

THE PINE BRANCH



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THE PINE BRANCH

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RHYTHMS

Elsie Quarterman

I hear them drifting downward,
Faint and distance-dim,
 Through the vistas of tomorrow
 Through a purity of sorrow—
 Loveliness I cannot borrow—
Songs that are to be.

Poignant strains—celestial anthems—
Music of the spheres—
 And my heart is vainly calling
 For that melody enthralling
 That is falling, falling, falling,
Earthward through the years.

Oh, for tongue with music gifted!
Oh, for words to tell
 Of the beauty of that vision;
 Tell the delicate precision
 Of its rhapsody Elysian—
Far beyond our ken.

TO SPRING

Elsie Quarterman

Oh, Spring,
You are too beautiful—
Delicate mist of fragile green
Pricked out by flashes of flame
Or yellow or lavender or blue—
Rapturous songs and smell of fresh grasses—
Ecstasy too great to bear!
Oh Spring, my heart is breaking!

You are too beautiful!
Long shadows on smooth lawns—
Tender twilit, starlit hours—
Memories woven with the spring.
Poignant—ravishing—
Heartache of ecstasy!
You are too beautiful,
Spring.

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ROMANCE

Dorothy Davis

Characters
Ruth Orme
Mrs. Orme
Madge

Time: The present.

Scene: Ruth's sitting room. Ruth sitting R manicuring nails.
Mrs. Orme enters door C.

* * * * *

Mrs. Orme. Ruth—

(Ruth continues occupation, without heeding)

Mrs. O. (louder and querulous) Ruth—

Ruth. (listlessly) Yes, mother, what is—

Mrs. O. Ruth, will Carl come this evening?

R. (bored) Oh mother, I don't know; How should I know?
He said—

Mrs. O. If you would only take as much interest in your own good as I do—why don't you know? Surely he said. It's all because you are not interested. You willfully set yourself against this simply because I like the boy. Simply because—

(Loud clatter as Ruth drops articles to floor and crosses to window; she stares below—with back to Mrs. Orme. Pause;)

Mrs. O. I wouldn't attempt to influence your choice—I've always told you that. But now when you're acting so foolishly—. I can't stand by and see you make this mistake. You are needing the experience and judgment of an adult. You can't judge character. I haven't spoken to you of this before because I don't want to interfere. But now I'm sure you're about to make a mistake. Before continuing to snub Carl like this, consider his real value—the real good in—

R. (Turning suddenly and violently). Please, mother—it's no use. I like him, but I'm not going to marry Carl; he—

Mrs. O. Oh, he did—

R. Yes, two weeks ago. But I'm not going to. I'll tell him tonight. I thought at first I might. But I can't. I hadn't been able to decide until now. Until this minute in fact—until we began talking, in fact.

Mrs. O. Oh, but Ruth,—you'll surely regret—you must—
(Ringing of doorbell below).

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Mrs. O. That's Madge; I'll go. But I must see you before Carl comes tonight. Promise me—

R. (Firmly) It's no use, mother. Carl simply isn't the man. He'd be great for somebody else, but he simply doesn't interest me.

(Exit Mrs. Orme. C. Ruth picks up things from floor).

Madge. (Calling from outside, running up stairs). Ruth—where are—

R. (Calling) In here! Hurry up old globe trotter!

(Madge enters running. They embrace excitedly).

M. Six months!—and you ain't changed a bit!

R. No, no chance. And how're you and the world?

M. We're healthy—and not a bit bored! Met three home town-ers in the thirty minutes I've been back, and three of 'em are delirious with boredom! What a drop! Are you too?

R. (Listlessly) But you've been away—you—

M. Oh—I forgot! You can't be bored. I've heard all about it!

R. (Self-consciously.) What—

M. (Taking Ruth's hand and speaking in solemn tones). My child, do you love 'im?

R. What are—

M. Why, the new boy, you idjit. You know what I'm talking about. And you're a lucky one, too, and I'm proud of you. It must have taken some spunk! I hear he's a young Greek god.

R. Greek god? Who said so?

M. Why none other than Eliza, our pal good and true. Did she love and lose?

R. Carl? Do you mean was she interested? Well, I never knew that! What else did she say? Well, I never knew—

M. Oh, nothing important. I guess she wasn't really hoping anything—since he's the swellest here now.

R. Oh, do you really think so? Yes, I guess he's awfully nice. Sort of quiet kind, though, that you have to know to appreciate.

M. Quiet—humph! Well he doesn't act like such a clam, I think.

R. Why, you crook, I didn't know you knew him—they moved in since you left—you—

M. See—you'll have to watch me, won't you! At the drug store—and I counted 'em—he was practically smothered by the ladies—'Liza and Jane and Lollie. Oh, and of course, me—especially me. Janie introduced us.

R. (Very coolly) Yes, Carl is awfully nice to girls. Never minds bothering to be polite—even if they must get in his way sometimes.

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M. Polite! My good woman, not only was he polite—he was enjoying it! We hung on his every little word—and believe me, he was simply basking in our attention.

