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CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
Wisteria—Happiness—Life—Mary Alice House	3
The Best Laid Scheme—Melba Y. Beale	4
Spring—Lillian M. Hopper	8
Life, According to Maupassant and Arnold Bennett—Phara Elerbee	9
Love in a Small Town—Marguerite Langdale	10
In Holiday Mood—Lillian Lively	11
Wishes—Emily Hallyburton	15
Editorial	16
Locals	17
Clubs	18
Y. W. C. A.	19
Societies	20
Athletics	21
Alumnae	23
Jokes	24

WISTERIA

Wisteria,
Tears of the world,
Shedding briny drops
For the wrongs,—the sorrows of humanity—
Coming with the spring,
Bringing memories of old loves,
Old hopes, old disappointments—
Dreams long since placed in lavender.
Wisteria
Brings only memories.

HAPPINESS

Happiness—
A wraith of smoke,
Fleeting,
Only for the moment.
The gods watch us—
Searching, finding, losing,
Ill intent
On retaining what we think we hold.
It eludes us,
Disillusion holds us,
But it lingers yet
Like a subtle perfume.

LIFE

Life—
That tyrant—
Demands so much,
Giving so little,
Taking one's youth and vigor,
Leaving a lifeless husk.

MARY ALICE HOUSE—'32.

"THE BEST LAID SCHEMES"

Spring was in the air. One could both see it and hear it on Fraternity Row. Phonographs were announcing from each porch that it was "Springtime in the Rockies," and horse-shoe pitching contests were being indulged in by boys in shirt-sleeves in front of each fraternity house. Spring was in the heart of youth, and Jim Sharon's heart was fairly bursting with it.

"Why don't they give those darned machines an occasional rest?" he growled, restlessly getting up from his easy chair and glaring morosely out of the window, through which came the wail of a saxophone plaintively crooning, "I'll be coming back to you—oo."

His roommate glanced up with an amused smile from the heavy volume which he was reading. "'S matter, Jim? You and Pat been quarreling again?"

"There you go! Just because these infernal machines get on my nerves, you immediately jump to the conclusion that I am thinking about women!" Jim's voice sounded disgusted, but he did not meet Bob's eyes.

"No, not women. A woman, or girl, rather. Am I right?"

"Yes! Yes, of course you are, Mr. Solomon. A girl! and she's enough to drive a whole regiment of men crazy." Jim pulled out a package of cigarettes and lit one feverishly.

"Well," Bob's voice held an irritating drawl, "I don't know about that. Pat Roberts is an attractive girl, of course, as far as I can judge; but it seems to me that there are others—"

"Oh, you don't know anything about women. You've got your nose stuck in a book all of the time. I don't see what you came to college for, anyway. How can you talk like a connoisseur when you don't give a hang about girls? Why, I bet you can't even tell me what color eyes Pat has, and she is the most popular girl on the campus."

Bob puffed thoughtfully at his pipe. "No, I can't say that I can tell you that. Nevertheless, women are not to be managed by the color of their eyes. In fact, that is their means, or one of them, of managing us. Now the trouble with you, Jim—"

"Aw, cut it, Bob. You may be a philosopher, but you don't know anything about women."

Imperturbably Bob continued, "The trouble with you is, you let the fair sex know how much they mean to your young life. A little indifference, my boy, will do wonders."

"Humph," Jim snorted. "Much you know about it. There is too much indifference in this affair now, but it is all on her side."

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

"Exactly the point I was just making. She is indifferent; you are wild about her. A good rule works both ways. You try a little of it yourself. I fancy that you have been seeing Pat just a little too often, so she is fed up. Make her miss you; make her appreciate you. The thing to do, as dear Marie Rose would say, is to make her jealous."

"Jealous, ha! How can she be jealous when she knows one of her black curls can strangle me, and a look from her gypsy eyes pierces my very soul."

Bob suppressed an overwhelming desire to laugh. "Really, old chap, you are waxing quite poetic. This spring air is affecting you like old wine. But Patricia must be more charming than I had imagined."

"Oh, you've seen her. You know what she's like, and there you sit like a block of wood. You're about as appreciative as—as—a horse!"

"Indeed? Well, that isn't so bad. Even a horse recognizes a fine filly when he sees one." Bob's voice was mocking.

Jim picked up a pillow and hurled it. "If you're insinuating—" he blustered in sham fury.

"Nothing so crass. But returning to what is to be done about making Pat appreciate what a fine fellow you are—"

"Be serious, Bob. It's a matter of life and death to me."

"Then consider all joking aside and what I say as pertaining to the grave. I seem to vaguely recall that Pat has a blonde roommate—a freshman who isn't so bad looking. Why not rush her and make Pat jealous?"

"Who? Lil Adams? That little greenhorn! Well, Bob! Wouldn't it look swell for a senior to be rushing a freshman! Me! Jim Sharon, rushing a kid! What do you think I am?"

"Nothing, nothing at all. I merely made a suggestion. It is an old idea—nothing original or radical. You can take it or leave it. Only Pat's got to hear the inside dope on what you're doing, or it won't work. That's why I suggested the roommate."

