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“Chris’mus Gif’ Master!”

By Evelyn Brown.

Sam Jones once dared to paint a picture in his pulpit. He saw several sanctimonious old sisters, in stiffly beaded black silk taffetas, triumphantly marching past St. Peter, settling themselves comfortably on a bank of the crystal river in sight of the pearly gates, to wait for their harps and crowns. Suddenly the heavenly peace was disturbed by a sound of jubilant voices; the sisters turned pained faces in the direction of the sound, only to recognize a few ladies of color, happily strolling down the golden streets, half-clad in faded, familiar gingham from which all the buttons had been severed.

Three children were playing before a blazing pine-wood fire on the clean bare floor of a little negro cabin. Great gusts of wind shook the little house, rattling its windows, bearing occasional snowflakes to nestle in the bare hollows of the neat yard. The soft grey of the sky deepened imperceptibly as the short December day drew to a close.

“Annily,” said the child in the center, in a proud, almost imperious tone, extending a daintily dressed baby-doll, “put on baby’s night-dress an’ rock ’er to sleep.”

“Yas’um, Miss Mabel. Is I gwin sing ter ’er?” The little darky took the sleeping doll in reverent arms, each tight pig-tail quivering with delight.

“Don’t you dare drop her! Sing ‘Mr. Frog Went a-courtin’;’ Pearlilu, come here and brush my hair.”

Pearlilu smoothed long, yellow curls obediently, casting covetous eyes at the crouching Anily, softly crooning:

“Mr. Frog went a-courtin’ and he did ride
uh-huh m m

Mr. Frog went a-courtin’ and he did ride
Sword and pistol by his side, uh-huh m
He rode up to Mis’ Mousie’s hall, uh-huh
He rode up to Mis’ Mousie’s hall
Loud he knocked an’ loud he called—
Mis’ Mousie came a-tippin’ down, uh-uh m m
Mis’ Mousie came a-tippin’ down
Satin dress an’ silken gown——”

Presently the child in the center observed:

“Un’ker Bob says we’re going to have a white Chris’mus ‘cause the snow’s going to freeze. Ain’t Chris’mus Eve excitin’? I wrote Santy Claus to bring me a wax doll, big’s

“CHRIS’MUS GIF MASTER”

me, with real hair.” Magnanimously, “If he does, I’ll give you-all”—two dusky bodies strained forward expectantly—

“De baby?”

“What sleeps?”

“Oh no! not the Baby! She’s mine. Susanna and maybe Louise—no, I’ll have to keep Louise—anyway, Susanna.”

Two dusky bodies relaxed disappointedly. Susanna. Susanna was made of rags; Susanna was black, and Susanna had only one dress to her poor raggedy back.

“I heard mamma tell Aunt Catherine,” pursued the proud little voice, “that probably it’d be one of these dressy French dolls—”

The door opened violently, bringing in a flurry of snow—

“Land-er-Mussy, Mis’ Mabel, here you is! What you Ma gwin’ say bouten you sneakin’ off down here? Come here ter me an’ lemme take you home.”

“Mammy, I ain—”

“Hush yo’ mouf. Doan’ tell me what you ain’ gwin’ do. Doan you know hit moughty nigh supper time? Pearlilu, you ’n Annalily git out dat corn pone ’n start roastin’ dem ’taters ’fore I gits back.”

Pearlilu obediently started for the corn pone; Annalily remained seated upon the floor, staring moodily at the tongues of leaping flame.

“Annalily, you better git dem ’taters started.”

No move.

“Annalily, does you crave a whuppin’? Mammy wear you out sho’, you doan min’ ’er.”

Still no move.

“Annalily, take dis here pone an’ be a-warmin’ hit whilst I git de ’taters.”

She took the bread mechanically, between two brown hands, and began to warm it.

“Lissen, Pearlilu,” she began, when the other child returned, “what d’we git las’ Chris’mus?”

“Apples n’ oranges n’ candy n’—”

“Aw—I doan mean eatments; playthin’s.”

“Playthin’s? Dare’s ’at broke doll-buggy an’ Miss Mabel’s cheer wid de rocker off, an’ de train whut doan win’-up no mo’ an’ de boy-doll wid de los’ leg an’ ruint eye.”

