

THE
PINE BRANCH



14

SEPTEMBER
1919

VOLUME 3

NUMBER 1

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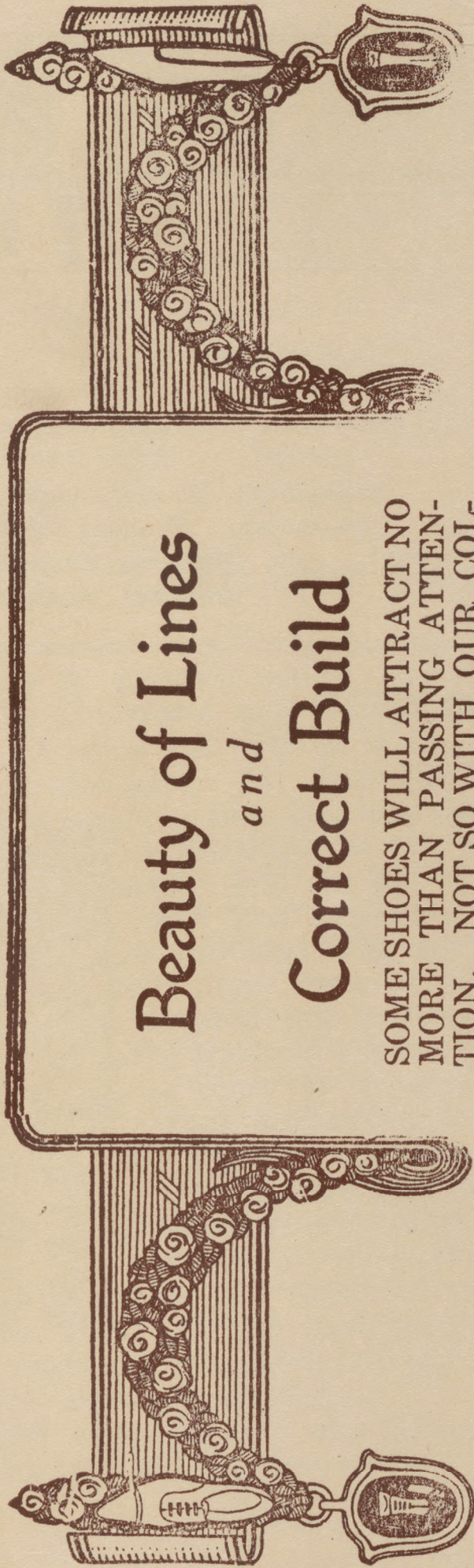
SOME SHOES WILL ATTRACT NO MORE THAN PASSING ATTENTION. NOT SO WITH OUR COLLECTION OF SHOES, FROM SOME OF THE COUNTRY'S FOREMOST DESIGNERS OF FOOTWEAR FOR WOMEN.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION HAS BEEN PAID TO BLACK SHOES, BY THIS STORE IN ORDER TO APPEAL TO THE TRADE AT S. G. S. N. C., DEALING EXCLUSIVELY IN SHOES, AS WE DO, WE KNOW THAT WE ARE AMPLY PREPARED TO CARE FOR YOUR WANTS IN OUR LINE.

We Invite students and teachers to make this store their headquarters during their stay in Valdosta.

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The Pine Branch

14

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Volume III. SEPTEMBER, 1919 Number 1

To Our Legislature

Are we happy? are we glad?? Oh, you wonderful men of the legislature, how did you know just what would make two hundred and fifty girls the happiest, proudest, people in all Georgia? Our first box of candy never made us half as proud as does this long dreamed of present, our new building. We treasure the two we have as our most precious possessions. And the new one? Why, we look to that as a good omen that promises, may I say? dare I say? another such building. Why not? We worked, and we won this with your help; can't we win another?