R. (Bored). I suppose 'Liza got out the baby talk.

M. Why, darling—we all did!

R. Unfortunate! Carl despises it. He told me so. Said he hates silly girls—

M. Funny—you wouldn't have noticed it.

R. Oh well, let's talk about something else—tell me about yourself.

M. Same old thing. Father and I always have a good—Oh, Ruth, Ruth—guess what!

R. Well?

M. I met Carl's old flame!

R. Old flame! Why, you're nerds—Carl never had a girl before. He told me—

M. A dream like him unmolested these years? Me gel, you're entirely too optimistic! Don't you know—

R. (Impatiently.) Oh come to the point, Madge. Suppose he did—well, who is she? Is she pretty? Do you suppose she still—where is—

M. Give me air! I'll tell all! In New York. She's the daughter of an old friend of Aunt Jennie. She asked me about Carl when she heard where I was from and—

R. Is she pretty?

M. (Consolingly). Answer, practically, to an artist's prayer. Oh, and she showed me a picture of her and him!

R. Really?

M. Yes. When they were mere tots—on a picnic or something hectic like that. And ah, the touching tale about that picture! What a romance! She confessed all and—

R. What?

M. He kissed her!

R. What! He did not! He never—! Why, he told me—

M. At exactly six-fifteen. They were riding ponies, and Eve's—

R. Eve? It would be "Eve."

M. —fell off hers. Carl kissed her so she wouldn't feel bad. It was exactly six-fifteen, June 16th.

R. Oh—

M. 'Course that was many, many years ago. They grew up together you know. (Pause.) The reason she remembered it exactly it was the first time he'd ever kissed her.

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R. Oh—

M. You know, Ruthie, you simply don't know how I dreaded coming back to the dead old town. Now, of course, it won't be bad at all.

R. (Apprehensively) But it is dead, Madge. Why do you say—

R. Why, new material, goofie—somebody interesting at last in town. It's great you're not really in love with the man, 'cause you're my friend, and I've got a conscience. You're sure he isn't your fate?

R. (Cautiously). Well, of course I'm not madly in—

M. And gosh what a competition this will be—Oh, I forgot to tell you—Eve's not out of the picture either—she's visiting me this summer.

R. Oh, she is!

M. This'll be fun! You've got the start on me, old mug, but I'll do my noblest. He's worth it. Nothing I enjoy more than a good fight. Gee—there'll be you and I and Eliza, and Eve. Oh boy, won't we scratch!

(Pause. Suddenly Ruth jumps to her feet and restlessly walks around the room).

M. Well—why the frown, old warhorse?

(Pause. Ruth continues dramatic business without replying).

M. Ruth, what is—

R. (In a rush.) Oh, Madge—I feel I must tell you. I—(pause.)

M. (Sudden divination.) Oh I know—You really are in—Oh, darling, I'm so happy for you!

R. (Conscientiously). I've got to tell you—he asked me two weeks ago. We're crazy about each—

M. Oh, darling!

R. Darling!

(They embrace madly).

M. Heck,—just my luck!



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APPRECIATION

(Opined by an Amateur)

Emeliza Swain

The attitude toward classical art of any kind which seems to be prevalent among undergraduates of today is one of scoffing. For all we hear and have heard of "appreciation," few of us seem to have outgrown the sophomoric attitude of regarding, with a cursory glance, a work of art, and exclaiming, "That thing pretty? Deliver me from Art!"

And yet most of us would readily admit that there must be something in the classics more than we see at such short investigation—something worth looking for, since generations of men wiser than we have hailed these same classics as worth while, and since experts in every field of today admit that they find pleasure and help in the study of them. The fault then, is not with the classics, but with us who view them with distaste.

It is seldom realized by those who scoff at classics, but who like the "popular," "mode-of-the-day" type of art, that the very characteristics which appeal to them in popular art, are those characteristics which they hold in common with all real art. The characteristic appeal of popular music, of jazz, is that it possesses so definitely the most universal and essential of the principles of art rhythm. Another indication of the kinship of popular music to classical is the recurrence in new and popular music of the melodies taken almost directly, in fact at times directly, from old classics. For instance the opening bars of the once-popular "Yes, We Have No Bananas" are identical with those of the "Hallelujah Chorus" from Handel's "Messiah." Often one can recognize these airs, and still more often they are present.

The same kinship may be found in other arts. The popular silhouette is appealing because it obeys the laws of good proportion, harmony, rhythm; but most of all because it makes use of that master of effects—contrast. The type of poetry that is popular today is liked because it expresses simply some universal emotion, and the greatest poetry among the classics has the same characteristics—simplicity and universality. One way to learn to like classical art is to look for its kinship to those simpler things that we already like.

A second method of learning appreciation is by learning what to look for in a work of art. Each art has definite principles which can be learned and recognized in any work, but this method involves more studying than most of us are willing to do.

One "fixed idea" which hinders appreciation is that art is expected to portray things, objects, exactly as they appear. Conventionaliza-

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tion is frequently necessary to make a work good. Photographic representation may or may not be great art; the obedience to underlying principles and not naturalistic quality is the criterion of a great work of art.

The actual attempting of some art is probably the surest way of learning appreciation. He who has practiced for hours making his fingers run up and down the keyboard of a piano has no trouble in realizing the years of hard work and concentration that are required to make a Paderewski. He who has attempted to match oil colors to those in a landscape is the last to fail to appreciate the delicate coloring of a Corot. He who has bitten a pencil for hours while "essayish" thought ran through his head, cannot but appreciate Elias' opinions and his diction. He who has actually begun, however feebly, the practice of an art, can hardly refuse to look with awe upon those *chef-d'oeuvres*.

Few can fail in the lesson of appreciation if tried sincerely; but, at least, our attitude as a whole should change to the point of realizing that whatever lack of appreciation we may retain is our lack, and not that of the classics; should change to the point that scoffing should be frowned upon as childish rather than thought sophisticated.

LIGHTS

Elsie Quatterman

Twilight—
Purple and gray;
Hint of a blaze in the west
Paled and faded away.

Moonlight—
Silver and white;
Forgotten ghost of the sun
Haunting the velvet night.

Dawnlight—
Opal and blue;
Promise of joyance and song
And grasses pearl-hung with dew.

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CHEATIN' SCIENCE

Emily Burney

See this picture? Pretty girl, ain't she? Really better lookin' than that picture too—newspapers never do anybody full justice. Sure I know her! Lived across the street from me for nigh eighteen years. Called me Uncle Dan. Used to say I was about the only person in this town really liked her. And for all she was so smart, allus keen as a whip, I reckon I was about the only one outside her close kin took up much time with her; 'cept my Brother Dave, the one that's professor down at Bowdens College, and he wasn't ever here for long exceptin' that one summer he stayed with me while he was on leave to write a book.

