

THE PINE BRANCH

ISSUED MONTHLY

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MOONLIGHT IN APRIL

Leonora DuFour

Long white paths
On a garden wall
Made by shadows
From tree-tops tall. . . .
Dew-drops on a
Flower cup
Sweetened with moon dust
For bees to sup.
Lily pads
On a surface cool
Sheltering fish in
A jade green pool.
Lovely garden
Filled with light
From moonbeams
On an April night!

THE GIVER

Marie Louise Blair

You have given us life, dear God,
To use as we will.
Do you laugh or weep as you watch us
Carelessly spill
The beauty, the splendor of living,
In ceaseless affray
Until in regret at the giving
You take life away?

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A WEDDING INVITATION

Doris Young

Donald Rowell sat with his violin on his knee, moodily tracing the pattern of the rug with his bow. He was in such deep meditation that he did not hear the door of the music room open softly. He jumped, startled upon hearing his sister Marjorie address him reproachfully, "Oh, Don, wake up! Come out of your trance! You don't do anything but sit around and mope, or play such mournful tunes on your old violin that it gives me the creeps. I'll give you a big hug and make you a whole plate of chocolate fudge if you'll just play me one rollicking air. Let's see. How about *Liebesfreud*? I love that."

In reply Don deliberately walked to the other side of the room, put his instrument in the case, and left the room with a none too gentle closing of the door. He walked bareheaded in the crisp autumn afternoon, heedless of the direction. He heard faintly the strains of "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" floating out from someone's radio. Impatiently he hastened his step, muttering, "It's a mystery all right! I wouldn't say sweet though. It's no sweet mystery when the girl one loves and expects to marry suddenly goes back on him without any explanation whatever. Darned mysterious!"

He walked on, still unconscious of his surroundings, absorbed in his perplexing thoughts. "Oh, hello, Mr. Rowell," he heard a soft and rather familiar voice say. "Could you be going my way?" Don looked up to see Anita Dare standing at his elbow—of all persons whom he least wished to see! Why did she always have to appear just at the wrong time!

"It seems that I am," he replied curtly. Now he recognized where he was. Miss Dare, who often accompanied him in some of his broadcasts, was on her way to her home on Seventy-second street and apparently would not object at all to his accompanying her there. He couldn't be impolite to the girl. Inwardly cursing fate for leading him into this unpleasant duty he continued down the sidewalk with her.

"You haven't been to the studio in a whole week. I was afraid you had got married or something," she chattered.

"Maybe I have," he said.

"Oh, no," Anita resumed knowingly, "if you had you wouldn't be out walking by yourself in such a dejected mood, and you wouldn't be here talking to me."

"Then I wish to goodness I were married" thought Donald. But

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he said in an almost too polite tone, "I would have then missed a great honor, Miss Dare."

"Why, thank you, Donald. Won't you come in?"

Finally they had reached Anita Dare's home. Donald gave a sigh of relief.

"Thank you, Miss Dare, but I have some business matters to attend to right away."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. You'll come soon though?" she asked.

"Of course! Goodbye."

Don walked hurriedly away, leaving Anita standing in the doorway wondering what "business matters" leisurely Donald Rowell could have meant. No longer wandering aimlessly, Donald started in the direction of Ruth's home, determined to try once more to make her explain her changed action toward him. Having arrived at the door of a large, white house on Elm street, he rang the bell impatiently. After what seemed to him an interminable wait, a fat, middle-aged servant opened the door.

"Viola, is Miss Rutledge in?"

"Lawdy, Mr. Donald, she done tol me ef you come to tell you she wuz out."

"But she isn't out, is she, Viola?" asked Donald, exasperated at this turn of affairs.

"No sah, not zactly," said Viola. "She's in her room, but ah know she won't see yuh cause to tell the truth, Mr. Donald, she sho' is out of patience with everybody."

"Will you take her a note for me?" asked Donald, drawing an envelope and a pencil from his pocket.

"I'll take it, Mr. Donald, but ah doubts ef she'll read it."

"Well, I'll try anyway." He went over to the hall table, placed the envelope on it, and, leaning above it, began to think deeply. What could he say? If he just told her that it was imperative that he talk to her, she would still refuse to see him. He had to write something that would arouse her—make her want to see him. Suddenly he began to write.

"Dearest Ruth:

"Even though we quarreled, I hope we will always be friends. I want you to come to my wedding tomorrow at noon at the Episcopal church.

Love,
Don."

"Here, Viola. Take this to her."

The negro shuffled toward the stairway. Donald walked into the

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drawing room and seated himself at the piano, beginning to play softly. Gradually the music became louder and louder. Don suddenly began the wedding march from "Lohengrin," but he didn't play much of it, for he was interrupted by a furious voice which shrieked, "Donald Rowell! You shall not marry that little black-haired minx, Anita Dare! How dare you write me a note inviting me to your marriage to her! I'll marry you myself for spite before I'll see her become your wife!"

Don gazed speechless at Ruth, standing in the door, her eyes blazing and her cheeks red with anger. At first he was too dumbfounded to say a word. Then he began to laugh, but he stopped quickly, seeing the hurt expression in Ruth's eyes.