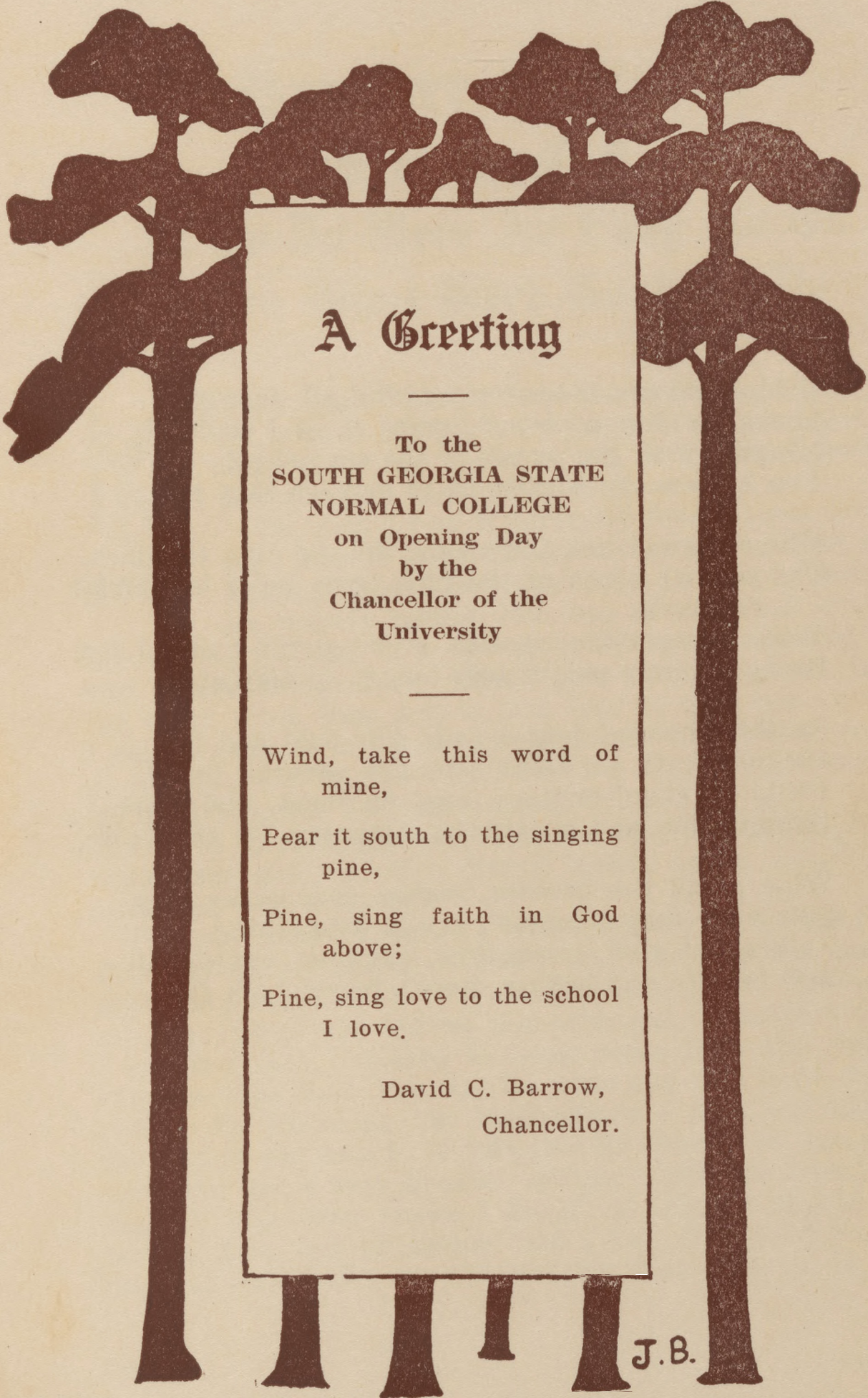
I say we dreamed; and you ask what we dreamed. Have you ever had a dream to come again and again until at last it came three times in succession? Yes, three times in succession! That means it will no longer be a dream but a reality. We had that kind of a vision and you must have had it too. We dreamed of a beautiful long building set amidst pines of unequalled beauty, and of hundreds of girls that would enter its portals. We dreamed not in vain, for we had you as our dream-giver; and together we won didn't we? Now we have a place selected, dedicated and we anxiously wait with the big shovel to dig out the first dirt to lay the foundation.

You know that is our birthday spade. It is the one which took out the first dirt for our first house, and which

we used to shovel away the first earth for each new building. Now here's a secret that you won't tell. We will let you make use of it just as often as you want to.

It has not been all a dream, as you will see. We worked and if we are women, it was not only our tongues that we labored with. However, I am not so sure that you would be far wrong to get some of us to "stump the state" on your next campaign. We sacrificed. We even gave up our beloved President for six months of Red Cross work. We economized, yes indeed we economized in time, food, and space—mostly space.

We did our best with the toils of the year, and did our best to be good, loyal Georgia girls; and you gallantly give us the prize that we most desired. We reward you with the two hundred and fifty fold love and thanks of our two hundred and fifty girls.



A Greeting

To the
SOUTH GEORGIA STATE
NORMAL COLLEGE
on Opening Day
by the
Chancellor of the
University

Wind, take this word of
mine,

Bear it south to the singing
pine,

Pine, sing faith in God
above;

Pine, sing love to the school
I love.

David C. Barrow,
Chancellor.

J.B.

A Toast to Fall

Golden-rod am blooming', gildin' all de wood.
Looks jes' like a pictur'; paint it, ef I could.
Minglin' with the purple of the ragged-rob,
You kin see the susans, as to and fro they bob.

Flames hev struck the maple, the red agin the dark,
The somber green of the pine trees, ne'er left stript
er stark.

Yaller gleams the popular, sweet-gum's painted too,
Birds is comin' south'ard; happy, motley crew.

Feath'ry-headed fennel nods o'er field and hill.
Hickory nuts am fallin', hungry mouths to fill.
Little woodlan' critters feast on these, and more,
Chinquapins and chestnuts, 'simmons by the score,

Wine in all the breezes, makes your pulse sing,
Sets your feet a-dancin', joy in everything.
Talk about your springtime, summer, winter, all—
Jes' for life and beauty, here's to you! Oh fall.