"Oh Lord. Guess I'll have to try it. It will be an ordeal for me, but something has got to be done, and 'twere well 'twere done quickly,' as Bill Shakespeare said. I might as well begin now and ask Lil to dance tonight. She will probably get stuck."

"Maybe not," consoled Bob, and added with a sly smile. "It is a good time to begin. There's a full moon."

* * * * *

Lil was waiting on the porch for Jim when he drove up in his

THE PINE BRANCH

roadster. He caught his breath when he saw her—a vision in blue and silver—blond hair, carefully waved about a delicate head; blue eyes that looked innocently into his.

"M-m-m. It won't be such an ordeal after all," he thought. She might be a freshman, but she had some of the upper classmen beat on looks. Of course, Pat was the loveliest girl in college, but there was something about blonds—

"Hullo, Lil. Gosh, you look lovely."

"Thank you, Jim. Awfully thweet of you to say so." She had a slight lisp that Jim found enchanting.

She let him help her into the car, and sank back with a sigh of content. She was wondering how on earth Jim Sharon, the most popular boy in school, could have picked her out to take to the dance when he had been going with Pat for so long. Well, Pat had said that she didn't mind so terribly much, so she'd make the most of it. This was her lucky night. Every freshman didn't have such a chance. She must be careful and play her cards right.

"Oo—isn't the moon gorgeous," she murmured ecstatically as they drove past the lake on the way to the clubhouse.

"Not half as gorgeous as you, Honey," Jim answered almost involuntarily.

She opened her eyes widely at him, and laughed softly, a little chuckle inside her throat. Jim felt suddenly very pleased with himself and all of the world. What a night! What a girl!

"Just think, this year's nearly gone, and this is the first date I've had with you. I could kick myself," moaned Jim.

Lil almost said that it hadn't been her fault, but checked herself in time.

"Cigarette?" Jim offered.

"No, thanks. I don't smoke."

"You don't, eh? Most of 'em do. It's a relief to find one who doesn't. Do you know what, Lil? I'd like to kiss you."

"Would you? It is nice of you to want to, Jim, but I don't believe in kissing." He could not see her eyes—only the dark shadow of her lashes on her cheek.

"Well, for heaven's sake!" Jim whistled. All of that loveliness going to waste! He would have to make her change her mind about that.

Lil was a good dancer and received such a rush at the dance that Jim had to carry her out to look at the moon several times to get to talk to her. Before he left her that night, he had discovered that life would not be worth living unless he saw her very often during the next two weeks.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

"Well, how was the freshman?" Bob asked when Jim came in. Bob looked as if he had been out, too, but Jim forgot to ask him where.

"She wasn't so bad," Jim answered, humming a little tune. "Making Pat jealous isn't going to be so very hard after all. I figure that it will take at least two weeks. Course, Lil has things to learn; but then, I am a pretty good teacher. Say, Bob, you don't suppose Pat will get too angry to even speak to me, do you? That would be terrible."

"Oh, I guess not." Bob was in bed and sounded half asleep.

That night a dark, gypsy-like face alternated with a silvery blond one in Jim's dreams. And the moon that looked in at the window after midnight surprised a smile on Bob's sleeping face.

The next two weeks passed quickly for Jim and Lil. There was so much that Jim wanted to teach her—how to play a good game of tennis, how to gallop a horse without joggling, how to hold a golf club correctly. Lil was such a willing and apt pupil that it was a pleasure to teach her. It was a relief to find a girl who didn't know more than you did about everything. Now Pat—she was so clever that she always made him feel like a dub when they did anything together. He had seen Pat once or twice and she had smiled at him. Didn't seem to be mad at all. Maybe she would be anxious to make up before long. He hadn't seen much of Bob lately. Bob went out nearly every time he did. Some dull old lectures, probably. Bob took his work too seriously. He ought to play around with the girls a bit. He could teach Bob a thing or two.

The day before the military ball, a big event on the campus, Jim burst in upon a bull session going on in his room. Bob was there, and when Jim entered, the conversation stopped abruptly, but Jim was too perturbed to notice.

"What's the matter, Jim?"—"Your girl kicked you?" "Pat and Lil been fighting over you?"—the voices of his fraternity brothers chorused jokingly.

"Leave me alone, can't you? I'm in a bad enough pickle as it is." Jim sat disconsolately on the edge of his bed.

"Poor Jim!" remarked Al Ross, who was one of the group. "He is always in some kind of a jam. That's what he gets for being so popular with the ladies."

"Yeah, you are a sympathetic lot! Say, Bob, do you think that Pat's jealous enough yet? I haven't asked her for a date in two weeks."

"I really can't say, Jim. Why not call her and see. Lil has probably been filling her full of how wonderful you are, and she ought

THE PINE BRANCH

to be more appreciative by now." There was hidden laughter in Bob's voice, but his face was serious.

"Yep. That's just it. I've got to call her, whether I want to or not. You see, I made a date with her over a month ago for the military ball, and she'll be expecting me to fill it."

"Why, you ought to be tickled to death over a chance to make up. Isn't that what you wanted?" Al wanted to know.

"Yes, but somehow or another I led Lil to think that I was going to take her, and—"

"Hear! hear!" four of the group got up and cheered.