He strode toward her, exclaiming, "Ruth, there'll be no wedding tomorrow unless you consent. Can't you see you're the bride!"

Late that night as Donald walked toward his home, his heart everflowing with happiness, he said to himself, "I'll have Robert play "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" at the wedding, for it is a darned sweet mystery after all."

OUATRIN

The Johnson Twins

Love is only the fleeting sweetness
Of a fragile, haunting tune;
Joy, brief as a dream,
Gone with the waning moon.

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NOTHING EVER HAPPENS

Naomi Austria

"Nothing ever happens here," wailed Janet, "I'm slowly and surely deteriorating."

"That's a mighty big word for you darling," answered Lynn, her roommate.

"Oh, Lynn, always sarcastic! Don't you ever consider emotions and the higher things of life?"

"And when has slow deterioration come to occupy a place among the higher things of life?"

Janet brushed her hair the usual fifteen strokes and crawled into bed. She was quiet for a few minutes, but she couldn't be restrained long.

"Lynn," she said, "have you ever wanted to rebel against college? Here there's always that desire to do something different from the rest of the girls. It's devastating, and it's destroying my sane outlook on life."

Lynn turned out the lights and raised the window. "Honestly, Janet, between your lengthy dissertations and that vocabulary of yours, I'm losing my sane outlook on life. Won't you ever quit raving about temptations? Don't think about them."

"But it's so tempting to think of temptations!"

"All right, but let me warn you to keep your tempting temptations within the limit."

"Lynn, you don't understand. Didn't you want to do something like that last year? Don't sophomores ever want to break loose?"

"No, sophomores are sane. That's it! Sane sophomores."

"Oh yes, the loved and worldly wise, huh?"

"Well, I'm getting sleepy. I'll let you wear my green dress to church Sunday if you'll only shut up and go to sleep. I have a test tomorrow and I have to get up to study."

"I'll let you keep your green dress if you'll stick that clock under the pillow so it won't scare me to death when it goes off."

"It's a bargain! Good night."

* * * * *

Janet and Lynn were from the same town. Since kindergarten they had been the best of friends. Everyone in Lewiston knew something was wrong if one was seen without the other. They were as opposite as two girls could possibly be, but it was probably this fact that caused them to be such good friends.

Janet was a vivid type who is always the feminine interest in a

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desperate love affair, but who soon tires of one admirer. She was continually referring to her complexes and was never happy unless she was thinking of something unusual to do. She loved excitement, and had broken her arm once because a boy had dared her to ride her horse standing in the saddle. Janet loved individuality. She was obsessed with the idea of being different. To do something that the school and her classmates would remember her for was the height of her ambition.

Lynn was a practical blonde. She curbed her emotions and worked toward being a perfect lady, succeeding except for her sarcasm which threatened her position. She looked upon Janet as a younger sister who could never be quite dignified.

Lately Janet had been planning a stunt that would give to her publicity, but she had never quite formulated a satisfactory one. Lynn had ridiculed and warned her several times, but Janet was the type who had to have things proved to her.

One day she asked Lynn what, in her estimation, would be something daring to do at the college.

"Well, let me think," answered Lynn, "I'd love to think of something drastic, but my imagination fails me for lack of material."

"Lynn!"

"All right then. I don't think that walking across the top of the colonade would be anything to laugh at."

"But if I was caught doing that they'd ship me, and besides, I might slip."

"Did you or did you not tell me that you wanted to do something daring?"

"Yes — — oh, I guess I'll try it."

"That got her," thought Lynn. "She ought to learn a lesson."

Next day it rained and Janet, despite her boasting, grew a little afraid as she looked at the colonnade. But she was a good sport, and it would be something that no one else had ever tried.

That night at winks a small group of girls in the hall were amazed to see Janet climb through the window out on to the wet tile roof. They ran down to where Lynn was standing watching and asked if Janet had gone crazy. Lynn then told them of Janet's proposed stunt. They crowded around the window to watch her break her neck.

She stepped through the window and started across. She had on her tennis shoes and pajamas. She was moving now. "Gee, but this is exciting," she thought. "I'm doing great, and it's really nothing. I'll be the campus heroine."

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They were all watching her now. Her foot slipped once, but she continued on. It had shaken her, however, and she was walking slower.

She was half-way across, her foot slipped again and she tottered perilously in the air. Still trying to maintain her balance, she slipped and fell against the wet tile and rolled off, landing in a crumpled heap on the path below.

Everyone was terrified. Lynn ran down the steps screaming. "Why did I let her try this fool stunt? On a wet night too."

* * * * *

Later in the infirmary, with her head and arms bandaged, Janet said to Lynn,

"Lucky, wasn't I? Got publicity all right, but not the kind I thought. I'm cured now, old girl!"

FLOWERS

Ola Lee Powell

Teachers of beauty,
Emblems of love,
Signposts to duty,
Pointing above.



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"LET'S PLAY COWBOYS"

Jeannette Schulman

"Mary, have you a date for the dance tomorrow night? I'm not sure whether I have or not, 'cause when John spoke to me about it he said "We" and so I suppose he means me. I hope so anyway," remarked brown-eyed Sue.

