

# THE PINE BRANCH

ISSUED MONTHLY

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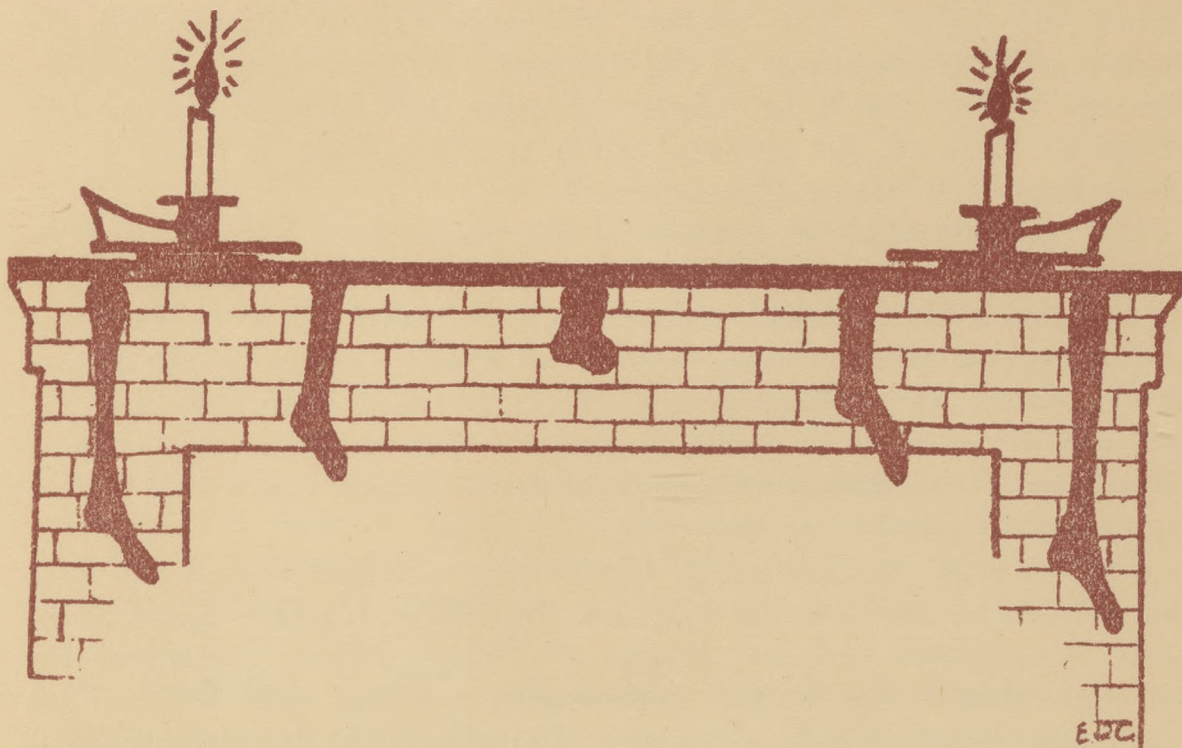
## MY GIFT

Annie Sue Brandon

I toiled all year  
To make a gift  
    I thought would please a king,  
Who was to come, they said,  
    When Christmas bells should ring.

When Christmas came,  
I wrapped my gift—  
    My heart was light and gay—  
And started out. Then, lo!  
    I met God on the way.

"Oh, God," I said,  
"I seek a king,  
    To give my gift." And mild  
And low He said to me,  
    "Go, find a little child."





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# THE JOYFUL INFANCY OF CHRISTMAS

*Marjorie Sessions*

One of the oldest and loveliest of the traditions of the Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta is Ye Olde English Feast, which begins the Christmas season. The festival is a joyous occasion characterized by a spirit of good will and cheer. A baron has thrown wide his hall and invited both slave and vassal to feast and dance with the master and ladies, and enter without restraint into the hilarious merrymaking.

After the guests have assembled, the Yule Log is brought into the great hall by a group of merry singers. The burning of this log is one of the many customs which centers around the open hearth. The kind of wood and the ceremony for the Yule Log vary with the different parts of the world. In days past the ceremony was usually followed by drinking, singing and telling tales. The log was to burn all night, removing by its fire evil and enmity. If it went out, it was considered a sign of ill luck.

The great hall is decked with evergreens, symbolizing the belief that boughs from the forest bring indoors the woodland spirits. The long tables in the great hall are loaded with many good things and decorated with greens characteristic of the Christmas season. Holly, the man's plant and ivy, the woman's, find their place in the decorations. The bright red berries shining out from the dark green leaves of the holly branch, represent the drops of blood which the crown of thorns caused on Jesus' brow.

A group of carolers sing as the boar's head is brought and laid before the baron. The singing of carols are in memory of the hymns sung by the angels to the shepherds at Bethlehem. The practice of singing carols at Christmas time has become increasingly popular. One of the favorite carols at the college at Valdosta, is "God Rest You Merry Gentlemen."

The revelers come in, presenting the plays of St. George and the Dragon, Doctor Curum and the Lutterworth plays. The dances contribute much to the merrymaking. One of the oldest dances used at the festival at the Georgia State Womans College is the Dance of the Merrie Men. Lads dressed in bright colors with bells jingling, perform a curious and intricate dance. But none of these dances compare with the stately minuet danced by Certain Lords and Ladies, with so much grace and charm."

The burning of candles at Christmas was first bound up with the thought of lighting the way for the Christ Child. The Candle Light Recessional and soft chants of "Silent Night," blending the sacred tone with the festive spirit makes a fitting close to Ye Olde Christmas Feast celebrated at the Georgia State Womans College at Valdosta.



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## THE REAL SANTA CLAUS

Virginia Martin

"Dear God, why'd they do it? How come they didn't tell me the truth? They tol' me not to never tell a story, Dear Lord, and now *they've* tol' one. Why'd they tell me there was a Santa Claus, when all the time they knowed it wasn't so?"

Slowly Jimmy rose from his knees and climbed into the big, soft bed. He didn't lie back on his pillow and imagine all kinds of lovely things flitting around in the room as he usually did. He pulled the covers over his head, and let great, round tears splash on the snowy white sheet. He wasn't a sissy—but gee, when your Mam 'n' Pop have gone back on you, you can't keep from crying, can you?

He hadn't believed the boys at first. They'd been telling him for a long time that there wasn't a really truly Santa Claus, but he wouldn't believe 'em. *He knew*. 'Cause Mom 'n' Pop always said there was, and when Mom 'n' Pop told you anything, you just knew it was so.

But tonight—aw gee, he'd been so happy over Santa Claus comin', and he'd hung up his very biggest stockin', an' helped Little Buddy hang his, and then he'd come up-stairs and put on his candy-striped pajamas. But he'd suddenly remembered that he'd forgotten to kiss Mom 'n' Pop good night, and you orter always kiss your mom 'n' pop good night on Christmas Eve.

So he'd slid down the long bannisters, and tiptoed very quietly to the big room to s'prise 'em, then he'd slipped inside the half-open door—and there were Mom 'n' Pop, kneeling on the floor, filling the stockings, and talking 'bout playing Santa Claus. Jimmy had watched them for a whole long minute, and then he'd sneaked up stairs, turned off the light, and knelt down beside his big bed . . . . .

