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A SENIOR'S AMBITION

I've sung all the classics
Until my throat hurts—
I've followed the fashion
And worn the long skirts.

But now I shall do
And sing as I please—
And wear all my dresses
Up to my knees.

In one thing alone
I'll do as another—
I'll follow the fashion,
And take me a lover.

JULIA MAYE MURRAY—'30.



RETRIBUTION

I'll twine a strand of twisted silk
About his sullen throat—
And I will stop his truant song
By breaking each new note.

Oh hearts that burn and bleed and break,
Without a single sign,
You follow sweet Griselda's trail—
But never one of mine.

JULIA MAYE MURRAY—'30.

THE ORIGIN OF THE LATEST FAD IN WEDDING RINGS

The mimosa tree cast an everlengthening shadow over the philosopher as he sat gazing into the purple haze of the distance with an unwavering stare. Ever and again the downy flowers of the mimosa drifted to the ground, sometimes coming to rest in the snowy hair of the old man, which, sprinkled with the soft pink blossoms, framed a face browned by the passing of the years, but unfurrowed by the marks of time.

For hours he had sat there, seemingly looking into space, but in reality, his eyes were fixed on the approaching figure of a young man of thirty, attired in a neat, blue suit who panting from the unaccustomed exertion frowned constantly.

The young man drew near the seated figure apparently so unaware of the newcomer's presence. "Sage," he began, as he gazed into the fathomless depths of tranquillity.

"Hail, Worldly One, what seekest thou here in this place of meditation?"

"I want advice and wisdom," explained the young man, as he dropped heavily to a seat within the shadow of the mimosa.

"Wisdom and advice for what affair, O Worldly Young Man?" queried the Sage.

"You see, it's this way, marriage is becoming a farce. Women no longer stay married. They never think of their responsibilities. They marry today, divorce tomorrow. The entire world is alarmed concerning the future. As a last resort, I've come to you."

"The wheels of time move on and on," murmured the Philosopher, scarcely audibly. "Methinks I've heard rumors of such a state of affairs. So the women no longer stay married!"

"No," complained the young man. "They seem to be able to dissolve marriage by just slipping off their wedding rings."

"As easy as that?" The Sage closed his eyes, and leaned back against the trunk of the mimosa. "By the way," he mused. "What is the prevailing mode in wedding rings?"

The young man annoyed by the seeming triviality of the query, groaned inwardly at such a waste of time as he replied,

"Just a narrow band of platinum with orange blossoms and diamonds, such a thin narrow band as to be scarcely noticeable upon the hand."

Leaning back against the mimosa, he kept his eyes closed; not a muscle moved to betray the inner thoughts of the Sage. The young

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man sat watching him, becoming more and more impatient as the shadow of the mimosa lengthened, and the blossoms drifted down upon him.

Just as dusk threatened to become a reality, the visitor stood up, brushing away the pink blossoms impatiently. "Sage, if you have no solution to offer, I'll be going."

"Farewell, O Worldly Young Man, but beware of your thin narrow circlet; choose instead a slender carved chain of platinum links, flexible, yet as lasting as the ages to cling to the finger of your betrothed." The young man paused uncertainly, and glanced back at the Sage, now sitting upright, and staring at him with eyes of tranquillity.

"What do you mean, Sage? Who ever heard of using a chain for a wedding ring, and, anyway, what has that to do with cementing the bonds of marriage?"

"Circlets and bands may be broken, but chains, when the links are equal in strength, are ever-binding," was the reply of the Sage.

"But what has that to do with marriage?" repeated the visitor.

"It is of infinite importance," the Sage replied. "Does the bird with the bars of its cage ever conspicuously before it, forget its state of being? Does the prisoner weighted down by a ball and chain forget his responsibility to the state?" Concluding this explanation, the Philosopher leaned against the mimosa and closed his eyes. The young man, emersed in thought, stood still frowning deeply, while he pondered the words of the Sage. With a suddenness born of inspiration, his face beamed with a never to be forgotten understanding.

"That's a great idea, Sage. Many thanks." The young man departed almost running down the gentle slope.

* * * * *

The Philosopher sat under the mimosa tree, watching the approach of an auto, as it made its way laboriously up the trackless slope. The occupants of the auto were a young man of thirty, familiar to the Sage, and a young woman. "O, Sage," greeted the young man, "Allow me to present my wife, a bride of two months."

The Philosopher acknowledged the introduction by a solemn bow of his white locks as he murmured, "The life force at work again." Glancing down, he saw a chain of closely-knit links of platinum encircling the young woman's third finger.

The young woman eagerly greeted the Sage. "I just insisted upon seeing the person who originated such a perfect wedding ring. You can't imagine how many of our friends have commented on our happiness and adopted the pattern of my wedding ring."

MARGUERITE LANGDALE—'31.

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THE SIGNAL

Drab old woman
so gaunt and grey,
shall I acknowledge you beckon my way—
and beckon
and beckon
and beckon

Saurian eyes
with vitreous stare
shall I be transported to their lair—
and stare
and stare
and stare

She nods assent
without compromise.
Shall I ne'er wish it were otherwise—
and wish
and wish
and wish

LOUISE LASTINGER—'30.

KINSHIP

I'm kin to trees—
To flaunting wind, to crystal stars,
And flying rain,—to sleeping lakes,
To pregnant mountain silences,
And rhapsodies of mockingbirds—
But most of all,
I'm kin to trees.

I'm kin to trees—
With leaves of fragile filigree,
And fragrant pines of twilight thoughts,—
To shyly singing silver birches
And sun-flecked poplars worshipping—
Oh, most of all
I'm kin to trees.

ELSIE QUARTERMAN—'32.

A VACATION CURRICULUM

Sam Norton stretched his long legs across the end of the swing, and yawned for the nineteenth time. "Why doesn't something ever happen around here? This is the dulllest hole I have ever seen. It's a wonder to me that any of us have sense enough to know how to act when we get back to school."

"Why, Sam Norton, you ought to be ashamed. We have a good time here. It's better than most small towns anyway. If anything was to happen around here, you either wouldn't be up that morning, or would be in my swing yawning."

"Well, what's the use of getting up? Nothing to do except play a little tennis, ride, and maybe dance a little at night. Be a good sport Madge and pour me another glass of lemonade.—Thanks, that's a good girl. You know what I can't understand is how our parents stand it year in and year out. Why some of them have been living here all of their lives. You won't catch me spending the rest of my days in this burg. Dad never knows anything about the latest shows, or anything else for that matter, except his old cases—whether Johnnie's crippled leg is better, or about Mrs. Jones' complaint. What does he get for all his trouble? Just a few measly dollars. I intend to be a doctor, I suppose, but not like that."

"You ought to be interested in people like your father is. It won't be long before you will graduate, and then what? This place seems all right to me. I think I'd like to live here the rest of my life."

"Well, you can change your mind about that young lady. Guess I'd better amble on home. It's about time for the supper bell. See you tonight about eight. We are going to Marie's, aren't we?"

The girl thought on half aloud after Sam left the porch. "He makes me so mad; all the time throwing off on this town and everybody in it,—doesn't want to be like his father. He'd better wish he could do half as well. His father is one of the best doctors anywhere around. Everybody says so! The hospital he and Dr. Cozart have started is a great success. Sam ought to join them when he graduates. I wish something would happen to wake him up so that he would see that he has something worthwhile waiting for him here."

