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PINE BRANCH



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PINE BRANCH AWARDS

The Pine Branch staff takes pleasure in announcing the winners of the series of prizes offered in the fall for the most outstanding work in connection with the *Pine Branch*.

The Ten-Dollar prize for the best short story was awarded Miss Dorothy Davis for the one published in the May issue,—“Wanted: X”.

“Appreciation” by Miss Emeliza Swain of Rome, was selected as best meriting the Ten-Dollar prize for the best essay. This essay was published in the March issue.

The prize for the most published contributions was won by Miss Buford Williford, of Moultrie. It is worthy of note that poetry formed the majority of these contributions.

“To Spring” and “Rhythms”, published in the March issue tied with the poems “To God” and “Song”, published in the May issue, for the poetry prize, and as Miss Williford, the author of the latter two poems, had already won one prize, the Ten-Dollar Poetry prize was awarded the author of the former poems—Miss Elsie Quarterman.

A Five-Dollar prize each was given to three outstanding staff members—namely, Misses Doris Dittrouer, of Savannah, Annie Sue Brandon, of Norman Park, and Carolyn Bullard, of Nashville, of the Mailing Department.

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TO GOD

Buford Williford

God, if you want my soul
At last when I come to die,
You'll have to look in the rainbow,
In the depth of the sea and the sky.

You'll have to look in the city
Where the crowds of people pass,
In the orchard where milk-white blossoms
Fall on the velvet grass.

But, God, I'll tell you a secret
If perchance you need the rest,
You'll find it hidden within the soul
Of him who knows it best.

SONG

By Buford Williford

I am in love with mirth—
Each passing day
Brings gladness more than sorrow
And bright hopes for the morrow—
The joy that melts the grey
Of earth.

I am in love with song
And music's measure;
The mourning dove's soft sobbin';
The fanfare of the robin
Singing for pleasure
All day long.

I am in love with life—
The little things—
Roses and laughter
And the moments after
When the silence sings
After strife.

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WANTED: X

Dorothy Davis

"Brow black with despair, black sorrow in the heart, eye cast down, farewell; I leave," Laren powdered her mother's nose absent-mindedly, and turned for a last word, "My future, be it happiest heav'n or hellist hell, lies with thee—in thy lily white hands."

"Yes," murmured Kay efficiently, "and thank your stars you have such a sister as I to decide it for you. Not many very, very, weary breadwinners would give up the mountains to come back to a dingy home-town to settle a younger sister's problems of the heart, and—"

"But sister, dear sister, I have no problems of the heart," sang Laren, "I know my heart—I know my man; I—"

"And, alack a day, he's the wrong one—according to mother," concluded Kay. "Oh, Laren, why can't you love and cherish Y instead? Then," wistfully, "at this moment I would be communing with nature and luring many beautiful trout from a mountain stream."

"It's fate," sighed Laren in a hushed voice. "One cannot act against the stars. X is the villain—only he ain't a villain. Our cosmic figaments—"

Mrs. Haswick coughed vaguely into the powder. "Children," she quavered ineffectually, "what is all this nonsense? Laren, why are we going away? Stop this nonsense and take off my hat, children. Just when Kay's come home for the first time in goodness only knows—This is nonsense—Kay, why do we have to go, and who is this silly X and Y person."

"Mother," said Laren at large, "waxes denser every day. Aren't you, mother," severely, "waxing denser?"

Mrs. Haswick's face fell, and she looked very sad.

"Well anyway," continued Laren, "We're going to Alcans for two weeks, at the end of which time, I come home to fall into the arms of my true love, I being feeble-minded and unable to—"

"But Kay does not even know Linc and Bill, Laren," blinked Mrs. Haswick, almost with spirit. "How in the world—I've told you seven—" "—eight."

"—times she doesn't know how wild that—"

Laren put a hand over her mother's mouth. "That's why we're going. Kay doesn't know the villain from the hero. She probes their characters while we're gone. If he's wild, and he isn't, she's supposed to find it out. If she disagrees with you, I get him, and if she doesn't, I take the pallid, perfect Y."

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"Good-bye," said Kay officially, "You'll miss your train of course."

"Nay," comforted Laren, "third time's lucky. We'll get there this try."

Mrs. Haswick's voice quavered away in the distance, "Don't forget to feed the —"

"The cat, I suppose," Kay sighed with relief as she heard them finally go.

A busy rattling office in a teeming city was silent as the tomb, she reflected, in comparison with this mad house of Laren and her mother. She almost wished she had left her sister to her own devices, but then shook her head resignedly; she'd been keeping the three of them straight, she thought, too long to break the habit now.

The problem this time seemed relatively simple—that of readjusting Laren's taste from one whom Mrs. Haswick deemed utterly simple and wild and unworthy, to the world's catch. "Laren's fascinating X—or mother's pallid perfect Y. Would be funny," she mused, "if I got 'em mixed."

Jerry was up a tree, Kay teetered on the top rail of a dubious fence and poked him with a stick. She turned and looked down into a pained face. "Darn cats. They should all expire in filthy kittenhood," she told it. "He scratched me."

He very carefully helped her down.

"Bill or Linc?" asked Kay.

"Linc," said Linc. "And you're the maiden aunt."

"Mercy me," said Kay, "only the elder sister. Laren said 'old maid?'"

"Yes," confessed Linc, "but anybody can tell—"

"I'm not a bit of it," furnished Kay.