Summer Sketches

If To Do Were As Easy As To Know What Were Good To Do



EVER again! I wish to repeat, never again! I may be termed an idiot, be laughed at, or have any amount of fun poked at me, but I have made up my mind on that point, at least.

Oh, yes, I had a perfectly lovely time, we had just lots of good things to eat and—What am I fussing about? My dear child I am not fussing. I am merely telling you that no one shall ever entice me on the end of a diving board again. Scared? I was scared pea-green. Those girls may have been telling the truth when they said it was easy to dive but—well, as I said before, I am going to approach the water from a more respectful angle. Get over it! You are not suggesting that I repeat the performance I hope? Well let me tell you right in the beginning that the only way in which you could ever get me off a diving board, again, would be to lower me with a derrick.

Tell you what happened? Well I am trying to tell you to the best of my ability. Every one was running and diving in so I asked Edith if it were hard to dive. She assured me that it was not, indeed, she said that it was very simple. I told her that I wished to learn some time and she soon convinced me that then was the time and that there was the place. So, following her instructions I took my stand on the end of the board. I was just to “bend” off and to “be sure and get a long breath” before I left the board. To make a long story short, I dived—at least it should have been a dive, but no sooner had I left the board than my most ardent desire was to get my feet back on it. So I

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immediately straightened out and made a grab for it—you can imagine what followed. At first, I thought that I had swallowed burning matches; next, it seemed that I was going straight down and would never come up. Finally, however, I came to the surface. Somehow they managed to pull me out, seeing I could not rescue myself. So that is why hereafter when I go in swimming, I expect to wade in on my feet and not on my head."



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The Freak of the Mountains

THE children of the mountain summer resort seemed unusually busy. One small child came running from behind a big oak, and with an anxious glance about her, deposited two stones in the middle of the steep, rocky road. Following her, came another, and another, each with handfuls of stones, which were duly deposited in the middle of the road. There was suddenly a cry—



“He’s coming! Greybeard’s coming!”

The children disappeared almost miraculously behind trees, stones, and bushes.

Down the mountain road a stooped old figure advanced. His eyes looked out from under heavy grey eyebrows with a fierce and yet at times a pathetically childish expression. A thick grey mustache and beard hung down almost to his waist; yet, the strangest thing about this old figure was the way in which he walked. From one side of the road to another, he went; then back a little way, and far over to one side again. What could be the matter? For what was he searching? Stones! With kicking of stones he had worn the toes of his thick boots quite thin. Not one passed his watchful eye. From this side to that he wandered, kicking, always kicking.

Here were so many stones! He must get them all out of the way. Biff! a stone went rolling into a bush at the side of the road. Immediately there sounded a low giggle, but old Greybeard continued kicking stones, not seeming to notice.

As he went on down the road, a group of children gathered behind him.

“Ma says he’s crazy,” whispered one.

“Mine says he’s just childish,” whispered another.

And the old man, who was called the Freak of the mountain, went on stumbling from one side to another always searching for stones, and never conscious of the comments made about him.

Moonlight Witchery



had slipped away from the crowd. The sight of Chloe vampiring Jack, Who heretofore had untiringly shadowed me had finally gotten on my nerves.

The campfire gleamed only faintly thru the dense undergrowth which separated it from the bank of the lake where I sat. Moonlight, so velvety dense that one felt the impulse to reach out and touch it lay bluish white on everything. Baby moons shown peacefully on the wide, calm bosom of the water. Moon-lillies learning to flirt with the stars reflected in the depths beside them. Gradually I became victim of the illusion that down the silver track gleaming in front of me, my dream ship purely white with billowing, glistening sails, would presently come floating. Almost I could hear the fairy-like dip of oars, and the exquisitely sweet strains—oriental they must be—of enchanted music. The undescribable fragrance of a summer night wafted into my very soul. Deep, deep breaths I drew in utter abandon to the witchery of the moment. Already I could see the God of my heart at the prow of the boat, leaning eagerly forward, his deep mysterious eyes filled with wondering, seeking. Across the world he he was coming for me, the mate of my soul in ages long past—coming again for the eternal mating of my life with his. The wind caught his loose white garments in a swirl of draperies. His clean-cut, slender, Greek-like form came hands outstretched; around that last bend where the lillies were fairest and most rarely perfumed the ship would in an instant appear. Strange, my subconscious mind registered, how like Jack he was! But hush, the thrum of a ukelele over the lake—and surely, surely, that was a canoe rounding the last curve. I strained my eyes, leaning as far over the edge as possible. Suddenly a familiar laugh, unmistakably masculine, rang out, followed by the soft ripple of his companion's amusement. I came

MOONLIGHT WITCHERY

to with a start, even as the warning crunch of crumbling soil smote upon my ears. But just as the tips of my white pumps suddenly dove into the water, a pair of strong athletic hands found my shoulders, and, pumps included, I felt myself lifted high in the air.

“UP, up to the moon, Princess Stray-away! There you remain until you consent to waste a kind glance on earthly mortal.”

Jack must have been terribly puzzled when I absorbedly murmured:

“You didn’t come in a ship after all!”