"Shut up, you bums. This is serious! Bob, you got me into this. What must I do?"

"I think that I would call Pat on the telephone and discover her views on the subject, and if she says that she has been missing you terribly, and can't wait for you to take her to the military ball, then the scheme has worked perfectly, and you can just let Lil down easy. It will hurt her a little, but she adores Pat, so I hear, so she won't hold it against you. Run along and phone Pat."

Jim did not appear over-anxious to do so, and went slowly downstairs; but in a few moments, they heard him rushing back, several steps at a time.

"Hurrah! Pat's not jealous a bit. She just doesn't care, and she has a date for tomorrow night. She's not even mad, and says Lil's crazy about me. Bob, you old mossback, you don't know a thing about human nature—specially women. What did I tell you? Your scheme didn't work at all. If it had—! So long, boys. See you later."

Jim snatched a tennis racket, lit a cigarette, and ran.

"Well, looks like Jim's right," remarked Al, as the group rose to go. "If this was your scheme, Bob, it didn't work so well."

"Oh," Bob drawled, lighting his pipe and flicking the match airily out of the window. "It couldn't have worked better. You see, I'm taking Pat to the military ball myself."

MELBA YOUNG BEALE—'32.

SPRING

With the flash of a yellow sweater
On a green Fairway
I hear a click
And then
There is a thud
Of a ball hitting the bottom of a cup.

LILLIAN M. HOPPER—'31.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

LIFE, ACCORDING TO MAUPASSANT AND ARNOLD BENNETT

Fundamentally Maupassant found life alike everywhere, in various countries and among different classes of people. To him, it was characterized by ferocity, slyness, and animal instinct. That is not a cheerful picture of the world, but the one which he knew best. These general deductions of his theory of life are expressed in *Une Vie*, which is the sad picture of a woman who suffered the constant agony of disillusionment.

The life of Jeanne is presented. She has been molded into the perfection of beauty, tenderness, radiance, and innocence by training in a convent. Her father's ambition to make her a perfect ideal of womanhood had her best interest at heart, but he lacked the foresight to see that his ideal would suffer in a world which was far from so. As Jeanne struggled, so must everyone. And in the struggle the deserving individual is always at a disadvantage. Mistakes of the past handicap the present and are a menace to the future.

Some believe that love will help the individual to win happiness in life. However, Maupassant regarded love as an illusion, beautiful but fleeting. Disillusionment bequeaths only beautiful and tender memories from the experience of love, and memories cannot secure happiness.

A conflict between love or sentiment and reason is inevitable. The struggle is similar to the tides of the sea. High tides of human fortune are just as surely followed by low ones as those of the sea. Both beat against an impenetrable shore of opposition, fiercely at times. Only endless activity and perpetual motion are accomplished by an expenditure of energy which eventually destroys its source.

And at last Jeanne could look over her experience of calm and stress with understanding. Her conclusion was: "Life after all, is not as good or as bad as we believe it to be."

In *The Old Wives' Tail* by Arnold Bennett the heroine found life unbelievably dull and drab unless one happened to discover its significance. Life seemed to be pressed down by custom, religion, and ugliness unless one realized that there was sublimity in the overwhelming vastness of everything.

To Sophia and Constance love was not even an illusion, but merely a progression which one accepted, thus mounting the rungs of the ladder of life as became one's age and station. But to them life was not a tragedy. It is the comparison to what it might have been that makes it so.

Years of routine dulled Constance and suffering made Sophia hard. Constance's brief hope that a son would make all worthwhile had

THE PINE BRANCH

long since fled. The effort which Sophia had made to escape had made her pay with her youth and innocence. Aged, afflicted, and alone, they waited for death, still unable to solve the riddle of why they had lived. As Jeanne did, they too looked into the past and said: "Well, that is what life is." Perhaps the futility of realizing their aspirations was overshadowed by the experience of life itself.

However much Arnold Bennett reminds us of the pessimistic view of life of Thomas Hardy, regardless of how futile he thinks life is, in spite of the support he gives to *Une Vie* of Maupassant, I am assured by his recurring suggestions of human fellowship that life is made worth living to him.

PHARA ELARBEE—'32.

LOVE IN A SMALL TOWN

His face is ever dear
To me. But others see
Only the likeness of
His father, Policeman Brown,
Killed in a drunken brawl.
His eyes speak messages
Of love, honest and true.
But to others he is
Only the prototype
Of his absconded brother.
His smile, friendly, sincere,
Abject in its meekness,
Seeks an understanding
Heart. Yet others but see.
The seductive smile of
His sister of ill-fame.
To me he is upright
And true. I love his very shadow.
Yet others see only
A pair of boxing gloves.

MARGUERITE LANGDALE—'31.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

IN HOLIDAY MOOD

One may be sure when a school teacher decides to take a holiday that this is her way of declaring that she is out for any sort of an adventure that will break the monotony of the sizes of the continents and the parts of speech. Anyway this is what I had in mind when I asked my niece, Nancy Jernigan, to join me in a holiday which was to be a month's stay in New Orleans. During this time I hoped to become an authority on New Orleans' history, and Nancy planned to sketch a few of the interesting places that we should see. Nancy had a flair for art, a talent heretofore unknown in the Jernigan family.

