

THE PINE BRANCH



APRIL
1932

FRESHMAN NUMBER

Volume XVI

Number 6

THE PINE BRANCH

Issued Monthly

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE GEORGIA STATE
WOMANS COLLEGE, VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103,
Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized January 20, 1919.

VOL. XVI.

APRIL, 1932

NO. 6

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OUTLOOK

Frances Harrell

Rain, mud, slush
For other people today,
But not so for me,
Oblivious of gloom, I go my way.
My heart, a happy thing,
Remembers you, remembers yesterday.

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"THESE CHARMING PEOPLE"

Winnie Davis

The year is 1932. All's well. We are modern to our fingertips. Never would we admit to you that we hug to our hearts some of the most medieval of customs. Perhaps, it is well that we think so highly of ourselves. To admit failure is half of failing. Progress is our key-note—almost our love song. What with the machine age, the new culture and modern art, we are still clinging to the things our forefathers loved with tenacity of children clinging to an old worn-out toy.

Youth puts on bright armor and nonchalantly attempts life, fiercely proud and determined to succeed—youth is envied—we know that.

So we keep saying to ourselves over and over, to quiet ourselves—"Come now we are different, we are lovely. We shall never err. The wisdom of the ages is behind us. We are like Minerva springing full-armed from the forehead of Zeus. Never shall we do anything unscientific or medieval."

Mama (1932) puts Junior (1932) to bed. He has been bathed according to Angelo Patri, fed according to Innskeep. He is sleeping in a Simmons bed. But Junior strangely enough doesn't say:

"Could I induce you to tell me the story of Tom, the robot-boy and the bad old autogyro, Oswald."

No—rather Junior says, "Tell me a story, mummy, about fairies and things."

She (1932) obligingly tells the wonderful history of "Beauty and the Beast." Junior is ravished; he is delighted. He is enamored of fairy princesses.

Mama goes to her room in the family duplex to read the latest book on the "Psychology of Something-or-Other." But she cannot forget the charmingly medieval Beauty and her unbelievable Beast.

People still fall in love, strange as it may seem. We continue to get horribly excited around December the twenty-fifth. We wonder if Aunt Aggie would prefer feet-warmers to a more modern electric pad.

See where we are—going around in circles like some silly animal chasing its tail. But thank Heaven! we are simple enough, and sweet enough to be mindful of the charming past. Rather than deplore the fact, we whisper with bated breath—"If we forget, we shall perish."

THE ORGAN TELLS AN OLD STORY

Lavinia Buckner

Silently the college girls filed into church. The music of the organ filled everyone with peace. Sylvia listened—it was telling her a story, a very old story!

"A king was once building a beautiful cathedral. Years had been spent in constructing the edifice which became the object of the admiration of people who came from miles around. At last it was complete except for one window. His Majesty wanted that window to be the most beautiful of all, for it was nearest the altar. A decree was sent out into all the surrounding territory saying, that to the artist who could construct the window which the king would use, would be given a portion of the king's realm.

"Day after day Peter went from one artist to another asking for the scraps of glass that would be thrown away. The figure of ragged Peter became very familiar to those working on windows.

"When the day came for the king to choose a window, hundreds of artists brought their handiwork. One by one the windows were tried and rejected. When all the most famous artists had failed, the king sadly asked: 'Are these all?'

"'Yes, Your Honor, those are all—except one!'

"'We must try them all,' said the king, 'even the poorest!'

"So Peter was allowed to bring his window forward just as the sun sank westward. A clumsy-looking window it was, made of numerous pieces. Peter placed his creation in the aperture, and the gasps of the onlookers came after a moment of tense silence.

"The last rays of the afternoon sun shone through each different piece of glass, filling the cathedral with a holy glow. All the colors of the rainbow were blended together making a perfect background for the altar. Everyone was astonished that it was the ragged Peter who won the reward. But he had worked harder than all the rest, and his final work was perfect because he had put little pieces together with such care and thought that the whole, when illumined by the sun's light was sublime.

"Build the windows of your soul's cathedral with small deeds, and the Light of the World will illumine them just as the sunshine made the king's temple more beautiful because it had passed through small panes."

The music ceased. For Sylvia life was no longer futile. It had meaning

"Men may rise on stepping stones

Of their dead selves to higher things."

was what the organ called to her as she marched out of church that Sunday.