For a Snapshot



HEY stood on the edge of the wharf trying to get a decent snapshot of the little boat coming in. The wind was rather high and the cat boat made slow progress with its heavy load of fish and negroes. "Oh hang' it! The boat dipped and swerved out of its course. Would it never come near enough? The sun was "simply baking" and on the wet boards fairly steamed them as they waited impatiently. The boy held his kodak in a careless grasp and shifted it to every angle impossible to get the picture. His face wore a disgusted, never-do-it-again expression as he uttered familiar ejaculations of disapproval of the South. The girl bent forward with an air of interested concern for the boy, the boat, and her own heated condition. Her condition was indeed not a pleasant one.

From all sides arose the foul smells of fish and shrimps in various stages of freshness and decay. Then, too, the negroes and low class of whites that were at work around them were half stripped, and the fish they handled were enough to make one declare never to touch another. They were thrown into slimy, writhing masses. They seemed unspeakably dirty. The fishermen called lazily to one another in sleepy drowling voices as they slowly slung and piled their fish. Their slow movements were exasperating to one in a hurry; the boy and girl were in a hurry. Now the men left their work and came up to watch the new comer land. They stood an open-mouthed, half naked crew and watched the impatient girl and boy in inquisitive silence.

The boy held up his hand to screne the light off the lens of the kodak. The glare from the water was blinding. The girl half turned her back in impatience. Oh! now the boat was coming swiftly nearer. Only a minute to wait! suddenly it swerved aside and went on up the river. "Oh plague take it!" He stamped his foot suddenly and the loose boards tipped forward sending him a confused mass of summer clothing and kodak into the foul water below.

FOR A SNAPSHOT

An involuntary shout of laughter from the men, and a scream from the girl went up simultaneously. The men stood back and watched with huge enjoyment the hysterical caperings of the girl as she peered over the edge at the floundering figure below. Thus they let the "D—— Yankee" rescue himself. Sure he could swim, why not? was the expression on their amused half insolent faces. The boy was safe but the pictures were lost forever.

The Bird Nest

When spring was blushing pink, my dear,
And all the woods were wreathed in smiles,
When fairies danced on moonlight nights
With elves in caps and grass-green tights
Beneath the trees with leaves new dressed
Where little thrushes took their rest,
I wondered if we, too, my dear,
Might build a bird nest.

With summer's promise on her lips,
And red, red roses in her hair,
We dreamed the dreams moon-fabric spun,
As lovers since the world begun,
—You said it half in laughing jest,
Your lips the answer gave, the best,
Ah, life was sweet! we planned, my dear,
To build a bird nest.

When autumn came all brown, my dear,
My life then, too, was brown and sere;
The moon forgot to shine—the stars,
Were captives back of cloudy bars;
I smother memory tightly lest,
It break my heart and memory test,
You went away—my dear—my dear—
Our empty bird nest!

Helen Allen '21

First Night

September came—It was none too soon for those who were launching their frail educational crafts upon the strange and uncertain waters of college life. It was a hard craft to pilot even on known and smooth waters but on such an unknown sea, where the currents were untried and the undertow very strong, storms were not unlikely. The “pilots” however were ignorant of all this and with a few secret doubts looked forward to great success.

The girls were of every type. Some were eager, determined and sincere for the year’s work; others were gay, lighthearted and almost indifferent but each had her own idea of what college life was like. They should see—

The trip was a “nightmare”.

The bare room and loneliness was “fierce”.

And worst of all no trunk.

Just after supper the girls were free to amuse themselves by whatever devices their active minds could contrive. Groups of girls passed going to the Gym to dance. Surely they were going to dance; that was the most popular amusement for the night. There was a certain bubbling of spirits that could be found in no other fun seeking crowd. There were some few who lagged behind a step or two.

“Oh, come on Sue”, a tall, graceful girl exclaimed to the girl beside her. Its such fun to dance! All the girls are dancing. See, here comes some old girls now,” and before Sue could reply, Grace ran off to join the girls whom she rightly called “old girls”. Grace was a gay, “happy-go-lucky” kind of girl. Work never seemed to trouble her except to use her ingenuity in getting out of it, in which she usually succeeded. Both girls were new but very different. Somehow Grace always “got in”. Now after arriving at college she had left her best friend to join the “good time crowd”. Sue, patient little Sue sighed as she turned to go to her room.

“Hello!” called a loud voice behind her “where are you going?—Come on lets go to the dance! Oh yes, you’ve

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got to. Its no use staying in your room when everybody is having such a good time. My! but isn't it grand to be in college for the first time."

What kind of a girl was this!

"Yes", gently replied Sue. She was not inclined to talk; she would much rather have been in her room, but her companion, who introduced herself as Miriam Fane was rather in a mood for talking and Sue was a "good listener" so she went on.

"Don't you like everything here? I do! I think it is splendid and I am not homesick a bit, are you?"

"No" answered Sue. The fact is I haven't a home and I have looked forward to this place as a kind of home."