"However, you do," doubtfully, "have the air of one who accomplishes things. Maybe—are you ever troubled with purposes?"

"I am here for a purpose," rumbled Kay.

"I'll bet," answered Linc, "you're going to do something. Er, by the way, have you met as yet my rival—the wild Bill who is mean and mighty? And really, my sour old maid, our Laren is in danger around the man. He—"

"'Wild—mad—in danger'—X," catalogued Kay; to Linc, "Do you suppose you're the pallid perfect Y?"

Linc tugged at Jerry in perplexity. "I've had many epithets bestowed on my harmless head before, but no 'X', or 'perfect' and surely," in terror, "no 'pallid'."

"But palli—mild folk," soothed Kay, "are usually good. Now,

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wild ones who rattle around threatening young girls' happiness—now they—”

“I can see your point,” said Linc suddenly in the light. “One’s just like old Bill, for instance; yes he’s the sort to watch, the brute—Why do you know, once he—well he—er—”

“What?” thrilled Kay, horrified and fathoms under the sarcasm.

“Oh, I suppose,” demurred Linc with delicacy and christian spirit, “It ain’t I should tell you this—we’re rivals after all.”

“But,” insisted Kay, “What? You must tell me. I think I should know—after all the gal’s me sister.”

“Tch, tch, tch,” stammered Linc and hushed.

“Tell me,” breathed Kay. “Was it—could it have been—surely it wasn’t—”

Linc looked her sternly in the eye. He caught her hand and mashed her finger.

“I think,” he choked, “it was,” and cast his eye to the earth.

“Oh,” panted Kay. “The honor of the house! A kind god sends me.”

“Very,” agreed Linc and gazed down his purple nose.

The days fly by.

“Wicked; wild and wicked,” chided Kay.

Bill squirmed in fiery pleasure.

“Some day you’ll awaken, callous soul,” said Kay in awful prophecy, “to the horror of your daring doubtful deeds.”

“I go to church on Sunday and I never broke a lady’s heart,” confessed Bill in some regret.

“You twist the truth, oh son of Beelzebub. One who knows has told thy tale.”

“Someone slanders.” And Bill felt flattered as a good one feels flattered when considered bad.

“Now, wicked one,” shook Kay, “You cast the evil eye on the pure pink Laren. Ah,” dismally, “she palpitates.”

“Laren,” thundered Bill, “is a love.”

“You shall not have her,” bit Kay.

“Yeah,” stamped Bill.

“No matter, a thousand nays,” and Kay’s eyes dulled with wistful tragic gleam, “Laren to the pallid perfect Y.”

“I will become a nun,” wept Bill and crept away in the gloom of his soul.

But Kay is not either happy. No; evil fate directs Cupid’s darts in the wrong direction. She loves Linc, who you and I know is the

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truly wicked one—the glorious X, Laren's adored one—but whom she, deluded wretch, takes for the calmer envied catch.

Tomorrow the long absent ones return, and Kay, martyr, needs must surrender Linc. Tomorrow breaks in all portentous gloom; will hearts be busted?

"You are sad," said Laren, "deciding futures has not stimulated you—too much for you? The old gal," happily, "ain't what she used to be."

"Where is Jerry?" shouted Mrs. Haswick, and asked him of his food.

"At least," snapped Kay, "I've fixed your happiness."

"Who—who—?" cried Laren, all happy.

"Linc. You can't marry Bill; he's too wild for a young girl like you, Laren," said Kay, trying to be emphatic. "You may consider Linc a little dull now but later on you'll like his steadiness."

Laren's mouth was open.

Under a stalwart oak tree a disconsolate figure drooped plucking violets.

"Oh," screamed Laren in justified wrath and kicked his ribs. "What do you mean—sneaking in everybody's private gardens, trying to trip up everybody?"

(Fine greeting after two weeks absence).

"I'm here," Bill said stoutly, "with the hope that your small foot might graze my brow."

"Still a doormat," sneered Laren with utter rudeness.

"Doormat or no doormat," said Bill mysteriously, "doormats are always faithful."

"You mean something," sneered Laren.

"You-know-who's love has flown."

"Liar," flung Laren and stamped his hand.

"Look—" and Bill directed her anxious gaze through the parlor window. Linc and Kay! And no one could accuse that man of yearning, at that moment, for his palpitating Laren.

"Oh," said she, and sank upon the violets.

"But I?" consoled Bill, and kissed her ear, "Love you."

"Maybe," wept Laren down his neck. "Doormats are faithful."

"You do love me?" bragged Bill.

Laren recovered her dignity. "The point is," she said with appropriate coolness, "I don't love that snake."

Linc was in the parlor.

"Well," said Kay, coming in, "why don't you go on to her?"

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She's waiting."

"Who?" said Linc, vaguely and with distaste.

"Don't be silly," said Kay. "Go away."

"Kay," murmured Linc, "I've something to tell you." And there was in his eyes that which made her befuddled heart leap.

"I have been," he said, "deceiving you."

"What?" she cried.

"Can you forgive me? I am the wicked X, the wicked wild X, no other, who threatens young girls' happiness. I, not Bill, am the bad one."

Kay danced with fury, and worse, could find no words.

"He, Bill, is Mrs. Haswick's desire; he is the one you should not have sent away."

"You—and now you wretch," choked Kay, "you're afraid it isn't too late to send for him. But never fear, blackeyed villain, I've already consented to you. I have promised Laren. I have," solemnly, "given my word."