“Yea. Broke buggy an’ broke cheer an’ broke train an’ broke doll. Whut we git Chris’mus befo’?”

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"Baby dresses fur de doll we ain' nebber had an' de trunk Mis' Mabel doan' want."

"Santy Claus ain' nebber brung us pretties lak he bring Mis' Mabel. Dis Chris'mus, Pearlilu, us is gwin' hab er pretty doll. Baby doll, I reckon. Us done got clo'es fur a baby doll."

"Us is? Where us gwin' git it?" black eyes popping and rolling in surprise. "Mis' Mabel say she gwin' keep de baby?"

"Us doan stan' no chance gittin' dat baby less'n Mis' Mabel break her 'fo' ter-morrow night. But us is gwin' hab er doll. Lissen, Pearlilu—"

"Land fum Zion, hit gittin' col'! Lazy lil niggers, you. I made sho' supper'd be ready an' here you is squattin' on de flo'. Mis' Dorothy say doan' forgit ter come up ter de Big House an' hang up yer stockin's long-side Mis' Mabel's."

Snow ceased its steady drift early the following day; the sky cleared and a brisk wind sprang up; by nightfall most of the snow was packed and frozen over.

Out into the star-sprinkled, translucent night crept two muffled little figures; hilarious shouts of laughter from the charmed circle around the bonfire found no responsive echo in the hearts of the little figures; even the merry tinkle of dance music from the ballroom of the Big House went unnoticed. No peeping through French windows this Christmas Eve night—there was work to do.

The lonely little figures turned their faces toward town—shivering and fearful; seeing "hants" in every snowdrift and white mantled bush, hearing "ghosts" in each familiar nocturnal sound. Somehow, they passed the graveyard safely, only to hide in a blue hollow of the road as a horse and rider galloped past.

After years of walking, they reached the outskirts of the town, found Main street and began to proceed more confidently.

"Now lissen, Pearlilu," cautioned one bundled figure, "you be real keerful. Walk right by dem trashy babies twell you gits ter where de quality rests. 'N be sho' 'n git one wid real hair 'n sleepy-time eyes whilst you is gittin'."

"I is—but I sho' is skeered, Annalily. Whut ef—ef Marse Tom Jackson cotch me—"

"CHRIS'MUS GIF MASTER"

"Doan' you fret—he ain'. Here us is—walk spry now."

For a moment, two sooty faces were pressed close to a brightly-lighted window. A common ecstatic sigh and—

"Hit looks jes' lak' Hebben wid de Angels layn' roun'."

Then two figures entered the shop door; one slowly wormed her way to the rear, almost lost in the crowded room, while the other halted near the door. Catching sight of a towering figure of a man, she exclaimed ingratiatingly:

"Howdy, Marse Tom! Ain' you gwin' ter de dance? Mis' Catherine look moughty sweet tonight."

"You little black devil! Who brought you to town? Mr. George?—"

"Mr. Jackson"—an irate clerk marched through the crowd, clearing a path through which he dragged a shrinking, ashy-faced Pearlilu—yet a Pearlilu who hugged a blue-eyed, yellow-haired beauty to her gingham breast—"another one of these niggers caught stealing. Little or big, they are all alike."

The big man looked at Annalily hastily—her head was hung in shame; he whispered to the angry clerk, who took the doll, loosened his grip on the child, and vanished muttering.

"You thieving little imps of Satan," roared the big man to the cringing culprits, "the sheriff'll be here in just about two minutes to take you to jail. Won't you have a nice time eating bread and water tomorrow, while everybody else is eating turkey. But before he comes I'm going to whip the thieving black hide just about off of you-all."

Pearlilu cried softly; Annalily tried to dig her toe through the wooden floor—then, looking up suddenly, caught a glimpse of the man's face. She instantly straightened, cast a triumphant look at her weeping conspirator, and, stretching out her arms, shouted:

"Chris'mus gif", Marse Tom, Chris'mus gif'."

Enchantment of Distance

"Don't take all day, Mirandy," called Mrs. Dixon from her sitting room. "Remember the guests are to arrive at four, and you haven't even finished the dinner dishes. What have you been doing? Talking to Jerry again I suppose. I want you to understand that my kitchen is to work in and not to be used for entertaining your numerous beaux!"

