miss Alice Hicks, of Thomasville, spoke on "Women of Little Importance."

The following officers of the Y. W. C. A. have been elected for the year 1930-31:

President—Miss Margaret Sumner.

Vice President—Miss Essye Alligood.

Secretary—Miss Nancy Rowland.

Treasurer—Miss K. D. Rentz.

Saturday evening, March 22, the Y. W. C. A. entertained the student body and faculty at a "manless" dance in the dining room of Ashley Hall.

Vesper Services on Thursday evening, March 20, were led by Miss Mary Jane Littlefield, of Folkston. The program consisted of songs and responsive readings.

Miss Ila Rehberg, of Ochlochnee, had charge of the services Sunday evening, March 23. Hymns were sung and responsive readings were given.

VIRGINIA CLARK.



# ATHLETICS

## PHI LAMBDA NEWS

"Lambdas to Win" takes on new meaning as the second semester comes to a close. It won't be long until somebody's name is engraved on the silver plaque!

How 'bout it, Lambdas? Would you like to see "Phi Lambda Athletic Association" engraved on the plaque for 1930. Of course! But do you care enough about it to get out and work, and work hard, the next few months? For it's going to take hard work to put it across.

By the time this issue of the Pine Branch goes to press the winner of field events will be known. Here's hoping the Lambdas will do as well on that day as they have in practice.

C'mon now, Lambdas! Let's get some pep back of us and win this year! It's the last year some of our Lambdas will be at G. S. W. C. Let's give them a victorious send-off and have a winning team to greet next year's Lambdas!

EMILY BURNEY.

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## KAPPA NEWS

Yea, Kappa!—fight!

The soccer and basketball season has drawn to a close, and another victory added to the Kappa honors! Already "Phi Kappa" has been written on the plaque twice,—are we going to fail to write it there again? Never!

Since Field Day has merged into Play Day, the girls who went out for track will have their try-out for points after the spring holidays. Only new girls went out for track, for the former students would have to beat themselves to get any new points. The Freshmen who went out for track are making a splendid record, and hope to add enough points to the ones already gained to get a Letter, or if not a Letter, at least their numerals.

RUTH DOZIER.

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

### FIELD DAY MERGES INTO PLAY DAY

At the Play Day sponsored by The Georgia State Womans College on Wednesday, March 26th, one of the finest demonstrations of right attitudes toward sportsmanship and play ever witnessed in South Georgia was displayed in the games and activities participated in by the students of the G. S. W. C. and visiting high school teams.

The guests for the activities of the entire day were the high schools in motoring distance of the college and the superintendents of the high schools. Among these high schools were the following which brought teams to participate in the games and relays: Fitzgerald, Albany, Quitman, Barwick, Lakeland, Sparks-Adel, Thomasville, Moultrie, Valdosta, Vienna, Morven, Baconton, Pavo, and Scriven. The visitors and the G. S. W. C. students were divided into six teams which competed in games and events throughout the entire day. The six teams and captains were—Miss Ethel Castleberry of Ashburn, yellow; Miss Virginia Clark, of Louisville, red; Miss Kate Johnson, of Sasser, orange; Miss Mary Jane Littlefield, of Folkston, purple; Miss Agnes Jones, of Brunswick, blue; and Miss Mary Morris, of Columbus, green.

Each team captain selected and appointed the girls to represent their respective teams in the twelve games that were played simultaneously during the forenoon. No two girls from the same town were placed on the same team. The games included were: tennis, giant volleyball, basketball, croquet, box hockey, horse shoe pitching, clock golf, Newcomb prison ball, golf, bombardment, bullets, and field dodge ball.

For a brief period preceding the picnic lunch, social games and social dancing were enjoyed in the dining room.

Preceding the mass demonstration, an exhibition golf match was played on the G. S. W. C. course. Messrs. Russell Neilson and Herbert Samways, of Canada, played Messrs. Billie Pardee and Billie Oliver, of Valdosta. The Valdostans won the game from the Canadians.

The mass activities were participated in by many students and showed the splendid physical training each young lady at the college receives. The Phi Kappa and Phi Lambda Athletic Associations gave a grand march; College groups have folk dances,—Ostendaise, How Do You Do, and Portland Fancy; and the Freshman Gym classes gave a most spectacular Flag Drill.

