

# THE PINE BRANCH

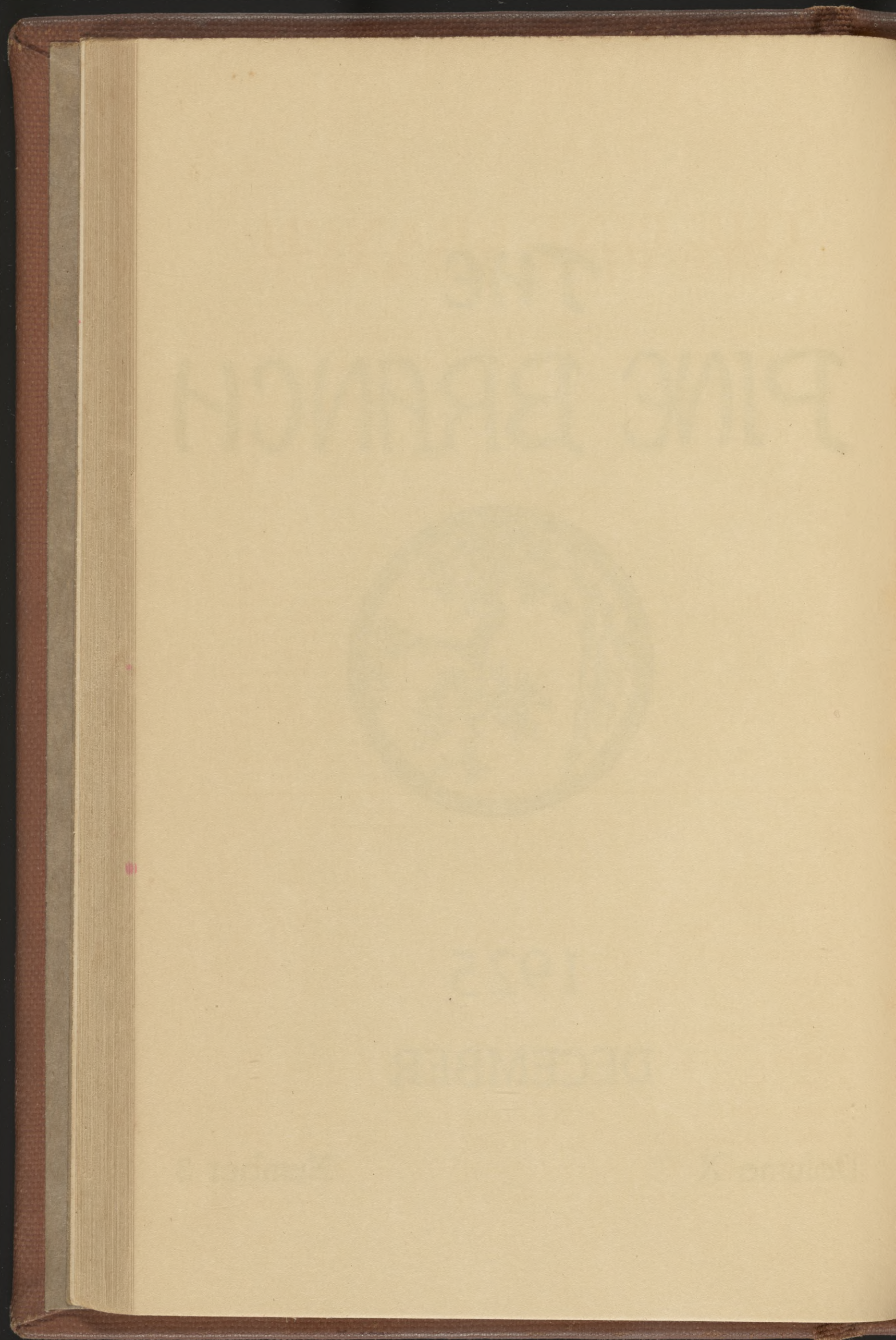


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# THE PINE BRANCH

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NO. 3

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## CONTENTS

Before Christmas .....	5
The Christmas Stocking .....	6
Thanksgiving Day .....	13
A Dream That Came True .....	14
Editorial .....	16
News of Former Faculty Members .....	17
Y. W. C. A. Notes .....	19
Alumnae .....	20
Athletic Notes .....	24
Society News .....	26
Locals .....	27
Jokes .....	28