"Yes," answered Mary, "George asked me way last week to go with him. You know, he's so afraid some one else will cut in on him."

"The orchestra is really going to be a love. It's that nigger one, whose leader tries to do Cab Calloway stuff." Sue told this to Mary with a great deal of enthusiasm.

"How marvelous," cried Mary. "I could just dance all night when they play."

"Are you sure you'll have enough partners," quickly asked her chum.

"Sue, how could you ask such a question? By the way, what are you going to wear? I guess I'll wear my same old cream satin. It'll soon droop with age. I saw a dream of a dress at Gay's. I'm going to do my very level best to persuade mother to give it to me as an Easter gift. I know that it is absolutely useless though," lamented Mary.

"I don't know what I'll wear," said Sue dubiously, "not that I have so much to ponder over. I know that I would stop and think what to wear if I had only one dress. Gee, I can hardly wait for the dance."

"I daresay you can," returned Mary. "Oh shucks, I'm tired of playing like we are our grown-up sisters, Sue. Come on, let's see if we can't find some of the boys and play cowboys 'n Injuns. I would heaps rather. That game about grown-ups is so sisified with all the talk about clothes 'n dances."

With a whoop and a yell little ten year old Mary and Sue went in search of the boys and adventure in the game of cowboys 'n Injuns.



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LITTLE NIGHT CAP AS TOLD BY A DESCENDANT

Eva Martin

During the persecution of the French Huguenots, King Louis XIV would allow no children to be brought up a Protestant. They were forced to go to Roman Catholic schools. Rather than have their children become Catholics, many faithful Protestants tried to go to Holland where they could worship as they wished.

At this time a little girl, Susannah Rochette, lived in Sedan. Her parents were staunch Protestants, and fearing that Susannah would have to become a Catholic, they tried to send her to Holland. Her sister, who was in Holland, wrote her parents to send Susannah to her. Fearing the letter would be intercepted by the guards, she wrote, "Please send the little night-cap," instead of using Susannah's name. From that time on, she was known as "The Little Night-Cap."

Some faithful Huguenots, dressed as women, took charge of Susannah and her cousin who had a little baby with her. They used secrecy in trying to escape the king's guard. All went well until the cousin fell as they were crossing the stream, and awakened the baby which cried and alarmed the soldiers. They were captured and put in prison where they suffered severe hardships, and had to get the king's permission to leave.

After various unsuccessful efforts to send her to Holland, her father finally put her in a hogshead marked as containing goods, and asked a friendly sea captain to care for her. After the ship had passed the guards, she was lifted out of the hogshead and finally arrived safely in Amsterdam, where she lived with her sisters until the persecution ended.

Susannah finally came to America and—



EDITORIAL



I'll admit I was bewildered the first month. I was probably bewildered a great many times afterward,—I have forgotten now. But such a change had taken place! Our high school years had been so carefree—while only yesterday the last words our parents had spoken to us were: "You must begin to think seriously now that you're in college. And you

will have responsibilities." Responsibilities! We had never known the meaning of the word, but now it began to have meaning. We found responsibilities in every direction in which we turned. Most of us were awed whether or not we admitted it.

We had come off to college with the firm belief that the world revolved around us. College had phased lots of Freshmen, but not us! However, our attitude soon changed when we found we weren't quite so important as we had once thought ourselves to be. We changed a great deal when we found that our room-mate had made as many "A's" as had we; that the girl across the hall could write better poetry, and even knew the missing line we could never remember in our own favorite poem; that our other roommate was lots prettier and had a lot more talent in the special field in which we had thought we were so brilliant! We soon began to lose our conceit, and we learned the difference between self-confidence and conceit.

We had declared that nothing would impress us when we entered college. But we were defeated in our declaration. There were a few who wore a mask of indifference and were seemingly unimpressed, but they were missing the best part of their Freshman year, and we were having a marvelous time. The first day we thought everyone looked alike, but we found the most enchanting personalities! We found a girl whose favorite composition was Ravel's *Bolero*, whose favorite poet was Edna St. Vincent Millay, and who thought the sun-sets on back campus were as lovely as we did. We had found our status in the life of the college through our associations with others.

* * *

This has been such a marvelous year—we have learned so much! But for those who are still unimpressed I feel a strange pity as I pitied the girl who told me that she saw nothing beautiful in the lights from the Art Dome on a rainy night.

Twelve

CRITICAL TIPS

Leonora DuFour



Iturbi! A small, rather grotesque looking figure appears upon the stage. Utter silence falls upon the audience as he walked across to the piano. He seats himself and plays two of Scarlatti's *Sonatinos*. His hands are super-human pieces of mechanism and his music is exquisite. When he plays the *Variations on a Theme of Paga-*

nini by Brahms, there is no adjective to describe his artistry, it defies description! That peculiar habit of raising his hands then lowering them is fascinating.

