

THE
PINE BRANCH

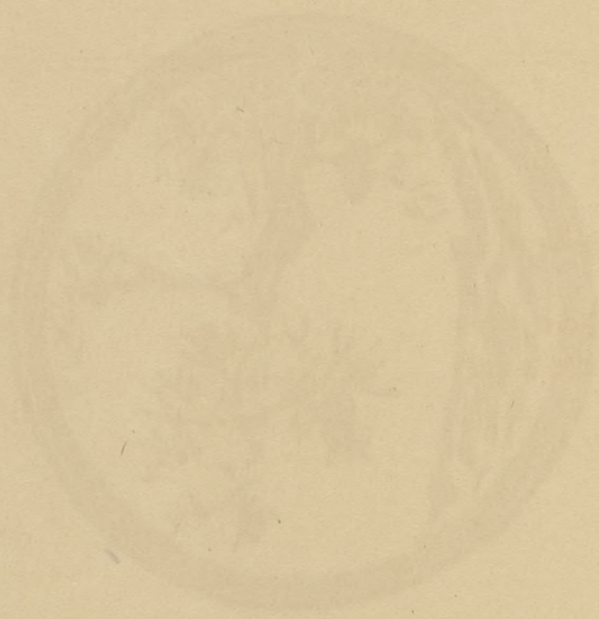


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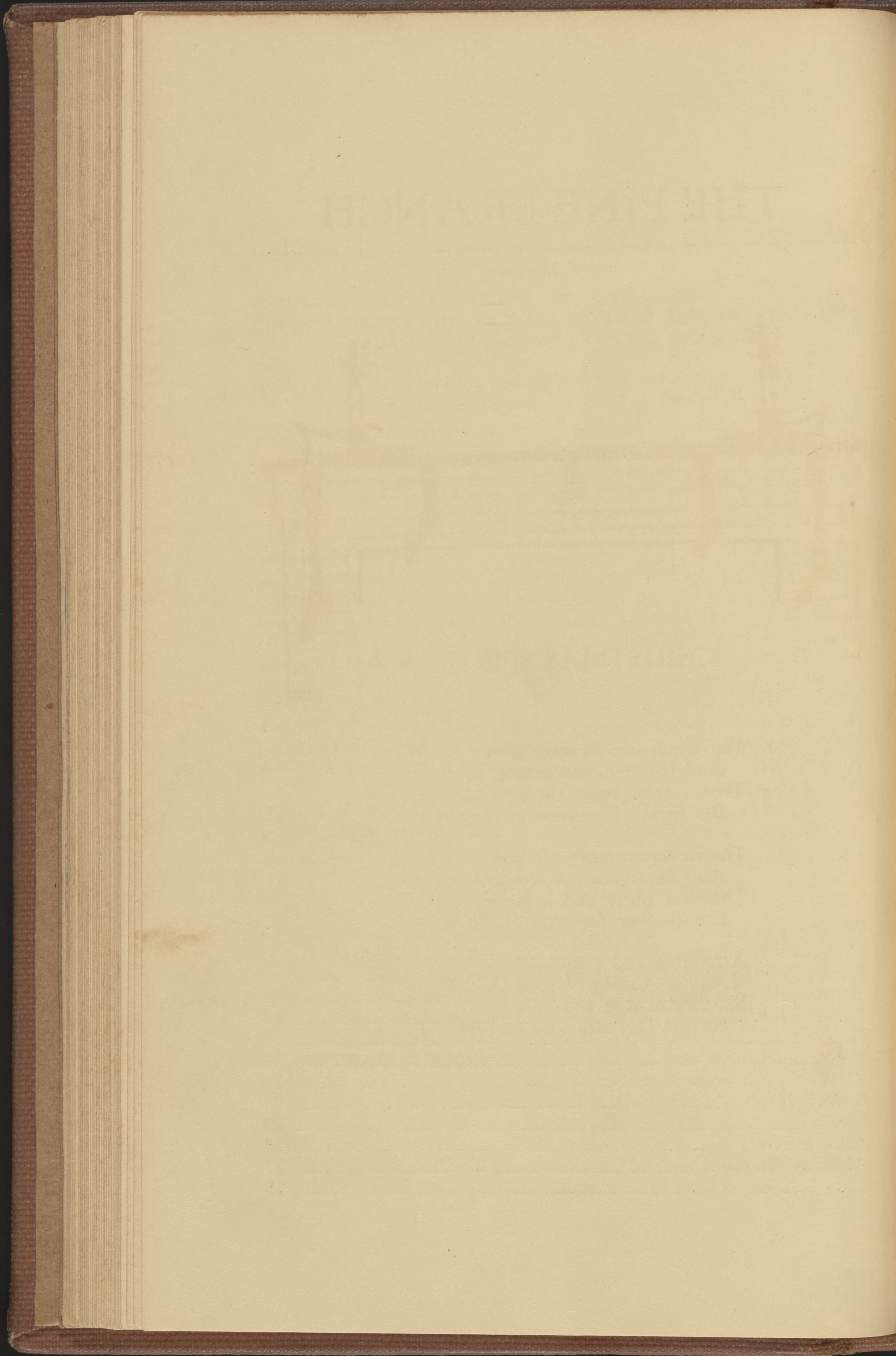
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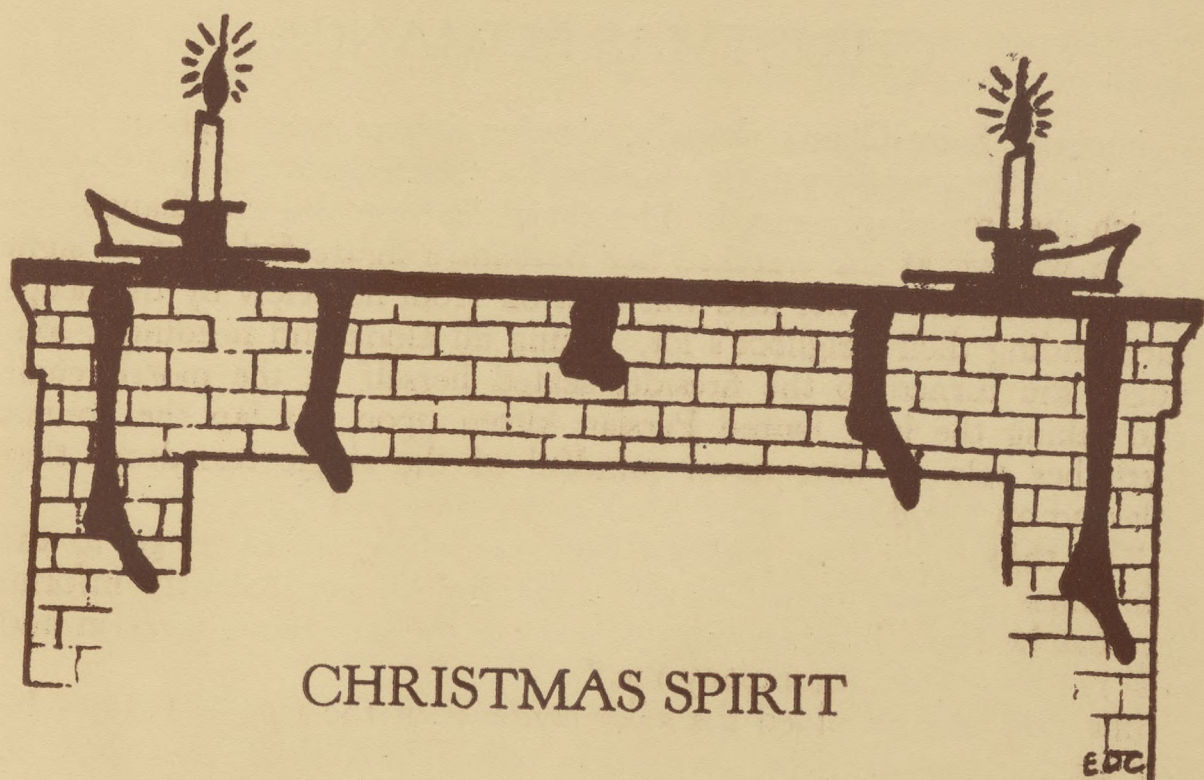
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CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