"Yas'um, yas'um, Mis' Dixon, I'se hurrin'. I'se jes had more n' usual to do. Yas'um, I'll be thru' right now pretty soon. Lawd a massy, no—I ain't been a-talkin' to Jerry. You know, Mis' Dixon, I jus' b'lieve that nigger is mad with me 'bout sumthin'. It's been—"

"All right, Mirandy, I'm not particularly interested in yours and Jerry's affairs. What I want is this work finished, and you better not take long to do it."

"Yas'um, I'se almost through Mis' Dixon. Jes' a few more things to wash, but I sho would like to know what's happened to Jerry. I know I didn't treat him cold the las' time he cum 'round—"

And Mirandy continued to talk, but it was to herself, for Mrs. Dixon went about her household duties without waiting to hear the distressing experience of her cook.

Mirandy took no offense, however, at Mrs. Dixon's breach of etiquette. In fact, an audience was not at all necessary for Mirandy's overflow of language. She increased her speed during the time that Mrs. Dixon was talking to her, but she soon resumed her care-free attitude, being more engrossed in her one-sided conversation than she was in her work. The topic changed, however, and for the time being, she forgot about Jerry.

"Dese white folks sho' am a lot of trouble. I wonder how come they visit Mis' Dixon so often; she mus' be a powerful good entertainer. 'Pears to me dey cum here every week. An' sech dresses as dem people do wear! Lawsy me, I ain't never seen sich finery as dey strut around here in. An' close sho' do help people's looks, too. Dat ole Mis' Stevens next do' is as ugly as any white 'oman I'se ever seen, but when she cums over here to dese society meetin's she looks lak some young gal. I tell you, close sho' do make a difference. An' den to think dat while dey'se a struttin' around with dey noses in de air, a jabberin' an a drinkin' tea, I'se back here in de kitchen black and dirty a gittin' de 'freshments

ENCHANTMENT OF DISTANCE

ready fer 'em. We cullud folks sho' do has a time."

Then Mirandy's thoughts turned again to Jerry.

"Po' ole Jerry—he's got jes' as hard a time as I got. Guess he gets tired a waitin' on de people at de hotel an' allers stayin' black an' dirty. Maybe he's been so busy is why he ain't been across to see me lately."

So here Mirandy had a most unusual thought. In fact, it was so unusual and so fascinating that she put down all of her work to just think.

"Close do help folks' looks a lot—lemme see—I b'lieve I could look as good as any nigger in dis town if I jes tried to dress up once. An' I can dress up, too, if I jes took the time—"

"Mirandy! Aren't you through in the kitchen yet?" called Mrs. Dixon. "I hope I won't have to speak to you again."

"Yas'um, yas'um, Mis' Dixon, I'se finishing up right now, I'll be thru in jes a minute."

Mirandy finally finished the tasks in the kitchen and put everything in readiness for the guests. In the meantime, however, she had not only decided to dress up for a while, but had thought over her wardrobe and knew exactly what she was going to put on.

"Dere's dem pink stockin's what Mis' Brown gimme, an' dem high heel satin slippers dat Mis' Dixon said I could have an' Lawsy, won't they go good wid dat green and yaller dress I's had so long?"

Just here Mirandy started for the servant's house to see that nothing had happened to these articles of clothing. After searching a few moments she collected everything and started her new task very rapidly. She knew she would never have a better opportunity than while Mrs. Dixon was entertaining her guests, and for that reason she hurried as rapidly as she could in order to have a longer time in which to enjoy the privilege of being a dressed up lady.

Soon she was adorned in full outfit, to which she added as a finishing touch, a large red sash. To her hair was applied a liquid that helped to give a straight bobbed effect. Then a heavy coat of white face powder and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles finished her tasks. Even though the spectacles interfered a great deal with her vision, Mirandy was sure that they gave to her a decided distinguished appear-

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ance. She looked at herself again and again in her small mirror, each glance being filled with admiration. Oh, if Jerry could see her now!

Then she thought: "Jerry a janitor—does dat nigger think he's fit for me? Not him! If I wuz to see dat man now I wouldn't even look in his direction. He ain't never been dressed up his life—ole dirty overalls ' all he knows!"