It was after twelve o'clock when the party was over. As Sam came in sight of the house he saw that the light in his father's room was on. "He must be going out on a case," he thought to himself. When he came in, his mother called,

"Your father is real sick. Go for Dr. Cozart."

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Sam did not stop to question, but quickly brought the doctor back. "You are a sick man Jim, and in a right bad fix. I warned you about that cold. I am afraid it has developed into pneumonia. You will pull through, but it will take time."

"What about John's operation we were to do this morning. It's too much for you by yourself."

"Now, don't you worry about that. What about Sam here? He ought to be getting in a little practice. I can tell him exactly what to do, and he can help me. Of course, I will perform the operation."

"Can you do that son? We hate to call in another doctor."

Sam stammered a "yes sir." An operation, and he to help! Could he do it?

"That's good Sam! Be at the hospital at seven-thirty sharp."

As Sam neared the hospital his hands began to tremble. Little Johnnie, the kid next door whom he had played football with,—he was to help save him.

In the operating room everything was quiet except for the quick commands of Dr. Cozart. Sam and the nurse moved as machines. Soon the operation was over and Dr. Cozart said it was a success.

"Thanks Sam, you helped me a lot. I wonder if you couldn't come down to the hospital for a while every day. I could use you while your father is sick."

"Of course, Dr. Cozart."

"Come, make the rounds with me today."

In every room they were asked the same question, "Where is Dr. Jim, why doesn't he come?"

"I didn't know Dad was such an important guy, Dr. Cozart."

"Your dad is about the best loved man in the community, Sam. I only hope you can accomplish as much as he has."

During the next week Sam divided his time between the hospital and home. His dad instead of getting better was becoming weaker every day. He could tell that Dr. Cozart was worried. Sam had been doing some serious thinking lately. He began to realize what a worthwhile man his dad was, and how much the people loved him. Flowers, calls, and numerous visitors only slightly expressed the attitude of the community. Many people had told him how his father had helped them. He hadn't thought about the psychic influence of a doctor before. Helping people—making them happy—being a friend to man, these were the things that really counted in life. He knew he hadn't lived up to the expectations of his Dad so far. He thought of the times his dad had tried to talk to him of his profession, and had asked him to go to the hospital with him.

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The crisis came on the ninth day; Dr. Cozart said if Dr. Jim could live through the night, the family might expect the recovery.

Sam walked from one end of the room to the other. His dad, his own father, might die that very night. If he could only live! He wanted to show him how he had changed. He heard a knock on the door and his mother said, "Your father wants you."

Sam hurried to the room and knelt beside the bed of his father.

"Son, I don't think I can make it," he said weakly. "You know my dreams for the hospital don't you? If I die, promise me you will serve the community as I have planned." With these words he passed into unconsciousness.

"I'll carry on dad, I will," he kept saying, but he saw his dad did not hear.

"You'd better leave Sam, and let me see what I can do," Dr. Cozart said.

Sam found Madge sitting in the swing on the porch and he dropped down beside her.

"Dad turned the plans over to me," he uttered.

"But your father will live to help you complete them,"—Madge spoke from the understanding of a woman's intuition.

* * * * *

Two months passed; and again Sam and Madge were talking on the porch.

"In two more days I leave for school. I surely hate to go too, for I have enjoyed working with Dad so much this summer. I hate to have to wait two years to begin work, but believe me there is plenty I am going to learn in that time."

Madge thought of the conversation two months before and only smiled.

MARGARET BULLOCK—'31.



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SILENCE

When I leave off prating
Of why and how,
Silence is more eloquent
Than I am now.
The Spring now shakes her head
With no less vehemence
Than all glad Summer mocks
Your impotence.
What other could I wish
Else than these
That plead my cause
With such sure ease?
For I will laugh with winter,
And she at that poor fool
Who lost his almanac
And has no fires to cool.

M. K. BURROWS—'30.

QUATRAIN

Life has been called a vale of tears
For human fate and folly—
But I have little mind to share
The poet's melancholy.

JULIA MAYE MURRAY—'30.

LADIES DON'T CHEW GUM

The sun on climbing out of the trench of the horizon saw about the campus several negro men busy taking gay Japanese lanterns from moss covered trellises, and one of the maids while sweeping the dormitory steps found a yellow gossamer, supposedly a dance handkerchief. In the room of Hannah and Evelyn two evening dresses hurriedly hung on chairbacks and silver slippers hastily discarded told of the prom which had been the night before.

Hannah shook her honey colored hair and yawned. Yes, it had been a lovely prom. It was good to stretch on the bed and think of the night before, it reminded one of home. The prom had certainly changed her opinion of several people. There was Susan for instance; she'd always thought that Susan showed good taste, yet last night her dress had fairly screamed "Small town!" and she had worn too much tawdry jewelry. She had always considered Grace—just a trifle too loud and too showy,—she had worn a dress though not elaborate yet chic. Nip, who had always boasted of having "been out" was ill at ease the entire time and afraid of making a faux pas!

James had been so thoughtful, and it had been so good to see him again; she wondered if he had enjoyed it, and Carl, had he? That was funny about Carl. She had invited him, because she wanted her roommate to have a date with her cousin, but that was not the real reason. Hannah wiggled her toes way down in the cool of the sheets, she liked Carl and wanted Evelyn to like him too. They had practically grown up together, and he had been a pal and a real friend. Funny how boys make better honest friends than girls. Carl had even understood when she had fallen in love with the little Dagoe boy in the fifth grade.

Hannah was sure that Carl and Evelyn would be crazy about each other, they were so much alike,—she had thought so anyway. Carl was such a beast for honesty and Evelyn such a crank about being square. Carl was such a gentleman, and Evelyn was such a lady. Had she described them so vividly to each other that they had both been disappointed. She turned on her side and looked out of the window and puzzled. She reviewed the likeness in the two; they were both such cranks for correctness, they both had such a good sense of humor, and above all they had both been so eager to meet each other. Yet, something had happened, because when she had told Carl goodbye, he hadn't said a word about Evelyn, although he declared that he had enjoyed the affair immensely. Hannah waited, but he had only given her a brotherly kiss on the cheek and climbed into the car, then Hannah said,

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"How did you like Evelyn, wasn't she gorgeous?" Carl replied lightly:

"I'll wire my opinion later."

"But I want to know right now, Carl, did you really like her?"

He looked at her for several moments and said somewhat slowly, "Ladies don't chew gum, Cousin mine."

With that he was gone. Indeed not! Of course, ladies don't chew gum, but what of it? What could the boy have meant? Surely Evelyn had not chewed any gum,—especially at an affair like the prom.

Hannah propped her head on her elbow and looked at Evelyn. She was certainly a beautiful girl, even in her present towseled condition she was pretty. Her wavy hair which was as black as pitch was long. Her hair coiled low on the neck and her shell gray eyes reminded one of something regal. Hannah tried to think of a fit description; she was, her roommate decided, as lovely as black pan-sies, old ivory, and sparkling sunlight waters mixed together. Certainly Carl must have liked her appearance, it couldn't have been that. What could it have been? Presently Evelyn woke up and blinked her sleepy eyes. The girls began immediately to discuss the night before, the people they had met, and the dresses different girls had worn. During the conversation Evelyn said nothing about Carl. Finally, Hannah asked bluntly,

"Didn't you like Carl?"

