

THE PINE BRANCH



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VIEWPOINT

Phara Elarbee

O! Man in the Moon,
I pity you there,
Your monotonous life
Must be hard to bear.

Foolish Mortal of earth,
I laugh you to scorn,
For the variety of sights
From evening till morn

Would please even you,
Experienced in all,
Enjoyed vicariously
They never do pall.

THE SWAN

Buford Williford

If God had made of me a swan
And you an Audubon,
I'd pray you came to care for me
Before my life had done.

I'd pray your gentle fingers
Would stroke my plummage white,
And give my downy body strength
To venture through the night.

And when you'd fed my hungry mouth,
With grace on water's edge I'd lie,
Bearing a song upon my lips
Melodiously ere I die.

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LOVE INVITED
Dorothy Davis

Anne carefully straightened a trim cuff and looked up hopefully as the dining room door opened. She sighed with disappointment as she recognized the new comer. She wondered what was delaying Mr. Gant Rollins who was usually so punctual, as becomes a rising young lawyer.

As the meal progressed she was increasingly aware of the emptiness of the chair next to her. A stubborn streak of honesty made her admit it, and she somewhat bitterly reflected, "Pallid Milksop! here I sit, day in, day out, languishing for the moment when that man enters the door—as if he ever realizes whether I'm here or not! Piece of furniture—that's what I am—pallid piece of furniture who happens of necessity to drink coffee with him three times a day."

She grimly gulped down the last drops and prepared to push back her chair and go. At that moment, however, the door opened again, and with a thump of pure joy, she suddenly realized that her hunger was not yet appeased.

Rollins hurried to his place, threw an absent-minded "hello" to his neighbors and sat down in complete self-absorption. Anne watched him with despairing, disapproving eyes.

"As isolated as Robinson Crusoe on his island—only he doesn't need Friday! And I waste fifteen minutes lesson time for a clown's indifference!" She stared in awe at the clown's indiscriminating appetite and heaved a very audible sigh. Rollins glanced up, and for the first time seemed to notice her presence.

"Oh," he said kindly, "and how are the *primma donna's* fortunes going lately?"

"I think," announced Anne dourly, "I'll go back to the farm."

Rollins returned to his menu and solemnly masticated a roll. He finished his meal brusquely, then turning with a bright, "study hard; don't be discouraged," rose and departed.

Some time later as she entered the doors of the great conservatory, Anne was still in gloom over life's perplexities.

"He's such a sap, too," she complained. "As if it wouldn't be bad enough to be scorned by a bright one, he has to be a sap too! 'Study hard'," she snorted, "'study hard'—that's his whole philosophy; a perfect sap's philosophy. But even so," she added honestly and with a kind of pride, "he is a beautiful sap."

She spent a boring afternoon practicing scales and meekly accepting an impatient artist's irritable criticisms.

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She trudged darkly back to her rooms and cursed the evil hour she had decided to sing. She wondered if she had perhaps been mistaken in her former belief in the desirability of an independent career. She thought now with horror of the fervent arguments she had offered the family for leaving the village.

"Only in a strange place, away from all acquaintances," she remembered crying, "will I be able to truly realize my personality. I've got to get away from all of you and your help! I've got," she cried, inspired, "to buffet for myself. And besides my personality, there's my art—my voice!"

She had arrived then, six months before, in this perfectly strange city, away from all hampering acquaintances and help, and she was buffeting for herself. To her dismay she had found that this isolation was not as helpful to her personality as she had thought; she was beginning to fear that her interest in her art was not strong enough to make her comfortably impervious to her aching loneliness. And for no reason she felt that the blame was wholly on the broad shoulders of the young lawyer, for Anne was not used to being ignored.

She testily smothered down a mop of pleasant curls and prepared for dinner.

"I shan't speak to him for three days," she decided stoically. "He could be at least civil to a pork and beans partner! I won't speak for three days—even if," she continued with vindictiveness, "he speaks first, I won't speak for three days!"

She sat down at the table and tried to suppress the little feeling of relief that he was already there—for of course she detested him.

Everyone but Rollins, she favored with a cheerful greeting. She was afraid, though, that he did not even notice. She gave it up and resignedly turned to her neighbor.

Suddenly she realized that the lawyer was speaking. "It has been," he proclaimed to the world at large, "a very lovely day."

Everyone agreed gravely that it had been indeed a very lovely day—that is, everyone but Anne, who maintained black scowl.

"Don't you think, Miss Lee," said the sap, in the tones of one addressing a child, "it has been a lovely day?"

"Really, Mr. Rollins," she answered frigidly, "I really hadn't noticed, and besides, I detest lovely days, and besides, the weather almost never interests me, and besides—"

Mr. Rollins looked less squelched than pained.

"Ah," he said restrainedly. He rose and left the table. Half way out of the room he paused, turned, and under the silent thunder of Anne's glower, returned to her side.

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"Don't be discouraged, Miss Lee. 'Earnest effort,'" he quoted chastely, "'is never left unrewarded'."

Anne's small heels hammered up the stairs. She closed the door to her room, automatically picked up a book and composed herself for a survey of the Greek's idea of music. But between her eyes and the page persisted visions of a complacent blind young go-getter reeking with earnest effort.

"He's at the office, of course," she decided, "reading and reading and reading. So far gone he's probably even enjoying it too. If there's anybody in the universe in a worse fix than I, it's that sap—mummified by law!"

Then she thought of him and felt very sad. Soon, in fact, she was near to weeping over the tragic waste and the sheer pity of it. Then a noble resolve burst on her—she would save him, she would save him from this drab and futile existence devoid of love and laughter. She would show him that there is more to life than horn-rimmed spectacles and earnest effort.

"He's interested in my art, at least," she exulted, "I know that—because of the earnest effort behind it. Now," she concluded logically, "he must see me behind the effort."

Late the next afternoon Mr. Rollins was sedately descending the stairs. Under his arm he fondled books, and in his hand he clutched spectacles. Fate in the guise of Anne was approaching. The lawyer was vaguely conscious of being about to meet some one. A chivalrous soul, he more or less moved to one side. Unfortunately the girl moved in the same direction. The accident seemed unavoidable.

Anne's eyes widened reproachfully. She responded to the instinct of self-preservation in a positive way. Stacks of music flew in the air and she locked her arms around the most convenient support, at which Mr. Rollins shone pinker and vaguely began becoming more conscious.

"Goodness me!" squeaked Anne who hated femininity.