He goes from the classics to the moderns. One sees the Basque country when he plays Ravel. And his love of Spain is evident when he plays Albeniz's *La Fete Dieu a Seville*. His *pianissimos*, his *fortissimos* and his runs. . . . He ends his program with the brilliant *La Campanella* by Paganini-Lizt and the audience is reluctant to let him

go after two encores. Iturbi is truly one of the world's greatest pianists. He belongs not only to Spain, but to all nations. I shall never forget his program in Florida on a lovely moonlight night.

* * *

Ann Vickers, Sinclair Lewis' newest novel since he was named a Nobel prize-winner, is in the library. Some critics have acclaimed it as a masterpiece, but personally I agree with Hershel Brickell, critic for *The North American Review*. I think Lewis has done more significant work.

* * *

I can't exactly describe my emotions after having read *The Fountain*, by Charles Morgan. It is a book that is intangibly lovely. It's in the library too, as are also Galsworthy's *Flowering Wilderness*, Pearl Buck's *Sons*, and Douglas' *Magnificent Obsession*.

* * *

Maxwell Anderson, author of *Elizabeth the Queen*, and *Night Over Taos*, turns from history to current living in his latest drama, *Both Your Houses*—senate and representatives—a production of the Theatre Guild.

* * *

The Stage reports that Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are

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considering *Anthony and Cleopatra* as their next starring role. I'd much rather see them in their brilliant and sophisticated comedy roles such as they play in *Reunion In Vienna* and *Design For Living*. I wonder if Alfred Lunt would impress his audience as much by wooing the glamorous Cleopatra as he does when he and Noel Coward get deliciously drunk in the climax of *Design For Living*, when the lady of their choice has deserted them to marry an art dealer. Since reading George Jean Nathan's comments in the April *Vanity Fair* I'm a little disillusioned about *that* even!

* * *

Uday Shan-Kar is enchanting New York audiences with his Hindu dances. Shan-Kar is one of today's most remarkable dancers, interpreting the wierd and beautiful oriental dances as only an oriental can.

* * *

Wouldn't you love to read that pamphlet on the life of Dickens that was published for private circulation? You couldn't buy the book at any price, as there are only seventy-five copies in existence. It concerns a private chapter of his life hitherto unknown to his public. There is always something glamorous about mystery and something mysterious about glamour.

* * *

At last a woman conducts an orchestra and receives favorable comment! Antonia Brico, a native of California, conducted the Musicians' Symphony Orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera House and won fame overnight. She is a pioneer in women's orchestra leading—she and Ethel Leginska. I wish all women possessed the courage to venture into fields formerly usurped by men.

* * *

Have you seen that excellent collection of etchings on our own campus? There is some excellent work by famous Philadelphia artists. The light effects in *Haunted* by Martin Lewis and that strange lonesome quality seen in *Ancestral Home* by A. Landeck, give you a higher appreciation of the etcher's art. And do notice *Civic Insomnia* by G. K. Geerlings! It deals with the New York skyline seen through a heavy fog on the river at night. You are almost able to hear the low, muffled fog-horns as the boats go up the river.

* * *

The Metropolitan is to be spared the fate of the Chicago Civic Opera. The Juilliard Musical Foundation, represented by John Erskine, author and musician, has come to the rescue with funds to carry on the operatic productions another year.



Y. W. C. A.

Virginia Tuck

A most interesting musical program was given at Vesper on March 5th, by Professor Lissimore's choir of young colored people. We thoroughly enjoyed their negro spirituals. Among the favorites were "Seek and Ye Shall Find" and "Hand Me Down My Silver Trumpet."

* * *

Miss Hopper gave a very inspiring talk Thursday evening, March 23rd, on "Culture." We always enjoy hearing the well selected topics upon which our dean talks to us.

* * *

On March 9th, Miss Chandler spoke very convincingly on "Trials of a College Girl."

* * *

On Sunday evening, March 26th, Dr. Scott, of the Presbyterian church, gave a worthwhile devotional. We enjoy having our pastors visit us from time to time.

* * *

We have been very glad to have as speakers at Vesper for the past month some of the members of our student body. These were Misses Louise Ambrose, of Savannah, who talked on "World Fellowship," Henry Kate Gardner, of Camilla, on "Prayer," Emily Jennings, of Dawson, on "What My Presidency Has Meant to Me."

* * *

The Y. W. C. A. sponsored a new activity this year by having the Charm School which began on March 27th, and lasted through the week. A series of talks was given by some of the faculty members. The schedule for the Charm School was as follows: March 27th, Charm Through Physical Fitness, Miss Ivey; March 28th, Charm Through Dress, Miss Campbell; March 29th, Charm Through Education, Miss Gilmer; March 30th, Charm Through Manners, Miss Hopper. These talks proved to be helpful and inspirational. The Charm Tea was given Friday afternoon in the Rotunda, closing the Charm School. Misses Carolyn Bullard and Marie Gaskins, both of Nashville, presided at the tea table.