"Break your word," said Linc. "Send for Bill."

"What?" cried Kay.

"Make me happy—" said Linc. "Send for Bill."

"Don't be silly," cried Kay.

"You I love," declared Linc.

"No," rejoiced Kay.

"You," said Linc.

"But Laren," cried Kay in high glee behind a frown, "what of her? She still loves you—"

"Look," said Linc; and through the window they saw Laren and Bill in the violets, and Laren was not yearning for Linc.

"But still another thing," wept Linc on the mantelpiece, "You approve of only the pallid ones—I am not pallid."

Kay was quiet.

"You don't approve of me?" tried Linc again.

"No?" she answered but she was pulling his head down.

"But you do love me?" bragged Linc.

And Kay recovered her dignity, "Well," she answered with proper calm, "at times you amuse me."

LA BIEN-AIMEE

Elsbeth P. Sheffield

(Accents omitted because of limited printing facilities)

Dans une ville d'un pays tres loin d'ici demeurait un homme, qui avait une seule fille. C'etait une fille bonne comme une ange et belle comme une petite poupee, avec des yeux bleus et des cheveux d'or. Dans la meme ville demeureraient trois jeunes hommes, qui aimaient beaucoup cette belle fille. Un jour les trois jeunes hommes vinrent au pere de la jeune fille et lui dirent: "Nous aimons votre fille et c'est seulement un, qui peut se marier avec elle. Lequel de nous sera son mari?"

Le pere etait tres surpris. Apres avoir reflechi pendant quelques minutes, il repondit: "Vous savez combien j'aime ma fille. Allez donc et traversez tous les pays et apportez la meillure chose que vous puissiez trouver et apres cela nous verrons.

Les jeunes galants etaient contents. Il partirent, chacun a un autre pays, pour chercher quelque chose merveilleuse, parce que tous les trois aimaient a etre le mari de la jeune belle. Le premier trouva un miroir ou vous pouvez voir la personne a qui vous pensez. Le deuxieme trouva un tapis de grande beaute. Si vous vous asseyez sur ce tapis et pensez a quelque place, le tapis vous y portera. Le troisieme trouva une medecine miraculeuse. Si personne est morte pas plus de trois jours, et vous mettez une goutte de cette medecine dans sa bouche, elle se ravivera.

En retournant, les trois jeunes hommes se rencontrerent loin de la ville. Le premier, pensant a la bien-aimee, regarda dans le miroir et cria: "Ah, comme elle est pale! Elle est morte." Le deuxieme etendit son tapis, les trois s'y mirent et, desirant aller a leur ville, ils y etaient. C'est vrai. La fille est morte depuis trois jours. Le troisieme mit une goutte de la medecine sur ses levres et—quelle joie—elle ouvrit les yeux. Mais quand le pere lui demanda qui serait son mari, elle repondit, ne pouvant se marier avec tous les trois, elle ne voulait pas se marier avec un seul. Les pauvres jeunes gens quitterent la ville et depuis ce temps ils errent dans le monde entier et—peut-etre—arriverent-ils a cette ville. Quelle chance pour les jeunes filles!

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DO YOU KNOW?

Mildred Talley

According to modern theories of educational psychology the well educated individual is one with a broad educational span. That is, he should know at least a little about almost everything. Believing that students of the Georgia State Womans College should receive all of the advantages of the most up-to-date theories and methods, the observers of the following facts have attempted to help bring about a broadening influence upon the lives of the students.

"Know thyself" is a good watch-word, and adapting it to meet our needs by interpreting "thyself" as "my college" makes it a much better watch-word. You may already know some of the facts presented here, but we will be willing to wager that there is no one person who knows all of them. You probably already know that it was the late Colonel W. S. West who introduced a bill in the legislature for the establishment of G. S. W. C. in 1906; but did you know that it is Colonel West's portrait which hangs on the north wall of the Board Room? Did you know that the portrait on the south wall of the Board Room is one of the late Chancellor Barrow of the University of Georgia? In the Y. W. C. A. Parlor is a portrait of the late Mr. W. L. Converse for whom Converse Hall is named. These are some of the men who were influential in the early life of the college.

And speaking of beginnings, did you know that Miss Caroline Parish was the young lady who initiated the construction of West Hall by lifting the first shovel of dirt? Miss Winona Copeland, who is now a student in the college, was also helpful in the early life of the institution by breaking the ground for Ashley Hall.

And while we are on the subject of ground, we might say something about the Campus. Would you even have imagined that there are twenty-three different kinds of trees on our campus? And there may be more. Since we are not botanists, we have included only the more easily recognizable ones. To prove that we did not take the number "twenty-three" unwarrantedly the list follows: maple, mayhaw, mimosa, magnolia, camphor, pine, pecan, palm, beech, bay, oaks, redbud, dogwood, sweet gum, sycamore, willow, loquat, china-berry, Japanese walnut, wild cherry, cedrus deodaro, tung oil, and silver poplar. Credit is due Misses Elsie Quarterman and Nancy Rowland for the above list.

Queen Elizabeth reigns! There may be nothing in a name, but names are interesting at that. Considering the fact that there are thirty or more girls on one campus bearing the name of Elizabeth,

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it would only be fair to admit that Elizabeth is an acceptable name.

Yes, Queen Elizabeth truly reigns and along with her are her nineteen handmaidens, Mary; fifteen Margarets; thirteen Dorothys; and eleven Mildreds.