Jimmy was thinking. It just wasn't right for Mom 'n' Pop to tell him there was a Santa Claus when there wasn't one—it just wasn't right! He'd always been so crazy 'bout old Santa Claus. He'd written him 'most a million letters, and he'd pictured Santa sitting before a roaring fire, and reading the letter to Mrs. Santa. Gosh! He'd thought Santa was the most wonderful man in the world—and all the time it was only Mom 'n' Pop. Shucks, he saw them every day! It wasn't any fun having just Mom 'n' Pop for Santa Claus.

An' they were foolin' Little Buddy, too. Little Buddy was just a baby—two years old, goin' on three. He didn't know much about



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Christmas, but Mom 'n' Pop had him all excited 'bout Santa comin'. And he'd helped! He'd told Buddy about Santa, too. But he wouldn't do it any more, no siree! He'd tell Buddy 'bout the whole thing, so's he wouldn't feel bad when he'd growed up to be seven years old, like Jimmy. He'd tell him right this minute! No, Buddy was asleep—but he'd tell him first thing in the morning.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Det up! It's Santa Claus day!" Jimmy woke up to find Little Buddy tugging at the covers. He looked at him and blinked his eyes. There was somethin' he had to tell Buddy—what was it? Oh yeah, 'bout Mom 'n' Pop bein' Santa C'aus. He'd tell him now.

But Little Buddy was already out in the hall, climbing up on Pop's back, and they were running down the steps. Well, he'd show 'em! He wouldn't go down in his pajamas, he'd wait till he got dressed, and then he'd go down there and tell 'em it wasn't fair!

Jimmy slowly put on the clothes he had laid out so carefully and happily the day before. Gee, it was tough! Mom 'n' Pop were callin' him to come down an' look at his presents. Well, he'd go, but he'd show 'em!

He didn't slide down the steps, or he didn't skip over any steps. He stepped right in the middle of every single step. And then he was standing at the door of the big room, just as he'd stood last night. And there were Mom 'n' Pop, on their knees by Little Buddy, helpin' him take the things out of his stockin'. And Little Buddy was laughing, and holding up a Teddy Bear in one hand, and a horn in the other, and chanting over and over, "Sandy C'aus!"

Silently Jimmy looked on. Gosh, Mom 'n' Pop were as happy as Little Buddy—it must be fun to be Santa Claus. An' Little Buddy was having the time of his life—it just wouldn't do to tell Little Buddy.

Suddenly Jimmy saw his stocking, bulging from top to toe. And over there by the Christmas tree was a real cow-boy suit! He made a wild dash for the cowboy suit, and waved it in the air.

"Look, Buddy! Look what Santa Claus brought me!"





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### WHO'S WHO

*Doris Zittrouer*

Miss Virginia Clark, of Tampa, was elected the most representative student of G. S. W. C. at the annual superlative election on November 30th. During Miss Clark's four years at G. S. W. C. she has held several responsible positions, among which were: president of the sophomore class, vice president of the Y. W. C. A. for 1930-31, and at present she is president of the Student Government Association. Last year Miss Clark held the honor of being elected the most intellectual student. Others nominated for this distinction were: Miss Emily Burney, of Boston; Miss Mary Virginia Paulk, of Valdosta, and Miss Doris Zittrouer, of Savannah.

Miss Margaret Zipplies, of Savannah, was voted as the most intelligent. Miss Zipplies is a Sophomore and for three times she has made the honor roll. Other than being a very valuable student, Miss Zipplies has proved to be a very talented musician. Other nominations were: Miss Kathryne Connell, of Valdosta; Miss Jon Corn, of Valdosta; Miss Emeliza Swain, of Rome; and Miss Annie Belle Weatherford, of Savannah.

Miss Louise McMichael, of Quitman, was elected the most versatile. She, as her title tells, can do most anything at anytime. Miss McMichael is a member of the Glee Club, Fine Arts Club, Dramatic Club, English Club, and the Science Club. She is president of the Kappa Athletic Association. Last year Miss McMichael also held the title of being the most versatile. Others nominated for this title were: Miss Lavinia Buckner, of Waycross; and Miss Buford Williford, of Moultrie.

Miss Helen Bishop, of Vidalia, and Miss Dorothy Studstill, of Lakeland, hold the title of being the most athletic. Miss Bishop held the title last year, and at present she is president of the Phi Lambda Association. For two years "Jack" Studstill has been an active member of the Phi Lambda Association. Other nominations were: Miss Marie Gaskins, of Nashville; and Miss Martiele Turner, of Valdosta.

The most popular student at G. S. W. C. is Miss Ge Delle Brabham, of Moultrie. Miss Brabham is president of the Junior Class, and through her pleasing personality she has won many friends. "Teets" is ready with a smile in court and a yell on the athletic field. Other candidates were: Miss Dorothy Andrews, of Plains; Miss Mary Nelson Brown, of Griffin; Miss Maggie Joiner, of Griffin; and Miss Mildred Turnbull, of Moultrie.



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The most charming of G. S. W. C. girls is Miss Julia Manning, of Bainbridge. Miss Manning's personality and charm distinguishes her from the group, and through her charm she has made many friends. Other nominations for this title were: Miss Clara Davis Adams, of Moultrie; Miss Henry Kate Gardner, of Camilla; Miss Mary Virginia McKey, of Valdosta; Miss Elizabeth Pardee, of Thomasville; Miss Sue Pendleton, of Valdosta, and Miss Virginia Shepard, of Savannah.

Miss Annie Maude McLeod, of Newton, is the most attractive of G. S. W. C. girls. Miss McLeod is very outstanding with her dark complexion and very black hair. The other nominations were: Miss Marjorie Groover, of Quitman; Miss Myrtice Johnson, of Vidalia; Miss Marguerite Scott, of Savannah; Miss Florence Smith, of Valdosta; and Miss Charlotte Swearengen, of Waycross.

Again Miss Willene Roberts holds the title of being the most outstanding day student. The time of Miss Roberts is divided between the dormitory students and town students—carrying them back and forth in her "chevy taxi." Other nominations were: Miss Virginia Hutchinson, Miss Anna Frances Ham, Miss Maxine Purdy, and Miss Betsy Powell.

## NEW YEAR'S PRAYER

*Louise McMichael*

God give me beauty, wit, and charm,  
And feet that lightly dance;  
Oh, keep my life from sordid things  
Which never know romance!  
And let me always laugh, dear Lord,  
When failure comes to me,  
For I too often dream of things  
Which can't, or must not, be.



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"IT IS MORE BLESSED ———"

*Louise McMichael*

A black and silver limousine purred down the drivewaay on to the most exclusive boulevard of the city, controlled by the expert hands of a negro chauffeur. One of its occupants turned around in the seat after waving good-bye to Samuel, the gardner.

"Will it be Christmas at Samuel's house, too, Mummy?"

"Of course, darling. It will be Christmas everywhere. Don't you remember the presents you gave Samuel for little Sam and Mary?"

"What was in 'em?"

"A tool chest for Sam, a box of paints for Mary, and fruit and candy for both."