No, you probably ain't never read that book. Dave's a smart and able man, but there's some things the Lord Almighty didn't intend anybody to fool with. This hereditary business is one of them things. You got to be a drunk because your old man, or his old man, died of delirium tremens. And maybe your maw was a W. C. T. U., and then you'll have inhibitions. I told Dave it sounded like this Presbyterian predestinatin' to me, but he laughed and said it couldn't be because he'd inherited a dyed-in-the-wool, yard-wide Methodism.

Cecil, that's the girl in the picture I jus' showed you, must have been 'bout twelve the summer he was here. She was the smartest youngun in town even then, and Dave used to get her to read to him sometimes of afternoons. His eyes've been weak ever since he was off to school, because he used to work in the shippin' yards afternoons and then sit up studyin' nights. The doctor said it was more'n could be expected of the best of eyes—said if Dave'd kept on he woulda been stone blind. Not that I reckon even that 'ud stopped Dave if his education had hitched on it, because he was sho set on gettin' educated. But the doctor took a likin' to him, and he got along better after that. Just the same his eyes allus hurt him terribly when he wasn't careful, so he'd get Cecil to come read to him. She loved to do it too. She allus did like to read, and there wasn't any library here then and her folks didn't take any papers.

If her maw didn't have her workin' she'd sit out on the fence till Dave'd call her, and then she'd go ascamperin'. Seems queer to think about such a leggy, wildish girl as she was then likin' such stodgy books and papers as Dave had, but she did. Sometimes though Dave would just talk to her. I reckon it's natchell for a man to want to talk about himself and what he's doin' and there wasn't anybody else much to listen. I was busy most of the time on the farm or in the dairy, havin' inherited paw's way of doing what was set before him, and besides me there wasn't nobody 'cept Mandy.

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who would've gone to sleep, even if it'd been proper. So Dave would talk to Cecil. She'd never say a word, just sit with her eyes as big as saucers. I don't reckon Dave much knew she was there—she was just something to talk at—but I'll bet she didn't miss a word of it. I can see 'em right now—Dave stretched out in the big chair on the side porch, fittin' his finger tips together till it looked like he'd be plumb wore out, and Cecil hunched up in the little rockin' chair watchin' him. They'd sit like that till I'd come to call 'em to supper, or till Cecil's maw would yell her home.

Towards the last her maw got right peev'd with Cecil's wastin' her time so. She wouldn't say much, though, because Cecil was the only child in the family and they all set a powerful lot of store by her. Seemed like they wanted she should have a better time than they'd had. The only thing her maw'd ever done was to marry her paw, and that wasn't to say exactly a fortunate move. He was as good-hearted a man as ever lived, but seemed like everything he done was wrong. Harlowe was his name, and "as unlucky as Jake Harlowe" got to be a regular sayin' in this part of the country. Just as sho as he'd buy pigs one day, they'd go down the next. I reckon it was like he said though. He'd got so used to it, he didn't look for nothin' better. Mrs. Harlowe's maiden sisters and her paw lived with 'em. They were another one of Jake's hard luck—'bout all they did was sit around and complain. They was powerful anxious Cecil should grow up and get married, I reckon to show that their women could marry if they wanted. It used to worry them terribly that her hair was straight, and black as coal, 'stead of light and curly like the other little girls. I kinda liked the way she looked even then, but you know how women folks are.

Well when summer was up Dave had to go back, and Cecil sho musta hated to see him go but she didn't say much. He promised her he was goin' to put an acknowledgement about her in the book and send her a copy. I guess she was the last one to stop hopin' about that book. She finally said she guessed it was because Dave was unlucky like her that it didn't come out. I don't know myself, but I guess it was because Dave was a little too fantastical even for these days and times.

However, it ain't Dave's book but Cecil I am aimin' to tell you about. If she'd been different before, she was downright peculiar after he left. Seemed like somebody doing somethin' they didn't want to 'cause they had to, without understandin' why they was compelled. She acted like she was allus afraid of somethin', but I couldn't see nothin' botherin' her. All this time she was growin' like a weed but she never got over being funny like that. The other

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young folks didn't pay her much mind but she didn't seem to expect any notice so that was all right. Just the same I got to worryin' about her. It wasn't natural for a person young as her to act like life had knocked 'em down and trampled over 'em. Not but what she done her part, and more too, 'bout helping her maw, but she jus' done it too easy-like—she never talked 'bout what she was goin' to do when she had folks to wait on her and was rich and everything, like it's natchell for young folks to do. She never talked about what she was goin' to do at all except one time she did start hankerin' to go to the city, but her folks didn't want her to go and when Bessie, that's one of the old maids, told about how a parcel of their cousins who went there and had to be sent back home by the church money, she gave it up.

Well it jus' got to be more'n I could stand. I sent for Cecil one afternoon, she musta been 'bout nineteen then, and asked her point blank how come she acted like she did. I told her I knew she had plenty of brains, and she wasn't ugly to look at and I didn't see why she didn't get some pleasure out of life. Seemed to startle her. And can you imagine what she done. Started giving me a lot of talk on this hereditary business that David been hipped on seven years back. That shows you how smart she was—remembered it seven whole years. She had it all figured out by a lot of fool laws, maybe some of Dave's, that we're all born about like our folks before us. You know brown eyed, black haired people got to have black eyed brown haired children, singing folks have little prima donnas, failures like Jake Harlowe and his tribe begets failures, and a lot of such mess. She had the worst predistiner skinned a mile. I had to listen to nigh an hour of it before she'd stop.