Without hesitation, Evelyn replied, "Nope, I'm sorry Han, but I didn't like your cousin much. Not that I disliked him, for he is really a lovely boy, but he simply doesn't appeal to me."

"Evelyn, what happened that you didn't like Carl? I know something must have. Why didn't you like him?"

"Well, since you drive me to the truth, here it is. He's Scotch! I've never seen a boy more so. It's like this, Lois was in the play, and while she was backstage waiting, she asked me if I'd bring her a piece of gum; said she had a terrible sore throat. I asked Carl for a piece and he refused somewhat curtly, I thought. Of course he didn't know it was for Lois, but it's just the principle of the thing."

Hannah sighed and thought to herself "What mighty contests rise from trivial things."

HELEN WEST—'33.

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GRIEF

Layer on layer of memory
Lying across my mind—
And I can put my finger
On the topmost one I find.

Its surface still is tender,
And, oh, it hurts to touch—
And my heart says "Walk gently,
Disturb not overmuch."

Perhaps sometime a joy
Will stretch across my mind;
But now a swollen sorrow
Is all that I can find.

JULIA MAYE MURRAY—'30.

SUPPLICATION

If sparks could mount from ashes
Into a flaming rod—
If sight from dusty lashes
Could wend its way toward God

Then I might come from out
My Edened hiding place—
Dash my care away and flout
The serpent in the face.

Prolific fruit are apples
And miracles are few—
My generation grapples,
As the first one had to do.

Oh, God! Must I keep sharing
A fruit akin to ashes—
Oh, God! Must I keep wearing
Grey dust upon my lashes?

JULIA MAYE MURRAY—'30.

THE PRICE OF A VACATION

"Ed Macey, what do you mean coming back to this office. I thought you were going on a vacation! Now go right back home and get yourself ready to go somewhere,—anywhere, and I don't want to know where you are going either. Get away from telephones, telegrams, and mail deliveries."

John Heath, the robust senior partner of Heath and Macey, Realtors, had spoken to the junior partner with all the weight and authority of a senior partner.

"Well, John, I'm ready to leave now, but I just came by to tell you where I am going; so if Old Man Evans comes back, you can get me, for that deal must be clinched the very minute he returns. You can get me at . . ."

"What did I tell you, I don't want to know where you are going. As for Old Man Evans, he's on a fishing trip, isn't he? Yes, and there he'll stay as long as there's a fish in ten miles of the river."

Ed Macey turned from the office to the street. Mr. Heath settled to the regular routine of a successful real estate firm in a medium sized town. He was quite self-satisfied, he had made Ed Macey take a vacation, and now he'd show the people that the business could go without Ed.

By six o'clock that afternoon Mr. Heath was about to decide that Ed was a necessary part of the office force. His collar had long ago wilted and could no longer claim the neatness of the early morning. The appearance of a messenger boy caused a pause—

"Gosh!" Mr. Heath exclaimed, "Is Old Man Evans coming back, and Ed—I don't know where?"

He heaved a sigh of relief when he had the yellow page before him and read:

"Enjoying myself at the Roseart Hotel, Seaview Beach.—Ed."

"Well, of all the impudence. I told him I didn't want to know where he was going."

Mr. Heath had no more than returned to the files on his desk when Old Man Evans walked unannounced into the office.

"Mr. Evans! When did you return?"

"I drove in this afternoon. But where's Ed?"

"Ed is out of town today, Mr. Evans. Is there anything I can do?"

"No, thank you, I just came in to talk with Ed about the little matter he is handling for me. I'll call again in the morning."

Mr. Evans closed the door and walked down the hall; Mr. Heath stood in the center of the room, his mind going in a whirl.

"Mr. Evans here and Ed gone, and I haven't the least idea how to

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handle this deal. I'll have to get Ed! If we don't sell to Mr. Herty before the Old Redmond place goes on the market, he'll buy from the Thomas Realty Company, and then we may lose the trade of Mr. Herty's firm."

As Mr. Evans disappeared down the street, Mr. Heath picked up his hat and rushed for the telegraph office.

"Thank God for Ed's impudence!" he breathed as he entered the telegraph station, pulling a telegram from his pocket.

* * * * *

Ed Macey sat alone at a corner table leisurely observing the hotel's guests. His friends at home would hardly have recognized this tranquil man as the hardworking Ed Macey of their acquaintance.

His first impulse on entering the dining room had been to hurry through his dinner and dash madly,—but where would he dash madly to? He was on his vacation and business worries were supposedly left at home; the office and its hurry were completely forgotten. Nor did he remember it when he saw the white clad waiter coming toward his table with a yellow envelope in his hand. He took the telegram and began toying with it while the waiter stood respectfully waiting.

"I beg your pardon, Sir, I think the message is important. Is there an answer?"

Slowly Mr. Macey tore across the end of the envelope and drew out the yellow page.

"Evans in town. Come at once.—John Heath."

He scribbled a reply on the back and handed it to the waiter.

"Send this, please, and find out when the next train leaves for Frankfort."

It was hard for Mr. Macey to bring himself back to the realization that there was the necessity for haste. Indeed, time had become a dream, but the dream was interrupted by the return of the waiter.

"I sent the telegram, Sir, the train leaves in thirty minutes, you can make it if you hurry."

Once out of the dining room, Mr. Macey hastened to the desk.

"Get me a cab, please, I have to make the eight-thirty train, and have my bags sent down to the station."

All the cab drivers were apparently taking vacations, too. Five minutes passed and the clerk had not secured a cab.

"Is it far to the station? Then I can make it! Which way?"

"Four blocks, two blocks north, and two blocks . . ." Mr. Macey heard no more, he was on his way to the station.

Pantingly he stood "two blocks north," but was at a loss as to which way to turn. If he went the wrong way, he would certainly

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miss his train. A man was walking on the opposite side of the street. With hat in hand and hair wildly disheveled by the wind, Mr. Macey dashed up to him.

"Which way to the station, please?" he gasped.

The man raised his hand to point East. Mr. Macey did not wait for further directions,—he dashed in that direction. The traffic signal was on the red, but he had no time to consider such minor regulations as mere traffic signals. The policemen thought differently, and two started in pursuit.

"Say, Brother, what's the hurry?" yelled one.

"Got to get to the station," he answered over his shoulder.

The word "S T A T I O N" in large letters appeared overhead. A sigh of relief passed his panting lips as he rushed through the door.

"Which way?" he gasped. A uniformed man pointed, and as he turned to rush out to the track, another uniformed man stopped him.

"Quick, let me pass! I've got to make it!" he said.

The uniformed man stepped aside to let him pass. The iron gate clashed behind Mr. Macey, and he found himself, not in the track yard at the terminal station, but in a cell at the police station.

EUNICE SEAGRAVES—'31.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

FREEDOM

Life being built
on platitudes—
There can be
no altitudes;
No altitudes,
no ecstasy—
No wings above
a sodden sea.

My hand must clutch
an altar rail,
My heart must search
for Holy Grail;
My knees must bend
to pray at night
That soul may reach
its utmost height.

Maxims break
like silken strands—
My life must wear
no prisoning bands.

JULIA MAYE MURRAY—'30.

