

THE PINE BRANCH



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THE PINE BRANCH

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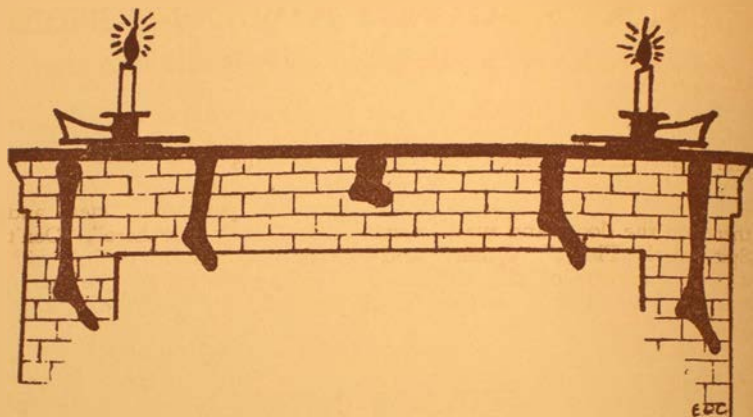
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SPECIAL NEWS

The Pine Branch is delighted to announce to the student body, to the alumnae, and to all readers that as it goes to press a telegram is received from the president, Dr. R. H. Powell, at Lexington, Kentucky, where he is in attendance at the Southern Association, that the Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta has been admitted to full membership in the Association.

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A CHRISTMAS REVELATION

Oh star—far brightest star—
The Star of Christmas Eve—
Let fall your kindest point to-night
On me who would believe.

Oh star—were you the star
The shepherds saw arise,
I too should follow you
As did the three most wise.

Oh star—if I had touched
The brow of Him who lay
In Mary's arms I might
Remember how to pray!

Oh revelation! Star,—
I recognize your beam—
And by its light I know
My unbelief a dream.

JULIA MAYE MURRAY—'30.

SHE STOOPS—BUT NOT TO BE CONQUERED

Audrey Weems, Junior, absent-mindedly knocked and then entered her own room.

The room was a mixture of quiet tastefulness and collegiate decorations. An expensive rug covered the floor; chewing gum wrappers and other trash covered the rug. The walls were adorned with beautifully framed Corot and Gainsborough paintings which were hung between grotesque displays of college pennants. Here and there, on the doors and walls, were signs: "Don't park here", "Don't Spit On the Floor," "Quiet," and "U. S. 90." In front of the rich draperies of one of the windows, a small table of antique design supported a portable victrola which was wailing, "I Get The Blues When It Rains."

On the beds and chairs of the room were sprawled three Juniors, two Seniors, and a Sophomore. One of the group, an ardent imitator of Louise Fazenda, sang out merrily, "Hot-ziggety—dog! You've got company." Others greeted her with the customary "Hey;" the rest merely glanced up and nodded. She answered gaily, "Heighho, everybody—Heighho!"

Audrey was the adored older daughter of a moderately wealthy family in a small town. As a Freshman, she had seen the halo surrounding a High School Senior fade into the dumbness of a callow "rat;" she had learned that she could not be "snooty" and selfish. No longer was she what her family had made her. She must be what she made herself, or what she let the gang make of her.

At first, she had chosen her own friends, and had laughed when her roommates objected to her going with girls whom they did not like; but in the end, she had given up the right to choose for herself. In spite of occasional quarrels, she and her roommates had loved each other—so why shouldn't she give up? Why should she be so stubborn?

As a Sophomore—had she really been a wise fool? She had come back to school determined to be individual. She had been glad to see that the gang had drifted apart. She had been proud of the fact that during vacation she had stopped using much of the gang slang.

For a few weeks, all had gone well. She had been alone most of the time. Her only noticeable associates had been two or three other "individually-minded" girls. In spite of the latest style, she had continued to allow her black curls to soften the effect of her uniform hat. She had often strolled off campus without the formality of "signing out;" the observance of Study Hall and other dormitory

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regulations had been beneath her dignity—everybody was supposed to do that.

This conduct "hadn't seemed to go over so big." It was during her term of "campus" that she had come into her room and found the "Thundering Herd" of her roommate's gang in the midst of having a "big time." She had been feeling unusually blue and lonely. One of the "Herd" had thrown a book at her serious face. That had been too much! She had forgot to be individual; she had forgot to use the King's English.

With all the power of a very muscular arm, she had returned the book, as she asked, "Where in the hell do you think you are?"

For the rest of the year, she had been one of the "Herd." Perhaps they had done things they shouldn't do—perhaps they had played poker or cut church—what did it matter? The gang had "stuck together" and all had been well.

Now she was a Junior—this was her room; this was her gang; this was where her third year in college had brought her.

The record was changed. Some of the girls danced; others engaged in a "yo-yo" contest. The conversation, if it might be classed as such, included such expressions as:

"Why you are as crazy as you look!"

"Well, if you don't like it, there is the door and the hinges are working."

"I seen she had me, so I didn't raise no particular hell."

"Aw, go slide down a razor blade."

Soon one of the Seniors said, "O yeah, O yeah, O yeah—we forgot to tell you—we are all going to the show tonight and afterward we're going to the hotel for dinner."

Audrey answered quickly, "But you know that I can't go. It's too near the end of the month. My allowance is nearly gone and I've simply got to buy a new pair of hose."

"Why don't you never want to go to the hotel with us no more?"

"Aw, I think you can make it."

"Gosh, yeah, we'll all get to air out in our new coats."

How could one refuse a gang like that? Many times that afternoon, Audrey debated the question—not only was her allowance almost gone, but she was to have a test in French grammar the next day. How she did need to study "that stuff." On the other hand—the gang would have such a good time! With two Seniors along—they would "sign out" on different slips and then they could ride

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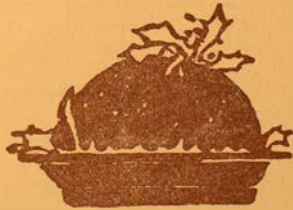
with anyone who asked them to ride. Jack would be sure to "pick 'em up." She'd just have to go with the gang. She couldn't stay by herself and "bone."

Quite naturally, the next thing she thought of was, "What to wear?"

Her beautiful new coat! She felt like a society belle when she had it on. She had been waiting for an occasion to "strut it."

But the nerve of a gang! Tell her what to wear, would they? She'd show them. Just for spite, she'd wear her red slicker.

LILLIAN M. HOPPER—'31.



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SUCH IS LIFE

"Connie! Have you my novel? I thought so! Bring it here this instant! That heroine certainly knows her men, think I'll copy her technique. She has the 'come hither' in every word she utters. Mother, make Constance bring that book to me, she's entirely too young to be reading such books anyway."

Jane, Connie's older sister, having delivered this speech, sauntered over to the mirror, pushed a few artificial curls into place; then, having secured her novel, she settled down to improve her methods of capturing all eligible young men.

"It's not your kind of book," Connie grumbled, "it's my kind. The girl's homely and you're a baby doll; and besides, this girl's got sense."

.... "Mother, did you hear Connie! Well, dear child, a woman with my face and figure doesn't need sense—now you—oh well,—improve your mind, who knows you might land a college professor some day—one of these absent minded ones, you know, whom you could lead to the altar during his worst attack."

"Who said I wanted to land a man! There's one thing certain though, even if you do improve your technique, you'll never get a man like the hero of that story. Max is simply too flawless, he's got brains enough to know that beauty's only skin deep."

With this parting thrust, Connie left the room.

Once upstairs, without bothering to switch on the lights, she settled on the window-seat with the moonlight streaming in upon her, and lived over the last few pages of the novel she had just read,—herself the homely, yet attractive heroine; her hero,—the hero of the book, with a few of the characteristics of John Gilbert, Buddy Rogers, and Lindbergh thrown in for good measure.

* * * * *

Ever since Connie had read the novel with the homely heroine she had searched for her hero, and suddenly one night she found him. She was sitting curled up in the swing when he walked up the steps. There could be no mistake. The same coal black hair, slightly wavy; the same dreamy brown eyes; and, the same tall form with broad shoulders. Ah! There were fairies, after all.