I guess she'd brooded over it so long that when she did get started she couldn't stop. She loved her folks, but I guess they wasn't exactly any inspiration. I began to see light—and then all of a sudden I thought of somethin'. I sent Cecil home quick as I could without gettin' her curiosity up and struck out for town. It didn't take me so very long to find out what I wanted to know. I cut back across the vacant lot next to the Methodist church and had another streak of luck. Jake and his woman was out in the garden and I called 'em over to the fence. 'Course I didn't tell 'em all the reasons or anything. I jus' told them she was old enough to know—and ought to know—she was an adopted. Maw Harlowe was all agin it at first. Said she took Cecil to have a daughter of her own and she herself had 'bout forgot it. Jake was different though. Said he guessed maybe it'd be better for her to know. Maybe he sorter understood, for he kept after the old woman and she finally agreed.

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'cept she said we had to tell that Cecil's folks was dead—said they probably was at that, but she wasn't takin' no chances. I 'spec she was jealous, but that didn't make so very much difference so we agreed.

I'll never forget how Cecil looked when I told her. They asked me to break the news, and I'll have to admit I was sorter glad. We was sittin' on the side porch, me stretched out in Dave's chair and Cecil arockin' in hers. She had on a new red apron. I don't think she ever looked nicer. I wasn't ever any good much at beating 'round the bush so I jus' come right out with it. She turned white and then she turned red. She couldn't believe me at first, and then she couldn't take it all in.

Course soon's she found out who she wasn't, she turned right around to find out who she was. I told her just what we'd planned—that her folks were mighty nice people who'd boarded with Jake for a spell down south and then'd taken sick and died and that she'd been left. I told her how they said she was so cute-like they decided to adopt her for their own. Then they moves up here where Jake's paw had left him the farm. Nobody knew it here 'cept Judge Brown. He had said something to me about it once but I hadn't paid much attention and I had clean forgot it until that afternoon when what she said made me think of it. I never saw anybody so excited. She hugged me, and then she went home and hugged all her people. Then they all took a good cry.

Well it wasn't two months before she was gone. I had written Dave and he said sure send her down, his wife would like to have a companion, and she could help him with his notes. Seemed only right she should be going to him to correct a mistake he'd made. Course now Dave's a smart man and a good man, but he didn't realize how much she took in of what he was sayin', so 'twasn't exactly his fault. Her folks didn't know what it was all about, but she seemed so eager they was willin' to let her go. Still I think she would've gone anyway. It wasn't that she didn't love 'em any more. She seemed to think even more of 'em for raisin' her and she not even their child. But she wasn't dependent on 'em. I guess she felt for the first time like she was a person in her own right.

Yessir there she is—only twenty-four and already Head of the Department. She'll be the National Chairman some day, too, mark my word if that young lawyer after her doesn't get her mind switched off the track. Don't know but what it'd be best, though—he's a fine fellow, Dave says. Helped Dave get some stuff for a book on social conditions he's doing.

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Cecil's people? Yes, I knew the name. Know you're safe so I don't mind tellin' you. I looked them up the spring after she left. Guess they'd clean forgot her—they hadn't wanted her in the first place and was glad to put her off on Jake. They had so many kids already. A sorry parcel of people. Her father died in jail two years ago.

CONFESSION

Dorothy Davis

"There is something wrong with me," she cried, her sad poor eyes blinking in their bewilderment. "Something's radically wrong, I'm not normal. Something indefinable, intangible; I can't touch it, I can't catch it. Nothing can help. I can't catch it.

"I run against it at every turn. It runs ahead and cuts off the way from all the others. It's made a loathsome slinking hypocrite of me. I pretend and pretend. Have you known the strain of habitual pretending? Some day I'll break and they'll see it on my face. Face them with that truth blatantly staring forth?

"I am a Polyanna.

"I liked to draw the maps. I don't mind C major scale. I *really* think the bad boys think bad. I read fairy tales, and Rebecca of Sunny Brook is my friend. I'm the guilty guy; I save teachers' lives; I remove the tacks. I don't giggle in Sunday School. I haven't drowned a cat. Never do I tell the tales on best friend, Hallie—*see*, I have a best friend. Worse, I'm loyal to my best friend. And I don't politic. I study nights. Even—I don't mind. Smiling, they joke, 'read these million books,' and, oh, I do except the one last. I didn't scheme for high heels; can't I see the foolishness? I keep a picture of Lindbergh and I don't understand Garbo. Mother said, 'Where'd you go?'—and I told her. I did go—once. I was tempted; my soul triumphed and I shouted, 'no! flunk it!' The foulest enemy—I have an enemy, one—becomes my new pink frock—I wept but lent it, and helped her snatch away my fellow. Then—help—I forgave her!

"The blessed wicked ones! The lucky favored ones who can hide their virtue!"



DITORIALS

The Georgia State Womans College, as most of us know, began not so many years ago as the South Georgia State Normal College. Its curriculum included only a two year junior college course and a high school system. As soon as conditions warranted, however, the high school was discontinued and senior college work was offered. This evolution was comparatively rapid due to the persistent efforts of the president, but even so a change of this type is not the work of months but of years. The girls who stayed then for their degrees were decidedly in the minority. It was the adolescent age of the college, and The Georgia State Womans College of today is evidence of how well it survived this trying period.

Our student body has undergone much of this same evolution. The average age of the girls of today is from two to three years more than that of their predecessors. In adaptation to this change the regulations of the college have been from time to time revised until at present it is rather generally conceded that the girls in this college have more privileges than any state school in Georgia, and more than many of the sectarian colleges.

Do you wish for still more independence—for the abolishment of certain offending regulations? Do you find it hard to be denied privileges that you know you would not abuse? The solution is to make ourselves as a group worthy of what we ask. Experience has shown that our college is not slow to adapt itself to our needs. The only way we can do this is to realize a personal responsibility to choose the wise way ourselves, and by creating the right atmosphere to discourage wrong conduct on the part of others.