Mr. Rollins coughed dejectedly; he peered uncertainly about, then perceiving with relief the scattered books offering an excuse, he awkwardly disengaged himself and feverishly began gathering them together; half through his task, he stopped and blinked.

"I do beg your pardon," he said to his feet.

Small gurgling sounds were coming from Anne. The lawyer made a last grab, he jumped to his feet, and found his most horrid fears confirmed. She was crying!

"I can't bear it," screamed Anne, "I simply can't bear it! I just can't—" she gulped, unable to finish.

"—Bear it," furnished Rollins helpfully.

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"First everybody says I haven't a soul, and then every time I start walking up stairs everybody in the world tries to knock me down! Oh, I can't," she declared between sobs, "bear it."

"I'm so sorry," mumbled Rollins in agony, "—very sorry; and you—I'm sure you have," he comforted in some embarrassment, "a—er—soul—I'm sure you have a soul. Almost everyone has."

"Everybody has a soul but me," wept Anne and plumped down on the stairs and wept more. "Everybody in the world. I can't sing because I haven't a soul. They all said so."

"Who?" demanded Rollins, mildly indignant.

"All the conservatory people," she explained, drying away the tears suddenly, in a business-like way, "—the artists and professors—M. de Tourrin, Herr Schauff—oh, all of them."

"But what," asked the lawyer, "has a soul to do with singing? Why, if you've got a nice voice, and practice hard, what—"

"Oh, indeed yes," said Anne modestly, "I've a very nice voice, and I know everything—my technique is perfect—they've all told me so. I have everything, you see, but feeling. But on account of I haven't a soul, I can't sing."

Rollins sat down very carefully beside her. He was patently disturbed over this impasse in somebody's career. There was danger here of earnest effort going unrewarded.

"You can see," accused Anne, "I haven't a chance—all these years of study, and the family doting on me, and—and everything—all to find I haven't a soul! I can't bear it," said Anne and diplomatically reached for the handkerchief!

"Don't, please, don't get discouraged," cheered Rollins frantically at the move. "There must be something we—er—you can do."

"No, nothing," said Anne tragically. "Nothing. There's only the farm left for me. If only," she paused and began again, "If only I could—I mean the only chance, they say, for me is if I—" She stooped in demure confusion.

"If what?" cried Rollins,—"If what? What is the chance?"

"It's too impossible!" wailed Anne.

"What?" cried Rollins.

"Besides, I don't want to!"

"Why?—why don't you want to? What?" cried Rollins.

"And anyhow," concluded Anne, "I don't know anybody in this place." She stared around the place with resentful eyes.

"Please tell me what's the chance," begged Rollins, in a very frenzy of interest.

"Fall in love," whispered Anne, and hung her head.

"Oh," breathed Rollins.

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They sat in sad dejection and stared sternly into the empty darkening rooms below. The other lodgers had not yet come in from their various occupations. Everything was very quiet. Out of the silence finally came Rollins' anxious voice.

"Do you have to fall absolutely in love for the soul?" he asked.

Anne hugged her knees vigorously and nodded in mute despair.

"Well, why don't you fall in love? A nice girl like you," he argued politely, "why don't you just go on and fall in love?"

"I don't know anybody," repeated Anne.

"But surely at the conservatory there's lots of nice young students," pointed out Rollins.

"No," said Anne firmly, "some have long curls and wear big black ties, the others insult my voice."

"And you have to fall in love—absolutely in love, really, and all that?"

"Well, er," temporized Anne, "They told me the best thing is the love. Because, you see," she explained lucidly, "my voice would develop along with my personality, that is, my soul. They say I live too much within myself—just like Robinson Crusoe, you know. I need human contacts. Technique is worthless without sincere feeling. I'm just a lady robot."

"But wouldn't," asked Rollins, "platonic love serve the purpose? I mean, er, couldn't association with a mere friend help your personality grow at all?"

"Maybe," said Anne. "But," she added stubbornly, "I'm supposed to fall in love. I guess though," she philosophized, "one must make the best of one's opportunities."

"Well, if a mere friend," said Rollins very cautiously, emphasizing the role, "could help at all, I'd be glad to be of any assistance. But I do hope," he continued uneasily, "—that is, I do hope you'll try not to, er—" he stopt confusedly.

"I'll try my best," reassured Anne stoutly, and smiled to herself, for she knew the denouncement, "not to fall at all in love with you."

He sighed in relief, gathered the books together again, turned to her rather vaguely, and helped her to her feet. Anne grinned down in triumphant glee over her shoulder at the forgotten spectacles lying in fragments on the floor. This, she was sure, was a good omen.

"What do old platonic friends do?" asked the bleak Rollins, crossing the Rubicon.

"First," said Anne adequately, "they nearly always get acquainted."

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THE REMERTON OPPORTUNITY SCHOOL
Mildred Talley

As I sit down to write this, these few lines from Emily Dickinson keep coming into my mind—

“If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can cease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.”

During the latter part of November an employee of the Strickland cotton mill at Remerton, Georgia, asked his superintendent if it would not be possible to have a night school conducted for the mill employees. The superintendent in turn conferred with the president of our college and a few preliminary plans were made. Several days later when the president of the Y. W. C. A. announced at a meeting of the cabinet that the local branch of the A. A. U. W. and the Y. W. C. A. cabinet were to have charge of a night school at Remerton, there were as many expressions of excitement and enthusiasm as there were girls present.

With Miss Gilmer and Dr. Hawkes as advisers the cabinet made arrangements to send four girls each Tuesday and Thursday evenings as teachers to the mill and programs of work were arranged accordingly.

The greatest thrill came when, on arriving at the village school-house, we found nearly forty men and women ranging in age from twelve to fifty were anxiously waiting to take advantage of the opportunities offered them. If we had ever felt the least bit of insecurity about what we were undertaking, all our fears remained outside the little wooden school building, for this group of men and women who had shown their eagerness by responding so enthusiastically to our plans was certainly an encouraging greeting.

Since the opening of the Opportunity School in November the group has grown smaller, but those remaining ones still reflect the same spirit of interest and enthusiasm which was evident from the time of the first class period. Recently arrangements have been made to conduct classes on Monday and Friday afternoons for others of the mill employees who work at night.

In planning the program of work it was found that those subjects which were most in demand were arithmetic, English, and spelling, and the constant interest of the pupils in these subjects, and their expressions of gratitude make us realize that we have not worked in vain.