"Can I have a tool chest and some paints, too?"

His mother smiled mysteriously. "You wait and see!"

The only grandchild of the Winfields and Embrys smiled excitedly. His very appearance seemed to reflect the aristocracy of his ancestors. One could almost imagine the rows of college professors, lawyers, powdered wigs and purple robes from which he was descended. It was all evident in this charming, healthy, and not too handsome child. He was faultlessly dressed in a tan double-breasted overcoat with brown beret, shoes, and gloves.

At his feet sat a collie puppy whose canine pedigree was as aristocratic as Winfield Embry's family tree. He was quite as well bred and well mannered a dog as Winny was a child. The large brown eyes looked into their master's face pleadingly. Winny turned to his mother.

"Please, Mummy, mayn't Marc-Boy sit up on the seat with us. He's awf'ly clean, you know, because he had a bath this morning." The child's most winning smile was irresistible. At a sign from his master the dog sprang upon the seat and pointed his slender nose out the window. Winny's face was flattened against the pane, watching, as the car sped past the last city traffic into the open country.

"Gee, Marc-Boy, we'll have such a lot of fun! It'll be Christmas an' all my uncles and aunts will come home to bring me presents. They *said* they would. And Santy Claus always brings me lots of things. An' I wrote him a letter—Mummy helped me—askin' him to bring you a little sweater and cap. He may not bring presents to dogs, but Daddy'll buy you one if he doesn't."

As he chatted away to the dog, something about the child's full childish mouth and round chin suggested the firm mouth of a certain



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Marcus Winfield who had led an attack against the British at Clearmont. Marc-Boy had been named for this especial ancestor. Suddenly Winny's eyes lighted up.

"Oh, Mummy, won't Manpy be s'prised about Marc-Boy!"

"Of course, Winny."

"Oh, d'you s'pose Marc-Boy c'n out jump Po' Dawg?"

"He certainly should, darling, because Marc-Boy is a much finer dog than Manpy's is."

"Well, jis' 'cause Po' Dawg's skinny ain't no sign he can't jump!"

"Isn't any, Winfield."

"But Manpy says ain't, Mummy."

"Manpy is a little colored boy, Winny, and many of the things he says are wrong."

Winny hastened to change the subject. "Last summer Po' Dawg could out jump any dog in Pineville, white or colored. An' that's why I wanted a dog so much when I went back home." He put his cheek against the collie's fluffy head. "I think I love Marc-Boy as much as Manpy loves Po' Dawg."

The car sped along the highway, bearing its precious burden. That the only grandson of the Windfields should not spend Christmas in Pineville was undreamed of. Since Winny's first Christmas, six years ago, adoring uncles and aunts came home to one of the two mansions which stood across from each other, to admire the changes which a year had wrought in this wonderful child.

The two families had always played an active part in the making of state and national history. And when John Embry married Mildred Winfield, and carried her away to the city to live, Pineville had nodded approvingly at such a brilliant match, saying with a smile, "I've always wanted this to happen!"

Early darkness came before the car reached its destination. Winny and Marc-Boy, having spent their energies in the first two hours, lay back on the seat.

"Mummy, when is my daddy coming to Pineville?"

"Tonight, after you've gone to bed, Winny."

Winny yawned. "Will Dwight an' Esther, an' all of 'em bring me lots of presents for Christmas?" he asked sleepily.

The mother smiled. "They always do, don't they?"

"An' d'you suppose Grandfather Embry'll give me a bicycle like he promised?"

"You'd better wait and see, Winny—Oh, look at the lovely Christmas star over there!"

Winny settled snugly against his mother's shoulder. "Is that the



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one the Wise Men followed?" She smiled at his drooping eyes. "I'm sure it must be the very same star, darling."

The heavily lashed lids lifted slightly with, "Were they Jesus' aunts and uncles, Mummy ——?" The last ended in a mumble.

\* \* \* \* \*

By eight o'clock Christmas morning the Embry mansion shook with shouts and laughter. This year it had the honor of being host to the grandson. All the Winfields had appeared an hour ago to witness Winny's delight over enough gifts for ten children. Uncles, aunts, and parents were sprawled all over the floor working electric trains and mechanical toys. Dwight Winfield, a state attorney, was riding a new bicycle in and out doors, while Preston Embry, the novelist, followed him with a pop-gun. The four grandparents were everywhere at once, each trying to point out some new gift.

In the center of it all strode Winny, proud possessor of all these treasures. His entire attention was being given at the moment to explaining every article to Marc-Boy who had spent the night in the kennels. The collie, wearing a new dog's sweater and cap, ran in and about the presents barking happily.

"Manpy'll be up here in a minute to catch me 'Christmas Gif', an' will he be excited about you! Gee, he oughta've been here by now——." Winny frowned thoughtfully and suddenly disappeared toward the kitchen.

When breakfast was announced a few minutes later Winny was absent. The negro maid was questioned concerning his whereabouts. "Yas'm, he went back to de kitchen an' ask' Maggie 'bout dat little boy of her'n called Mancipation, den he struck out to Maggie's house. He said he's comin' straight back."

Winny returned a moment later with a sober face. He gave no explanation of his absence. Immediately after breakfast, however, he called his father aside and said seriously, "Daddy, will you go buy a dog?" John looked at the child and replied gravely, "Why, son?"

"Po' Dawg died this morning an' Manpy's Christmas was all spoiled. I thought maybe we could get one for him in time for the colored chillun's Christmas tree 'n I told him Santy Claus would bring him one so he wouldn't cry so much."

"Well, we'll see, Winny. You run out and ride your bicycle a few minutes."

The father's chest expanded as he told the story of his son's thoughtfulness.

"And he thought of it by himself," marveled Esther, "which only



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goes to prove what breeding will do. Mildred, I admire you for the training you're giving him. In spite of all the attention he gets, the child isn't a bit spoiled. Let's do try to get a dog somewhere."

"Oh, we can't possibly get one now, but maybe we'll get one for him tomorrow, or later. The negroes have already begun coming up from the quarters so we'll have to hurry out to the stable with their gifts."

Every year the Embrys had a second Christmas tree for the darkeys who worked on or around their place. There were still a few old ones who remembered slavery Christmas days, and who never failed to reminisce. This other tree was placed in the second story of the stables where a log fire blazed in the stone fire place. The negroes boasted proudly that the "cullud people's tree is allus shinier dan de white folkses."

Manpy, his grief being overcome by curiosity and the promise of another dog, had joined Winny in front of the house. Winny had decided to wait until after the other Christmas tree to produce Marc-Boy for Manpy's inspection.

"Reckon my new dawg gwine jump high's Po' Dawg?" Manpy asked for the sixth time.

"Oh, yeah. I bet he'll jump lots higher!" Winny's love and admiration of Manpy was equalled only by that for Marc-Boy, and scarcely excelled by his feeling towards his parents. He was willing to promise anything which would console his little colored friend.

John Embry came out to call Winny to the tree in the stable. Bidding Manpy to wait for him by the door of the stable, Winny rushed in to ask his father about the new dog.

"I'm sorry, son, but we just couldn't get a dog for Manpy this late." Seeing his son's face fall, he added "But we'll get one for him tomorrow."

