

# THE PINE BRANCH



October  
1920

Volume 4

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**CONTENTS**

---

Returning -----	Page 2
At the End of the Way -----	Page 3
“A Sweetly Solemn Thought” -----	Page 5
All’s Well That Ends Well -----	Page 6
Delilah -----	Page 9
Twigs -----	Page 10
Editorial -----	Page 12
Tangles -----	Page 13
Alumnae -----	Page 14
Locals -----	Page 15
Humorous -----	Page 17

# The Pine Branch

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## Returning

There's dancing of feet in the halls again,  
The sound of young voices arise,  
And happiness fills every heart as a song  
And laughter goes seeking the skies.

Sweet carols of joy from daybreak till the e'en  
And gay girlish gossip is heard  
As light as a fair summer shower that falls,  
As fresh as the song of a bird.

No matter to these that summer is past  
For autumn is coming, you see,  
And each day that dawns is as good as the last  
And each is as good as can be.

—Evelyn Powell, '21.



## At The End of the Way

Dust covered and with drooping head the tired horse slowly plodded along, picking his way over the treacherous stones and cautiously guiding himself along the edge of the cliff. The rider paid no heed to the horse, but slumped in the saddle, and with a grim look upon his tired, strained face, clung on for dear life. His breath came in sobs, for he had been four days in the saddle, and the last two with neither food nor drink. Bare headed and with torn clothes he presented a God-forsaken picture in a seemingly God-forsaken country.

The sun's last rays were striking against the walls of the canon, but the gold and purple colors which it shed over everything went unnoticed by the stranger. Far off in the distance could be heard the piercing cry of the hungry coyote as he waited for night to come that he might pounce upon his prey. As the man slowly lifted his head it could be seen that he was young. His face told the story of a terrible struggle in which he had lost. What? Wealth? No, of the worldly goods he had plenty; but happiness he had none.

Haltingly and with difficulty, these words escaped his dry, parched lips in a gasping whisper, "How could I have broken faith with those whom I loved and with God—and what will be my fate?"

Of his own will the horse stopped in the shadow of an overhanging cliff, and the rider, looking across the vast space below him, saw an eagle make its way upward to its haven of rest and contentment. A look of pain crossed his face as he urged his horse on down the trail.

As night drew closer around them, they slowly made their way down into the valley and, suddenly, surprise swept the stranger's face. Intently, he gazed far ahead of him and—yes, there came a smile to his tired eyes and face, for far away in the distance, and but dimly shining, could be seen a small light. However small, it meant to the man what a clear spring would to a victim of a terrible

## AT THE END OF THE WAY

thirst. His feeling of gratitude to God seemed to be imparted to the horse, for with renewed vigor he hastened on at as great speed as possible.

Drawing near the end of his journey, he lifted his face toward the heavens and uttered this prayer, "Dear God, may I be to others as this light has been to me, the salvation of my life and restoration of faith in myself and others."

His spirit had risen as the eagle in its flight. And into the cabin he carried joy to the isolated inmates with his news of the world. But how little they knew of the peace and comfort they gave to his soul.

He could now go back and take up his life in school again, at the head of his class, a different class, however; not that of the wild, drinking, gambling boys for whom he had lost his place in school and home, but one which upheld the standards of true manhood.

—Waver Hodges, '22.



**"A Sweetly Solemn Thought"**

The time again has rolled around  
When we must go to work.  
Let's banish every single frown  
And not a duty shirk.

Our minds have all been free from care  
And everything's been fun,  
But now we feel it in the air  
That real work has begun.

We'll take what comes and never fuss,  
Who wants to be a bore?  
Let's make this year mean more to us  
Than any has before.

—Eppie Roberson, '23.



## All's Well That Ends Well

May 15, 1920.

I've never written a diary, but I've got to do something in order to get this, this—oh, whatever it is—out of my system. I wish I could scream. I think it would be a relief. I'm sick, disgusted and tired of this hole. If I live through the next eleven days I'll thank my lucky stars and never, never put my foot back at S. G. S. N. C. And final exams to come yet! Oh, I'll just die!

May 19.

I had my first exam today. And honestly, after all my cramming last night I would have been just as well off if I hadn't cracked a book. Miss ——— can ask the craziest questions,—and I let you know I wrote some crazy answers. But if I flunked it's her fault. And I have six more exams to stand. Oh, my head's all in a whirl and I can't even think straight.

May 23.

This is our last Sunday here. Wonder why folks like to stir up your emotions? All the seniors sat together at one table today and after dinner each one of them stood up and gave a little talk. Every one of them seems sad about leaving and one cried and I actually felt 'most like crying myself. I have had some good times here, and everything—but I'm not coming back; that's settled and why should these folks disturb my peace of mind?