"Home!" Miriam exclaimed in astonishment; "I never thought of it that way. Why I came because it was horrid staying at home with nothing to do and here you can have such a good time. Say, do you know what to do with a homesick person? There's a girl in my room, my roommate I mean, she has been crying ever since I first saw her. I asker her to go walk on the terrace or down to the gym and dance and what do you suppose she did? She began crying all the harder and said she couldn't bear to go down as the dance reminded her of all her beaux and the dances at home. Oh, she's been petted to death! I don't think she has ever been any where before. But"—she stopped, then said, "Wont you come up an see her? She thinks she is away where no one cares whether she cries or not. You might help her. I can't; I haven't patience enough."

Sue, glad of the chance to help some one went with Miriam. They passed laughing groups of girls, friends chatting gaily and the gym where the girls were having such a glorious time.

Miriam remarked that she could not see how any one could be homesick here. It was so exciting and new. Of course it is rather strange and there are so many new people, but she didn't mind that a bit.

Sue mentally replied that she did not believe that Miriam had ever met a stranger. Sue was beginning to like her very much. She talked rather loud but was so frank and friendly you couldn't help liking her.

FIRST NIGHT

On reaching her room Miriam opened the door to find a small figure lying face downward on the comfortable bed by the window, and another busily unpacking her suitcase and setting the room to order.

"Oh," Miriam exclaimed, "are you my other room-mate?"

"Yes," she replied extending her hand, "my name is Helen Frederick."

"Oh sure! I know, the matron told me. My name is Miriam Fane and this is—"

"Sue Clifton," Sue finished for her.

"Oh yes, I had forgotten it. Hey Kate, haven't you quit crying yet?" She addressed the sobbing figure on the bed. "Do get up and let us have a good look at you."

Kate sat up, rubbed her eyes then fell back crying. She did wish they would stop playing that piece. It was the favorite and it reminded her of home. "Oh," she wailed, "I never will leave home again."

"What are we going to do with her?" Grace whispered to Sue and Helen.

"Oh," replied Helen, "she will be alright in a short time. My, I'm glad that I am here at last! I have always wanted to go to college and now I am here. Wonder what it will be like but I guess that's up to me. She laughed a bit but there was a determined look in her eyes and both girls realized that she was there for work.

Just then the lights flashed and all old students knew that it was time for all fun to cease. The girls rushed in from the gym with flushed, happy faces and retired to their rooms, breathless and panting from their rollicking fun. Here they continued to talk rather loudly until the last wink. Soon all sounds of cheery voices and gay laughter ceased and then a tiny bit of homesickness, a tinge of loneliness and a realization of what was before them stole over those who had entered the college walls for the first time that day. It was only for a short time however, for it had been a full day for them and they were soon sleeping soundly.

The moon, ever on the watch, shone in through the open windows and smiling down on them seemed to whisper—
"Dear little girls, sleep peacefully. I will watch over you just as I did at home and—remember this is your first year!"

Lois Byrd '23

To Our New Girls

New girls, gay girls, giddy girls come
To Alma Mater—vacation done
Some to work and some to play,
New girls, pretty girls this is to you!

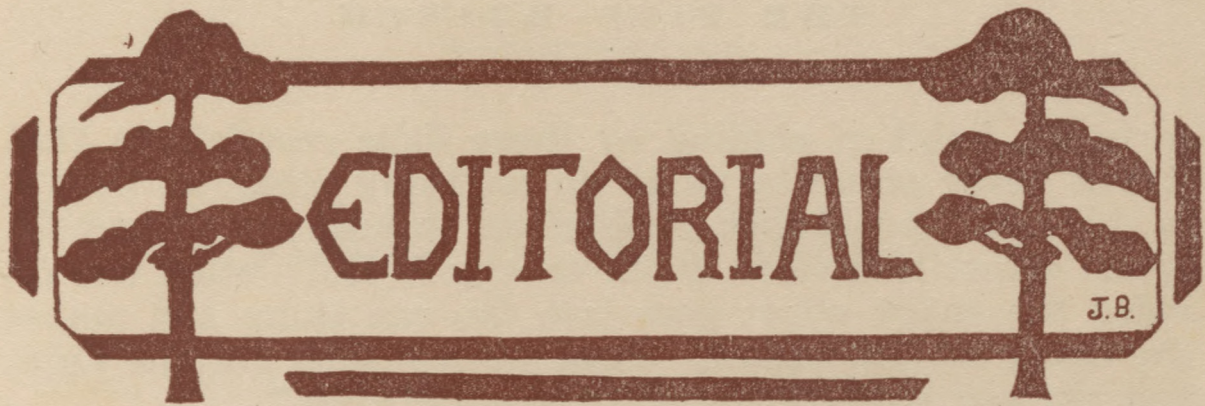
New girls, blue girls—tears fall like rain—
All of them wish they were home again
Weeping and waiting, in room and in hall
Homesick girls—want to see “mother”—that’s all

Past Physics victims instill in their heads
The laws of the lever; the sophs view with dread
The horrors of Chemistry; all Juniors see
The vain toil involved in Psychology.

