

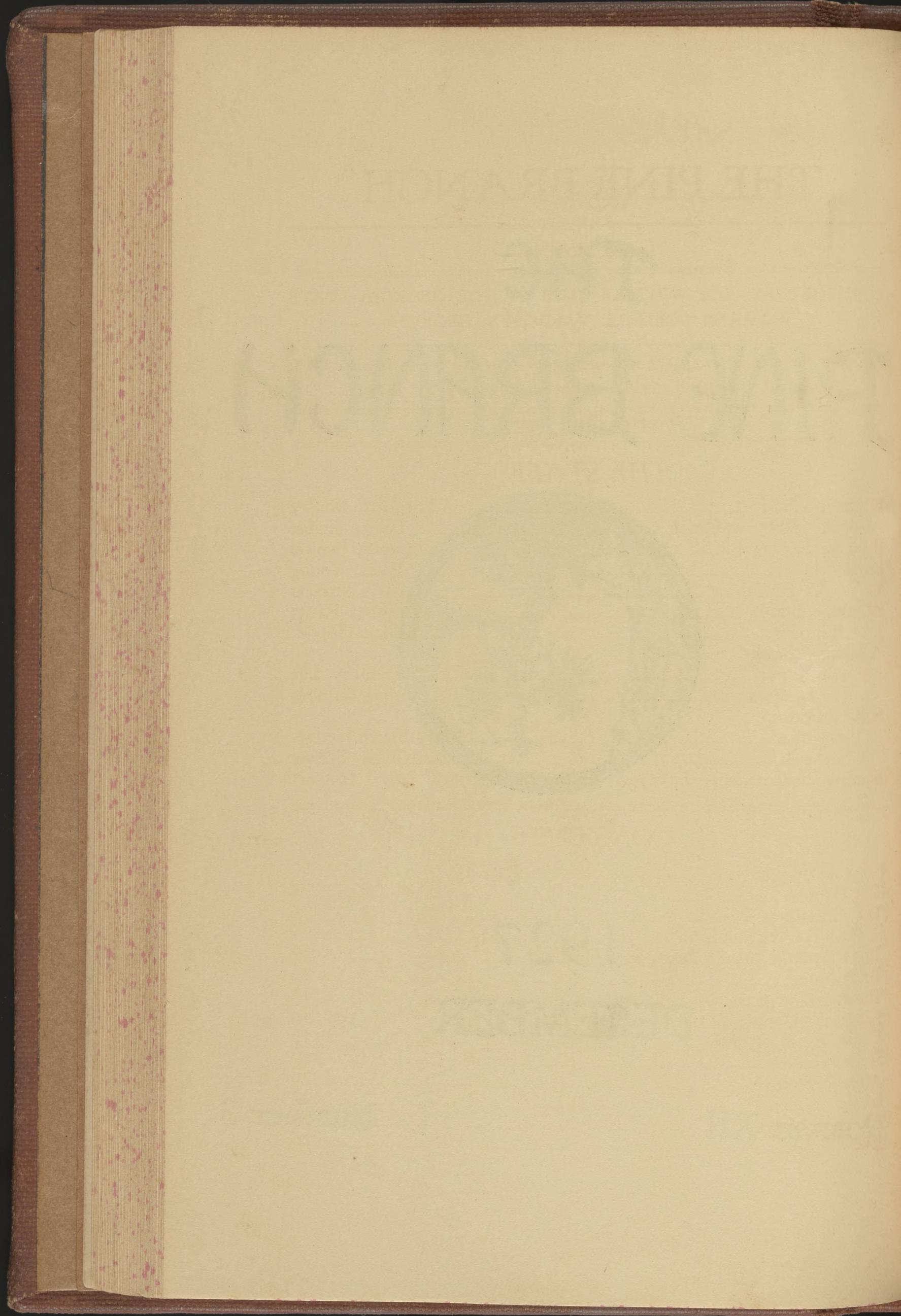
# THE PINE BRANCH



1927  
DECEMBER

Volume XII

Number 3



# THE PINE BRANCH

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FLORA DI ALOUA

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

## FLORA DE PASQUA

Poinsettia!

Your name is even a thing of beauty,  
Mystical name of Mexican legend  
Flora de Pasqua—Poinsettia!

The last gift of fruitful Autumn  
Lovely reminder through winter's gloom  
That sweet Springtime will come again.  
Winter is promised in storms and rages;  
Yet always are you calm and gay.  
May barren Winter's faithful henchmen  
Not dare to mar your joyousness  
Lest I, who long for Spring, forget  
That earth and life will be renewed.

SHARON SATTERFIELD.

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### THE DANCER

The most skillful and most popular dancer in the world, has never received a front page write-up lauding her for her dancing. Nor do long lines of admirers send her flowers and candy, nor advertisers beg her to ride in their automobiles, and say that she uses their creams and lotions. This dancer is the fire, and the music to which she dances is the moods of people.

The fire is at her best on Christmas Eve. Outside the wind howls and moans. Inside, the fire, clad in robes of yellow and scarlet with faint gleams of blue and crystal jewels, dances before an audience of happy children. The music produced by the moods of the children is almost a gypsy rondo—gay, elusive, and hilarious. The dancer interprets this music with graceful leaps and turns. A thin wisp of her black scarf trails up the chimney. She dances each gay childish laugh and each gloriously happy thought.

When the children begin to hang up their stockings, she runs with light steps from one end of the stage to the other, and shakes her tambourine with a crackling sound.

The dance becomes less hilarious, for the tempo of the music has become slower and meditative. The children are sitting around Grandmother's knee while she weaves stories for them of Christmas days in her childhood. The dancer does gay little steps when grandmother tells of the wonderful things she found in her stocking on Christmas morning. As grandmother tells of the time she waited up to see Santa Claus and went to sleep, the dance becomes a mocking thing which seems to say, "I told you so."