"OH TIME, TURN BACK"

A VICTORIAN SKETCH

Mary Alice House

Matilda sat on a low stool bent over her embroidery. She was flushed at the daring of her own thoughts. He really was perfect—so Bohemian. He had seemed to like her, too. When he started to leave he had given her the most intriguing smile—and he, she blushed more deeply, had actually squeezed her hand, ardently. Her thread knotted. She tugged at it viciously.

"Matilda, love, that is no way to unknot a thread," broke in mamma, who sat in a near-by chair, tatting. "Give it to me. This really is a lovely design. I borrowed it from your Aunt Agatha. I knew you would enjoy working it. You do like it, don't you, dear?"

"Yes, mamma," replied Matilda, dutifully, if a bit absently. "But wasn't that author Brother brought to lunch yesterday just too eloquent?"

Mamma's lips pressed into a straight line. "I don't approve of your Brother's friend. Why I don't even know what church he belongs to."

Matilda secretly didn't believe he belonged to any church.

"And I heard that he wrote sex novels!"

"Sex novels? What are they? Novels have always been about sex. There's nothing new in that. People must have a sex and novels must be about people, so novels must be about sex, too. They have always—"

All the same mamma did not care about these sex novels that people had taken to writing now. "I don't like indecency. These modern writers will say anything. It's ill-bred."

Mamma could not be expected to know that these literary liberties of 1890 would be regarded as quaint Victorian grades in 1930.

Just then the butler came in with several letters on a salver and gave them to Lady I—. She opened and read all of them—the one addressed to her daughter, too.

"Daughter, here's an invitation for dinner. 'Lady Jeune requests the honor of the company of Miss Matilda Hunter to dinner on Monday next week'."

"Whoops, my dear!" exclaimed Matilda jubilantly, then recovering herself, "Oh, I'm sorry I said that terrible word."

Mamma reached for her smelling salts.

"Well, you should be! That was very unladylike of you, after the way I've slaved to rear you properly."

Both Matilda and her mother were properly impressed by this

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invitation from Lady Jeune, because Lady Jeune was the one hostess in London upon whom the mantle of Madam Mohl had really fallen. There were many other hospitable houses, many other charming circles, but to her belonged especially the power that created the salon of old time, the indescribable combination of faultless tact and the bonhomie that drew together everybody worth knowing, albeit of the most varied (and sometimes mutually hostile) species, in general congeniality. Lady Jeune entertained simultaneously all sorts and conditions of distinguished people with a fine impartiality, and without the least incongruity, the result being that her parties were quite the pleasantest imaginable. It was remarked that if by any chance her house caught on fire, and her guests had been burned, half the most famous names would have disappeared from the peerage. The royal academy would have been decimated. The theatres would have been obliged to close. The most eloquent pulpits would have been dumb. Science would have been at a standstill. One of Lady Jeune's rivals once invented a story at her expense. An officer in Africa, fighting in the bushes, came across a huge gorilla. He raised his pistol, when suddenly he recognized the gorilla and said, "Pardon me, but surely we have met before—I know your face—let me see? Yes, I recollect, we met in London at a dinner at Lady Jeune's."

"What I can't understand," complained mamma, "is why she didn't ask your father and me. It looks like she would know we can't have you gallovaning all over London unchaperoned. And I've heard that Lady Jeune's parties are not quite the right kind for young girls."

"Don't be early Victorian, Mamma," retorted Matilda with a flash of spirit. "I'm late Victorian and we do what we like. Probably the world will come to an end very soon, it's gone on so long, so let me have a good time while I can. Clergymen say it's a sign the world's coming to an end, all these wars and disturbances everywhere, and unbelief, and women and trains being so fast in their habits, and young men so effeminate."

A sudden, horrifying thought struck mamma. Was her daughter one of the new girls she had been reading about? She reached for her smelling salts. She had just finished reading *The Girl of the Period* in the *Saturday Review*—fast, painted, scanty of dress, with veils less concealing than provocative—what, mamma wondered, was a provocative veil? The new young woman. Bold, fast, blue-stockinged, self-indulgent, unchaperoned, advanced, undomesticated, reading and talking about things of which their mothers had never, before marriage, heard.

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II.

Matilda sat in the library emersed in a book when the butler announced to her incredulous hearing—Mr. Lawrence Virginus Appleby. Instantly Matilda was all aflutter. Her author! Wasn't he dashing looking? And so literary, too! she had heard it whispered among her brother's friends that Larry Appleby was a jolly good fellow, but a devil with the women. She blushinglly recalled these words and felt a tremor of fear at being left free without benefit of chaperonage (mamma was shopping for woollens) in the company of such a doubtful person.

"May I see Lady I—?" he inquired politely.

Matilda nervously tugged with her fan.

"She isn't in, sir, nor is my brother, but—"

But he was bowing over her hand.

"I was left a thing of leisure for the space of two hours. I thought I would make so free as to call upon your most excellent mother. But this is a rare pleasure—being able to see you again, Miss Matilda."

"Very kind of you, I am sure, Mr. Appleby. Won't you join me at tea?"

"Oh, dearie me," thought Matilda, "Did I do the right thing?" This was her first tete-a-tete as Madame Corday called these questionable affairs. Did he think her bold? Should she have said that he must call some other afternoon? But, tut! A girl must assert herself! She rang for tea with *savoir faire*.

"Awfully beastly weather we're having, Miss Matilda."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Appleby, it is. Will you have two?" But he did not answer her query. His eyes were fixed on her face. She grew hot under his gaze.

"Oh! My dear Mr. Appleby—!"

"Forgive me, I implore you! What were you saying?"

"I asked how many lumps of sugar you wanted."

"One, if you please," he replied, somewhat disconcerted.

Matilda was in a quandary. Was this love at first sight? No, she must not even think of such compromising things! But what wonderful eyes he had! He supplied himself amply with sand tarts and raisin chocolates. Should she offer him sherry? There stood her Uncle Ezra's flacon. But suppose he should take too freely and become intoxicated. No, far better to restrain the hospitality and keep order in the house.

"Miss Matilda," he said, putting aside his tea cup, "do you know Lady Alice Dalrymple?"

"I know of her, Mr. Appleby, but I do not acknowledge the acquaintance."

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"Why so? What has she done that you consider so sinful?"

"Mr. Appleby, this is most shocking. One should never discuss virtue with a gentleman!"