A person could hardly be more enthusiastic over a trip than Nancy was over our proposed trip to New Orleans. As soon as I suggested it, her imagination caught the spark that nearly proved disastrous for her. Highly imaginative and keenly emotional, she drew on the stories that I remembered from my first trip there; she would ask me over and over about the few picture postcards that I had brought home with me. She read circulars and folders until she knew as much, if not more, than I remembered from my first visit there while I was still in school. "It was going to be fun," I had thought, "showing New Orleans to Nancy."

As we had planned, we rented one of those little apartments a few blocks off Royal Street, right in the heart of the old French Quarter itself. After much bargaining with a landlady whom I suspected of being slightly more Jewish than French, we secured three rather moderately furnished rooms. The landlady took great pains to inform us at length that she was in the habit of letting her "studio" to artists like ourselves, and that it was indeed the best of the kind in the neighborhood! Nancy was as delighted as a child over a new toy, and she wandered around examining the little courtyard and even daring to open the shutters. Already she had caught the spirit of the age-old city. "Eddy," she would exclaim, using the name she had called me when she was too tiny to say Edwina, "even the very air seems different here, doesn't it? It makes you feel so queerly to think that years ago this was like a tiny part of Paris itself."

"My dear," I would tell her, "it is the same thing that draws Americans to Europe; the same charm that lies like a spell around the cities of the Old World."

The first week Nancy and I spent in making a round of all the places of historical interest in the city. I took great pleasure in introducing such places to her and telling her the few things that I remembered. It was our agreement to see these things, and then

THE PINE BRANCH

go back and spend some time in active work, Nancy to her sketching and I to my historical data. We were delighted with the old French Market; we found the Haunted House as thrilling as any modern mystery story; our minds wandered back half a century when we saw the place in which Napoleon's followers planned to house him in the New World; and we shuddered with the gruesomeness of the tragedies that had taken place under the Suicide Oak. The spell of all the remnants of a decayed past was slowly coming over the pair of spectators who found all this as fascinating as the pages of an ancient manuscript just brought to light. I felt the charm, too, but I was older and much wiser than the fanciful Nancy. At the end of the first week, I could tell the difference in her—into her eyes had come that far-away wondering look, as if she were gazing through an open door into the wonder and romance of a forgotten century. She would sit and gaze out of the window at an empty street, or trace with her eyes the pattern in the hand-wrought iron balcony opposite, which the landlady told us had been brought all the way from Spain itself. Once I heard her murmur, "Oh, what fun to have been a Creole belle!" This naive exclamation made me laugh to think that down in this antiquated section we were reveling in the glories of the past, while only a few blocks away was Canal Street with all of its present day business, and St. Charles Avenue with its splendor of modern homes!

We dined at the famous French restaurants, saw New Orleans night life at such clubs as "The Silver Slipper" and "The Green Shutter," sought out tea rooms and antique shops, read the inscriptions on the tombs in the St. Louis Cemetery; but of all the places that we went Nancy's favorite was the old Cabildo or Spanish Prison. The place had a curious fascination for her; she would return there again and again to see some little detail that she was interested in. I was not able to decipher just the reason for her fascination—whether it was that strange attraction that any old prison has or the quickening of her imagination to such things as the old torture instruments, the grimy little cells, the wall where the bullets of those condemned to die had lodged, or the curious hand-wrought iron gate. I wondered about it a great deal, but it was not until the third week of our visit that I discovered the answer.

Being an old-maid school teacher, I attribute the root and seed of all evil to that three-letter word, "man." The root and seed of all Nancy's trouble was in this same three-letter word, with the article attached—a man. Worst of all he was a taxi driver and a tourist guide around the city, and had his headquarters in Jackson

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Square opposite the Cabildo. He was thirty years of age, a clean, decent-looking chap, whose sole laurel, so far as I could discover, was in his reputation of being the best historian and guide in the city. His personal taxi company consisted of one medium size bus, which he owned and operated himself. He had no family, no affiliations, and few friends; but he had a whimsical sense of humor, and he was so saturated with the historical detail of the city that he fitted into the atmosphere of the Cabildo as if he were a portion of it. He was physically attractive enough to interest Nancy, and the funny little stories that he could tell about places and things appealed to her flitting fancy, or her holiday humor, I should say. In spite of our friend, Robert Burns, who insists that a "man's a man for 'a that," I could visualize how Nancy's mother, the delicate Elinor Jernigan, who frowned on school-teacher sister-in-laws, would take the blow when she heard that her daughter was in love with an ordinary taxi driver, and especially one with a name like Alexander Rose, Alex for short.

The way I happened to discover the attraction at the Cabildo was like this: Nancy had been going there every day to sketch the old courtyard, and I had been busy with some readings over at the Public Library and had left her to her fate. On this particular morning she left quite early, telling me that she would be back for lunch and that she wanted to finish the sketch before noon. She had finished several already and they were surprisingly good. In the middle of the morning a telegram came from Nancy's father, telling me that her mother was ill and that Nancy should come home at once. I hastened to Jackson Square and found her sitting on the edge of the fountain with this Alexander Rose. Her sketching was discarded and he was telling her, in glowing terms, about the famous New Orleans riot. We were duly introduced and then I broke the news to Nancy.