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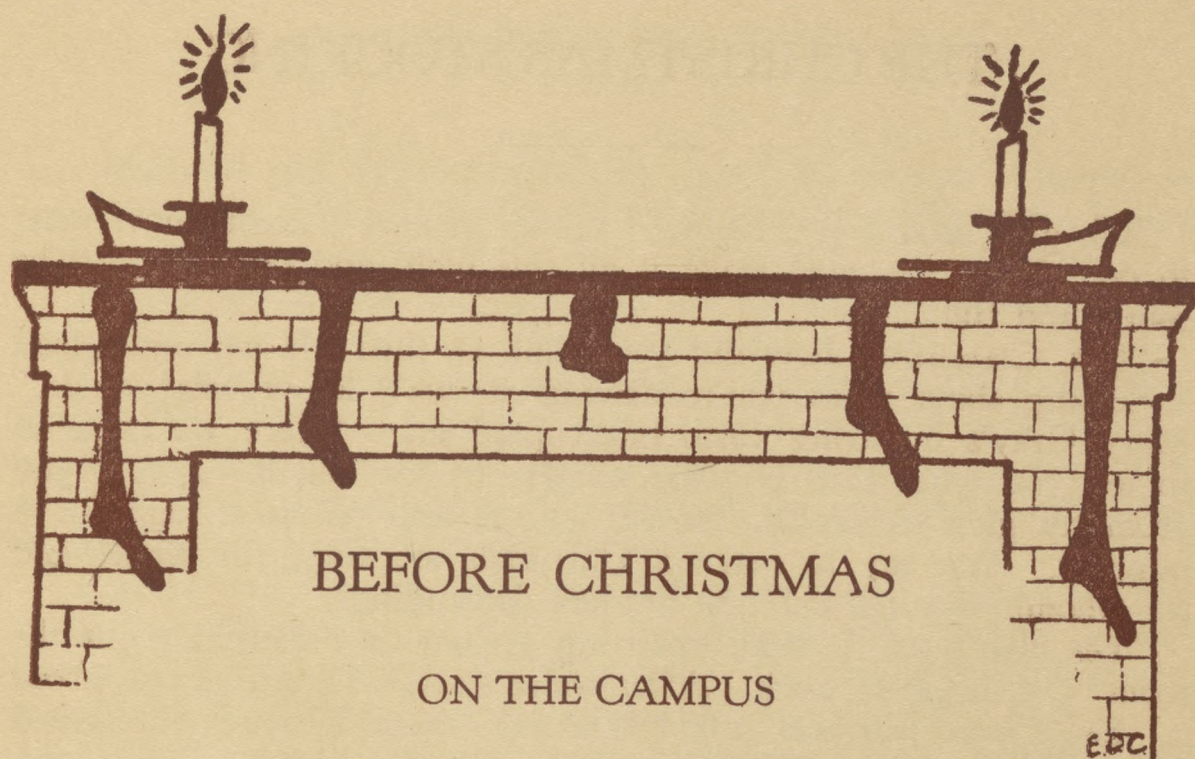
ALFRED POWELL

H.A.









The sun just set;  
A liquid golden glow suffusing Western skies without a cloud;

December—  
The sombre grace of dark green pines beyond the red tiles of a  
massive roof,  
And underneath the roof the first lights of evening through windows  
here and there glowing amber;  
Pines and house together silhouetted clear against the golden sky.

Silence—  
Then suddenly upon the still, calm Southern air  
Voices of young girls singing Gloria in Excelsis,  
The chorus sounding not as from the house,  
But in softened echo from the pines beyond,  
Diffused as if the skies themselves were vocal.  
A memory, how fair!

Contributed by a Member of the Faculty.



## THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

---

"Oh girls, aren't you happy! I'm so thrilled I don't know what to do. Here, we must make it all this high, and the toe must be round and full."

"But, Clarentine, how did you think of this? If we understood something about what you're driving at, we'd know what to do." Mary Gray's inquiring voice interrupted me. "Here we come in to tell you what Dad is going to give us for Christmas, and you promptly give us needle, thread, scissors and colors enough for a rainbow. You say to make a Christmas stocking; for what? and for whom? pray tell us!" she finished demandingly.

"Yes, that's it!" I cried, upsetting a chair as I danced about the room. "Let's get to work. After we've started I'll tell you all about it. See, I want this heel to be bright red—there, I have it all worked out on this envelope. Then the toe I want to be brighter still, with a huge silver buckle here at the instep. And up here on the leg, just dashes of every color—orange, green, blue, silver, purple, and gray. Then at the top another band of red, bound in this red snow tinsel. Here and there, after it's finished, we'll pin a shining star. Now, honest injun, don't you think that will be beautiful?"

The girls who had accidentally come in and found me hilarious over a three foot high Christmas stocking were my special friends, and knew me well enough to trust that I wasn't crazy. So, after I'd cut the various pieces they earnestly fell to work. And after I'd seen them comfortably seated and busy, so very busy on my "heart's desire," I took my needle and bit of heel, perched myself on the table and began my story:

"You see, it's this way—anyone can tell that my purse is not well up to par by looking at me; and the other day I was returning from my second dozenth look at that adorable gift book, feeling anything but blessed—you know how the verse goes,—'it's more blessed to give than receive'—when someone told me the Dean of Women wanted to see me in her office. Sara dear, here's the piece that goes there; this bright red will liven up that russet brown considerably."

"For Heavens sake, go on!" exclaimed Madeline, shaking her head and flashing darts from her serene blue eyes. "Can't you trust us to stick these rags together? Who couldn't make a grandma's patch work quilt!" she ended, sarcastically.

"Very well," I continued, squinching one eye as I threaded my needle. "I went to the dean's office in a rather 'at sea' frame of mind, for you never can tell what thoughts are harbored behind



## THE PINE BRANCH

that forehead and those unspeakable eyes. But I was anchored at once when she asked if I'd like to make some one very, very happy with a Christmas present."

"I know you would, for your eyes tell me so," she continued, not giving me time to answer. "This is my plan":

"Don't forget to bind that toe firmly to the sole of the foot, Mary Gray. The choicest gifts are done in the smallest package, you know, and they'll be packed snug away in that self-same toe. We couldn't afford to lose them," I continued, for my eyes watched the stocking as my heart followed the story.

"I guess you'd heard that Miss Hitchcock's had to give up her position on account of a nervous breakdown, and is now in the hospital," went on the dean. "You know she has been an esteemed member of the faculty here for some score years, perhaps, and—"

"I say it must be scores!" laughed Birdie. "Isn't that the very same Miss Hitchcock whom Mary Lee Cranford used to come home raving about?"

"It is," declared Mary Gray, her mouth opened wide and her needle suspended above her head. "And this is Mary Lee's ninth year teaching!"

"A nervous breakdown!" chimed Sara. "Goodness, no wonder," and as girls will do, oft times at the wrong moment, they all laughed.