EXTREMITY

Whom do you love,
Oh lips of mine—
For whose caress
Do you droop and pine?

"Oh, he is there
And I am here,
And the nearest lips
To him are dear."

And who loves you,
Oh lips of mine—
What lover seeks
A lover's sign?

"Oh, he is here,
My heart is there—
For the nearest lips
I do not care."

JULIA MAYE MURRAY—'30.

MANDY'S MOJO

"Miss Caline, hush 'at singin' 'fore breakfus an' it so near yo' weddin' day too. Don't you know it's bad luck to sing fore breakfus? You jus' as sho to cry fore night as breathin'. An' stop 'at jumpin' 'round too. A lady ole enough to be a-takin' unto hersef a husban' is too ole to be cuttin' such capers."

"Oh, Mandy, don't talk to me about bad luck today. I'm too happy, and I had the loveliest dream last night! I dreamed I was getting married—walking up the aisle, and I could hear the music just as plain!"

"Music! Oh! my Lawd, you is ruint! Stop right there chile. You got the nerve to be smilin' over a dream like 'at? Ain't you know what dreamin' of a weddin' means, an' specially of yo own weddin' wen' you is so near to it? I don' aim to be scarin' you Miss Caline, honey, but 'at is a sho sign of death. I 'member my first weddin', or leastways what would a been my first weddin' if I hadn't a had 'at dream. I was a uppity little high brown nigger gal then an' had went to school to the Grove. They wasn't a thing I didn't know. On my weddin' morn I jus skip aroun' chipper as a sparrer. Ma was a-fixin' the cakes an'—things, an' I was jus percolatin' 'roun. Then I bus' loose an' say—"Ma, I dream of a weddin' las' night. I guess you go' say that bad luck, eh?" Ma she jus drop the whole cake on the flo' an' run in the nex' room. I thought sho she had seed a fire an' took out after her, but all she done was scramble roun' in a lil box an' bring out a lil ole charm. Huyh chile, I been aimin' to give yuh this here charm all along, but yuh need it now worse'n ever. Ain't nothin' can break th' spell o' that dream cep this here charm. Take it, turn it 'roun in yo' lef' han' twist yo thum' an' forefinger three times then tie it 'roun yo' neck."

"But I was such a uppity lil' nigger I jus' laf. 'You tickle me, Ma," says I, 'Miz Jackson say they ain't nothin in dreams nor charms. You wait an' see if I have any bad luck today—an' with 'at I just go off an' won't even look at the charm. Ma she shuck her haid an' say somethin' 'bout school is the ruinashion of decent niggers, but I ain't paid her no mind. Long 'bout six o'clock in the evenin' I kinda begun to get worried some. The weddin' was at six-thirty an' right smart o' the guests had done arrove. Still I ain't seen nothin' o' Jim,—he was my financier. Ma, she ease 'roun with at 'I tole you so' look, an' to show her I ain't worried none, I cut a pigeon wing right there in my weddin' dress. 'Stop that fool, gal,' yell ma."

"Jus' then they was a big noise outside, an' I tore out for the winder. I thought sho it was John, but it was only John's brother

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ridin' like the devil was after him. He looked plum wore out. 'Rides like he goin' to his own weddin' stid o' his brother's,' I say. Jus then he come tearin' in an' holler at th' top o' his voice, 'John dead!' 'My Gawd,' I yell an' faint off, thinkin' as I done so that my new dress would be ruint if they dash much cole water in my face. My heart was plum ruint, but Jim sho was a lovely corpse. Believe me, honey, I sho wore 'at charm two months later wen' I got married up with Bill, an I wore it the nex' time I got married, an likewise the nex, an ain't none o' them husbands died either. I jus revorced one, an' lef de other two. Now I was lucky 'bout gettin' them other husbands, but—scuse me honey if I say it—you might not be so lucky. Now I still got 'at charm an' if'n I wrop it up in one o' yo' weddin' hankchers it'll be all right fo' you to wear it."

"Oh, Mandy, everything will be all right, don't you worry about me."

"I cain't hep it, honey, 'cause I done went through th' same thing an I know how it's a-goin' to turn out."

"Don't be so pessimistic, Mandy, I'm not worried. I'm sure everything will be just perfect."

"I don' know what you mean by that pessy word, but if it means I'm tarrified somethin' go break up this weddin', I sho is jus that thing."

Caroline went out laughing. Of course, she didn't believe in Mandy's savage superstitions even though she had heard them ever since she could remember.

* * * * *

Before dawn of the wedding day Caroline was awakened by some one moving quietly around the room. She recognized the large form of Mandy.

"Mandy, what in the world are you doing here this early waking me? Don't you know a bride must have her beauty sleep?"

"That's perzactly what I'm arrangin', Miss Caline. Any ways you stay in bed till I call you an don't look out th' winder. It's sprinklin' rain an' for a bride to look at th' rain on her weddin' day is the worse luck they is. I wish you'd take th' charm, Miss Caline. It don't look like it's goin' rain long, an' if you jus' take th' charm it'll quit in a half hour."

"Oh, Mandy, don't you know a charm can't control the weather. Everything will be all right."

As Caroline was completing the final arrangements during the morning Mandy stayed at her heels,—asking questions, giving advice.

"Oh, my Lawd! Miss Caline. I most forgot to ast you an' I been

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meanin' to fo' a week. Is you got somethin' ole, somethin' new, somethin' borried, an' somethin blue to be married in?"

"I hadn't thought of that, but I think I have. There's grandmother's wedding veil—that's old all right; and, of course, I have plenty of new; and I can wear my blue garters; and—I don't seem to have anything borrowed, Mandy."

"Well I got somethin' you can borry—you can borry that charm an' it'll finish out that good luck verse an' bring you more good luck too. Miss Caline how come you is 'spicious 'bout one charm an' not 'bout another?"

"Oh, I don't call that a charm, Mandy, that's just an old custom."

"Well this here other charm is a ole custom, too, an' you go' wish you had used it. You can use it fo' yo' somethin' borried, cain't you, Miss Caline."

"If it will ease your mind any, I'll do it. Where is it?"

"Here 'tis. Lawd chile, I sho do feel better 'bout you now."

Caroline took the charm and looked at it curiously. It was only a small block of cedar wood with a hole through the middle, and yet it was supposed to have the power to prevent all misfortunes.

"Don't you want me to tie it roun' yo' neck, Miss Caline? You liable to displace it if you don't."

"No, I'll be careful. Just don't worry any more."

The wedding was to take place at seven o'clock and by a quarter to the hour Caroline was ready, but the groom hadn't arrived. Mandy stayed at the window, her eyes fastened on the street. A few minutes of seven she could wait no longer. A terrible thought struck her. Suppose Caroline had lost the charm! She could not get to Caroline to ask her, but catching her attention she formed the words.

"You got th' charm yet?" Caroline thinking she said, "Has he come yet?" shook her head and said: "No, but don't worry he'll be here."

Mandy became wild-eyed and began rushing around. She must find the charm and give it to Caroline. She moved everything in her mad search. Five more minutes passed and still the groom hadn't come, nor had Mandy found the charm. She must make this wedding a success for Caroline, and without the charm, she would never accomplish her purpose.

Finally she saw Caroline standing alone by the window, and rushed over to her.