"Why, you're—you're—" gasped Connie, jumping, or rather falling from the swing.

Instead of the hero saying "Your fairy prince, my lady Constance," as Connie fully expected, he said:

"Bob Adams! Your Highness, is Jane at home by any good fortune?"

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"Yes, Jane's in," Connie managed to say. "Have a seat and I'll call her."

As she went inside she was saying to herself,

"Your highness! Your highness." Not so good as 'Lady Constance,' but it will do for a beginning."

Each evening that Bob came by to chat with Jane, Connie seated herself under the azalea bush where she could get a good view of the swing without being seen by its occupants, and watched with jealous eyes, imagining herself in Jane's place.

One evening Connie's mother was away, and she sat later than usual under the azalea bush; then it happened. Two dark shadows melted into one and—well, a less imaginative child than Connie could have guessed what happened. All reasoning having vanished, all future chastisement unthought of in the face of the present tragedy, Connie, a whirlwind of fury, rushed out of the azalea bush and on to the porch before the couple knew what had happened to them. With black hair flying wildly, with black eyes snapping furiously, she shrieked—

"You—! You—! Kissing my man! How dare you! I'm going to marry him myself!"

Jane was too surprised, too embarrassed to utter a sound, or perhaps her vocabulary was too limited to meet the present need. But not so her cavalier. He was a college boy and words could never fail him.

"Haw! haw!" he shouted in his best university laugh, "Haw! haw! Say that's a good one! Marry me. Say little one, you've got high aspirations!"

Connie fell back. Why he wasn't Max! He wasn't even like Max. He was only a stuck up college rat. And running up to her room, she threw herself across her bed, and sobbed herself to sleep.

KATE JONES—'31.



LOST LOVE

Lost in the air,
Or depth of the sea,
Or dropped from the wave
Of infinity.

Lost a high note,
A tear from the eye,
Or gleam from the wing
Of dusk's firefly.

Lost during absence,
Or anger's delusion,
Or snapt in the cutting
Of springtime illusion.

Lost—tis mystery
How it could slip
From fingers of care
Or love's guarded lip.

Lost—can one reckon
Extent of such loss;
Sufficient it be—
The sign of a cross.

Lost—something precious,
Felled at a stroke,
That curled up in flame
And died with the smoke.

JULIA MAYE MURRAY—'30.

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ARAM REXFORD'S DISCHARGE

Only a few days remained before convention day for the Veterans of the Confederate army. There was a keen rivalry for the Department Commander. Aram Rexford and Hiram Sims were the candidates. Hiram was in the lead due mainly to a discrepancy in Aram's war record. Aram's supporters begged him to discredit the report of Hiram's supporters, but he would only say:

"No, boys, it is true that I have no discharge."

"Why?" they would ask.

"We'll not discuss that," he would say sadly.

The "boys" never dared urge when Aram spoke like this. They were at a loss to know how to counteract the effects of the report. They had Aram's word that he did not have a discharge; so they could not deny the report. They did not know why he had no discharge; so they chose to ignore the rumor. Every day brought them nearer the convention and apparently nearer to defeat and to disappointment.

During the days before the convention, Aram's friends worked harder than ever to convince him that his silence was making it almost impossible for them to continue their support. Aram seemed not to worry, but he spent the most of those days alone in his study.

"Aram, please . . ."

His lifted hand and his sad smile would silence his friends; his opponents talked the more and the louder. His friends began to doubt more strongly the judgment of his continued silence and dug deep into unheard of corners for information,—any information would be better than uncertainty and mystery. Not once was Aram's name mentioned in any report or record during the whole period of the war.

"Yet," his friends would say, "he says he served during the whole war. If he served, then there must be a record somewhere. If he didn't, then why doesn't he say so? And, if he didn't, then he doesn't deserve to be put at the head of our department." This opinion was rapidly spreading, and already a few had deserted for the ranks of Hiram's supporters. Hiram's record was the pride of his country and his state.

The day before the convention arrived. All, but the most loyal, of Aram's friends had gone to the support of Hiram. These few loyal ones met and proceeded to Aram's home for a last attempt to persuade him to break his silence.

"Aram, you know we are loyal friends, and you know we want to see you our Department Commander, but we are at our row's end.

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You will have to explain the absence of your war record. We beg you, we implore you, to let us help you."

"Boys, I appreciate your support and loyalty, as I value your friendship, but were I to explain now, it would be too late. Hiram will make you a good commander, support him."

"But, Aram, if it is too late, won't you tell us why you have no war record, although you say you served during the whole war?"

"No, boys, let's forget it, and please let's be the friends we were before all this came up."

"You bet we'll still be friends! We have known you for a long time, Aram, and if you say you served your country in the war,—that you did. If you say for us to forget, then we'll try; but, Aram, can't you trust your friends?"

"You know very well, boys, that it isn't a case of trusting you, for I would trust any one of you with everything I possess in this world; this I cannot explain to anyone."

When the disappointed committee turned from Aram's gate, it was with heavy hearts. There was no further hope. Aram, alone, could help them, and he had refused.

"If it were only Sam instead of Aram," said one.

"Yes," said another, "he must have been a very brave soldier. Did you read about him in the battle of Shiloh; man, how he fought!"

"And at the battle of Olustee, he was right at the front. Once we thought (I was in another company), that we had lost, we almost gave up, when to our right, just beyond a grove of young oaks, we heard a rousing cheer that would have put spirit in a door post and sent it against a million steel bayonets. That cheer came from Sam's company. They were at the point of surrender, when Sam, severely wounded, plunged forward toward the enemy lines, literally dragging one foot, bearing a load of shot in the thigh. Then, how we fought!"

As old soldiers are prone to do, these stopped at a convenient corner and swapped yarns of their army experience until far into the night. Aram was forgotten by them, but they were not forgotten by him. He was refused the comfort of sleep. He was haunted by the visions of the sad, disappointed faces of the friends he had loved since his young manhood when he had settled in their little town after the war.

"What shall I do," he would ask the disconcerting visions, "I can't see my friends suffer. Sam, oh Sam!" Then he would drop his head on his arms and try to think. He would pace his room, and again he would ask the visions, "What shall I do, oh Sam, what shall I do?" The hours slowly dragged themselves into early morning and Aram, worn out with the struggle between conflicting emotions,

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grew calm and attempted again to think of a way out whereby his friends would be saved from disappointment and he would escape their distrust.

"Sam has been dead these twenty-five years," he thought, "and soon I'll follow him and our brave truthful Lee. It can't matter much now if I explain. Sam will know and understand." Sleep finally came.

On convention day the sun seemed to Aram's friends to greet them with an encouraging smile. Maybe Aram had repented, they would go and see.

The old colored servant, who lived alone with Aram, answered the door.

"No, gem'men, Mr. Aram he gon' to Mr. Sam's grave, he sed tell yo' dat he'd be at de 'vention do', an' fo' yo' all not to worry no mo' 'bout him."

Nothing was left for them to do, but go on to the convention. They waited an hour at the door and Aram did not come. The business meeting was beginning, they had to go in. The morning session was taken up with reports. The afternoon session had been designated for the elections. After luncheon, Aram still had not appeared. Just as the meeting was called to order, he was seen limping down the aisle. His smile of satisfaction gave courage to his friends. Slowly he took his seat. The meeting proceeded. The clerk was asked to read the list of candidates for Department Commander.

Aram arose,—“Mr. Chairman,” came his slow, manly Southern voice.

“Mr. Rexford,” acknowledged the chairman.

“Mr. Chairman, Friends,—” went on Aram. “It has been stated that I have no discharge, and as my name has been mentioned for Commander, I wish to make an explanation. It is true, I have no discharge.

