

# THE PINE BRANCH



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# THE PINE BRANCH

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### LE CLAIR DE LUNE

April, the month of spring and gladness!

Twilight was fast falling and over the distant hills the great round moon was just making its appearance. A soft, gently-flowing breeze was drifting in from the moonlit lake, and as it came, it brought with it a faint, delicate odor of orange blossoms.

Seated beneath an orange tree with cushions at her back was Sylvia. Tears! Hot, resentful tears were slowly creeping down her cheeks.

After a time, she sighed and sat quite still. The wind rustled through the trees, and the moon still shone smilingly on her; but Sylvia was unaware of the beauty about her; she was busily thinking of revenge. Someone ought to show that selfish little—well, she would say thief, for that was what she was. Oh why had it all happened? How hard she had worked on that composition and how many hours she had earnestly spent on it. Just to think that Sara, whom she had considered a loyal friend, should have taken those few measures as a theme and worked them into a composition of her own. Of course, it had been Sara's luck to be first on the program, and now Sylvia remembered how Sara had looked at her and smiled so ironically. The picture of that wonderful night, when she was to play her own composition before the people who meant so much to her, flashed before her. Why, oh, why hadn't something happened to keep her from playing? Again Sylvia burst into tears, and not until she heard the soft call of her mother's voice did she realize that the time had so flown.

Making her way slowly to the house, she tried to smile and keep her parents from seeing that she had been crying.

Her mother followed her inside and began talking of other things. She knew how deeply Sylvia had been hurt, not because she had not won, but because she had so trusted Sara and had been so deceived.

"Mother," she broke out at last, "I can't bear it. People will think that I copied hers and...."

"There, dear, don't think of it longer. Let's hear your new piece. There, I'll help you. You know, dear, father promised that you should have a new violin next fall when you go away to study."

How sweet mother was, thought Sylvia. Nevertheless, when the evening meal was over, she went, silently, to her room where she

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could think of it all and try uselessly to plan to repay Sara for her treachery.

\* \* \* \* \*

June! that glorious month of roses and holidays.

Tomorrow, Buddy would be at home. Sylvia, in her own flower garden, was thinking as she sang and worked with her roses. "Only twenty-four more hours!" She suddenly realized that it had been nearly six months since she had seen Buddy. She wondered if he had changed much. Younger brothers grow up so suddenly in their first years away at school. The days and weeks had been so full of joy for her that she had not fully realized that it was June. A group from the house brought her back to the fact that it was time for dinner.

Three o'clock the next day found her before the station in her smart new roadster. Her dark blue eyes danced so happily that it was little wonder people stared when they saw them shining beneath her glistening black hair.

Before the train had stopped she was out and waiting. As the train slowed to a standstill Buddy stepped from it.

"Sis!"

"Buddy! My, how you have grown." He laughed gleefully.

She was so engrossed with her brother that she did not notice a tall young man who had followed him.

"Sis, you didn't know I was going to bring my pal with me?"

"Why, no."

Turning to the young man beside him, Buddy said, "Larry, this is Sylvia. Sylvia—Mr. Larry Marshall."

Sylvia looked in surprise at the young man; she couldn't understand why Buddy had called him "pal", for he seemed older, more a man than the boy beside him. Yet he was splendid looking, and when he answered jokingly but as though in answer to the expression on her face, "His guardian, rather," she found his voice amazingly pleasant.

After the first excitement was over and all were in the car, they sped over the long white road till they came in sight of a big, white colonial house.

Buddy was out of the car before it came to a standstill, for on the steps stood Dad and Mother. Larry was taken in as if he were a member of the family. Everyone liked him. How could they help it?

Days followed, in which Sylvia and Larry found a friendship which gradually grew to more than that. Those were days filled with

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happiness for all. From one entertainment to another they flitted and then—the big dance was given. All the younger crowd was coming.

The night was a perfect June night with moonlight and music. The dance was in full sway when about midnight Sylvia and a friend were sitting out a dance. They were sitting near the French windows through which the moonbeams danced and played. Suddenly, from out the stillness a soft rippling laugh not intended to be heard, caught Sylvia's ear. She turned only to see Larry sweep Sara into his arms. So stunned was she that she could not speak for the moment. She turned and touched her partner's arm.

"Yes?"

"Let's walk for a few moments."

"Certainly."

When the last blare of the trombone aroused her, she realized that she did not have the next dance, so she sent her friend away.

Then it all dawned upon her. She had been blind from the first. As she thought of the other parties, she remembered that always Larry had been with Sara. She had thought that Larry would be true. He had eyes that seemed to express such sincerity that she could not believe him capable of deception. But she had seen him with her own eyes.