Miss Caline, I cain't find it. What you put it down fo', Miss Caline."

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"Put what down? Can't find what? What in the world are you talking about?"

"Th' charm!"

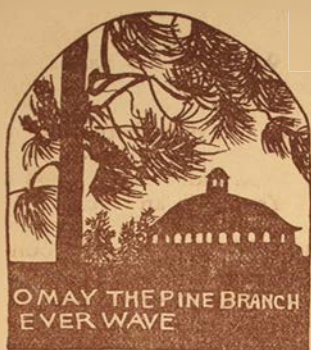
"The charm! Why you silly thing, I have it right here, tied in the heart of my bouquet."

"But I ast you a minute ago an' you said you didn't have it."

"I thought you said—but what's that. Yes, it is an automobile! It's Jerry!"

"Praise th' Lawd," said Mandy fervently, "I knowed time I found that charm everything would be settin' pat."

KATE JONES—'31.



EDITORIAL

HONORS

For the Georgia State Womans College the year 1929-1930 has been an exceptionally important one, not only because of its great growth in faculty and student body, but because of the honors that it has won.

The first honor of the year came last October to the College Annual. We did not need to be told how good it was, but we were very much pleased that others, less prejudiced than we, should also recognize its worth. The Pine Cone for the year 1928-1929 received the All-American Honor Rating given by the National Scholastic Press Association. This is the only organization which gives national recognition to superior work in annuals. That the fifth year-book of the College won the high rating in a national contest shows the superior attainment of our students in extra-curricula activities.

In December came the honor which had been one of the goals set by the College since its foundation,—the admission into the Southern Association. During the ten years that the College remained a junior college this admission seemed a far-off dream—but still a dream pregnant with hope. When the College was ten years old, it was made a senior college; two years later the transition from junior to senior college was made complete by discontinuing the high school,—a great step toward the realization of the ambition. In the fall of 1929 the goal, admission to the Southern Association, was reached amid much rejoicing. However, now that this dream has been made a reality, the College does not intend to rest on won laurels and accept it as a final goal. G. S. W. C. intends to work toward higher goals, and to attain them even as it has attained others.

The third outstanding honor was one wholly unexpected, yet even more pleasant because of not being anticipated. This honor was awarded the College by the Southern Architectural and Industrial Arts Exposition held under the auspices of The American Institute of Architects, touching one of the pet vanities of the College—its beauty.

"The honorable mention for Educational Institutions was awarded

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to Edwards and Sayward, architects, and a certificate to the trustees of the Womans College, Valdosta, Georgia, for the best example of architecture submitted to the jury on awards in this classification."

These are the three outstanding honors of the year, and while each was very pleasing to the students and administration, after all they were merely three off-campus endorsements of things which we have had for a number of years and whose worth we have recognized. The honor that the Annual won is simply public approval and recognition of one of the many student activities on the campus. Scholarship, equipment, and curriculum were just three of the many things that we students have had the privilege of enjoying which the Southern Association gave regional recognition to. We have never been accused of having false pride or being conceited, but we've always known that we had the most beautiful college in the South, and since the American Institute of Architects has recognized the beauty of the Georgia State Womans College buildings we do not feel that we have been unduly vain.

As a farewell tribute to the College, we the Pine Branch staff of '29-'30 wish to join The Pine Cone Annual staff of this year in expressing the theme of our College—

"Georgia's fairest gift to her daughters."

KATE JONES—'31.

* * *

SIDELIGHTS ON THE WASHINGTON TOUR

We're all alike! I have been talking at G. S. W. C. about Washington just as if I hadn't always declared that talking about a trip is the next worse thing to talking about the inevitable operation. It is, however, an almost irresistible temptation to talk about Washington, for there were so many interesting and entertaining incidents, besides the sight-seeing trips, that must be told.

Imagine being awakened at three o'clock in the morning after going to sleep in an upper berth at one o'clock! I was exceedingly interested in locating at once the whereabouts of the songster for obvious reasons. Becoming reconciled, however, since one must wake up sometime, and realizing the powerful force of habit, I excused the interruption, thinking that the song bird's watch must have stopped at a quarter to eleven, the usual time for singing the Doxology on Monday morning.

Arriving in Washington, sleepy but unaware of it, I acquired several bits of knowledge that were just as impertinent awakenings as the singing of the Doxology at three in the morning. Visiting the National Museum, I asked one of the guards where the her-

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barium was. He replied that the whales were on the second floor. Thinking that he must have thought that I said aquarium, I again asked the question, pronouncing herbarium most distinctly. He gave the same answer, adding that whales and herbarium were one and the same. I was forced to ask the location of the plant collection before I finally found the herbarium.

Again, while taking a motor bus tour of the Capital City, the guide, who was pointing out the buildings and homes of political and historical interest, pointed out the home of Francis Scott Key. He also pointed out the Francis Scott Key Memorial Bridge, which according to the guide, was dedicated to the woman who wrote the "Star Spangled Banner."

Another contribution to the keen enjoyment of the tour, for me, was the discovery of a real basis for the many reports and stories about army intrigues, in which the charming smile of a beautiful woman of the enemy's secret service ensnares the stern army officers. Did not the militant guard at Arlington, beguiled by the interest of several G. S. W. C. students smile, especially when he heard the comments upon the daintiness of his feet?

So many humorous incidents happened that I could talk on forever about Washington society teas, the handshake of President Hoover, or about the ride in the old victorias. All I needed was a lacy, beribboned parasol to go back to the '80's. There! I was about to start all over again talking about the Washington Tour,—what did you start to tell about your last trip?

MARGARET LANGDALE--'31.

* * *

IMPRESSIONS OF MAY DAY

(By a Handmaiden of Dawn)

As the shadows of night slowly lift, the dawn creeps up seemingly from nowhere. The lavender and rose tints mingle with yellow and orange, and cast their rays over the sleeping earth. The aroma of honeysuckle besprinkled with dew fills the air with a gentle sweetness; the spirits of the early morning move to and fro brightening the world with their gayety; everywhere there is the spirit of silent merriment.

What is more beautiful than the dawn of May Day with its fleecy whiteness tinged with orchid and old rose! As dawn lengthens into the day and the brightness of the sun beams down upon the industrious ones already beginning their day's work; so does the dawn of May Day look down upon the traditional workers entwining rose

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vines through the already bedecked fence. The throne for the Queen of the day slowly takes on its majestic beauty. The milkmaids appear and Robin Hood darts in and about—but behold! The Queen and her court approach to enjoy the festivities of the day. The lords, bringing the sedan chair are stopping to lift the Queen to the ground and to assist her to the throne. The ladies follow and sitting at the feet of the Queen add to the beauty of the occasion. Presently a water nymph arises from beneath a lily pad and is seen tripping across the green. Strolling gypsies pass, one lone gypsy stops to tell some one's fortune, as two from the tribe give their native dance. Soon the May poles are wound, each group trying to excell the others and have the most perfectly wound pole.

The beauty and pleasure of May Day fills the air. All this and more have Dawn and her handmaidens seen as the day closes—another year to intervene before such a fete will be witnessed.

KATHERINE HARRISON—"31.





Y. W. C. A.

At last we approach the end of another year, and the close of various activities upon the campus of G. S. W. C. One of the most helpful associations, and most successful is the Young Women's Christian Association. An excellent cabinet with a very capable president—Miss Anne Talbert, of Brinson, Georgia,—has brought to us interesting speakers and worthwhile thoughts.