* * *

The Installation Service for the new Y. W. C. A. cabinet members was held on Sunday evening, April 16th. Miss Elizabeth Kelley,

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of Savannah, and Miss Lucy Hammond, of Griffin, sang, "Others." Miss Margaret Zipplies, of Savannah, read the scripture. The out-going president, Miss Emily Jennings, of Dawson, administered the oath of office to the new cabinet members. The out-going cabinet of 1932-33 was as follows: President, Miss Emily Jennings, of Dawson; Vice-President, Miss Margaret Kennedy of Dawson; Secretary, Miss Marie Gaskins, of Nashville; Treasurer, Miss Carolyn Bullard of Nashville; Assistant to Vice-President, Miss Margaret Zipplies, of Savannah; Bible Study, Miss Carolyn Brim, of Dawson; World Fellowship, Miss Ann Jones, of Savannah; Morning Watch, Miss Annie Sue Brandon, of Norman Park; Music Chairman, Miss Mildred McDonald, of Colquitt; Pianist, Miss Ada Jewel Cochran, of Camilla; Room Chairman, Miss Miriam Townsend, of Climax; Membership Chairman, Miss Louise Ambos, of Savannah; Publicity Chairman, Miss Nina Way Holliman, of Savannah; Entertainment, Miss Lavinia Buckner, of Waycross; Club House, Miss Odessa Stevens, of Bainbridge; Freshman Commission Chairman, Miss Virginia Tuck, of Thomasville; Student Government President, Miss Virginia Clark, of Tampa, Fla.

The new cabinet members for 1933-34 are as follows: President, Miss Margaret Kennedy, of Dawson; Vice-President, Miss Lavinia Buckner, of Waycross; Secretary, Miss Harriet Bullard, of Nashville; Assistant to Vice-President, Miss Henry Kate Gardner, of Camilla; Morning Watch Chairman, Miss Marie Gaskins, of Nashville; Bible Study Chairman, Miss Louise Ambos, of Savannah; Music Chairman, Miss Mildred McDonald, of Colquitt; Pianist, Miss Judy Cochran, of Camilla; Entertainment, Miss Emily Fluker, of Quitman; World Fellowship, Miss Ruth Ellis, of Savannah; Membership, Miss Annie B. Weatherford, of Savannah; Club House, Miss Carolyn Davidson, of LaGrange; Publicity Chairman, Miss Annie M. McCleod, of Newton; Room Chairman, Miss Virginia Tuck, of Thomasville; Student Government Association President, Miss GeDelle Brabham, of Moultrie.

* * *

The South Regional Secretary, Miss Carrie Meares, spent several days on our campus instructing the new cabinet members in the duty of their offices.





ATHLETIC NEWS

Kappa—Mary Nelson Brown

Lambda—Esther Smith

On March 15th, the athletic field of G. S. W. C. was adorned with the brilliant colors of the Phi Kappa and Phi Lambda Athletic Associations. It was Field Day—and everyone was in the spirit of the occasion, as was expressed by the enthusiastic students and spectators.

At 2:30 o'clock, the Grand March heralded the opening of the annual Field Day. A Folk Dance, "Troika", followed, which included the entire student body.

The Freshman Flag Drill proved to be one of the best in years. At this point the program was brought to a close by an unexpected downpour.

The athletic events of Field Day were continued on March 24th, and 28th. The outcome of the relays are as follows: 60-Yard Dash, Lambda; Sack Relay, Lambda; Human Croquet, Kappa; Barrel Relay, Kappa; Rope Relay, Kappa; Chariot Race, Lambda.

The American Ball Game was one of the most exciting of the year. A touchdown was made in the last few minutes of the game by the Lambdas over a fighting Kappa team.

The campus games were played with as much enthusiasm as was shown in the preceding events. Archery was won by Lambdas; Box Hockey by Kappas; Croquet by Kappas; Ring Tennis by Lambdas; Horse Shoes by Kappas; Miniature Golf by Kappas; Quoits by Lambdas; Tennis (singles) by Kappas; Tennis (doubles) by Lambdas.

A blue ribbon was awarded to each member of a winning team. The total score for Field Day was: Kappas 40, Lambdas 50.

Each girl who participated in any event, whether she won or lost, helped to make the 1933 Field Day one of the best in the history of G. S. W. C.

Baseball has been accepted most enthusiastically this spring, and we are expecting the best season we have ever had.



LITERARY SOCIETIES

Elah Holliday



The Argonian and Sororian Literary societies held a joint meeting in the form of an annual debate Wednesday evening, April 5th, in the Rotunda.

The subject for discussion was a current topic, "Resolved: that all international war debts should be cancelled."

The Sororian society upheld the affirmative side of the question, and the Argonian society the negative side. The affirmative side was represented by Miss Margaret Kennedy, of Dawson, and Miss Broun Hutchinson, of Valdosta. The negative was represented by Miss Mildred Minchew, of Baxley, and Miss Louise Durham, of Dawson.