Has it ever occurred to you to wonder how many books, magazines, and newspapers our library contains? We are able to boast of 18,000 or more books, 158 magazine subscriptions, six newspaper subscriptions. Students of G. S. W. C. are not limited in their choice of subject matter. There are offered 153 courses including both professional and liberal arts studies. Bright spots in the daily routine of college life are our fourteen clubs, athletic, literary, religious, and social clubs.

But not all our attention is given to books and clubs. Even puny souls change their minds at G. S. W. C. We aren't Amazons, but there are no stoop-shoulders. We play tennis and baseball, and Tom Thumb, clock and regulation golf, croquet, soccer, American ball, volley ball and bean bag. We shoot arrows and pitch horseshoes and develop muscles and temper and sportsmanship. Our vocabulary improves, our vocabulary at least expands; but we aren't wholly brawn; our gentler sides develop—note the finer sports of horticulture. Poetic ones forget their games and gather 'round our flower gardens and watch wild-eyed the coming of spring.

We always enjoy congratulating ourselves when we find great ones among us. We doubt that you have heard of the widespread popularity of the *Pine Branch*. There was evidence of this fact when Miss Dorothy Davis received a letter from a Michigan college expressing a certain individual's appreciation for Miss Davis' short stories and essays. We felt equally as proud when we learned that Miss Buford Williford's poem "The South" is being published in the May-June number of *Versecraft*, a Southern poetry magazine.

Would you think that divided between thirty-three members of the faculty, there are fifty-five college degrees representing twenty different colleges? And that twenty-six graduates degrees are included in this number?

We (G. S. W. C.) have just celebrated our eighteenth birthday and we feel justly proud of our accomplishments during these years. The Georgia State Womans College is officially recognized and accredited as a standard A grade four year college and as a standard A grade teachers college. It is a member of The Association of Georgia Colleges, The Association of College and Secondary Schools of the Southern States, The American Association of Teachers Colleges, and The Association of American Colleges.

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EXHILARATION

Mildred R. Fokes

I have a happy, valued feeling
When I see a sprouting thing;
Makes my spirits rise for action—
In my heart I know it's spring.

Makes me feel I have a mission;
Makes me know that I must live;
Makes me want to do my bidding,
Serve my God, and help, and give.

May I do as I am bidden;
May I help some living thing;
O! that I could know my mission,
Fill my heart all time with spring!

MEMORIES

Elsie Quarterman

With fragrance more fancied than real—
Yellowed rose petals once white,
Music that fades in the night—
Wounds that refuse to heal.

Withered white roses of love
With petals forever unshed—
Remembrance of joy—rebirth of a grief—
Dust of a dream that is dead.

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PLACES

EMELIZA SWAIN

Some places you like to be! Every time you go you have the same excited exultation as you approach, and the same comfortable feeling while there, and the same reluctance to leave. Oh, of course, there are reasons you can name. "The sky is bluer here than there," you say. "Or the trees greener, or the air fresher." And you are safe in giving such reasons since no one can be in two places at one time to make the comparison and prove you are wrong,—comforting thought. Or perhaps your favorite place is more in order with your tastes. Maybe you like the cool, quiet dimness of one room. Perhaps the gaiety of this one, or the homelikeness of that one appeals to you. And maybe you like the sound and sight of the sea in the distance or the murmur of mountain pines and the call of mountain birds. Of course, you say these are the reasons. And they might be. Again, they might not.

You remember, I suppose, when you carried that friend of yours to your favorite woodland spot. You had told him just enough of it to pique his interest — had told him some of its beauties and pleasures, possibly hinted at some of the reasons you liked it best. You were trembling as you and he started out—sure that he could not fail to see its charms, and still a little fearful, in spite of your assurance. You hoped that the sun would be almost hidden in the treetops, that every leaf would be on tiptoe to make the shimmering light you loved. And when you arrived, every detail was so perfect that you yourself stood astonished at its beauty for a minute before remembering to watch his face. You remember, surely, the disappointment of finding that look of polite interest and admiration on his face as you turned to him. The piquant charm which was there for your eyes was hidden from his.

And this rapture, which is not a part of the place, but a part of you, is what makes it your favorite spot. It is an enchantment which you carry with you when you go there, and which you take away when you leave. It is the bluer blue of the sky, the greener green of the trees, the freshness of the air, and the wind in the pines. Where did it come from? You found it there the first time you came, and took it for your own. It has been yours since then, and you, selfish, and not knowing how to share it, seldom share it with others.

At one place in the world you and the ones you love share this congenial delight; and the sharing of it makes that place Home.



DITORIALS

Heretofore the S. G. A. and Y. W. C. A. have been two separate organizations. Next year it is our purpose to strengthen both associations by combining our efforts toward one end. We have felt that you have failed to give us your hearty support; so make it your responsibility to see that there are fewer vacant chairs at the Y. W. C. A. services and less disloyalty to the S. G. A. We shall assure you that you will not regret having made an effort.

EMILY JENNINGS,
President Y. W. C. A., 1931-33.

* * *

G. S. W. C. is to be recommended for the manner in which she preserves English customs in her holidays and festivals. Loyalty to a country to which we owe many of our own institutions and due recognition of the beauty of spirit of merrie-merrie England warrants such imitation. May our halls continue to ring with the voices of her banqueters and our lawns to sparkle with her dances!

EDWINA ARNOLD,
President Freshman Class, 1931-32.