The winds are blowing cold,
And the trees are getting bare;
There's frost upon the ground,
But there's Christmas in the air!

The stores are gaily decked,
And the streets are crowded thick;
There's a hurry and a bustle,
For 'tis time for good St. Nick!

A meeting and a smile,
And a greeting of good cheer—
No time to stop and talk,
For the Day will soon be here!

NELLE ROBARTS.

CHRISTMAS ROMANCE

Imogene Saint-Clair's shapely, slender fingers were unconsciously wrinkling the draperies to the window by which she stood and through which she frowningly gazed. Her facial features did not change; her frown was set as she watched her husband's figure fade out of sight as he turned the corner and was shut off from her view by the hedge surrounding their neighbor's lot. Being all alone and needing a confidant she turned to the fireside, seated herself in the morris chair and taking the long haired Persian kitten upon her lap she poured forth her tale of woe, never mindful of the single tear-drops that splashed on her flannel sport frock every now and then.

"To think that I've planned for two whole weeks to go to the Christmas Festival with Denver, and now he nonchalantly informs me that he has a business engagement on for late this afternoon and will not be able to accompany me."

She carefully unfolded the silky contents of the pasteboard box by her sewing basket. The changeable taffeta took shape and there in her hands was the English costume, planned and made by her own hands and for every stitch on the dress was a thought of her Denver and how much he would love her in it as soon as she was dressed for the evening. She had not let Denver see her in the frock; it was to be a surprise to him, but now she would have to dress all alone and go to the festival with Lamar and Ouida Jayne Covington. She knew that Denver would come even though he would be a little late. Still there was nothing to cause him to return home before hand, since all the men would wear caps and tarleton ruffs obtained at the dressing room of the hall.

The day was a busy one, as are all days to any conscientious housewife, so Imogene's time did not hang heavy on her hands for long. She had lunch from the ice box so there were few dishes to wash, for which she was thankful. At three-thirty she had to attend a business meeting of the Wymodausis Club. She hurriedly refreshed herself and attired in her heavy coat, for the weather was chilly, she set out for the meeting. Business was soon dispensed with and the meeting adjourned. Ouida Jayne asked her if she would like to ride uptown, and she answered, "Gladly, Jayne, if you will kindly drop me by 'My Ladies' Shop,' because I have an engagement there at four-thirty."

Jayne looked rather surprised and inquired why Imogene was going

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to the beauty parlor. She knew she had always done her own manicures and shampooed her naturally wavy hair. Imogene explained that she was going to have a shampoo in order to have her curls arranged so as to wear them down her back and over her shoulders,—to correspond with the English costume. Jayne was pleased and exclaimed that she was very anxious to see her attired in that adorable blue changeable taffeta with those black curls falling over her shoulders.

Imogene took one last look in the mirror at the beauty parlor and paid her bill very willingly—in fact, had it been twice the amount she would gladly have paid, so great was the transformation. She took a cab home and was so hilarious she was up to the front door before she realized the cabman was waiting for her fare. She could not be blamed because she was used to having her own car, but as fate would lend a hand, the car was resting in a mechanic's hospital with a bent axle.

She would have to hustle to get into her fancy costume and be ready when Ouida Jayne and Lamar arrived. She already felt years younger,—the very touch of her long silken hair on her beautifully shaped neck took her back to the days when Denver courted her.

The horn blew and she joyously sang out, "Just one minute and I'll be down." She snapped out the light and tripped down the stairs as light as a ballet dancer.

With a few purrs of the motor they arrived on the college campus. The door of Ashley Hall was opened and two snow-clad pages graciously bowed on either side as the trio entered. The guests were shown to their respective dressing rooms by figures clad in the dress of the middle English period. Ouida Jayne and Imogene, luckily were the only intruders at the time, so Jayne easily exclaimed in not too loud tones of well meant flattery, "Oh! Imogene, you darling—how lovely you are—honest, dear, you don't look a day over eighteen. Has Denver seen you yet?"