She was awakened from her revery by the sound of her name. It was intermission, and someone had asked her to play for them. Gladly she consented, thinking that in her dear violin she would find comfort. She played several numbers, not conscious of what she really had played, until she found herself playing her own composition "Le Clair de Lune." She couldn't stop, but kept on. Her eyes wandered over the room until she saw Larry standing near Sara. She wanted to look away, but the expression in his eyes held her own. At last, she finished and with no amount of begging could they induce her to play more.

Turning and walking slowly, she left the room, and walked to the furthest corner of the lawn where she sat down on a stone bench. Reckless thoughts flashed through her mind. This was the last straw. After losing the medal and Larry too, to Sara, who had always taken what she wanted, what else was there for her? Once more she gave way to tears.

Aeons seemed to have passed before the last guest left, but still Sylvia wept as she sat alone.

Suddenly, a shadow passed before her, and looking up, she saw Larry. She said nothing as he sat down by her.

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"Sylvia," he whispered.

She sat as immovable as if she had not heard a sound.

"Sylvia," louder.

"Yes?" slowly.

"Sylvia, dear, why so sad? What can be the matter? I have never seen this Sylvia. The only one I have ever seen was sweet and gay."

"What would Sara say if she saw us now? Do you think she would be sweet about it, or do you think she would be angry?"

"Oh!" Larry arose as a Jack in the box.

The silence was painful. At last, Mr. Moon grew tired of this tete-a-tete, so he shone and smiled with all his might. It worked.

Larry sat down again.

"Sylvia, do you think that I came here knowing nothing of you? No, indeed, I knew all about you and Sara and "Le Clair de Lune."

He paused and Sylvia shivered.

"Yes, Buddy told me about that, and I saw what had happened tonight when you played. And, dear, do you think I love Sara? I don't. Buddy told me that she was a heart-breaker who always took what she wanted regardless of others, and so as soon as possible, I set to work "to do unto her as she had done unto others" by making her see how it feels to have something which you feel is yours taken from you. Do you understand?"

"B—but Larry, I—"

"Yes, you thought that I had fallen hard and I have."  
And the moon smiled coyly.

KATHRYN SAWYER.

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SUNSET

The sun sinks slowly toward the west;  
Its luster dims, and yet  
It dyes the clouds within its path—  
The beautiful sunset.

And like the touch of Midas hand  
In fairy tale of old;  
With magic rays sent far and wide,  
It turns the world to gold.

One moment more in gorgeous glow,  
It rests above the trees,  
And then is wafted slowly down  
On a soft twilight breeze.

Oh, is it hidden by the dusk,  
Or vanished into air?  
Where has my golden sunset gone,  
Can anyone say where?

This sunset I shall see no more,  
The dusk gets deeper, yet  
I know there's made for someone else,  
Sunrise, from my sunset.

W. TURNER.



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WHAT HAPPENED?

"Now, Rodman, I expect you to PRACTICE your music. I am tired of telling you that it is of no use for you to argue. It's for your own good," instructed the diligent mother of Rodman Crim, Jr.

"But, Ma, WHY do I hafta?" complained her son, who had recently reached the mature age of ten years, and who was greatly averse to music.

"Because I say so. Do you think I want you to be a little rowdy? Music will help CIVILIZE you. Not another word! I am sorry that I can't stay right in here, but I'm busy. I'll put the clock on the piano by the metronome. Miss Jackson told you to practice one hour every day, and practice you shall! Remember, I can hear when you stop."

With this last warning, Mrs. Crim marched determinedly out of the room.

Rodman Crim, Jr., commonly called Roddie, gave a heavy sigh of defeat and wearily opened his music book, turned a few pages, looked at the clock, and became deeply engrossed in figuring just how long he would have to practice each exercise.

"Rodman, haven't you started yet?"

With a start Roddie entered hopelessly into his practicing. He picked at the keys for what seemed ages, and then — the great idea. Still keeping at his exercise with one hand, he reached up in his last "Etude," and produced a "funny paper." Turning hastily to his favorite "funny," "Elmer Tuggle," he spread it out on the music rack. Searching in his pocket he triumphantly brought out an apple—a big, juicy apple—took a huge bite and began reading "Elmer." All the while he was drumming on the keys with one hand. He was taking no chances.

Roddie entered into his reading with zest. He always imagined himself in Elmer's place when he read this. His great admiration for this character probably lay in Elmer's defiance of his parents (when they were out of hearing).