She turned crimson and flared up angrily, "She's not sick, Eddy; she's just got one of her convenient spells 'cause she is afraid that I am in love with Alex and she doesn't want me to marry him. I wrote her about him, you see!"

"Marry him!", I could scarcely believe my ears, "Nancy Jernigan, why didn't you tell me about this?"

"I tried to tell you yesterday but you told me to run along and quit jabbering, that you were trying to write a letter. Don't you remember?"

Here Alexander came to the front. "Miss Jernigan," he said "I know this is an awful blow; but I love Nancy and she loves me, and I want to marry her. I haven't so much worldly goods to offer her, but I am willing to work for the things that I hadn't considered im-

THE PINE BRANCH

portant until I met Nancy." Alexander's eyes were honest-blue, but honest eyes and willing hands are less than nothing to Elinor Jernigan.

It took all of my school teacher dignity to remain un-ruffled. "Mr. Rose," I said, "I am, of course, surprised, but I think that under the circumstances I had better take Nancy home. We will not be leaving today, and if you will tell me how I can get in touch with you, I will let you know when you can see Nancy at the apartment."

* * * * *

At five o'clock, Nancy and I were no nearer an agreement than we had been that morning. I argued, pleaded, persuaded, pointed out every reason, both social and economic, why she should not marry this taxi driver. I demonstrated the fact that he cared about none of the social life that she enjoyed at home; I tried to show her that he was the one person in New Orleans who had proved most interesting because he was in his most attractive role, that of a tourist guide. When these arguments failed, I planned a campaign. No military campaign was ever more carefully planned, but I know now that it would have failed if it had not been for a rare blessing bestowed by the gods at the proper and most appreciated moment.

That very afternoon, just as I was wiring Nancy's father that we would be home within the week, I received a letter from the president of the Board of Trustees, asking me if we would receive a young friend of his, who had just returned from art school in Paris, and who was planning to spend some time in New Orleans. He was twenty-five, would arrive the next day, and would call. I breathed a prayer for all struggling young artists, and Alan Hallsworthy, in particular.

The first item in my campaign came when I invited Alexander over to spend the evening. He came. Before the first hour was up, we were all three bored beyond polite conversation. I suggested bridge, backgammon; but he didn't play any of those "new games." I played the victrola, and hinted that he and Nancy dance; he didn't dance, he apologized. I steered the conversation into such channels as the India situation, Byrd's polar flight, recent books—carefully avoiding any reference to dear old New Orleans and its worn out history. Having exasperated the two of them, I retired, and in half an hour I heard the front door close on Alexander. Cruel, you say—well, so are military campaigns!

Alan Hallsworthy appeared the next morning, and when I saw him I realized the magnanimity of the blessing which the gods had bestowed. He was everything that Alexander could have been—educated, charming, attractive, and with a gallantry that would

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

make any old maid shift the root and seed of all trouble to another source.

As he praised and criticised Nancy's sketches, I could fairly see the aesthetic figure of Art push the unpretentious Alexander out of the room.

Alan invited us to lunch, and I tactfully suggested that I invite a friend and make it a foursome. That lunch must have been a nightmare for Alexander, and our drive out into the country a living horror; for, you see, tales of assassinations, riots, and night life can find no place in art.

The campaign ended at dinner. We selected the gayest cabaret we could find, and while Nancy and Alan danced, Alexander unburdened his soul to me.

"Miss Jernigan," he said, "guess I was a silly fool to think that Nancy could care for me like that. What she needs is someone young; She'd never be satisfied with an old fellow like me. I've been thinking about it all day and I've decided that the best thing I could do would be to slip out quietly while she was enjoying herself. I want you to wish her good luck for me and I know she will understand."

The grip of his hand was still warm in mine as he went out of the door.

* * * * *

At the public library next morning, the librarian handed me "Historical New Orleans," a book she had promised to get for me. I told her I would not be interested in it now.

"Have you the latest novel?" I asked.

LILLIAN M. LIVELY—'32.

WISHES

She walks thru the blowing green,
Caressing the tender blades with feet
Which, inside their prison, are white and more tender than the
grass she treads.

A translucent light shines thru eyes that pierce and cut into space
—And her thoughts are wishes.
A bright bird balances on a too heavy-laden wisteria vine—
Pauses and blinks and gives assent
And flies away into the Space that fills her eyes.
The light remains — — —
And the wishes! ———

EMILY HALLYBURTON—'31.



EDITORIAL



A summary is not amiss at the conclusion of anything, but it is especially fitting as June 10 looms on the horizon that we should call our days and weeks and months during this scholastic year to account. The span of man's, and that means our, life does not include a great number of years; and those of our college days are among the most precious. Many of our most advancing steps are taken while we are still in school. Our years there are the only

ones which are unreservedly devoted to fortifying ourselves with the knowledge which we shall need to qualify for our position in life. After we leave school there are so many requirements of our time that most of us are never again really students. When we consider the fact that this may be the only time which we shall ever resign to systematically acquiring knowledge, we realize that we cannot afford to have little to show for our days. So it is with searching eyes that we look back to see what we have gotten from this year.