"Oh, but, Daddy, that'll be too late, 'cause Manpy's expecting him *now*!"

John smiled at the child's consternation and said understandingly, "Well, that's too bad. Now you go wash up and come on out to the stables."

Some forty negroes and pickaninnies were gathered in the stable loft with the expectancy of new clothes, food, and other gifts. Winny stood near the fire with Manpy who was waiting impatiently for his name to be called. The wide set Embry eyes brightened suddenly and Winny slipped over to his grandfather, who was distributing the gifts with dramatic flourish.

"Please, Gran'er. Let me whisper to you."

The old man leaned down to listen and a serious conversation



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ensued. Then Winny ran downstairs and out in the yard, toward the house. Mr. Embry continued his presentation, keeping his eyes on the door.

When every name, with the exception of one, had been called Winny appeared in the doorway with Marc-Boy. With scarcely the flicker of an eyelash, the old man continued, "And now, Manpy, your present is here."

The little darkey looked at him dejectedly, "Ah don' see no dawg, Marse Embry."

"Well, look over there by Winny."

The black eyes widened until the whites could be seen all around, and the thick lips widened into a delighted grin. There, in the new cap and sweater, stood Marc-Boy, with all the proud bearing of his ancestors. Manpy noticed only that, at a command from Winny, the puppy leaped high into the air. And it was an even more excellent leap than had ever been made by Po' Dawg! Rushing over to Winny, Manpy snatched the leather leash which was attached to Marc-Boy's collar. "C'm'on, Winny, 'n' watch me teach him some tricks!" With a laugh, he pulled Marc-Boy towards the stairs.

The animal gave one glance at his master's face. His eyes sent back an understanding gleam and he followed Manpy, barking delightedly.

\* \* \* \* \*

That afternoon the Winfields and Embrys sat discussing Manpy's gift from Santa Claus. Winny, having scarcely eaten any dinner at all, had gone away to take his usual afternoon nap.

"Well, we'll have to get another dog for him right away," said Preston. "We can buy one even finer than Marc-Boy. The child deserves it after such a sacrifice."

Winny's mother shook her head thoughtfully, "No, I don't think I want to get one. It would take away from the thing somehow." She looked around at the questioning faces, then continued. "You see, I'm just realizing what a great omission we've made in Winny's education. For the very first time he's learned what it is to really give up something for somebody else. Just now, as he started to sleep, some tears came in spite of his efforts to hide them. He said that Manpy is already calling Marc-Boy 'Po' Dawg'."

Mildred smiled softly. "I'm thinking, too, about something Winny said last night, just before we drove in. Something about the Wise Men being Jesus' uncles and aunts—And, you know, after all, with all the gifts of the Magi, the Christ Child would never have been a Messiah had it not been for His Divine Birth!"





## EDITORIAL

*Virginia Martin*

"Please tell me what you want for Christmas. In this time of depression, I realize that practical gifts are the only sensible ones, and I don't want to give you anything you don't need." How many times have I heard this request! Those who still consider themselves financially able to

give Christmas presents seem to think that in "these tight times" one must give sensible gifts. We usually answer "a pair of hose," or "a handkerchief," while all the time we are fighting ourselves to keep the truth in.

And what is the truth? The truth is that we really don't care whether it's a handkerchief or a fire poker, a pair of hose or a pair of horses—all that we want is a surprise! People have become so practical-minded about Christmas that the only surprise about the majority of Christmas gifts is the paper they're wrapped in, and the ribbon they're tied in.

The only people who have managed to retain the element of surprise at Christmas are the little children. And they have usually been asked, "What do you want Santa Claus to bring you?" so often that by the time the great day arrives they have a complete list of the toys they desire fixed in their minds—and perhaps the biggest surprise comes when they don't receive all the presents they had anticipated. But at least they have the joy of feeling in their stockings to see if "Santa didn't tuck a s'prise in the toe."

Most of us, when we "outgrow Santa Claus," outgrow surprises. We have become slaves to practicality. This doesn't mean that one shouldn't give practical gifts at Christmas time. Christmas is the logical time to give things that are needed. But if we're going to give a friend a pair of shoes, let's find out by some hook or crook what size shoe he wears, and not ask him directly.

The words "Do not open until Xmas" carry with them an untold fascination. We like to see them on stickers on Christmas packages. Then why not abide by the words? It's always permissible to punch around in the package, and speculate as to its contents, but what a disappointment if we discover what is inside before December 25!



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When we get older, we get just as much thrill out of feeling sure a certain person is going to give us a present, and wondering what it will be, as a child does out of waiting for Santa to come. But more than likely a few days before Christmas, that person will say, "Have you read *The Fountain*? I want to give a book, but just had to be sure you haven't read it."

Let's not take the joy out of any one's Christmas this year by depriving him of a surprise. Let's give unexpected presents to unexpected people, and make this a surprisingly happy Christmas!

\* \* \*

Since everyone had the Christmas spirit, the *Pine Branch* staff became imbued with it also, and decided to give a Christmas present to the *Pine Branch*. So one of the most active members of the staff—the art editor, Miss Margaret Williams, of Cordele, made some entirely new "cuts" for the magazine which consist of clever silhouettes, each bordered by a conventionalized pine branch. Don't you like them? If you do, tell Miss Williams.

We've tried another innovation for this issue of the *Pine Branch*—*Campus Chatter*. What do you think about it? Who is Gadabout? Do you want us to make this a regular feature of the *Pine Branch*?

We appreciate your criticisms, your suggestions, and your contributions. Make a practice of telling the staff what you think of each issue, and helping us to make our magazine one to be proud of!

## A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Virginia Martin

Lord, let me see a single star,  
And know the joy the shepherds knew,  
When following, they found a Babe,  
Let me find Jesus, too.





## CRITICAL TIPS

Kathryne Connell

Recently I heard Fritz Kriesler, and I shall never be the same for his music's sake. Kriesler played *Caprice Veinnois*, and the audience grew still. Kriesler played *Londonderry* air and every one wanted to weep, Kriesler played *The Old Refrain* and left his adoring audience with one curt mil-

itary bow and a genial nod of his head. Why is Kriesler a great artist? Why was Bernhardt a great artist? Why was Shakespeare a great artist? Well, I may be wrong, but this is my opinion. They are great because they give one the feeling that if it were necessary they could give so much more than they have already given. They don't exhaust their emotions, they keep something for one's imagination.

Anything that is infinitely lovely can never be captured, or known well enough to become commonplace. In life we call it *savoir-faire*—in clothes, good taste—in art, genius.

\* \* \*

John Galsworthy received the Nobel prize for literature this year. His novel *The Flowering Wilderness*, now appearing in *Scribner's Magazine*, is written in his most ironical vein. All readers of the *Forsyte Saga* will remember the generation to whom the sense of property was almost a religion, best represented through Soames, a type of the old order and the cameo-like portraits of Irene and Fleur. But come, compare them to the warm-hearted perhaps foolish heroines of Donn Brynne's Irish stories. Someday I shall take a day off and talk with you heart-to-heart fashion about Donn Brynne, who is my favorite author of all authors—peace to his dear, departed soul.