He became greatly interested in Elmer's monologue on how he would treat his parents when he was grown. He'd just show 'em! They weren't so much, anyway! He didn't have to mind if he didn't want to! He just dared 'em to try making him! Oh, how Roddie rejoiced in this defiance. He was no longer Rodman Crim,

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Jr., telling his mother (though she was not within hearing) to "hush," he'd come when he got good and ready. At this point Roddie could not resist a "Crim-i-nently!" He was in his glory.

"Rod-man!"

No answer. Mrs. Crim, in the flesh, stood in back of Roddie, amazement and anger written on her face at seeing Roddie eating an apple, reading the "funny paper," and still pounding—now with one finger—on the keys.

"Rodman Crim!"

Still no answer.

"Rodman Crim, JUNIOR!"

"Oh my goodness! he shouted suddenly. "Can't you keep still a MINUTE?"

At his mother's gasp, realization struck Roddie. The walls reeled! He sank down, his mouth open with stupefaction, and waited for the heavens to fall.

MARY WILLIS NOBLES.

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## ODE TO PIMPLEA

Translation of Horace's Ode

O Pimplea, I fling my cares to boisterous winds  
That they may waft them far upon the Cretan Sea.  
What Arctic kings and mighty Tiridates fear,  
With you as friend, I boldly toss away from me.

O muse of springs and bowers, pray weave the sunny flowers,  
Bright posies that you cull from near Pieria's spring.  
Help twine a chaplet fair for my loved Lamia,  
And I to you my petty offerings shall bring.

Sweet muse of lyric poetry, I give thee praise!  
You consecrate the poet with your Sapphic strain,  
And many do your sisters honor with their lays.  
Without you, Pimplea, my verses are in vain.

EVELYN DEARISO.

## FRED FORGOT WHEN HIS ENGAGEMENT WAS ANNOUNCED

The Sewing Circle was meeting at the home of Miss Abigale Triggs in the latter part of February and the air was electrified with the latest juicy morsel of gossip that had been going the rounds of the village for sometime.

Miss Molly Parks had brought the news first to the good ladies, and there was no one in all of Hilltop who had not heard that the rich Mr. Heywood Warren had bought the old Squire's place and was moving there with his family next week. It was also rumored that Ethel Brewster, the daughter of the one wealthy man that the town boasted of, had been on quite intimate terms with Mr. Fred Warren, who the dear ladies thought, was the son of Mr. Heyward Warren.

"I'll tell you about these girls that move to the city to get educated," cried Miss Abigale in shrill tones, "they just play around with these rich men's sons and try to get a husband. I understand that she's engaged to him."

There was a great buzz in the room and the tongues and hands moved around vigorously—tongues mostly.

"Engaged? You don't mean it. She isn't above webbing in with some unsuspecting young man."

The meeting broke up and these busy, busy bodies made their way home, stopping on the way to tell everyone that Ethel Brewster was engaged to Fred Warren, and the wedding would come off as soon as she came home after her graduation from Blackstone College in June.

The days passed and soon the Warrens were settled quite comfortably in their beautiful new home on the hillside.

Fred, while on a week-end business trip in the community, had caused quite a palpitation of the young feminine hearts in Hilltop and many were the envious remarks concerning the engagement.

Later in the week Ethel Brewster came home to spend spring holidays. Very soon after her arrival she learned of her engagement to Fred Warren. She was positive that her acquaintance with Fred Warren had been only of a casual nature, with no hint of love. Besides Fred Warren couldn't support a wife according to her ideas

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of living. She attached no importance to the report and passed it up for the gossip that it was.

Fred Warren, handsome young son of Mr. Heyward Warren, came to Hilltop to spend a week in his new home. In a few days, he learned of his engagement to the belle of the town, whose name he could not find in his address book. Being just the good sport that he was and always on the look-out for adventure, he did not deny or confirm the report, although he couldn't understand why one of this nature could be out, for he did not care particularly for girls and didn't think he ever would.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Sewing Circle hummed and buzzed at the next meeting and there was some doubt in the minds of the talkers as to whether Ethel really cared anything about Fred or not. It was a known fact that he had not been to see her since his arrival and the dear ladies were sympathizing with him for he had apparently cared for no other. They considered Ethel lucky to get such a splendid young man for a sweetheart, yet she had been running around with the other boys of Hilltop.

"True love never runs smooth" sighed Miss Abigale, "I speak from experience."

\* \* \* \* \*

As Fred Warren drove swiftly in his new sport roadster over the good roads around Hilltop he was thinking of the circulating report of his engagement.

"How could such a report get out about me," he mused, "for I have never cared about any girl. But if I should ever fall there will be a very short engagement. Longer engagements lead to a lot of gossip and trouble."