"Well, at any rate, you needn't make fun of it. Miss Graham said she certainly did give loyal service while here those twenty years, and when she suggested that we send her this Christmas stocking, with a few little gifts to brighten up these long winter days, you can bet I was ready to shake her hand! You know how tired we get of school life at times, and I surely do think that any one who serves her state that long deserves a pension for life! To say nothing of a simple reminder of love at Christmas time," I retorted. "I'm sure if you had been here last year when so many of us were in the infirmary, and she brought us flowers and wrote such lovely notes to us, you'd be sewing your soul in that live gay calico, even as this thread entwines mine, instead of giggling like lunies." I then studied the pattern which lay on my lap, in an attempt to hide just how hurt I was at their unexpected response.

"Oh, Clarentine," they cried in a breath, "but we weren't really making fun, and truly, we are ever so glad we can help even a little bit!" And when I read the sincerity of those four pairs of eyes as I looked up to meet their appealing gaze, I knew the battle was won. In my mind's eye I already saw my stocking finished; for love and sympathy was now creeping from the hearts, trickling down



## THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

the fingers into the needles and was undoubtedly being woven into vivid colors as my friends now worked.

"You're the dearest friends ever!" I cried, as I reached down to squeeze Birdie's soft hair close to my flushed face, since she was conveniently sitting on a stool by the side of the table from which I had just finished my oration. And look, we are getting on splendidly. I believe we can finish in—but heavens, there's the dinner bell!"

"Let's see, today's the 12th," said Sara, studying the calendar. "We must have it finished and sent to her by—when?"

"Oh, I say, the night of the Christmas festival!" exclaimed Birdie as she joyously squeezed Mary Gay around the neck.

"Good! that's a grand idea," I assented. "She always enjoyed the festival more than any other of the college activities. Will you all help me again?"

But oh, how my heart laughed then. What a time I would have had keeping them away from my rooms. They, I am afraid, if such were possible, became more enthusiastic than I.

The news spread! Every one wanted to share in putting a bit of color into the stocking that would go as a gift to one whom I never dreamed was so popular.

At last it was finished, and Gifts! why they poured in from everywhere. The wind, or some little bird, had sown the good seed in some far away alumnae heart, still warm with love for their teacher, and each mail brought some token to find lodging between the knee and toe of this quaint creation.

The room could scarcely hold us on Wednesday evening of the 18th, as we gathered to pack the gifts in the stocking which was to leave on the tomorrow's mail. The air was so full of joy, no one could have entered without becoming fully saturated. Some tied packages; some cut bright ribbons, others packed the many little gifts in the stocking which was proudly perched on a stool in the middle of the room.

"Isn't this adorable! a dainty little broach," cried one, "and a warm scarf!" chimed in another. "An Irving Sketch book! look how beautifully bound, with her name engraved on the cover!" came from another opening a package which had just been delivered. And indeed, when the gay stocking had become a foot able to stand alone, I ventured to say, nothing a woman's heart could wish for was lacking. It either rested snugly in the warm red toe, bulged from the heel, or else proudly peeped over the top. Girls who had never known real joy hugged each other in sheer delight as we viewed the



## THE PINE BRANCH

work of our hands, and realized what it was all for.

The stocking went its way down town to the hospital, and exactly the hour at which the festival began, it was carried by specific orders into the room of the invalid. When we were about to leave the dining hall, at the close of the festival, and the dean rose and read this note to us, our hearts could scarce contain their joy. Almost every eye harbored a tear of unspeakable happiness born of real Christmas spirit:

"Girls," the dean began, "the writing is so cramped I can scarcely read it, but listen:

Festival Night  
In the Hospital.

Dear Wonderful People, Girls, All of You!

I can write only a few words, as I am so weak. I hope this reaches you ere the festival is over, and before you leave for your homes, for I want each of you to know TONIGHT that I love you for the gifts, spread here about me, for the very string that tied the bundle. But most of all, I love you for the LOVE that I saw bulging out that beautiful stocking and running over the top, before I had removed a single gift. It seemed to say, "I'm the heart of hundreds of people running over with, bulging out from, standing full of love for you. I must stop. This isn't half all I'd like to say, but I'm too weak to finish.

All good wishes for your happiness on this, my happiest Christmas, and with much love to my college and its wonderful girls, I remain,

Mary Elizabeth Hitchcock.



Time passed as it inevitably does. Winter had budded into spring a second time, and twice on the skirts of spring had come summer, followed by two bountiful harvests. And in what seemed but a fortnight I found myself amid the rush previous to Christmas holidays.

"Oh, there's Clarentine," came a familiar voice as I entered the library one day. "She's the girl."



## THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

"Sure," I called, "Is it me you want? Can I help you in any way?"

"Yes, you know the 'Pine Branch' material has to be down to Mr. Newton's before the first of December. I wonder if you could go with us to get some ads this afternoon?"

"Be delighted!" I declared. "Seems an age since I've been off the campus. It's more fun than a little to do that kind of work."

At three o'clock we set out. "Where shall we go first?" I inquired, as we neared the business section of town.

"Let's see who's on my list," replied my companion. "A Mr. Johnson comes first."

"Mr. Johnson? Why he's president of the cotton mills, and has given us an ad since the year one! I know we won't have any trouble there."

And sure enough he met us with his cheery smile and "What can I do for you today, young ladies?"

"What about a snappy ad for the Christmas number of the 'Pine Branch'?" I asked.

"Sure thing! It's always a pleasure to be of some help to you all," he declared, jovially. "Counting the days until Christmas and busy buying presents, I dare say," he continued, reaching for pen and pad.

I had opened my mouth to answer, when I saw the expression on his face change. He sat deep in thought for an instant, and I wondered why. Suddenly he faced us, "Girls," he began, "I have an idea, and I want some clever brains to help me put it over."

"What is it?" came from both of us, for we were all interest at once.

"You see, it's this way. I am fairly well off here in this town, and have an ample share of this world's goods. Now last Christmas after I had wrenched my back down at the mills and lay suffering in the hospital on Christmas Day, what do you suppose that Miss Hitchcock did? Oh, of course, neither of you know her. I beg your pardon. It was some years ago that she taught out at the college," he hastily added.