Perhaps in the past we have not quite realized our responsibility in this matter. Recognizing this, the Presidents Club started an interesting innovation in holding an open forum discussion where such matters were informally discussed. The members of the Junior-Senior Study Class have begun a discussion of similar problems in their meetings. We are becoming more and more conscious of the part we must play in establishing standards. It is not enough to elect a student government president and then step back and leave everything to her. If we have chosen her to represent us, the least we can do is to back her in our attitude and with our personal influence.



CRITICAL TIPS

Elsie Quarterman

The presence of the Irish Players in Atlanta prompted several faculty members to attend *Rising of the Moon* by Lady Gregory, *Playboy of the Western World* by J. M. Synge, and *Juno and the Paycock* by Sean O'Casey. The *Theatre Arts Monthly* for March tells of

the first performance of *The Playboy of the Western World* on January 26, 1907, on the stage at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. If any play was ever condemned by a first night audience it was this one. In fact, the hoots, catcalls, hisses and other conceivable and inconceivable noises made the play nothing but pantomime, for the actors could not be heard after the first ten minutes. It was not until the fifth night of the performance that the *Playboy* was given a fair hearing.

In contrast to this, ask Miss Sawyer, Miss Gilmer or Miss Worcester how the play was received in Atlanta.

* * *

The Barretts of Wimpole Street has gone on the road! Katherine Cornell withdrew it from Broadway while it was still bringing in \$17,000 a week, and in spite of the fact that she had to pay a heavy forfeit to the theatre to be allowed to do so. She did it because she wished to give audiences outside of New York the opportunity of seeing the performance with its present cast. Miss Cornell has won thereby the title that is the theatre's highest accolade for the actor, "a good trouper."—*Theatre Arts Monthly*, March.

* * *

Who hasn't felt the enchantment and lure of far places and new sights? The *Travel* magazine for March, carries its reader on a trip around the world, from modern Rome and glimpses of the Italian seacoasts, lakes, and mountains; by the "Gypsy Campfires in Rumania" and the "Tuareg Courts of Love" to go "Diving for Pearls in the South Seas," and back home through the petrified forests of Arizona and along the Bright Angel Trail.

* * *

The March *National Geographic* will take you "Over the Roof of the World," and among the picturesque Tyrols.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Perhaps your idea of essays is that they are dull, uninteresting pieces of prose that you are forced to read for the sake of your education, or totally unnecessary themes that you have to hand in at English classes. But did you ever take out any of the gay-colored books from the essay corner of the library and take a peep inside them? The most whimsical and most delightful things imaginable are to be found in *The Sunny Side* and *If I May*, by A. A. Milne. If you know the lovable child's book, *When We Were Very Young* you will find that the same lightness of touch runs through Milne's essays.

Other, and more recent additions to the essay shelf are *On the Margin*, by Aldous Huxley, *On Everything*, by Hillaire Belloc, and *The Second Person Singular*, by Alice Meynell—aren't the titles delightful? And the contents are equally so!

* * *

"Drama in the Dance"—*Theatre Guild* magazine for March—shows characteristic poses of some outstanding modern dancers, including La Argentina and Harold Kreutzberg; the Dance Recitals column in the same magazine gives description and criticism of the late recitals of Humphrey and Weidman, Mary Wigman, and Escudero.

* * *

If you saw Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in *The Guardsman* you will want to meet them again in the pages of the *Theatre Guild Magazine* for March, which reviews their new play *Reunion in Vienna* in an article called "The High Art of Comedy Acting."

* * *

George Arliss again! In the role of concert pianist who becomes deaf, which he does marvelously—of course—being George Arliss. See him in *The Man Who Played God* at a local theatre soon.

And the much-talked-of *Grand Hotel* will be at the Ritz in April.

* * *

"Hiking is anybody's sport!" Thirty years ago one hiked along the highways, but now he must seek the byways to enjoy the sport. With the revival of interest in hiking, trails are being mapped out by hiking clubs, among them The Appalachian Trail from Maine to Georgia. To learn more of this sport read the current number of the *Sportswoman* and ask Helen Brasington and Louise McMichael about the talk Mr. W. H. Hall, President of the Georgia Appalachian Trail Club, made on hiking at the recent athletic conference at Macon.



LOCALS 09

Mildred Tally

The election of the Student-Government president for the year 1932-1933 was held Friday, March 4th, in the lecture room of West Hall. The candidates were Miss Emily Jennings, of Dawson, and Miss Virginia Clark, of Tampa.

Miss Clark was elected president by the student body and will assume the duties of her office May 1st.

* * *

The Student Government Association held its regular monthly meeting in the Rotunda Friday evening, March 4th. Miss Leonora Ivey was the speaker and gave an informal but helpful talk. She spoke of leadership and sportsmanship as carrying over from athletic activities into other phases of college life and even into activities of life after college graduation.

* * *

The annual concert of the Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Alimae Temple was presented at the Valdosta High School auditorium Saturday evening, March 12th. Mr. James Dasher was the accompanist. The first part of the program consisted of a group of classical songs by the club: "Olaf Trygvason," by Grieg, Mr. Jack Lockhart, soloist; "On Music's Wing" by Mendelssohn, Miss Ruth Webb, of Tifton, soloist; "The Keel Row" and "Old King Cole," traditional airs, arranged by T. F. Dunhill. Miss Margaret Zipplies, of Savannah, played the following group of piano solos: "Rigaudon," by MacDowell; "Liebestraum" by Liszt; "Intermezzo in Octaves," by Leschetizky. Miss Margaret Lindsay, of Blakely, sang "The Birthday" by Woodman, with Joyce Kilmer's "Trees" as an encore. "The Snow Storm" by Rogers, and "Moonbeams," from the "Red Mill" by Herbert, were the songs by the special group. Mr. Billie Pardee, of Valdosta, gave a violin solo, "Hejre Kati" by Jenö Huboy. The concluding group of the first part of the program was "Song of Songs" by Maya, Margaret Lindsay, of Blakely, soloist; and "The Sleigh" by Kountz, and "The Bells of Saint Mary's" by Adams.