The six teams of the day then ran off the novelty races, consisting of sack race, three-legged race, hoop race, tug-o-war, barrel race, wheelbarrow race, and chariot race.

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While the scores were compiled the College teams played demonstration games of Volley Ball and American Ball. The Red Team won the contests for the day. After the games the young ladies left for their respective homes to spend the spring holidays.

Play Day, as sponsored by the Physical Education department under the direction of Miss Leonora Ivey and her assistant, Miss Elizabeth McRee, with the cooperation of the two Athletic Associations, was one of the new features on the College calendar for this year. The activities of this event accompanied the ambitions of the administrative staff by promoting right attitudes toward play; namely, the spirit of play in sports rather than spirit of winning; games for inexperienced participants; and the fostering of good fellowship between the College and neighboring high schools.



# LOCALS

## SIR AMES GUEST OF COLLEGE

Sir Herbert Ames, formerly of Montreal, Canada, and Geneva, Switzerland, was the guest of the International Relations Club Friday and Saturday, March 7 and 8. Sir Herbert spoke on Friday morning on "The Promise of Peace."

On Friday afternoon he spoke on "The Machinery of the League." After the afternoon lecture the club entertained at an informal reception. On Friday evening he spoke on "The Fulfillment of the Promise," at the student government meeting. On Saturday morning he held a round table discussion, centering around the League of Nations.

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## I. R. C. TEA

The International Relations Club of the Georgia State Womens College entertained at an informal reception on Friday afternoon, March 7th, honoring Sir Herbert Ames. The Rotunda was colorfully decorated with woodland flowers. In the receiving line with Sir Herbert Ames, were: Miss Nannie Pope, of Valdosta, president of the club, Miss Dorothy Stroud, of Valdosta, vice-president of the club, Miss Jean Loughridge, of Odum, secretary-treasurer of the club, and Miss Mildred Price, of the History department, faculty advisor to the club. Miss Louise Holcombe, of Valdosta, Miss Louise Johnson, of Valdosta, and Miss Hazel Taylor, of Valdosta, greeted the guests. Assisting with the serving were Miss Mattie Lou Doss, of Valdosta, Miss Bertha Ferrell, of Quitman, Miss Etta Giddens, of Arlington, Miss Frances Hughes, of Glennville, Miss Dorothy Lile, of New Philadelphia, Ohio, Miss Margaret Jennings, of Waycross, Miss Ruth Norman, of Norman Park, Miss Georgia Patterson, of Boston, and Miss Ann Talbert, of Brinson.

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The International Relations Club, of the Georgia State Womens College, held its regular monthly meeting on Friday evening, March 21st. Miss Nannie Pope, of Valdosta, president of the club, presided.



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Miss Louise Holcombe, of Valdosta, led a discussion on Reparations. Miss Lillian Patterson, of Cordele, discussed the situation existing in Italy. Miss Dorothy Lile, of New Philadelphia, Ohio, discussed the naval conferences, and Miss Louise Johnson, of Valdosta, and Miss Hazel Taylor, of Valdosta, reported on international current events.

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## DR. SMART GUEST OF G. S. W. C.

Dr. W. A. Smart, of the School of Theology, Emory University, was a guest of the Y. W. C. A., at the Georgia State Womans College Saturday, Sunday and Monday, March 8, 9, and 10. Dr. Smart is one of the most popular visitors to the campus.

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## MAY QUEEN ELECTED

By popular vote at assembly on Wednesday, March 12, Miss Catherine McRee, of Valdosta, was voted Queen of the May, and Miss Caroline Parrish, of Valdosta, Maid of Honor. Miss McRee, who is president of the senior class will well represent the student body as Queen in the Festival which will be held on May 1st. Her scholarship and interest in student activities during her years at the college, as well as her charming blonde beauty and poise, were popularly acclaimed in the contest on Wednesday morning. Miss Parrish's popularity was equally well attested in the honor conferred on her by the student group.