I started to say that I did know her, but did not have a chance, for he had arisen and disappeared into an adjoining room before the words fell from my lips.

When he returned, I almost screamed for joy, but instead I was quietly hearing him say, "Well this is what she did, sent me this beautiful, most beautiful stocking, filled with fruit and nuts, and then to finish the perfect picture a bunch of poinsettias peeped over



## THE PINE BRANCH

the top. "I'll never forget how it looked. The look in his eye and the tenderness with which he spread it out on the table vouched for the truth of the statement.

Through eyes dazed with tears I dared not shed, I bent over it. Oh what memories! But still I was hearing him say, "Now isn't that just like a pains-taking soul, to put all those bits of color together. To me it is a most artistic production. How much love and kindness those tiny stitches bespeak."

"It is rather odd," was the mild comment of my friend. She, oh, SHE did not know its brilliant history. Though I yet could not say anything; my heart was too full of that same joy of two Christmases ago, when I had happily planned every detail of that livid batch of colors lying there limp on the mahogany table!

"This is my plan," said Mr. Johnson, as he turned back the corners of the silver stars which seemed to smile at ME. "I was the happiest I have ever been when that bit of color came into my life, and I just want to pass it on."

"Have you girls time to listen now, or had I best wait until a later day?" he questioned, courteously.

"Man, if you only knew you wouldn't tarry to even ask that question!" cried my heart, though I merely managed to nod my head in reply.

"Just the other day it was my lot to see a little boy made a cripple for life while at work in the mill. He is now in the hospital, and I intend to see that he wants for nothing, and I'd thought of filling this same stocking and sending it to him. But you see, I don't know just what to get, and really haven't time now in the rush of the season," he continued, slowly and thoughtfully. "I was wondering if you'd help me select the gifts. Buy them say. Of course I'd pay for everything. Would you do that; select the things you know a boy's heart would crave; then fill this stocking and send it to him? Would you have time?"

"Time!" I cried, jumping up, "Why nothing would give me more pleasure!" and the face of my companion bespoke the same.

"Then I'll give it to you this afternoon!" he exclaimed, happily. "You girls can't be beat. I declare you're too fine." He was turning away to wrap it up, when suddenly he exclaimed, holding it close to the light, "See here, the heel is a bit worn out, and the toe is ripping loose. Don't you think a fresh, bright red patch would help that?"



## THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

Again on the eve of the eighteenth of December, I found myself in my own room. Around me sat numbers of girls wrapping packages, and as I replaced the old heel with a bright red one and retacked the love stumped toe, from my perch on the same table, I told the story of the stocking, which had made, and was still making, many hearts have the happiest Christmas ever.

Who knows where the stocking may be next Christmas??

Lucile McGregor.





# THANKSGIVING DAY

## AN IMAGE

Thanksgiving Day—  
Thanksgiving dinner in a college hall—  
Outdoors a lazy, sunny Southern afternoon,  
And through the open windows,  
The wild twitters of contented birds  
And the idle loll of lounging breezes—  
Within, decorations of many-colored autumn leaves.  
And sheaves of grain, and fruits and lazily drooping moss,  
Tables arranged in a wide rectangle,  
Seating happy girls by classes.  
Bountiful food; the merry hearted chatter  
Of friend with friend  
Where trifle matches trifle, and easy wit suffices,  
Since all love all and know each other's hearts.  
Happy doggerel songs sung jovially  
To current tunes, one by one class,  
One by another, extending each the other's excellencies.  
After the food and songs  
A simple allegory of the harvest moon  
Enacted by the younger girls,—  
Simple unpretentious and sincere,  
Full of joy and merry mimicry  
And finally a dance by older girls  
In the full bloom of youthful maidenhood,  
Beautiful girls dressed in simple draperies,  
Suggesting autumn colors and the harvest home,  
And bearing in their hands  
Rich clusters of luscious grapes  
Which trailed through their fingers  
And straggled daintily down slender wrists.  
Unstudied, graceful rhythms of limbs and bodies,  
Radiant of life, and health and youth and grace,  
And faces all aglow with joy and happiness.  
And when at last the dancing ceased in lovely rest—  
Why were tear drops gleaming in so many eyes?



## A DREAM THAT CAME TRUE

---

"Oh, what a dream! How could I think of such a thing?" Old Mrs. Gordon awoke with an angry start, "The very idea of me ever giving that lazy boy a pair of shoes, and worst of all me ever kissing him on that great big freckle on his nose. Oh, this is terrible! In the morning when he brings my wood I'll just scold him and box his jaws good."

The old lady turned over. She was very restless and could not sleep. She peered out of the window. The snow was on the ground and the yellow moon made dreary looking shadows, and long armed ghosts of the trees and the pines in the back yard were bare and shivered in the cold.

Suddenly the howling of a hound was heard in the distance and then the crowing of a cock and the refrain of the fowls in the yard.

"Oh would morning ever come. What is today and how? Let me see, why it is Christmas. Oh well, what did it matter? If Jimmie Green thought she had money enough—money?" How much money did she have?

Hastily the old lady got out of bed, lit her candle and soon made a smothering fire of old oak wood from the forrest. This done she went to the back of the chimney and brought out an old broken coffee pot.

"My, but it is heavy," smiled the miserly old soul and eagerly she counted it piece by piece.

"Nine hundred dollars," she finished at last." Now if I had twice that much I would buy Jimmie that pair of shoes, because I guess he does need them, but, as this is Christmas, looks as if his pa might buy him some."

She went about her morning task. She put some potatoes in the ashes to bake for dinner so that she wouldn't have to make a fire in the stove; she also set the coffee pot on some coals on the hearth. But she couldn't get away from her dream.