* * *

At the business meeting of the Y. W. C. A. on Friday evening, April 13, Miss Margaret Sumner, of Poulan, was elected president for the year 1930-31. Miss Sumner served on the Y. W. C. A. cabinet during her sophomore and junior years. In her, will be found a capable leader, as well as an interested worker.

Other officers elected were: Miss Essye Alligood, Cairo, vice-president; Miss K. D. Rentz, Naylor, who is treasurer this year, was re-elected; Miss Nancy Rowland, Wrightsville, secretary.

For the cabinet of next year Miss Sumner has appointed the following girls: Miss Alice Hicks, Metcalf, chairman of Bible study committee; Miss June Fulcher, Savannah, chairman of World Fellowship committee; Miss Mary Winn, Savannah, chairman of Music committee; Miss Carolyn Bullard, Nashville, pianist; Miss Lillian Norman, St. George, chairman of room committee; Miss Helen Brasington, Waycross, chairman of Membership committee; Miss Alda DuPriest, Ashburn, chairman of Bulletin Board committee; Miss Etta Giddens, Arlington, chairman of Poster committee; Miss Lillian Patterson, Cordele, Librarian; Miss Margaret Jennings, Waycross, chairman of Entertainment committee; Miss Virginia Clark, Tampa, Fla., chairman of Club House committee.

* * *

On Sunday evening, April 20, Mrs. J. A. Durrenberger spoke in Vesper Service. She described the work of the Y. W. C. A. on the various campuses she has visited. Mrs. Durrenberger gave many suggestions to the new cabinet for carrying on the Y. W. C. A.

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work for next year. Miss Marion Laing, of Glennville, chairman of the Religious Committee, led the service.

* * *

On Thursday evening, April 24, the choir of the Saint Paul's African Methodist church, under the direction of W. H. Lissimore, sang in Vesper. The program, which consisted of negro spirituals, was very enjoyable. The favorites: "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" and "Wide River" were especially enjoyed.

* * *

On Sunday evening, April 20, "Christus Triumphator," an Easter morality play, by Dwight Nelson Robinson, was presented by the Latin Department in Vesper. Those taking part in the play were: Prologue, Miss Louise Forbes, Valdosta; Spirit of Religion, Miss Kate Jones, Riceboro; Spirits of the Gospel, Miss Bertha Ferrell, Quitman; Miss Emily Burney, Boston; Miss Reba Harrison, Boston; Miss Sarah McEachin, Nashville; Miss Eve Hadden, Valdosta; Miss Virginia Clark, Tampa, Florida; Mary Magdalene, Miss Eunice Seagraves, Hawthorne, Florida; Angel at the Tomb, Miss Katherine Harrison, Bluffton; The poem, "Christus Surrexit" was given by Miss Evelyn Deariso, Sylvester; Chorus of Angels, Miss Mary Morris, Columbus; Miss Edmonia Beck, Valdosta; Miss Ethel Castleberry, Ashburn; Miss Linnie Mae Hall, Waycross; Miss K. D. Rentz, Naylor; Miss Phara Ellarbee, Calvary; Miss Virginia Carswell, Waycross; Miss Winona Patterson, Alamo; accompanist, piano, Miss Emeliza Swain, Rome, and violin, Miss Janet Hall, Sparks. Miss Janie Bush of the Latin Department, directed the play, and it was given in original Latin.

* * *

The Vesper service on Sunday evening, April 27, was the installation of the new cabinet. The processional was "Father of Light." During the program the cabinet, old and new, stood forming the Y. W. triangle. The old cabinet member passed her light on to the new member, by lighting her candle. "Follow the Gleam" was sung as the recessional.

* * *

Miss Essye Alligood, Cairo, was leader in vesper service Sunday evening, May 4. Dr. H. S. Gulliver was the speaker of the evening.

LINNIE MAE HALL—'32.



ATHLETICS

LAMBDA NEWS

The school year of 1929-30 is drawing to a close, and Lambdas, you have only about four more weeks in which to bring the name "Lambda" to the plaque. You can do it, so in the next baseball games and other games of the season show your "stuff."

The first game of baseball of the season was played Friday afternoon, May 2. Even though the Lambdas were defeated they took defeat with a smile, ready to put all earnestness into the next game.

Blanche Parker is manager of the team, and those playing were Helen Brasington of Waycross, Candy House of Stockton, Milwee Minick of Statesboro, Eunice Seagraves of Hawthorne, Florida, Emily Burney of Boston, Blanche Parker of Sylvania, Jewel Drake of Iron City, and Margaret Mixon of Abbeville.

Kappas and Lambdas are lined up now for the "double" tennis tournament. Lambdas, we're expecting you to win so you can have Lambda engraved on the plaque at the end of the year.

ETHEL CASTLEBERRY--'32.

* * *

KAPPA NEWS

Spring has come! It has brought with it springtime athletics as well as May Day and other activities in the Physical Education Department.

The ladder tennis tournament for singles has already been played, the result being another victory for the Kappas. But it wasn't so easy, was it, Kappas? The score was only 11 to 9.

One game of the baseball series has also become history—one more victory on the pages of G. S. W. C. athletic history for the Kappa Association; score 19 to 4.

Sometime this month the last Athletic Association Party will come, when the emblems and cups signifying various stages of athletic achievement will be awarded to their winners.

Better than that, the honor plaque, for which both Kappas and Lambdas have fought gallantly all the year, will be awarded to the association winning it.

Also, the officers of the athletic associations for the year 1930-1931 will be installed. Whoever they may be, may the cooperation and whole-hearted backing of the entire association be with them throughout the next year and help them to make it another year of success for the Kappas.

E. QUARTERMAN--'32.



LOCALS

The charming old custom of "Bringing in the May" was observed in the traditional Old English May Day festival presented by the Physical Education Department at the Georgia State Woman's College on Thursday afternoon, May 1st, under the direction of Miss Leonora Ivey and her assistant, Miss Elizabeth

McRee. The prologue to the festival this year poetically suggested the dawning of a May Morn. The spirits of night, Miss Louise Lastinger, of Valdosta; Miss Myrtle Vick, of Moultrie; Miss Helen Ryon, of Hinesville; and Miss Lucile Wood, of Valdosta, in black Grecian robes and silver scarfs, did a classical dance which banished the night and ushered in Aurora, Miss Ruth Norman, of Norman Park. Aurora and her hand maidens, Misses Essye Alligood, of Cairo, Margaret Bullock of Adel, Evelyn Deariso of Sylvester, Louise Forbes of Valdosta, Katherine Harrison of Bluffton, Marian Laing of Glennville, Joyce Roberson of Screven, Mary Mansfield of Arlington, in costume with the colors of spring flowers, told the awakening of the earth. There followed the great processional of students as English folk on the green to crown the queen of the May, Miss Catherine McRee of Valdosta. She was exquisitely gowned in a Fifteenth century costume which was adopted in pastel shades featuring the henin and worn by the maid of honor, Miss Caroline Parrish, of Valdosta, and the ladies-in-waiting, Misses Catherine Maxwell of Calvary, Louise Tippins of Reidsville, Ruby Dowling of Jesup, Virginia Carswell of Waycross, Martha Caudle of Valdosta, Ethel Castleberry of Ashburn, Helen Harrell of Valdosta, Jenny Williams of Cordele, Pauline Griffin of Valdosta, Margaret Warfield of Savannah. The queen's other attendants were two heralds, Miss Mary O'Quinn of Patterson and Miss Aline Tyson of Ashburn. Two children, Mary Moore Jackson and William Giddens served as train bearers. The lords of court were Misses Margaret Brabham of Moultrie, Avrylea Burch of Valdosta, Grace Chastain of Thomasville, Dorothy Harper of Ocilla, Roselle Hatcher of Donaldsonville, Alice Hicks of Thomasville, Margaret Jennings of Waycross, Jean Loughridge of Odum, Leta Mac Stripling of Reidsville and May de Lois Summerlin of Pel-