* * *

When the lid of Pandora's box was lifted and there was turned out upon the world the army of ills and pests that have hindered the progress of mankind throughout the ages, the commander-in-chief must surely have been Indifferent and his right-hand officers, Indolence and Prevarication. The only way we can hope to make our college days really the best and most worthwhile days of our lives is to go forth and meet this hostile army with machine guns loaded with determination, cooperation, and a lively interest in campus organizations and activities. In this battle it would not be amiss if we became gangsters and "put our enemies on the spot" every time they attempted to "take us for a ride."

VIRGINIA CLARK,
President S. G. A., 1932-33.

* * *

For our garden of college activities the most essential fertilizer

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is cooperation. It is the most necessary factor in the success of a group of any kind, especially that of an athletic association.

LOUISE McMICHAEL,
President Kappa Athletic Association, 1931-33.

* * *

May is the best month in the year to go adventuring. Adventuring? you say. At G. S. W. C.? There is such a thing—quite delightful too. Spring is always an adventure. People feel a stir of new ambition, an exciting thrill of something about to happen. One feels an urge to travel—to board a tramp steamer and sail to Cathay, to buy flowers from a pink-cheeked vender in Piccadilly circus. And, after dreaming, one sits back and sighs.

Instead, read about the lands you dream of, study maps—you will discover that they are most intriguing things. When the perfect spring day comes, go out and discover the fascinating places that are close at hand—a winding path, perhaps, that mysteriously beckons you, or new wild flowers to get acquainted with. Yes, you can always go adventuring in the spring if you really want to—and who doesn't?

VIRGINIA HUTCHINSON,
President Valdosta Club, 1932-1933.

* * *

To me the success of any organization depends more upon the loyalty of its members to the high ideals of the organization than upon any other factor.

HELEN BISHOP,
President Lambda Athletic Association, 1932-33.

* * *

Other people will write about Play Day, May Day, Dramatic Club Play, the Junior-Senior trip and the more recent and obvious happenings on the campus; so I will just write about the *Pine Cone*.

How many times have I heard—"When will we get the annuals? What is the annual like this year?" For a long time I could not answer these questions, because I did not know when they would be here and it would not be fair to tell all the good things in the annual. Now, however, I can say that it won't be many more days before they will be here and that the annual will be larger and entirely different from any other *Pine Cone* of the Georgia State Womans College. Wait and see!

VIRGINIA CARSWELL,
Editor of *Pine Cone*, 1931-32.



CRITICAL TIPS

Elsie Quarterman

Theatre Arts Monthly for May gives a striking group of photographs of productions designed by the late Charles Ricketts, R. A., whose death in October, 1931, was a major loss to British art. The collection includes scenes from *Macbeth*, *Shaw's St. Joan*, *Henry VIII*.

* * *

A new star? Katherine Hepburn "has been kicked out of every thing she has been in—either to stay out or to be taken back." *The Warrior's Husband* is the last play she was kicked out of, but also one of those into which she was taken back—to become "one of the agreeable discoveries of this season," to quote a comment in the May number of *The Stage*.

* * *

Theatre Guild Magazine for April gives a delightful sketch of Minnie Maddern Fiske and some of the roles that have helped make her a tradition of the American stage. The page of *Theatre Guild* headed *The Curtain Is Up* gives short reviews of the new plays in New York.

* * *

The May number of *Poetry* is edited by a Southerner, Allen Tate, and made up of "the best poems by Southern poets the editor could find at the moment," and commentaries on their present position.

* * *

Two Atlantans have poems in the May issue of *Harper's*; Daniel Whitehead Hicky, who has been represented by several poems during the last year or two, and Dr. Anderson M. Scruggs, president of the Atlanta Writers Club.

* * *

For the first time a musical comedy won the Pulitzer Prize for the best drama of the year. *Of Thee I Sing* by Kaufman took its place above O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra* which many critics have taken for granted would be the play chosen.

The Flowering Stone by George Dillon won the prize for poetry. Some of Dillon's work can be found in the bound volume 38 of *Poetry*, in the library.

The novel which was ranked the highest was *Good Earth* by Pearl Buck.

LOCALS



Mildred Talley

The Sock and Buskin Club entertained with a tea Wednesday afternoon, April 20th, in the Rotunda. The motif of decorations and refreshments gave emphasis to pastel shades. Miss Mildred Minchew, of Baxley, president of the

club and Miss Winona Copeland, of Valdosta, secretary, presided at the tea table and were assisted in serving by other members of the club. The program consisted of a short skit "All on a Summer's Day" given by Misses Maxine Purdy, Louise McMichael, Myrtice Johnson, and Frances Howell.

* * *

Miss Carol Lane of the Physical Education Department of the University of Georgia, Miss Carolyn Roth and Miss Maurine Mobley, members of the athletic council at Wesleyan, who were the weekend guests of Miss Lenora Ivey and the Athletic Council, were entertained Sunday morning May 1st at a breakfast party at the outdoor fireplace on north campus. Miss Lane, Miss Roth, and Miss Mobley were among the visitors on the campus for Play Day - May Day.

* * *

The English Club, a recently organized club on the campus, was delightfully entertained Sunday evening, May 1st, by Miss Gertrude Gilmer and Dr. H. S. Gulliver at "The Oaks." A buffet supper was served, after which a business meeting was held. The constitution was read and adopted and plans for the coming year were discussed. Miss Mary Virginia McKey, of Valdosta, was elected president of the club, the election of other officers being postponed until bids for next year have been sent out.