The fire's dance is languorous and enticing, as the children gaze into its flames, and becoming heavy-eyed, they see visions of bulging stockings, beautiful dolls, and marvelous tool-chests which will be left for them by the loving hand of St. Nicholas. Dad now recites "'Twas the Night Before Christmas." The fire does a jolly jig, as she hears about the clattering of the hoofs on the roof. She stands almost still in awe, as the marvelous power of St. Nicholas to descend and ascend the chimney is described. At the description of the wonderful contents of St. Nick's bag, the dancer stands still and sways back and forth as if overcome by the wonder of it all. As Dad describes the departure of the team, the fire sighs and does a low running waltz.

As Mother begins her story of the Christ Child, the dancer bends low in a reverent attitude. She seems lighted and moved by an inner radiance, as mother tells of the appearance of the star and the voices of the herald angels singing. The fire bends lower and the inner

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glow becomes more radiant with love and joy, when the description of the Infant King is brought into the story. The children, and the dancer have caught the true spirit of Christmas, and there is joy and peacefulness in their attitude.

The children at last troop off to bed, where "visions of sugar plums dance through their heads." The fire bows lower and lower, and finally leaves the stage—for a dancer has no desire to stay on the stage after the audience and music have gone.

LOUISE BENTON.

THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL

Night of joy and brightest cheerfulness  
When Lords and Ladies to the Christmas Feast do throng,  
With spirits high and gayly colored dress  
To grace the baronial hall all decked with mirthfulness.

The Yule Log wreathed with vines and garlands green  
Is placed upon the fire by happy Morris Men.  
The assembled guests now march with stately mien,  
A picturesque procession to the banquet scene.

Led by the Lord of Misrule—soon appears  
A strolling band of jesting players bold and gay.  
When each is in his place, the steward bears  
The Boar's head to the dais 'mid songs and jester's jeers.

A program of revels and rollicking merriment  
Inspires the guests with the spirit of hearty, hale old Christmas.  
Then soft carols add to the enjoyment,  
And Lords and Ladies dance the stately minuet.

The fun and feast now over—a stillness reigns,  
The glow of lighted tapers fills the solemn hall.  
Softly and solemnly singing the guests depart  
With the joyous spirit of Christmas prevailing and ruling each heart.

N. M.—E. M.—F. H.

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

### A CASE FOR THE UNDERTAKER

Mr. Hutchenson surveyed his street in the early morning light. With his nose glasses pulled far down on their pedestal, his feet in bed room slippers and an appearance of a hasty toilet, he stood searching up and down the tree-lined avenue. No old negro was in sight. He tapped his long fingers nervously together. He was not accustomed to this rather lazy habit of the southern darky coming to work long after the sun had peeped over the house tops. He was from the north, and had recently moved south. He was a widower with an only child, and it was with pride he looked after the care of his premises personally. His yard was his special care, and he needed to get this one mowed.

"He promised to arrive early," the worried man sighed as he made one last searching glance up toward Tom Town, the haven of the negro population. A relieved smile spread over his face. His man was in sight!

As the old darky sauntered whistling down the street, the man who had hired him had ample time to study the future beautifier of his lawn. The old darkey was well along in years—one glance at his kinky locks told Mr. Hutchenson that—but his straight body and spry walk seemed to mock the tale the white locks tried to convey. He was glad to be alive in that inimitable, happy way, characteristic of the darkey. As he shortened the distance between himself and the waiting lawn, his puckered, whistling lips changed their character, and stretched out into a broad, happy grin. He had caught sight of his boss for the day.

"Good morning, Uncle. Have been looking for you, and afraid you were not coming. You will find the mower in the garage, and cut the grass short. You said you could."

"Yassir! I'se do a pratty job, I wills. Before thar sun is clem much higher in the sky, I will be making this yard look like it ain't in a long time. I'll make these grasses fly!"

It was an hour later that Mr. Hutchenson came again on his front porch. A business man ready for a busy day! His bed room slippers were gone and in their place black, well-shined shoes. A stiff collar that gave his long neck great dignity was finished with a black tie, and in one hand he carried a light cane. By the other he held the smaller hands of his little girl ten years old. They had just finished breakfast, and now business was to occupy his time.

His eyes searched the lawn, and at the same time his ears noted that the sound of the mower was not cutting the silence. He glanced

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to the side, and saw Uncle Mason bending down gulping water from the yard faucet. A hot summer morning called for water in the system of a working man.

"Goodbye, little daughter. Don't give Nursie any trouble, and if Uncle Mason out here needs anything, give it to him—any oil for the mower, or file to sharpen the blades." He leaned over and placed a kiss on the child's forehead. "Daddy will be home for lunch. Goodbye, dear."

He moved down the front walk, and turned to wave to the little girl still standing where he had left her. He unconsciously noticed the contrast between the bit of mowed grass, and the unmowed, and felt happy that it would soon all look trim and well kept.

The morning hours came, and swiftly moved away. The hands on the big town clock had made three revolutions since Mr. Hutchenson had departed from his home at eight o'clock that morning.

Peeping in at him now in the midst of his busy office, one could surely say that green grass, long or short, was not even lurking in the back side of Mr. Hutchenson's head. Tar roofing sheltered his thoughts entirely. Tar roofing for every leaking roof on home, building, or shed; a roll for every wise buyer! Certainly a slogan to make one jump to keep up with. One could hardly imagine Mr. Hutchenson's immaculate fingers stirring into affairs of tar, but tar roofing was his delight. His swift orders concerning the minute details of disposing of great dark rolls daily being packed for later coverings, exhibited plainly his up-from-the-ground knowledge.

It was while he was peering hard at the shiny surface of his oak desk, tiny lines above the bridge of his nose, and dictating to his secretary that the telephone broke furiously into the hum of the office. Mr. Hutchenson paid little heed to the calling instrument—others were paid to answer. His voice rumbled on:—"And I can only affirm that it would be harder, and dearer to remedy the defect by repairing the roof than it would be to put on a new surface."