All learn the joys of court, all learn to be
“A wee bit more careful girls” (So did we)
Gradually learn not to talk or to wink
Mister Wood teaches the Juniors to think.

At last they are in the uniform, the white and the blue
Gay girls, giddy girls, studious too;
In their hearts is a loyalty to last the year thru,
So S. G. S. N. C. girls, this is to you.

Dorothy Race '21



Habits

Habits reduce life to an unconscious basis. It enables us to do the necessary daily things with ease, despatch and without thought. Suppose we had to devote our whole minds each morning to dressing; suppose we had to will ourselves to take each step, to make each movement of our body; suppose we could not eat and attend anything else at the same time. Just suppose all that, we know it is not true but suppose it were, would we have any time for thinking, talking, studying or even enjoying ourselves. We could not learn our poetry as we dressed; we could not talk or even think as we walked for we should have to be watching our steps. In short if we had not habit to make these acts subconscious we could do nothing but those merely animal acts which make for the lowest level of living.

What then has this to do with your life as we begin our work at school? We have suddenly been launched into a new life, one entirely different from any we have ever lived. There are new customs, new regulations, new duties and a new life. In our homes we have become accustomed to these things and unconsciously abiding by these traditions we are able to go ahead with the things worthwhile, the things we are interested in. Now shall we not reduce these new regulations to the same basis and leave our minds free for a more intellectual course? Let us get

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so in the habit of abiding by these little restrictions that it will never occur to us to do anything else. If we get in this habit it will cost us no effort to keep out of trouble. When effort is divided much energy is lost; when not divided the entire effort goes into the one thing and makes the doing of that easier. Shall we not then get the habit and put our effort to the things worthwhile?

To the New Girls

Welcome! girls. You will get that message first as it shines on you from the immense electric sign that spans Patterson street; but the light of welcome which it gives with its many candlepower globes, isn't nearly so intense as the welcome that radiates from the faces of girls, teachers and yes, even the buildings and the servants who greet you at S. G. S. N. C.

You must never forget Sam, and the sooner you get acquainted with him the happier and more at home you will feel. If you will take a tip from an "old girl" you will seek out Sam when you get blue. But you know there's really no use in getting blue; just look how glad we are to have you. It would be fearfully tiresome to come back to school and find not a single new girl.

You are our new life and hope. We know what the "old girls" can do, and now it is "up to you" to show us what you can do. We are depending on you to send us forward with a new start and make all South Georgia know you can do. Don't worry about being a "new girl." You won't be in that class long. Before you know it you will be an "old girl," just as we are who have been here two, three, and even four years. It doesn't take long to get the new rubbed off and settle down to real enjoyment. "Getting into business" means that from the time you are classified until the day you leave, almost nine months, you will have a goodly share of work, fun, "courting", (if you are not very "saintly") and happiness.

And girls, it's worth it. Come on in with right good will and we will all come out on top.

EDITORIAL

About the Pine Branch

Have you heard that this PINE BRANCH is a Senior Magazine? I have, but I hope you haven't gotten this mistaken idea. It is the wrong idea, for the magazine is for, by and of all the girls. So far we have not been able to get many contributions; therefore, the staff, and certain girls who were willing to help, were forced to do most of the work. We are only to glad to get contributions from any of the girls. We woul like to be "swamped" with stories, jokes, locals, poetry, drawings and anything that you think worth while. This does not mean that everything you hand in will be published. We could not do that and keep up our standard, you know. And you will not be insulted if we ask you to work over something, will you? You know we all have to work and re-work everything that goes into The Pine Branch.

What about your subscription? Don't you think it worth while to subscribe for yourself, send one home and possibly bestow one upon a friend or two? Some of us tried it last year and it worked. It is dirt cheap. We need your help and your loyal support to carry us through the year. Remember—we are depending upon you.



In Memoriam
Mrs. Euretha Milton Coley
Member of the Class of 1918
Died August 1919

The Alumnae Association held its annual meeting in the College Auditorium, May 29, 1919. Thirty-three members of the Association were present, and all exhibited a fine enthusiasm and interest in the College.

The Association voted to give a scholarship of seventy-five dollars each year to some worthy girl. This amount is to be raised by a special contribution of one dollar by each member. This year the scholarship was presented to Miss Helen Allen in recognition of her excellent work as a student in the college for the past two years.

At this meeting the Association chose its colors, flowers and song. The colors elected were purple and gold, the flower the sweet pea, and the song was to be written to the air of "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes."

The following officers were elected for the coming year:

President—Miss Marion Groover

Vice-President—Miss Terah Cowart

Sec. and Treas.—Miss Lena May

Cor. Sec.—Miss Bessie Proctor

Alumnae Editor—Miss Helen Mizell

Before the close of the meeting the Association pledged anew its love, loyalty, and aid to Alma Mater.



EXCHANGE

The 1918-19 staff of The Pine Branch was very grateful for the Exchanges of last year. The criticisms were quite helpful and the magazines were read with pleasure. This year we feel the need of your help, and will be glad to receive any new as well as all the old exchanges. Those received were:

The Florida Flambeau, The Wo Co Ala News, The Wesleyan, South Carolina Monthly, The Achemist, Our Monthly, The Normal Light.