Mirandy stepped out of the servant's house with the air of a queen. Very stately she walked around to a little side porch, and leisurely sat down in a rocker. Occasionally she slowly turned her head to gaze idly at the passers-by on the street, but most of her time was spent in admiring herself by means of a small hand mirror. Time and time again she powdered her nose, not because the powder failed to stick, but because of the opportunity it afforded for looking at herself.

Suddenly she put down her mirror and sat motionless, staring across the street. There, walking slowly down the sidewalk, was a most attractive colored man, carrying with him the decided air of a gentleman. Of course Mirandy had seen handsome men before, but this one was unusual, for he was staring at her intently. Never before had she attracted the attention of such a well-dressed man! Now she was convinced that her appearance was most pleasing. She was rather disappointed when she saw him turn the corner and entirely disappear, but when he immediately reappeared she was supremely happy.

Soon the young man began to engage in little acts of flirtation to be sure he had Mirandy's attention.

"Now ain't he 'dorable?" thought Mirandy. "I ain't never seen such a high brow cullud man before. An' he can tell I'se more n' jes ordinary, too. Guess he's some up-to-date nigger waitin' over between trains—an' he ought to have some good company, too, while he's waitin', but how is I gwine to meet him?"

Finally she decided to wander out in the yard, toward the fence; maybe he would take advantage of that and come over to meet her. Quickly she re-powdered her nose, adjusted her spectacles, and started very serenely down the steps. But lo! at the top step her foot slipped, and with a jar she hit the brick walk.

At first she imagined herself severely hurt, but after a

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moment she collected her thoughts and decided it might be to her advantage to lie still and wait a while; so she closed her eyes and waited. Sure enough, she soon heard rapid footsteps approaching, and her heart began beating wildly. Her chance had come at last!

She felt some one touch her, and a strangely familiar voice asked excitedly, "Is you hurt?" She opened her eyes. It was Jerry.

Eppie Roberson.

Note: The Valdosta Street Railway discontinued service during the Christmas holidays.

Hesterday

“Now isn’t this a pretty thing
To ride upon to town?
It’s just so old, I do believe
The whole thing’s fallin’ down.”

“Valdosta ought to be ashamed,”
The other girl replied.
“I’ve never seen such bum affairs—
I’d rather walk than ride.”

Today

“How far do people say it is?
My corn is getting sore;
They need not tell me it’s a mile—
It’s two, I know, and more.”

“Won’t someone pick us up, you s’pose?
Such luck I’ve never had!
How could they take the cars away?
They really weren’t so bad.”

Eppie Roberson.

The Mood and the Author

At least ninety-nine per cent. of the people of the earth today, even of those who consider themselves and are considered by others the most intellectual, do not accord to literature that courtesy which they extend readily enough to shoes. One does not consider his neighbor well-dressed because he wears oxfords rather than dancing pumps on a tramp—that is too elemental in the science of dress. It is only when the opposite occurs and the dancing pumps are worn for long distance walking that any comment is made, so established is the fitness of certain styles for certain occasions.

This sense of the fitness of things does not extend into the field of literature. Small indeed is that fortunate minority which has learned that literature, like shoes, has certain styles for certain occasions.

There is no better single example of the fitness of the author for the mood than Wordsworth. In fact, to such an extent is this true in his case that, by many who really love and appreciate good literature, the works of Wordsworth, which are of the best, are unappreciated simply because they have never been read at the right place and in the right mood.

But why should the work of Wordsworth be less appreciated than those of Shakespeare, Tennyson, Browning and others of the great writers? Are they not authors for a mood also, or are their works a kind of old ladies' comfort which may be used on any occasion because they really fit none?

There are two fundamental differences in the works of Wordsworth and of the other artists who were mentioned which together account for the difference in appreciation of their respective works.

First is the fact that Shakespeare, Tennyson and Browning are artists of many moods while Wordsworth is essentially the artist of a single mood.

He who goes to Shakespeare in a mood of deep thoughtfulness and contemplation, and he who goes in a mood of light-hearted indifference may equally find in the same short passage the spirit for which he seeks. He who goes to Tennyson in a mood of distress and doubt, and he who goes with his being filled with peace and trust may both

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find pleasure. He who goes to Browning in a mood of questioning of life, its meaning and its final destiny, and he who goes with a quiet faith in life as it is and in its ultimate good, together find something which accords with and enriches his mood.