"Nor," he broke in, "the state of one's liver, for that matter, my dear Matilda." They both laughed and met each other's eyes frankly.

"Dear Matilda" he had said! Oh, the foolish one! Yet the phrase had stuck.

He continued, laughingly. "She is one of the most compelling personalities in London. However, her staunchest supporters are among the masculine sex. For some reason most women are afraid of her. I am going to characterize her in my next novel."

So! And it was true. He did write novels about sex—and he was intimately acquainted with that brazen lady, Dalrymple. But her pulses were throbbing. She must not let him know that she was only a simple girl of eighteen winters.

During the rest of the visit Matilda learned many new things from Mr. Appleby. She learned that she was living in a time of transition. At this time all things were being made new. New forms of art and literature were being experimented with, new ideas aired. New verse was being written, new drama, essays, fiction, and journalism. And—she learned that she was beautiful, and the sweetest girl in the world. Mr. Appleby said so.

The fire was burning low. Discretion should have long ago prompted him to leave. The lamp lighters were coming around. Then—

"I really must be on my way. May I call on you and your mother next week?"

"We shall be very glad to have you."

"And need I say I've had a most charming afternoon?" Then le beau geste—he kissed her hand. The door closed. She stood holding her burning palm. The sound of her mother's phaeton was heard on the cobble-stones. She heard her brother, Thomas, exclaim as he examined the salver,

"Well deuce it all, Larry's been here. Sorry I wasn't here. I don't guess he found anyone at home."

"Well," thought Matilda, "I shall let well enough alone and not tell Mr. Thomas."

Her tea guest, Mr. Lawrence Virginus Appleby! Wouldn't Martha Elise die!

III.

Martha Elise, Lady I---'s niece, came to spend the next night with Matilda and she was overflowing with news.

"My dear, what do you think!" she began as soon as the two

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girls were upstairs in Matilda's room. "I have a bicycle! It really is glorious! You must get one. And it's transforming clothes. Short jackets and cloth caps are coming in. You know bustles are going out. And, my dear—*bloomers are now being worn*. Yes, actually. I cycle in them, and look so smart. Of course papa thinks it's all indecent, but men will be men. They'll never be civilized where women are concerned. But the world does march on. I wonder if all times have been as deliriously modern, while they lasted, as our times."

Matilda was certain they had not. She had listened to this breathless recital with wide eyes. She was properly impressed by Martha Elise who was a few years older than she, and who had been out into society more often than she.

"Oh, and there's another shocking female modernism become quite common this winter, my dear. Cigarettes! I haven't perpetrated that myself yet, as papa objects so violently—he thinks it's unfeminine. Besides, I don't think it's really becoming to an elegant female."

IV.

Matilda lived in a fever of excitement until the next Monday. Finally it arrived—the day that she was to go to Lady Jeune's for dinner! And finally, after mamma had fussed over her for at least two hours, she was ready to depart.

"Don't you think papa should ride there and back with you in the carriage, dear?" inquired mamma, solicitously, giving a final pat to Matilda's hair in the back.

"No, of course not. All girls go to parties in their own carriages alone now. We're living in 1892. We're moderns after all," and dashing modern she looked in her fluffy art-green dress, with her massed russet hair, and jade ear-rings (borrowed from Martha Elise). Daring, brilliantly modern, and all agog for life.

Matilda was one of the last guests to arrive at Lady Jeune's. The beautiful salons, radiant with wax lights, with their polished floors and delicate Louis Seize furniture, were filled with notabilities of every kind. There were Lord Houghton, the lord chancellor of Ireland; Lady Francis Hope, once May Yohe, that brilliant actress who had created such a sensation in *Dandy Dick Whittington*; Sir Frederick Pollock, a very eminent lawyer; Lady Butler, formerly Miss Elizabeth Thompson, world famous artist, whose pictures the Prince of Wales had given special praise; Sir Robert Hunter, solicitor of the post office, and his wife, Lady Hunter; Mr. Coulson Kernahan, powerful writer and essayist, and his wife, who wrote *Trewinnot of Guy's*; Lord Millais, that famous artist who paints women and children—

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and, Matilda could not believe her eyes, Mr. Lawrence Virginus Appleby, writer of sex novels—so styled by mamma.

Matilda was enthralled. Conversation sparkled and wit flowed like wine. She could even enter into the conversation once in a while when it touched on something with which she was familiar—*Woman Suffrage*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, the influenza epidemic, and the comedies of Mr. Oscar Wilde and Mr. J. M. Barrie. However, she knew nothing about the just claims but ignorant utterances of the labor party, or the disputes conducted in the press between Professor Huxley, Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Argyle concerning the Book of Genesis and the existence of God, which had, in the eyes of all these eminent persons, some strange connection with one another. To all of this Matilda listened wide-eyed. But the part of the evening which she enjoyed most was that little while she had apart with Lawrence Appleby.

"Why didn't you tell me you were coming here?" he asked her, eagerly.

"Why, Mr. Appleby—"

"Don't call me Mr. Appleby! Call me Lawrence, can't you—Matilda?"

"Why, Mr. Appleby—I mean—Lawrence, of course, I'd love to call you that."

"My dear, you are the most charming, most beautiful woman here tonight!"

Matilda blushed and looked up shyly at him, with dewy eyes.

"Do you really think so, Lawrence?"

"With all my heart. May I see you home, Matilda?"

"Certainly, Mr. Ap—Lawrence."

That night after she had gone to bed Matilda perused the events of the week. Yes, this had been a good week. She felt warm and happy. She was glad that she lived in this exciting, modern world. And tomorrow Lawrence was going to ask papa permission to further his suit.



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AGAINST GOOD HUMOR

Dorothy Davis

One awakens certain pleasant mornings, and reviews: "Both Tuesday and Wednesday—part of Monday— have I chirped and sung. I saw the sun behind the clouds. I saw the silver lining. I did my duty. And now for a rest—now to relax! My eyes are strained, I'll not penetrate the cloud. For three days it's rained daffodils—now," with a sigh, "for the frogs and cats and dogs." And one smiles in contemplation of a comfortable thick black gloom.