The South Georgia State Normal College
announces the marriage of her daughters

Lila Ensel Broadhurst
to
Thaddius Leroy McClesky

Annie May Harper
to
Leroy D. Napier

Bertha Jones
to
Joseph Usher

Minnie L. Peterson
to
Barney Limberger

the weddings taking place in the summer of nineteen
hundred and nineteen.

LOCALS

There are two kinds of September bells for us you see, wedding bells an school bells. Our school bells ringing on September the third brought us back with every corner filled an some corners packed and jammed. We came back two hundred and fifty strong—which, by the way is exactly 1000% increase in six and one-half years.

"Y" Hike

On Saturday morning, the sixth of September, an invitation was extended to the members of the student body by the Y. W. C. A. to hike to Jones Pond. Miss Gallaher allowed the girls to wear bloomers and middies, and as they left late in the afternoon, walking was most enjoyable. Pretty soon after they reached the grounds, a delightful picnic supper was served. Then they had songs around the fire and afterwards tramped home in the moonlight—a very tired but happy bunch.

Pine Branch

This is our first issue of "The Pine Branch" for 1919-1920 and as everybody is so rushed, it is necessarily a "thin number." It is the magazine for all the girls and we hope the new girls are going to receive it as enthusiastically as we are sure the old girls will.

Teachers

"All girls must have black bloomers. Serge bloomers are preferred. Girls who wish to order and have the correct bloomers brought to their doors, notify me tomorrow. These will be regulations and will wear for longer than any others I know."

Edith L. Pratz.

Director Ph. Tr.

You see we have Miss Pratz back with us and we are glad.

THE PINE BRANCH

We are also glad to have several new teachers with us. Miss Wagoner takes Miss Young's place as head of the music department and Miss Bond takes Miss Ousley's place as teacher of Piano with her assistant, Miss Mitchell, Miss Pucelle, Misses Lena May and Sadie Culbreth, members of the Training School filling Miss Garretson's and Miss Goodlet's places are Miss Becker and Miss Hopper. Mr. Yarborough too has left us and his place has been given to Mr. Henderson.



Eyes That See Not

A new girl gazing sadly out of the window asked "Does anybody know where the campus is?"

Miss Craig's Excuse

"If it were Mr. Wood, people would call his temper an "eccentricity;" if it were Miss Hollis they would say it was a "dramatic situation;" and Miss Wagoner would be branded "temperamental;" but I have to take all the blame for the plain temper because I'm red-headed and hard to please!"

An Astronomical Soph

Miss Craig: "Have any of you been watching the big dipper this summer?"

M. E. Moses: "No Ma'am, but I've been watching O-rian."

Miss Craig: "Why Orian hasn't been out!"

Needed Some Etiquette

A Sophomore entered a restaurant and called for "Pie a la mode and ice cream!"

Fourth Choice

Mr. Wood: "This is the fourth time you have tried to explain to me why you can't take chemistry."

Sophomore: "Is it? Well, I'll chose Mr. Powell next time."

THE PINE BRANCH

Ye Gods!. It's a Normal!

A letter was received by a new girl addressed:—Miss Ruth W. Harrell, % SOME Seminary.

Now Who Did?

Miss Hollis: "What did Croxall write?"

Hallie Lou Roberts (Senior) "He wrote some of Aesop's Fables."

The Teacher's Attitude

Miss Barrett: "Criticize her questions, Miss Ingram."

Ethel Ingram: I think her first two are very good."

Miss Barrett: "Why?"

Ethel: Well, its just about the same as mine."

Speaking of Bones

A cheerful Junior at the table last week remarked:
"Gee! These fish are bony. Wonder why they didn't feed 'em before they were killed."





