

THE PINE BRANCH



November
1920

Volume 4

Number 2



TURNER JONES SHOE COMPANY ■

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The Pine Branch

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A Lesson

The brown leaves whirl
 And rustle under passing feet.
The trees left bare
 Must bravely mourn their loss.

No winter's coat
 Is given in place of summer's green,
But gaunt they stand
 And bear the winter's storm.

We learn from them
 How best to meet the storms of life,
And thanks we give
 To God who made the trees.
 —Evelyn Powell, '21.



"Smile, It Won't Hurt"

"Well, Liberty, there's no use fussing about it. I don't reckon they will move the school to your home for your convenience, for I think the school could run pretty well without you. To be exactly true, please state one thing you've done to help the school along, talking about the school has done nothing for you!"

"Well, I don't care, I guess I'm homesick, and I just hate this place—whoever heard of such a school! I'm going home," announced Liberty, making a wry face.

"That'll be bad, I'm sure. I guess they'd have to close the school if anything so tragic as that were to happen."

Then walking over to Liberty and patting her on the shoulder, Phylis said, "Oh, come, Liberty, you know you don't hate this place, why some day you will love it just next to home. The first night I was here I just vowed I wished the whole place would burn up before the next morning, but now—here's hoping old Alma Mater stands for one hundred thousand years, and I can be here forever."

"Yes, I guess you can say that. All I've got to say is, you are easily pleased," replied Liberty, getting up, and as she started into her bedroom she threw a petulant frown at Phylis.

"Say, old dear, don't waste those thousand dollar frowns 'round this place, we don't like them a little bit."

She called Bettye and Dixie into the study to hold a consultation over the new room-mate.

"Well, I don't care if the little cry-baby does go home," announced frank-spoken Dixie, "I'll be glad of it, I don't need her."

"Why, shame on you, Dixie," said the sympathetic Bettye, "you were just like her or a little worse when you first came."

"Yes, I remember what you all did for me, too. You sat up and grinned at me like two hyenas, and asked me if I didn't love my home, and told me the college could very easily give my place to some one else."

"SMILE, IT WON'T HURT"

"Well, shut up, chatter-box, what we want to know now is how we can quiet this little thing."

After a few minutes hesitation, Dixie had a bright idea, and after a little elaboration the girls decided to carry it out.

So Dixie walked over to the door of Liberty's room, from which cries of grave distress were issuing.

"Say, sister, calm down a moment, I want to tell you something."

Almost at once the crying ceased.

"Little girl, listen, you'd better hush. you're going to make yourself sick."

"I don't care, I want to go home."

"Ah, can that. Listen, you're not coming out 'till you hush if that's a year from now."

"I don't care, it doesn't matter where I am if I can't be home."

"Lady, you'll change your tune before many hours."

In an hour the crying had stopped, but Liberty had made no effort to come out. Dixie, who was standing guard at the door, had assured Bettye and Phylis that she believed the little girl didn't care where she was.

In a few minutes Liberty attempted to open the door, but Dixie held it tight.

"I just hate you, Dixie De Bracy, you are so wicked, I'm going to tell the matron."

"Well, I'm heart-broken," declared Dixie. "I'll tell you, Liberty, if you'll smile just a penny's worth I'll let you out."

"Oh, you crazy thing, well I guess I might as well smile as cry. It doesn't seem like crying gets me anything. It sure doesn't get any sympathy."

"Well, dear girl, that's the talk we like. Come out, Miss Belle, I'm delighted to know you. Really, Phylis, isn't she pretty when she smiles, and hasn't got her forehead in a thousand wrinkles."

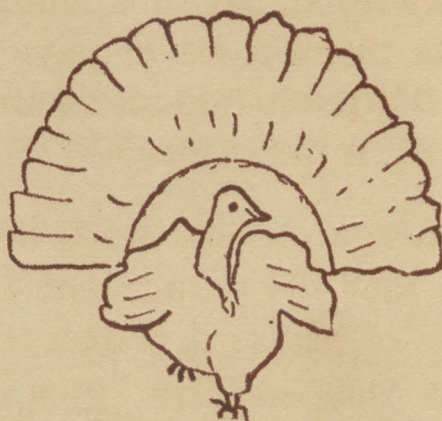
"My goodness, Dixie, you could kill a bear with your foolishness."