“When the call for troops reached my home in a little village in the North Georgia mountains, my older brother, Sam, was in the village that evening and enlisted. When he got home, out on the farm, a few miles from the village, he told father and mother, and the matter was talked over. Sam was the support of the family, father and mother being aged people, and as he understood the farm work better than I did, being only sixteen years old at the time, it was decided that Sam should stay at home and I should go in his place. I went and answered to his name at every roll call all through the war. No, Mr. Chairman, I have no discharge, but Sam has one.”

EUNICE SEAGRAVES—'31.

TREES OF MY ACQUAINTANCE

Trees—at night, by moonlight, by starlight, at dusk, at dawn, in full sunlight—trees—poplars, sycamores, pines, oaks! What character and individuality they express!

Poplars are the most frivolous and conversational of all trees. The way they whisper and talk incessantly whether wind stirs their leaves or not, reminds one of a dainty Pierrette whose light, sparkling gayety overflows in a constant stream of chatter. They sing gently to lull listeners to sleep lest they hear their whispered secrets.

Sycamores also have this conversational tendency, but not to the extent that poplars have. There is a tall, unhampered one that sings outside my window,—except in early spring when the old bark has been peeled off, the fresh leaves have come out, and the whole tree is clothed in white and silver-green lace of delicate texture, then the mocking birds use its branches for a choir and the tree stops talking to listen.

Sycamores have individuality, but they haven't the character one will find in pines. I know of one ancient pioneer pine on which, sometime in its saplinghood, the wind had blown its fury fiercely, but it failed to break or uproot the tree although it forced it to lean far to the east.

Another pine of an entirely different type stands alone on an isolated triangle of the grove which juts out between a lane and an open field. Its youthful, slender symmetry I always associate with dusk, because between daylight and dark I used to slip away and go down to this point of land to watch the sunset fade and the stars come out. I can see the tree now,—slender, young, tall—black against the fading sunset with a brilliant star or the thin silver thread of a new moon shining through its branches. Just the thought of it brings something of the peace which comes with the solitude of the quiet dusk.

Other trees that I know also have charming, companionable, or awe-inspiring qualities. Groves of trees are orchestras composed of separate windharps on which the wind plays symphonies of incomparable beauty. If one learns to hear the deep undertone of nature murmured softly by a grove of trees, he can come close to the Divine Rhythms.

“Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.”

ELSIE QUARTERMAN—'32.

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"NEVER WAS SUCH CAROLING"

"I am afraid Mother it will be impossible for me to come home, my plans wont work. I am sorry!

Love,
Nell."

Dropping the letter to the floor Jane Barker stood on the porch a picture of despair. The cheerful woman who a moment before was brusquely sweeping the porch, suddenly became old with all the fire of ambition and hope gone from her face. Nell not coming home,—why it would not be Christmas without Nell, surely it was all a dream. Why couldn't she wake up! She thought of the tree they fixed for Nell when she was two years old, her baby laugh as she pulled things out of her stocking. Ed was very proud of her when she lisped, "Daddy, Nell wanths Thanty Clauth to bring her a new dolly." Oh what times they had together—just the three of them, tramping over the woods looking for just the right tree. "You know Muvver, we want one that tapers up like this," Nell would say. For the last three years there had been only the two of them.

During these years life had not been easy for Jane Barker. True, Ed had left a small sum; however, most of this had gone to make the last payment on the house. Nell got a job doing art work the following year in Birmingham that helped. Jane kept chickens and sold flowers from her garden. Somehow they had managed. It had meant a sacrifice to help Nell have a year in art school. Between hard work and worry Jane was being made old in her prime.

Now what did it matter? Nothing made any difference anymore—Nell wasn't coming home. Jane had been looking forward to this Christmas with more happiness than she had to any Christmas since her husband's death. She had saved all of the choice things for Nell—her favorite fruit cake, and grape jelly. The house was spotless, having been dusted and redusted. Even the old negro mammy noticed it, remarking one day to the cook next door: "Lawsy, ah tinks Mis' Barker don' los' her min.' She don' make me polish dis silver six times a'ready. Ah sho will be glad w'en Mis' Nell gits hyar, an' ah hopes she ain't so pertickler."

Picking up the letter that had fallen to the floor, Jane walked in the house with a weariness in her step.

Put up your dust cloth, Aunt Lottie. Miss Nell is not coming home and I don't guess that room 'specially needs it," she said to the old woman who was industriously polishing the furniture in the living room.

"Not comin', what dat you say? Mis' Nell not comin' home fer

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Chris'mus? You all don't mean dat! What we'uns gon' do wid dat hen we don' fatten fo' a mont'?"

"It is true! I just got a letter from her."

"Well'um ah tinks dat is down right bad, ah sholy duz! Ah is pow'rful sorry, ah is!"

"I know she would come if she could. I am afraid she is working too hard."

* * * * *

Two hundred miles away, in the smoky city of Birmingham, a lonely figure was silently and restlessly walking the streets. She was neatly, yet thinly dressed for the bitter wind that blew ruthlessly. She stood apart from the Christmas shoppers—she had plenty of time—there was no haste for her to shop. The alluring windows did not draw her attention. Over and over she thought to herself: "Oh, what must I do! I can't afford to go home, and I can't stay here." The streets were less crowded as the hurrying crowds turned homeward, but more lonely for the small figure.

She slowly went to the place she had called home for the past two years—a small room poorly furnished, although she had to pay dearly for it. Oh, how hard and relentless was life anyway! She saw just as she flashed on the light her mother's picture facing her with sadness in the eyes. Suddenly with a sob in her voice she clutched it to her. "Mother, I will come. I can't bear it, and you'll understand."

Nell began feverishly to make preparations for the trip. At last the peace that she had coveted stole softly into her heart.

* * * * *

On Christmas Eve Jane Barker made a brave effort to eat supper. She fixed a tiny tree for a poor family, helped decorate the church, and even lit the candles in her own windows. "Nell would like to have them that way," she said to herself. She must carry on, even if Nell was not going to be home. However, she could not feel it in her heart to sit up until twelve o'clock for the Christmas carols. Nell always sat up with her, and it was too sacred an act to ask someone else to do.

She was awakened by a sudden noise soon after she retired. Could that be the doorbell at this time of night? She turned on the porch light and carefully opened the door.

"Nell, is it you!" she cried.

"Mother, I could not stay away, I had to come home to you."

In the distance came the soft voices of the carolers:

"It came upon the midnight clear
That glorious song of old."

ANNIE LOU STANALAND—'32.

SHE DOES NOT CHOOSE TO RUN

Theodora, "gift of God," so named by a romantic mother who placed too much faith in names, but better known to the Sunnyside neighborhood as "Theo the terror," trudged home from school wearing, instead of her usual alert-for-mischief air, a preoccupied expression that boded no good for those who knew her well. So preoccupied was Theo that Angelica DuBose with an unusual show of courage quickly passed her; golden curls were swinging in easy reach of Theo's able hands. Surely something was wrong! Never in the history of her short life had Theo been known to resist the pleasure of pulling those curls until their proud possessor howled with pain, and then the added pleasure of saying maddeningly,

"Cry baby, cry!"

But this time Theo did not see the curls, for her thoughts were far, far away. Her preoccupation had been caused by the first of a series of talks which Miss Lipscomb, better known to the Fifth Grade as Teacher had made that morning upon the subject, "The Child of Today Is the Citizen of Tomorrow." This was not a one-sided talk bringing out the fact that one of the boys of the Fifth Grade might some day occupy the Presidential chair. Ah no! Miss Lipscomb was an active member in the "National League of Women Voters," and was thoroughly imbued with the doctrine of woman's rights,—probably that was the reason she had never been urged to enter the holy bonds of matrimony, but that is aside from the subject. What Miss Lipscomb had stressed, however, was the fact that any little girl in the class—at this point in her talk her glance fell upon Theo—say Theodora Prentiss, for instance, might just as probably become President of the United States as Bobby Brown. Theo's head had swelled with pride and she had thrown an angry, challenging glance at Bobby who had returned it with interest. Miss Lipscomb, her idol, had said that she might become President of the United States. Very vivid and magnificent were the pictures which flashed across Theo's brain. Pictures of herself trailing a purple velvet gown over marble stairs and ordering butlers and footmen,—and oh yes, chauffeurs. So engrossed was she in the picture of herself riding in a Rolls Royce Roadster with policemen on motorcycles surrounding the car and tooting their horns for everybody to get out of the way that she had to be hailed twice by her "Man Friday," Patricia, before she responded.