"Hump, looks as if Jim ain't going to bring any wood this morning. Guess he's a frolicking over at his house. My, but won't I box his ears."

There was a shuffling of feet; a knock at the door.

"This's a pretty time o'day for you to bring me wood," and as if by magic she glanced at his feet. His shoes were ripped at the toe and worn in the sole. He was indeed cold. "Where are your new shoes, Jim?"

"Well, you know, Miss Gordon, it's Christmas and Buddie is little and he needed shoes and things more 'an me, and Christmas



## THE PINE BRANCH

will mean so much more to him if he had some oranges and nuts an' all, so I told pa that I'd get mine by bringing in brush from the woods fer folks."

"Hump, so you did?" and then it happened. She went to the old pot behind the chimney and brought out five shiny coins.

"Here's you five dollars that you can have for Christmas to buy a pair of shoes, and remember now, it is for shoes; you need them."

"Oh thank ye, Miss Gordon, you know you ain't near so cruel as some folks make out that you are. Really, Miss Gordon, you are sure good to me."

Her heart overflowed with joy and suddenly she kissed him right on that great big freckle.

"Bless your heart, Jim, you'll make a man of yourself some day." But just as suddenly her heart was steel again. 'You ain't near as bad as some folks make out that you are'—So folks really thought she was mean and stingy, did they."

"Who said anything about me a being mean, Jimmy?"

"Well, I heard the young folks who was a-getting up a serenade for tonight say it warn't no use to go by that old miser's house for she wouldn't do anything but sic her old dog on 'em."

This brought back the memory of the good old days to Mrs. Gordon's mind. How well she remembered the Christmas when she had gone serenading, yes and she had had on the prettiest pair of copper-toed shoes . . . . Would she do it? . . . Did she dare? . . . . Yes she would.

"I'll tell you Jim, you tell them to go every where else and then wind up at my house about nine o'clock, will you, and tell them to sing 'Ben Bolt' and 'The First Noell,' 'Merry Gentlemen,' 'Annie Lawrie' and all the old songs. Will you Jim? And I'm sure they will be repaid, and so will I," she added hastily.

Eagerly she took out the old pot again and as eagerly she counted out fifty dollars. Her head was all awlirl with questions—What did young folks like? What could she fix in so short a time? How would she decorate her little parlor? What would she wear? and yes she must have a pair of new shoes herself.

All during the afternoon she worked merrily singing bits of Christmas carols and snatches of old love songs, and that evening about nine o'clock, when the band of young people had gathered around the big fire in Mrs. Gordon's parlor, she was as gay as any present. She had caught the spirit of Christmas and had won the hearts and admiration of this gay company which was never to be tied up in that old coffee pot behind the chimney.

LOUISE MILAM.



## EDITORIAL

As the Christmas season draws near once more, we pause to wonder if the Christmas spirit, like many other phases of our life, is also becoming commercialized.

If we notice only the busy throng of people hurrying in and out the shops with their lists of those to whom they must give gifts; or if we chance to pass down the crowded streets on our journey and read the Christmas window advertisements, we may truly believe that Christmas has now become merely a commercial scheme.

Yet anyone who should come into our College a few weeks before Christmas would see the joyous spirit already bubbling over among the girls.

At early dawn a girl jumps from her bed, hurries over to her calendar and marks off one more day. Yes, and her room-mate is awakened by the exclamation that its only sixteen more days till Christmas.

As the girls come from their classes we never fail to hear the remark—"Just five more biology lessons, three more history lessons—and then we go home for Christmas." Even at meal time we hear them counting the number of breakfasts or dinners that remain before Christmas. For Christmas begins with a college girl the minute she leaves for home. And the weeks of joyous anticipation of that glorious reunion of loved ones around the old family Christmas tree, makes home the most cherished of all places at Christmas time. The resounding notes of every carol practice tells us that Christmas is drawing nearer.

Then comes that glorious day, that day of rush and hurry, when every one is getting ready for the Christmas Festival. And when all is in readiness, we find ourselves, decked in old English costume, watching the country folks make merry, for the stately Lords and Ladies; then it is the boar's head reigns in silence for he has ushered in the glad joy of Christmas.

And when the last glad tidings has been sung and the graceful minuet performed, then each girl, full of the exuberant spirit of Christmas, goes to her room, locks her suit case and lies down to a restless night. And soon early dawn comes and finds her off for home and Christmas.

For what price could a Christmas spirit like this be sold?



## NEWS OF FORMER FACULTY MEMBERS

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What has become of the faculty of the past? These people must not slip away from us forever—yet some have—apparently; others keep in touch with us. Valdosta has a small group—

Miss Marie Green is Mrs. L. G. Youmans; Miss Mary Alice Jones is Mrs. Joe Wisenbaker; Miss Lula Mitchell is Mrs. Prince Noel; Miss Louise Farris is Mrs. Louis Shelton.

Others are scattered afar: Miss Stella Center is Head of the English Department in a high school in New York City; Miss Center has written three books. Miss Lillian Rule, another pioneer, is doing high school teaching in Knoxville, Tennessee, in order to be with her family. The first nature study teacher, Miss Alice Pritchard, is a primary supervisor in Providence, R. I. Miss Georgia Mae Barrett teaches psychology in the University of Indianapolis during the winter, and in the University of Virginia during the summer; at present, she is touring the Pacific coast.

It is always true that some member is studying, this time it is Miss Emily Goodlett. She will receive her M. A. degree from Columbia University in February, 1926. Dr. Fred Moss teaches psychology at Georgetown University. Miss Gladys Ousley is Mrs. "Dutch" Woodward, of New York City. In the same city we find Mrs. Charles Anhalt, who was our Miss Edith Pratz. Miss Gertrude Hollis is spending the winter with family at Forsyth, Georgia.