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## I. R. C. AT ASSEMBLY

The faculty and student body of G. S. W. C. were entertained in chapel Monday, March 3rd, by the report of the delegates sent by the International Relations Clubs of the Southeastern States. Miss Mildred Price, of the history department conducted the meeting. Miss Margaret Brabham, of Moultrie, gave a general outline of the daily events of the conference. Miss Nannie Pope, of Valdosta, president of the International Relations Club gave a talk on the subject, "What Benefit I Derived From the Conference and its Personal Interest for Me."

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### GLEE CLUB CONCERT

The Glee Club, of the Georgia State Womans College, under the direction of Miss Alimae Temple, presented one of the most brilliant and varied performances in the history of the College Friday evening, March 14, at the Ritz Theatre.

The first part of the program featured a number of solos and ensemble selections. The Chorus of Seraphim from "Paradise Lost" by Dubois, in which Miss Annabel Herblin was soloist, was the opening number. Following this the entire Glee Club rendered "Solveg's Song" from "The Peer Gynt Suite," by Greig-Claassen; "The Cossack Rider," a Russian Folk Song; and "Love's Benediction," an Irish Folk Song. Two violin solos, "Spanish Dance," by Rehfelk, and "Schon Rasmarin," by Kreisler, given by Billy Pardee, furnished a pleasant interlude in the program. In the next number Miss Lois Ford, of Abbeville, soloist, was assisted by a special group in the following selections: "Song to Summer," by Jas. A. Dasher, and "Serenade from Frasquita," by LeHar.

Miss Herblin, accompanied by the Glee Club, again pleased the audience, as soloist, with "Mattinata," by Tosti-Leanitt; "Trees," by Rashback-Harris; "A Slumber Song," by Nevin; and "Song of Songs," by Moya.

"Allah's Holiday," by Friml, given by a selected group, and "In Maytime," by Speaks, and "All For You," by Bertrand-Brown, solos sung by Miss Herblin concluded the program of the first part.

The theme song of the second part was "The Bubble," from "High Jinks," by Friml; a solo was rendered by Miss Mary Elaine Flanagan, of Waycross. Accompanying the solo, Miss Louise Lastinger, of Valdosta, and Miss Helen Ryon of Hinesville, gave a special dance. They were assisted in the dance program by an ensemble of twelve girls of the Glee Club. The colorful and artistic costuming displayed in the ensemble numbers made a most pleasing climax to the concert.

The program was unusually versatile and entertaining, being well balanced and admirably executed.

The officers of the club are—Lois Ford, of Abbeville, president; Louise Johnson, of Valdosta, vice-president; Jean Stooksberry, of Savannah, treasurer; and Myrtice Ford, of Abbeville, secretary.

The accompanists for the program were Mr. James A. Dasher and Miss Helen Ryon, of the department of music; violinist, Mrs. Frances B. Pardee. The dances were directed by Miss Leonora Ivey.

The members of the Glee Club appearing in the program were: Misses Mary Winn, Jean Stooksberry, Lillian Lively and Sara McLeod, of Savannah; Mary Elaine Flanagan, of Waycross; Lois and

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Myrtice Ford, of Abbeville; Elizabeth Chance, of Quitman; Alice Hicks, of Metcalf; Kathleen Hurst, of Cairo; Madge Ingram, of Vienna; Elizabeth Kirkland, of Jasper, Fla.; Margaret Mixon, of Abbeville; Miriam McMillan, of Ochlocknee; Ethel McSwain, of Lyons; Ruth Norman, of Norman Park; Mary O'Quinn, of Patterson; Mary Mansfield, of Arlington; Mary Pearson, of Brookhaven; Annie Lou Stanaland, of Thomasville; Emeliza Swain, of Rome; Jenny Williams, of Cordele; Buford Williford, of Moultrie; Lois Wilson, of Bradenton, Fla.; and Hazel Allen, Dorothy Courtney, Avrylea Burch, Dorothy Ford, Louise Johnson and Laura Lee Jones, of Valdosta.

The Glee Club presented their excellent concert to an enthusiastic audience in Thomasville, Wednesday, March 19, at the Rose Theatre.