MY LADY OF THE ROCKING-HORSE DAYS

Mabel Jones

She sat on the back row quite alone and aloof. I, poor beauty-loving creature, was in constant danger of breaking my neck twisting it around to see her without seeming to be staring rudely. Strange, wasn't it? No one else seemed to be so overawed by her presence. With all the jocular familiarity of twelve year olds they accepted her as merely their equal.

She was not very large. When she walked I thought that fairy queens must have taught her. Her hands were dainty and restless. I still do not understand how she was able to be at all times so cool and clean. She was never rumpled, dishevelled, or drenched with perspiration, even after a long walk in an impartial sun. Indeed, she would have been an ideal advertisement for ivory soap.

Her hair, which was cut short above her ears, was yellow like very clean corn-silks.

Her eyes were kind with the kindness of childhood. They gave me a glimpse not of elusive paradise but heaven.

When she smiled, gradually parting pretty lips over little baby teeth set slightly apart in the front, and when she laughed so clear and clean and bubbly, something caught my heart and for a minute at least I was divinely happy.

The reward of such adoration was a valentine from her. The valentine was a gallant little boy riding a rocking-horse and holding a bunch of hearts. It was fixed so that it would stand alone and would rock. On the back she had written, "To my sweetheart, from—," and she had boldly scribbled her name. I am not very susceptible to flattery, but, just the same, I still believe that she was sincere in writing this. Today that little token of love has an honored place among my jumbled possessions. It is the only valentine I have ever cared to keep.

Four more years of school companionship with her taught me that even angels on earth have human faults, but I still love her: I always will.



YOUTH'S DISAPPOINTMENT

Margaret Zipplies

The year 1861 was a time of strife and disorder for the South. Northern Georgia had already been ransacked by General Sherman's troops and the people in the southern part lived day and night in dread of the arrival of the Union soldiers.

On a small plantation in middle Georgia, however, everything was going along just as if the country were not in the middle of a war, the only difference being the absence of the father and older sons who had donned their gray uniforms and had gone to join the Confederate troops. Food was not quite as plentiful as it had been in previous years because a large part of it was sent to feed the starving soldiers. The farm was under the capable management of Mrs. Jackson who, during her husband's absence, saw that all the necessary work was done in addition to managing the house and caring for four small children, the oldest of whom was ten years old and the youngest three years old.

On a bright morning in early May, Mrs. Jackson noticed a cloud of dust slowly moving down the clay road which wound through the tall pines like a ribbon. Fearing that the dust was being raised by the northern troops, she quickly gave orders for as many of the horses and cows as could be managed to be driven to the woods a short distance from the house in order to escape slaughter by the soldiers. The silver and china were hidden in bushes a good distance away and other valuables were hidden in places where the soldiers would be least likely to search. Twenty minutes later when a troop of men dressed in the uniform of the northern side marched up and stepped in front of the gate, everybody on the plantation, with the exception of a few slaves who had been excited and frightened by the confusion, was going about his own business just as if the presence of Union soldiers was entirely unsuspected.

A brief half hour after the arrival of the soldiers, however, the place could not have been recognized. The remaining cows and all the chickens and hogs had been killed and the barn containing a large supply of grain and potatoes was burned to the ground. The house was in a state of chaos, for the soldiers had ripped open all the mattresses and upholstered chairs in search of hidden silver. There was hardly a whole piece of furniture left in the house. All of the provisions that the soldiers were unable to take with them had been spoiled or strewn on the ground so that they were unfit for eating.

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When the soldiers had left, Mrs. Jackson's first thought was for her children. Most of the slaves had run to their huts when the soldiers came, and the frightened children had gone with them. Mrs. Jackson ran frantically from hut to hut calling their names. She found the three older children, but search as she might she was unable to find three year old Robert, her youngest child. Naturally, in her fear and alarm, her first thought was that the soldiers had taken him.

A group of slaves was sent down the road after the soldiers with orders not to come back without the child. Every building on the place was thoroughly searched, and slaves were sent down to a small branch in the woods where Robert was very fond of playing. The search lasted for two hours, but all the efforts were fruitless. One by one the searching parties returned with no reward for their labor except tired backs and blistered feet.