\* \* \*

But to turn back the leaves, you will remember Jane Austen for *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility*, *Northanger Abbey*, *Persuasion*, etc. If you don't, then they are on our library shelves, and you ought to be ashamed. But that isn't the point, I took it for granted that, you knew and loved her as I did, and that even though you probably won't get to see it unless you go to New York, that you would be glad to know that this delightful person is being put



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into a play called *Dear Jane*. The stages foremost ingenue, Josephine Hutchinson as *Jane* must be a joy. You will remember that she was *Alice* in Eva Le Galliennes' production of *Alice In Wonderland*. And she's almost the prettiest person whose picture I have even seen.

\* \* \*

Ruth Draper, the one-woman show, is filling the houses again with her unique and clever monologues.

\* \* \*

Helen Hayes and Fredrick March have received medals for their acting in, respectively, *The Sins of Madelon Claudet*, and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. What about Mae Marsh in *Over the Hill*, Paul Muni in *Scarface*, and Lewis Stone in *Strictly Dishonorable*, Edward G. Robinson in *Twenty Seconds*—and I could name a million other but I guess the awarders of medals know best and what's good enough for them is good enough for me.

\* \* \*

And speaking of pictures, two you must not miss are: Paul Muni in *I Am a Fugitive From the Chain Gang*, and Cecil B. Demilles' *The Sign of The Cross*. When I read the cast of *The Sign of The Cross*, I cried for joy. Listen to this: Fredrick March, our hero, Elissa Landi, our heroine in distress, Charles Laughton, our villain, lovely Claudette Colbert, our allure. All of which seems to prove conclusively that when more lavish productions are made Demille will make them.

\* \* \*

Rachel Crothers' new play *When Ladies Meet* is getting quite a big hand from the critics. It is a story of stupid men and clever ladies—the eternal battle of the sexes. Our own dramatic department is presenting a play by Miss Crothers, *Mary The Third*. That's bringing Broadway home for you.

\* \* \*

Katherine Cornell is playing in *Lucrece*.

\* \* \*

Ann Harding is playing in the screen version of *The Animal Kingdom*.

\* \* \*

And have you seen the little stranger who has come to grace our shelves—not such a little stranger at that, rather a great big lovely enormous stranger—that grand new magazine, *Fortune*. Did you know that it cost only the paltry sum of ten dollars a year? In truth, for those who love and can afford fine things. It is an American magazine in the European fashion—a Yankee *L'Illustration*.

\* \* \*

Merry Christmas to all!





## LOCALS

### *Marjorie Sessions*

The Georgia State Womans College presented on the evening of November 15th, at the Woman's Building, Miss Gladys Warren and Mrs. Frances Pardee in one of the most brilliant and delightful programs of ensemble music ever heard in Valdosta. The program was composed of

sonatas and suites by Beethoven, Goldwork, and Grieg.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Grace Morrison Poole, of Boston, Mass., President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs was entertained at luncheon by Dr. R. H. Powell, President, and the student body of Georgia State Womans College. Mrs. Poole spoke to the hundreds of young women students who are the future club women of Georgia and other states on the International mind. A number of other distinguished visitors were present and were introduced to the college group by Mrs. C. R. Hawk, President of the Wymodausis Club.

\* \* \*

The seniors were honor guests at a dance given by the sophomores in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall, the evening of November 23rd. Receiving at the door were Miss Lavinia Buckner, Waycross, President of the Sophomore Class, and Miss Emily Burney, President of the Senior Class, assisted by Miss Elizabeth Pardee, Thomasville. The affair was opened by a sophomore lead-out which was danced by underclassmen. In the late evening a supper was served. Music was furnished by Jimmy Flournoy and his orchestra. Of the various committees which helped make the dance so delightful an occasion, the chairmen were: Misses Marjorie Groover, Quitman, invitations committee; Betsy Powell, Valdosta, music committee; Emily Fluker, Quitman, refreshment committee; Margaret Joiner, Griffin, program committee.

\* \* \*

Many of the alumnae members of G. S. W. C. were present at the annual Thanksgiving dinner, November 24th. As part of the



## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

after dinner program, two dances were very attractively presented under the direction of Miss Leonora Ivey. "The Reapers" was presented by Misses Willene Roberts, Valdosta; Louise McMichael, Quitman; Mildred Minchew, Baxley; and Myrtice Johnson, Vidalia. The second dance, "The Scarecrows' Frolic," what the harvest moon might see after the crops are gathered, was interpreted by Misses Emily Burney, Boston; Helen Bishop, Unadilla; Eloise Odum, Ashburn; Margaret Williams, Cordele; Frances Arrington, Ellaville; Ruby Nell Wall, Ellaville; Margaret Williams, Douglas; Avrylea Burch, Valdosta. These two dances were followed by two numbers by the Glee Club, "Allah's Holiday," by Nevin, and "Slumber Song" by Frimi.

\* \* \*

The Student Government Association held its regular monthly meeting on Friday evening, December 2nd, in the Rotunda of Ashley Hall. Miss Virginia Clark, of Tampa, presided at the meeting. Mr. Warren Langston of the Valdosta High School faculty spoke on Citizenship.

\* \* \*

Miss Gladys Warren, head of the music department, entertained a group of her music students on Friday evening, November 25th. Those invited were: Misses Margaret Zipplies, Savannah; Annie Lois Gardner, Camilla; Avrylea Burch, Valdosta; Carolyn Bullard, Nashville; Judy Cochran, Camilla; Mildred Lakes, Montezuma; Margaret Williams, Douglas.

\* \* \*

Dr. Powell spoke at chapel Wednesday morning, December 7th, on the Christmas festival. He explained the traditions of the college and the main feature of the festival.





## CLUBS

*Margaret Bischoff*

"God rest you merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay. . . ."

The Glee Club spreads the Christmas spirit each year by singing Christmas carols. The entire Glee Club sang at the Methodist Church on Sunday evening, December 11, and gave the Chapel program on December 14. A special group of Glee Club singers gave a program at the Methodist Missionary Society.

Among the songs on the various programs were "Close by the Ox and Ass So Gray", "Kolyada", "God Rest You Merry Gentlemen", "Deck the Halls", "Praise to the Lord", and "Good King Wenceslasas."

\* \* \*

The members of the Philharmonic Club were hostesses to the faculty and student body at a lovely Christmas tea on December 6th. The Rotunda was beautifully decorated with holly and Christmas wreaths. Miss Annie Lois Gardner, of Camilla, and Miss Caroline Bullard, of Nashville, presided at the tea table. Assisting in serving were Misses Jewel Bussell, of Waycross; Sara Murchison, of Vidalia; Mildred Fokes, of Montezuma; Eloise Odum, of Ashburn; and Elizabeth Durden, of Graymont. A delightful musical program was given during the afternoon by Misses Margaret Williams, of Douglas; Joy Miller, of Albany; Margaret Lindsey, of Blakely; Mary Elizabeth Bell, of Valdosta; and Margaret Zipplies, of Savannah.