"No, not yet," Imogene answered, "I am indeed glad that you like my outfit."

"Oh! but it is not only your outfit, dear; your eyes are full of wistfulness and your frowns have disappeared entirely. If you would only smile all the time and not frown like you have a habit of doing."

"But Jayne, you know a frown is not uncalled for when friend hubby is becoming negligent. Why Denver forgot to kiss me when he left the house this morning, and he never telephones at eleven o'clock as he used to do."

Jayne knew that her friend had realized the change in Denver; indeed it was so evident that Lamar had spoken of it to her only

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yesterday, but she smiled and said, "Never you mind, you are the queen of youth and beauty tonight."

The guests were gathered in the spacious rotunda of the college. Girlish laughter and talk issued from the long hall adjoining, for it was there that the college procession was forming before entering the dining hall. Imogene saw no sign of Denver, but he could easily have been there; the crowd was too large tonight to single even one's husband out.

She knew she would not sit by Denver because he, being a member of the board, would sit with the Lords and Ladies at the center table, and she would sit with the faculty and remaining guests of the lower class, as they laughingly termed themselves.

The Yule Log was rolled in by a happy band of peasant boys and girls who sang as they skipped. The guests assembled followed closely by the procession. In the procession were the players of "Saint George and the Dragon," and "The Lutterworth Players," followed by the group of happy milk maids, pleasant boys and girls, and the Morris men. Close upon this came the organ grinder and a group of laughing children. The shepherds and shepherdesses, with their long full skirts and pretty cloaks, were followed by a pleasing trio,—Columbine, Pierott, and Harlequin. The stately minuet group brought up the rear and looked exceedingly dignified and important. Nothing in the whole atmosphere varied from the customs of the English. The dining room was lighted by lanterns of quaint shapes; beautiful tapestries adorned the walls. The long tables were of bare boards with rustic coverings. Fruits, nuts, berries, and vines were strown about on their surfaces. The center table, at which the Lords and Ladies sat, was presided over by the President of the College.

Imogene was separated from Ouida Jayne because Imogene's partner in the procession turned out to be one of the most popular of the college professors. Imogene was unusually animated as she observed the beautiful and colorful sights. This was her first invitation to the college since she and Denver had recently moved to Valdosta from Atlanta. One reason why she was so proud of Denver—in spite of impatience with him at times—was that he had been received by the citizens of the city graciously and was already a leader among the intellectual; therefore, his election to the board had been prompt and unquestionable.

Imogene had seen many strange faces, but also felt very much at home. She so easily remembered her sojourn at college and to look at her one would think she was at her own Alma Mater. Next, Imogene was fascinated by the actions of the fool who had been cutting capers and never ceased his outburst of energy. She could

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see Denver by looking down the long table at which she sat, but she never caught his eye. She was thoroughly amused when the fool pinched the leg of the lady sitting next to Denver, but she was not at all pleased at the way he put his arm around her shoulders to keep her from upsetting when she screamed and nearly over-turned her chair. The fool was amused and not at all ashamed of his actions.

Her attention was diverted to the entrance—when in walked two pages with trumpets and announced the coming of the Boar's Head. The fool sat down and watched the chef place the waiter in front of the Lords' table. After that the Lord of Misrule announced the numbers on the program. Each number seemed to excel the last. Old Saint Nicholas, Saint George, the Turkish Knight, the dragon, and all the members of the different casts played unusually well. The dances participated in by the merry peasant boys and girls afforded much merriment. Imogene wished she could join in the group of children, so eager to watch the bear dance to the tune played by the organ grinder—they seemed so carefree and irresponsible.

The fool very ably mocked the parts taken by the main characters and brought forth extra applause and hearty laughter.

Denver's attention was directed to the farther end of one of the long tables by the unusual actions of the fool. Instead of mirthlessly scampering about he had poised in sincere admiration in front of one of the guests. It so happened that the fool, upon catching sight of Imogene's rare, youthful beauty, had stopped still as if dazed beyond redemption. His whole attitude was in such contrast to his previous actions that not only was Denver gazing, but almost the entire assemblage was catching sight of the loveliness. The longer Denver gazed, the more puzzled the look that came over his face. The fool bounded and grasped the wassail bowl to exclaim; "I drink to the queen of youth and beauty—the lady of blue"—all was quiet at this sudden outburst. With one accord every man present rose and drank to the fool's toast.

Upon reseating himself, Denver excitedly looked at the inside of his watch—a likeness of Imogene at the age of eighteen. He looked first at the picture, then at the girl. His curiosity must be satisfied. He had failed to see his wife, but he thought perhaps a headache had detained her since she was not sitting with Ouida Jayne and Lamar.

During the dance of the shepherds and shepherdesses, Denver inquired of the gentleman nearest him the name of the lady in blue. His neighbor, though interested, could not enlighten him nor could anyone at the Lord's table; so Denver held his place and tried to appear unconcerned.

During the dance of Columbine, he found himself thinking that

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he was Harlequin and that the lady in blue was Columbine. When Columbine spurned Harlequin's love, it hurt Denver. However, he felt disgusted with himself when he had to ask the lady next him to please repeat her statement, for she already thought him a bore—his attention seemed to be continually drawn to the far corner of the room.

As soon as the stately minuet was over, the lights went out and each member present lighted a small candle that marked each place at the table. A group of singers sang the first few strains of "Silent Night" and before their strain carried to the far corner of the hall—the entire assemblage had taken it up and old and young, male and female voices, sang with feeling that old time hymn. So great was the feeling of good cheer, any man present would willingly have laid down his life for the grace of God.

As the procession moved out, Imogene whispered to Ouida Jayne her troubled thoughts about Denver. But Ouida Jayne being an onlooker soon saw the significance and whispered back, "Leave it to me."

When the guests were again in the rotunda, Imogene and Ouida Jayne unexpectedly found themselves face to face with Denver. Ouida Jayne looked up and exclaimed—"Oh! Mr. Saint Clair, I want you to meet the lady in blue." And in the candle light two hearts beat as one and two pairs of lips met in a kiss with renewed fervor. The candle light saved embarrassment, but electric lights could not have caused much change of action.