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"Well, that's the way I'll slaughter my next one. I'll tell you like a friend, Liberty, that in school, just like everywhere else, a one cent smile is worth more than all those thousand dollar frowns you've been casting around here, isn't it, Phylis and Bettye?"

"You tell 'em!"

Two weeks later Liberty was elected to the Honor Court. When she came in the room Phylis, Bettye and Dixie showered their congratulations upon her. Liberty remained silent until they had finished. Then Liberty said very seriously, "Well, girls, I appreciate every word you've said, but you all may have the credit for it all, and Dixie, the advice you gave me is a good motton for any one, 'A one cent smile is certainly worth more than, not a thousand dollar, but a million dollar frown.'"



Unselfish

Are we all as quite unselfish

As perhaps we'd like to be?

No doubt we sometimes think we are,
But really now—are we?

Do we sacrifice our wishes

When we really feel we should?

Or do we always think alone
Of our individual good?

Would we do an act of brav'ry

Just as quick when few would know
As we would where we were sure that
It would make a better show?

When we do an act of kindness

Do we think it never pays
Unless it's published all around
To gain a bit of praise?

Let's always do our noble deeds

With just the thought of doing right,
For love of praise is selfishness
In its very highest type.

Eppie Roberson, '23.

Superstitious Rastus

"Mem-o-ries, Mem-m-m-o-ries!" plaintively, exultantly, dreamily, with a wailing, long-drawn note at the end, the melody whistled out between the huge puckers of Black Rastus' lips.

"He's ez black ez any tar-bebby," his old mammy had said of him long ago, "an' ez skeered ob de dark ez if he wa'nt a piece of it!"

In truth the rolling whites of Rastus' eyes and his gleaming teeth disclosed in a retrospective grin, made a glare of light in his dusky face.

He stopped whistling a moment now, to ruminate: "Lawd, dat gal am sho some chicken. She say I got de dreamiest eyes ob any good lokin' cullud man she know—an' man' ef she ain't got dem juicy lips! She just nach'lly got me goin', I say. I 'spects as how dat ol' church steeple gwine be mought nigh shuck off wid de clap ob dis nigger's weddin' bell 'bout de nex time ol' Parson Shoutem Down cum 'long dis way."

"But Lawd. I'se a-comin' ter dat pesky white fo'ks' grave yard again. Man, but I wish I had er ole jar-head ter lope by hyar. Don' see what dat triflin' yaller gal wanta live on back side ob nowhar for, no way. Dar ain't no human way ter git aroun' so I guess I got ter hoof it. May de saints presarve me—I ain't gwine look dat away."

Bravely, the pent-up music in his soul shivered out again on the spring air, quivering off into a whisper sometimes, and again stopping with a queer little stacatto jerk as Rastus' breath gave out. To say the least, Rastus was badly off key.

"Gawd, I mus' be nyar-'bout pas'," he muttered. "I'se a-gettin' pow'ful tarrd holdin' my ole eyes shet. Sholy dat was de las' root afore I git pas' de corner."

A huge sigh of premature relief slid off his laboring lungs, and the big eyes popped open as if a spring were released slowly. And, once open, knee-knocking fear kept them so. He had just reached the gate of the cemetery with Col. Adam Gregory's monument standing tall and ghostly in the moonlight, near by.

SUPERSTITIOUS RASTUS

“Angels in par’dise! O my good saint Hanner!”

Something white and moving softly, swayingly, in a far shadowy corner caught Rastus’ shrinking eyes. It seemed to spread and bow mockingly to him, and then to shrivel up small and high and stand waiting—“What de debbil was hit, anyhow?” A cold wind blew from the direction of the tumble-down church in the background, and turned the sweat on Rastus’ forehead to icy clamminess. It was moving again. It seemed coming nearer, nearer. The negro began to run. He passed the last post of the yard, head turned at a neck-breaking angle over his shoulder. Suddenly, something caught his feet, something long and snaky, clutching and entangling. Rastus lost equilibrium. His great number nines sought the tree tops and his flat nose burrowed in the sandbed of the country road.

For a moment, an awful moment, he lay stunned and still. Then his feet began pawing the innocent air. Desperately, he dug his elbows in the sand and lifted his head, his kinky hair white with sand—with a vociferous spitting of the gritty substance. He hadn’t been warned to shut his mouth as he dived ungracefully.