"Hi Theo," said Pat, "dontcha wanta play Injuns? We've got all the feather dusters and blankets our mamas've got, an' if you get

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some glue an' maybe a pipe or two, we'll be all fixed. We can steal things, an' tomahawk people,—'n everything."

But Theo was much more interested in the pleasant occupation of refusing to sign a pardon for Bobby Brown convicted for murder, than in murdering other people, so with only a short "I can't play this evening, I've got to help mother," Theo hastened on, leaving a disconcerted gang behind her.

How dared they ask the future President of the United States to play Indian? They couldn't know who she was! For a moment she started to enlighten them, but moved on wearily. They wouldn't understand; they didn't have sense enough to be President.

Theo was a model child that evening. It was "yes mother," to this, and "no mother," to that. She even refused a second dish of ice cream for supper that evening. Future Presidents could not afford to be greedy.

Mrs. Prentiss called Mr. Prentiss aside after supper.

"George, what do you suppose is wrong with Theo," she said. "Why, I scarcely know the child. I baked cookies this morning and not one has disappeared. Mrs. Jones hasn't called today for the first time this winter about Theo trampling her winter grass. And, look at her now! Studying history as if she really enjoyed it. What has she done? Something awful I'm sure. I jump every time I hear the phone ring. If it were near Christmas I would understand it, but as it is, it's beyond me."

"Oh, Theo's all right," said Mr. Prentiss. "She's probably been to the picture show and has a crush on John Gilbert, or something like that."

But Mrs. Prentiss was not satisfied. After Theo, truly the "gift of God" for once in her life, had gone to bed, her home work completed without a single switching, Mrs. Prentiss went to her bed and felt her pulse. Normal! No, she didn't have fever. Nevertheless, Mrs. Prentiss went to bed with queer stirrings around her heart, and resolved to call the doctor the next morning if Theo was no worse.

The next day the future President arrived at school cleaner than she had since the first day when her mother had led her there by her hand. Not once had she loitered to play with a stray pup. No indeed, Presidents should be clean and well dressed.

With a feeling of importance she awaited the second talk of Miss Lipscomb on "The Future Citizen." The first part she didn't hear, so engrossed was she in entertaining the Prince of Wales, Lindbergh,

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

and Charlie Chaplin in the White House. Then she heard something which made her sit up with a start.

"Now as I was saying yesterday, children," said Miss Lipscomb, "it is just as probable that Angelica DuBose will become President of this our United States of America, as that any boy in this class will, so changed has the viewpoint of woman's place become in our country."

There was a great deal more to the talk, but Theo did not hear it. Angelica become President! That sissy! Imagine entertaining the Prince of Wales with curls dangling down one's back! Surely Miss Lipscomb must have lost her mind. The thought of those long yellow curls gracing the White House gave Theo an idea. She leaned forward and gave them a hard pull.

"Ouch!" said Angelica in a dainty well modulated voice.

The ringing of the bell saved the day, for Theo did not intend to let such a weak "ouch" finish the matter.

Out piled the Fifth Grade, a raging bedlam, Theo as usual the center of the loudest noise.

"Come on gang," she yelled, "let's play Injun. I'm big chief Setting Bull and Angelica's the pale face maiden we're going to scalp."

KATE JONES—'31.



CONSOLATION

It is evident to me
That this world
Has gone laughing mad.
I would go find Spring
And clap my hand
Over that singing mouth of hers,—
The sound of which continues to echo
Over these hills.
I do not know what possesses the earth
That it should falsify in this manner;
Only this morning
A sparrow shook all the water off a twig
With his hilarious laughing;
Even the weeds sing
With the wind in their teeth.
And you little daisy with white petals,
Here at my feet,
You have said too much already
That has no truth in it.
I would push you back into the earth
Where you came from.
Such a meaningless device
Has no weight with me!
Surely Nature does not think to comfort me
With her old tricks!

MARY KATE BURROWS—'30.

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AWAY FROM HOME

I threw down the book I had been reading, and sat staring beyond the old oak tree in front of the house.

Mary had just called and said that Jane was coming next week, and that the girls were going to meet at her house this afternoon to plan something to do while Jane was here visiting. My thoughts ran back to the past summer to a similar occurrence. I remembered the morning I received Jane's letter saying she was coming. I immediately rushed around to Mary's to break the news. With such an incentive it did not take me long to reach her home. There she sat calmly rocking on the porch buried in a novel, unconscious of everything except the printed page in front of her.

"Come out of that book and listen to what I have to tell you. I just received a letter from Jane, and she is coming next week. You know what that means. What are we going to do?"

"I don't know. As for me, I'm sick of planning and planning something to do every summer when Jane condescends to pay us a visit. She drops down from Johnson City with all her new clothes, and turns up her nose at everything we do. 'In Johnson City we do this', and 'we would never think of doing that.' On and on she raves. All during that time we are hanging on every word she says, and spending all our money entertaining for her."

"It's all right to talk like that, but you know just as well as I do that we will have to plan something. We don't want her to think we are slower and more backward than we are."

"Oh I know, let's get Sue to let the club give a dinner dance at her house. You know her porch is large, we can use it for dancing. Maybe we can get John Day's orchestra. Let's use lanterns on the porch and in the yard. I'll get mother to plan the dinner. But what else can we have, that's only one night . . . I'll give a bridge party and . . . you can give a picnic on the river banks. Hush now, I know it isn't like the pool at the Johnson City Country Club, and Miss Jane will probably say, 'I enjoyed the little picnic so much. It was so different, made me feel like a gypsy.' All the same that is all there is to do!"

"Oh, all right I'll help. You know I always do in the end. Jane makes me so tired though, flouncing around as if she is so much better than we are. She knows this is a small town, why doesn't she take us as we are, and not make us feel so bad?"

"Don't take it so hard Mary. We'll have lots of fun. Bye, I'm

THE PINE BRANCH

going home and talk to mother. I can't go around with Jane in my old rags."

The next few days the girls of Daren could be seen hurrying from one house to another, to the dressmaker's, and shopping. Many hours were spent planning the events for the next week. I know the people in town wondered what the "Dozen Club" was planning and why the members did not gather in the drug store every afternoon and stay until night as they usually did.

The next day Jane arrived in all her glory, and the week followed as we had planned. We gave her something to do all the time. Our dinner dance was a big success. I did hear Miss Jane remark, "I wonder why the girls put that kind of lanterns up, they are so funny looking." When Johnnie Norton came up and asked her for a dance, "All mine are filled,"—she turned and left him standing by himself.

Just because Johnnie didn't live in exactly the right part of town wasn't any reason she should ignore him.

The other things went "over big." We had about as "big a time" wondering what she would say next, as she did saying it. However, we breathed a sigh of relief when she left, and gratefully settled back into our old habits for the rest of the summer.

* * * * *

During Christmas holidays Dad had to make a business trip to Johnson City, and said I might go with him. I was all thrilled for I thought I could see Jane, and maybe go to a dance and see how they did things in her home town.

Dad had an old school friend who lived in Johnson City. The friend insisted that we stay with him while there. But I was eager to see Jane!

Dad's friend lived in a beautiful home in the best residential section. He had a daughter about my age, and we soon became friends. She was giving a dance the next night, and begged Dad into staying over.

I asked Sue if she knew Jane Elson, a girl from Johnson City, who visited at home every summer. She said she had never heard the name, but we could find her and ask her to the dance if I wished.

The next day we searched for Jane. She lived in a modest little bungalow on the edge of town. She was certainly surprised to see me, and didn't look at first as if she was very glad. I introduced Jane, and she asked her to the dance.

"I would just love to come Miss Jones. I have heard so much

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about you until I feel as if I know you already. I have a dinner engagement, but I will try to break it."