What do we find? There are many experiences which we have shared in common and by which we have all profited, but what about the benefits derived by the individual? Have you availed yourself of every opportunity which has presented itself? Of course not, but has this been the goal toward which you have continually striven? Have you used your time to such advantage that you feel yourself broadened and strengthened by your work during the year? Or would you like another chance at giving your best to this year? We have all passed up so many opportunities during the year that not one would hesitate to take it back again, but it still has its compensations—don't you think? In spite of all our failings and shortcomings, don't you feel that we all can turn our backs on this year with a smile for the multitude of accomplishments which it has brought to each of us?



LOCALS

The Student Government Association held a very informal meeting in the Rotunda on April 14. Miss Bullock, Student Government President, and Miss Lillian Lively, Student Government President-elect, told of their interesting trip to Belton, Texas, where they attended the Southern Intercollegiate Association of Student Governments.

* * *

The Junior Class presented a most interesting three-ring circus on Saturday night, April 11. The dining hall was gaily bedecked with balloons, colored streamers, and sawdust. There the wild animals performed their thrilling stunts, the strong man lifted the heaviest of weights, and the dainty tight-rope walker presented her graceful act. The second ring was the gym, where everyone enjoyed dancing to the timely music of Dr. E. W. Phelan. In the Play Production room several interesting plays were given. Up and down the halls of Ashley Hall numerous side shows lured many guests into the treats in store for them there.

* * *

The *Pine Branch* editor for 1931-32 will be Miss Emily Burney of Boston, who was elected by the student group at the chapel assembly on April 13. Miss Anna Frances Ham of Valdosta was elected her assistant.

* * *

The Valdosta Club entertained with a "Bowery Ball" in the dining hall, Saturday night, April 25. Many gaily dressed "thugs" were present and every one had a lovely time. Several solo dances were given, and music was furnished by Mr. Carl Simmons and assistants.

* * *

Miss Nell Gill and Miss Lillian Johnson entertained their student teachers with a rook-bridge party at Mrs. Noah Langdale's home, Friday night, April 3. The flowers and favors carried out Easter season's suggestions. Miss Laura Lee Jones won a lovely vase for rook top score, and Miss Sarah Wadley won a novelty soap set for bridge top score.

* * *

Miss Mildred Price entertained the Seminar History Class with a delightful Easter Morning breakfast at her home here.

ELIZABETH WRIGHT—'33.



CLUBS

The Philharmonic Club held its regu-meeting in the rotunda at eight o'clock, April 16. The program was one of two piano numbers. It was as follows: "Rondino" (Schultz) by Dorothy Crocker and Annie Lois Gardner; "Melody in F" (Rubenstein) by Margaret Williams and Louise Clifford; "Andante" (Chaminade) by Annie Lois Gardner and Margaret Williams; "Scherzettino" (Chaminade) by Carolyn Bullard and Annie Lois Gardner; and "Spanish Rhapsody"

(Albeniz) and "Impromptu" (Schultz) by Joyce Roberson.

* * *

The International Relations Club held its April meeting on the night of the fourteenth in Miss Price's office. The program was based on a study of the World Court. Roselle Hatcher's subject was the World Court; Dorothy Harris discussed the relationship of the United States to the World Court; and Mattie D. Simpson and Rosalind Blieler discussed the World Court.

* * *

The Fine Arts Club had an exhibit of work from the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts during the week of April 6. The exhibit was held in the exhibit room of the Art Dome and was open to visitors from four to six each afternoon. The exhibit contained work in poster advertising, costume design, and interior decoration. The most outstanding characteristic of the work was its perfection of detail.

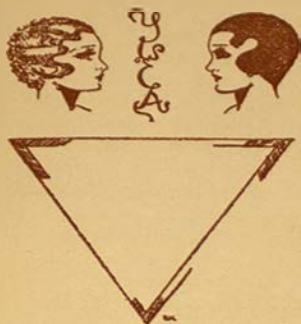
* * *

The French Club held its regular meeting on Saturday night, April 25, in the lecture room. The program consisted of an illustrated lecture by Dr. Antoinette Westborn. The lecture was delivered in French and French songs were sung.

* * *

The Glee Club has discontinued its bi-weekly practices until near commencement. This club is one club on the campus whose members are kept busy practically all the year attending practices. The little respite of a few weeks is being greatly enjoyed.

EMELIZA SWAIN—'33.



Y. W. C. A.

As this year draws to a close the Y. W. C. A. has begun making preparations for the year 1931-32. The following officers have been elected: President, Miss Emily Jennings of Dawson; Vice-President, Miss Virginia Clark of Tampa, Florida; Secretary, Miss Lillian Sumner of Poulan; and Treasurer, Miss

Margaret Kennedy of Dawson. An interested and capable cabinet has been appointed by the president. These officers are planning to make the Y. W. C. A. for next year one of the best and most active in the history of the College.

Easter was very appropriately observed with an Easter play at Vesper on Sunday night. The play, "Night and Morning," was a representation of the night before the Crucifixion of Christ and the morning when the two Marys came to the Sepulchre and found the stone rolled away.