By this time Mrs. Jackson was desperate. She was almost certain that the soldiers had stolen her child. However, she decided to hunt through the buildings behind the house once more in case one had been overlooked. As she hurried around the house in a very unhopeful frame of mind, she noticed some old pans and spoons by the kitchen steps that Robert used to make mud pies, build forts, or anything else that the occasion demanded. Touched by the sight of the play-things strewn about just as her little son had left them last, she stooped down to pick them up, but as she did so she noticed a small, dirty little hand sticking out just under the last step and almost hidden by some wild phlox that had grown there. Bending the flowers aside, she peered into the shade under the steps and there she saw Robert's flushed, dirty little face pillowed on his arm. There he lay at peace with the world and utterly unconscious that the plantation had nearly been turned upside down just on account of him. Trembling, Mrs. Jackson gathered him into her arms and carried him into the house to wash his face and give him something to eat. Imagine the family's feelings when the young rascal set up a howl because he had missed seeing the soldiers.



CATS AMONG MEN

Elizabeth Larisey

Cats are paragons of all the virtues! Despite the deluge of dog stories, with their undeniable charm, there still remain some faithful souls who whole-heartedly sing the praises of Her Majesty, the cat. Such a one am I. Notwithstanding the hosts of dog lovers, I cling like grim death to my unalterable opinion that the cat is the superior animal. Attend me—

Cats have grace, poise, and dignity to which no dog can ever aspire. Cats have strength of character, which dogs conspicuously lack. This is clearly shown in the spineless manner in which a dog accepts ill treatment and comes back for more. No self respecting cat will endure an annoying situation any longer than it takes to unsheathe a razor sharp claw from a velvet paw, strike with speed and accuracy, and with a derisive flick of a plummy tail, walk out of your life.

A dog is a most undignified animal; when his owner returns after an absence, witness his unseemly behavior. He cavorts in a quite ungentlemanly manner, lovingly knocks the breath out of his friend, and in all probability pierces the said friend's best clothes with affectionate claws. A showman. Does the cat in a similar situation conduct herself thus? Indeed, no. She strolls up like the aristocrat she is, and contents herself with rubbing her head gently on one's ankle, meanwhile "purring in meter and mewling in rhyme."

There are those who have the colossal effrontery to insinuate that the cat is wooden of face, and expressionless. Which is, of course, rank heresy, and the result of pure unadulterated prejudice. A cat has an astonishingly mobile face, and all the expressions are there for the person who will see; great golden eyes or limpid green ones can speak volumes. Dogs go around with their mouths agape, looking like bad adenoidal cases. Is this then expression? Oh, say not so!

As to physical beauty, the cat reigns supreme in the animal kingdom. Where is the dog who can rival the matchless grace of the cat? The clumsy buffoonery of a dog at play is ridiculous beside the incomparable charm of a sportive cat.

"If Peace and Silence could arise
And walk, and look with living eyes,
And night her starry cross descend
And stretch herself and be my friend
For shrimps and beef—I'm certain that
They'd be yourself—imperial cat!"

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SONG

Kathryne Connell

They are all going down to the fair in London town—
I can see them buying hats,
I can see them fitting gowns,
They are all going down,
All the folks around, to the fair in London town;
Would I were going down!
Jack Leeds wears a bonnet,
And oh! I dote upon it.
I, too, would wear a bonnet,
If I were going down to London town.
Jack Leeds broke my heart!
With his gay and fetching bonnet,
Then he went to London town.
Now there's a rumor going round that he lives with
naughty Bess
In this wicked London town.
And oh! his lovely bonnet.
Bess may dote upon it,
But I wish a plague were on it—
By my troth!

ANALOGY

Emily Flucker

As your letters now slip through my fingers, I am mindful that in
such a way your love slipped out the windows of my heart.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

FATAL ENCOUNTER

Kathryne Connell

I remarked to Herself who was walking beside myself down Dunkirk street, "Men have died, and worms have eaten them," says I, "but not for love." Having unloaded this to Herself who pondered thereon, I looked tenderly at the lurid package under my arm. I had purchased some underwear at Joseph McCarthy's shop. It was not such dainty underwear to be sure, but it was guaranteed to wear well.

I shifted my glance to O'Connell's Square. St. Patrick! Heart of Corn! There was Hilary with such a gallant air about him. But he intended to disprove my theory about men and worms, and thereby establish his rather doubtful fidelity. Mentally I measured the cobblestones which stretched out between us. So many more steps, so many more tossings of the head, and so many more St. Patricks! from myself, and he would be alongside.

A great longing for my hearthstone seized me.

"Dearie me," said I to Herself, "can't you walk a little faster?"

"No," said she, and began to quote foolishly, "There's a whiting right behind us, and he's treading on my tail!"