The cat gets kicked and an irreproachable grape-fruit snubbed. You gleefully approach doors, for they may be slammed. You terrify your wife with horrible prophecies of a horrible war, and you notice fatal heart symptoms. You glower at the sunlight and hate the morning sparkle. You had hoped it would snow and sleet and rain and storm. You smile encouragingly at the deaf, armless, legless old ladies, and then diabolically pass by without the slightest gift. You carefully estimate the tireddest feet in that crowded car and thoroughly stamp them in the rush. You bellow at the new, apologetic secretary. You force yourself to stay thirty unnecessary minutes at the office in order to work your slaves overtime, and then loaf more minutes in order to keep your wife and your dinner waiting. And if you're lucky it's her birthday and you can forget it; or, perhaps—if you must remember—light twenty-four candles, for she is twenty-three.

And now your final opportunity. Find out subtly—for women are shrewd in a primitive way, and she may guess your purpose—her plans for the evening, and ruin them. If she hugs a book and her footsteps lag, be animated, drag her back to adolescence in a night club. However, on the other hand, if the woman shows spirit and yearns for the bright lights, find the easy-chair, and have a headache.

Thus you have completed a perfect day. You must now face again the grind of cheeriness and good nature. Your vacation from the strain of being another enthusiast of God's beautiful world, is over.





DITORIALS

There is nothing more irritating to me than to hear a girl say she is coming to college because she has to have a degree to get a job. Not but that fitting one's self to be independent is not a splendid and a most laudable ambition. Decidedly it is! But to think only of this phase of it, to think of a college education merely as a means to a com-

mercial end, is to lose half of its value.

Suppose a girl knows for a certainty that when she leaves school she will stay at home for the rest of her life. Is that any reason for foregoing a college education? On the contrary is it not all the more reason why she should desire to broaden her interests? Denied direct contact with many of the world's interesting personalities and events, in what better way could she be prepared to live a full, complete life?

Many parents—really intelligent people, too—when confronted with the problem of their daughter's education have rather ignored it. "She will get married as soon as she has finished, anyhow," they say. Thereby do they imply that when a woman has done herself the honor of acquiring a husband she has completed her object in life. Why do they not realize that the more capable, intelligent, and interesting a woman is the finer home-maker she will be? And the home is the basic unit of our country, or so our President says. Then there is the question of children. A mother has almost the total responsibility of rearing children through their formative years, and we are quite cognizant in this age that children demand far more than mere physical comforts. No one has a better opportunity to mold character than a mother, and is it not evident that the better equipped she is, just that much greater is her chance to rear a fine daughter or son?

As for the many other things a girl may choose to do, I can think of no career that the right kind of college education would not make more complete. It brings more of an understanding of the world and life as it is, to replace the egotistic world of our own experience. It gives a deeper appreciation of the commonplace things of life. It brings wider interests to make us more worthwhile to ourselves and to others. It gives us, then, tolerance, understanding, appreciation. Could anything be more essential than these in making life the splendid adventure it should be?



CRITICAL TIPS

Miss Elsie Quarterman

The International Art Exhibition has opened in France. The January number of *The Connoisseur* presents reproductions of many of the paintings shown at the opening of the exhibit and a masterly discussion of the style and worth of the canvasses shown.

The Bicentennial of Washington's birth brought forth in the same magazine a few contemporary silhouettes of the great statesman. Although Washington sat for scores of portraits during his lifetime it is surprising that so few examples of a favorite art of the time have been found. Of those in existence there are some cut by the dashing Major Andre, of Revolutionary fame, who was quite an artist in many ways and whose silhouettes make good use of such delicate lines as those of the frill at Washington's throat. There are some also by Washington's step-daughter, Nellie Custis, and others not as famous as these two.

* * *

Arrowsmith must not only create a furore as a book, but must try its luck on the screen. It will be shown at a local theatre soon.

The Theatre Guild Magazine gives this discussion of the movie. "In plot and general theme it offered many loopholes for the introduction of the most vicious hokum, and these are all very neatly avoided. The great achievement of the film is the sense of vital drama with which the theme is endowed. Ronald Colman gives a clear and intelligent performance, although at times his obviously English nationality is detrimental. Helen Hayes leads the supporting cast." Miss Hayes is at present playing on Broadway in *The Good Fairy*, a fragile thing quite different from her taxing dramatic role in *Arrowsmith*.

* * *

The Musical Digest for January informs us that: "Paderewski cabled from Paris that he wanted to give a series of concerts for the benefit of the unemployed during his tour here." The first was scheduled for January 25th in Washington, under the auspices of Mrs. Herbert Hoover. Many G. S. W. C. students went to hear this artist in Jacksonville on February 21st.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Among the leading topics of the day the Manchurian question plays a prominent part. Every newspaper we pick up has flashing headlines of the situation, but the Georgia State Womans College will have an opportunity to learn first hand facts of Manchuria when Dr. H. H. Powers, who is a world traveler and lecturer, comes to the campus as guest of Miss Gilmer. The students will certainly take advantage of the opportunity to hear and talk with such a prominent person as Dr. Powers. A good article to read in connection with his visit would be such articles as "Realities in Manchuria."—January *Asia Magazine*.

* * *

La Argentina started her fourth American tour (and third consecutive Pacific Coast season) with a New York recital December 29th. Ask Miss Hopper, Elizabeth McRee, and Doris Zittrower about the recital in Atlanta.

* * *

Is the theatre world returning to the Elizabethan stage? Recent experiments of Reinhardt in staging *The Miracle* and *Oedipus Rex* and Norman Bel Geddes in making sets for *Lysistrata* and *Hamlet*, seem to indicate a revival of simple sets, practically no scenery, with the addition of artistic lighting and costuming. The staging of the plays mentioned has been very successful even though unique in modern theatre art.

* * *

Georgia has been more prolific in the production of poets than any other Southern State, but how many people recognize the fact? *The Oglethorpe Book of Georgia Verse*, presented to G. S. W. C. by the Literary societies, gives a collection of the writings of poets who were Georgians or were connected with the state enough to call themselves thus. Lanier, of course, the best known and best loved of them all; Paul Hamilton Hayne, the writer of some of the most delicate and musical lyrics in Southern literature; Abram Ryan, the soldier poet of the Confederacy—these and many others go to make up this book that expresses so well the musical lyric quality of southern poetry.

* * *

Other new books in the library are Peake's *Commentary on the Bible* and *Hastings Dictionary of the Bible*. The *Commentary* gives helpful and interesting information of the history of the Bible, explanation and interpretations of the books included, while the *Dictionary of the Bible* defines terms and names in an accurate as well as interesting manner. These two books will further the studies prompted by Dr. W. A. Smart's visit to G. S. W. C. campus.