As the guests arrived Sue introduced me to most of them, and she would usually say, "You know Miss Elson, do you not?" They would smile, and what seemed to me a questioning look would come into their face.

There was one handsome young man I had not met. Since I was near Jane, I asked his name.

"Oh, that is Tom Sanders, the catch of the town. Don't you just adore the way he looks? You have heard me speak of him in Daren, have you not?"

"Introduce him to me!"

"I'd like to, but there has been a little misunderstanding between us lately, and I'd rather not."

About that time he came up and began, "Sue told . . ."

"Miss McDonald, Mr. Sanders," Jane interrupted.

He turned to me and said, "Sue says she has put me down for the next dance with you."

As we moved on to the floor he said, "Who in the world is that girl. I have never laid eyes on her before?"

The next dance I had, my partner began, "Who is that girl with you, is she another visitor? She said she knew me, but I don't think I have ever met her—" Similar comments were made three or four more times during the evening.

After the dance as Sue and I went upstairs, she said, "I do wish you would stay for the dance at the Country Club tomorrow night."

"Have you never seen Jane at any of the dances there Sue?"

"No, you see it is only our crowd that goes there. You know I have been trying to think all evening where I have seen that girl. I know I have seen her before, but where it was I can't think. Oh I know, it was at Nelson's. She works in the hat department. She is the one that flew off at Nora one day when she was buying a hat there. She certainly tries to be a high hatter over nothing."

All the way home next day I could think of nothing but Jane. Wouldn't the girls be pleased to hear about her. She thought she had me fooled, or at least she acted as if she did, but I decided I would not tell the girls at home.

Good Gracious, it is three o'clock, I must get up and go around to Mary's to help the girls. I wonder how Jane will act this summer!

MARGARET BULLOCK—'31.

THE PINE BRANCH

“Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Fontaine
announce
the engagement and approaching marriage
of their daughter
JANE ANN
to

Mr. GEORGE B. FORREST, of New Orleans.”

This announcement in yesterday's *Ampa Tribune* did not come wholly unexpectedly, but I was slightly surprised. I do not know Miss Fontaine, but I do know George Forrest.

George is a good sort of a fellow, but he has never had an ambition to advance in his work, or that is, never until a few months ago. As long as he made living expenses, life was rosy, and George was happy. This attitude toward his work may be attributed to his early life.

George was born in a small Southern town of parents not too interested in their son's welfare. Early in life he was allowed to leave school and work. He began as office boy and janitor in a wholesale feed firm in a nearby city. The friends he made were not the best for a boy of his age. With no guidance, he soon grew into the habits of his father,—of not caring for more than just the bare necessities of life; but he was a good office boy.

In fifteen years with the same company he passed from office boy to travelling representative. The Gulf States were assigned to him for his territory. The first time he made his round his reports were only average.

When he made his second trip to Florida, Miami was at the height of its popular season. Six weeks before he was scheduled for Miami he met a friend who had been there for the past several months.

“By the way, George, at what hotel are you stopping?”

“Why, I don't know, I haven't made any reservations, but I guess I'll stay at the Aragon, that is where I stayed the last time I was there and I like it.”

“Well, you wont stay there unless you get busy and make reservations, and make them soon. If I were you I'd wire for them tonight.”

“I will, I'll do it now.”

The only available reservation was in a double room, with a stranger. George wired several other hotels, but all space had been taken for that week. It was the week of the Regatta.

It was late in the afternoon when George reached the Aragon.

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After dinner he went down to see the pageant and fireworks. According to the custom of cities, it was well after midnight when he returned to his room. The door was unlocked and noiselessly he entered. The stranger had preceded him. He undressed and went to bed without putting on the light, as he did not want to disturb his fellow traveller.

"Friend Stranger is a man of slight frame," thought George as he comfortably adjusted himself to his side of the bed. About three o'clock he was awakened by the continuous pounding of something on his shoulders. Slowly he came to life and turned in the direction of the pounding which was immediately directed at his face.

"Get out," screamed a feminine voice, "what does this mean."

Without being given an opportunity to make any explanation, he found himself in the hall with his clothes on his arms, his shoes in his hands, and his hat on at a very rakish angle. Before entering another room he made sure of the number on the door.

The next morning before starting his day's round of the city, he secured from the clerk the name of the young lady in Room 255, and found out what had brought her to Miami. He was waiting in the lobby when she came from the coffee shop.

"Miss Fontaigne, I believe."

"Yes."

"Miss Fontaigne, please allow me to apologize for so inconveniencing you last night."

"Certainly, Mr. . . ."

"Forrest, George Forrest."

"I should have locked my door . . ."

"I should have made myself sure of the number on the door before entering. Can you ever forgive me for being so careless?"

"There's nothing to forgive. I should have been more thoughtful and locked my door."

I have never heard George say just how the responsibility was settled, but it so happened that they were going in the same direction that morning, and it so happened that they dined at the same place that evening.

George's ambition for promotion leaped, his reports became much above the average, and now it is rumored that soon he will be promoted to Publicity Manager.

The wedding is to be next month and George has asked me to be best man.

EUNICE SEAGRAVES—'31.



EDITORIAL

The Christmas spirit is confused in the minds of most people with the maddening rush of giving gifts; and there is so much artificiality in the spirit in which many of these gifts are presented, and so great an attempt to make inelastic purse strings stretch so as to cover an acre of poverty, that the festal spirit has been conspicuously lacking except in a few places in America. One of the oldest and most enjoyable of the traditions at the Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta is Ye Old English Christmas Feast which closes the school calendar before the Christmas holidays. The salvation of Christmas is due almost entirely to such festal occasions and the enthusiasms of children.

The festival of the past has been an affair of the folk. The dominant characteristic of the festal occasion and season was its inclusiveness. For the time being, slave and vassal were privileged; master and servant met on a basis of temporary equality, rejoiced together, feasted and danced together. So Scott reminds us in his well known lines describing the Christmas festivities of the Middle Ages:

“Then opened wide the baron’s hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir with roses in his shoes
That night might village partner choose;
The lord underogating share
The vulgar game of post-and-pair.
All hailed with uncontrolled delight
And general voice the happy night.”

In the fascinating pages of poetry, prose, and drama we are able to join in the Christmas festival of the past with a trace of regret for that spontaneous, free spirit of it, which has been lost in the passing of time except where it is recaptured as it is done at the College at Valdosta. Guests and students dressed in elaborate, quaint gowns help with spontaneous conversation to give the illusion of the

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setting—a baron's hall. After the guests have arrived, the Yule Clog is brought into the great hall by a group singing—

“Then bring with a noise my merry boys,
The Yule log to the firing—
For my good dame she bids you all be free,
And sing to your heart's desiring.”

The Yule Clog is a great log of wood, sometimes the root of a tree, thus brought into the house with great ceremony on Christmas eve, laid in the fireplace, and lighted with the brand of last year's clog. In ages past this ceremony was followed with drinking, singing, and telling of tales. The Yule Clog was to burn all night, if it went out, it was considered a sign of ill luck. The Clog is still burnt in many farmhouses and kitchens in England, particularly in the North, and there are several superstitions connected with it among the peasantry. If a squinting person comes to the house while it is burning, or a person barefooted, it is considered an ill omen. The symbolism of the Yule Clog to burn away all enmity, all hate, and to remove by its fire the evil and the sin so that the next year might be of great rejoicing came from this origin. The Scandinavian ancestors at the feast of Juul, at the winter Solstice, were accustomed to kindle huge bonfires in honor of Thor. This is the significance of the Yule Clog without which an Old English Christmas is incomplete, and if we remember its portentous past we may, perhaps, regain something of its significance.

Following the legendary practice of the Druids, the great hall is decked with evergreen, though the symbolism is almost forgotten. The Sylvan spirit, in days gone by brought in from the forests the holly and ivy, the rosemary, bay and laurel, and the magic mistletoe, which could protect them from the rigours of the winter. The mistletoe in ancient days was a symbol of Sun Worship in the religion of the Druids; today in England, young men have the privilege of kissing the girls under it, plucking each time a berry from the bush. When the berries are all plucked, the privilege ceases.