"Mr. Hutchenson, sir. You are wanted upon the 'phone."

"Take the message down, I am trying to clear my desk of this correspondence."

"But—sir. I think it must be important. The voice sounded breathless, and I think it's your little girl."

"Dorothy? Give me the 'phone!"

The 'phone was quickly grasped, and a white, pale face contrasted greatly with the black mouth-piece below. During the minute-conversation following, the face gasped certain words and syllables. The 'phone was dropped to the stand with a loud thug. A startled manager faced his equally startled office force.

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"Dying!" Every one repeated it over with the man whose fingers had dropped the 'phone.

"Dying!" The secretary's pencil was clutched tightly in her nerve tingling fingers; Tom stood posed where Mr. Hutchenson had thrust him in his frantic haste; the other heads in the room were turned, and big, expanding eyes were looking over shoulders.

"Where's my hat?" Mr. Hutchenson began a dizzy spinning in the center of the floor. His poise and dignity was apparently gone. His circulatory exercise brought the others to action, and there was a dazed hunting and fumbling for an object that laid peacefully in an outside locker.

"Wh—who's dead?" One of the throats mumbled to Mr. Hutchenson.

"My hat! My hat! Who's moved it? Got to get home—a man's dying in my front yard! I've got to get home."

Tom suddenly remembered that the office boasted of a locker in which hats could be hung: He made a dash to get Mr. Hutchenson's hat, but as he handed it to him a second later as that gentleman was making a hurried exit, it was pushed unnoticed aside—hats were no longer thought of. Mr. Hutchenson was firing orders back to a secretary that did not at all know whether she was taking in everything he was saying.

"'Phone the doctor, and a nurse. Tell them to come to my house. An undertaker too! Hurry!"

Then he went hurrying down the hallway leading to the steep flight of steps. The stirred office force heard a crash as Mr. Hutchenson approached the foot of the stairs. He must have fallen the last steps—but he evidently picked himself up, and with a final flurry was gone. His office, and its approach, reigned again in quiet.

A hurrying man without a hat, running in and among the people on a business thoroughfare, searching for something in the street that no one knew anything about, was certain to attract attention at eleven o'clock, but Mr. Hutchenson didn't care. He didn't even see the staring people. He was looking for a taxi; a tiny yellow monster that could take him to the aid of a dying man.

"Hi! Taxi! Home. Er—Dothan street. 1615! Hurry!" Mr. Hutchenson fell in the door and its slamming deafened the sentence spoken by the driver.

"Sir, you see—I haven't—"

"Hurry, don't stop, and drive fast!"

As the driver caught sight of the excited, flushed face on the back seat he let in the gears, and gave the machine gas, but he shook his head.

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"Try to make it, but I haven't much."

Mr. Hutchenson's mind was all astir. He had never had a worker to die on his hands like this, and he was especially concerned because of its influence on Dorothy. He should have noted more closely the physical condition of the old man, but then he didn't think it necessary to obtain a doctor's certificate from a man that was only to push a lawn mower. Heart trouble must have been the reason for the sudden calamity. And ah! Yes! The drinking of that quantity of water. He had read often of an athlete dying from such a shock to the hot body. In his yard too, of all places—dying there! He shuddered as he pictured the body from which life had gone stretched out on the porch, cold and stiff with all of the neighbors present. Doctors, now useless, equally useless nurses, undertakers, perhaps even the coroner and his jury with their foolish questions and nodding heads.

Mr. Hutchenson became suddenly conscious of his surroundings. The houses had suddenly ceased whizzing by—what was wrong with the taxi? It was slowing down, actually stopping, when he had stressed speed. It was still three blocks from his home, half-mowed lawn and—a dying or even maybe a dead man.

Mr. Hutchenson made a sudden lunge to the taxi door, at the same time it opened magically. His face bumped into the driver's startled one. The driver's blue cap tumbled to the pavement, two pairs of eyes stared into each other, two bruised noses ached, and were hurriedly rubbed by their owners. The driver backed from the car, administering to his injured organ, and Mr. Hutchenson finished his descent to the ground.

"What's the matter?"

"You bumped my nose!"

"I mean what is the matter with the car? Why are you stopping? I've got to get home to a dying man."

"Well, sir, this car's already dead. Gave out of gas. I didn't think I could make it, but took a chance."

"Oh! What else will happen? Now, I've got to walk, and time is so precious."

Not a moment more of the precious time was lost, though, for Mr. Hutchenson was down the street and a league away before the driver even realized he had lost his passenger. He looked after the departing figure, and one hand scratched his head while the other rubbed the smashed nose.

"Well, I be hanged! Dying may make one person still, but it makes the other hop."

Mr. Hutchenson if he wasn't hopping was advancing toward his

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home as fast as his long stride would take him. He presented a unique walking picture on that quiet home-lined avenue. With no hat upon his head, his thin, sandy colored hair flying back from his head as a small boy's pompadour lacking a backward stroke, his eyes straining ahead, he was a sight to make the few urbans who were out, turn and gaze in his direction. He didn't mind their gaze, was hardly conscious of it, except that he wondered how they could be so calm, and unconcerned, when within a block of a dying man. Hadn't they been informed of the plight of the man within a short distance of them? Why weren't they offering their aid or trying to get a doctor, or notifying an undertaker? Their calmness irritated him in his high tense state. A dying man seemed a common affair with the staring persons.

1615 Dothan street was now in sight. How different was Mr. Hutchenson's return in comparison with his departure three hours before. He left a well, healthy household, and was now returning to one in the claws of death. The lawn carefully mowed, and trimmed greeted him in the final lap of his stirring journey. So, Uncle Mason's last work had been to finish his yard. Mr. Hutchenson turned up the walk, and now his breath was coming in quick pants.

An old negro was sitting on the bottom step of the veranda, smoking an old rustic pipe, and inhaling deep breaths of the sweet, warm air. His white kinky hair belied the straight strong body; a body full of rich life and health.