The second part of the program was a presentation of the history of rhythm. A group of girls presented a Greek dance. An Indian

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scene consisted of three songs: "Oyanectah" by Herbert, with Miss Margaret Williams, of Douglas, as soloist, assisted by a group from the club; "The Moon Drops Low" by Cadman, a solo, by Ruth Webb; "By the Waters of Minnetonka," Lieurance, by a group from the club. A group of sophomores danced the stately minuet, as an example of colonial rhythms. Miss Elizabeth McRee and Miss Willene Roberts, of Valdosta, gave a charming dance in the form of a music box. March Militaire by Schubert represented march rhythms. Spanish rhythm was presented by a scene including "The Peanut Vendor" sung by Miss Ruth Webb, and "By the Light of the Silver Star," a Cuban folk song, by Miss Margaret Williams, assisted by a group from the club. The waltz rhythm was represented by a dance, and by a solo "Se Seran Rose" by Arditi, by Miss Mary Elaine Flanagan. The program was concluded by a medley of popular waltzes by Miss Margaret Williams and the Club.

* * *

The Junior Class presented a Faculty Take-off on Friday evening, March 11th, in the lecture room. Most of the Faculty members were present with their peculiarities and mannerisms greatly magnified. And there were laughs a plenty.

* * *

The Senior Class entertained with a delightful tea Wednesday, February 24th. Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Powers, of Boston, Massachusetts, were honor guests and the following musical program was given: "Hark, Hark, the Lark," Carolyn Bullard; vocal selection, "The Brook", Mary Elaine Flannegan; "Valse Caprice" and "Minuet a L'Antico", Annie Lois Gardner; "Country Dance No. 3," Edwina Arnold; vocal selection, "Lass With the Delicate Air," Margaret Lindsey; "Riguadon," Margaret Zipplies; violin solo, "Czardas," Billy Pardee.

* * *

A group of G. S. W. C. faculty members presented a radio program Tuesday, February 23rd, over station WQDX at Thomasville. This program was the first in a series which will be presented. The future programs will be given on Wednesday afternoons at 2:30 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, and station WQDX may be found at 1210 kilocycles.

* * *

The Presidents' Club held its monthly meeting Wednesday evening, March 2nd, in the Rotunda. The meeting was in the form of an open forum, and any students who were interested in campus problems were invited to join the group and to participate in the discussions. The questions which were discussed dealt with minor dormitory regulations and special class privileges.



LUBS



Helen Clark

The Fine Arts Club held its regular monthly meeting in the Fine Arts club room in the art dome on Tuesday evening, March 1st. The topic for the program was "The Beginnings of American Art." Miss Lois Dorminy, of Fitzger-

ald, gave a very interesting report on "Textiles in the American Colonies," in which she discussed handweaving and tapestry making. "Painting in the American Colonies" was the topic for a very pleasing report by Miss Matilda Plowden, of Valdosta. It was very amusing to hear how portrait painting originated. The artist went from house to house with the shoulders and arms already painted; he had only to paint on the head of his subject. In a business meeting after the program, the club members talked about plans for an exhibit of interpretive painting and for a future vesper program.

* * *

The Euclidian Club held its regular monthly meeting in the lecture room on Wednesday evening, March 9th. After a short business meeting, Miss Eva Mae Trammel brought out some very helpful points in a talk on "Helps in Teaching Intermediate Mathematics." Miss Pauline Forbes talked on a subject of very real interest to the club members. She gave a history of the Euclidians, telling how the club started in 1929-30 and giving an account of its progress until the present date. Miss Montene Floyd gave a report on a magazine article concerning the question of making mathematics more practical by correlating it with science.

* * *

On Monday evening, March 7th, the International Relations Club held a meeting at the House-in-the-Woods. The topic for study was current events. In answer to the roll call each member of the club gave some important current event which would be of interest to the club. Miss Helen Brasington, Helen Bishop, and Dorothy Courtney gave brief reviews of the recent happenings in connection with the Sino-Japanese affair.

* * *

Mrs. L. G. Youmans, director of the studio of dancing in Valdosta, will be the principal speaker at the March meeting of the Sock and Buskin Club, which will be held in the play-production room on Tuesday night, March 22nd.

Y. W. C. A.

Mildred Morris

One of the most interesting Vesper programs of the past two weeks was that of Thursday evening, March 3rd. Mr. Frederick Wilson, a student of Emory Junior College, talked on "The Place of College in the Abundant Life."

Although Mr. Wilson is a Freshman and has been in college only a few months he showed clearly that he had profited, and had placed the college in the abundant life very advantageously. Mr. Wilson is a very popular student at Emory Junior, and received his license to be minister before he graduated from high school.

* * *

Everyone looks on expectantly during the last few months of school to see who the officers of the different organizations for the coming year are to be. I am sure we were all pleased when we heard who the new Y. W. C. A. officers were. Miss Emily Jennings, Dawson, has been re-elected president; Miss Margaret Kennedy, Dawson, Vice-President; Miss Marie Gaskins, Nashville, Secretary, and Miss Carolyn Bullerd, Nashville, Treasurer. The Y. has had a very successful year thus far and we are all assured of an equally successful one next year led by these new capable officers. Miss Jennings has not announced her cabinet as yet.