The rotunda of Ashley Hall at the Georgia State Womans College was the setting for a renewal of an old courtship and revived the sparks of love that had never entirely ceased to smoulder.

The Persian kitten by the home hearth would not soon be a confidant to any such dire tale of woe as the one confronting Mrs. Saint Clair on the morning of that self-same day.

NAN SMITH.



VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

FROM NORTHERN EUROPE TO SOUTHERN GEORGIA

Beginning the last week of the old year and lasting through the first week in the new year—from December the twenty-fifth until January the sixth—there is in every civilized country, a celebration of the birth of Christianity. Christianity as the spirit of love, good will, and giving, is known all over the world. It reaches its culmination between December the 25th and January 6th, in all countries. Its coming is looked forward to and celebrated by every land according to its interpretations of this spirit. It is celebrated at different times in many countries, but whether one is on the bleak bare plains of Russia or in a sun-caressed city in South Georgia, the same spirit pervades—it is this spirit that makes all of us brothers. Especially is this true in the United States, where the customs of so many nationalities meet and gradually blend into a common usage.

Very interesting indeed is it to work out the customs relating to the Christmas season that are prevalent in different countries.

In no country is Christmas more welcome than in Germany, and it is from the Germans that we derive our custom of using trees at Christmas time. Old Kriss Kringle, as the Christmas spirit is called in Germany, is as dear to the hearts of every little German boy and girl, as Santa is to us. On Christmas-eve every German house, from the tiniest hut to the most pretentious palace, places a candle in its window, so that the Christ Child may be certain to find a welcoming place.

France, Germany's neighbor, celebrates Christmas with the same spirit. The Christmas season lasts twelve days—from December 25th until January 6th. The little French children are so dignified in manner that one could hardly expect them to romp and shout. Santa has still another name in France, Holland, and Belgium—St. Nicholas, and instead of driving eight tiny reindeers, he rides a white horse. On Christmas Eve, in the guise of a priest he goes to every home, asking questions of the children's behavior during the year. After he leaves, the children place their brightly polished shoes on the hearth and go to bed. St. Nicholas always leaves gifts for the good children and rods for the bad ones. When the little children see these gifts

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they abandon their dignity and act quite as young and childish as anybody.

Italy and Russia have a similar Christmas—St. Nicholas is the name of their Patron Saint. There is a quaint legend in these widely separated countries of a little woman who was a very diligent and conscientious housekeeper. On the day that the three wise men passed her home on their way to pay homage to the Child Christ, she was cleaning house. Instead of leaving her house she decided that she would wait and see the men when they returned. The story says she is still waiting for their return. In Russia this little old woman is called Bahousehka, and in Italy Befono. The week before Christmas is spent in Russia by story telling and celebrating other ancient customs.

In Italy, Christmas is given over to worship of the Christ Child—"Il Bambino." Every church has either a wooden or waxen image of the Bambino and a cradle to place the baby in at Christmas.

On the eve of Epiphany, all the Italians empty the pockets of their clothes and hang them around the fire-place. They go to bed to dream of Befano, the little old woman, who comes down the chimney to fill the pockets with candies and gifts or pink rods and ashes.

The Day of Gift Giving in Spain is the same as in Italy—the day of Epiphany, when Balthazar, one of the three kings, comes and leaves gifts for the children. The little Spanish people place their shoes in the balcony and leave wisps of hay for the horse. All the homes are lighted by many candles; in fact, in Spain, Christmas is sometimes called the "feast of the lights."

Christmas morning, the family goes to early mass, returning to a joyful breakfast, after which the gifts are given.

Christmas trees were not known in England until long after they had become an essential part of our Christmas. Nor do the little English people know about Santa. But just mention Father Christmas, and watch them smile. The Christmas Festival of England, is one of the most beautiful and reverential celebrations of Christmas known.

Santa Claus?—of course there is a Santa. The fact that generations of children have believed in him makes him a reality. They have dreamed of him, thought of him, and talked of him until they know that is a reality. As the children have become parents, they have continued to have faith in the spirit of Christmas and have worked and sacrificed that their children might believe in it.

Although South Georgia is thoroughly modernized, nothing of the charm of Christmas is lost. The children still believe in the spirit of Christmas—and so do grown ups. Although we know that there

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is no man by the name of Santa Claus who visits every home in the United States in one night, we do know that a spirit, finer, deeper, and more beautiful than we can picture does exist.

Christmas in the United States is fast becoming commercialized, but the spirit of Christmas remains as a spirit of "Peace on Earth, good will toward men," and as such it will be handed down to posterity.

James Stephens has very aptly phrased the spirit of Christmas in the following lines taken from his "Christmas in the Freelands."

"A snowy field! a stable piled
with straw! A donkey's sleepy pow!
A mother beaming on a child!
A manger and a munching cow!
—These we all remember now—
And airy voices, heard afar!
And three magicians and a star!

Two thousand times of snows declare
That on the Christmas of the year
There is a singing in the air;
And all who listen for it hear
A fairy chime, a seraph strain,
Telling he is born again
—That all we love is born again."

ESTHA FREEMAN.



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CHRISTMAS CAROLS

Heavenly melodies heard from the skies,
By shepherds on the plain;
And the low sweet notes came down to earth
To proclaim a message of love.

Message of One, who would guide mankind,
With good will and love and peace;
No wonder then that the chorus rang,
O'er hillsides hushed and still.

Happy melodies heard on the air,
Student's songs of praise
To living Christ—immortal spirit—
Which abides in the souls of men.

And now the silv'ry tinkle of chimes
Mingles with the musical strains;
Heralding the dawn of a day sublime,
The happiest of the year.

LOIS SHARPE.

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CART-WHEELS

"A Christmas Festival and out there at that girl's school. Dad, I can't see why you are so anxious for me to go. I don't see why they invited me anyway."

"Why, Sonny, it makes me proud to think that they esteem my son to such a degree that he is the only member of the young set that is invited. You should realize that it is quite an honor."

"Honor, yes, but I can't see what I have done to deserve the honor. You are the one that gave the money, and it seems to me that they would be satisfied with spoiling your evening without dragging me into it also."