A tug-o-war ensued. I, frantic to advance and she as determined as fate itself to lag behind. For Herself thought Himself and Myself quite silly.

I crossed myself and accepted my doom. Clump, clump, clump, onward ever onward—unrelenting firm footsteps. Silently I repented for all my sins, and promised the Saints to go and never sin again if only he would get scared and run the other way, or if he wouldn't speak to me, or if it would rain herring and drown us all.

He was less than an arm's length behind me now. I could smell the fragrant fumes from his pipe. Forgetting that I was supposed to be icily unaware of his presence, I said without even looking at him—

"Why, Sir Tom, why didn't you let us know you were approaching?"

Himself looked up from the Dublin Herald, but Herself, imp that she is, didn't give Himself time to reply.

"The fact is, my hearty, he didn't know he was approaching. Did you, Sir Tom?"

"Why no, my Ladyship," said Hilary, "the fact is I was rather

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engrossed in this paper. Vastly amusing, says I, to be reading while locomoting on foot, says I."

Nothing was more evident than that the subject of approach and encounter was closed. What an odd trio we made, marching in military formation down Dunkirk street. Himself and Myself very much embarrassed, Herself having the time of her life at our expense.

I gave a second look. Yes, it was true. There was no help for it under heaven.

"Great snakes! says I, my underwear is falling." The sturdy elastic was protruding impudently out of the packing. Himself jumped as if he had been shot. Poor dear, I knew he thought I had lost all modesty. I couldn't bear to have Hilary think I had changed so in the course of a week.

"Sure, said I, I meant this!" I had jumped out of Charybdis into Scylla. Slave, that I was, I was holding my new underwear at arm's length before Hilary Tompkins, my rejected suitor. And I hadn't meant to, really I hadn't. I had only wanted to prove that I was referring to the underwear in the package. I was in tears.

"Good-day, My Ladies, said Sir Tompkins. Hm—"

The howling Herself did the courtesies for us, because I was too ashamed to speak.

"Good day, Hilary, dear, and the Lord love you."



L'HEURE BLEUE

Emily Flucker

Twilight reminds me of the things a drowning man must see:

First, a film of night,

Darker — — —

Darker — —

Utter oblivion.



DITORIALS

In retrospect last year and the year before that were crowded with many and varying emotions. One's soul was sorely tried in the effort to keep level-headed, and practical. Last year abounded with romantic indiscretion. Now one wonders if such an enchanted thing as an indiscretion may still exist. If one had a little money one might buy some

perfume. But even perfume has become scarce. I am expecting to hear soon that those who make it have lost the formula thereof.

There have been one or more efforts to recapture our lost ecstasy: the *beau geste* of milliner's *le chapeaux comme un feu follet*. Otherwise decorous faces are looking pert and rakish this season, but to no avail. Adventure like somebody's gal has walked out on us without saying what her future address would be. She began to grow unfaithful with the waning of summer. My heart grew sad. I foresaw winter without her, and I wasn't at all brave.

It is optimistic, however, to believe that she is attending a market of "dreams-for-sale." Who knows what she shall have up her sleeve when she returns? We are, if we have had sense to see, enjoying a year of grace—no heart is strong enough to live every moment to the utmost. What with May Day coming adventure shall probably be home any day now.

But to be serious, Adventure has played out on us, we are in college, and in spite of all, each day continues to have twenty-four hours, each week seven days, and each month four weeks, except February this year—and I might tell you the number of days in each year, except that I often confuse them. With all this time running around loose we should be accomplishing things.

One's Freshman year is apt to be constituted of two efforts—namely, to try to stand on one's own feet, and to keep every one else from knowing that such is rather difficult.

Flounder if you must, but learn to stand upright on your own feet, and have faith in yourself. "If you're supposed to make it, you'll make it."



CRITICAL TIPS

Winnie Davis

To all those who are lovers of modern drama, the Theatre Guild offers excellent reading in its monthly "The Curtain Is Up." This article is a collection of criticisms on the current plays. Another good monthly article is "Theatre

Guild Notes."

* * *

The month of April has quite a few thrills for theatre-goers. "Forbidden," starring the new dramatic actress, Barbara Stanwyck, is followed by *Fireman Save My Child*, starring Joe E. (Mouth) Brown; critics say it's a scream. Those who have read Elmer Rice's *Street Scene* will not want to miss the screen version featuring the lovely Sylvia Sidney. The *piece de resistance* is *Lovers Courageous* with Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans.