* * *

The Student Government Association held its regular monthly meeting in the Rotunda, Friday evening, May 6th. Dr. R. H. Powell was the speaker of the evening. Miss Virginia Clark, of Tampa, Fla., recently elected president of the Association was officially installed. Both Miss Clark and Miss Lillian Lively, retiring president, made short talks.

* * *

The Junior Class entertained the Senior Class with a trip to Jack-

Eighteen

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

sonville, Saturday, May 7th. The party of eighty left Valdosta at four o'clock in the morning, arriving in Jacksonville at seven. The morning was spent shopping and sightseeing in Jacksonville, then busses carried the party to the beach. This trip is an annual event which is looked forward to by every Junior and Senior.

* * *

The Sock and Buskin Club presented its annual play Friday evening, May 13th, at the Ritz Theatre. The play presented was "Happiness" by J. Hartley Manners and was most cleverly interpreted by some of the best talent of the club. The characters and players were: Philip Chandos, Willene Roberts, Valdosta; Fermoy McDonagh; Lillian Lively, Savannah; John Snowcraft, Louisa Heeth, Quitman, Mrs. Crystal Pole, Elizabeth Kirkland, Sylvester; Miss Perkins, Ruth Dozier, Morgan; Mrs. Wreay, Frances Howell, Talladega, Alabama; Jenny Wreay, who scatters happiness around her, Louise McMichael, Quitman. Others in the play were Misses Anna Frances Ham and Winona Copeland, of Valdosta, and Vivian Johnson, of Hawthorne, Florida.

* * *

Two outstanding speakers of chapel recently who gave interesting and inspiring talks were the Rev. E. C. Sheridan, of Augusta, and Dr. Richard Wallace of Lynchburgh, Virginia. Dr. Sheridan spoke Monday, May 2nd, the subject of his talk being "The Past Inspiration Played In The Lives of Bible Characters," with special emphasis on Miriam. Dr. Wallace spoke on Monday, May 9th, and had for his theme "Remember Jesus Christ". He concluded his talk with the thought, "Remember, not only Jesus, but all worthwhile things."

* * *

One of the recent student chapel programs which was greatly enjoyed was given Wednesday, May 4th. The numbers on the program included: *Whims*, Schumann, a piano solo, Miss Annie Lois Gardner; reports, Misses Polly Walker and Dorothy Bryant; *The Swan*, Saint--Saens, a violin number, Miss Jewell Wurst; a discussion of an article on Manchuria, Miss Mildred Morris.

* * *

Election of officers for the Sophomore and Senior Classes for the year 1932-'33 were held Wednesday, May 11th. Miss Emily Burney, of Boston, was elected president of the Senior Class and Miss Vera Parker, of Waycross, was elected Senior Council member. Miss Lavinia Buckner, of Waycross, was elected president of the Sophomore Class and Miss Josephine Daniels, of Ludowici, was elected Sophomore Council representative.

LUBS



Helen Clark

The Fine Arts Club of the Georgia State Womans College sponsored an exhibit of designs influenced by Persian art, by students of various schools. The exhibit is being circulated by the American Federation of Arts. On Tuesday afternoon of the exhibit, which was held from the 23rd of April to the 27th, tea was served in the dome from 4:30 to 6:30.

* * *

The Euclidian Club held its last meeting of the year in the form of a swimming party and picnic at Twin Lakes.

* * *

Members of the International Relations Club spent a delightful afternoon at Twin Lakes Thursday, May 5th.

* * *

The Glee Club of the Georgia State Womans College celebrated the return of warm weather by a picnic at Twin Lakes Wednesday afternoon May 11th. Swimming, social games and contests were features of the afternoon.

* * *

The Philharmonic Club of the college followed the style of the departmental clubs and went for a picnic at Twin Lakes Monday, May 16th.

* * *

The newly-formed English Club were the guests of Dr. H. S. Gulliver and Miss Gertrude Gilmer at *The Oaks*, Sunday, May 1st, at dinner. After the meal a short business meeting was held at which the constitution was read and adopted. Miss Mary Virginia McKey was elected president of the club for the year 1932-'33. Program plans for the next year were discussed and the suggestions turned over to the program committee.

* * *

The Fine Arts Club enjoyed a picnic at Twin Lakes on May 17th. Miss Reba Harrison, of Boston, has been elected president of this club for next year, and Miss Lois Dorminy has been elected secretary-treasurer.

Y. W. C. A.



Mildred Morris

One of the most impressive vesper services of the year was the installation service on Sunday night, April 23rd. The newly elected officers for next year are: Misses Emily Jennings, Dawson, President; Margaret Kennedy, Dawson, Vice-president; Carolyn Bullard, Nashville, Secretary; and Marie Gaskins, Nashville, Treasurer, assumed their offices. Miss Jennings has selected for her cabinet the following girls: Misses Margaret Zippies, Savannah; Lois Tucker, Moultrie; Anne Jones Boller, Savannah; Annie Sue Brandon, Norman Park; Mildred McDonald, Colquitt; Ada Jewell Cochran, Camilla; Miriam Townsend, Climax; Louise Amba, Savannah; Nina Way Holliman, Savannah; Josephine Daniels, Hinesville, and Lavinia Buckner, Waycross. Since their installation the new cabinet have been showing much initiative in their work and everyone is looking forward to a very successful year.