"I know of no other party that I attended last season that I enjoyed any more than the Christmas Festival at the College. My only regret is that I will be compelled to leave early because I have those papers to be signed at 9:30 in Col. Wilmons's office."

"Dad, I am going to use my head for something besides a hat-rack. I take the papers; you remain at the Festival."

The matter was settled by Mr. Laughton agreeing to the project introduced by his son.

When eight o'clock on the evening of the Festival arrived, Mr. Laughton could be seen marching down the corridor through the Rotunda and into the dimly lighted "old English dining hall," with the curly-haired, brown-eyed youngest member of the faculty. Following Mr. Laughton was Sonny, marching with the most reserved instructor on the College faculty. When the last strains of "Adesti Fidelis" were played and the company was seated, Sonny had a chance to glance about him. He noted the picturesqueness of the group; a group of girls were Colonial Dames, to the left were the Turkish Knights, over in a distant corner Father Christmas could be seen, and the group in front of him was very attractive in their red costumes with silver bells tacked about. "No, this wasn't a dull party," he thought. "It couldn't be dull with such entertainers."

The stately minuet was danced with as much grace and charm as if it had been George Washington and his friends instead of a group of "1926 model" college girls. Sonny scored seven points—toward making the evening a success when he secured a smile from two of those girls.

Sonny scored several more points when he was afforded the pleasure of obtaining a souvenir of the occasion, other than the program that

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was placed by his plate. When the girls in the red jingling costume gave their dance, Sonny immediately cast his eyes upon one particular girl and he kept them there all during the dance. She was his ideal of an attractive girl. Graceful? Yes, and she wore a million dollar smile. Her eyes—how they danced almost as well as her feet. The dance was concluded by the sprights turning cart-wheels, one after the other, until the length of the room had been reached. When the ideal girl—according to Sonny—turned a cart-wheel one of those bells fell from the costume and rolled down by his foot. He wondered how would he get it with that teacher sitting by him. Sonny waited until she was engaged in a conversation with the gentleman on the other side. He felt that to his dying day he would owe that man more than he could ever pay, for all during the evening the man had been so thoughtful to talk to Sonny's partner at tense moments when it seemed that his tongue was tied. Sonny pulled his handkerchief from his pocket and deliberately dropped it over the bell, thereby securing the prize.

"Dr. Cures" was announced to be the next number. The appearance of the doctor with the high top hat and the spectacles promised an interesting act. Sonny happened to think of the papers and his watch proved to him that he only had ten minutes to get to the attorney's office. Sonny whispered his adieu to his partner and quietly tiptoed out of the dining hall, but not out of the building. The teacher had told him of a door that led out the back way, and if he went out that way he would be saved from making himself anymore conspicuous than was absolutely necessary. Sonny opened a door and before he had a second thought he found himself in a closet lined with shelves; on the shelves were stacks of fresh table cloths and napkins. On the floor was a pile of soiled table cloths and napkins. What must he do?

Sonny was an extremely sensitive youth about being made the butt of a practical joke; his father was a jovial old man and nothing suited him better than to have a joke on his boy. Sonny imagined the whole room bursting into an uproar of laughter when they saw his crimson face—he knew it must look crimson for certainly it felt that way.

Papers or no papers, Sonny's decision was that maybe they were not so important, after all. Probably his dad's bank account would be minus a few thousands. Even if the loss had been in the realm of six zeros, surely Sonny could not come out. Crouched down among soiled table cloths, our hero heard but did not see the remainder of the Festival. The words, "I cure the itch, the pitch, the palsy, and the gout; all pains within and all pains without," penetrated through the closet door. Finally, the group sang, "Silent

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Night, Holy Night, All is Calm, All is Bright." Sonny heard the scraping of chairs and the marching of feet. Now, he thought that he could be released; surely his feet had gone to sleep, and he felt as if he would need an osteopathic treatment before he could ever walk again. After the crowd left, he could still hear the rattling of dishes and he knew the room was not yet vacated. After a few minutes, which seemed hours, he heard the button of the lights click and the door slam. He decided that then was the time for him to make his escape; just as he opened the door to come out a dim light was turned on in a corner of the hall and there stood a girl in a red costume. When the girl perceived the figure, half way emerged from the closet, she gave a "yell" that corresponded to an old Indian "war whoop." The door that led to the Rotunda opened and a head that was covered with kid curlers appeared. "Peggy, what is the matter? Why child, I thought some one was being murdered." The girl looked toward the closet and there she saw a figure, trembling as if he had St. Vitus dance, putting his finger to his lips and making all kinds of motions for Peggy not to expose him. Now, a hard-hearted villain would have been touched by that pathetic figure, much less a college girl who had the deepest sympathy for people about to get caught.

"Why Miss Copper," she stammered, "it was foolish for me to yell out like that, but a mouse ran across the floor and I have always had a horror of mice." The tenseness on Sonny's face gave way, and he gave a sigh of relief.

"Get to bed as quickly as possible; it's getting late."

"All right, and good night Miss Copper. I'm sorry I disturbed you."

"Gee, that was great of you and how did you think of that mouse story so quickly?" Sonny exclaimed in an animated voice.

"Well, who are you, and what are you doing in that closet? I hope I haven't shielded a thief." Sonny came out of the closet and went near the girl. He pulled the bell from his pocket and saw that it matched the others; there was the space that had been the dwelling place of the bell. Sonny told Peggy the story.

When he finished Peggy said, "Well, you know I had a narrow escape myself tonight. I believe Miss Copper was so surprised and glad to find that a murder hadn't been committed that she really didn't realize I wasn't supposed to be down here in the dining hall at 11:30. A group of us girls are going to have a midnight feast. We left the oranges for our ambrosia down here in the kitchen,

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and it always falls my part to do the dirty work." Peggy led Sonny to the door, and he departed with the unsigned papers in his pocket. But why should he be disturbed about an unimportant thing like that?—when he had the permission to go to see a plucky little girl who was going to have a chance to turn his life instead of cart-wheels.

CLARE BRAY.