Mr. Hutchenson stopped, looked, and gasped. He passed a hand over his dazed face.

"Uncle Mason! Aren't you dead or dying?"

"Quit yo' jokin', Mas Hutchenson. Course I ain't a dyin'. I told 'em to tell yo' I was a gwine!"

ELIZABETH McREE.

## THE RESPONSIBILITY OF BEING RED-HEADED

Since the first of all blondes, Eve, "as blonde as wheat" according to tradition, the blonde type has been a potent factor in making history, and has been portrayed with gorgeous richness in art, literature, and drama. That certain shade of blonde hair termed "red" became famous through the paintings of Titian, who has immortalized the "Titian blonde." Little did such historically prominent persons as the red-headed, villainous Lucrezia Borgia and the ill-fated queens, Mary, Queen of Scots and Marie Antoinette, realize that they were leaving a burden on the shoulders of future red-headed people.

Just as a person stops his car at a red sign in the road, so he stops an argument when a red-headed being appears. The world expects that fiery-hair to hide a fiery temper which, if ignited, would explode with the violence of a Mount Vesuvius; and, in order that the world may not be irreparably disappointed, the victim of red-hair occasionally forces her temper beyond the bonds of control.

The world is paradoxical in its expectations of the red-headed girl. In one breath it whispers that this type be hot-tempered, and in the next breath that she be of such a charming personality that some Sir Walter Raleigh should be delighted to spoil his beautiful coat in order that her dainty little feet will not touch the ground.

Even if the red-headed girl can be "hot-tempered" and charming, the world torments her with its feeling of distrust.

"Ah, Titian blonde," cries the world, "You have no soul, for long ago a goddess sold her soul for red-hair."

The one addressed bemoans the ill-choice of the goddess, although she is faithful, she dares not deny the charge, because all the world has read about the villainous Lucrezia Borgia "with a crown of such resplendent hair as brought to mind the tresses of God's angels." Although Lucrezia Borgia may have been soulless, readers admire her intellect.

Again the red-headed one has to fulfill the requirement of the world—intellectual brilliance. Tradition demands that this type be scholastic. The red-headed girl, if, after much work, fails to attain intellectual heights, finds consolation in the fact that there is an exception to all rules.

BESSIE YOUNG.

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TO AUTUMN

Thou tardy loiterer that late appears,  
Was it thy pride or modesty that bade thee come so late?  
Thy dress is patterned of bright colored leaves,  
Late variegated blossoms deck thy sun-tanned brow and hair.  
Thy apron's laden with fruits and golden grain,  
And wild west winds thy fragrant perfume waft upon the air.

Thy hair, thy crowning glory, is the tassels of the corn;  
Thy eyes are glistening dewdrops that herald early morn.  
Thy hands are snowy white with the frost upon the hills,  
Thy voice is like the melody of murmuring rills.  
Surely O Autumn, thou'rt proud of grace sublime,  
Dost thou not fear the envy of creatures divine?

NORMA MIDDLETON.

## THE SACRIFICE OF THE FIRE

“Kneel always when you light a fire,  
Kneel reverently and thankful be  
For God’s unfailing charity;  
And on the ascending flame inspire  
A little prayer, that shall upbear  
The incense of your thankfulness  
For this sweet grace of warmth and light.  
For here again is sacrifice  
For your delight.”

When I read this bit of poetry by John Oxenham, my eyes always stop in their pursuit of the period and retrace the last two lines; “For here again is sacrifice For your delight.” Sacrifice—the process involves the surrender or destruction of one object in order to gain another object. Destruction enters in that the wood is consumed by the fire. But what is the result of this destruction or sacrifice of the fire? Sacrifice should be attended by benefitting results. Is a fire any good other than in the material sense involved in keeping one warm, or in furnishing a medium for the preparation of foods?

One accomplishment of the fire that is almost never taken into consideration is that it serves as an atmospheric outlet for the emotions of those around it.

It is my contention based entirely on observation that the roaring camp-fire on the banks of a river will produce just the right atmosphere for the telling of those little personal adventures that always carry a strain of boastfulness in them if given elsewhere. Such an enticing outlet is all that could be desired for the one inflicted with an inferiority complex, for it helps him to maintain a level of equality with others—a condition necessary for the accomplishment of anything.

Another kind of fire is the crackling, enervating open fire in the family living room. Here the conversation is usually based on family incidents, jokes, and relationships. The instinct of group approval

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prompts all the action. There is an atmosphere of friendly give and take, and family ties are quickened and strengthened as a result.

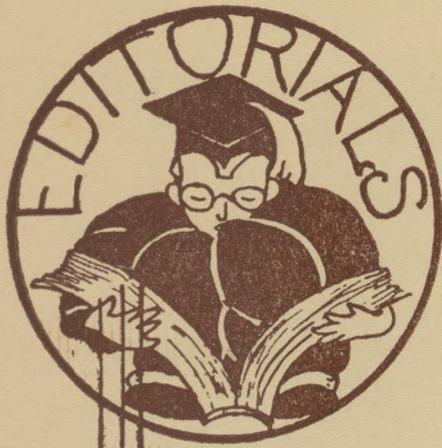
And then consider Millay's conception of friendship:

"Midnight, a dying fire,  
And the best unsaid."

Little running flames that come now and then as some smouldering bit of wood falls apart—glowing, simmering coals. What confidences do they not impart? With a real friend and the glowing hearth as inspiration, one dreams dreams of the future and is able to see in the distance the suggestion of the end of a life ideal.

"Kneel always when you light a fire,  
For here again is sacrifice  
For your delight."

LUCILLE DOWLING.