Thursday evening, April 9, Vesper service was given over to a report of the Y. W. C. A.-Y. M. C. A. conference which met in Athens. The program was led by Miss Virginia Carswell of Waycross; and Miss Emily Jennings of Dawson and Miss Virginia Clark of Tampa, Florida, who were delegates to the conference, made interesting talks on the proceedings of the meeting. These delegates felt that they derived much good from contacts made with other students at the conference. The subject of the meeting was, "The Creative Life," and there were many inspirational speakers who contributed to the interest.

Sunday evening, April 12, the study of Hymns was continued at vesper. Miss Mary Poole of Balboa, Canal Zone, led the program; and Miss Kate Jones of Riceboro, discussed the three American writers whose poems have been set to music. She also read some of the poems of each author. Miss Margaret Williams of Douglas sang a very impressive solo. The following Thursday the vesper program was led by Miss Wylene Whitley of Fitzgerald, and Miss Violet Glascock of Waycross gave a talk. The subject was "Missions," and special emphasis was placed on the value of missions—not only to the heathen, but also to our own Christian civilization.

NANCY ROWLAND—'33.



SOCIETIES

INTER-SOCIETY DEBATE

The annual inter-society debate between the Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies was held in the Rotunda on April 18. The subject of the debate was: "Resolved, That the Cotsworth thirteen month calendar be adopted." The Argonians, who had the negative side, were represented by Miss Mildred Minchew of Baxley and Miss Elizabeth

Wright of Rome. Defending the affirmative were Miss Helen Brasington of Waycross and Miss Marjorie Sessions of McRae of the Sororian Literary Society.

After the debate each debater was presented with a box of candy from her Society as a token of appreciation.

SORORIAN NEWS

Book Clubs were the theme of the Sororian Literary Society, held on May 6 in the Lecture Room. Miss Caralyn Readdick of Folkston discussed "What are book clubs." Miss Helena Durham of Savannah reviewed the other clubs in the United States and spoke briefly of some of their recent selections. Miss Katherine Stovall of Bainbridge gave a very interesting synopsis of Vici Baum's *Grand Hotel* and pointed out its outstanding characteristics.

After the program a short business meeting was held, during which officers for next year were elected. Miss Phara Elarbee of Calvary was elected president of the society. Other officers selected were: Vice-president, Miss Mary Dozier of Morgan; Secretary, Miss Delia Bonner of Vienna; Treasurer, Miss Carolyn Smith of Albany; Sergeant-at-arms, Miss Margaret Bischoff of Savannah.

ARGONIAN NEWS

The program of the Argonian Literary Society on May 2nd was on Book Clubs and their selections. Talks were given by Nancy Rowland, Myrtice Johnson, and Ethel McSwain. After the program the following officers were elected for next year: Nancy Rowland, president; Ethel McSwain, treasurer; Emeliza Swain, secretary; and Harriet Sheppard, sergeant-at-arms.

CHAPMAN—'32, HOPPER—'31.



ATHLETICS

Once more our campus has been turned into a play ground where high school girls mingled with our own students, for the Georgia State Womans College has just celebrated her second Play Day.

The guests started arriving about nine-thirty and were greeted by our white clad welcoming committee, of which Miss Margaret Bullock was the chairman. Miss Bullock turned the arriving teams over to girls on her committee (preferably girls from the same town as the visiting girls), and they were taken to dormitory rooms to change into their

play clothes. From there they were taken into the Rotunda to register, and each visitor was given a multicolored rubber ball with "G. S. W. C. Play Day, 1931" written on it. The visiting girls were then turned over to their respective team captains. Each town placed a girl on each of the six color teams.

The teams with their captains were: Ge Delle Brabham, red (winning team); Emily Elkin, green; Sara Emily Ward, purple; Mary Poole, blue; Polly Walker, orange; and Florence Powell, yellow. The teams were evenly divided and each girl played hard and fast, but the reds played just a little harder than the others and came out on top.

The games that were played between the teams were: basket-ball, tennis, golf, horse-shoe pitching, miniature golf, bombardment, clock golf, Philadelphia kick ball, balloon volley ball, croquet, box-hockey, giant volley ball, and various stunts. In these games our first aim in Play Day was realized, for they brought together on the same team girls that have scrapped against each other for four or more years. We wish to promote friendlier feelings between high school girls, and their playing on the same team showed them how lovely girls are whom they have disliked for years.

After the games there was a half hour for relaxation, and then we all gathered in the pines for a picnic lunch. Our faithful Mrs. Beck served us delightfully, and nonsense songs were sung by everyone.

After lunch the crowd was divided into three parts. One part

THE PINE BRANCH

went to the gymnasium for social dancing, another to the dining room for games, and the third to the Play Production room where two one-act plays were presented by the Play Production class. Every half hour each crowd went to another of the three places of entertainment.

After this the college girls retired to their rooms to prepare for the May Festival and the guests saw an exhibition golf match played by several of Valdosta's leading golfers.