LOCALS



The Presidents Club held its regular monthly meeting at "The House-in-the-Woods" on January 6th. An open forum on "Students' Responsibilities in Attending Meetings" was held. At the February meeting of the club on February 3rd, Miss Edwina Arnold, of Fort Gaines, President of the Freshman Class, reported on the book *Undergraduates*."

* * *

The Student Government Association held a meeting on January 8th, at which time Dr. E. W. Phelan gave a very clever and interesting talk on "Bridge." At the February meeting Miss Lillian Lively, President of the Student Government Association, gave an informal and pleasing talk on "Students' Attitudes Toward Judicial Boards and Attitudes of Boards Toward Students." Miss Lively brought out in her talk the fact that the officials of the Student Government Association were not campus policemen and that the system of student self-government was not a miniature police system.

* * *

The second of a series of Faculty Recitals was given Thursday evening, January 14th, by Miss Gladys Warren and Miss Louise Sawyer. Miss Warren displayed her ample technical and finished pianism in the difficult modern and classical numbers on her program. Miss Sawyer's numbers were in the main by Millay. She, like Millay, read with marked precision and poise, and dropped the rhyme and rhythm in the passages like an unexpected largesse, the result being delightfully, definite, and with accomplishment.

* * *

The Student Government Association entertained at tea Wednesday, January 20th, in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall. Late in the afternoon a delightful program was presented.

* * *

One of the gayest social affairs at G. S. W. C. recently was the carnival dance sponsored by the International Relations Club on January 30th. Music was furnished by a local orchestra.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

During the week preceding St. Valentine's Day it is always customary for the girls who live in the dormitory to draw names for "Heart Sisters." The idea of giving small gifts and secretly doing thoughtful things for one's "Heart Sister" was carried out, and on the last night of the week each girl revealed herself to her "Heart Sister" in some novel way.

* * *

Saturday evening, February 13th, the Valdosta Club sponsored a dance in the dining hall. Fortune telling and the sale of cakes and candies were added features of the evening.

* * *

A group of girls from the music department attended the concert given by Paderewski, in Jacksonville, on Sunday, February 21st.

* * *

Miss Dorothy Bryant, Moultrie, Miss Ruth Dozier, Morgan, and Miss Mildred Morris, Brinson, President of the I. R. C., will be delegates to the I. R. C. Convention to be held at Rollins College, Winterhaven, Florida, on February 24th.

* * *

Dr. H. H. Powers, of Boston, Massachusetts, world traveler, lecturer, and art critic, with Mrs. Powers will be the guest of Miss Gertrude Gilmer during the week of February 22nd. Dr. Powers has traveled extensively, is a charming speaker, and is the author of a number of books on international affairs, travel and art. He is scheduled to speak at the chapel exercises on both Monday and Wednesday, and will give a public lecture on "Manchuria, The New Crisis of the League."

* * *

Miss Alberdena Wall, of New York State, has recently come to our campus as teacher of piano during the leave of absence of Miss Gladys Warren who is studying at Iowa University, Iowa City.

* * *

Those delegates to the Young People's Conference which was held at Emory Junior 20-21 who were guests of G. S. W. C. students were: Misses Harriet Winn, Graymont; Willie Bell Sumner, Poulan; Clarice Horton, Jesup; Bertha Lane, Brunswick; Willie Mae Aspenepall, Odum; Mildred Harris, Screven; and Annie Mallette Proctor, Woodbine.



LUBS



piano numbers were given: "Melodie," by Moszkowski, played by Miss Mary Elizabeth Bell; "Nocturne" by Densmore, played by Miss Mildred McDonald; "Impromptu in E b" by Schubert, played by Miss Carolyn Bullard; "Sous Bois" by Staub, played by Miss Margaret Zipplies.

* * *

Miss Clarice Worsham introduced the second part of the program with a report on an article entitled "A Short History of the Department of the Symphony; What the Symphony Is." Miss Judy Cochran played a selection from a symphony as a piano number. Miss Hazel Allen made a talk on some of the most celebrated composers and leading symphony orchestras; and Miss Jewell Bussell gave two selections from well-known symphonies.

* * *

On Monday evening, February 1st, the International Relations Club held its regular meeting in the history-social science office. The subject for discussion was the vital topic of "The United States and Disarmament." To insure an adequate study of the question the club members were divided into four groups. The first group under the leadership of Miss Polly Walker considered the subject "The United States and Disarmament"; The second group studied "The United States and the League of Nations" under the leadership of Miss Harriet Sheppard; the third group, in charge of Miss Mildred Morris took "The United States and the World Court;" the fourth group under Miss Ruth Dozier had "The United States and World Peace" as a subject.

* * *

The Natural Science Club went on its regular bi-monthly field trip Saturday afternoon, February 13. All kinds of interesting specimens were collected.

* * *

The February meeting of the Philharmonic Club was held in the

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Rotunda Monday evening, February 15. Miss Carolyn Bullard gave a piano number, "Hark, Hark the Lark" by Schubert-Liszt as the first offering on the program. Miss Margaret Lindsey followed with a beautiful vocal solo "Lass With the Delicate Air" by Arne. During the first part of the program three other lovely piano numbers were given: "Valse Caprice" by Scott and "Minuet a L'Antico" by Seeböck, both played by Miss Annie Lois Gardner; and "Country Dance No. 3" by Beethoven played by Miss Edwina Arnold. "Cai Giome" by Pergolesi was given as a delightful vocal solo by Miss Mary Elaine Flanagan. A special treat was in store for the members in form of a violin solo by Billy Pardee.

Miss Eveline Henderson discussed the composer MacDowell as a beginning to the second part of the program. "Marionettes" by MacDowell was played by Miss Louise Ambos. Miss Margaret Williams and Miss Mildred Fokes played some other of MacDowell's most beautiful compositions "From a Log Cabin," "Clair de Lune," and "Scotch Love Poem."

* * *

The Euclidian Club held its regular meeting in the Mathematics Room on January 10. After a short business meeting, Miss Helen Clark continued a portion of the history of early mathematics. A very interesting report on "Helps in Teaching Elementary Mathematics" was given by Miss Lillian Henderson. Miss Verda Van Landingham also gave an interesting report on a magazine article.