SANTA CLAUS AND THE UNBELIEVERS

This is the time of year that jollity, mirth, and goodness reign supreme. Christmas cheer and happiness are beginning to peep from obscure corners, soon to transform everything into merriness and good will.

Speaking of goodness—have you, Mr. Reader, ever in your whole life seen so many good, in fact irreproachable, little boys and girls as you see now? Upon a casual glance this seems astounding, but with further consideration the stimulus for good behavior in these little tots is perfectly obvious. It is easily stated in four simple words—Santa Claus is coming. Just a minute, Mr. Reader, please do not curl your lips in scorn at that statement, for you know very well that there IS a real Santa Claus. Surely you will admit that you knew as much as a three year old child knows. Every child, yes as young as three, KNOWS that there IS a Santa Claus. Parents, do not let your young sons and daughters excel you in knowledge and faith! But in spite of all, we are ashamed to have to admit that there are a few unbelievers in Santa Claus.

Santa Claus! What a wealth of meaning in those two short words for the kiddies! How their hearts thrill at the very sound of his name! How they sit with rapt attention listening to stories about Santa. Can anything be more real than their grimy little notes sent to old Santa? Can anything be more exciting to these small tots than the hanging up of their stockings on Christmas eve? Santa must be very tired and hungry after his long trip, so they leave a big piece of fruit cake on the mantle for him. The dear old man must be somewhat smutty after his tumble down the chimney—hence willing hands leave soap, water, and towel for him. If Santa didn't get their notes, how would he know just the exact things they want? If SANTA didn't eat the cake, and leave a rumpled towel—pray then tell us who did?

What a tragedy if one doesn't believe in Santa, for then one couldn't possibly believe in the dear little fairies who are kind enough to leave you a piece of silver money in exchange for a tooth you've just had pulled. You who do not believe in fairies are killing Peter Pan's little fairy friend, Tinker Bell. Seriously, do you rejoice in being labeled a murderer?

While the people who believe in fairies and Santa Claus will not need these facts to prove that there really is a Santa, these same

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facts may go a long way towards converting some of these unbelievers—and for their benefit we shall take a look at the historical Saint Nicholas.

“Saint Nicholas, or Santa Claus, as he is more frequently called from the Dutch form of the name, was born at Patara, in Syria, about the middle of the second century. He, who has made so many gifts, was himself a gift of God to his pious parents, in answer to a special prayer. From early infancy he was regarded as a saint.

His parents died when he was still young, leaving him a large fortune. All this wealth he gave away. On one occasion when he learned that because their father was unable to keep them, three girls were about to be sold into the slavery of a fallen life, he secretly furnished three large purses of gold that the girls might be married off respectably.

He became a priest and later a monk. Soon he was made Bishop of Patara. He performed a vast number of miracles. Once he restored to life three boys who had been killed by the keeper of an inn where they had stopped and had been salted down in vats. Perhaps no other man ever performed so many wonderful miracles. He died on December 6, in the year 326. On May 9, 1087, his bones were moved to Bori, in the kingdom of Naples, where they still rest.

From his kindness to the six unfortunate girls and boys he became the girls' and boys' patron saint. He is still revered as the principal saint of the Greek Catholic Church.

Through the middle ages, his day, December 6, was celebrated very elaborately, especially in boys' schools. So near Christmas did Saint Nicholas' Day come and so much like the characteristic Christmas feature of giving was the giving of gifts on Saint Nicholas' Day, that eventually the good natured saint blended his day with Christmas, and ever since, he has made his rounds, giving gifts to good boys and girls on Christmas Eve.”

Now, dear unbelievers, if these are not enough convincing facts as to the reality of Santa Claus, you are referred to the encyclopedias. Your belief in old Santa's reality is a challenge which you must answer. Pitiful is the person whose answer is in the negative. A narrow, monotonous, drab, and unspeakable existence is in store for him. But glorious is the life of the person who answers in the affirmative—for that person embodies the personification of spirit and youth. It might behoove some of us grown people to follow a little child, whose characteristics are a perfect faith, love, and loyalty to a real Santa. So come on everybody—young and old—and give three cheers for one of the truest, kindest, and most loving friends to mankind—Santa Claus!

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

EXCHANGES

We acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges:

- "The Winthrop Journal."
- "The Chronicle."
- "The Tattler."
- "Our Monthly."
- "The Colonnade."
- "The Wesleyan."
- "The Chimes."
- "Virginia Muddle."
- "Wag."
- "The Technique."
- "The Red and Black."
- "The Alchemist."
- "Reville."
- "The Campus Quill."
- "The Cracker."
- "The Yellow Jacket."
- "The Florida Flambeau."
- "The Carroll News."
- "The Green and White."

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

Thanksgiving morning the Y. W. C. A. held an unusually impressive Vesper Service in the Rotunda. Miss Mary Alice Sineath led the service, as follows:

Piano Prelude—Miss Helen Ryon.

Hymn—Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow.

Prayer of Thanks—Miss Martha Youngblood.

Hymn of Thanksgiving—Choir.

Scripture—Psalm 100, by Miss Mary Alice Sineath.


Poem of Thanks—Miss Christine Meadows.

Sevenfold Amen—Choir.

* * *

The Japanese Bazaar, sponsored by the Y. W. C. A., was held downtown on December 11th and 13th. The Bazaar is an annual event, and has proved very profitable to the Y. W. as well as providing useful and unique Christmas presents for the girls and town friends.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA



SOCIETY NEWS

ARGONIAN NOTES

A regular program meeting of the Argonian Literary Society was held in the Rotunda Saturday evening, November 20, 1926. The program, which was given by members of the Sororian Society, was as follows:

Review of "The Slaveship" (Mary Johnston)—Katherine Blackshear.

Piano Solo—Marie Parham.

A reading, "Coquette Conquered" (Paul Lawrence Dunbar)—Shirley Gaskins.

Emma Moore acted as critic for the evening.

SORORIAN NOTES

A regular program meeting of the Sororian Literary Society was held in West Hall on November 20, 1926. The following program was rendered by members of the Argonian Literary Society:

Synopsis of "Barren Ground" (Ellen Glasgow)—Velma Kennedy.