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Mr. F. M. Green, of the state department of vocational rehabilitation, was a guest of the College Tuesday, March 18th. He called upon the girls who have received aid from this department. Mr. Green has been a member of the state senate and is an old friend of G. S. W. C.

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Dr. R. H. Powell was a guest of the Adel-Sparks High School at Assembly Tuesday morning, March 18th.

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Miss Margaret Brabham, president of the Phi Kappa Athletic Association, and Miss Margaret Bullock, president of the Phi Lambda Athletic Association, attended the State Athletic conference held at Agnes Scott College, Atlanta, Ga., March 22. This is the first conference of this kind that has ever been held in Georgia.

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Miss Margaret Bullock, of Adel, was elected president of the Student Government Association for the year 1930-31 at the election held Friday, March 21. Miss Bullock is a member of the junior class, and has always played an important part in extra-curricular activities. During her sophomore year she was president of the Argonian Literary Society, secretary-treasurer of the Phi Lambda Athletic Association, and secretary of the Glee Club. She was also a member of the council during her sophomore year. This year Miss Bullock is president of the Phi Lambda Athletic Association.

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## VESPERS

Doctor Lena J. Hawks, of the department of physics and mathe-

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matics spoke in Vespers on Sunday evening, March 2, on the characteristics common to all religions. Some of the characteristics that Doctor Hawks discussed were—a realization of a higher force and the characterization of a God or Gods; sacred places of worship; sacred men who administer the religion; an attitude of prayer; some form of sacrifice; a certain amount of law and its observance; a dualistic nature recognizing good and evil; some redemption feature; sacred writings; a system of theology which characterizes only the mature religions.

On Thursday evening, March 6, Miss Essye Alligood, of Cairo, spoke on Truth. Miss Alligood brought many interesting thoughts from various authors who have used truth as a subject.

In the vesper services on Sunday evening, March 16, Miss Alice Hicks, of Metcalf, spoke on "The Woman of No Importance" as one of the Biblical types. Miss Evelyn Deariso, of Sylvester, spoke on the self-important woman.

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## PHILHARMONIC CLUB

The Philharmonic Club of the Georgia State Womans College met Monday evening, March 2, in the Rotunda. As there was no important business, Miss Joyce Roberson, of Screven, turned the meeting over to the program committee. The following program was presented. Miss Buford Williford discussed the development of the waltz from its beginning to the modern version of this phase of music. In illustration of the waltz, Miss Carolyn Patrick, of Quitman, played the waltz by Godard. In addition to the study of the waltz the Gavotte was also discussed. Miss Grace Mitchell, of Pineview, led the discussion. Following the presentation of the development of the Gavotte, Miss LaVanne Watson, of Lakeland, played a selection from Bach, Gavotte. In conclusion, Miss Helen Ryon, of Hinesville, and Miss Mary Alexander, of Nashville, gave a two piano number, Blue Danube Waltzes by Strauss, arranged by Chassius.

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## VALDOSTA CLUB

The Valdosta Club of G. S. W. C. held its monthly meeting March 4th, at the House in the Woods. Miss Pearl Strong, Miss Pauline Forbes, and Miss Dorothy Courtney were joint hostesses at the noonday luncheon. At the conclusion of the luncheon Miss Hazel Taylor, president of the club, presided. Miss Louise Johnson,

## THE PINE BRANCH

treasurer, gave a report on the finances of the club. The president appointed committees for the tea to be given in the near future. The club adjourned until May, the April meeting to be in the form of a "Manless Dance."

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## PRESIDENTS' CLUB

The Presidents' Club held its monthly meeting Wednesday evening, March 5th, in the board room of West Hall. The purpose of this meeting was the revision of the handbook.

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## MATHEMATICS CLUB

The department of Mathematics has organized a Mathematics Club recently. The club has as its object to stimulate interest in the subject, and to give recognition to scholarship in the department. The qualifications for membership are the selection of Mathematics as a major or minor, or passing off three hours of college mathematics with a grade of B or above. The officers of the club are Grace Chastain, of Thomasville, president; Lillian Patterson, of Boston, vice-president; and Mary Morris, of Columbus, secretary and treasurer.