“De debbil am got me. De debbil am got me, sho! Oh, Mr. Debbil, oh please suh, Mr. Debbil, leggo ma foots. Whut I done ter you? I ain’t stole nuthin’ sense las’ watermillion time. I spent ma las’ dime on chocklit draps fer dat gal ob mine ternight. Good Mr. Debbil, won’t you please lemme go?”

Then from a clump of bushes to his right came a low, heart-squeezing cry, moaning, sobbing, wailing, rising to a mad shriek, then dying away again into hopeless, despairing sobbing, like the wind ’round a corner of a winter’s night.

Rastus wilted. He shut both sand-filled eyes. Suddenly a cackle of crazy laughter shocked through Rastus’ prostrate frame. Then came a cold, far-away voice. The negro’s eyes unglued with a click.

“Rastus Jeremiah Isaac Jones! answer the spirit of a dead man’s body—the ghost of a worm-eaten, long-dead corpse, answer thou me!”

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"Yassuh, yassuh, boss!"

Rastus heard a rattling of bones, and shivered.

"Dust of the earth, your hours are numbered. The skull and cross bones is signed by your name in the book of life. Is your shroud ready?"

"Nawsuh—I ain' got no shroud, boss. I ain' had time ter pr'pare none. I ain' ready ter die, Mr. Ghos'."

"Then you will have to join us without one. Confess your sins. How much meat have you stolen from your master this spring?"

"I ain' tuck nary t'ing, boss, 'cept a little ol' bottle of sarup ain' nobody wantin', s' he'p me hanner! I ain' had no meat 'ceptin' some sardines wi'f sweet crackers las Sat'day night, in er coon's age. Dat's de truf, Mr. Ghos'-man. I ain' in no lyin' mood."

"No? Do you mean to tell me you aren't at this minute lying there in the road, with the devil holding your heels, Rastus Jeremiah Jones?"

"Nawsuh, I mean, yessuh—I ain't knowin' what I means, Mr. Corpses. You ain' gwinna take dis po' nigger 'way wid you is you man—I mean, dead-fo'ks?"

"Look at me, Rastus. Wouldn't you like to travel in my company?"

And to Rastus' horror, from the bushes there rose a long, empty skull, with horrible eye-sockets, shapeless nose, and a double row of grinning teeth, and from between them came laugh on laugh of madness. A light inside, somehow, lighted the wretched thing up, and Rastus folded his hands beneath him in resignation.

"Yo' kin cum git me, mister. I'd ruther dat wild cat whut stays in de swamp had er et me, but I 'low yo' done skeerd him 'way. De banshees'll git me—O Lawd!—an' dat gal er mine won' nebber know whut cum ob me, an' dat lazy good-for-nuffin' Sam Allingan'll beat my time, an' dar won' be nuffin' lef' f'r po' ol' Rastus but ter be a ha'nt."

Just then the miraculous happened. His feet, which had been waving unconsciously, were abruptly freed. Even as the Thing started for him, Rastus struggled up and hit the

SUPERSTITIOUS RASTUS

ground running. A long black streak, he cut the white of the moonlight, and melted away on the road toward home.

Behind him, three white boys about his own age laughed.

"I wouldn't have done it if he hadn't left me in the lurch with the tractor work this afternoon," said the leader of the group. "And if he wasn't so darn superstitious."

"That dogwood tree helped out," said one, rolling up the frayed rope, "and that old horse's skull finished him, with Frank's star performance. Poor old Rastus, I'll say he's superstitious.

Helen Allen, '21.



Twigs

Known By His Hat

Morning Jane! You sleepy-head, how can you? Don't you know this is the day we're going to the fair? Why girl! My heart jumped right up in the window and laughed at me when the first thought bounded forth this morning, 'Will Harry be at the fair today?' Jane, do you even reckon he will? Don't you most believe he will, Jane? I—wonder—something tells me he will."

The girls had been on the fair grounds several hours, taking in everything. But Esther kept her big brown eyes searching everywhere for that brown suit and green hat. Yes! that was exactly what Harry would have on today.

Esther reeled with wild excitement. "I knew it—I know it. Yonder is my green hat and I know it's Harry under it." Though she was frail she pushed her way through the crowd and all in a moment was facing him. "Oh! you de——!! But, Mr. Powell! I didn't know you had a new hat—I didn't even think you'd wear a green one—Yes—yessir, we're having a wonderful time."

M. S.

A Glorious Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving has come and gone. Can you realize it, Mary?