Just at that moment he saw a car parked by the side of the road, and by this car stood an attractive young girl who was neatly dressed in sport clothes. He saw at once the predicament that the young lady was in and offered his assistance. He also introduced himself as Fred Warren.

She introduced herself as Ethel Brewster, who had recently returned to Hilltop from Blackstone College to spend spring holidays at home. While the changing of the tire was made, he found himself taking every opportunity to enjoy this girl who proved

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more and more to be an unusual type to him—and incidentally his “fiancee.”

After the tire was changed they strolled over to a nearby brook where Fred bathed his hands which were dirty after working with the tire.

While they were there they talked quite frankly and laughed about the report that was circulating Hilltop, but decided to give the old ladies of the Sewing Circle a thrill by letting the gossip continue to travel. Ethel also added that the Fred Warren that she knew was a young playwright.

Later Fred left Hilltop to return to the City of Oxford where he was a successful young architect, but often he found his thoughts turning back to the bright faced girl and the little while he spent with her by the roadside.

Another left Hilltop during that week. Ethel returned to college to spend the last few weeks at Blackstone where she was a senior.

After a few weeks Ethel came back to Hilltop for the Little Commencement. As it happened Fred spent the same week with his family. He had already admitted to himself that he liked Ethel unusually well and hoped that he might see her, but he had no idea of seeing her before summer time.

He was quite surprised when he parked his car in front of a large department store to see her walk out and get in her car. He went over and talked to her and made an engagement for that night, because he was very anxious to become better acquainted with her. The week passed and she found that her calendar was filled with engagements with Fred.

She returned to Blackstone and this time her thoughts turned back to the happy hours she spent in Hilltop, but she knew that she must be satisfied for she heard from Fred very often.

Ethel was to graduate in June and many were the preparations to be made. Blackstone was a pretty place and with flowers and lights for decoration, it was a picture of beauty for the exercises. She and her classmates made the preparations and looked forward to the time when they would get their degrees.

Fred went to the graduation exercises and as a gift he gave Ethel a beautiful necklace. To him she was unusually charming in her becoming costume and her beauty was enhanced by the picturesque setting. Later he told her of his plan to spend the summer months in Hilltop so that he could see and be with her more often.

After her return home, the days were filled with picnics, parties,

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dances and all kinds of gaities, but each day Ethel found time to see and be with Fred.

The place chosen, by the young people, as an ideal place for their picnics, was one that could never be forgotten, especially when the moon shone. Its moss covered oaks and the cool breezes from the nearby lake made this spot ideal.

One afternoon they strolled away from the other picnickers and went canoeing on the lake. It was then that he asked her to go back to Oxford with him. He was very happy when she gave him her answer that night and told her that he wanted her to grant him one other wish and that was that the wedding should take place very soon because he didn't believe in long engagements.

"But, our engagement was announced a long time ago," she replied in a teasing manner, "the members of the Sewing Circle announced it in March, just before I came home for holidays. You haven't forgotten it, have you?"

SADIE BENNETT.

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### SISTERS ALWAYS

The two sisters were in the throes of a quarrel. It was a queer thing that two people could become so embittered toward each other, and over such a trifle, too.

People say, you know, that opposites attract, and if that was so, the sisters should have been as congenial as only sisters cannot. Mrs. Weston, who since her husband's death had lived on at her home alone, and who was the elder of the two, was stout and talkative and nosey. Perhaps she was talkative because she was stout and could not get around very well, and had to have SOMETHING to do. And she was nosey because she had to have something to talk about if she was to talk, and she realized that other people's business furnished quite excellent material for conversation since one was not so conscientious in telling the truth about someone else's business. Or, perhaps she was talkative because she was nosey and had to tell what she knew. Nevertheless, the fact remained that she was obviously stout, undeniably talkative, and annoyingly interested in things which concerned only others.

Theodosia Munroe, and beware of her wrath if you shorten her name to Theo, was the other sister. She was a thin-lipped, laconic, short tempered sort of a woman, with screwed-up-in-a-knot hair. She did something queer to her steely blue eyes that made them look through the particular part of space that you occupied just as if that part of space were filled with atmosphere.

Thus, if the opposite-attract law always works, they should have been inseparable and quite congenial. But they could always find some point about which to quarrel, when really the point about which they were quarreling was not the real point of difference at all. There was welled-up bitterness in their hearts, and it must come out.