* * *

When someone wishes to get close to a girl's heart and stir up her emotions the only thing needed is to mention one word—Mother—it works instantly. If a crowd is assembled, the topic of conversation changes very quickly and a different look comes into the eyes of all taking part in the conversation. Perhaps it was the pastor, the speaker, or then it may have been just the day. Anyhow there was a real crowd at vesper on Sunday night, May 8th. Following two lovely musical numbers, one by the Y. W. C. A. choir and one by Miss Margaret Lindsey, Blakely, Mrs. Pyle gave a very impressive talk on "What it means to be a Mother." Mrs. Pyle summed up in a very interesting way the things girls and mothers share, how dear and near it brings them to each other, and closed with a poem she wrote at the birth of her own daughter.

* * *

The new Morning Watch chairman, Miss Annie Sue Brandon, Norman Park, led the regular Tuesday morning service May 10th. "Poems" was the topic of discussion. Each girl brought her favorite poem, read it, and told just what it meant to her. In this way each girl got a new point of view from poems she had never noticed particularly and thus a love for poetry and a seeking for its innermost thought was stimulated. We are hoping for more of such interesting services.

Twenty-one



SOCIETIES

ARGONIAN-SORORIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES

Elizabeth Pardee-Jessie Norman

"Resolved, that the state should enforce compulsory unemployment insurance," was the subject of the debate between the Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies, Saturday, April 16th. The Sororian debaters, Misses Clarice Worsham and Frances Knutson, had the affirmative side. The debaters of the negative side were Misses Marie Gaskins and Louise Durham, of the Argonian Literary Society. The decision was in favor of the Argonians. Each of the debaters was presented with a box of candy.

* * *

On May 21st, a group of members of each society were awarded prizes for having the best program of the year. The meeting was adjourned in the pines where supper was served.

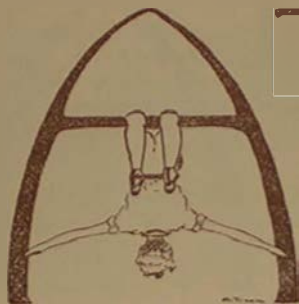
After supper the group adjourned to the Play Production room, where a one-act play, *Helena's Husband* was presented by the play production class and directed by Miss Frances Arrington.

Helena's Husband was written by Phillip Moellar and produced by the Washington Square Players under the direction of the author, at the Bandbox Theatre, New York City, beginning in October, 1915.

The play is laid, of course, in the palace of King Menelaus and Queen Helena in Greece. Helena decides that things are too quiet for her and so determines to have a war or a lover. She concludes by having both, as the old legend of Helen and Paris relates.

The characters for the play were as follows: Helena the Queen, Ruth Dozier; Isuma, her slave, Helen Bishop; King Menelaus, Nancy Rowland; Analytikos, his librarian, Bernice Leggitt; and Paris, Wilene Roberts.

Following this *The Boor* by Anton Tchekoff was presented. It was directed by Miss Emily Burney, and the cast included Misses Clarice Worsham, Nancy Rowland, and Ruth Dozier. Miss Florence Powell had charge of the properties. This clever comedy, which was translated by Baukhage, was well enacted and proved most entertaining.



ATHLETICS

KAPPA-LAMBDA NEWS

Dorothy Bryant

Polly Walker

On Saturday, April 23, the Kappas and Lambdas engaged in the opening game of the baseball season. The game was very one-sided. The Kappas took the lead early in the game and kept it all the way through.

The second game was played on May 9th. As the score was 32 to 6 for the Kappas, the series was closed in their favor.

* * *

The Kappas have re-elected Miss Louise McMichael as their president for next year.

* * *

The Lambdas have elected for their new president, Miss Helen Bishop.

PLAY DAY—MAY DAY

On Saturday morning, April 30th, guests from the nearby towns began arriving. They were greeted, registered, and assigned to teams. Then they got into play clothes and were ready for a day of vigorous play.

The Red, Orange, Yellow, Blue, Green, and Purple teams competed all morning in athletic games and stunts trying to win points for their team. The Purples were the most successful and the proud members of that team were given the red and black G. S. W. C. ribbons to wear.

From 12 to 12:15 the guests witnessed an archery demonstration put on by some of the crack shots of the school. Following this a golf foursome was given on the college golf course.

At one o'clock the guests assembled at the picnic ground in the pines. The meal was enlivened by songs and cheers from the college athletic associations and the teams for the day. After lunch the crowd was divided into three groups, which took turns going to the gym to dance, the dining hall for social games, and the play production room to see a one-act play, *Gaius and Gaius Jr.*

* * *

At five o'clock the crowning event of the day began. The May

THE PINE BRANCH

Day program was opened by a Prologue depicting the awakening of Spring. The merry-makers preceded the Queen and her lords and ladies onto the green; the Queen was crowned and took her seat on the throne. Her court then settled themselves around her and the May dances and festivities proceeded with much grace and beauty.

* * *

Among the visitors to the campus for Play Day-May Day were the Misses Carolyn Roth, President of the Wesleyan Athletic Association and Maurine Mobley, tennis manager from Wesleyan, and Miss Caro Lane, Vice President of the Southern Physical Education Association.

* * *

The Athletic Council gave a card party in honor of the Misses Roth, Mobley, and Lane on Saturday night, April 31st, in the gym. It was a most hilarious occasion. Instead of playing regular bridge, stunt games were made of it—giving adequate excuse for the hilarity.