I had a perfectly wonderful time at home, though it rained all day long, just a slow drizzle. But that didn't matter when I had a large group of merry girls to spend the day with me and share the delicious dinner mother had planned for the occasion.

A GLORIOUS THANKSGIVING

After we returned to the fireside and had begun to tell stories, a knock was heard. I rushed to the door, threw it open and a group of laughing boys pushed their way into the room.

"My, but you must be having a party," they exclaimed.

"Yes," I answered, "and I'm so glad you all came in to join us."

"We had just begun to tell stories; you tell such wonderful ones Ed," teased Jane, coming nearer.

"Oh, let's dance a while first, it's cool outside and the exercise will warm us up, eh Joe?" Bob said, as he pulled off his gloves and tossed them towards a hat rack.

"Come on boys and help get the rugs back while I start the Vic. Which piece will you have first, John?" Betty asked.

"That Naughty Waltz," everybody cried, starting to glide over the floor as the sweet strains filled the room.

After we had danced a half dozen dances, mother came in with cocoa and sandwiches. We stopped dancing and pulled the rugs back close to the fire. Bob tossed on a fresh supply of coal, while I brought nuts and big red apples, which we piled on the floor between us.

Some one turned out the lights, leaving only the glow of the firelight. Marjory then asked Ed to tell his story and he began in blood-curdling accents:

"It was a small settlement. There were more women than men and the Indians had threatened to burn their huts and take the scalps of every man, woman and child.

"An Indian maid who was prized as the most beautiful maiden of her tribe and who was to become the chief's squaw, strayed up the river one day to the whites' settlement. She hated the chief, and, thinking she might find friends among the whites, she came up to one of the huts.

"She told one of the white women about this threat and as she knew some English, it was easy for the white man just inside the door to hear, so at once he thought of giving the princess shelter. Coming forward, he asked her to come in. Very glad of the chance, and not thinking of her tribe, she went in.

"The white man knew he could use her as an interpreter, but as night drew near and shadows grew darker around

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the door a chill in the atmosphere told him something was wrong. Just as night fell around the settlement, shots were heard from all sides. They had missed the princess! Being hemmed in by Indians, with no way to escape, the families were pushing towards the doors of their small huts, when a whoop was heard. The princess stepped out into the band of Indians and tomahawks glittered in the fire-light as they came down with a crash upon the heads of the helpless settlers. Their scalps were being cut and torn off ——”

“Oh, please stop!” “Please don’t tell any more!” gasped a group of terrified girls.

The fire had died low and outside the wind was howling wierdly.

“Boys, look what time it is, no time for you to finish that blood-curdling story, Ed. I’ll listen to it another time when we are alone; this crowd is too scary,” Bob said, and winked at Katheryne.

“My, but we must go, I promised to be home by seven and it is now ten-thirty!” Bess exclaimed, rushing to get her cloak, all the girls following her.

“We have had a wonderful time,” everybody joined in, as they left.

“I’ll never forget the best Thanksgiving I’ve ever had. Now, Mary, wasn’t it glorious?”

Julia Whaite, '25.





What things shall we be thankful for?

We sat in a thin patch of sunlight, the little old lady and I, she swaying gently in the quaint old friendly rocker with its red worsted cushions, and I curled up on the top door step at her feet. She looked so peaceful there, her hair drawn smoothly back, glistening like spun silver, the yellow light lingering on the delicate pink of her cheeks and dancing in the merry gray of her eyes, which burned with the spirit of unquenchable youth.

Her frail old hands were working busily as she talked, and I watched them fascinated, for after all, they told more of her story than anything else. Modeled so slenderly they were, yet impressing one with a sense of their strength and endurance. Mother-hands—and even as I looked, out of the rainbow tangle of thread a little sock began to take shape.

“They’re for Clara’s youngest,” she told me brightly. “He’s such a husky little fellow, and the nippy cold days are coming soon. I saw the dog-fennel hanging heavy with bloom yesterday. We’ll have a white frost inside three weeks—... John Karl, he’s the next, you know, ran the turkey gobbler this morning until the turkey got tired of it, reversed tail, and forced John Karl to take refuge on top of the chicken house. There he stayed and yelled for an hour before his mother heard him and routed the gobbler, who had mounted guard below.”

“Oh, the Thanksgiving turkey?”