So, the two sisters were in the white-hot phase of a quarrel; and, over such a trivial thing, too. It came about in this way:

Mrs. Munroe, their mother, had died some ten years before, and had willed all her belongings to Theodosia, since Eppie was married and had a husband to take care of her. Before the mother had died, Eppie had given to her a beautiful vase—china, it was, with beautiful hand-painting on the sides. Eppie, after her mother had died,



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had come one day to the old home which was now Theo's, to claim the vase, but Theo had refused to let her have it. She delighted in tantalizing her sister with it. When she knew that Eppie was coming to see her, she always had Nora, the maid, to clean the vase and put fresh flowers in it, and then Theo would set it in a conspicuous place where her sister would surely see it, and bitter words always followed.

Today, when Theo saw her sister coming, she instructed Nora to take the vase into the kitchen and arrange some peonies in it. Then she went out on the porch to meet her sister, and the usual difference occurred.

"The vase, by right, is mine," said Eppie. "I gave it to mother years ago, and I am sure she would have wanted me to have it back."

"If she had," replied Theodosia, compressing her lips into a very thin line indeed, "she would not have willed everything, including that, to me."

And so it went. The more breathless and hot and red-faced Eppie became, the more calm and composed and tight-lipped did Theo become.

Eppie was about to leave, never to come again, she said, to see a sister who was so narrow about SOME things. This was said with uplifted eyebrows.

Suddenly there came a loud crash from the kitchen. The sisters hastened to the room from which the sound came. Nora was standing in the middle of the floor wringing her hands. On the floor about her were thousands of tiny pieces of hand-painted china.

"I'm sorry," gasped Nora. "My hands were wet and it just slipped right through."

Theo became very white. If you could have seen her at that moment you would have fled for your life. Fury blazed from her eyes.

"You may get your hat and leave the house this instant," said Nora's mistress.

That night Nora said to her mother, "I sure hated to lose my job; it was a good one, even though Miss Theo was cross at times. But I couldn't bear to see them poor old souls going on like that till they died. Down deep they both wanted to make up, but they were too proud. Yes, ma, I hated to lose my job, but it was worth it."

CAROLINE PARRISH.

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SPRING SONG

Oh Robin, in yon shady bower,  
Lift up your soft throat and sing;  
For this is the time of all gladness—  
All hail the herald of Spring.  
Give me a riot of color,  
Give me the birds and the bees,  
For I am the Sweetheart of Springtime—  
I am the lover of trees.

Come, ye Nymphs and ye Dryads,  
Unlock the door of my heart;  
Fill it with laughter and sunshine,  
Until of my soul it's a part.  
Yes, give me a riot of color,  
Give me the birds and the bees,  
For I am the Sweetheart of Springtime—  
I am the lover of trees.

For the world is tired of Winter,  
The dreary days are hard to bear;  
Let out, let out your glad spirit,  
Scatter love and light everywhere.  
Give us a riot of color,  
Give us the birds and the bees;  
The whole earth is the Sweetheart of Springtime—  
The world is the lover of trees.

M. K. BURROWS.

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### THE CURSE OF HEIGHT

"Can this be the little Mary whom I saw just a few years ago? My, I didn't realize it was possible for a child to grow so rapidly. Why just yesterday it seems she was about so tall, and now she must be at least six feet! Where on earth does she get her unfortunate height! Come child, stand by me—there, I knew it, you are fully two feet taller than I!"

This is the greeting the acquaintances, (I refuse to call them friends) and relatives give me on my annual visits to the old home town. They haven't had the opportunity of watching me grow over night from a mere child to a person of very noticeable height.

My aunt next adds to the conversation some very unnecessary remarks. She seems entirely oblivious to the fact that I'm even in the room! "Sara, don't you think it strange for this child to even be related to her mother? Sister Jane is such a tiny wisp of a person, so dainty and graceful, that it seems positively uncanny for this person to be her daughter. It surely does make one wonder about the laws of individual differences! I suppose one thing which accounted for Jane's popularity with the opposite sex was her smallness of stature. Men always like the delicate, helpless looking creatures. Poor little Mary, if this holds true in HER case, I fear she has a lonely road ahead of her."

What am I doing all this time? Well, I imagine I look like a jumping jack in slow motion as I "slump" vainly from one foot to the other, trying to appear a tiny bit lower and I tug to avoid their knowing glances which are cast at me. Besides the changes in my posture, a silly grin becomes a frozen fixture as I endeavor to look pleasantly, which is entirely necessary! Before these terrible experiences I have never connected hunch-backs with expectations of relatives, but it is all clear to me NOW. When the shoulders are drawn forward as much as possible, one really does look lower. The only question is to decide whether one would rather look like a semi-circle or be perpendicular to the terra firma.