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ham. The festivities in honor of the May queen made a pageant of unusual beauty. Visitors from Mother Goose land made a most pleasing interlude as given by the training school children. Miss Nancy Rowland of Wrightsville acted as Mother Goose. Betty and Billy Edge ushered the character into the May day festival. Miss Kate Jones of Riceboro and Miss Kathryn Sawyer of Albany, entertained the court with a characteristic gypsy vagabond dance. An energetic, talented group of Morris men, freshmen group, gave a stick dance, "Bean Setting." Columbine, Miss Louise Lastinger of Valdosta, carried on a coquettish flirtation with two clowns, Miss Myrtle Vick of Moultrie and Miss Louise McMichael of Quitman.

This flirtation was continued by milk maids and members of Robin Hood's band. The festivities in honor of the queen of the May were concluded with the winding of the numerous May poles which brought to a close one of the most delightful fetes ever held on the College campus.

* * *

The Student Government Association of the Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta, held its regular monthly meeting in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall on Friday evening, May 2. Miss Mary Alexander of Nashville, president of the association, presided. The program consisted of reports on the conference of Southern Intercollegiate Association of Student Governments, held at the North Carolina State Womans College in Greensboro by Miss Mary Alexander, president, and Miss Margaret Bullock of Adel, president-elect. After the program Dr. Powell administered the oath of office to Miss Bullock and she will assume her duties at the next meeting of the association.

* * *

At the meeting of the Student Government Association of Friday evening, Dr. R. H. Powell, president of the college, awarded G. S. W. C. emblems to thirty-three girls. These emblems are awards of merit in extra-curricula activities. The following girls received emblems: Seniors—Evelyn Blanton, Valdosta; Mary Kate Burrows, Valdosta; Evelyn Deariso, Sylvester; Louise Forbes, Valdosta; Dorothy Harper, Ocilla; Marian Laing, Glennville; Dorothy Lile, New Philadelphia, Ohio; Catherine McRee, Valdosta; Kathryn Sawyer, Albany; Hazel Taylor, Valdosta; Myrtle Vick, Hartsfield; Lucile Wood, Valdosta. Juniors—Margaret Brabham, Moultrie; Margaret Bullock, Adel; Grace Chastain, Thomasville; Bertha Ferrell, Quitman; Katherine Harrison, Bluffton; Roselle Hatcher, Donaldsonville; Margaret Jennings, Waycross; Kate Jones, Riceboro; Jean Loughridge, Odum; Lillian Patterson, Cordele; Joyce Roberson, Screven; Eunice Seagraves, Hawthorne, Fla.; Leta Mac Stripling, Altamaha; Dorothy Stroud, Valdosta; Margaret Sumner, Poulan; Ann Talbert, Brinson; Mary Winn, Savannah. Sophomores—Agnes Jones, Bruns-

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wick; Linnie Mae Hall, Waycross; Lillian Lively, Savannah, and Annie Lou Stanaland, Thomasville.

* * *

The student body and faculty were entertained in assembly on Monday morning by Miss Ruth Carpenter of the Art Department. Miss Carpenter told of her trip to Europe, describing in detail the museum at Chantilly and the "Book of Hours."

* * *

Miss Mildred Price, professor of history, and faculty adviser to the International Relations Club, entertained the members of the club at her home on Williams street at bridge on Saturday afternoon.

* * *

The Freshman class of the Georgia State Womans College entertained the Sophomore class with the annual prom reception on Saturday evening, April 26. Miss Emily Jennings, of Dawson, president of the Freshman class; Miss Agnes Jones, of Brunswick, president of the Sophomore class; Miss Annie P. Hopper, Dean of Women, and Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Powell made up the receiving line. Palms, ferns, lavender larkspur and pink roses were used in profusion in the Rotunda. Members of the sister class, Juniors, presided at the punch bowls on the terrace. The lavender and pink color scheme was further carried out in the decoration of the pergolas on the terrace. During the evening members of the play production class presented a one-act play, "Not Quite Such a Goose." Miss Helen Ryon, of Hinesville, and Miss Louise Lastinger of Valdosta, did a balloon dance. A grotesque character dance was given by the class of character dancing, and Miss Caroline Parrish of Valdosta, and Miss Myrtle Vick of Moultrie, did a humorous doll dance. After the program a pink and lavender ice course was served.

* * *

Miss Mary Alexander, president of the Student Government Association and Miss Margaret Bullock, the next president, have returned from N. C. C. W., where they represented our college at the annual conference of these officers.

* * *

The Philharmonic Club held its regular program meeting May 5 in the Rotunda. The following program was given:

"The Witch" (MacDowell) by Marguerite Powell.

Current Events, by Gladys Fouche.

"Roses Softly Blooming" (Spohr)—Mary Elaine Flannagan.

Current Events by Nowlan Sirmans.

"The Swan" (Saint Saens) and "Frasquita" (Lebar) by Ora Johnson.

Current Events by LaVanne Watson.

Ballade in A b major (Chopin) by Mary Alexander.



SOCIETIES

ARGONIAN NEWS

The Argonian Literary Society held a regular meeting May 3, 1930 in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall.

One of the most interesting programs of the year was lead by Miss Grace Chastain, of Thomasville, Georgia. The subject for the evening was Southern Literature with especial emphasis on Georgia authors and their work. Two of the modern Atlanta poets, Ernest Hartsock and Alice Brent Whiteside, were discussed by Miss Emily Jennings, of Dawson, and Miss Leta Mac Stripling, of Reidsville. Miss Jennings and Miss Stripling gave a short sketch of the author's lives as a background for the poems which they read. Miss Kate Jones, of Riceboro, gave a review of the play, *Green Pastures* by Marc Connelly. This play was adapted from the book *Ol' Man Adam and His Chillun*, by Roak Bradford.

The comparison between the play and the book as well as a description of various scenes and stage sets was well brought out in the report.

Miss Joyce Roberson, of Screven, played *Irish Tune from County Derry*. This was composed by Percy Grainger, one of our modern American concert pianists.

As a concluding number of the program Miss Quinnie Carmack, of Hawkinsville, and Miss Ann Talbert, of Brinson, reviewed two of the operas given in Atlanta this season, *Cavalier Rusticana* and *Pagliacci*.

After the program the annual election of officers was held, the results were as follows:

President—Katherine Harrison, of Bluffton.

Vice-President—Roselle Hatcher, of Donaldsonville.

Secretary—Leta Mac Stripling, of Reidsville.