## CHRISTMAS GIFTS

THE CHILD wants a teddy-bear and tracks and engines that light up and go; the youth wants a lettered sweater or a million dollars or a sweetheart; Mr. Mussolini wants the earth; the poet wants the moon; the saints want God. It may be added that all want a ticket

to the 1928 Georgia-Tech game; most of us want a ride with Lucky Lindy, and a few even want ghost-spiritualism. But here we all are; wanting, wanting, wanting something—and usually the unattainable.

There are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and of these fully three hundred and sixty-four are want-days. Man wants and one may measure a man or a civilization by the quality of his wants. Not only does the quality act as a tale-teller, but one may glimpse characteristics of a man or a civilization by the way he or it goes about fulfilling his wants—for a “dream shouldn’t stop with a vision.”

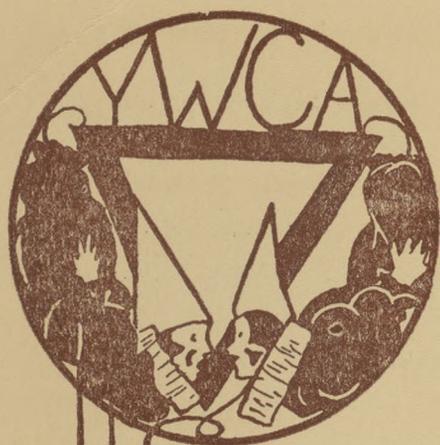
Nearly two thousand years ago a great spirit—the greatest Teacher of all ages—gave to the world a vision of truth and righteousness which stimulated the want-instinct of all western nations. He showed them a shining goal toward which they could turn their slow and halting footsteps. It was a goal of beauty and perpetual attractiveness. He patiently taught that to be kind, forgiving, generous, and tolerant one to another—to have a kingdom of love on the earth among mankind—was not only a beautiful thing to want, but a thing to work toward and attain!

Christmas, as we know it, is “a symbol, a recognition, a flower on the altar, a bow in passing.” For three hundred and sixty-four days we want, and want, and usually for worldly things. Oh, the joy of it if on the three hundred and sixty-fifth day we would want to try to fulfill, if in only a tiny way, the great wish of our Master; if instead of wanting to receive something we would want to get nearer His goal, and give of our kindness, love, and generosity to manhood. When we light our small red candles at Christmas, we are but paying a slight tribute to the spirit of love typified by the Great Hero whose birth we celebrate. He has given us through His

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love a shrine from which man will receive and carry away, to the end of time, a far richer treasure than anything He can ever bring. If on Christmas we would light our love, instead of our candles; give of ourselves, instead of moneyed gifts; our tribute to the Most High would be manifold, and He would suffer us the things we take from His shrine. Indeed, He would turn His divine attention to our little human life long enough to make certain that we gained for our Christmas—an "answer to our dreams, a happy, cheery song."

E. McR.



OUR VESPER services for the month have been unusually interesting ones. On Thursday evening, October 30, we were fortunate enough to have Mr. Cleveland, superintendent of the High School, as speaker. Mr. Cleveland is one of our favorites and we were delighted to have him with us. Probably the most enjoyable of the Sunday

evening services was the one given on November 6, by the members of the "Y. W." Choir. The following program was rendered:

"The Lord is in His Holy Temple"—Choir.

Scripture Reading—Sarah Hall

Prayer—Iva Chandler.

"Teach Us to Pray"—Choir.

Solo, accompanied by guitar—Cora Burghard.

"The Lord is My Shepherd"—Choir.

Vocal Duet—Dorothy Dasher, Sara Burghard.

Y. W. C. A. benediction.

We are proud of the interesting work of our Bible Study classes, and especially pleased at the regular attendance. On Thursday evening, December 1, Miss Ramsey was hostess at a theater party given for her Junior-Senior class.

Monday evening, November 27, a regular cabinet meeting was held in the Y. W. C. A. parlor. Miss Lois Sharp, who is our president, presided over the meeting.

After a short devotional a general discussion of the work for the year took place.

# SOCIETY NEWS

## ARGONIAN NEWS

One of the most interesting joint programs of the year was on "The Development of American Landscape and Art" conducted by Mildred Larsen and Matile Powell. A lecture which accompanied the slides was read by Edna Shadrick.

The paintings were by the foremost landscape artists of America. A most unusual painting was by Tanner, a negro artist with international recognition. Another interesting group was the landscapes by George Innis. Other outstanding artists whose paintings were shown were Homer Martin, Winslow Homer, Redfield, and Symonds. The collection was unusually colorful and greatly enjoyed.

## SORORIAN NEWS

A joint meeting of the Sororian and Argonian Literary Societies was held Friday, November 18th. Interesting plays were presented by each society. The Argonians presented "The Minuet." The cast of characters was as follows:

Marquis—Estha Freeman.

Marchioness—Mary Small.

Gaoler—Lois Sharpe.

The Sororians presented "The Neighbors" by Zona Gale. The cast of characters was as follows:

Grandma—Martha Minter.

Mis' Diantha Abel—Norma Middleton.

Ezra Williams—Laura Clements.

Peter—Aline Futch.

Inez—Elizabeth Teasley.

Mis' Elmira Moran—Dorothy Glascock.

Mis' Trot—Annie Maude Ferrell.

Mis' Carry Elsworth—Sarah Hall.



## KAPPA NEWS

THE KAPPAS and Lambdas have had a good time playing for the Soccer and Volley Ball championship during the last few weeks.

Each association had good teams which strived loyally to bring honor to its association. The associations had lots of pep, good sportsmanship, and fun during these games.

Kappa spirit was personified in David Gamut, their mascot, who barked fiercely when the Lambdas won a game.

On Thanksgiving Day Kappas lost the games in Volley Ball, but the first team lost and the second team tied in Soccer.

Last week the Kappa Volley Ball team won the series. In Soccer, the first team tied and the second team lost. The Soccer game was very close: the score for the first game was 1-1, and for the second game 0-1.

Miss Ivey announced the posting of Points won during the Soccer-Volley Ball series by each association.