May 25.

Oh joy, I go home tomorrow! I can almost hear the train blow now. Somehow, though, there's something that kills—no not kills but impairs—my joy. I'll be leaving here, as my college home, forever. It does make me a tiny bit blue. I believe I love this place a little after all. But pshaw! I'll be all right when I get home and see mother, father and the children and Peter—'specially Peter.

## THE PINE BRANCH

May 26.

I'm at home, sweet home. Why do girls want to go to college when they have a perfectly wonderful home they can stay at? I feel as if I could stay here forever. The whole family was down at the station to meet me — and Peter was, too. I kissed the family all around and almost kissed Peter. And he's coming tomorrow to take me to ride. I could only write him one little letter a week at school. But now—um um!

June 10.

Such a glorious summer! I don't even take time to write my diary. "Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling" to go where you please when you please, and no lessons to bother?

July 3.

Some girls came to see me today. They are planning to go to S. G. S. N. C. this fall and wanted me to tell them about the school. I told them oodles of good things, and not one bad. Really, though, they seemed so enthusiastic I didn't have the heart to discourage them a bit. And then one of them asked me if I were ever going back and I said, "I'm not quite sure yet." Now wasn't I silly?

August 4.

I've been having a perfectly wonderful time and have neglected this old diary until I'm almost tempted not to write any more. We went to a picnic today and all the crowd was talking about college. I believe everybody is going. Peter's going to Tech. Wish I had my application in at S. G. S. N. C. I might really go. I believe I'll take a chance and run write it now!

Aug. 15.

I did get in and my trunk tag came today and the little bow of red and black ribbon. I almost kissed it. I have the same dear old room. I wonder who my room-mates are?

## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

August 27.

My last Sunday at home! I told Peter good-bye to-night. It hurt, but not as much as it would if I weren't going away too. I hate to leave, but won't it be jolly to see the old girls and the new ones, too!

Sept. 1.

Back at S. G. S. N. C. I was glad to see everybody and everybody seemed glad to see me. The old buildings seemed to smile at me and extend a welcome and the dormitory fairly grinned. Just before I reached the steps the building looked at me with its many eyes and said, "I tho't you weren't coming back." I returned its gaze, threw back my shoulders and answered, "I wasn't, but I couldn't stay away, but don't you dare say, 'I told you so.'" Now, isn't it funny how we change our minds?

—Edna Robinson, '22.

## Delilah

I lost my heart today. An impish Miss—  
With golden eyes a-slant all roguishly,  
And hair the burnished sheen of copper rare,  
That gleamed and glistened in the sun, and turned  
Mysterious and russet in the shade;  
With skin of satin creaminess, and smooth;  
Hues borrowed from the sun she's goddess of,  
And cheeks that flush a-crimson, like the stain  
Of rich red roses; shading to her mouth  
The luscious red that warms the roses heart:  
Her figure slender-built like a sprite,  
With all a sprite's gay grace and willfulness,  
Was, yet, full-ripe, matured voluptuously,  
Alluring and bewitching every sense—  
She's taken me, my heart—my soul, my mind.  
I walk in chains, a victim of caprice,  
Of moods that change from cold to warm again—  
One minute harsh, the next, such ecstasy  
Of clinging sweetness, healing all my hurt;  
And, then, an arch withdrawal, daring me  
To follow her, and bend her to my will.  
O goddess-maid, the chains were lightly worn!  
Nor would I have you other than you are—  
With charms as varying, and full as free  
As colors which a-splash, your raiments deck;  
As free as golden butterflies, which mate  
And dance and dip above your shining head.  
They call you Indian-Summer, Autumn, Fall—  
Delilah were the better name for you!

—Helen Allen, '21.

# Twigs

## Anger

The corners of her mouth were drawn down, and her small lips were slightly protruded. Her face was flushed, and her blue misty eyes bore all indications of anger. On her forehead were very distinct wrinkles which didn't for one moment disappear. Her long curls bobbed incessantly with the shaking of her head, and from her lips came a steady flow of emphatic statements. Stamping her foot on the ground and pointing her finger at the object of her revenge she exclaimed: "You Jimmie Smith, dus ook wat you've gone and done; tored up my big nice toad frog house. I specks to tell your mamma on you, I do! Go home! You shan't stay no longer. Go!" Then she fell flat on the ground and began sobbing passionately.

—E. R.

## College Again

"Why are you late coming back to school?" greeted me as I came in sight of a group of merry girls running to meet me.