* * *

G. S. W. C. has become radio-minded and dispersed her talent through the air. Miss Sawyer and Miss Temple have conducted several interesting programs, the Glee Club program among these. These programs are broadcasted from station WQDX at Thomasville, Georgia.

* * *

The library is growing, as witness Miss Price's bulletin board, and the new additions are unusual and very interesting. They are "Catherine the Great," by Anthony; "Rasputin, the Holy Devil," by Fulop-Miller; Hackett's "Henry the Eighth," Ford's "My Life and Work," Birkenhead's "Great Trials of History," "With Lawrence in Arabia," and "Count Luckner, the Sea Devil" by Thomas, and Somerville's "Disraeli and Gladstone."

* * *

The Rev. Gipsy Smith, Jr., internationally known evangelist, is conducting a meeting at the Presbyterian church on Patterson street. His command of the English language is very pleasing. Recently he was the guest of the college at chapel. He should be heard. His preaching is inspirational and invigorating.

* * *

From Converse Hall come echoes of Rachmanonoff's Preludes, and Schubert's Hark! Hark! the Lark. Spring is here!



LOCALS

Edwina Arnold

The Student Government Association held its regular monthly meeting in the Rotunda Friday evening, April 1st. Lillian Lively and Virginia Clarke gave delightful talks concerning their recent trip to the Student Government Conference at the University of Alabama.

* * *

The Junior Class entertained with a lovely tea Wednesday, March 30th. Margaret Williams of Douglas, and Harriet Shepherd of Savannah, presided at the tea table, and were assisted in the service by other members of the class. The following musical program was given: "Evening," Ada Jewel Cochran; "Nocturne," Mary Elizabeth Bell; "Hark, Hark, the Lark," Carolyn Bullard; "Romance," Annie Lois Gardner; vocal selection, "In the Luxembourg Gardens," Mary Elaine Flanagan; "Gavotte," Margaret Williams.

* * *

The student body had the pleasure of hearing a short talk by Miss Grace McKittrick at lunch, March 31st. Miss McKittrick, regional Girl Scouts director, gave an interesting account of the origin and the purpose of the Girl Scout movement.

* * *

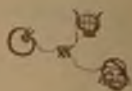
On April 2, the Sophomores were entertained at a formal banquet given by the Freshmen in the dining room of Ashley Hall. A very entertaining program was interspersed between courses. The guests were welcomed by the Freshman President, Edwina Arnold. Mary Poole, Sophomore President responded to this in a very charming manner. Ann Jones Boller gave a humorous toast to the famous hat which the Freshman Class (Nellie Cook) found on Hat Day. The Play Production Class presented a one-act play which was received very favorably by the banqueters. After the feast was over the two classes gathered in the rotunda for dancing. This party was given in accord with an ancient and honored custom at G. S. W. C.

* * *

May Day is the next red-letter day in our campus life. Our May Queen is Miss Ruth Webb, of Tifton, and her Maid-of-Honor is Miss Elizabeth Kirkland, of Sylvester. These girls were chosen by a ballot vote from the entire student body.



LUBS



Judy Cochran

The Philharmonic Club held its monthly meeting in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall on Monday evening, March 21. The program was divided into two parts. In the first part, Miss Addie

Pearl Hill gave "Minuet" by Schubert. A vocal solo, "In the Luxembourg Gardens" by Manning, was rendered by Miss Mary Elaine Flanagan. "Gavotte" by d'Albert was given by Miss Margaret Williams. Miss Annie Lois Gardner ended the first part of the program with a piano number, "Romance" by Sibelius.

The second part of the program began with a paper by Miss Caroline Bullard on "The Art of Chopin." The rest of the program was devoted to some of Chopin's compositions. Two of his most beautiful nocturnes were played by Miss Judy Cochran and Miss Elizabeth Bell. Miss Louisa Heath read a paper on "The Life of Chopin." A beautiful violin solo, "Nocturne," given by Mrs. Pardee, was especially enjoyed. Miss Wall gave the concluding number on the program, "Fantasie-Impromptu."

* * *

The Euclidian Club held its regular monthly meeting in the Math room on Wednesday, April 13. Miss Emily Burney gave an interesting account of the "History of Early Mathematics." Miss Catherine Maxwell discussed a magazine article in an instructive way. Miss Mildred McArthur gave a talk on "Recreations."

* * *

The Science Club will sponsor a dance in the Dining Room, on Friday night, April 15.