In the second place, the single mood which Wordsworth interprets is a mood which does not harmonize with the swiftly-lived life of today. The rapidity of events and the number of demands upon one's time, prevent that spirit of quiet and of solitude which is the essential element in the enjoyment of Wordsworth's poems.

When his mood is one of nervous activity and his thoughts are far away in the hurry and bustle of the throng, no one reads with pleasure such lines as these from "The Daffodils":

"Oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils."

Nor does he really enjoy such sentiments as this from "Lines composed above Lintern Abbey":

"For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

He cannot really enjoy these opening lines from the "Prelude":

Eleven

THE MOOD OF THE AUTHOR

“Oh there is a blessing in this gentle breeze,
A visitant that while it fans my cheek
Doth seem half-conscious of the joy it brings
From the green fields, and from yon azure sky.”

To enjoy these poems, and others like them, it is not enough to go apart from the crowd in body. It is necessary that one's thoughts should be solitary, that one should feel the greatness of Nature and of Life, and that the calmness that comes with solitude of body and of spirit should be his. It is only in this mood that the works of Wordsworth become, no longer an odd shoe which is of no value to anyone, but a thing of beauty and pleasure to him who has learned that literature, like shoes, has certain styles for certain occasions.

Martha Youngblood.

Who knows!

Over the hill a bluebird may be singing,
A song from the heart, true happiness bringing,
Who knows!

Over the hill the sun may shine brighter,
Clouds disappear, hearts grow lighter,
Who knows!

Over the hill roses may be growing
Flawless, thornless, not of man's sowing,
Who knows!

Over the hill—ah, the sweet mystery—
Of what lies beyond, that we cannot see!—
Of what lies beyond, which can only be
Forever to us, mystery.
Who knows!

Mary Sapp.

— EDITORIAL —

In our twentieth century feeling of superiority toward other ages, who are prone to belittle the customs and traditions which broadened and enriched the life of bygone days.

Of the many functions of education, not the least important is that of implanting in the individuals of today an appreciation of those of the ancient customs and traditions which, meaning so much to past generations, may also mean much to present and future generations.

Some of the most worthwhile of the ancient customs center about Christmas. In the Christmas spirit of Old England, in its rustic, sometimes boisterous, always whole-souled, merrymaking, in its deeply sincere religious spirit, there is much which may be of use in giving to the present generation a broader, fuller conception of the true spirit of Christmas.

Just such a revival of the customs of the past this college has in its Christmas Festival. On the night before the students leave the college for the Christmas holidays, the entire student body and faculty celebrate the coming of the Christmas season as did our ancestors in the Merrie Eng-lande of days long past. For one night they forget that they belong to a sophisticated modern age in which Christmas has lost so much of its former meaning, and enter again into the spirit of those Christmases of long ago.

From the very beginning of the festivities, the bringing in of the Yule log, this spirit begins to be felt and it continues to hold sway throughout the evening while carols are sung, plays, simple and crude as were those of our fathers, are presented by bands of strolling players, and rustic rev-

THE OPEN WINDOW

ellers entertain the lords and ladies of the feast with their dances.

And who among all the assembled company thinks of modern music when he hears the carols of his fathers; who remembers that the plays presented for his entertainment are old and crude, with almost no plot or action; who regrets that the dances are rustic and unfamiliar in modern parlors; who would prefer turkey to that delicacy of our fathers, the boar's head? No one, indeed, who feels that purpose and spirit of the festival, the spirit of the Christmases of former days.

From the rude, vociferous beginning, the festivities increase in seriousness and dignity as they progress, and as the evening grows late the rollicking dances of the rustics are replaced by the stately minuet of courtly lords and ladies, and the merry song of those who bore the yule log to the firing is replaced by the more seriously joyous "Silent Night, Holy Night."

As the last note of this beautiful carol dies away and the bright glow of electric lights effaces the candle glow, the assembled company comes back suddenly to the twentieth century,—not exactly as they were when they left it, however, for they bring back with them a greater respect and admiration for the customs and traditions of the past, and a fuller, bigger meaning of the Christmas of today.