Basket Ball practice and Soccer-Volley Ball practice starts the first week in December.

Kappas, show your spirit! Help your association, and also win individual points.

The Basket Ball Goal Tournament starts soon also. Let's all do our part and "Be good Sports."

## LAMBDA NEWS

When you say "Pep" you immediately think of the Lambdas; for of all the pep needed "the" association had it before, during, and after the Soccer and Volley Ball series. However, we must divide our praise, because the association could not have avoided being enthusiastic with such teams working for it.

From the very beginning the Lambda team knew that their fight was going to be against a team of practically the same ability as their own, and that they were going to have to work. But that is the finest part about the team. Work was necessary, so work they

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did. As a result the good old Lambdas ended the series with worthy triumph.

At present we are betting on our second team. The last of their series was left a tie. But our suspense is just for a time, for we hope to soon hear a decision in regard to the question.

We do not give the Lambdas all of the praise though, for without the wholesome, hardy competition that was had from the Kappas, we could never have enjoyed such successful games as the recent Soccer and Volley Ball games. We have enjoyed every bit of the time, and we are congratulating ourselves on having such good sports to play with.

## LOCALS

One of the most delightful occasions of the last week at the College was the dinner given November 19th to the Travellers' Protective Association. About seventy-five of the Valdosta post of travelling men were guests of the College. Dr. R. H. Powell, president of the College, and Miss Annie P. Hopper, Dean of Women, were official hosts.

After the program given by the College girls, Dr. Powell made a speech of welcome to the guests. He then called for impromptu speeches from Judge W. E. Thomas, President of the Board of Trustees; President Blanton, of the Travellers' Protective Association, and Messrs. Lipscomb, Dekle, Stanford, Tillman, and Dasher.

\* \* \*

The College was pleased to have as its guests on Thursday afternoon, November 17, the preachers who were attending the Methodist conference in Valdosta.

### THANKSGIVING DINNER

One of the most delightful features of the program for Thanksgiving Day was the dinner served to the College group and visiting alumnae. The students were seated according to classes, and throughout the meal songs and toasts came from the different classes. An after-dinner program was enjoyed:

1. Piano Solo: Whims, (Schuman)—Helen Ryon.
2. Reading: Thanksgiving Dinner On the Wing—Caroline Parrish.
3. Dutch Treat—Jean Loggins, Dorothy Glascock.
4. Toast to Alumnae Visitors—Estha Freeman.
5. Response—Margaret LaFar.
6. Dance: Harvest Festival—
  - a—Grain Bearers
  - b—Garland Bearers
  - c—Fruit Bearers
  - d—Merry Makers
7. Alma Mater.

# ALUMNAE NOTES

....Sadie Culbreth of the '19 class was married on October 26th to Hester Raymond McLean, of Raeford, N. C.

\* \* \*

Eunice McArthur of the '24 class was married on September 11th, at Reidsville, Georgia, to Bruce B. Swain.

\* \* \*

Erma Barco of the '25 class was married on November 19th, to William S. Morgan. They are living at 17 E. Muriel Avenue, Orlando, Florida.

\* \* \*

Eunice Farnum, A. B. '26, was married in the summer to Murray Gay, of Kelsey City, Florida.

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

Minnie Gruber of the '25 class is teaching the fifth grade at Alma, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Ruth McKinnon of the '25 class is teaching the first grade at Boston, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Lydia Minter of the '25 class is teaching in the primary department of the school at Donaldsonville, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Olive Rogers of the '25 class is teaching the first grade at Palatka, Florida.

\* \* \*

Grace Smith of the '25 class is teaching the fifth grade at Lyons, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Althea Mae Strickland of the '25 class is teaching Music in Savannah, Georgia. Her address is 1609 Bull Street.

\* \* \*

Ruth Watkins of the '25 class is teaching the third grade at Brunswick, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Alma Church of the '25 class is teaching at Albany, Georgia.

## THE PINE BRANCH

Frances Thomas of the '25 class is teaching the sixth grade at Brunswick, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Willie Mae Mathews, A. B., '25, announces the birth of a daughter, Anita Clyburn, on November 19th.

\* \* \*

Julia Patterson of the class of '24 is teaching at Arabi, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Annie Leila Wells of the '26 class is spending the year at home, Valdosta, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Clela Wells of the '26 class is teaching at Screven, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Evelyn Brown, A. B. '25, is teaching History and English in the High School at Orlando, Florida. Her address is Jefferson Court Apartment.

\* \* \*

Eugenia Milam of the '26 class is teaching at Kingston, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Louise Milam of the '26 class is teaching near Cartersville, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Among the Alumnae visiting the College during the Thanksgiving season were: Eunice and Mildred Cassels of the '27 class, who are teaching in Cairo, Georgia; Tilda Ivey of the '26 class, who is spending the year at home at Glenmore, Georgia; Mary Nell Fitts of the '27 class, who is teaching at Dawson, Georgia; Julia Heisler of the '27 class, who is teaching in Cairo, Georgia; Elsie Gunn, A. B. '27, who is teaching in Orlando, Florida; Ouida Jackson of the '26 class, who is teaching at Vidalia, Georgia; Louise McLendon, A. B. '26, who is teaching in Marianna, Florida (address 302 Deering Street); Velna Cassels of the '23 class, who is teaching in Cairo, Georgia; Esther Holland of the '27 class who is teaching in Ludowici, Georgia; Margaret Lyle of the '26 class, who is teaching at Rebecca, Georgia; Alice Parham of the '27 class is doing kindergarten work at Waycross, Georgia; Edna Sineath of the '27 class, who is secretary to her father at Adel, Georgia; Marian Wiseman of the '26 class, who is teaching at Adel, Georgia; Margaret LaFar, A. B. '26, who is teaching in Savannah, Georgia (Address 510 E. Duffy Street); Mary Alice Sineath, A. B. '27, who is teaching at Brooklet, Georgia; Anne Smith, A. B. '27, who is teaching dancing at Brunswick, Georgia; Emma Moore, A. B. '27, who is spending the winter at home, 1205 E. Henry Street; Ruth Folger, A. B. '27, who is teaching at Alapaha, Georgia; Grace Rees of the '24 class and Belle Rees of the '23 class,