Piano Solo—Mary Beth Parrish.

Mary Alice Sineath acted as critic.

LOCALS

Miss Gladys E. Warren, head of the music department, gave a piano recital, Tuesday evening, November 9, at the Woman's Building. Miss Warren gave an unusually varied and finished program before a large and appreciative audience.

The first number on the program was a gavotte in E major, by Bach, and re-arranged for the modern piano by Saint-Saens.

The remainder of the program consisted of:

"A Caprice on Airs," arranged by Saint-Saens, from Gluck's opera "Alceste."

An American Group by MacDowell, "Tragico Sonato" and "March Winds."

A French group, (Debussy), "The Girl With the Flaxen Hair," "The Nocturne," "Allegro" from the Grieg "A Minor Concerts."

* * *

A group of music-lovers from the College motored to the Tallahassee College for Women, at Tallahassee, Florida, Wednesday, November 10, to hear Mr. Guy Maier and Mr. Lee Pattison, two piano artists who are internationally known.

* * *

The Student Government Association held its regular meeting in the rotunda Wednesday evening, November 3. Miss Florence Breen and Miss Mary Alice Sineath, representatives to the convention of the League of Women Voters in Savannah, made reports on the proceedings of the convention.

* * *

The annual Thanksgiving dinner was held in the dining room of Ashley Hall. The hall was artistically decorated for the occasion with autumn leaves and flowers. Each class decorated a table, carrying out individual autumn schemes. The alumnae table attracted much attention, due to its unique decoration with roses and ferns. The hour was interspersed with selections by the Glee Club and dances by students of the Physical Education Department. The first number was an anthem "Come Ye Thankful People, Come," by the

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Glee Club; following this the visiting members of the class of '24 responded.

The girls were dressed in green and white jackets, and entertained with songs and toasts to their alma mater. This was followed by a dance, "The Sylvan Carnival." "The Harvester's Frolic" that followed consisted of a group of country boys and girls, dressed in overalls and gingham dresses. The concluding number was "When the Frost is On the Pumpkin," by the Glee Club.

* * *

A meeting of the Fine Arts Club was held in the studio on Friday, November 19. Various lines of activity were pursued, consisting of tooling leather, painting, and hand-work. These problems are being done by the members of the club in preparation for the Christmas bazaar which they will sponsor.

* * *

The Home Economics Club held a business meeting on Friday, November 19, for the purpose of electing officers. The following were elected:

President—Marian Wiseman.

Vice-president—Katherine Blackshear.

Secretary—Dorothy Glascock.

Treasurer—Iva Chandler.

The newly elected president then took charge of the meeting. The work for the coming year was discussed.


* * *

The Sock and Buskin Club met Tuesday evening, November 30, in the rotunda. The meeting was presided over by Miss Maybelle Bollinger, president of the club. The following program was given:

"Review of "Craig's Wife," (by George Kelly)—Sara Mandeville.

"The Acid Test," a one-act play, was given under the direction of Lucile Nix.





ATHLETIC NOTES

Thanksgiving Day witnessed G. S. W. C.'s first soccer game, which was unusually good, taking into consideration the teams' limited experience with that sport. Much enthusiasm was manifested, and the Lambda and Kappa colors were greatly in evidence. The red-haired Freshmen were in harmony with the Kappas' red and white color scheme. One of the good features of soccer is the way in which the goal-posts lend themselves to the general decorative effect. They were adorned with the banners and colors of the two associations. Most of the spectators weren't quite sure when to cheer, but everyone managed to get through the game without making any serious blunders. Helen Seals, of Waycross, led the Lambdas in their rooting. Christine Meadows, of Atlanta, Kappa cheer leader, was assisted by Margaret LaFar, of Savannah. Margaret was of the class of '26, and she felt quite at home, leading yells, since she was cheer leader during her last two years at G. S. W. C.

A great many new yells, contributed by the Freshmen, were introduced. But all of the yelling failed to inspire either team enough to kick a goal. The ball was always stopped by the goal keeper, just at the critical moment. One energetic Lambda succeeded in kicking the ball over the goal, but unfortunately for the Lambdas, the officials who made the soccer rules were not broad-minded enough to give credit to a player who gives such an exhibition of skill. The game ended, 0-0, in favor of ——— take your choice—Kappas! Lambdas!

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

ALUMNAE NOTES

Maude Hodges, Mrs. Dewitt Wynne, of the '17 class is teaching Social Science in the Kirby-Smith Junior High School, Jacksonville, Florida. She may be addressed 1824 Laura street.

* * *

Effie Patten of the '17 class recently underwent a minor operation at Wesley Memorial Hospital, Atlanta, Georgia, the operation becoming necessary as a result of an accident last year in which she suffered injury to one of her eyes.

* * *

From Atlanta comes the announcement of a new grandson who claims our Ina Askew, Mrs. P. W. Hancock, 387 Jonesboro Road, of the '18 class as his mother, and November 19th for his birthday. His name is Perry Weston, Jr.

* * *

Lena May, Mrs. Frank Smith, of the '19 class is out again after a very serious illness of several weeks. She may be addressed Smithland Place, Valdosta, Georgia.

* * *

Those who are back at the College doing degree work are: Lillian Etheridge of the '20 class; Ruth Folger and Christine Meadows of the '24 class; Mary Small of the '24 class who is also assisting in the Department of Art; Nellie Bracey, Clare Bray, Florence Breen, Rena Mae Campbell, Elsie Gunn, Sara Mandeville, Emma Moore, Anne Smith, Leola Smith, and May Lillie Touchton of the '25 class; Katherine Blackshear, Lucille Dowling, Estha Freeman, Shirley Gaskins, Dorothy Glascock, Sarah Hall, Elizabeth McRee, Norma Middleton, Lois Sharpe, Mary Alice Sineath, Mary Stewart, Sara Thomas, Lorene Tittle, Catherine Trulock, and Marian Wiseman of the '26 class.

* * *

Edith Patterson of the '18 class remains at the College as Librarian, and Mildred Price of the '21 class remains as Critic Teacher of High School History.