\* \* \*

## ALUMNAE READING CLUB

The Alumnae Reading Club met on Tuesday evening, March 11. The study for the evening was biography, novels, and poetry of Georgia Meredith. The next meeting will be on April 1st, with Miss Elizabeth McRee.

\* \* \*

The Sock and Buskin Club held its regular meeting on Tuesday evening, March 18. Doctor Buka, of the modern language department, gave an interesting talk. She told of her experience as a play goer, and the club enjoyed her discussion very much. A short business meeting was then held.

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

At a benefit program given by the Y. W. C. A. on Saturday evening, March 22, two plays were given. "A Minuet," by Lewis N. Parker, portrayed life in France during the last century. The play was ably directed by Miss Louise McMichael, of Quitman. Miss Margaret Jennings, of Waycross, played the part of the jailer. Miss Mildred Lucas, of Cairo, was the marchioness, and Miss Kathleen Little, of Ocilla, was the marquis. "In 1999," by William de Mille, was directed by Miss Marion Laing, of Taylor's Creek. This play was modernistic and gave a humorous speculation on what life will be by the end of this century. Miss Virginia Mathis, of Ashburn, took the part of the wife. Miss Lillian Lively, of Savannah, was the husband, and Miss Margaret Brabham, of Moultrie, was the friend. The character dancing class added several numbers to the program. Miss Myrtle Vick, of Moultrie, and Miss Caroline Parrish, of Valdosta, did a rag doll dance.

\* \* \*

The Sophomores and Seniors were busy the past week with training school field day which was held on Wednesday, March 26th. A program of relays, races, and singing games including the boys and girls of the entire training school was given. Each class was represented by its colors in the form of ballrooms and streamers which added much color to the occasion.



## SOCIETIES

The Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies held a joint meeting in the Rotunda, Saturday evening, March 15.

"The No 'Count Boy," one of Paul Green's best known negro plays, was presented by several members from both societies.

Myrtle Vick, of Moultrie, played the part of Enos, the practical-minded young negro who was engaged to Pheelie, aptly played by Lillian Lively, of Savannah. Linnie Mae Hall, of Waycross, portrayed the part of the Old Woman especially well; Lillian Exum, of Walstonbury, N. C., as the 'No 'Count Boy' created much laughter.

The plot of the play is that a dreaming no'count boy nearly succeeded in carrying off Pheelie, the fiancée of the ardent young Enos, by simply playing his mouth-organ and telling her of his wholly imaginary travels into distant parts. There is a wealth of poetry and a richness of characterization in this little scene, and it won a place in the hearts of all who saw it.

\* \* \*

The members of both societies received their pins last week. These pins are very attractive and also very appropriate for the respective societies.

FRANCES MULLINS

ELIZABETH WRIGHT.



## ALUMNAE

The following girls of the class of 1927 have given us this information:

Irene Taylor, Pelham, Ga., is studying for a diploma from the Atlanta Business College—steno-commercial course.

Merri Nell Davis is Home Demonstration Agent for the counties of Bibb and Berrien.

Cora Burghard is English teacher in the Ft. Lauderdale Junior High School.

Kathryn Ulmer is teaching Physical Education at the Northeastern State Teachers College, Tahlequah, Oklahoma.

Mattie Baker is at home, Thomasville, Georgia.

Dorothy Dasher is teaching music in Newington High School, Newington, Ga.

Catherine Bruce Howell is working with her father in the Bruce Wholesale Plant Co., Valdosta, Ga.

Mildred Larsen is assistant to the Financial Secretary at the G. S. W. C.

Eunice Chute is teaching in the High School at St. George, Ga.

Margaret Lawson is teaching Home Economics in the Sparks-Adel High School.

Mildred Lavender is teaching in the Commercial High School, Columbus, Ga.

Bessie Young is teaching English in the High School at Milner, Georgia.

Hazel Donahue is teaching Latin and English in Micanopy, Fla.

\* \* \*

Marriages of the past summer continued:

Katherine Daugherty, Mrs. D. W. Hill, 1024 Columbia Avenue, Atlanta, Georgia.

Effie Patten, Mrs. F. L. Dillon, Box 612, Route 5, Santa Rosa, California.