"So glad to see you," yelled Addye, as she threw her arms around my neck and planted a big kiss on the end of my nose. "Have a good time this summer?" asked Julia, bringing three new girls forward and introducing them.

"My, but it's good to see you again," I said when I had time to recover my breath.

## TWIGS

"Did you bring anything to eat?" asked a new girl, pushing her way into the crowd.

"What you got in the box, and let me have the suitcase. It feels like it might have some chicken in it!"

"Oh, did you know Ruby was married?"

"No, who would have thought it!"

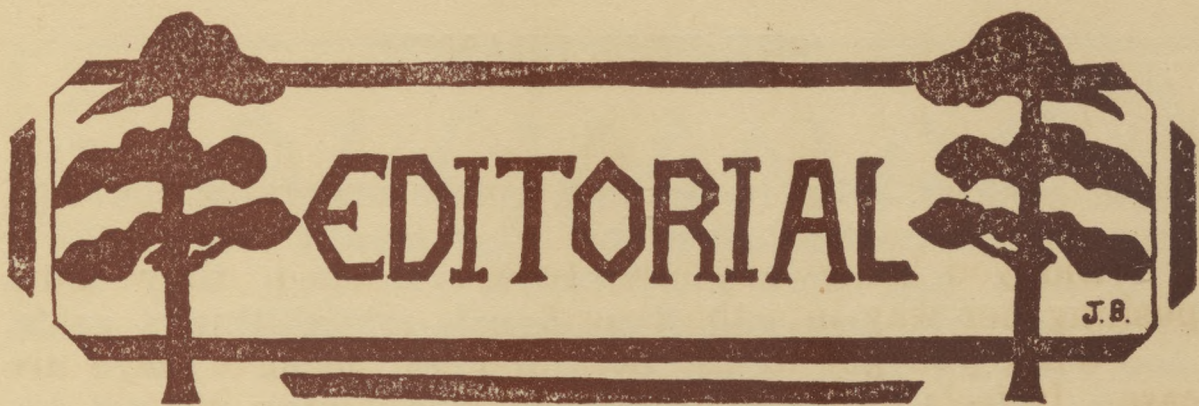
"Hatty and Ethel are back and they don't look natural out of uniform!"

"Girls, isn't it good to be back?" I asked as I threw my hat on the bed and coat beside it.

"I can't wear this thing!" Who was she? I didn't know at first, but she was a new girl and tears were streaming down her cheeks, as she stood in the doorway pointing down at the long, but quite natural, blue skirt.

Laugh? We couldn't help it. But isn't it grand to be back?

—J. W.



## Builders

Upon our campus, now, there is in the making a beautiful structure. The whir of machinery goes steadily, and scores of workmen move as steadily and rhythmically—each with a certain task to be done, each an artist in his own part of the building of that which in its completeness shall mean beauty, strength, endurance and efficiency. From the green, dew-wet morning to the langorous afternoon they bend their backs to the late summer sun. Yet, occasionally a crisp, fragrant breeze springs up, and they push back their hats, straighten their shoulders, and look on their work—to call it well.

And one there is who is everywhere at once. He measures and gauges, and jealously watches for the growth of the image which is ever at the back of his mind—the plan of the master builder of them all.

There are other builders, too, for in and about the campus-beloved, two hundred young souls radiant in the first flush of young womanhood, are building—building with faith and hope and ambition; sitting at the feet of wisdom, learning the glorious give and take of team work, fighting the odds and finding it all worth while.

Some are new and inexperienced workmen, finding it a little hard to get on to the rules of the game—the game of Life and preparation for it. Intense friendships, like mushroom growths, spring up overnight; and when through their very fragility they perish, disillusion some-

## THE PINE BRANCH

times rankles. But in the end, comes understanding, and true values assert themselves.

Others are more experienced, yet even they must straighten up now and then, brush trivial things aside, and measure their work by the great ideal. There are guides who help us to carry on, and—may we not believe?—there is the master guide of all who keeps in our hearts the completed plan of a sane, sweet womanhood.

### Tangles

'Oh what a tangled web we weave'  
When present hair styles we conceive!

Hearts afire and scimitars clanging, eyes alight and nostrils quivering, we have given ourselves to the temperance banner. Bobbing up and down in our seats, we have cheered the advocates of simplicity, true worth and unaffected honesty. And yet—to look at the coiffure of modern femininity—what if the outer appearance of our heads were indicative of the interior decorations! We who are prone to judge by surface values, what must we think of the intricate windings and mattings and tangles of that sovereign organ, the brain?

"Beauty least adorned is most adorned," *quod erat demonstratum*, might be a geometrical conclusion. If so, then geometry has become extremely unpopular.