* * *

Miss Emily Jennings announced to the Y. cabinet recently that they were to be the next publishers of the Y Tie, a monthly paper published by the Y. W. C. A.'s of the various colleges in Georgia. The Y-Tie is experiencing its first year and so far has been a big success. We feel sure that the next issue will be the best yet, as we are very proud of our cabinet. Miss Jennings named Miss Emeliza Swain, Rome, Editor, and Miss Swain has named her staff as follows: Editorial Editor, Virginia Clark, Tampa, Fla.; Art Editor, Louise McMichael, Quitman; Feature Editor, Mildred Talley, Rome; Correspondent, Lillian Sumner, Poulan; Circulation Manager, Mildred Morris, Brinson; Proof Readers, Emily Jennings, Dawson, and Nancy Rowland, Wrightsville; Printers, Louisa Heath, Quitman, and Joan Talbert, Colquitt.

SOCIETIES

ARGONIAN SOCIETY NEWS

Elizabeth Pardee



The informal debates were held at the meeting of the Argonian Literary Society on February 27th. The subject of the first debate was "Resolved: That we have more to fear than to hope for from the further development of machinery." The two affirmative speakers were Misses Frances Arrington and Martiele Turner, and their opponents were Misses Carolyn Brimm and Dorothy Ogletree. The affirmative team defeated the negative. Misses Margaret Zippies and Margaret Joiner were the affirmative speakers of the second debate, "Resolved: That the Government of the United States should recognize the present Government of Russia." The opposing team, Misses Louise Durham and Vivian Chipman, was victorious. The topic of the third debate was "Resolved: That the Federal Government should purchase and reforest sufficient lands to eliminate the crop surplus." The negative team, Misses Emeliza Swain and Marie Gaskins, defeated their opponents, Misses Lavinia Buckner and Odessa Stephens. In the last debate, "Resolved: That the several states should adopt a plan of compulsory employment insurance," Miss Julia Manning upheld the affirmative side alone, due to the absence of Miss Ruth Dozier, who attended the I. R. C. Conference at Rollins College. The negative team, which was composed of Misses Lois Tucker and Vivian Johnson, won this debate. Misses Marie Gaskins, Louise Durham, and Carolyn Brimm, alternative, were elected to represent the Argonian Literary Society at the inter-society debate to be held at an early date.

* * *

"The Social Life of Washington" was the theme of the program at the meeting of the Argonian Literary Society on March 5th. Miss Dorothy Ogletree, the leader, opened the meeting by having the members sing "America." "The Social Life of Washington's Childhood" was interestingly presented by Miss Dorothy Andrews. Miss Jewel Bussel reviewed "The Social Life of Washington Before the Revolution." "Washington's Social Life In Later Years" was the subject of Miss Rosalie Fechtel's talk.

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SORORIAN NEWS

Jessie Norman

The Sororian Literary Society held its regular meeting Saturday evening, February 27th, in the Play Production room. The program for the evening consisted of three debates, preliminary to the inter-society debates to be held later on in the year.

The subject for the first of these debates was, "Resolved: That Great Britain cannot immediately grant India dominion status." The affirmative side was upheld by Misses Bessie McRae and Ruth Webb; Misses Hazel Allen and Margaret Kennedy took the negative side of the question.

The second debate was, "Resolved: That the United States should recognize the present government of Russia." The speakers of the affirmative side were Misses Inez Hatcher and Clarice Worsham. The negative speakers were Misses Frances Knutson and Mary Glover.

The subject of the third and last debate was, "Resolved: That the government should purchase and reforest sufficient farm lands to eliminate the crop surplus." The speakers upholding the affirmative side of the question were Misses Elizabeth White and Elizabeth Parker. The negative side was upheld by Misses GeDelle Brabham and Katherine Stovall.

* * *

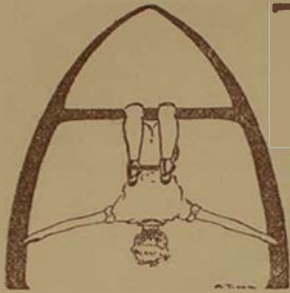
After the debates a vote was taken to determine who the inter-society debaters from the Sororians would be. Misses Frances Knutson and Clarice Worsham were chosen, with Misses GeDelle Brabham and Bessie McRae as alternatives.

* * *

On Saturday evening, March 5th, the Sororians met in the Ronda, with Miss Ruth Webb as leader. The subject of the program was "Modern Music." After a short business the following program was enjoyed:

Miss Ruby Rigsby gave a short talk on the "Varieties of Music," and Miss Evelyn Kennon told something about the "History of Music." Misses Helen Steele and Lillian Sumner told about "Music on the Screen" and "Music in Stage Productions." Miss Mildred McDonald played several selections on the piano, and Miss Margaret Lindsay sang "The Kiss Waltz."

The society was especially favored by having Misses Margaret Pardee, violinist, and Helen Duncan, pianist give several selections.



ATHLETICS

LAMBDA NEWS

Polly Walker

The last basket ball and soccer games were played Tuesday, February twenty-third, with the Kappas winning both games, but certainly not without a struggle. The Lambda guards did marvelous work in the first half of the basket ball game and, indeed, every player of the day gave staunch support to her team and association.

* * *

Lambda basket ball line-up: Bishop, Donahue, Purdy, Burney, Powell and Andrews.

Lambda soccer line-up: Glascock, Arrington, Nicholson, Hammond, Rowland, Norman, and Brasington.

* * *

It is very encouraging to see so many girls in training for track events as the plans for field day get under way. It has been decided that a girl may enter five events, although not more than three major ones. Major events will be hurdles, running broad jump, running high jump, and dash. Minor events will be soccer ball kick, basket ball throw, basket ball goal, stilt race, and archery. Team events will be chariot race and shuttle relay.

* * *

Athletic council met in the House-in-the-Woods on Monday evening, February 29th. Helen Brasington, Lambda president, and Louise McMichael, Kappa president, told of their recent attendance at the annual athletic conference which was held at Wesleyan College this year.