\* \* \*

The regular monthly program of the Philharmonic Club was held in the Rotunda on the evening of December 12th. The program consisted of Beethoven's Influence on the Sonata; Sonata op 10-1—Beethoven, by Miss Mildred Fokes, of Montezuma; Beethoven—Salient Epochs in His Life, by Miss Louise Ambos, of Savannah; Au Varie No. 1—Dacla, by Miss Marjorie Sessions, of McRae; Sonata op. 10-3—Beethoven, by Miss Mary Elizabeth Bell, of Valdosta; Sonata op. 13—Beethoven, by Miss Margaret Williams, of Douglas; and a current event.



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The November meeting of the English Club was held at the home of Miss Mary Virginia McKey. The topic for discussion was Contemporary Georgia Writers. Miss Emeliza Swain, of Rome, discussed Georgia poets, including Ernest Neal, Daniel Whitehead Hickey, Dr. Anderson Scruggs, and W. F. Melton. Miss Emily Burney, of Boston, discussed novelists, in which she included Corra Harris, Marie Oemler, and Harry Stillwell Edwards. Miss Louise McMichael, of Quitman, discussed outstanding columnists, some of which included Corra Harris and Harry Stillwell Edwards. Miss Buford Williford gave an interesting discussion of the Contemporary Georgia Playwrights.

\* \* \*

Many students as well as faculty members did their Christmas shopping at the annual Christmas bazaar sponsored by the Fine Arts Club in the Art Dome from December 8th to 10th. Most of the articles sold were Japanese. Among these were Japanese prints, novelties, as well as useful articles. One booth consisted of hand-made articles made by the club members.

"Cezanne" was the topic discussed at the regular monthly meeting of the Fine Arts Club on November 28th.

\* \* \*

The International Relations Club held its regular meeting in the History-Social Science room on December 5th. After a short business meeting, Dorothy Andrews, of Plains, gave a report on the League of Nations; Marjorie Groover, of Quitman, on Disarmament, and Julia Manning, of Bainbridge, Ten Years of World Court. Doris Zittrouer, of Savannah, chairman of the program committee, gave a questionnaire on "How well do you read the newspapers?" The questions were taken from the head lines and captions of the daily papers.

\* \* \*

The cast for the Sock and Buskin Club play which will be given in early January, "Mary the Third" has been selected. Miss Henry Kate Gardner, of Camilla, has the leading role. The other players are Misses Myrtice Johnson, of Vidalia; Willene Roberts, of Valdosta; Nancy Rowland, of Wrightsville; Estelle Roberts, of Cordele; Helen Bishop, of Unadilla; Emily Burney, of Boston; Grace Lahey, of Valdosta, and Anne Frances Ham, of Valdosta. The production staff will consist of the other members of the club.

Miss Louise Sawyer, director, gave a lecture and demonstration on "Make-up" at the meeting on December 16th.





## Y. W. C. A.

*Judy Cochran*

Miss Mildred Morris, of Brinson, gave an interesting talk, November 17th, on "The Relation of the Church to the Depression." Since the depression is probably the most popular topic of the year, this talk was timely.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Eva Jakeman, of White Springs, Florida, was a visitor on the campus November 19th and 20th. Mrs. Jakeman, a missionary to Africa, is on furlough this year. She talked to The Y. W. C. A. cabinet and the Freshman Commission on Saturday evening; she talked to the entire student body Sunday morning and at Vespers. We feel that writers of this kind cannot come too often to visit our campus.

\* \* \*

After the cabinet meeting, Monday evening, November 21st, the Freshman Commission entertained the cabinet at the club house. This event was thoroughly enjoyed by the cabinet, as well as the Freshman Commission.

\* \* \*

On Sunday afternoon, November 27th, the student body and their visitors were guests at a very informal tea, which was given by the Freshman Commission of the Y. W. C. A. in the Rotunda. An appropriate program was given throughout the afternoon.

\* \* \*

At vespers on Sunday evening, November 27th, Miss Margaret Kennedy, of Dawson, gave a very interesting and worthwhile talk on "Creative Living," the subject which the Y. W. C. A. has chosen for its theme during the year. As the benediction, the choir sang softly "Living for Jesus," the theme song.

\* \* \*

"What is the Freshman Commission" was the question answered at vespers, Thursday evening, December 1st. At that time the Freshman Commission was installed by the members of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet. Miss Emily Jennings, of Dawson, then explained the duties of the Freshman Commission and welcomed them in our midst.



## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

The University of Florida boys gave a vesper program, Sunday evening, December 4th. Tea was served in the Rotunda from four to six by the Y. W. C. A. cabinet. The cabinet asked the boys to give their interpretation of "Creative Living." The Chairman of the Program Committee, Mr. Dillingham, was accompanied by seven boys, who were also on the program. These were Messrs. Wessie, Chatham, Myers, Etheridge, Fitch, Marel, and Nethers. The boys were chaperoned by Professor Sands, of the University of Florida, and Miss Sue Hill, Social Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. This program proved to be very worthwhile and enjoyable.

\* \* \*

As most of the girls have noticed, the Y. W. C. A. cabinet and the Freshman Commission have been busy the past few days. The tables and benches at the Country Store have been painted green, and many improvements have been made at the club house. About the most interesting thing is that the price has been cut—fifteen cents for the first hour, and ten cents for each hour after the first. The Freshman Commission have been busy making new curtains, taking stock of the utensils in the kitchen, and supplying the things needed. New screens have also been put in. You haven't noticed these things? Well go right down, take all your friends, and stay a long time.

\* \* \*

To the interest of the old girls, and to the anticipation of the new, Dr. Smart is scheduled to be on the campus January 21st. Since Dr. Smart will not be here except for the week-end, we want to make his visit entirely a success.

\* \* \*

The Y. W. C. A. will sponsor this month a community box to go in the big community chest of Valdosta. We feel that this is a worthwhile project, and we hope that each girl will contribute to this box.

\* \* \*

Miss Carlynne Dix, of Rochelle, talked at vespers, December 8th, on "Faith." Miss Dix is a very active member of the Freshman Commission.







## SOCIETIES

### ARGONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

*Henry Kate Gardner*

The tiny key turned in the lock, and my diary fell open. My children are gathered around me. They know that this is the time of day I read to them a page from the diary which

I kept while a sophomore at G. S. W. C. to show them that I, too, was once a young person and had fun in my youth even as they now.

Here's the page—December 6th, 1932. I remember it all now. That night our Argonian Literary Society met. Buford Williford, from Moultrie, Georgia, who had charge of the program said that she had chosen to acquaint us with three plays selected from "The Ten Best Plays of 1931-32" compiled by Burns Mantle. In order to make the meeting more impressive and interesting she decided to have certain ones tell about the authors and the plays. She also kidnapped a few of the "Broadway Stars of G. S. W. C." to portray some of the characters.

You know Rome (Georgia) still produces speakers, so Emeliza Swain spoke on Ryskind and Kaufman, who wrote "Of Thee I Sing." Mildred Morris, from Brinson, Georgia, gave a synopsis of the Musical comedy.