Still, I cannot but feel for those poor mothers who long to see their daughters' ears again—those ears they deemed so dear in babyhood. "Her pearly, shell-like ears"—the poets used to rave about. I wonder if the poets remember now. One charming girl was wont to let the winds play hide and seek within her hair. The other day she passed me by, her head as smooth as any plaster saint's across the top. And looking piteously through the bars, a semicircle knot of tangled hair was strangled by the net.

Ah me, I thought. The winds are lonesome now.



A decorative rectangular border containing the word "ALUMNAE" in a stylized, hand-drawn font. The border is adorned with pinecones and pine needles at the corners and midpoints. The initials "J.B." are visible in the bottom right corner of the border.

# ALUMNAE

It was with great pleasure the different members of the South Georgia State Normal College alumni were welcomed to the opening of the fall session of school. Among the visitors and those who came to teach in the college we find the names of: Misses Julia Pinkston of Adel, '15; Maggie Mae Smith of Valdosta, '16; Alice Feltham of Boston, '17; Minnie T. Harrell of Quitman, '17; Edith Patterson of Dixie, '18; Stella Mathis of Barretts, '18; Hazel Bourquin of Adel, '18; Edith Smith of Valdosta, '18; Ida Groover of Pidcock, class '18; Minnie Ruth Brown of Lake Park, '19; Lois May of Adel, '19; Jonibel Powell of Jennings, '19; Sadie Culbreth of Tarver, '19; Mattie Campbell of Valdosta, '20; Katheryne White of Lake Park, '20; Ethel Ingram of Fowlstown, '20; Hattie McMillan of Ellenton, '20; Mildred Smith of Valdosta, '20.—Valdosta Times.



### New Members of Our Faculty

We are glad to welcome the new members of the faculty of the S. G. S. N. C. Mr. Poston is now at the head of the music department. In this department are several new teachers. Miss Sallie Pearl Smith and Mrs. Plowden are piano teachers assisting Miss Frances Bond, and Miss Howell is assisting Miss Margurite Whittington in teaching violin. The new head of the English department is Mr. Martin. Miss Mattie Campbell is English assistant. Mr. Shanks has Mr. Bradley's place as head of the department of history. Miss Margery Moore is teacher of foreign languages. Miss Stella Mathis, after a year's study, has returned to assist in the art department. Miss Annie Redfern is assistant in the home economics department, and Miss Louise Mendelssohn is director of physical education. Miss Kemper Moore teaches voice culture and reading. Miss Goodlet, after being away for a year, has returned to take Miss Barrett's place as principal of the training school. Miss Ethel Ingram and Miss Hattie McMillan returned as student assistants.

### The Faculty Entertains.

An enjoyable event of the month was the reception given to the students by the faculty on Saturday evening, September 4th. One feature of the entertainment was the procession in which the men of the faculty marched carrying pennants with such inscriptions as: "Vote for Cox," and "Welcome, Fair Sex." Mr. Powell then made a talk on woman suffrage. This was followed by a talk from Miss Craig on "How the Men of Valdosta Have Received the Fair Sex."

### **Camera Club Organized.**

The Camera Club held its first meeting Saturday afternoon, Sept. 18, 1920. The following officers were elected: Mildred Price, president; Jimmie Carmack, vice president, and Edna Sasser, secretary and treasurer. The work in this club is going to be very interesting. Among the things to be studied are: Pictures, developing, printing and different ways of taking pictures. President Powell has offered a prize of five dollars for the most characteristic picture of the college, also a college views book is going to be published this year and fifty cents will be given to every person having one of their pictures in this book. There are nineteen members in the club now and it is sure to become a progressive one.

### **Club Work.**

This year we've organized two literary societies, which for the most part take the places of the different clubs we have had heretofore. However, several clubs have been organized. Besides the county clubs we have the Philharmonic, a musical club, and the Kodakery Clubs.

### **Philharmonic Club Presents Recital**

On Saturday evening, September 18th, the Philharmonic Club presented Mrs. James McCall in a song recital which was indeed a treat for all who attended.

### **Athletics**

Our athletic club has not yet been reorganized. Officers will be elected soon, however, and we're expecting the club members to crowd our magazine with records of the great work they are doing.



### Advanced (?) Physics.

Miss Craig: "How long is meat considered fresh, Lois?"

Lois O'Quinn: "Why, er—as long as it is not spoiled."

### How Strange!

One bright Sunday morning the electric current went off, leaving the street cars stranded.

"Why are we standing here?" asked a new girl.

"Waiting for the power to come on," was the answer.

"Why do you have to wait for the power?" was the next petulant query.

Miss Craig: "How has the refrigerator car reduced freight rates, Bebe?"