When the first ordeal is over, I rush home to try to diminish my appearances. The slender French heels are kicked to the four corners of the room and the flattest oxfords available, are for the first

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time proudly worn. This rush is preparatory to another visit. The adventure is discovering the result of the next one.

The unkindest comment of all is made by my smaller cousin being brought out for every one to note the decided difference between us. Of course she is "five feet two," and a perfect thirty-six! Naturally the contrast is too much—I feel all legs, arms, and feet—which in reality I am. How unfortunate, conspicuous, gigantic, enormous, and uncontrollable in every way do my huge proportions seem! As if it wasn't enough for the contrast to be shown by our standing together, they remind me that I kept right on growing when every one else had stopped. They really get so personal as to refer to me as a new species that springs up over night and grows, and grows, and grows.

The horrors of being long and drawn out are further emphasized by the sales ladies. I enter the store, and she lifts a disdainful nose as I rush over to try on the perfect dress. Alas! she intervenes with the positive remark that she hardly thinks my type is suited to this particular outfit. All the time I can readily see she means "exit Bean Pole"! However, in a secluded corner I see another dress not quite so ideal as the first, but certainly long enough! I am permitted to put it on, so far so good but—look at the sleeves—they repose peacefully mid-arm! I realize fully now that long arms are always a characteristic of long people.

By this time my patience is exhausted, all because of meddling relatives who had the good fortune to be born little. Why, oh, why! wasn't my share of personal longitude divided, yea, subdivided among my less unfortunate associates.

JULIA DEVEREAUX.



## EDITORIAL

We are Freshmen and as the school year draws to a close we are asking ourselves many questions. What have we gained from our year here? Have we gained something that will be of use to us in the years to come? Have we been happy? Have we made others happy?

As we look back over the months we find many things that we may term as real treasures. Wonderful things they are!

There are many new names on our list of friends. We have formed new ideals. There is that feeling of certainty which was lacking upon our arrival at college. We can almost feel ourselves grow in every way.

The new ideals have come to us through our association and friendship with others as well as through the influence of our wider studies. These friends have given something worthwhile to us, and perhaps we have helped them in some way.

Our first year in college has done much for us, and we find ourselves with the desire to go on through a college course. Yes, there are new ambitions within us and we start our plans for the remaining years.

The Freshman year has shown us how many advantages we give ourselves by college life. There are many fields and phases that we find only in the broad enrichening college activities.

Girls of today, the true American girls, wish to earn their own livelihood. The educational institutions furnish a splendid opportunity for preparation for this. There is a great demand for the college woman in all fields, and to hold a place among our contemporaries we must be college women.

Our Freshman year is a beginning, and there are many other joys and advantages in store for us in the future college years.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

The Y. W. C. A. entertained with a Blue Ridge program and hike on Thursday afternoon, April 7. Clad in hiking outfit, the girls left the campus about five o'clock, and hiked to Pendleton's Park. A short devotional program was led by Miss Mary Alice Sineath. This was followed by Blue Ridge songs and negro spirituals led by Miss Verna Scarborough. Short talks on "A Trip to Blue Ridge" were made by Miss Christine Meadows, Miss Susan Bedelle, and Miss Mary Alice Sineath. The girls were then divided into groups and each group presented an interesting stunt.

The girls enjoyed a delightful picnic lunch and came back to the campus in the evening very enthusiastic over the next Blue Ridge conference.

\* \* \*

Miss Lois Sharpe, Miss Eunice Chute, and Miss Susan Bedell attended the Georgia State Student Conference for Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. held April 8, 9, and 10 at Camp Wilkins, Athens, Georgia.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

## SOCIETY NEWS

### ARGONIAN

A meeting of the Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies was held in the Rotunda, Saturday night, April 2, for the purpose of holding the annual intersociety debate. The subject for debate was "Resolved, that the school of thought as typified by H. L. Mencken is detrimental to American life." The affirmative side was upheld by Norma Middleton and Estha Freeman of the Sororian Society, and the negative by Louise Benton and Mildred Lavendar of the Argonian Society. The decision was rendered by the judges in favor of the affirmative.

\* \* \*

### SORORIAN

The Sororian Literary Society entertained with a St. Patrick's Party on Saturday evening in honor of the Argonian Literary Society. A very entertaining program was enjoyed.

Irish Jokes—Christine Meadows and Estha Freeman.

Vocal Solo: "My Wild Irish Rose"—Cora Burghard.

Interesting Facts About Ireland—Opal Thornton, Annie Mae Brower, Evelyn Calhoun, Ethel Dent, and Virginia Majette.