Mr. W. J. Bradley returned to his Alma Mater, Mercer University, as Dean of the School of Commerce. Mr. H. T. Shanks is studying at Chicago University. Miss Ida Groover sailed in November for Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, to teach science in a Baptist college.

Another member who is in Valdosta is Miss Orrie Belle Rogers, as Mrs. Richard Parrish. She is conducting the Valdosta Conservatory of Music. Miss Julia Robertson is teaching cooking at the A. & M. College, Stillwater, Oklahoma. Miss Mary Farris is dietitian for a hospital at Okmulgee, Oklahoma. Another who is in the West is Miss Sarah Hatcher, who is with the Teachers College of Commerce, Texas. In Memphis, Tenn., we find two: Miss Eloise Griffin, is Mrs. Luther Jones, and Miss Marjorie Abernathy is Mrs. Jack Belamy. Miss Janie Duggan is in the Department of Education of the Teachers College, of Denton, Texas. Miss Louise Mendleshon, as Mrs. David Howertz, is making her home in Nashville, Tenn., since the death of her husband in September. Miss Mary Ed McCoy is still farther to the west—Independence, Kansas, where she is Art Supervisor. Mr. H. D. Martin is preaching in Ft. Collins, Col. Miss Margaret Wray lives with her father at Byron, Illinois.



## NEWS OF FORMER FACULTY MEMBERS

Miss Nettie Wyser is spending the winter at her home in Dublin, Virginia. Mr. C. E. Poston has a studio at Nelson, Ohio.

Florida claims several of our group: Mrs. B. G. McGarrah is with the University, at Gainesville; Miss Margaret Taylor is with her family at Ocala. Miss Louise Milligan is Mrs. Dave Plowden, of Orlando. Miss Margery Moore is the wife of Rev. W. A. McAulley, of Greenville, S. C. Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Greene are doing school work at Blue Ridge, Ga. Miss Anne Redfearn is Mrs. Duncan McIntyre, of Marion, S. C. Near her, is Miss Annie Gassoway, as Mrs. James Latimer, of Orangeburg, S. C. Miss Myrla Morris is a critic teacher for the State Teachers College, of Greensboro, N. C. Mrs. S. D. Dallhouse lives in Atlanta. Miss Stella Mathis teaches Spanish in the city schools of Jacksonville, Florida. Miss Louise Johnson is teaching history in the Girls' High, Atlanta. Miss Margaret Strunk returned to her native state, and is at the Teachers College, Slippery Rock, Pa. Miss Elsie Horne is with her family at Plainfield, N. J. Miss Ida Pritchett is head of the music department in the State Teachers College, at Nacogdoches, Texas.

Miss Morgan Majett is Mrs. Dan Grant, of Chapel Hill, N. C. Miss Ada Rose Gallaher is with her parents at New Washington, Pa. We cannot tell you of others who have helped to build our college, for they are lost to us. Though it has been a long time since some left us, they are not forgotten, and we of the college would like to know of them.

J. M. C.





## Y. W. C. A. NOTES

One of the most interesting and helpful events of the year is the time at which Dr. W. A. Smart, professor of theology at Emory University, lectures to the student body on various religious questions and problems. This year he visited the college during the week of November the seventh to the fourteenth. Discussions were held each afternoon from five to six o'clock in which the girls had the privilege of hearing Dr. Smart's views concerning religious questions which they asked him.

Each evening, with the exception of the patriotic talk given on Armistice Day, he gave lectures containing inspirational thoughts which aided very much to broaden the religious views of the girls.

\* \* \*

On Saturday evening, November the seventh, the Y. W. C. A. had as a guest of the college, Miss Winnifred Wygal, a national Y. W. C. A. secretary, who is visiting various Southern schools. A very helpful talk on the relationship of local, national, and international problems was given by her to the cabinet members. Other phases of her talk were the significance of the national objective, and the purpose of this association.

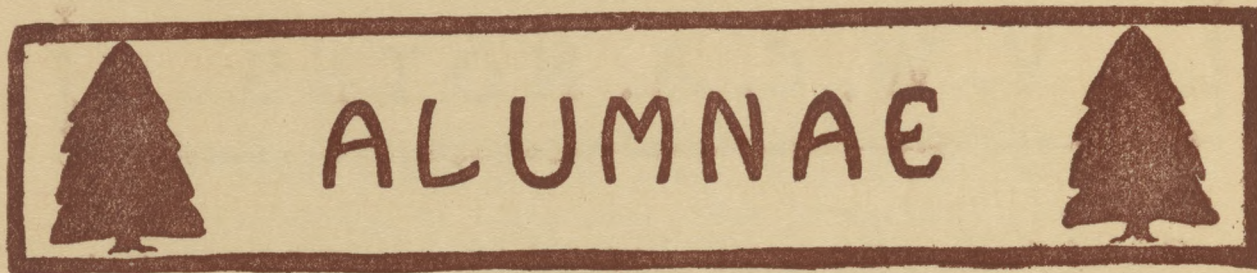
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On Monday evening, November the twenty-third, Miss Ruth Scrandatt, local Y. W. C. A. secretary, of Tallahassee, Florida, and who was a member of the American Student Friendship Pilgrimage, gave a very delightful talk to the members of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet on her association's pilgrimage to Europe during the past summer.

\* \* \*

A Japanese Bazaar was conducted by the Y. W. C. A. in Mrs. Whittington's store on Patterson street, on November the twenty-first, and twenty-fifth. It was an unusual collection of articles very suitable for gifts to friends and relatives.





# ALUMNAE

Another bride of the summer, whose name we are only now learning, was Lena Jenkins of the class of 1917. She is now Mrs. P. C. Branch, of Albany, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Minnie Ruth Brown, of the class of '19, is again teaching in the Junior High School at Miami, Florida. Augusta Brown, of the '20 class, is also teaching in that school. They may be addressed at 2712 N. E. Second Avenue.