Bebe Lang: "Well, you see, Miss Craig, when they used to ship cattle whole——"

Miss Craig: "How else did they ship them?"

### Elements, Mixtures, Compounds.

Miss Craig: "Now, consider your breakfast; in which class was it?"

Class in unison: "Mixture—we had hash!"

**Introduction Lacking.**

Old Girl: "Are you going to vesper?"

New Girl: "Who in the world is that?"



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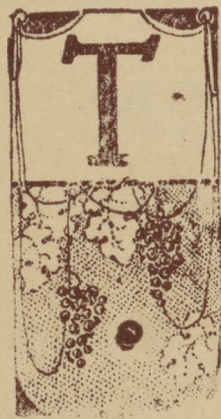
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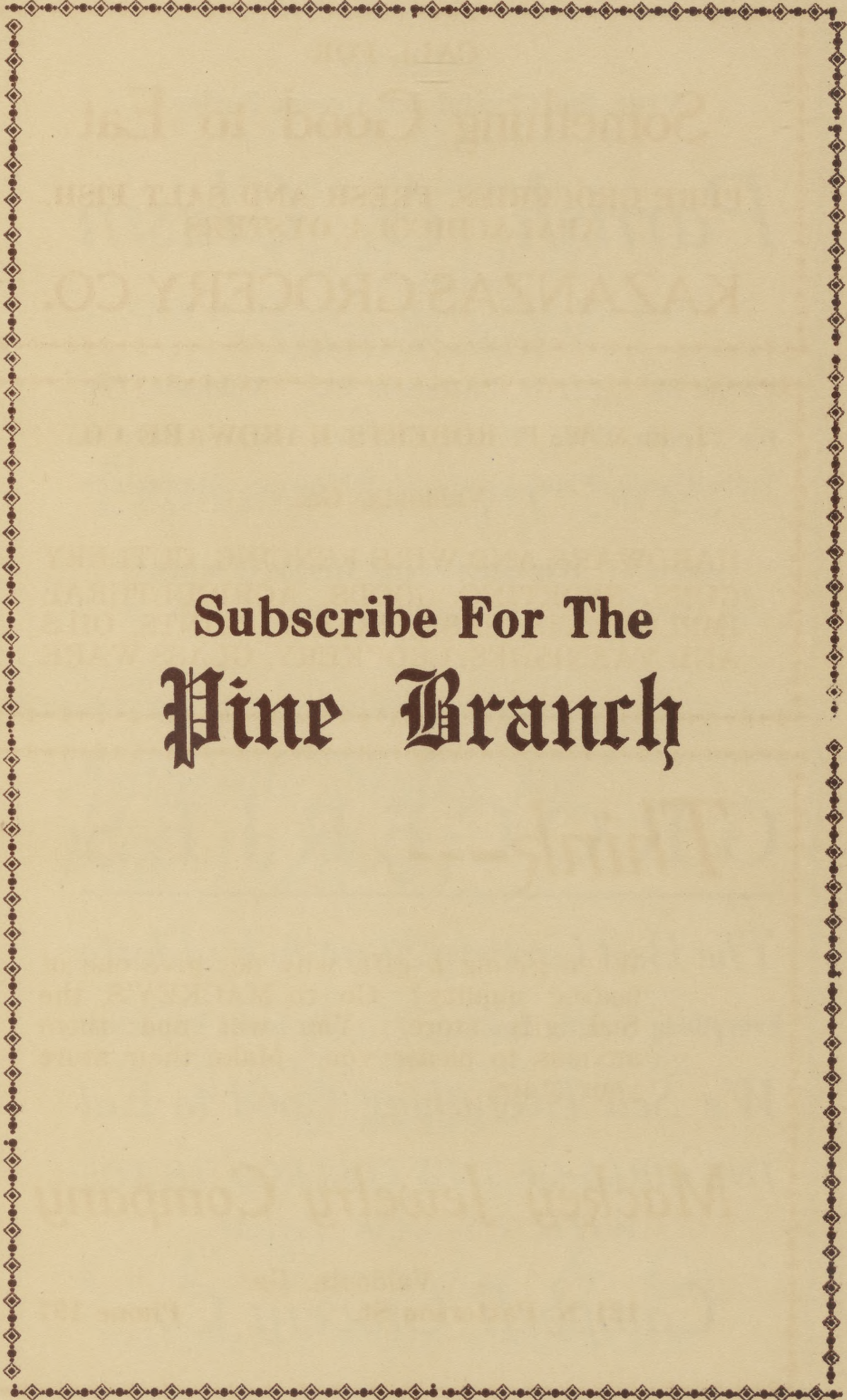
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