* * *

The regular monthly meeting of the International Relations Club was held Monday evening, April 4, in the History office at 7:30. The subject under discussion at this meeting was the situation in Manchuria in its different lights. The developments to March 15, were discussed by Miss Ruby McSwain. Miss Clarice Worsham discussed the developments from March 15 to April 4. The developments in Russia under the communistic government since the inauguration of the first five-year-plan was discussed by Miss Olive Autrey. Miss Hallie Elizabeth Smith finished the discussion of the new five-year-plan in Russia and what it entails.



Ruth Ellis

Some time ago Miss Emily Jennings was re-elected president of the Y. W. C. A. Besides being an efficient president herself, Miss Jennings has very capable officers to help her, and she has appointed the cabinet members for next year with careful consideration of their fitness to hold their respective positions. Miss Jennings has appointed the following cabinet: Vesper Chairman, Miss Margaret Kennedy; Assistant Vesper Chairman, Miss Margaret Zipplies; Bible Study Chairman, Miss Lois Tucker; World Fellowship Chairman, Miss Ann Jones Boller; Morning Watch Chairman, Miss Annie Sue Brandon, Music Chairman, Miss Mildred McDonald; Pianist, Miss Ada Jewel Cochran; Room Chairman, Miss Miriam Townsend; Membership Chairman, Miss Louise Ambos; Publicity Chairman, Miss Nina May Holliman; Entertainment Committee Chairman, Miss Lavinia Buckner; Club House Chairman, Miss Josephine Daniel. The old and new cabinet held a joint meeting on Monday evening, March 21st, to discuss important plans.

One of the most interesting vesper services of the past few weeks was held on Sunday evening, March 20. The program was led by Miss Reba Harrison and was very appropriately centered around Easter. The choir sang an Easter hymn to open the services. After a prayer and the scripture lesson Miss Margaret Lindsay sang a beautiful Easter song. Miss Edwina Arnold made a very inspiring talk on "The Meaning of the Cross." The service closed with a violin solo played with much expressive feeling by Miss Marjorie Sessions.

Vesper service on Sunday, April 3, was conducted by members of the Freshman Class. Joe Daniels was the leader. She called on Virginia Bickley who lead in prayer. Ann Jones Boler gave a very attractive talk on "Optimism vs. Pessimism." Miss Ruth Webb then sang the very lovely "Face to Face." She was accompanied on the piano by Miss Edwina Arnold who is a member of the Freshman Class. The choir, which is composed of students, joined with the others in singing hymns. The service was closed with the Y. W. benediction.



SOCIETIES

SORORIAN NEWS

Clare Lawson

On Saturday, April 2, the Sororians enjoyed a very interesting program under the leadership of Miss Frances Howell of Tifton. The subject of the evening was Edwin Arlington Robinson—the greatest living American poet.

* * *

Miss Marjorie Sessions of McRae, gave a short introduction to Robinson's life and a discussion of his *Sonnets* and *Collected Poems*. *Tristram*, Robinson's most famous work, was reported on by Miss Frances Knutson of Valdosta. Some of his other long dramatic poems reviewed were: *The Glory of the Nightingales* by Miss Clarence Worsham of Meigs, *Cavender's House* by Miss Helen Brasington of Waycross, and *Mathias at the Door* by Miss Polly Walker of Patterson.

* * *

ARGONIAN NEWS

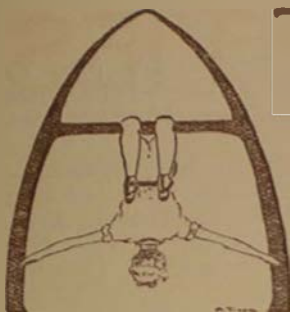
Joe Daniel

The Argonian Literary Society held its regular meeting in the Lecture room, April 2. The subject of the evening was "Favorite Modern Poets of Children." Miss Cornelia Martin was the leader. She developed her subject by having different members of the society give talks on various modern child poets. Among the poets discussed were Joyce Kilmer, Emily Dickinson, Vachel Lindsay, Hilda Conkling, Christopher Morley, and Edna St. Vincent Millay.