The tables in the great hall decorated with Christmas greens are literally loaded with good cheer and present an epitome of country abundance in this holiday season. A distinguished post is assigned to the boar's head, an old ceremony of serving which is still observed in Queen's College, Oxford. The carol sung suggests its significance:

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"The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the rarest dish in all this land,
While thus bedeck'd with a gay garland."

The singing of the Carolers is supposed to be in memory of the hymn sung by the angels to the shepherds at Bethlehem. Jeremy Taylor, referring to these angels said, "As soon as these blessed choiristers had sung their Christmas carol and taught the church a hymn to put into her offices forever in the anniversary of this festivity, the angels returned into heaven." If the songs that the choiristers sing have not always the words "Glory to God in the Highest and on Earth, peace, good will to men," they have the spirit of Christmas tide. In Cambridgeshire and in the College at Valdosta, the favorite carol is that ancient one:

"God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
For remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas day."

Other favorites of the students which contribute to the Christmas spirit on the campus and add much to the merriment at Ye Old English Christmas Feast are—"Hail Old Father Christmas," "Good King Wincelas", and "All Night Bright Angels Sing." The revelers at Valdosta are just as desirous of reward as their prototypes, or frequently as in Worcestershire, the singers end their singing with:

"I wish you a Merry Christmas, and a happy New Year,
Pocket full of money, cellar full of beer,
And a good fat pig to last you all the year."

In great contrast to the Carolers, come the Mummers. The Mummern, or in Scotland, the Guisers or Gurzaid, as they are called, are still to be found at certain seasons in parts of England and Scotland. The word "Mummer" is derived from Danish, Mumme, or from the Dutch, Momme, and is synonymous with masker. Their chief performance from time immemorial has been a play, the plot of which is contained in the battle between St. George and the Dragon. They are the merriest sort of revelers, disguised in masks the most grotesque that can be imagined and selected according to the characters. The music which they sing is of no tune and every tune. At Christmas these revelers would go about from house to house to the accompaniment of their dire music, and with "tragical mirth," arriving at the

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door, would claim the privilege of Christmas in the admission of St. George and his Merry-men. Then would enter Old Father Christmas, dressed in a fur cap, fur gloves, long red coat, top boots, wig and beard of long white hair, with nose reddened; or else a grotesque mask put over the whole face. A battle follows in which after a grotesque play the Turkish Knight falls and St. George is struck with remorse. A doctor administers to the Turkish Knight, and he continues to fight until he is vanquished the second time. The end of the play is very important for the mummers, for Beelzebub, taking his pan and holding it in his hand, says:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, our story is ended,
Our money box is recommended,
Five or six shillings will not do us harm,
Silver, or copper, or gold if you can."

Singing and reveling in antics and glee they go on to repeat their performance at another place.

The custom of Mummery, of masque and drama, appears to have had some place in the mid-winter festival since its beginnings. In England, it may be traced back to the Twelfth Century and the reign of Henry II, and it is here that the court Masque develops to the utmost in magnificence. During the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries it acquired more and more spectacular trappings, the most brilliant and sensuous performance being presented before Mary, who contrived thus to uphold her glory and her vanity. In the reign of Elizabeth the Old Christmas pantomime gave way to legitimate drama and numerous plays both humorous and serious appeared—largely featuring St. George and the Dragon, but also giving the Lutterworth Christmas play and others that are used in the festival at Valdosta. It was the habit of the people to deck themselves in all kinds of costumes and go as unbidden guests to the houses, a form of merrymaking which is mentioned in Shakespear's Henry VIII, when the king and a party of nobles in the garb of shepherds, break into a banquet of Wolsey's.

In olden days the Carnival spirit lasted from Christmas Eve to Candlemas on February 2nd. The "Lord of Misrule" or "Abbot of Unreason" was even appointed as early as All-hallow Eve, destined to create rare pastimes and preside at the festivities. It was this somewhat iniquitous monarch who finally incurred and eventually fell beneath bitter attacks. However, the Lord of Misrule, whose duties were to direct the revels of the season, is the important master of ceremonies of Ye Old English Christmas Feast at the Valdosta Womans College. His first action is to absolve the company of all

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their wisdom, leaving them just wise enough to make fools of themselves; assuring them that he has a magic power whereby he could turn all people into children and that they should take care to conduct themselves accordingly.

A group of Merrye Wassailers suggest that in the Old English Christmas a prominent place was given to the wassail bowl, that well of wit and fountain of smiles which passed from hand to hand with the old gay quips and fine words. Historians tell that convention called for spiced and sweetened wine, inevitably crowned with bobbing roasted apples, but those who could not afford such great delicacies found good cheer in mere ale, ornamented with toast and roasted crabs. In America, where the ancient wassail is difficult to fill, a cheering note which is worthy of its tradition and its name is the Saxon "Was-haile"—"Here's to you!"

Another contributing factor to the merrymaking is the dancing. One of the oldest dances perpetuated in England and therefore used in the festival at Valdosta is the Dance of the Morris Men. A band of Country lads with their shirt sleeves fancifully tied with ribbons, their hats decorated with greens, and clubs in their hands perform a curious and intricate dance, advancing, retreating, and striking their clubs together, keeping exact time to the music; while one, whimsically crowned with a fox's skin, the tail of which flaunts down his back, keeps capering round the skirts of the dance, and rattling a Christmas box with many antic gesticulations. The origin of this dance can be traced to the time when the Romans held possession of the island; plainly proving that this was a lineal descendant of the sword dance of the ancients. But none of the dances can compare with the Minuet by Certain Lords and Ladies; the dance with its charm and grace makes a fitting close to Ye Old Christmas Feast celebrated each year at Ye Feast Hall of Ye Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta.

The Candle Light Recessional and the soft chant of "Silent Night" awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. A tone of solemn and sacred feeling blends with the conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment. It is a beautiful arrangement, also, derived from days of yore, that this same festal spirit which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love has been made the season for gathering together of family connections, and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose. What a blessing that Christmas does come back every season with its gaitly, mystery and tradition, tenderness, and self-sacrifice.



Y. W. C. A.

It is the purpose of the Y. W. C. A. to bring to the campus each year some outstanding figure, someone who will bring to the students inspiration. The guest on Saturday evening, November 16, Dr. Southwick, of Emerson College, school of expression and oratory, fulfilled this ambition of the Y. W. C. A.

Dr. Southwick is widely known for his portrayal of Shakespearean plays, and on this visit read "Twelfth Night" which was most enjoyable. Many friends of the college from Valdosta and also from Emory Junior College were present.

After the program the Y. W. C. A. entertained Dr. Southwick with an informal reception in the Rotunda.

* * *

Regular vesper services were held in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall Sunday evening, November 17.

The devotional was led by Miss Myrtle Vick, of Moultrie, after which she gave a most inspiring talk on "True Courage." The types of courage Miss Vick discussed were as follows: Courage to leave undone things one should not do; brilliant courage; quiet courage; courage to begin anything, not knowing what the end will be; courage after failure, to face a new beginning. Everyone enjoyed Miss Vick's talk and gained a real inspiration from it.

* * *

"Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name." Thanksgiving at G. S. W. C. The vesper service on Wednesday evening, November 27, was led by Miss Marion Laing, of Glennville. This service was one of the most inspirational devotionals that we have had during the year.

As the girls assembled in the Rotunda in Ashley Hall, music was softly played. The Y. W. C. A. choir sang "O Praise Ye The Lord." Responsive reading by the group was followed by a prayer "Thanks for the Adventure of Life." The choir sang "Praise Ye the Father."

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Miss Laing gave a reading: "Being Glad for People." This was followed by a chant by the choir, "Praise the Lord, O My Soul." After the benediction everyone quietly and silently went away with a heart full of thankfulness for the blessings that she has.