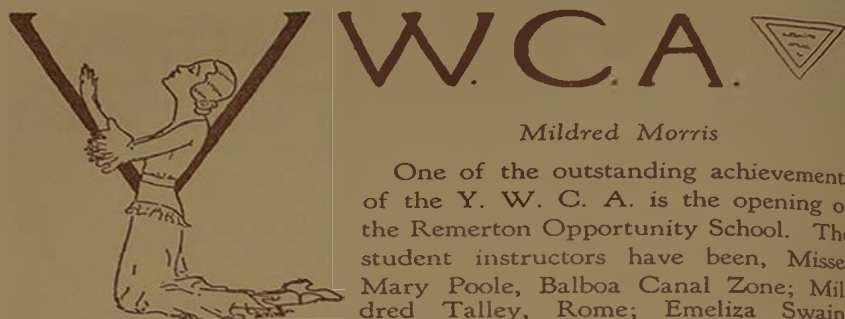
At the February meeting of the Euclidian Club new members were initiated and a very interesting play was given by some of the members. The play was "Euclid, the Agrarian Arbitrator" by Louise Foster. Miss Carolyn Bullard was the judge in the trial scene; Miss Reba Moore was the clerk of the court; Miss Mary Poole, the defendant; Miss Emily Burney, the plaintiff; the jury consisted of Mrs. Martindale, Miss Ruby Rigsby, Miss Mary Lou Miles, and Miss Lillian Henderson.

* * *

The Fine Arts Club held its regular meeting in the F. A. C. room of the dome Friday night, January 22nd. Pottery was the topic for study. Miss Ruby McSwain reported on the history of pottery in Europe and America; Miss Nina Way Holloman, the history of glassware; and Miss Virginia Bickley, the history of silverware. Miss Betsy Powell exhibited some exquisite examples of Roseville, Rookwood, Newcomb, Georgia, and Indian pottery.

* * *

The topic for study at the January meeting of the Sock and Buskin Club was make-up. Miss Sawyer demonstrated the art to the club members by applying many different kinds of make-up.



Mildred Morris

One of the outstanding achievements of the Y. W. C. A. is the opening of the Remerton Opportunity School. The student instructors have been, Misses Mary Poole, Balboa Canal Zone; Mildred Talley, Rome; Emeliza Swain,

Rome; Mildred Morris, Brinson; Margaret Kennedy, Dawson; Elsie Quarterman, Valdosta; Lillian Sumner, Poulan; and Virginia Clark, Tampa.

* * *

The International Relations Club sponsored Vespers on Thursday, January 21st, and Sunday, January 28th. The subjects discussed were "Disarmament" and "The League of Nations." Misses Clarice Worsham, Meigs; Dorothy Bryant, Moultrie; and Ruth Dozier, Morgan, gave very interesting discussions on the current topics relating to Disarmament and the significance of the Disarmament Conference now in session at The Hague. Miss Buford Williford, Moultrie, gave the history and reviewed the outstanding results of The League of Nations. In this discussion the points for and against The League, as the United States sees it, showed how the feeling toward that body was changing, and how the issue is looked forward to in the coming campaigns.

* * *

Miss Gertrude Gilmer of the English Department was the speaker for Vesper Sunday, February 14th. Miss Gilmer used as the basis of her talk the life story of Deborah, the first woman to take part in activities outside the home. Miss Gilmer reviewed the story of Deborah's life, how she became interested in political affairs, and how soon she became one of the judges of her tribe. Miss Gilmer brought out in her study of Deborah, many traits that should inspire a woman of today, and showed in an interesting way how a young woman should interest herself in the affairs of her nation.

* * *

The Vesper service of January 24th was sponsored by the Junior Class and dedicated to the memory of Winona Dane Patterson. The service consisted of a poem—James Whitcomb Riley's "She is Just Away"; a short talk by Miss Virginia Clark, Tampa, and several musical numbers.

Twenty-four



SOCIETIES

ARGONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Elizabeth Pardee

The leader of the program for the meeting of the Argonian Literary Society on January sixteenth was Miss Ruth Dozier, of Morgan. Miss Ann Jones Boller, of Savannah, gave a talk on Indian dances. A very interesting

portion of this discussion was the description of the customary snake dance of the Indian tribes. "Isadora Duncan" was the subject of the discussion by Miss Marjorie Butler, of Vienna. Miss Dorothy Brewton, of Vidalia, told some very interesting facts about La Argentina and in connection with this Miss Annie Maude McLeod, of Camilla, discussed "La Argentina and Her Castanets." It is quite interesting to note that during her childhood La Argentina improved the tone of castanets. The life of Ted Shawn was reviewed by Miss Mary Hatcher, of Dawson. She gave an account of the development of Ted Shawn from an invalid to a great dancer with the aid of Ruth St. Denis. Miss Lucy Sears, of Sparks, told some interesting facts about Mary Wigman. The life of Agna Enters was discussed by Miss Margaret Lindsey, of Blakely.

JOINT MEETING

The Play Production Class presented two representative one-act American plays at the joint meeting of the Sororian and Argonian Literary Societies on February sixth. *The Acid Test* was the title of the first play. Misses Willene Roberts and Margaret Baker, of Valdosta, played the parts of married women who were the best of friends except in the matter of criticizing each other's children. *Rehearsal* by Christopher Morley, the second play, was the rehearsal of a play to be given by a college dramatic club. Before the play Miss Ruth Dozier, of Morgan, gave an interesting sketch of Morley's life. Miss Willene Roberts, of Valdosta, played the part of Freda, who enjoyed her responsibility as director. Misses Frances Arrington, of Ellaville, Clarice Worsham, of Meigs, Jon Corn, of Valdosta, and Dorothy Chapman, of Savannah, took parts as players and Miss Buford Williford, of Moultrie, was the stage carpenter and property manager.

THE PINE BRANCH
SORORIAN NEWS

Jessie Norman

The Sororian Literary Society held its regular meeting on Saturday, February 6th, at 7:30 o'clock. Preceding the program there was a short business meeting, during which the minutes of the last meeting were read by the secretary, Miss Delia Bonner.

Miss Bessie McRae, of Savannah, had charge of the program, which consisted of discussions of current events. The first topic was Eugene O'Neill's trilogy, *Mourning Becomes Electra*. This was reported on by Misses Sarah Nicholson, Amsterdam, Florence Powell, Griffin, Elizabeth Parker, Donaldsonville. Miss Nicholson reviewed the first part, *Home Coming*, Miss Powell the second part, *The Hunted*, and Miss Parker the last part, *The Haunted*. The Folger Shakespeare Library and The Payne Whitney Museum were reported on by Miss Carolyn Readdick and Miss Mary Glover. Miss Jessie Norman interestingly discussed Miss Mary Wigman and La Argentina, two of the most popular modern dancers. This concluded the program and the meeting was adjourned.