* * *

The Argonians and the Sororians held a joint meeting in the Play Production room, March 19. An intriguing one-act play, *The Trysting Place*, by Booth Tarkington, was presented by the Play Production Class. Florence Powell made an excellent sophisticated woman of the world who had become the idol of young Lancelot Briggs, not yet twenty. Emily Burney, as this character, portrayed a very realistic adolescent boy. Emily Jennings, as his mother, was charming in her role. Elizabeth Durden, as the young daughter, did her best to obtain the trysting place for herself and her lover, which character was impersonated by Polly Walker. Carolyn Readdick was at her best as the erstwhile suitor (age sixty years) for the hand of Mrs. Briggs. Pauline Forbes was the mysterious voice which created so much excitement. The play was one of the best of the year.

Eighteen



ATHLETICS

KAPPA-LAMBDA NEWS

Madeline Race

Dot Andrews

Field Day is the second red letter day of the year at the Georgia State Womans College. It is a day looked forward to from year to year with a great deal of anticipation and enthusiasm. The date was set for March 23, the day Spring Holidays began. Preparations were made and the decorating committee had begun its work when the weather changed the plans. Field Day was then postponed until the afternoon of April 4.

* * *

Ki-hi-yi! Oh, look at the snake dance! After the girls go swirling around, they divide into two distinct groups. The snakes coil for a nap you think—but soon the air is charged with piercing yells of "Kappa" and "Lambda."

Frivolity breaks at this point and the two adversaries set down to the business of the day. Low hurdles are first. Bang! and off go six girls hurdling down the field. Emily Burney, of Boston, wins first place for the Lambdas, Ruth Dozier of Morgan, wins second place for the Kappas, and Wyllene Roberts of Valdosta, wins third place for the Lambdas. Fifteen rahs for the Lambdas came from the throat of each girl and faculty member wearing purple and white. The Kappas are cheering for their contestants.

The basketball throw and the running broad jump are run off simultaneously. Elsie Quartermann of Valdosta, wins first place for the Kappas when she throws the basketball 66 ft., 11 in. Gussie O'Quinn of Jesup, a Kappa, comes second with 64 ft. 6 in., and Janie Chastain of Thomasville, another Kappa, comes in third with 60 ft. 9 in. The running broad jump creates much interest. Madeline Race of Valdosta, a Kappa, ties with Jack Studstill of Lakeland, a Lambda, when they both jump 14 ft. 8 in. Katherine Stovall of Bainbridge, wins second place for the Kappas with 14 ft. 2 in. Willie Lee of Ray City, jumps 13 ft 10 in., and wins third place for the Kappas.

The stilt race is next. We feel stilted while watching the girls

THE PINE BRANCH

totter down the field. Adah Bell of Valdosta, wins first place for the Lambdas when she finishes in 22 seconds. Two Kappas, Josephine Daniels of Ludowici, and Rosalie Fechtel of Waycross, win second and third places respectively.

In the high jump two Kappas, Gussie O'Quinn and Willie Lee tie for first place for the second consecutive year. Both of these cleared the pole at 4 ft. 4 in. A Kappa, Katherine Stovall, and a Lambda, Jack Studstill, tie for second place with 4 ft. 2 in. Janet Cook of Boston, a Lambda, ties with Helen Bishop of Unadilla, another Lambda, for third place with 3 ft. 9 in.

While the high jump and soccer ball kick are taking place the basket-ball goal shooting contest is held. Helen Bishop shoots 19 goals in 30 seconds and wins first place for the Lambdas. Gussie O'Quinn, a Kappa, wins second place with 17 goals and Miriam Allen, a Kappa from Albany, wins third place with 16 goals.

The Kappas win the shuttle relay in 40 seconds.

In the 60-yard dash, Marie Gaskins of Nashville, wins first place, Ruth Dozier of Morgan, wins second place and Jack Studstill of Lakeland, wins third place. The first two are Kappas and the latter is a Lambda.

The archery contest is the next center of interest and Clare Lawson of Savannah, wins first place for the Lambdas with 27 points; Elsie Quarterman of Valdosta, a Kappa, wins second place with 24 points and Odessa Stephens of Bainbridge, wins third place for the Lambdas with 15 points.

The sack relay is won by the Lambdas and the chariot race by the Kappas, the latter race being finished in 12 1-2 seconds.

For the second consecutive year Gussie O'Quinn is Field Day champion. Gussie won one first place and three second places, averaging 14 points as an individual score. Ruth Dozier, Willie Lee, and Katherine Stovall tie for second place with 12 points and Jack Studstill is third with 11 points.

The Kappas are victorious but the Lambdas led them a close race.