* * *

On Sunday evening, December 1, vesper was led by Miss Mildred Lucas, of Cairo. Mr. J. F. Wood gave some inspiring thoughts in his talk, "The Call of Life."

* * *

The Y. W. C. A. is glad to extend to its readers, news of our own Mrs. J. C. Thoroughman, nee, Verna Scarborough. She and Dr. Thoroughman are in Shanghai, China, preparatory to beginning constructive work there. Mrs. Thoroughman was one of the most active members of the Y. W. C. A. at our college during her years here. We miss her, but we pass on to her best wishes in her new field of work.

* * *

Every Monday evening at 7:15 it is tacitly understood that the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet holds its regular weekly meeting. Though some of us may be unaware of the fact, there are others who know about it and realize that we have a most competent body working in our behalf. The student body is well pleased this year with the efforts of the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, so ably headed by Miss Anne Talbert, of Brinson. The officers are: Miss Marion Laing, Vice President; Miss Lois Merritt, Secretary; Miss K. D. Rentz, Treasurer. In the Religious Department are: Miss Marion Laing, Vesper; Miss Annie Lou Stanaland, World Fellowship; Miss Elsie Quarterman, Bible Study; Miss Jean Stokesbury, Music Chairman; Miss Joyce Roberson, Pianist; Miss Mary Winn, Room Chairman; Miss Margaret Sumner, Membership Department. In the Publicity Department are: Miss Georgia Patterson, Bulletin Board; Miss Mildred Lucas, Posters; Miss Lillian Patterson, Library. In the Social Department are: Miss C. B. Sharpe, Entertainment; Miss Eunice Seagraves, Y. W. Bookstore; Miss Helen Brasington, Club House.

LINNIE MAE HALL—'32.



SOCIETIES

The members of the Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies were very much interested in the study and exhibition of American Pottery at the meeting Saturday, November 16th.

Evelyn Blanton, of Columbus, as leader, gave a lecture, *The Potter's Wheel*, on the kinds and sources of the various pieces. As the lecture was given the specific pieces were presented to the audience by Roselle Hatcher and Virginia Carswell. The most outstanding types discussed were: Van Briggle, Rookwood, Pewohic, Newcomb, Indian, Marblehead, Leco, Fulper, Bybee and Cherokee, Paul Revere, Overbeck, Omah Kahyam.

* * *

The Argonian Literary Society held a regular program meeting Saturday, December 7, 1929.

Every one enjoyed the unusually interesting program with Katherine Harrison as leader. The Southern Contemporary Literature and Art was the subject for the evening. Several poems from "Under the Tree" by Elizabeth Maddox Roberts were read by Sarah McLeod. Emily Jennings gave an excellent report on the novel "Happy Mountain" by Moriston Chapman. This was followed by a reading by Mildred Minchew. "Selected Poems of Lizette Woodworth Reese" were given by Quinnie Carmack. Mary Alexander played a beautiful and appropriate piano solo. A very instructive report on Southern Art was given by Ann Talbert. As a concluding number on the program Emily Burney read some poems from "Burning Bush" by Karl W. Baker.

J. LOUGHRIDGE—'31.

* * *

The Sororian Literary Society held a regular program meeting in the Rotunda Saturday, December 7. Mary Morris, of Columbus, was leader for the evening.

Modern Tendencies in Southern Contemporary Literature and

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in American Art and Music was subject for study.

Three women poets were presented by various girls.

Karie Wilson Baker's life and a few of her poems were given by Mary Winn, of Savannah.

Ruby Dowling, of Jesup, sketched the life of Elizabeth Maddox Roberts. She read several of her outstanding poems.

The life and works of the last poet Lizette Woodworth Reese were brought to the group by Bertha Hays, of Camilla.

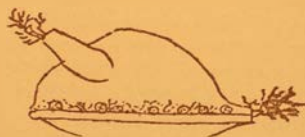
Marie Williams, of Pavo, delighted the audience with a clever recitation.

To give an idea of the tendencies in modern art Maye de Lois Summerlin, of Pelham, displayed pictures. She told the history of the pictures and gave a brief sketch of the painter's life.

Every one was charmed by a musical selection played by Mary Alexander, of Nashville.

Ellen Glasgow's "They Stoop to Folly" was reviewed by Agnes Jones, of Brunswick.

V. CARSWELL—'32.





ATHLETICS

LAMBDA NEWS

Thanksgiving Day was a great day for Lambdas. Everybody was out ready to "root" for her team promptly at 9:30 o'clock.

When the volley ball game started, Lambda spirit kept rising, and even though Kappas were in the lead at the end of the first quarter the Lambdas didn't give up. We knew we could win and—we did. The final score was 32 to 28. The line-up was: Lavanne Watson, of Lakeland; Kate Johnston, of Sasser; Lillian Exum, of North Carolina; Louise Jackson, of Valdosta; Helen Brazington, of Waycross; Martha Horton, of Rome; June Fulcher, of Savannah; Eloise Blich, Homerville, and Grace Griffin, of Live Oak.

Immediately after the volley ball game came the American ball game. Since we had won the volley ball game, we knew we must win the American ball game. When the whistle blew every Lambda player was in her place ready to "fight to the finish and never give in." The first goal was made by Kappas, but this was followed immediately by a Lambda goal and then another which made Lambdas winners,—the final score being 4 to 2. The line-up was: Mattie Allen, of Lenox; Louise Manley, of Barwick; Itasca Crosby, of Coolidge; Margaret Bullock, of Adel; Milwee Minick, of Brooklet; Virginia Dalton, of Valdosta; Mary Morris, of Columbus, and Ann Morris, of Columbus.

One more American and volley ball game will conclude the season. Lambdas, these will be the decisive games. Who is going to win?

E. CASTLEBERRY—'32.

KAPPA NEWS

The second games of both series have been played and the two associations stand an equal chance of winning the others. The Kappas won the first games of both series and the Lambdas the second of both.

The games on Thanksgiving Day were played hard and fast. In

THE PINE BRANCH

the volley ball game the Kappas led until the third quarter, when the Lambdas passed them and won with a score of 32 to 28.

The American ball game was even closer than volley ball. At the close of the first half, the score stood 2 to 0 for the Kappas, but again in the last of the game, the Lambdas scored and the game ended with the final score 4 to 2,—Lambda victory.

However there is still another set of games to be played. Who will win?

ELSIE QUARTERMAN—'32.





ALUMNAE

The Thanksgiving week end was made more pleasant by visits from the following alumnae girls: Ruth Folger, Cora Burghard, Nana Alexander Maurice, Eunice Chute, Mary Stokes, Margaret Littlefield, Dorothy Larsen Parker, Beatrice Roberts, Myrtle McArthur, Elva Ward O'Neal, Ethel Robinson, Ouida Turner, Cathryn Giddens, Nettie Mae Griffin, Bessie Young, Maggie Lawson, Ruth Slade, Myrtle Stokes, Mary Stewart, Sara Maude Stewart, Ruth McKinnon, Jessie Mae Prescott, Lois O'Quinn Spence, Marguerite Ford, Lois Mullins, and Mary Eva Fambrough.

It is quite a pleasure to have news of the following Junior College graduates of last June:

Ethel Allen is teaching the fourth grade in Adel, Georgia.

Ida Boroughs is teaching the first grade in Sumner, Georgia.

Mary Carmack is teaching English, Math., and occupation in the Junior High School of Bridgeport, Alabama.

Mary Theus Chapman is remaining at her home in Ludowici, Georgia.

Erma Cowart has written quite an interesting account of her first year's teaching and is enjoying her work. Erma is teaching in Donaldsonville, Georgia.

Maxie Drake is teaching the third grade in Donaldsonville, Georgia.

Farrar Elrod, after completing a business course, may be found doing stenographic work in one of the offices of Rogers Stores, Inc., Atlanta, Georgia.

Virginia Fraser is remaining at her home in Hinesville, Georgia.

Eleanor Gibson is teaching the fifth grade in Crawford Avenue School in Waycross, Georgia.

Nettie Mae Griffin came to see her college friends during the Thanksgiving holidays. Nettie Mae is teaching in the primary department of the Attapulgus, Georgia, school system.