Reading: "Party at Crogan's"—Lois Sharpe.

Vocal Duet: "The River Shannon"—Doris Hitchcock and Cora Burghard.

Vocal Solo: "Mother Machree"—Doris Hitchcock.

Irish Folk Dance—Catherine McRee, Derrille Armstrong, Cecil Hiers, and Gladys Butler.

At the close of the program, refreshments were served.

## ATHLETIC NOTES

The College Field Day was held on Wednesday, March 23, under the direction of Miss Leonora Ivey.

The exercises were begun by the appearance of the High School and College girls in the grand march. All of the girls were dressed in white bloomers and white middie blouses, each wearing the colors of her own association. This made a spectacular array on the field as the girls went through the various phases of the march.

Following this came the large Freshman class in a well executed drill, "Mimetics". By contrast, a group of College girls then gave a folk dance, "The Troika." The High School gave a "Wig-Wag" drill with colored flags, which made a group demonstration of the splendid training the young ladies had received.

The next phase of the exercises were the competitive events. The College Athletic Association entered the different events by groups; feather weight, middle weight, unlimited weight. Three girls from each association contested in each group.

The total score for the Phi Kappa Athletic Association amounted to 42 athletic points. The total score for the Phi Lambda Athletic Association amounted to 72 athletic points.

The two college associations are now practicing baseball; the games will be played this season.



## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

# LOCALS

The Valdosta Club entertained the members of the faculty Saturday in the Rotunda of Ashley hall. The officers of the club, Miss Mary Small, Miss Emily Dalton, Miss Clare Bray, and Miss Catherine McRee, were in the receiving line. A very interesting program was given.

\* \* \*

At a regular meeting of the Sock and Buskin Club, a play, "The Bank Account," was presented under the direction of Miss Sara Mandeville of Jesup, Georgia. The characters were: Mr. Frank Benson, Miss Aline Futch, of Nashville, Georgia; Mrs. Frank Benson, Miss Ethel Dent, of Douglas, Georgia; Mrs. Mae Harding, Miss Laura Clements, of Morgan, Georgia.

\* \* \*

The Philharmonic Club had one of its interesting and instructive meetings on Monday. The great piano composers, Chopin and Liszt, were the artists studied. The programme consisted of: Mazurka, A Minor, Chopin, Miss Tallulah Johnson; Nocturne in E flat major, Chopin, Miss Evelyn Kirkland; a paper was read, "Life of Chopin," Miss Henrietta Armstrong; Nocturne in G minor, Chopin, Miss Lois Hiers; Etude On Black Keys, Chopin, "The Lark," Schubert Liszt, Miss Janet Scarborough; "Berceuse," Chopin, Miss Beth James.

\* \* \*

Miss Annie Powe Hopper, dean of women, attended the State Convention of the Federation of Women's Clubs at Albany the last week of March. She delivered an address before the delegates on "The Influence of Woman in the Life of Today."

\* \* \*

Friday, April 1, was celebrated by the members of the Junior class as "Junior Day." At breakfast the Junior class filed in uniformly dressed in dainty spring dresses. The meal was interspersed with songs and a toast to the freshmen as a sister class. In the evening the class held a "manless dance" in the dining hall.

\* \* \*

Miss Ruth Gaines, a representative from the Music Festival Asso-

## THE PINE BRANCH

ciation of Atlanta, made an interesting talk in chapel on Thursday, March 31. The girls were quite interested in the synopsis of the different operas as given by Miss Gaines.

\* \* \*

The following girls have been selected by faculty members to attend grand opera this year: Misses Helen Ryon, Dorothy Dasher, Helen Seals, Mary Eva Fambrough, Janet Scarborough, Marie Parham, Bessie Young, Cleo Mansfield, Louise Hardin, Katherine Blackshear, Estha Freeman, Rena Mae Campbell, Maybelle Bollinger, Mary Stuart, Lucile Nix, and Ruth Folger.

\* \* \*

The University of Georgia Glee and Instrumental Club made its annual appearance in Valdosta Thursday evening, March 31. The student body of G. S. W. C. enjoyed the performance very much.

\* \* \*

The Valdosta Club met April 5, in the Pines. The faculty guests were: Miss Metcalf, Miss Ramsey, and Miss Groom. Miss Caroline Parrish gave two very interesting readings. After the lunch a short business meeting was held.

\* \* \*

The Sophomores were hostesses to the Freshmen at a party Monday evening, April 11. This occasion was in honor of the Freshmen being victorious in the "Hat Day" contest.