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

who are spending the year at home at Preston, Georgia; Juanita Parrish of the '22 class who is teaching at Ft. Valley, Ga.; Mary Beth Parrish of the '27 class, who is teaching at Monticello, Florida; Rena Mae Davis of the '27 class, who is teaching at Naylor, Georgia; Leola Smith, A. B. '27, who is teaching at Clyattville, Georgia; and Mildred Littlefield, Mrs. Sidney Hall Brown, who is living at Winokur, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Amanda Alexander, Mrs. R. O. DeLoach, of the '17 class is teaching third grade at Glennville, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Ida Groover of the '18 class is spending the winter at Hahira, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Bonnell Bivins of the '20 class is spending the winter at her home at Moultrie, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Katherine White, Mrs. V. C. Jordan, of the '20 class was a recent visitor to Valdosta. She may be reached at Apartado 470, Habana, Cuba.

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

C. B. Sharpe of the '21 class is teaching the seventh grade at Brunswick, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Ruth Wolcott of the '21 class is teaching the sixth grade in Lumberton Graded School, Lumberton, N. C.

\* \* \*

Jewell Woodard, Mrs. Chas. Alderman, of the '18 class is living at 2043 S. W. 7th Street, Miami, Florida.

\* \* \*

Rosa Lucas of the '22 class is teaching at Empress, Georgia.

Julia Harrell of the '22 class is teaching the fourth grade in Jacksonville, Florida.

\* \* \*

Alma Kicklighter of the class of '23 is teaching French and English in the high school at Screven, Georgia.

\* \* \*

Iliene Adams of the class of '23 was recently married to E. P. Bowen of Tifton, Georgia.



IF AN EDUCATION is refining, what makes a college course?

\* \* \*

Louise Benton—"These exams always give me backache."

S. Hall—"They certainly couldn't give you headache."

\* \* \*

### TRY THIS!

Slipshod scraps so suddenly slid sideways she sloppily spilled some syrupy strawberry sodas.

\* \* \*

### CUTTING A CLASS

Miss Youngblood and her roommate were seated in their room one evening, when her roommate was astonished to see her take a perfectly blank sheet of paper, fold it, put it into an envelope, and address and stamp the envelope carefully.

"Say", she asked, "what in the world are you mailing out that blank sheet of paper for?"

"I am taking a correspondence course, and I am cutting a class."

\* \* \*

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

If the alphabet were all invited out to supper, in what order would they come?

They would all get there down to S and the rest would come after T.

What are the most unsociable things in the world?

Milestones. They always keep a mile apart.

Many a true word is spoken through false teeth.

\* \* \*

### WISDOM OF A STUDENT GOV'T. PRES.

Mr. Stokes—"What are facultative bacteria?"

Lucille Dowling—"Germs making the faculty and causing an epidemic of monthly exams."

\* \* \*

### CLASSIFIED

For Sale—One-fourth bale of straw. Used only few times as overcoat. See Scarecrow. Left End Cornfield.

Twenty-Six

## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

For Rent—Vacant attic. Excellent for storage purposes. Reasonable rental. Apply M. T. Dome Bldg., Rigmarole St.

Wanted—Four experienced scrappers to sort scraps for patch work. Quilty Bldg., Patch City.

\* \* \*

## ONE THING NEEDFUL

Two Freshmen met on the road on a very hot day, and one said to the other:

"Pretty hot day."

"Yes," said the other, "I would say we were going to have a thaw if it weren't for one thing."

"What's that?"

"There ain't nothin' froze."

\* \* \*

## LAMBDA SIDELIGHTS

Sarah Hall (on Volley Ball Field): "What are you coming out for?"

Opal Thornton: "The fresh air."

\* \* \*

## REASON ENOUGH!

Mr. Wood: "Why did the early Christians put mathematics in their schools?"

Blanche Prescott: "So that they could count the collection."

\* \* \*

## WILLING, BUT—

Freshmen (on Hat Day): "Essie Fry, quick! Help us find the hat."

Essie Fry: "Alright. Where is it?"

\* \* \*

## OH!

Louise Forbes (in library): "Catherine, I have a joke to tell you when you haven't anything else to do."

Catherine McRee: "Tell it to me in English."

\* \* \*

THE PINE BRANCH

BE PREPARED FOR LEAP YEAR!

Lillian McKey: "You can't do a thing these days without a degree. You can't even get married."

Miss Bush: "Oh! I am going to start working on my Master's at once."

\* \* \*

About the only things that are ever in the "Read 'em and Weep" box are the notices which accidentally fall off the bulletin board into the box.

**The Georgia State Womans College**  
**At Valdosta**

WISHES TO ALL ITS READERS A MERRY  
CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

AND RENEWS ITS PLEDGE TO GIVE TO THE  
YOUNG WOMANHOOD OF GEORGIA THE  
MOST EFFICIENT EDUCATIONAL SERVICE  
IN ITS POWER TO GIVE.

**DANIEL ASHLEY PHARMACY**

**Everything for Christmas**

**The Quality Drug Store**

**Phone 700**

**McRAE'S BOOT SHOP, Inc.**

**TO PLEASE YOU—OUR FOREMOST AIM**

We want the patrons of this store to get the best possible value;  
the most considerate attention; the most satisfactory service.