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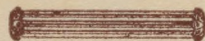
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in "Anne of the Green Gables" Elsie Ferguson in
"Witness for the Defense" Mary Pickford in "The
Hoodlum" and "Daddy Long Legs" Anita Stewart in
"Human Desire" and "The Kingdom of Dreams" Clara
Kimball Young in "The Better Wife" Norman Talmadge
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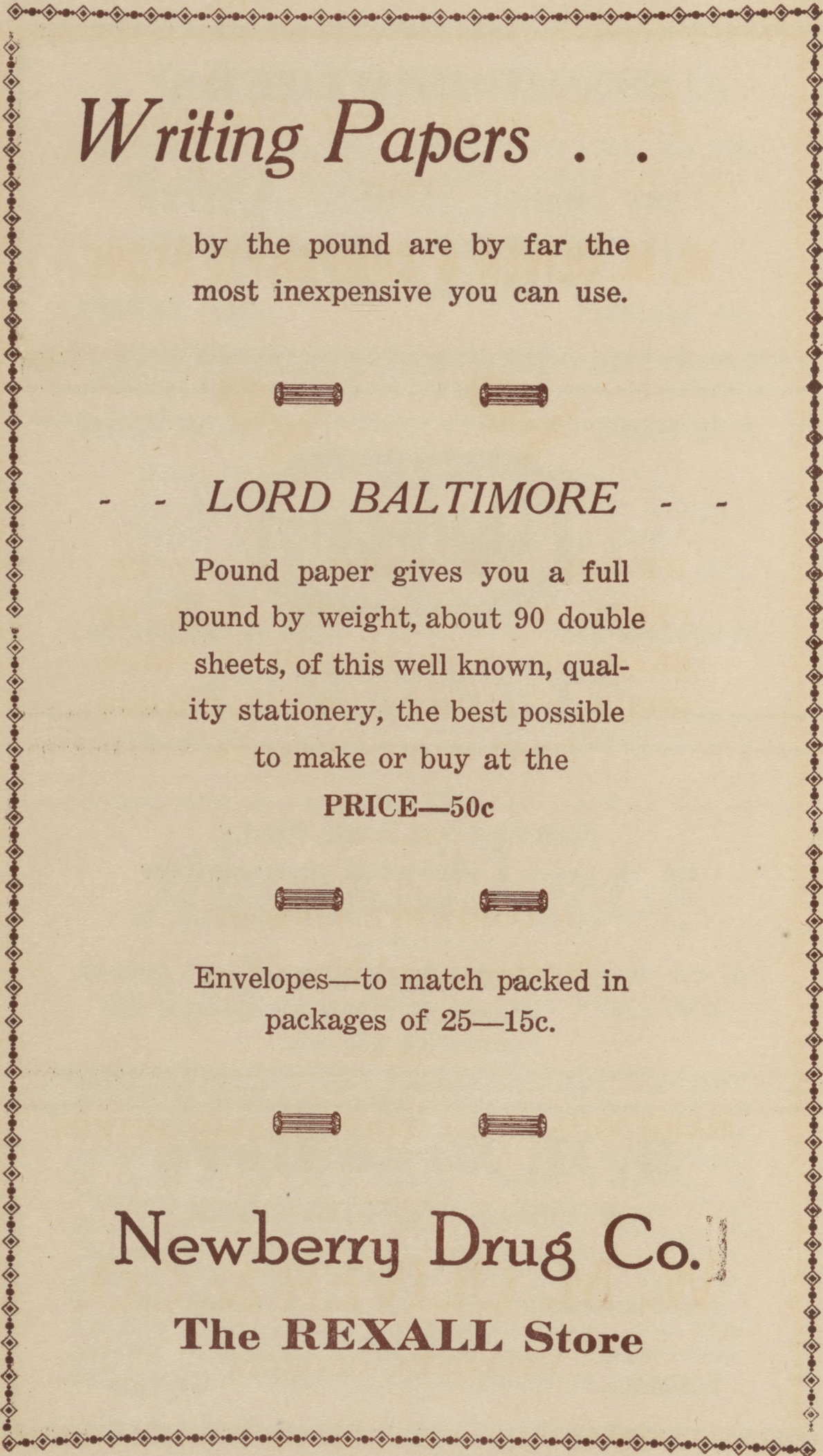
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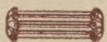
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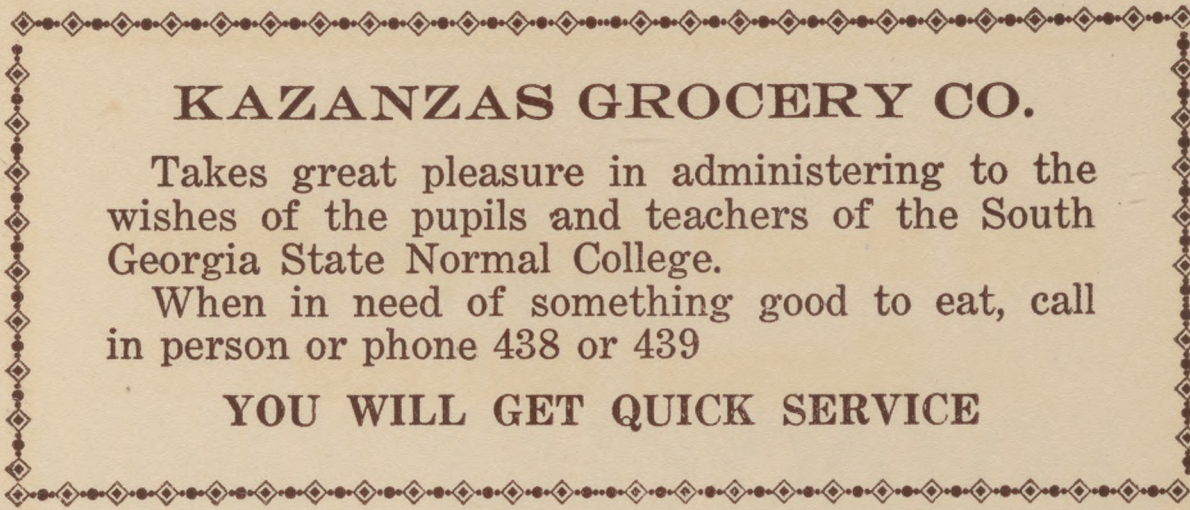
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