LUMNAE

Lillian Patterson

The following girls were visitors on the campus during the past month: Misses Olive Ryon, Kate Jones, Jane Quarterman, Mary Alexander, Mrs. H. G. Pope (Julia Maye Murray), Mrs. Everette McCormick (Elizabeth Teasley), Mrs. Jack Griffin (Lucius Bedelle),

Mrs. Glenn Roger (Martha Groover), Mrs. Russell Hunter (Sara Coachman).

* * *

Miss Sara Julia Cox and Mr. Ormond C. Skellie were married January 3, 1932. They will make their home in Atlanta.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Smith, of New Bimington, N. Y., announce the birth of a daughter on March 11, 1932. She has been named Virginia Helen.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ivey Rabun, of Waycross, Georgia, announce the engagement of their daughter, Rebecca, to Charles Clayton Bell, of Greensboro, N. C. The marriage will take place in April.

* * *

Miss Frances Cleveland is teaching third grade in Brunswick, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Eunice Gay is teaching Home Economics in the Labelle High School, Labelle, Florida.

* * *

Miss Ruth Royal is teaching school in South Bay, Florida.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Kermit Rippy (Johni Belle Powell) announce the birth of a daughter on January 27, 1932. She has been named Sally Powell.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Waymond Huckabee (Susan Bedell) announce the birth of a son, Waymond, Jr.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith (Lena May) announce the birth of a daughter, Emma Ann, on February 1, 1932.



JOKEs



Maggie Joiner

"Oh, gruel world!" moaned the villain as he devoured his 7,869th prison meal.

* * *

Bishop: "Why was 'Pitt' flipping that coin all period??"

Minchew: "She lost the answer to her true and false exam and had to make out new ones.—Lafayette Lyre.

* * *

A hint to new students: When a professor confides to you that he appreciates your attitude in not jumping up and out at the peal of the bell, by all means never blurt out that it takes you a minute or so to get awake.

* * *

Dr. Phelan: "Which combination dissolves gold quickest?"

Nellie Cook: "The marriage combination."—Die Lustege Kiote (Liepzig).

* * *

Miss Chandler: "Can you operate a type writer?"

Emily Burney: "Yes, I use the Biblical system."

Miss Chandler: "I never heard of it."

Emily: "Seek and ye shall find."—Widow.

* * *

Miss Price: "History has often been changed by a kiss."

Lavinia Buckner: "So have history marks."

* * *

Brutus: How many sandwiches did you eat Caesar?

Caesar: Et tu, Brutus.

* * *

He: Do you know the "gorilla" song?

She: No, what is it?

He: "Gorilla of my dreams."

* * *

Mr. Stokes: "Golf is pie for me."

Mr. Dusenbury: "It must be. I see that you just took another slice."

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

"I don't mind the licking," sobbed the freshman, "but I think it cowardly to do it behind my back."—Exchange.

* * *

Katherine Bruce: "It was terribly hot last night."

Estelle Roberts: "It surely was. Frances Smith didn't sleep in but two pairs of feet warmers, one night cap, two pairs of gloves; under three blankets, one quilt and five bathrobes."

* * *

"Seus": "Does Ruth Ellis speak dog language?"

Marjorie Groover: "Draw your own conclusions; she runs around on her all-fours."

* * *

Ambrose: "You're on the soccer ball team, aren't you?"

Ann Jones: "Well, yes, I do the aerial work."

Ambrose: "What is that?"

Ann Jones: "I blow up the soccer-balls."—Side Lines.

HE

(With apologies to writer of "Trees"—Joyce Kilmer)

Mildred Fokes

I think that I shall never see
A man desirable as HE;
Because of him I'm so depressed;
HE causes anguish in my breast,
Because I see him every day,
And cannot make him look my way.

Deep in my heart I'll always wear
A hope for him; I'll not despair.
Alone I travel lovers' lane
In hopes of meeting him again;
Poems are made by fools like me,
But LOVE is made by men like HE.

THIS ISSUE OF THE PINE BRANCH IS WRITTEN,
EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY THE FRESHMAN
CLASS OF THE GEORGIA STATE WOMANS
COLLEGE.

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ISSUE AS AN ADVERTISEMENT. WE TRUST IT
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Valdosta, Georgia

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

Miss Audrey Sikes is teaching in the Wright's Chapel school at Sumner, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Ida Burroughs is teaching first grade in Sumner, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Kathleen Stripling is teaching second grade in Sumner, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Hilda Patterson is principal of a rural school in Crisp County. Her address is Cordele, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Julia Patterson is teaching second and third grades in a consolidated school in Crisp County.