The loveliest part of the day's program began at five o'clock when the first dancers appeared on the green to herald the coming of the May Queen. After the Prologue the Ladies of the Court appeared, followed by Miss Evelyn Blanton, the Maid of Honor. Immediately following them came Miss Margaret Sumner, Queen of the May, in a lovely carriage borne aloft on the shoulders of the Lords of the Court. Miss Sumner looked lovely in her pure white as she descended from her carriage and approached the throne.

One of the Lords awaited her there and crowned her Queen of the May. Back of the throne was a stone wall upon which moss was growing. With such a back-ground Miss Sumner and her court looked almost too beautiful to be true, but there they were for everyone to see.

After the queen and her retinue were seated a group of peasants danced. Then came one of the most delightful parts of the program. Little Miss Mary Sue Wilson, the smallest girl in the training school, entered with her court. She was dressed as nearly like Miss Sumner as possible, and her Lords and Ladies were dressed as the ones in the larger court. After little Miss Wilson was crowned the children of the training school danced and enjoyed themselves very much prancing about on the green.

Next Pietro with his faithful wife and monkey performed with their troupe of trained animals, much to the delight of the kiddies (and grown-ups too). Another freshman group then danced, and then the Lords and Ladies trod to stately measure. A group of wandering gypsies were persuaded to dance, and merry they were in their bright colors with tambourines clicking.

"The Romance of the Marionettes" was then presented by four very stiff looking persons, who both looked and acted their parts superbly. After all the family affairs of the Marionettes had been settled everyone gathered around and wound the May Poles. The Morrismen were awarded the box of candy for being the best May Pole dancers. When all the May Poles were wound everyone stood by to see the Queen and her Court leave.

Everything was over then, and every one left, tired but happy, saying that if they were invited to Play Day—May Day next year, they would surely come.

DOZIER AND LEVERETTE—'34.



ALUMNAE

The following alumnae members visited the college during the past month: Dorothy Glascock, Opal Thornton Trulock, Vivian Slade, Blanche Prescott, Helen Williams, Ila Spooner Thomas, Louise Causey, Jane Quarterman, Mary Small, Velma Sirmans Potter, Ruby Dowling, Weeda Turner, Nowlan Sirmans, Olive Ryon, LaForrest Smith, Juanita Sweat, Lois Nichols, Dorothy White, and Frances Folsom.

* * *

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, June 6, at 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.

Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Thoroughman of Changchow, China, announce the birth of a daughter on April 24. Mrs. Thoroughman will be remembered here as Verna Scarborough.

Mrs. Howard Newton is now living in Winder, Georgia.

* * *

Recent echoes have come from the following members to Miss Patterson, President of the Alumnae Association:

Nan Smith is employed by the Young Womans Christian Association in Charlotte, North Carolina.

Clarice Weathersbee is living at the following address, 434 West 120 Street, New York City.

Inez Sharpe is teaching in the public schools of Waycross, Georgia.

Ora Mae Byles of 3622 Riverside Avenue, Jacksonville, Florida, writes: "Social work has a fast hold on me. It is with keen interest and admiration that I watch G. S. W. C. win recognition which is due. Isn't it a great pleasure to know that a high grade College is progressing in our portion of the state?"

Velma Sirmans—Mrs. Joel Potter, Green Cove Springs, Florida, says that she has had a busy season in Qui-Si-Sana Hotel where she serves as hostess.

Shirley Gaskins, Mrs. W. A. Thomison, of Dayton, Tennessee, is making plans to be on the campus during commencement week.

IVA CHANDLER—'29.



JOKES

"How can I make anti-freeze?"

"Hide her woolen pajamas."

* * *

"Are you serious?"

"No, Armenian."

* * *

The Year's Worst Joke—

A man asked me one day if he saw

a girl with the heel of her shoe coming off would her name be Lucille?

* * *

A picture card from a world-touring dad to his son in college:

"This is the cliff from which the ancient Spartans used to throw their defective children. Wish you were here.—Dad."

* * *

Joke Contributor: "You sit down on every joke I send in."

Hard-boiled Editor: "Well, I wouldn't if there were any point to them."

* * *

In Sweden it's different. Over there Necken is an old god instead of being just a social obligation.

* * *

New Bank Clerk: "Miss Jones, do you retire a loan?"

Stenog: "No, I sleep with Aunt Emma."

* * *

Boarder: "This breakfast food tastes like sawdust."

Ruby: "What are you kicking about? The catalogue says 'fine board!'"

* * *

"A sonnet," explained the freshman in English class, "is a very small baby boy."

* * *

Negro, at information window: "What time do you' train git tuh Campus?"

Clerk: "Four-five a. m."

Negro: "Yessah, thankee, but how long fo' five?"

**The Commencement Season
Is Approaching.**

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HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR WHO IS A READER
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YOUNG LADIES TO CONTINUE THEIR EDU-
CATION IN ITS CLASSES NEXT FALL.

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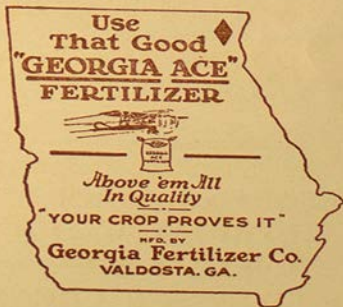
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