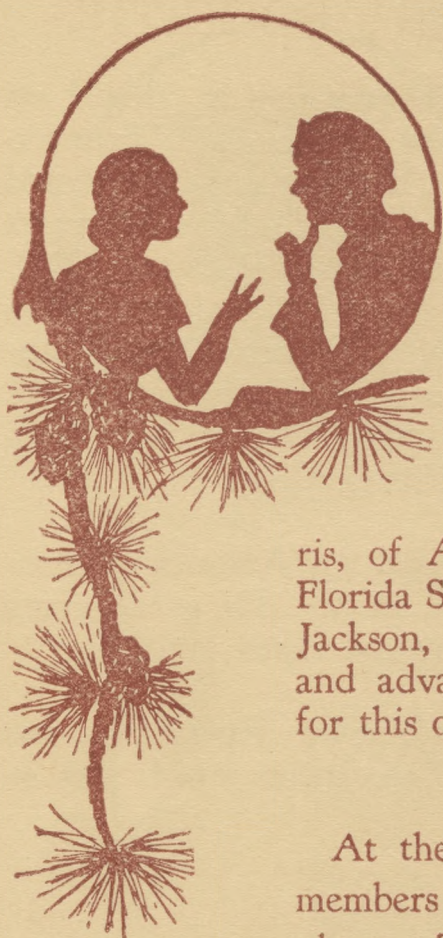
Many good points were brought out by both sides, but the negative finally persuaded the judges that war debts should not be cancelled.

The debate served as the regular monthly meeting of both of the societies.

The contest for the readers of modern poetry will be held in chapel sometime within the next few weeks. The best readers of poetry will be given a prize of five dollars. Many students have signed to participate in the contest. Such poets as Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, Edna St. Vincent, Millay and Vachel Lindsay will be read.

Prizes are also offered to the student who does the largest amount of extra-curricula reading in the classics.





LOCALS

Carlynnne Dix

The Georgia division of the American Association of University Women met in Valdosta on April 8th, and were entertained at a luncheon at the Georgia State Womans College by Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Powell. The after-dinner speakers for this delightful occasion were Dean Mildred Mell, of Shorter College; Mrs. John Morris, of Atlanta; Dean Charlotte Beckham, of the Florida State College for Women, and Dr. Elizabeth Jackson, of Agnes Scott College. The Glee Club and advanced dancing class gave feature numbers for this occasion.

* * *

At the last meeting of the Savannah Club the members enjoyed a steak supper at the open fire place. The honor guests for the evening were Miss Hopper and Miss Gilmer.

* * *

The Valdosta Club was hostess at luncheon on Friday, March 3rd, at the House-in-the-Woods. The regular April meeting was held April 7th.

* * *

The Euclidian Club was hostess to the faculty and students at a tea on Wednesday afternoon, April 5th.

* * *

The faculty and students were invited to tea on Wednesday, March 29th, by the Fine Arts Club. The G. S. W. C. students always enjoy the teas very much.

* * *

We were very glad to have Mr. Joseph Cedeyco, instructor of French at Emory Junior College, speak to us in chapel on Monday, April 3rd. His subject was "Be Strong."

* * *

In the wee hours in the morning of March 31st, the Juniors and Seniors of Georgia State Womans College left for Charleston, S. C. They returned the following Sunday, and reported having a very delightful week-end.

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The Fine Arts Club had charge of the program in chapel on March 22nd. The audience was introduced to the living counterparts of some of the most famous pictures. The pictures represented and those taking part on the program were: Hope—Miss Margaret Williams, Cordele; Penelope Boothby—Miss Sarah Webster, Quitman; Artist's Mother—Miss Nellie Mae Gannon, Valdosta; Boy Blue—Miss Willene Roberts, Valdosta; L'Indifferent—Miss Elizabeth Pardee, Thomasville; Song of the Lark—Miss Lyall Temple, Lake View, S. C.; Lady With the Fan—Miss Eleanor Meadows, Vidalia; Boy With a Rabbit—Miss Reba Harrison, Boston.

* * *

Dr. E. Phelan, chemistry professor, attended the American Chemical Association, which met in Washington, D. C. He gave a very interesting talk on his trip in chapel Wednesday, April 5th.

* * *

Miss Louise Sawyer, director of the expression department, has just returned from the Southern Speech Association which met in Berea, Ky.



ALUMNAE NEWS

Nell Bracey



Much interest centers around the G. E. A. meeting to be held in Savannah, April 20, 21, 22. This is of particular interest to members of our association, as there will be a luncheon at the Colonial Kitchen on Friday, April 21, at 1 o'clock. Letters have been mailed to all members in the state, and it is hoped there will

be a large attendance.

* * *

Louise Tomlinson of the class of '26 is now attending Georgia-Alabama Business College, Macon, Georgia. Her address is 322 New Street, Macon, Georgia.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Remer Jones, of Tampa, Florida, to Mr. William Esten Cain, of St. Simons Island, was solemnized on December 21st, in Cocoa, Florida, at the home of the bride's sister. Miss Jones has been teaching school in Cocoa for some time. Mr. Cain is associated with the Cain Radio and News Company of Cocoa.

* * *

The marriage of Mary Alice House to T. O. McLendon, of Thomaston, was solemnized on January 8th.