THE PINE BRANCH

Clara Hargrave is attending a business college in Thomasville, Georgia.

Elizabeth Hays is teaching the third grade in Meigs, Georgia.

Iva Lee Herrin is teaching the first grade in Hoboken, Georgia.

Mary Smith Hodges is teaching in the consolidated school system of Pinhill, Georgia.

Margaret Littlefield is teaching the fourth grade in Folkston, Georgia. Margaret spent Thanksgiving week-end with her sister, Mary Jane, who is a member of the Sophomore class.

Ruth Lytle is teaching the third grade in Evans, Georgia.

Myrtle McArthur is teaching the seventh grade in Penia, Georgia.

Meta McIntosh is teaching the second grade in Odum, Georgia.

Dorris Nichols, a member of last year's Sophomore class, writes that she expects to return the second semester to complete her Junior College work.

Lois Nichols is teaching in the High School of Hortense, Georgia.

Jessie Mae Prescott is teaching the first and second grades in Hahira, Georgia.

Beatrice Roberts is teaching the second grade in Donaldsonville, Georgia.

Olive Ryon is staying at her home in Hinesville, Georgia, this year.

Cleo Shaw is taking some courses in the Atlanta Dental College, Atlanta, Georgia.

Mary Stokes is teaching the first and second grades in Saint George, Georgia.

Dorothy Stovall is teaching in Waresboro, Georgia.

Juanita Sweat is teaching in Waresboro, Georgia.

Eleanor Turner is teaching in the Primary Department of the Stokes, North Carolina, school system.

Elva Ward, now Mrs. Bruce O'Neal, is making her home in Quitman, Georgia.

Birdie Warren is teaching the fifth and sixth grades in Pine Grove, Georgia.

Madge Wilson is remaining at home in Bradentown, Florida.

Rose Wood is working in a local business establishment at her home in Thomasville, Georgia.

FLORENCE BREEN.



LOCALS

While the editor was reading the proof for this number of *The Pine Branch*, Dr. R. H. Powell returned from a meeting of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools which met in Lexington, Kentucky, with the good news that the Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta has been placed on the accredited list of the Association.

* * *

There was a call meeting of the International Relations Club on Saturday morning, November 14. Miss Nannie Pope, of Valdosta, presided. Miss Dorothy Stroud, of Valdosta, was appointed chairman of the program committee. Miss Elizabeth Boyd, of Valdosta, Miss Eunice Seagraves, of Tifton, and Miss Bertha Ferrell, of Quitman, were appointed as a committee for the revision of the constitution.

* * *

The Valdosta Club met Tuesday, November 17, in the "House in the Woods" for lunch. After the social hour the club discussed the calendar for 1929-30. The officers of the club were delighted with the splendid attendance.

* * *

The Senior class entertained the student body and faculty at tea Wednesday, November 18. Miss Catherine McRee, president of the class, and Miss Emily Tillman, secretary, presided at the tea table. Misses Ruth Norman and Louise Lastinger received the guests; and Misses Dorothy Lile, Lucile Wood, Mary Kate Burrows, Myrtle Vick, and Ola Barber assisted in serving.

During the afternoon the following program was presented by the music and expression departments: Piano, "The Butterfly" (Greig), Miss Marguerite Powell; Vocal, "For All Eternity," Miss Lois Ford; Reading, "Behind the Palms," Miss Louise Lastinger; Violin, "Romance" (Carl Busch), Marionette Valsette (Dehnaler), Miss Doris

THE PINE BRANCH

Young. Piano, Liebestraume (Liszt), Miss Mary Alexander.

* * *

Thanksgiving was initiated at the college with an impressive vesper service. Early in the forenoon the campus was lined with cars filled with visitors and former students. A volley ball game and an American ball game were played between the Phi Kappa and Phi Lambda associations. Much enthusiasm was manifested by both sides.

For the dinner the tables were arranged according to classes and the class spirit was displayed in yells and songs. During the dinner hour the Glee Club sang several songs, Miss Helen Ryon played a piano solo, Miss Reba Harrison gave a Thanksgiving reading, and groups from the dancing classes gave two numbers.

* * *

The faculty and student body were guests at an informal tea given by the Sock and Buskin Club Wednesday afternoon, November 25. The Rotunda was attractively decorated with poinsettias. The color scheme was further emphasized by the candles on the mantlepieces and tables. Miss Louise Lastinger and Miss Lillian Hopper poured tea. They were assisted by other members of the club who greeted and served the guests.

* * *

The regular meeting of the Sock and Buskin Club was held November 17. Mr. Richard Sanders, Professor of English, of Emory Junior College, talked to the club on the subject of "Attitudes Toward Drama." Miss Louise Lastinger, president, appointed a committee of judges for the dramatic tryouts to be held soon.

* * *

At the request of several members of the Freshman class a Freshman Writers Club was organized, November 20. The first meeting of the club was held by Kate Jones, a Junior. She gave a very brief sketch of the purpose of the club, which is to help and encourage those Freshmen who have the urge to write and produce material for "The Pine Branch." Marguerite Powell, of Griffin, was elected chairman of the club, and Emeliza Swain, of Rome, was elected secretary. The club decided to meet each Friday and bring in manuscripts for criticism. The members of the club are very enthusiastic and they hope they have established a precedent which will be followed by the succeeding Freshman classes.

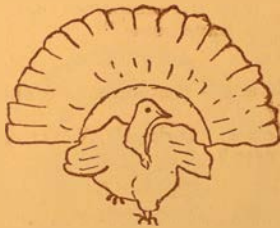
* * *

The Lee Pattison concert, sponsored by the Philharmonic Club of this college Friday evening, November 29, at the Woman's Building,

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

was a rare treat to all music lovers of Valdosta. The privilege of hearing this eminent pianist, who is renowned throughout America, Europe, and Australia, in the concert which he has just presented in New York and Boston, is to say the least, an infrequent one. Mr. Pattison gave the following program: Waltzes, Op. 39, (Brahms), Phantasie Op. 17, (Schumann), Told in the Hills (Pattison), Barcarolle, Op. 60 (Chopin).

After the program, Miss Warren, professor of music of the college, and a pupil of Lee Pattison, entertained at an informal reception honoring the musician.



SOXES

Hero By Proxy

Two little boys came into the dentist's office. One said to the dentist, "I want a tooth took out and I don't want no gas, 'cause I'm in a hurry."

Dentist: "That's a brave little boy. Which tooth is it?"

Little Boy: "Show him your tooth, Albert."

* * *

Dr. Hoff: What is the outstanding contribution that chemistry has given to the world?

Smart Freshman: Blondes.

* * *

"I advertised that the poor and the college girls would be welcome in this church," said the minister, "and after inspecting the collection, I see that they have come."

* * *

Miss Ivey: Do you know that only two things prevent your becoming a great dancer?

Student in dancing class: Indeed? What are they?

Miss Ivey: "Your feet."

* * *

"Where are you going?"

"Trying to find where them pigeons live."

"What for?"

"Want some holes for my desk."

* * *

Mary (frantically): I've been stung by a bee.

Roommate (sympathetically): Put something on it.

Mary: Can't. The darn thing flew out the window.

* * *

Dr. Powell: Why do you spell pneumatic n-e-w-m-a-t-i-c?

Miss Rentz: The "k" on my typewriter is not working.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Vick: Do you like olives?

Kate: No, I don't, and I'm glad I don't, 'cause if I liked them I'd eat them, and I just can't bear the taste of them.

* * *

A Girl: I think Ruth is the meanest girl in school.

Another Girl: I don't think that. Why do you say so?

A Girl: Haven't you heard? She tied a knot in her room-mate's yo-yo string.

* * *

Annie: A girl here thinks that a football coach has four wheels.

Janet: Ha, ha, ha, and how many wheels has the darn thing?

* * *

And there's a girl who thinks Santa Claus is an amendment to the constitution.

* * *

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

ELIZABETH CHANCE—'32.



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