In this unique and remarkably spontaneous festival, the College has developed a thing of beauty and soultouching charm that is possibly of as much cultural value as anything it has done for its students. Surely no one who has once experienced its rich and joyous thrill can ever be quite content again with the crass commonplaces of so much that is called Christmas.

SOCIETY NEWS

SORORIAN SOCIETY

The Sororian Literary Society held its regular program meeting on Saturday, Dec. 13. The program rendered was a humorous Christmas play which was truly in keeping with the exuberant Christmas spirit. The audience showed their appreciation by their continuous outbursts of laughter and liberal applause. The cast of the play was as follows:

King Comfort.....	Margaret LaFar
Queen Comfort.....	Mary Cubbedge
Princess Gwendolyn.....	Ursula Miller
Prince Andre.....	Martha Youngblood
King Borumph.....	Sarah Arnold
Chief Lord to King Comfort.....	Frankie Hartsfield
Pages.....	Sara Rees Strong and Dorothy Glascock

After the play, an informal social hour was enjoyed, during which refreshments, consisting of hot chocolate and cookies, were served. The meeting adjourned, leaving true Christmas gayety and good-will in the heart of every girl.

ARGONIAN NEWS

The two programs of the regular program meetings of the Argonian Literary Society for the last month were especially interesting to the members of the society. The program for November 29th was as follows:

1. Discussion of Joel Chandler Harris
Miss Eppie Roberson.
2. Interpretation of Joel Chandler Harris' Dialect Story
Miss Frances Myrick.
3. Selection of Southern Songs.
Misses Olive Rogers, Minnie Gruber, Verna Scarborough,
Erma Barco, Louise Bunn.
4. Selections from Joel Chandler Harris' Poems.
Miss Frances Thomas.

The Christmas program was as follows:

1. "Christmas Night in the Quarters"---Miss Grace Smith
2. "Little Town of Bethlehem"-----Society Chorus
3. Discussion of Papini's Life of Christ-----Miss Gilmer
4. "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear"-----Society Chorus
5. "The Nativity" as taken from Papini's "Life of Christ"
Miss Frances Thomas.
6. "Holy Night, Silent Night"-----Society Chorus

Y. W. C. A.

The Sunday night before we went home for the Christmas holidays, the Y. W. C. A. gave their annual Christmas pageant, which was characterized by a solemn and impressive beauty. At the close of the pageant, the White Gift Service was held, and the girls entered into this with the Christmas spirit.

Miss Gilmer, who took an extensive trip through Europe this past summer, very kindly consented to give a stereopticon lecture on her travels, the proceeds going to the Y. W. C. A. The pictures and the talk proved of much interest and all of us who attended derived much benefit from the lecture.

The cabinet and the organization have been much honored in having their president, Miss Verna Scarborough, elected as a member of the Executive Committee of the Council of the Student Volunteer Movement, which recently met in New York City. Miss Scarborough attended this meeting and reports a most successful one.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Through one of our new freshmen, we have at last succeeded in getting recent news from Ruth Chapman of the '18 class. She is in a seminary in Louisville, Kentucky, studying to be a foreign missionary.

Effie Patten of the '17 class is teaching the fifth grade in the Miami Beach School, Miami, Florida. Address her 134 N. E. Fifth street.

Mrs. Lawson Patten, Clyde Purcell, of Milltown, Georgia, was a recent visitor at the college.

A letter has just come to us from Stella Mathis of the '18 class, who is teaching in the University of Porto Rico, Rio Piedras, Porto Rico. She says in part, "My thoughts will be with you tomorrow—as they always are—and I will be wishing for you the best and happiest Thanksgiving Day you have ever had."

From Sadie Culbreth, who is teaching at Raeford, North Carolina, comes a letter inclosing alumnae dues and "seventy-five cents for the Pine Branch. Kindly hand it to the proper person with the request that the very first number be sent, as I don't want to miss a thing! I still like North Carolina very much, but my thoughts still wander to Georgia, especially to Valdosta and G. S. W. C. or, better to me, S. G. S. N. C.," she says.

Lena May of the '19 class was a recent visitor at the college. She is teaching in the public schools of Valdosta.