* * *

The following announcement was taken from the *Cordele Dispatch*: "The marriage of Miss Trixie Wiley and Mr. W. F. Sasser was solemnized on Sunday, March 5th. Since graduation from G. S. W. C. Miss Wiley has taught in the Warwick school. During the past year she has been connected with the Powder Puff Shoppe in Cordele. Mr. Sasser is a well known Atlantian. He is connected with General Motor Corporation as field representative, and now makes headquarters in Cordele."

* * *

Miss Dorothy Stovall has been elected a member of the faculty of Waycross City Schools, succeeding Miss Virginia Kirkland, who resigned to get married. She has been assigned to the third grade at Gilchrist Park School.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Bernice Bradley and Mr. Sam McGlamary

THE PINE BRANCH

took place at the home of the bride's parents in Americus. Mrs. McGlamary is a member of the faculty of the New Era consolidated school, near Americus.

* * *

Buford Williford writes from Moultrie that she is doing some very extensive reading, and also helping with church work.

* * *

A letter received from Mrs. Dick Sanders (Virginia Hightower), of Chicago, tells of a fellowship which has just been awarded to Dick. We naturally infer from this that Dick and Virginia will continue to make their home in Chicago for some time.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Parrish, of Atlanta, have announced the birth of a son. Mrs. Parrish may be remembered as Louise McLendon.

* * *

Word has been received of the birth of a daughter to Thelma Harrell Canty, of Savannah, Georgia.

* * *

Sara Hall, who is teaching seventh grade in Pembroke, was seen on a shopping trip in Savannah several week-ends ago. From Sara the following news was learned:

Mrs. Bill Jones, formerly Janie Lou Zittrouer, has a daughter about three years old. She and her husband are living near Nevils, and are teaching in the High School at Nevils.

Mary Belle Ellis is Mrs. M. J. Bowen, and she has two children.

Tillie Ivey is Mrs. Robert Chance, of Augusta. She has a son about six years old.

Dorothy Jay is working in the Sea Island Bank in Statesboro.





DEPARTMENTAL CLUB NEWS

Broun Hutchinson

The members of the Euclidian Club met at Twin Lakes on Wednesday, April 12th, for a delightful afternoon picnic, instead of their regular monthly meeting. Misses Ann Jones Boller, of Savannah, and Odessa Stevens, of Bainbridge, planned some very interesting games for the afternoon, after which a delicious picnic lunch was served.

* * *

The regular monthly meeting of the Philharmonic Club was held in the Rotunda on April 10th. A two-piano program was presented. *Concerto in A Major* (by Mozart) was played by Miss Elizabeth Bell, of Valdosta; *Rondo Brillante* (by Weber), by Miss Carolyn Bullard, of Nashville; *March Wind, To An Old White Pine, Rigaudon* (Macdowell), *Danse Macabre* (Saint Saens), by Miss Margaret Williams, of Douglas.

* * *

The G. S. W. C. Glee Club entertained the Emory Glee Club with a delightful informal tea dance at the American Legion Hall on Saturday afternoon, April 22nd.

* * *

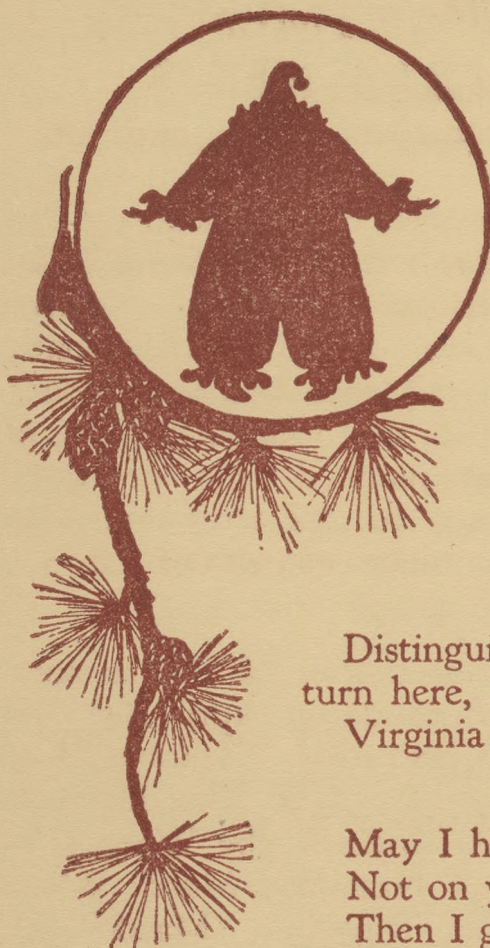
International Relations Club delegates left on April 19th to attend the annual International Relations Club convention held in Decatur, Georgia. The official delegates to the convention are Miss Doris Zittrouer, of Savannah, and Miss Mildred Morris, of Brinson. Others attending the convention are Miss Mildred M. Price, faculty advisor of the International Relations Club, Miss Margaret Williams, of Cordele, Miss Ruth Ellis, of Savannah, and Miss Adel Bickley, of Meigs.

* * *

The Sock and Buskin Club meeting was held on Tuesday evening, April 18th. Miss Louise Sawyer, head of the dramatic department, read the play, "Androcles and the Lion," taking all the parts.