The party began with a short program which contained toasts, songs, and poems characteristic of Hat Day. The girls were given green and white crepe paper (Freshmen colors) to make hats. A small box in the shape of a hat, was filled with candy and given to the maker of the best hat. Then the girls, wearing their hats, were carried to the theatre. On returning to the campus, ice cream was served.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

ALUMNAE NOTES

Lucile Arnold of the '14 class is teaching in Peoples Street School, Atlanta, and is living at 1144 North Avenue, N. E.

\* \* \*

Minnie Arnold of the '14 class is doing office work in Atlanta, and may also be addressed at 1144 North Avenue, N. E.

\* \* \*

Lena Jenkins, Mrs. P. W. Branch, of the '17 class announces the birth of a daughter, Helen Josephine, on March 4th. She is living at Albany, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Mamie Carter, Mrs. David M. Howard, of the '19 class announces the birth of a daughter, Shirley Carter, on March 6th.

\* \* \*

Lois May, Mrs. Aca Day, of the '19 class is living in Ft. Pierce, Fla.

\* \* \*

Margaret Breen, Mrs. Horace Slover, of the '20 class is living in Jesup, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Julia Bryan of the '20 class was married recently to Roy Lee, and lives on Union Street, Brunswick, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Mattie Campbell, Mrs. W. E. Lester, of the '20 class is living in Gastonia, N. C., and is teaching in the city schools. Address her Box 132.

\* \* \*

Elizabeth Chichester of the class of '20 is working in the personal department of the Southern Bell Telephone Company, Atlanta. She is the first girl to be trained in their Traffic Manager's Course, which is usually given to boys going into the company to fill supervisors positions. Her address is 870 Lullwater Road.

\* \* \*

Ora Killian of the '20 class is teaching at Hayesville, N. C., her home.

## THE PINE BRANCH

Edna Sasser, Mrs. L. H. Thompson, of the '21 class lives at Cairo, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Maggie Lou Cook of the '22 class is teaching in South Port, N. C.

\* \* \*

Alma Lee Day of the '22 class is teaching Home Economics in the A. & M. School at Madison, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Gladys Harris of the '22 class is teaching in Elberton, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Mary Ethel Moses of the '22 class is teaching Reading and History in the sixth and seventh grades at Andrews, S. C.

\* \* \*

Mattie Stipe of the '22 class is teaching in Hephzibah, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Sallie Kate Wolfe, Mrs. Edison Harbin, of the '22 class is living in McRae, and teaching in the city schools.

\* \* \*

Velna Cassels of the '23 class is teaching in the high school at Cairo, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Rebecca Hill of the '23 class is teaching in Riddick, Florida.

\* \* \*

Freddie Hunter of the '23 class is teaching in Miami, Florida.

\* \* \*

Leila Sasser of the '23 class is teaching in the intermediate grades at Cairo, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Ermine Felder of the '24 class is teaching the seventh grade at Tifton, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Gertrude Sasser of the '24 class was married in the summer to R. H. Watson. They are living in Cairo, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Johanna Voigt of the '24 class is clerk in the postoffice at Blackshear, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Erma Barco of the '25 class is living at Kissimmee, Florida.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Lucy Jackson of the '25 class is teaching in the schools of Atlanta. She may be addressed in care of Couch & Jackson.

\* \* \*

Alma Luke, Mrs. Chandler Register, of the '25 class is living in Hahira, Georgia.

JOKES

Mr. Patten: "I shall give a test tomorrow and don't be surprised if I should ask for dates."

Sweet Young Soph.: "Don't think you'll get one with me."

\* \* \*

Miss Price: "Look here, Sarah, some one called up for you this morning and said that you were ill and wouldn't be in class today."

Sarah Cranford: Gee, that's a good one on Vallie. She wasn't supposed to do that till Friday.

\* \* \*

Freshman Ferrell in this  
Grave is found,  
She thought she'd wear  
A Sophomore's gown.

\* \* \*

Dr. Powell: "What would a nation be without women?"

Sharon Satterfield: "A stag-nation, I guess."

\* \* \*

Indignant Pedestrian: "Say, you just missed me."

Catherine Ulmer: "Well, stand still and I'll try again."

\* \* \*

Mary Kate: "Dot, you've looked disappointed since you got that package this morning."

Dot: "Yes, I am. I saw an advertisement for a device that was guaranteed to keep bills down, so I wrote for one."

Mary Kate: "And what did they send you?"

Dot: "A paper weight."

\* \* \*

Miss Ramsey: "Goodness, I smell something burning."

Beauchamp: "Yes'm, it's my pie, but according to the cook book I can't take it out for ten minutes yet."

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