Last May there came into our alumnae household a new brother-in-law that we are only now learning about. Mildred Liggett of the class of '21 is now Mrs. Pat Brannon of Darien, Georgia.

Anna Rizer of the class of '21 is teaching in the schools of Lenox, Georgia.

Another bride of the summer is our Vada Fain of the '22 class. She is now Mrs. Homer Edenfield of Darien, Georgia. The wedding occurred in August, 1924.

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Thelma O'Quinn of the class of '23 was a recent visitor at the college.

Mrs. William Holder, Mary Pearl Patterson, of the class of '23 is now living in Valdosta. She was a recent visitor at the college.

Lillian Etheridge of the '20 class is teaching the first grade in the schools of Milltown, Georgia.

Ila Watts of the '24 class is doing seventh and eighth grade work in the schools of Jennings, Florida.

LOCALS

BASKET BALL GAME

Great was the excitement when the Phi Lambda team met the Phi Kappa team on the basket ball court one afternoon early in December. At the end of the first half Phi Lambda was in the lead, but in the second half the tide turned and at the end of the game the score stood 12-18 in favor of Phi Kappa. Both teams showed practice and played the game well. Members of the Phi Lambda team were as follows: N. Alexander, S. Hall, T. Humphrey, K. Herrin and F. Myrick. Those playing on the Phi Kappa team were: S. Manderville, A. J. Ellis, F. Faries, L. Ackridge, M. Wiseman.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL

The Christmas Festival was unusually pretty this year—in decorations, costumes and dances. A new feature—that of bringing in the Yule log—was introduced and proved to be quite attractive. The dances were well-rendered and the costumes unusually effective. The occasion was marked by the beautiful Christmas spirit which prevailed.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

The Christmas holidays—looked forward to from the day we said good-bye to home-folks in September—came at last. The girls, glad to take a rest from the class-room, left for their homes as soon as possible after the Festival; others left Saturday morning, and most of them were either home, or well on their way, by noon. Those remaining at the college for the holidays were: Misses Hopper and Campbell, and Misses Bertha and Annie Maude Ferrell, all of whom report a good time.

JOKES

Hasn't Hydrogen Density?

Miss Groover (after study of hydrogen in chemistry):
"What substance has the lowest density that you are acquainted with?"

Inez W.: H_2O is the least dense substance that I'm acquainted with; alcohol and ether are lighter, but I'm not acquainted with them."

Just His Luck.

Mother: "You ought to be ashamed to be at the foot of your class."

Willie: "But it ain't my fault, ma. The feller that's usually at the foot is in bed with measles."—Exchange.

Did She Live?

Juanita: "What would you do if you were in my shoes?"

Florence B.: "Get a pair about four sizes smaller."

Dramatization.

Miss Craig: "What is density?"

F. B.: "I can't define it, but I can illustrate it."

—Thought—"The illustration is good; sit down."

Need of Quarantine.

Phone: "Frances is sick and cannot attend class meeting today. She requested me to notify you."

Freshman Class President: "All right, who is this speaking?"

Phone: "This is my sister."

Help!

Lois A.: "Oh-h-h! I'm dying!"

Alice W.: "Can I help you?"

JOKES

In Tune.

Visitor: "Do you sing in the Glee Club?"

M. Seals: "Yes."

Visitor: "What do you sing?"

M. Seals: "Whatever the rest sing."

Put to Good Use.

Nadine H. (Sunday afternoon): "I put my last dime in the complexion plate this morning."

Perhaps She Lived in Central Time.

Francis M.: "Hester, what time is it in here?"

Good Remembrance.

Hester: "Mary Kate, what is that quotation from Hamlet about 'Humor is brief?'"

M. K.: "Do you mean 'Brevity is the soul of wit?'"

Champion Player.

Nettie Reid: "Oh yes, I know all about football. I used to have a friend who played on a college team."

Alice C.: "What position did he play?"

Nettie R.: "I don't know exactly, but it was either touch-down or punt."

IT IS TIME

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FEBRUARY 20

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and

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“BEAU BRUMMEL”

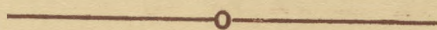
“CAT AND CANARY”

“BLOSSOM TIME”

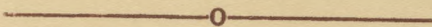
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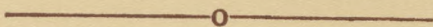


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