JOKES

Mildred Turnbull



Burney: (Stepping off train at Charleston), "Oh, isn't this exhilarating!"

Conductor: "No, Miss, this is Charleston."

* * *

Dr. Gulliver (to Freshman): "Look closely at the sentences in your books while I run through them."

* * *

Distinguished college guest: "When do leaves turn here, Miss Clark?"

Virginia: "The night before exams."

* * *

May I hold your Palmolive?
Not on your Life Buoy.
Then I guess I'm out of Lux.
Yeah, Ivory formed.

* * *

Miss Gilmer: "Do you think the radio will ever take the place of newspapers, Miss Brabham?"

Teets: "No, ma'am, you can't swat flies with a radio."

* * *

Maurice: (To telegraph operator) "How much is it to send a telegram?"

Operator: "Where to?"

Maurice: "To Eddie."

* * *

Kid: (accusingly) "You were talking in your sleep last night, Red."

Red: "I'm so sorry, dear. Excuse me for interrupting you."

* * *

Va. Tuck (rushing into library): "I want the 'Life of Caesar'."

Reba: "Sorry, but Brutus beat you to it."

* * *

Correct for once, Bishop. Horse sense is stable thinking.

* * *

Trimble: "Look what attractive little cakes of soap."

Adams: "Yeah, they're the berries."

Trimble: "Sure, Woodbury's."

Twenty-four

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Mr. Stokes: "Miss Ritch, what is the spinal column?"

Una: "It's a string of bones. Your head sits on top and you sit on the bottom."

* * *

Certain Young Man: "Could you ever care for a chap like me?"

Dot A.: "Maybe. If he wasn't too much like you."

* * *

Va. Hutchinson: "Tom is so original. He says things nobody else would ever think of saying."

Sue: "What! Did he ask you to marry him?"

* * *

Miss Price: "Give statistics showing the number of bales of cotton exported from the U. S. in a certain year."

Joiner: "1491. None."

* * *

Dr. Phelan (after lengthy lecture): "Now is there anything anyone would like to ask?"

Amanda (sitting on back row): "What time is it?"

* * *

Marjorie: "Gee, I'm not myself today."

Tooker: "Well, you got the best end of the bargain."

* * *

Miss Chandler: "What were you doing sitting at your window so late last night?"

Bruce: "Well, I often wondered where the sun went at night, so I stayed up to find out and it finally dawned on me."

* * *

Senior: "Run upstairs and get my watch."

Frosh: "Wait a while and it'll run down."

Senior: "No, it won't. We have a winding staircase."

* * *

Margaret (writing): "I won't write any more, dear, my roommate is reading over my shoulder."

Marjorie: "You're a liar."



THE PINE BRANCH

CAMPUS CHATTER

Gadabout

Spring is really here. If you don't believe me just look around the campus for proof. Baseball early in the morning is one positive sign. Wonder who is going to be the Babe Ruth of G. S. W. C.? Virginia Jones can give the American League pitchers a race to my way of thinking. I wouldn't mind being twins if we were like the Johnsons. They always seem to be in perfect harmony What became of the "Open Air Taxi-cab"? It doesn't grace our campus nearly as much as it used to. Didn't you envy the Juniors and Seniors going to Charleston? Just ask Vera Parker to tell you about The Citadel exhibition drill that they saw! Have you ever noticed what adorable curls Rachel Blackwell has? And isn't her sister, Glen Johnson, just the last word in cuteness? Charm School for a whole week and yet enjoyed it! The speeches were inspirational, too. That darling bunch from Griffin turned out again last Sunday. They do have the most fun! Just ask Maggie Joiner or Maurice Collins. Think that the college "orchestra" is going to be swell. They have such good rhythm. I'm just wondering if it will be very long before the *Pine Cone* comes out. I can't wait to get mine autographed. The Fresh.-Soph. banquet was carried out to perfection. Who would have ever thought of green whipped cream? I'll be seeing you on Mayday-Playday—Toodle Doo.



VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

OUR IDEAL FRESHMAN!

Each of us has an
ideal person whom he wishes
to be like more than any one else.
Here is the ideal Freshmen whom
I would adore being. First of all, she
would have Fuzzy Hoyl's complexion,
then Clara Davis Adams' hair and eyes,
and Myrtle Pearce's figure, combined with
Charlotte Swearingen's style and Ruth
Jones' daintiness, and of course she must
have as much poise as Broun Hutchinson
and be as striking as Marguerite Scott.
I would want her to be as nonchalant
as Carol Forrester and have a little of
Frances Slade's indifference. With all of
these there will be mixed Vangie Trim-
ble's winsome smile, Mildred Turnbull's
wit, to say nothing of Cissy Brown's friend-
liness and Leonora DuFour's humor.
To please me she would also have Una
Ritch's athletic ability, Sarah Coxwell's
frankness, interspersed with Lyall Tem-
ple's talent and Doris Young's intellect.
You see that she is going to be an all
around college girl who is just as much at
home on the sport field as in the class room
and the drawing room. Noth-
ing out of the ordinary, nor
any kind of a surprise, will be
able to phase her. She will
have command of the situa-
tion no matter where she be.

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