The subject for discussion at the conference was "Leisure Time Activities," and the first speaker was Mr. Hall, President of the Appalachian Trail Club. Representatives from Agnes Scott discussed "Leisure Time Activities in College." Representatives from the University of Georgia discussed "Leisure Time Activities After College." Saturday afternoon a round table discussion was held, at which the representatives discussed different phases of their athletic associations which they thought would be interesting to the other colleges. Our unique idea of two athletic associations literally amazed

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them, as well as our various awards—especially the honor plaque and individual cups. None of the other colleges had ever played American ball and after the G. S. W. C. representatives explained it they became very enthusiastic.

The conference decided to ask high schools to ban the use of boys' basket ball rules and men coaches for girls' games. Especial stress is put on this and it is hoped that high schools will cooperate.

* * *

KAPPA NEWS

Dorothy Bryant

Basket ball is over and field day is coming on. The last of the series of basket ball games took place Tuesday, February 23rd. The Kappas were victorious, thus deciding the winners of the series. The Kappas receiving first team points in basket ball are: Captain Quarterman, Brabham, Dozier, Bryant, Dukes, McMichael, and Gaskins.

* * *

The soccer season kicked out shortly after the expiration of the basket ball season. The Kappas won for the third successive time and carried off the honors for winning the series. The Kappa players receiving first team points and recognition are: Captain Wall, McSwain, Glisson, Lee, Joiner, Chastain, Daniel and Stovall.

* * *

Visitors to the campus might be led into thinking we have all gone on the war-path, should they pass through while some of the ardent bowsmen are at work. Archery is at present very popular on the campus. The Kappas have a very capable manager in Miss Kathleen Glisson. Any girl going out for ten one-half hour periods with the manager will receive five points. The three best shots from each association are to be chosen and on Field Day will shoot it out. Just who the William Tell of the campus is, remains to be seen. We will have more to say about that at next time.

* * *

Out among the "murmuring pines" on the north side of the campus a new tennis court is being erected. All the tennis fans are very gleeful over this addition to our campus. We have long needed another court. Now perhaps one will get on the court for more than one set after an afternoon's wait.



LUMNÆ

Lillian Patterson

The following Alumnae members were on the campus during the past month: Misses Evelyn Blanton, Nell Crocker, K. D. Rentz, Eve Hadden, Kate Jones, Georgia Patterson, Grace Chastain, Edna Henderson, Mary Dozier, Willie

Belle Sumner, Virginia Fraser, Mary Sue Cannon, Mamie Phillips, Mary Cobb and Mary Elizabeth Boyd.

* * *

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

* * *

Miss Maye de Lois Summerlin is teaching French and English in Sale City, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Janie Coker is teaching first grade in Bronwood, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Quinnie Carmack is in Atlanta taking a business course.

* * *

Miss Ruth Rushin is studying at Mercer.

* * *

Miss Caro Horn is teaching school in Dooley County. Her address is Vienna, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Mary Carmack is teaching school in Bridgeport, Alabama.

* * *

Miss Ruth Lytle is teaching school in Evans, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Jeannette Davis is teaching school in Tippettville, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Emily Dalton has accepted a position as dietitian in a tea room in Washington, D. C. Athens Ga.

* * *

Miss Julia Maye Murray and Mr. Henry G. Pope were married January 16th, 1932. They will make their home in Brunswick, Ga.

* * *

Miss Helen Bruce is teaching school in Brunswick, Georgia.

OKES



Louise McMichael

Visitor on campus: "And doesn't Miss Hopper ever get you girls confused?"

Maggie Joiner: "Oh yeah! She calls us in pretty regularly."

* * *

Buford: "All who wish may take sitting up exercises in stead of going out for track this afternoon."

* * *

Andrews: "Why did Livingston do that to her hair?"

Tuker: "Oh, she had her reason."

Andrews: "Now! When did she recover it?"

* * *

Hell hath no fury like the girl who was so sure of her office that all her friends didn't think there was any need to vote for her.

* * *

"All that I have I owe to my college!" said the Senior as she walked over to the Ad. building to pay her board.

* * *

Then there's the freshman who defined an iceberg as being a permanent wave.

* * *

Ruth: "That glee club number haunts me."

Kid: "It ought to—you murdered it."

* * *

Annie Lois: "Did you enjoy Paderewski's recital?"

Dot Bryant: "Yes, but it was all Grieg to me."

* * *

A freshman had a letter from home the other day telling of her little sister's latest "bright saying." Little Betty had been naughty and her mother had sent her out to bring a switch in. After an absence of some fifteen minutes Betty returned minus the switch. "Couldn't find no switch, Mummy," she said, "but I found a good tin can you could f'row at me!"

* * *

We hear that Western Union has forbidden its employees to sing Stephen C. Foster songs because he wrote "The Old Folks at Home."

The Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta

HAS OPENED ITS TWENTIETH SESSION UNDER MOST FAVORABLE AUSPICES.

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THE MOTTO OF THE COLLEGE IS "CHARACTER FIRST."

AMBITIOUS HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS ARE INVITED TO PLACE THEIR APPLICATIONS FOR NEXT YEAR.

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DYED BY OUR EXPERTS—NEW SPRING 1932 SHADES
Ladies' Dresses Dry Cleaned, 75c and up
STAR LAUNDRY
Phone 54

Ruth Webb: "Why have Dot Bryant and Violet Glascock given up sweeping?"

Pit: "Oh, they're trying to keep Lent in their room."
* * *

Student Government President: "Freshman, are you innocent?"

Freshman: "Why, Lillian, of course not! Are you?"
* * *

The following sentences were observed on the board after a freshman class in written English:

He was ensconced behind.

The phantasmal cosim invelloped them.

The sinister was high.