\* \* \*

Mamie Carter, Mrs. David Howard, of the '19 class, is teaching Home Economics in the schools of Richland, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Ethel Ingram, Mrs. F. P. Williams, may now be found in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

\* \* \*

Bernice Rivers, of the '21 class, is teaching Home Economics in the Girls' High School, Atlanta, Georgia.

\* \* \*

C. B. Sharpe, of the '21 class, is spending the year at her home in Vidalia, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Mary Cobb, of the '22 class, is head of the department of English in Sanford, Florida.

\* \* \*

Inez Sharpe, of the '22 class, is teaching English and Latin at Uvalda, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Alene Alexander, Mrs. Clarence Gay, is teaching the fourth grade in the schools of Orlando, Florida, and may be found on Colonial Drive.

\* \* \*

Nana Alexander, A. B., 1925, is teaching mathematics in the Junior High School, Orlando, Florida. Address her, Robinson avenue, Orlando, Florida.



## THE PINE BRANCH

Iliene Adams, of the '23 class, is teaching the third grade in Orlando, Florida. She is located on Broadway Street.

\* \* \*

Ruth Carrin, A. B., 1925, is teaching science in the High School at Claxton, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Velna Cassels, of the '23 class, is teaching the eighth, ninth, and tenth grades at Cairo, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Lucy Fleming, of the '23 class, is again teaching in Taft, Florida, as principal of the school there.

\* \* \*

Elizabeth Funderburke, of the '23 class, is teaching in the primary department of the Orlando schools. She spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Valdosta, visiting the college before her return.

\* \* \*

May Gibson, of the '23 class, is again teaching in Paw Creek, North Carolina.

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

Edna Cockfield, of the '24 class, is teaching the second grade in Brunswick, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Kathleen Gibbs, of the '24 class, is spending the year at her home in Tifton, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Lemuel Jay, of the '24 class, is teaching in a school near Statesboro, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Gwendolyn Mills, of the '24 class, is teaching in the primary department of the schools of Man, West Virginia.

\* \* \*

Gertrude Sasser, of the '24 class, is doing primary work in the schools of Cairo, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Ila Watts, of the '24 class, is spending the year at her home at Lake Park, Georgia.



## ALUMNAE NOTES

Erma Barco, of the '25 class, is teaching the fifth grade in the schools of Kissimmee, Florida.

\* \* \*

Athena Church, of the '25 class, is teaching in the grades at Morgan, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Alice and Marie Clarke, of the '25 class, are teaching in the public schools of Miami, Florida.

\* \* \*

Frances Folsom, of the '25 class, is serving as secretary to the Superintendent of Schools, at Waycross, Georgia. She was a recent visitor at the college.

\* \* \*

Minnie Gruber, of the '25 class, is teaching the first grade at Rockingham, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Georgia Gibson, of the '25 class, is working in the office of the Kendall Mills Company, Paw Creek, North Carolina.

\* \* \*

Lucie Jackson, of the '25 class, is teaching the first grade in the Atlanta public schools. She may be found at 711 N. Peachtree street.

\* \* \*

Remer Jones, of the '25 class, is teaching physical education in the schools of Daytona, Florida. She spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Valdosta, and was a visitor at the college.

\* \* \*

Christine Markey, of the '25 class, was a recent visitor at the college. She is teaching the sixth and seventh grades in the schools of Rockingham, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Verdie Mills, of the class of '25, is teaching in the schools of Bartow, Florida.

\* \* \*

Martha Rountree, of the class of '25, is teaching the seventh grade in Stewart, Florida.

\* \* \*

Alice Westbrook, of the class of '25, is teaching in the Leon Junior High School, at Tallahassee, Florida.



## THE PINE BRANCH

Ruth Simmons, of the '25 class, is teaching in the primary department at Naylor, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Grace Smith, of the '25 class, is teaching the second grade in the Johnson Corner High School, at Lyons, Georgia.

\* \* \*

And we learn that there is another brother-in-law in our midst. This time it is Miriam Stokes, of the '25 class, who has ushered him in. Mrs. H. D. Williams is Miriam's new name, and 11 West Jones street, Savannah, Georgia, is her address.

\* \* \*

Ruth Watkins, of the '25 class, is pleasantly located as a teacher in the grades at Pavo, Georgia.





## ATHLETIC NOTES

The first clash between the basket ball teams of the Phi Kappa and the Phi Lambda Athletic Associations came on Thanksgiving Day. 9:30 a. m., found both teams on the field, eager to begin the fray. No less eager were the rooters on both sides of the field. The purple and white, and the red and white were in full attendance to support their teams with their yells and songs.

The game began with both sides out to win, but at the end of the first quarter, the score stood 6-1, in favor of the Lambdas. In the second quarter the Phi Kappa team showed their old fighting spirit, and did some of their best playing. The score 9-6 at the end of this quarter, was still in favor of the Phi Lambdas.

But it was in the last half of the game that the Phi Lambda team gave evidence of their superior playing. A total gain of twelve points was made in the third quarter, while the Kappas increased their score four points. In the last quarter the forwards, Hall and Stephens, of the Phi Lambda team, seemed to have had some difficulty in keeping the ball, out the goal, and because of this difficulty ten new points were added to the Lambdas' score, and two to the Kappas. When the final whistle blew, the score stood 31-12 in favor of the Phi Lambda team.

The line-up for the Phi Kappas was: r. f., Marion Wiseman; l. f., Sara Mandeville;; j. c., Mary Louise Maxwell; s. c., Ruth Donaldson; r. g., Martha Visser; l. g., Frances Fairies. That of the Phi Lambdas: r. f., Sara Hall; l. g., Hazel Stephens; j. c., Elizabeth McCree; s. c., Christine Harvey; r. g., Mary Lou Dewitt; l. g., Frances Myrick.