Treasurer—Grace Chastain, of Thomasville.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Lilla Alexander, of Nashville.

* * *

SORORIAN NEWS

The Sororian Literary Society held its regular program meeting Saturday evening, May 3, 1930.

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Miss Helen Steele, of Savannah, was the leader. The subject for the evening was Georgia Poets.

"Green Pastures adapted from Ole Man Adam and His Chillun" was reported on by Miss Mary Winn, of Savannah.

A group of Savannah poets were presented by Miss Dorothy Chapman. Since Savannah is Miss Chapman's home, and she knows the poets personally, she made them very interesting. The ones that she mentioned were a Chinese girl, Gerald Chan Sieg, John Schiel and D. G. Bickers.

Miss Joyce Roberson, of Screven, entertained the audience with a piano selection by Percy Grainger.

Two outstanding Atlanta poets, Mary Brent Whiteside and Ernest Hartsock were discussed at this meeting, and several of their poems were read.

Miss Lillian Lively, of Savannah, described the poetry magazine, "Bozart" by Earnest Hartsock. She read a few of the favorite poems from this magazine.

Mary Brent Whiteside and her poetry were sketched by Miss Nowlan Sirmans, of Waycross. She read two poems which were most typical of Miss Whiteside's writing.

After the program the election of officers for the year 1930-31 was held. The officers elected were as follows:

President—Miss Maye de Lois Summerlin, of Pelham.

Vice-President—Miss Linnie Mae Hall, of Waycross.

Secretary—Miss Helen Steele, of Savannah.

Treasurer—Miss Phara Elarbee, of Calvary.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Miss Mary Jane Littlefield, of Folkston.



ALUMNAE

Reports indicate that many members of the Alumnae Association will return for the commencement activities. The business meeting of the Alumnae Association will be held Saturday afternoon, May 31, 4:30 o'clock in West Hall. The Alumnae banquet will be at the Daniel Ashley Hotel on Saturday evening at 8:30 o'clock. Two one-act plays given by Seniors will be given on the green in front of Converse Hall Monday evening. Commencement dinner will be on Tuesday and Commencement exercises at the Ritz Theatre on Wednesday, June 4th. Supt. Ralph Newton, of Waycross, will deliver the commencement address.

* * *

The following Alumnae members visited the College during the past month: Ethel Allen, Effie Patten, Mae Lilly Touchton, Betty Chichester, and Louise O'Quinn Thomas.

Betty Chichester is spending her vacation in Florida. Her work is in Charlotte, N. C., and her address is 2014 Dilworth Road.

* * *

The local Alumnae members are happy to pass on the following information received from members in the field:

Ruth Royal is teaching in Northwood School, 850 S. Olive Ave., West Palm Beach, Fla.

Ora Mae Biles, who is doing social service work in Jacksonville, Fla., sends the following report:

Addie Bevis is teaching the fourth grade in Waycross, Georgia.

Dorothy Glascock is teaching the third grade in Waycross, Georgia.

Tilda Ivey (Mrs. Robt. W. Chance) is living in Waynesboro, Georgia.

Agnes King is teaching the second grade in Waycross, Georgia.

Virginia Kirkland is teaching the third grade in Waycross, Georgia.

Frazer Livingston (Mrs. Wallace Ledbetter) is living in Waycross, Georgia.

Ursula Miller is teaching the fifth grade in Waycross, Georgia.

Louise O'Quinn Thomas is teaching in Patterson, Georgia.

Lucile Dowling is teaching History in the Jesup High School.

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Naomi Prim (Mrs. R. O. Brockington) may be found at 1930 Pearl street, Jacksonville, Florida.

Mary Stewart teaches Home Economics in the Screven, Georgia high school.

We are happy to hear from Mary Alice Sineath, Adel, Georgia, saying that she will be with us for commencement.

Emily Chauncey, studying in New York, 15 Claremont Avenue.

Rosaline Ivey, teaching in University of Michigan, Kalamazoo. You may address her at Richland, Michigan.

Susan Bedell, Mrs. Weyman Huckabee, 63 Hamilton Terrace, New York City, writes that she and her husband are planning a trip abroad into the Holy Land and across continent.

Mary V. Gramling recently spent eight weeks in New York and she and Susan took a course in Broadway Shows. Susan states that she often sees Clarice Weathersbee who is teaching in New Rochelle, New York, and that a still later addition to this group of G. S. W. C. girls was Clarice Ivey who is working for her masters degree. Clarice Ivey may be found at Whittier Hall, Columbia University.

A recent letter to a member of the campus brings news of Lorie Mae Gaskins, Mrs. T. J. Oxford, Box 547, Lakeland, Florida. After years of silence, she tells us of her two children, Tillman James Oxford Jr., and Margaret Susan. Lorie Mae is taking work at Southern College.

Sara Mandeville, Lucile Dowling, Sara Thomas, Emma Moore, Martha Youngblood, Margaret LaFar, Elsie Gunn Stokes are making plans to come for commencement.

Dr. and Mrs. W. Agnew Thomison announce the arrival of a daughter, Shirley Jeanelle, on April 25th. Mrs. Thomison will be remembered as Shirley Gaskins.



MEMOIRS OF THE PROM

I'm a little Prom girl. Mother calls me Ann—I've just had an awful time with my Prom man. He wrote the sweetest letter, said his aunt was dying; said his ma was very sick—just chock full of lying. Said he had to take his cousin; said his dad insisted that he take his sister. But he got all twisted with many things he said; so I wrote him back: "Expect you for the prom. Love to you, dear Jack."

* * *

ANTI-PROM PROPAGANDA

- Why not take the money which you spend on the Prom and use it:
- to keep your roommate and the girl across the hall in stamps for the year 1930-31
 - toward securing your Paris divorce
 - to buy a new uniform when your old one wears out
 - to build a bird house for the birds on the campus (ask Mr. Stokes if we don't need one)
 - to pay for a 30-year subscription to the "Pine Branch" for your grand-daughter.

* * *

Did you hear that one of the fond mothers wrote her darling daughter for the recipe for "Whoopee?" She heard we had it at the Prom.

* * *

Remarks at which we shoot to kill:

"Thank you. You must wear it sometime."

"Don't hang out your neck."

"And how!"

"Don't be like that."

"Oh yes?"

"Come again when you can't stay so long."

"Well, look who's here!"

(They just aren't being said at G. S. W. C.)

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HOW TO USE YOUR DIPLOMA

1. To make a toy aeroplane for one of the little cousins.
2. If traveling, cut it into four quarters, fold and refold, making several lovely sanitary drinking cups.
3. While waiting for a 'phone call you will find it excellent to draw pictures on.
4. If lost in the woods, tear into small pieces and scatter to mark your trail.
5. To keep the address of friends to look up while on your vacation.
6. Tear into twelve even strips and give to your relatives as book-marks.
7. If broke or in debt, carry to all the pawn shops in town. After they've all refused to give you anything for it—borrow some money from a friend.
8. If you are domestically inclined you will find that it will make an attractive lampshade which will look like parchment paper after it has been scorched once or twice.
9. It may be used as an interesting background for a silhouette.
10. If none of these suggestions appeal to you—frame it and put face down in the bottom of your trunk.

Note—These are suggestions for you IF you get your diploma.

ELIZABETH CHANCE—'32.

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