Then the door opened, and in walked Mr. John P. Wintergreen (Louise McMichael from Quitman, Georgia) dressed in a high silk hat and frock-tail coat. Oh, yes, Mary was there too (Myrtice Johnson from Vidalia, Georgia). Mr. Wintergreen proposed to Mary and requested that the audience go down and vote for him for President, so that he and Mary could get married. And there was the photographer (Maggie Joiner from Griffin, Georgia) taking their picture all the time.

All things in life can't be funny; therefore the comedy was followed by Eugene O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra." Judy Cochran from Camilla, Georgia, unfolded the life of O'Neill and Emily Burney from Boston, Georgia, told the bitter story of the Mannons.



## VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Again the door opened, Lavinia (Henry Kate Gardner from Camilla, Georgia), entered in a long black dress and pleaded with Peter to be strong, to forget sin, and to love her. Then she confessed that her brother Irin's suspicions were correct. She was a bad woman. She could never marry Peter. She must punish herself; so she walked into the Mannon house to spend her remaining years with fate.

Mary Alice Moseley from Valdosta, Georgia, spoke about Paul Greene; and Ann Jones Boller from Savannah, Georgia, told about his play, "The House of Connelly."

Once more the door opened and Patsy (Julia Manning from Bainbridge, Georgia) came in, her sun-bonnet falling back on her shoulders. She read several scenes from the play, one of the most impressive being the one in which Patsy told Will that she would help him run the farm. In the end, Patsy and Will were married and his sisters left home.

Come, dears, it's your bed-time. Sorry you weren't Argonians with me.

\* \* \*

## SORORIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

*Adelaide Spencer*

On Tuesday evening, December 6th, the members of the Sororian Literary Society were entertained with a program on the O'Henry Prize Short Stories for 1932.

Miss Clara Louise Driskell, of Ocilla, gave a very interesting discussion of the origin of the O'Henry Memorial Award. Miss Carlynne Dix, of Rochelle, told the story, *A Trip to Czardis*, by Edward Granbury. This story won the prize for the best short, short story. Miss Amanda Barksdale, of Blakely, gave an account of Mr. Granbury's life. *An End to Dreams*, by Stephen Vincent Binet, was told by Miss GeDelle Brabham, of Moultrie, and the story of Mr. Binet's life was given by Miss Elizabeth Kelley, of Savannah. Miss Margaret Kennedy, of Dawson, told the story by James Gould Cozzens, *A Farewell to Cuba*, and Miss Virginia Tuck, of Thomasville, told of Mr. Cozzens' life.



## ATHLETIC NEWS



The second of the series of American and fist ball games was played Thanksgiving morning. Many visitors were present at the games, and everyone was cheering enthusiastically for one or the other of the teams, and every player was playing hard. The fist ball game got under way soon

after ten o'clock. The first inning was won by the Kappas, the second by the Lambdas, and the last by the Kappas. The score at the end of this very close game was 2-1 in favor of the Kappas.

The American ball game was played a few minutes later. The game was a fast and hard fought one. The only score throughout the game was a goal kicked by Miss Martielle Turner, which made the score at the end of the game 1-0 in favor of the Kappas.

The last games of the series were played on Friday, December 2. Both Lambdas and Kappas played well, but the Lambdas were the victors. They won both the fist ball and American ball games by a score of 2-1 and 2-0. Miss "Jack" Studstill kicked the only score of the American ball game.

The Kappas were the winners of the series for both games. Both teams have done excellent work during the series, and everyone hated to know that the games were through for the year. But soccer and basket ball are coming soon, and we're sure the enthusiasm will wax just as hot—or hotter!

\* \* \*

Mr. Neilson is teaching golf lessons on the campus. Those who have taken lessons from him say that they have received much benefit from them. If Georgia can produce male golfers like Bobby Jones, who knows but that the Georgia State Womans College is fostering the future woman's champion?

\* \* \*

The Athletic Council met Tuesday evening, December 6th, at the club house, and enjoyed a delicious oyster supper served by the captains and managers of the American ball and fist ball teams.



## ALUMNAE NEWS

Miss Nell Bracey



It is always a pleasure to have any of our Alumnae members visit the College. We welcome Thanksgiving particularly because it gives so many of our friends an opportunity to join those of us who are on the campus. This year from Savannah we had some "pop callers." Misses Emma

Moore and Ruth Folger, driving over from Savannah, stopped by Jesup for Misses Lucille and Ruby Dowling, and arrived in time for dinner—other responsibilities making it impossible for them to remain more than the day. Other out-of-town guests were: Misses Olive Ryon, Kathleen Robinson, Margaret Brabham, Margaret Jennings, Helen Brasington, Jessie Mae Prescott, Polly Walker, and K. D. Rentz.

\* \* \*

Thanksgiving afternoon a tea was given in honor of our visitors. Miss Mildred Price, President of the Alumnae Association, acted as hostess, and assisting in receiving the guests were the other officers of the club, Miss Iva Chandler and Miss Nell Bracey. Tea was poured by Miss Helen Hightower and Miss Edith Patterson. We hope to establish this as a custom for each Thanksgiving.

Another occasion of much interest was a dinner at Hazel Briggs Tea Room on December 9th. This was a very informal affair. Some very interesting news concerning some of our members was learned which we wish to pass on to those not fortunate enough to be present at the dinner. Miss Carolyn Parrish, who has recently returned from a trip to New Orleans and Mobile, reported that while in Mobile Miss Catherine McRee, who as you know is teaching there, most graciously showed her the sights of the city. Carolyn also told us of Miss Lillian Drake, married to Mr. Clarence Bates, is living at Hotel Chipola, Marianna, Florida, and has a seven months old boy. Lillian asked that the *Pine Branch* be sent to her.

\* \* \*

Iva Chandler gave us some news from letters which she had received. Miss Helen Steele, who is living in Jacksonville, writes that she is kept busy with various community activities—that she



## THE PINE BRANCH

has been helping with the Community Chest Drive and also selling Christmas Seals. Helen adds that doing this sort of work makes her feel that she is getting adds for the *Pine Branch* all over again.

\* \* \*

Quoting from a letter written by Miss Helen Ryon, who is teaching music in Oak Park: "I've seen several former G. S. W. C. girls since I've been here. I've seen Lois Sharpe several times. She's teaching fifth and sixth grades at Marvin-Yancey, a consolidated School in Toombs county."

\* \* \*

Miss Lillian Lively, who is teaching in Sasser, writes: "Our school is half way between our boarding place and town, and on the top of the "slipperiest" hill you ever saw. When it rains you need a slicker, goloshes and a pontoon."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Edwin Thomas, who will be remembered as Frances Faries, of Savannah, writes that Frances Thomas is now private secretary to Mayor of Tampa, Florida.

\* \* \*

A letter from Margaret Sumner, who is in Poulan, Georgia, says: "Elizabeth Kirkland and I are some hard working school marms. You should see us! She teaches Latin and History and I have French and English."

\* \* \*

A letter from Emylu Trapnell brings a request for a subscription to the *Pine Branch*. She has just completed her fifth year with the General Motors Corporation, and is now cashier of the Atlanta Zone Buick Olds Pontiac Sales Company.