Substitutes: K. Myrick for F. Myrick; C. Hart for Visser; Bevis for Hart.

\* \* \*

On the same day the Argonauts and the Valkyries, the High School teams, battled for honor. This game was especially interesting on account of the close score all the way through. The score at the end of the first half was 10-9 in favor of the Argonauts.

Both sides did some good playing, but the pass work of the Valkyries in the second half was especially good. The final score of this game was 17-14 in favor of the Valkyries.

The line-up was: Argonauts, r. f., L. Forbes; l. f., C. Maloy; r. g., M. Ford; l. g., M. Powell; c., C. Brinson. Valkyries, r. f., G. Butler; l. f., M. E. Boyd; r. g., R. Norman; l. g., L. Bedell; c., E. Trowell.



## SOCIETY NEWS

The Literary Society programs for this year consist of a study of Art in its different phases—music, literature, dancing and expression. A beautiful spirit of cooperation is being shown between the Sororian and Argonian Literary Societies. As the various subjects are being studied by each society, there is an inter-change of programs at the following meetings.

On Saturday evening, December 12th, the Argonian and Sororian Literary Societies held a joint program meeting in the rotunda of Ashley Hall. The meeting was presided over by Miss Emma Moore, President of the Argonian Literary Society, and Miss Mary Alice Sineath, President of the Sororian Literary Society. A most delightful program was given. The subject being the study of Italian Art, which was truly in keeping with the Christmas season that is drawing near. A beautiful and impressive pageant—"The Madonna of the Choir"—was artistically presented. The cast of characters was as follows: Madonna, Miss Louise O'Quinn; Artist, Miss Frances Myrick.

An interesting talk was made by Miss Lucile Nix, on "Characteristics of An Italian Christmas."

After the program the societies joined in singing Christmas carols. The meeting adjourned, leaving a Christmas spirit in the heart of every girl.

SHIRLEY GASKINS.



## LOCALS

An enjoyable event of the past month was the Thanksgiving dinner and program in Ashley Hall. The play, "The Festival of the Harvest Moon," was artistically presented by the English and Physical Education departments of the High School.

The Lowndes County Club held its regular meeting at the "House in the Woods" on Thursday, November 5. After luncheon, the business meeting was held, during which the constitution was read to the new members and plans were made for the remainder of the year. Miss Mamie Jakes and Mr. J. W. Patton were guests of the club on this occasion.

The second of a series of faculty recitals was given by Miss Elizabeth Walker and Miss Louise Sawyer in the Woman's Building Friday, November 20.

The following program was delightfully rendered:

"On the Lagoon," Buzzi Peccia; "If My Song Had Wings for Flying," Hahn; "When Love Is Kind," old English air—Miss Walker.

"Suppressed Desires," Susan Glaspel (a one-act play)—Miss Sawyer.

Arabian Song Cycle, Spross; "Desert Love Song," "When Tired Caravans Are Resting," "I Have Hung My Tent in Crimson," "Fulfillment"—Miss Walker.

"Da Besta Frand," Daly; "Nathan's Flag," Cook; "England To America," Montague—Miss Sawyer.

"Je Suis Titania," from "Mignon," Thomas—Miss Walker.

Miss Sallie Pearl Smith, accompanist.

Members of the Legislature from Lowndes county and several members of the board of trustees were guests at a dinner on Tuesday, November 24, which was served by the home cooking and serving class, under the direction of Miss Catherine Abernathy, head of the Home Economics department. The Thanksgiving idea was carried out in the menu and table appointments. The guests were Dr. R. H. Powell, Hon. W. E. Thomas, chairman of the board of trustees; Mr. J. F. McCrackin, Mr. A. T. Woodward, of Valdosta, and Mr. Morton Turner, of Quitman, members of the board; State Senator P. T. Knight, of Ray City; Representatives W. H. Stanford and C. C. Dekle, of Valdosta.

The Thanksgiving holidays brought many delightful guests to the college, several members of the alumnae being among them.



# JOKES

Miss Jakes: "Give an example of a derived proteen."

Christine Harvey: "Whipped cream."

Miss Jakes: "Why?"

Christine Harvey: "It comes from milk."

\* \* \*

May Slott: "Chauncy was the first national poet, because he wrote with England in his heart."

\* \* \*

Mr. Patton: (after sociology class) "Miss Mandeville, may I hold you a minute?"

\* \* \*

Miss Walker: (in chorus) "All right now, sopranos, hold that high 'A' while I bring the altos in with the stick."

\* \* \*

Daisy Sims: (in history class) "Where did the Pilgrims settle?"

Training School pupil: "On Plymouth Rock."

\* \* \*

Miss Gilmer: "Take a look at your appendix, girls, and turn over."

\* \* \*

I wish I were an icicle,  
A hanging from the shack  
And when my rival chanced to pass  
I'd drop right down her back.

\* \* \*

The girl who thinks no man is good enough for her may often be right, but she's more often left.—Exchange.

\* \* \*

Inez Warlick: "Are you going out?"

Louise Sasser: "I can't make up my mind."

Inez: "Good gracious, do you make that up, too?"



## THE PINE BRANCH

Georgia Breen: "I hear you have a good ear for music."  
Ruth Youmans: "Yes? Never mind, keep on playing."

\* \* \*

Don't you feel like a fool when you propose to a girl and she says 'no'?"

"Yes, but I feel more like one when she says 'yes'."—Exchange.





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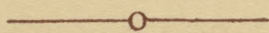
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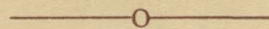
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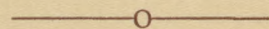
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