Thelma O'Quinn, Mrs. J. H. Friddle, Sedgefield Inn, Greensboro, North Carolina.

\* \* \*

The Alumnae Association has received announcements of the arrival of the following grandchildren:

Mrs. J. Floyd Ramsey, (Joyce Sikes), a son, born in February.

## THE PINE BRANCH

Mrs. Murray Gay, (Eunice Farnum), a son, born in January.

\* \* \*

Addresses have been sent by the following alumnae members:

Lois O'Quinn, Mrs. O. A. Spence, teaching the seventh grade in Lakeland, Georgia.

Myrtle Bird, Mrs. Perry Carter, Lakeland, Georgia.

Estelle Patten, teaching the second grade in Lakeland, Georgia, and is planning to come to commencement.

Morgan Majette, Mrs. Daniel L. Grant, 3900 Graystone Avenue, Riverside, N. Y. City.

Clarice Ivey, teaching in the University of Michigan, Richland, Michigan.

Leola Smith, Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky.

Kathryn Ulmer, of Northeastern State Teachers College, Tahquah, Oklahoma, writes: "I hope to be there for homecoming and I want to see every member of that class of '27. I'm practicing singing The Pine Branch over now."

Lena Jenkins, Mrs. P. C. Branch, 704 Oak Street, Valdosta, Ga.

Marion Groover, teaching in Vidalia, Georgia.



## HELPFUL HINTS FOR CAMPUS LIFE

1. Always look through all the mail in the box, carefully examining the letters and postcards; it makes the students think that you are interested in them and their affairs.
2. Borrow anything of anybody's that you could possibly use; it creates an atmosphere of intimacy between you and the lender.
3. If there is a meeting in the Rotunda be sure and stick your head in the door and run; it makes the guests feel more at home.
4. No matter how much of an enemy a girl is of yours, if she has a date in the Rotunda be sure to go out and meet him, because it adds variety to his visit.
5. If you have signed to go out with someone at four o'clock always make her wait on you until at least 4:10; it helps to develop her patience.
6. When in the library always move around continually and find something to ask everyone there; it shows what an alert and wide awake person you are. \* \* \*

### I WISH I COULD SEE—

Pat without "Candy."

Miss Jenkins' hair disheveled.

Miss Campbell excited.

The dining hall quiet when a classical record is played.

Kat Robinson not highly amused.

Mary Leverette in a quiet and pensive mood.

Martha Horton smile.

A few haircuts around the campus.

Amos without his leggings.

How people are going to take this.

\* \* \*

Soph.: "They laughed when I started to the piano—"

Even dumber: "Did Shakespeare write that?"

\* \* \*

First Freshman (who was going down for the third time): "Help! Help! I can't swim!"

Second Freshman (standing on the bank): "Well, I can't either, but I'm not hollering about it."

## THE PINE BRANCH

Miss Edith: "Have you been reading Longfellow?"

Lillian Fletcher: "Nope, only about ten minutes."

\* \* \*

## WEATHER FORECAST

Local: Increasing fogginess as Student Government President election closes. Lots of hot air and wind dies down as politicking ceases. Further cloudiness as classes continue and as profs begin to talk of finals. Sunshine and clear skies as Spring holidays are talked over. More fogginess as the thought of faraway June enters the minds of the students.

\* \* \*

Candy: "Achoo!"

Pat: "Are you sneezing, honey?"

Candy: "No, do you think I'm a bee-hive?"

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS AS FOUND ON FRESH EXAM PAPERS.

Questions:

1. In what fields can a biologist work?
2. Who won the battle of Sedan?
3. What is a solo?
4. What is a goblet?
5. What is a stoic?

Define the following:

1. Oxygen.
2. Dispel.
3. Observatory.
4. The Mason-Dixon line.
5. Monomaniac.

Answers:

1. In the open fields and meadows.
2. Henry Ford.
3. A store-house for grain.
4. A small sailor.
5. A bird.

Definitions:

1. An eight-sided figure.
2. To spell incorrectly.
3. A place where flowers are kept.
4. What Southern boys tell girls.
5. A man with one wife.

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