* * *

The subjects posted for the preliminary debates in the Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies to be held on the 26th of February, are: Resolved—

That Great Britain cannot immediately grant India Dominion status.

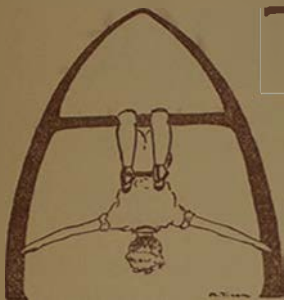
That the government of the United States should recognize the present government of Russia.

That the Federal Government should purchase and reforest sufficient farm lands to eliminate the crop surplus.

That we have more to fear than to hope for from the further development of machines.

That the several states should adopt a plan of compulsory employment insurance.

Much interest is being shown in the preliminaries, and *The Pine Branch* will have the pleasure of announcing in the next number the winners, and the debaters for the Inter-Society Debate in April.



ATHLETICS

LAMBDA NEWS

Polly Walker

The Lambda and Kappa teams clashed again on February sixth. Basket ball led off, with much enthusiasm being shown on both sides. When this first basket ball game of the season came to

a close the Kappas had a score of eighteen, while the Lambdas had only eleven.

The Lambda line-up was composed of Frances Dupriest, Helen Bishop, Maxine Purdy, Emily Burney, Florence Powell, and Dorothy Andrews.

The first soccer game was no less interesting. The Kappas finally won with a score of three.

The Lambda line-up was Phara Elarbee, Odessa Stephens, Frances Arrington, Clare Lawson, Jessie Norman, Violet Glascock, Nancy Rowland, and Nina Way Holloman.

KAPPA NEWS

Dorothy Bryant

On Friday afternoon, February 17th, the Kappas and Lambdas engaged in the second conflict of the new year. The basketball game got under way soon after four-thirty. Mr. Bill Davis from town refereed the game. The final score was fourteen to eleven in favor of the Lambdas. The players for the Kappa team were: Captain Quarterman, McMichael, Dukcs, Gaskins, Brabham, Bryant, and Dozier.

The soccer game got under way speedily after the basketball game. The spectators were very excited and desirous of seeing which team would win. The game closed with a score of four to one in favor of the Kappa team.

* * *

At last G. S. W. C. has the long awaited hiking chart. This useful and extremely attractive chart is the work of Miss Elizabeth McRee. At the top of the chart is a map showing the devious routes which the hikers may take. Below this map are several rows of small black paper shoes. Each shoe has on the outside the name of a place to which hikers may go and the number of points given for hiking to that place. On the inside of the shoe is full information concerning the route to take to get to said place.

Twenty-seven



LUMNAE

Miss Mary Eva Fambrough is teaching music in Dunellon, Florida.

* * *

Miss Sarah Thomas is teaching Home Economics in Cordele, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Louise Forbes is teaching Latin and French in Ashburn, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Blanche Parker is teaching first grade and high school civics in Graymont, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Ida Groover is teaching Science and Mathematics in Andrews, N. C.

* * *

Miss Edna Jarrett is teaching third, fourth, and fifth grades in Nankin, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Rebecca Rabun is studying at N. C. C., in Greensboro, North Carolina.

* * *

Miss Sallie Kate Bozeman is teaching fourth grade in Lumber City, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Tennys Jones and Mr. J. W. Deming were married in June, 1931.

* * *

Miss Jane Quarterman is teaching first grade in Moultrie, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Louise Causey is teaching in the Junior High School in Moultrie, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Florence Gammage is teaching fourth grade in Moultrie, Georgia.

* * *

Mrs. W. E. Lester (Mattie Campbell) is teaching first grade in Morven, Georgia.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Miss Gladys Arnold and Mr. Charles L. Duncan were married December 31st, 1931. They will make their home in Double Springs, Alabama.

* * *

Miss Mary Stewart is teaching Home Economics in Screven, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Freddie Hunter is teaching in the schools in Miami, Florida.

* * *

Miss Eve Hadden is teaching elementary grades in Lakeland, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Kathleen Hurst is teaching first grade in Sales City, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Laura Lee Jones is taking a business course in Valdosta, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Wylene Whitley is teaching first grade in Pavo, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Alice McCall is teaching elementary work in Beachton, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Edna Henderson is teaching first grade in Manor, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Louise Johnson is teaching in the High School in Sneads, Florida.

* * *

Miss Janet Brewton is teaching fourth and fifth grades in a rural school near Reidsville, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Pauline Parrish is teaching in the elementary grades in Cadwell, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Eunice Seagraves is teaching school in McClenney, Florida.

* * *

Miss Erma Cowart is teaching school in a rural school near Donaldsonville, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Bertha Hays and Mr. Ernest Jones were married November 27th, 1931.

* * *

Miss Zona Mae Connell is substitute teacher in the elementary grades in Augusta, Georgia.



OKES



"I tell you, I see red."

"Well, stop lookin' at the end of your nose."

* * *

McSwain: "Julia, this sho' looks like little dog weather."

Julia: "What d'ya mean?"

McSwain: "Ah, pups it'll rain and pups it won't."

* * *

"I read where your mother and father had a silver weddin' anniversary. I didn't realize they were that old yet."

"They ain't. Ma just said she needed the silver."

* * *

Ruth: "Red, tell Kid to hurry. They're waiting on us. How long before she'll be ready?"

Red: "Oh, it'll be a longer time than usual—she's hurrying so."

* * *

Our College Creed: Never put off till tomorrow what you can do day after tomorrow.

* * *

Senior: "Well, Frosh, having studied Freshman English, what do you think of O. Henry?"

Freshman: "O. K., but the nuts get in my teeth."

* * *

Dr. Phelan: "Miss Gilmore, what do you know about nitrates?"

Mary C.: "They're a lot cheaper than day rates."

* * *

Flanagan: "Do you think I'll ever be able to do anything with my voice?"

Frances: "Well, it may come in handy in case of fire."

* * *

A college graduate is a person who had a chance to get an education.

* * *

Miss Chandler: "Verna Scarborough is in China and she saw them hang a girl."

Lillian L.: "Shanghai?"

Miss C.: "Yep, every bit of six feet off the ground."

The Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta

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