* * *

The Athletic Council also entertained their guests at a breakfast party at the outdoor fireplace in the pines on Sunday morning following May Day.

* * *

Misses Leonora Ivey and Elizabeth McRee of the physical Education Department entertained the Athletic Council at a spend-the-night party at Twin Lakes on Friday, May 20. The group of girls went down for a swim in the afternoon, and the faculty members who had been actively interested in athletics came down for supper and social games. After the social hour the Council held a short business meeting to close up the affairs of the Associations for the year.

The girls managed to get up the next morning in time to get a swim before breakfast and to get back to the college in time for classes.

* * *

The higher athletic awards for the year will go to the following girls:

The honor plaque will be awarded to one Kappa, Miss Elsie Quarterman, and one Lambda, Miss Helen Brasington.

Cups will be awarded Misses Emily Burney, Lambda; Ruth Dozier, Kappa, Ruby McSwain, Kappa, and Dorothy Bryant, Kappa.



LUMNAE

Miss Marguerite Virginia Futch and Mr. Everett E. King were married early in March.

* * *

Announcement has been made of the approaching marriage of Miss Ermine Felder, of Macon, and Mr. C. R. Griffin, of Valdosta. The wedding will be an event of early summer.

* * *

Miss Rebecca Rabun was married to Mr. Charles Clayton Bell, in early April. They will make their home in Greensboro, N. C.

* * *

Miss Sara Wadley and Mr. Bill Sweat, of Waycross, formerly of Savannah, were married on May 8th.

* * *

Misses Joyce Robinson, Jean Loughridge, and Frances Hughes were recent visitors on the campus.

* * *

Miss Kathleen Robinson is planning to attend summer school here this year.

* * *

The following marriages are announced for early spring: Miss Katherine Remington to Mr. Frank Edward Stafford, of Clarks-ville, Tennessee.

* * *

Miss Kathleen Little to Mr. Lewis Gordon Pitts, of Atlanta.

* * *

Miss Madge Ingram to Mr. James Norwood Clark, of Albany, Georgia.

* * *

Miss Ruth Carrin and Mr. Andrew Johnson Borders were married June 3rd, 1931.

* * *

Mrs. L. S. Shearman (Stella Mathis) announces the arrival of a son, Larry, Jr., on October 8th, 1931. Mrs. Shearman's address is 660 Ft. Washington Avenue, New York City.

* * *

Miss Helen Harrell and Mr. Murph McDonald were married in June, 1931. They are making their home in Nashville, Georgia.

Twenty-five

THE PINE BRANCH

TO NEAR-FUTURE ALUMNAE

"Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight,
Make me a G. S. W. C. girl again, just for tonight."

Some of you will return to your Alma Mater at some time during the next year to see that another class is now filling the place that you once filled. Is it possible that they can "carry on" as well as you did, will your places be filled as well (or better?) as when you were on the campus? Well, perhaps - and even better - for are these not loyal daughters? But as proud as we are to see their good work, it brings a pang of sorrow to know that the world rocks along, that our Alma Mater moves on undisturbed when we fade out of the scene and others appear.

Then our consolation may be found in this—no matter how others may fill our places on the campus, there is one place in the school that no one can take from us. If we do our bit, the college is just that much stronger and better, if we fail to do our bit we have hurt our Alma Mater just that much. No one can fill our place in the Alumnae Association. Take heat, O Pride, and give us courage to fill this one place in such a way that we will be a credit to our Alma Mater.

* * *

The annual commencement of the Georgia State Womans College will open on May 25th and continue through June 1st. Dr. R. H. Powell, president of the college has announced that Honorable Richard B. Russell, Jr., Governor of Georgia, will make the commencement address on Wednesday morning, June 1st, at ten o'clock, at the First Methodist Church.

The annual business meeting of the Alumnae Association will be held on Saturday afternoon at five o'clock in the Science Lecture Room of West Hall. The Alumnae banquet will be at the Daniel Ashley Hotel on Saturday evening.

The Reverend L. R. Scott will deliver the Baccalaureate sermon on Sunday morning, May 29th, at the First Presbyterian Church.

The Senior Play, *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*, will be presented on Monday evening, May 30th, on the green in front of Converse Hall.

Commencement dinner will be on Tuesday, May 31st, in the Dining Hall of Ashley.



OKES



L. McMichael

Though some of us look like this: (),
and some of us look like this) (, we still
insist on wearing these tight fitting
dresses.

* * *

Eve: "Adam, come here quick! Cain
has swallowed a safety pin."

But Adam laughed and laughed. He knew that safety pins hadn't
been invented yet!

* * *

"Cy." (phoning): "Do you have a date tonight?"

Steele: "Yes, I have."

"Cy." "O. K.! Congratulations!"

* * *

Virginia Clark, pointing to a melon: "Is this the largest apple
you can grow in your state?"

Polly: "Stop looking at that grape!"

* * *

Overheard at the Science Club dance:

"May I hold your Palmolive?"

"Not on your Life Buoy!"

"So I'm out of Lux?"

"Yes. Ivory formed."

* * *

Two Seniors were discussing men: "Which would you want most
in your husband—appearance, brains, or wealth?" asked one. "Ap-
pearance," snapped the other, "and the sooner the better."

* * *

Mr. Stokes: "It gives me great pleasure to mark you 85 on
this examination."

Jack Studstill: "Well, why don't you make it 100 and get a
real thrill?"

* * *

"You're my everything," sang the freshman as she received her
nickel change at the Ritz.

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