THE PINE BRANCH

The out-of-town Alumnae who visited the College during the Thanksgiving season, are: Kathleen Gibbs of the '24 class, who is spending the year at her home at Tifton; Frances Faries, A. B., '26, who is teaching in the schools of Savannah, and may be found at 1009 E. Duffy street; Evelyn Brown, A. B. '26, who is teaching in Orlando, Florida; Margaret LaFar, A. B. '26, who is teaching in the schools of Savannah, and may be found at 510 E. Duffy street; Helen Youngblood of the '26 class, who is taking a Secretarial course and may be found at her home, 610 E. Duffy street; Remer Jones of the '25 class, who is teaching in the schools of Daytona Beach, Florida; Martha Visscher of the '26 class, who is teaching English and History in the high school at Rhine, Georgia; Tilda Ivey of the '26 class, who is teaching in Sale City, Georgia; Mary Chesnut of the '26 class, who is also teaching in Sale City, Georgia; Juanita Parrish, who is teaching the fourth grade in Dawson, Georgia; Sara Rees Strong of the '26 class, who is spending the year at her home in Waycross, Georgia; Clara Belle Penny, Mrs. J. J. Hurlbert, Jr., who is living at 225 Talbot Avenue, Jacksonville, Florida; and Nana Alexander, A. B. '25, who is teaching in Orlando, Florida.

* * *

Helen Rizer of the '20 class is doing primary work at Statenville, Georgia.

* * *

Martha Lucas of the '21 class is teaching the third grade at Ashburn, Georgia.

* * *

From Melbourne, Florida, there also comes an announcement of a new grandson. This young man claims Buena McConnell, Mrs. L. G. Watters of the '21 class as his mother. He arrived on November 23rd, and has been given the name, David Linton.

* * *

Anna Rizer of the class of '21 is teaching the third, fourth, and fifth grades at DuPont, Georgia.

* * *

Ruth Wolcott of the class of '21 is keeping books and filing for The Salary Purchasing Company. She may be found at 440 S. Dearborn Street, Room 230, Chicago, Illinois.

* * *

Rosa Lucas of the class of '22 is doing junior high school work at Ashburn, Georgia.

* * *

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

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Birdie VanBrackle of the '22 class received her B. S. degree from Peabody in August 1926, and is now teaching Mathematics in Adel High School, Adel, Georgia.

* * *

Alene Alexander, Mrs. Clarence Gay, of the class of '23, announces the birth of a son on October 16th. He is Gerald Alexander, and may be found on Colonial Drive, Orlando, Florida.

* * *

Maude Myrick of the class of '23 was a recent visitor to the College. She is teaching second grade at Tifton, Georgia.

* * *

And again we hear wedding bells. Gertrude DeLay of the '24 class was married on November 25th to Lewis Marion Lamm of Mt. Airy, North Carolina.

* * *

Daisy Geiger, Mrs. D. T. Tompkins, of the class of '24, is living in Oneco, Florida.

* * *

Ruth Carrin, A. B. '25, is teaching Chemistry in the high school at Rocky Mount, North Carolina. She may be found at 822 Hill street.

* * *

Alice Clarke of the class of '25 is teaching the second grade in one of the Savannah schools.

* * *

Marie Clark of the class of '25 has completed a Secretarial course, and is working for the Y. M. C. A. in Waycross, Georgia.

* * *

Frances Smith, Mrs. L. H. Collar of the class of '25, is living at 3190 S. W. 26th street, Coral Gables, Florida.

* * *

Althea Mae Strickland of the '25 class is teaching Music in her home town, Jesup, Georgia.

* * *

Eunice Farnum, A. B. '26, is doing junior high school work at Kelsey City, Florida. She is also teaching Art and Music in the grades.

THE PINE BRANCH

Mary McLendon of the class of '26 is teaching the sixth and seventh grades and ninth grade History in the schools at Stockton, Georgia.

* * *

Another wedding of interest is that of Virginia Thomas of the '26 class to Arthur Parramore on October 17th. They are at home to their friends at 209 W. Gordon street, Valdosta.

* * *

Ollie Nicholson of the class of '26 is teaching Music in her home town, Ty Ty, Georgia.



VALDOSTA, GEORGIA



JOKES

HOME ECONOMICS.

Sara Thomas: "Miss Ramsey, do you know what kind of salad newly-weds like?"

Miss R.: "Why, no—"

S. T.: "Lettuce alone."

* * *

CLASSIFIED.

Mr. Stokes: "Now, we want to name over all the bugs we've studied thus far. Let's begin with Sharon Satterfield."

* * *

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

Hazel Furlong: "Remember, class, that you can't take plums from apples, chairs from tables, or—"

First Grader: "Yes'm you can take chairs from tables."

* * *

ONE REASON.

Miss Gilmer (In English 30): "Yes, blondes are always considered fickle."

C. Meadows (red haired Senior): "It's the red haired girl that's true; you never hear of them getting divorces!"

Miss G.: "No wonder; they seldom marry!"

* * *

NOT A HAREM.

Mr. Patton (in History 30): "Now, Miss Lavender, what have you to contribute to the Mohammedan civilization?"

* * *

ACROBATIC RUTH.

Ruth Folger: "Do you know what a foolish thing I did this morning? I got up, put my dress on, and went to breakfast wrong side outwards!"

THE PINE BRANCH

PAINFULLY PLEASANT.

Katherine Myrick: "Is this the pleasant expression you want, Mr. Blackburn?"

Photographer: "Exactly, if you can just hold it now—"

K. M.: "Well, please hurry, because it hurts."

* * *

PAGE A DOUGHBOY.

Shirley Gaskins: "What were the people in Paris called during the middle ages?"

Louise Benton: "Parasites, I 'spose."

* * *

THE MAN HAS NO CHANCE.

Mamie Fletcher: Elizabeth, did you know that I am two-thirds married?

E. Mills: How's that, Mamie?

M. Fletcher: Well, you see—I'm willing and the preacher's willing.

* * *

HE SAID IT.

Mary Groover, reading Christmas story from the Bible to English class in Training School.

Little boy, turning to his neighbor: "Gee, we have 15 more minutes to stay in this Sunday School class."



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