**EMMETTE McRAE, Manager**

**In Daniel Ashley Hotel.**

**Gift Headquarters**

**THOMPSON & GIRARDIN**

**Jewelers**

**110 W. Central Avenue—Valdosta, Ga.**

**50 Steps From Patterson Street—Miles From High Prices**

**KNIGHT'S PHARMACY**

**EAT—DRINK**

and

**CHRISTMAS SHOP WITH US**

**“Service With a Smile”**

**803—PHONES—804**

**Motorcycle Delivery**

**C. C. VARNEDOE & COMPANY**

**Valdosta's Store Dependable**

**A Store Full of Christmas Cheer**

**Get Your Hair Cut**

at

**DANIEL ASHLEY BARBER SHOP**

**CHRISTMAS GREETINGS**  
**Plus Cheer and Warmth For**  
**the New Year**  
**SERVICE DRUG COMPANY**  
**Valdosta's Clean Drug Store**

PHONE 1300

Corner Ashley St. and Central Ave.

**BUY**  
**Your Christmas Gifts**  
**From**  
**MACKEY JEWELRY COMPANY**

**STUMP BROTHERS**  
**Paints and Builders' Supplies**  
**Valdosta, Georgia**

**THE SMILING CHRISTMAS STORE**

**Greets You With a Most Complete**

**Line of Christmas Gifts**

**FRIEDLANDER BROTHERS**

Corner Patterson and Hill

**Attend the Christmas Sale**

AT

**W. C. GRIFFIN & SONS**

DRY GOODS—SHOES  
LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR  
AND MILLINERY

**McELVEY-FUTCH COMPANY**

WHOLESALE

PRODUCE, FRUITS, VEGETABLES, SPECIALTIES  
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**“The Fit Is The Thing”**

Be Worthy of Him Christmas Holidays,

by Wearing Our

**Beautiful Shoes**

with

**Chiffon Hose to Match**

**TURNER JONES SHOE COMPANY**

**SEE**

**Pultar's Honey Made Fruitcake**

**VALDOSTA BAKING COMPANY**

VALDOSTA'S OWN

**VIKING TIRES**

WILL GIVE YOU MANY A GOOD TURN

THEY ARE FULLY GUARANTEED

— by the —

**CENTRAL SERVICE STATION**

WASHING, GREASING, VULCANIZING

Phone 372

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FOR HIM  
from  
A. CONVERSE COMPANY  
Over 3000 Gifts For You  
to Select From.**

**MRS. C. WHITTINGTON  
Furnisher to Ladies**

**PIGGLY WIGGLY SNOW COMPANY  
Operating Four Stores  
SNOW BROTHERS, Owners  
Valdosta's Popular Stores**

**THE ACORN STORE**

**Always Dependable Merchandise**

This store carries every thing that a Complete Department Store always carries. A warm welcome and a smiling greeting to all—Shop here for your Xmas Gifts.

We Wish You

**A Very Merry Christmas**

and

**A Happy New Year**

**INGRAM DRUG COMPANY**

**J. W. PINKSTON**

EXTENDS THE COLLEGE WISHES FOR

**A Merry Christmas**

AND

**A Happy New Year**

**WE INVITE YOU**  
**To Attend Our Christmas Sale**  
**\$100,000.00 Stock**  
**of**  
**Choicest Merchandise**  
**W. M. OLIVER & COMPANY**

**SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.**  
**Hemstitching**  
**AND**  
**Picoting**

**WE APPRECIATE YOUR PATRONAGE**

**We Invite You to Visit Our New Store**

**FOUNTAIN SPECIALTIES, FRUIT DRINKS**  
**FRUIT and NUT SUNDAES, HOT DRINKS**  
**THE DRUG STORE OF UNSURPASSED SERVICE**

**We Are Always Glad to Serve You.**

**VINSON'S DRUG STORE**

**PHONES 245-246**

**121 N. Patterson St.**

**STRAND THEATRE**  
Where You Can Always Spend  
**A PLEASANT HOUR**

Select Your Xmas Remembrances of  
**Silk Underwear—Silk Hosiery**  
AND  
**Ladies' and Gents' Handkerchiefs**  
FROM  
**BURRUSS WOMAN'S SHOP**

**W. H. BRIGGS HARDWARE CO.**

SASH AND DOORS—WALL BOARDS  
PAINTS—ROOFINGS  
TURPENTINE SUPPLIES  
MILL SUPPLIES  
WIRE FENCE

**YEARTY DRUG COMPANY**  
Do Your Christmas Shopping Here  
And Let Us  
**Deliver Your Packages by Motorcycle**

**Best Wishes**  
for  
**A Merry Christmas**  
**MRS. HARRIS' BEAUTY SALOON**

**BANK OF VALDOSTA**

**Capital \$200,000.00**

**We Invite Your Account**

**COLONIAL TEA ROOM**

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**Good Meals—Prompt Service**

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**Citizens & Southern National Bank**

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**Capital and Surplus \$5,500,000.00**

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Wishing You Health, Happiness,  
and a Very Merry Christmas

**VALDOSTA GAS COMPANY**

**HOTEL DANIEL ASHLEY**

A Griner Hotel  
VALDOSTA, GEORGIA  
FIRE PROOF—RATES \$2.50 UP

**Try Our Coffee Shop**

OPEN 6:30 A. M., TO 10:00 P. M.

BISCUIT MADE FROM OUR  
**EASTER LILY FLOUR**

Makes a Meal Something to Which One Looks Forward

**THE A. S. PENDLETON COMPANY**

DISTRIBUTORS

**MERRY CHRISTMAS  
AND  
A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR  
TO  
OUR ADVERTISERS**

**WE ARE AGENTS**

FOR

**Page and Shaw Candies of Excellence**

**CONVERSE SODA PARLOR**

**Phone 32**

TO OUR FAITHFUL OLD FRIENDS,  
OUR CHERISHED NEW FRIENDS  
AND TO THOSE WHOSE FRIEND-  
SHIP WE STRIVE TO DESERVE WE  
TENDER OUR HEARTY CHRISTMAS  
GREETINGS AND BEST WISHES FOR  
THE NEW YEAR.

---

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PRINTING COMPANY

*Printing That Satisfies*  
VALDOSTA, GEORGIA