\* \* \*

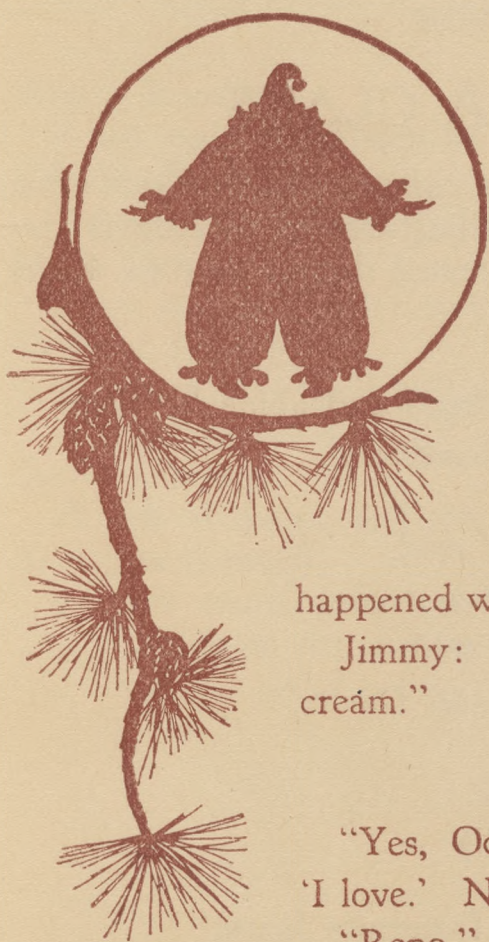
These letters proved very interesting to us, and we hope that we may receive many others from our alumnae friends.





## JOKES

*Emily Flucker*



Mr. Wood: "Miss Kelly, what is joint reaction?"

E. K.: "I really don't know, Mr. Wood, but I imagine it's the reaction of the joints."

\* \* \*

Teacher: "Now, Jimmy, what happened when the cow jumped over the moon?"

Jimmy: "Somebody got an idea for vanishing cream."

\* \* \*

"Yes, Odom, 'Amo' is the Latin verb meaning 'I love.' Now what word suggests its opposite?"  
"Reno."

\* \* \*

Emory Jr.: "You look like Helen Brown."

G. S. W. C.: "Thanks! I look even worse in white."

\* \* \*

Parson: "You must remember, my boy, that wealth does not bring happiness."

Flaming youth: "Perhaps not; but it's a swell help in choosing the kind of misery that's most agreeable."

\* \* \*

"Let's make a pun."

"Upon what subject?"

"Upon the king."

"The king's no subject."

(P. S. Those were lousy puns, but listen to this one):

Young College Prof.: "We absent-minded professors up here have faculty meetings for-get to-gether."

\* \* \*

"Look, Pop:—I won the loving cup."

"So that's what you think I sent you to college for!"

\* \* \*

Pot: "I consider that sheep are the stupidest creatures living."

Kettle: (absent-mindedly) "Yes, my lamb."



THE PINE BRANCH

PAGE MR. SANTA CLAUS

We took the time to sneak around the campus and find out what different people wanted more than anything else at Christmas this year. Perhaps we'll discover some suppressed desires that we knew nothing of! Let's see what they want:

*Miss Chandler:*

More girls who know their class privileges and abide by them.  
(Then there'd be no courting, Miss Chandler!)

*Emeliza Swain:*

I want to go home where it's crisp and cold,  
I want to see snow glisten on Christmas trees,  
And if that Santa fellow does as he's told,  
He'll get the annual ready for Foote and Davies!

*Miss Gilmer:*

A self-operating "Woolley" red pencil.  
(The English students can understand!)

*Janet Cook:*

I want to be house mother in a boys' fraternity house.

*Miss Sawyer:*

A well-equipped stage and a Scottie pup,  
Golf scores that go down instead of up!

*Virginia Martin:*

More stockings and less in 'em!

*Mildred Talley:*

My love is long, and is not slim,  
Dear Santa Claus, please bring me him!

*Maggie:*

Less grits and more harmony.

*Lavinia Buckner:*

An extra inch for each leg, a lower tone for my voice, two extra  
hours for each day, and an extra track for my mind.  
(Goodness, but she's greedy!)

*Miss Ivey:*

Life insurance for my sense of humor, including an accident clause.

*Liz Durden:*

Bills every day, and not just the first of the month.

*Arrington and Bishop:*

A bigger and better campus.

*The Campus Sweethearts:*

A larger student body to choose from.



VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Nancy Rowland:

I just want everybody to be "frank."

"Teets" Brabham:

I want Cab Calloway to sing "Minnie" on the terrace every night.

Hilda Cox:

More people to listen to the story of my operations.

Willene Roberts:

A new Chevy, and golf balls equipped with music boxes, so they'll be easy to find.

Emily Jennings:

A pair of skates, so I can easily run errands from the office.

Kathryne Connell:

I crave excitement, late hours, a box of caramels big enough to sit down in, and an English accent.





THE PINE BRANCH

CAMPUS CHATTER

*Gadabout*

One doesn't have to go to town to know that Xmas isn't far away—It's in the air at G. S. W. C. Rehearsals, snatches of carols—everywhere everyone's getting so excited over Ye Olde English Christmas Festival, and after that, home for the holidays.

Personally, I think Dr. and Mrs. Powell and Caroline Parrish had a lovely trip to New Orleans, even if I didn't hear as much about it as I'd like . . . "Red" Johnson has the loveliest hair . . . Speaking of "Red" brings up memories of the charming little skit that she and McMichael gave at the literary society not long ago . . . I like the black and white outfit Marjorie Groover wears, and the way she wears it . . . Isn't Evelyn Deariso cute? So petite . . . I certainly think the winners of the recent Who's Who contest were well-chosen—we're more than glad to acknowledge them as the best . . . I've heard that Miss Hopper gives marvelous talks in Sophomore Conference . . . We better wish we were all sophomores . . . Emily Fluker and Kathryne Connell at the A. T. O. Conclave Ball in Atlanta—Speaking of A. T. O. brings to mind Frances Arrington and Emily Jennings . . . I turn green with envy when I see Clara Davis Adams' hair and eyes—on the subject of eyes, take a look at Helen Powell's.

The court still is exercising the power of campussing—I, for one, shall walk a chalk line henceforward and forevermore, Amen . . . My vote for an engaging smile goes to Vangie Trimble . . . Ho-Hum—it's nights like this that make one wish for an open fire and about three pounds of marshmallows . . . Don't you love to hear Mary Bance Joiner play and sing? Cleo Barber, too . . . Isn't it Julia Manning who has a "corner" on the Rotunda dates? . . . Maurice Collins has such a lovely complexion—like a baby's . . . Can't wait till the Xmas Festival—It's an old G. S. W. C. custom . . . What would we do without our Campus Sweethearts—Lee and Gresham? . . . We G. S. W. C. girls seem to have a fatal fascination for Emory Jr. . . . My idea of a cute freshman is Laura Anne Bartholomew . . . Lavinia Buckner has such pretty hair . . . Time for retiring—Bid you all a fond and affectionate farewell.



THE GEORGIA STATE WOMANS COLLEGE

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AND A

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TO THE STAFF OF

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AND TO ALL ITS READERS



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