“Yes. And Clara’s had such a time saving up to buy that turkey. They’re very poor you know. And there’s Mavis, the oldest, needing voice and piano lessons. She

THE PINE BRANCH

used to turn the dishpan over, and sing and play before she was two years old. Keith's an artist—an artist-soul and having to work at the butcher's every Saturday afternoon so he can stay in school during the week! But they're happy, and Clare tells them they'll each have their chance some day. They will, too, for the big chance comes to every one who is prepared and watching for it. The great Henri himself is trying out Mavis' voice this afternoon, at his studio in town. I can hardly wait for the dear child to come back and tell me all about it." Loving anxiety dimmed her cheerfulness for a moment. "But la! He can't help loving the way the sweet child sings. Sometimes it is the voice of the mating birds; and sometimes it makes me hear the little stream again, where her grandfather and I went honeymooning. So soft and tender it is in some places, filled with such gurgling laughter in others, and sometimes flinging itself down the rocks with a grand reckless crash of musical waters. Monsieur Henri heard her sing at church last Sunday, and if she proves her talent, he is begging Clare to let him give her the voice and piano lessons. 'Later,' he says, 'she will make a fortune in a single night.'"

And I tell Clare a pinch of poverty—what of that? It only brings the sweetness out in those children. They know they can't have everything, and they share and enjoy what they do have all the more. Bounding health and a wealth no money can buy is theirs. When I join them some evenings and they all gather around the fire, and Keith shows 'grandma' his last picture, and Mavis sings us some old, old songs in her rich young voice which makes all things new—and John Karl's head bumps his daddy's shoulder, and Clare sits a very human madonna with the baby asleep in her arms, not wanting to leave us all and go up stairs to tuck him in; she always says 'he might wake, anyway'—when I sit in the best chair and warmest corner always saved for grandma, and watch them and share their happiness, I think, 'How many things to be thankful for, besides mere worldly goods!'"

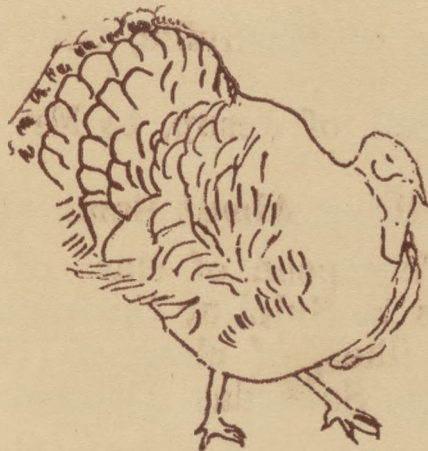
Just then my long gray roadster drove up into the weird

EDITORIAL

black shadows the little old lady's cedar trees flung across the front.

"Why, la! child, there's your car, and never a problem of yours have we discussed."

"Don't worry, dear," I answered, leaning my face reverently against her knees for a moment and rising reluctantly, "you've answered them everyone."



ALUMNAE

The Alumnae Association of the South Georgia State Normal College announces the marriage of four of its sisters:

Miss Margaret Breen, of Thomasville, to Mr. Horace M. Slover, of Jesup, Ga.

Miss Mildred Smith, of Valdosta, to Mr. Jabez P. Kelly, of Springvale, Ga.

Miss Ina Askew, of Nashville, Ga., to Mr. P. W. Hancock.

Miss Clyde Purcell, of Jesup, to Mr. Lawson Patten, of Milltown.

Something About Some of Us.

Miss Blanche Thompson of class of '18 is teaching in the primary grades in Sulphur Springs, Texas.

Miss Thelma Wilkes, of class of '17, was a welcomed visitor at the college Saturday, October 23. She is teaching in Adel.

Miss Jewell Woodward of class of '18, who taught in Brunswick last year, is teaching in Adel this year.

Miss Lena May of class of '19 is teaching in the Valdosta public schools.

Miss Minnie Ruth Brown is teaching in Lake Park, Ga., her home town.

Miss Sadie Culbreth is enjoying life at her home, Tarver, Ga. She was a visitor at the college on Sunday, October 24.

Miss Augusta Brown is making a successful teacher in Lake City, Fla.

Miss Lillian Etheredge, '20, holds a responsible teacher's place in Hahira, Ga.

Miss Katheryne White is in Barretts as teacher in the school there.

Miss Catherine Chastain is stenographer for Miller-Tittle Lumber Co., Thomasville, Ga.

Miss Alice Feltham is teacher of domestic science in Cartersville, Ga.



Forward! March!

Literary societies have been organized and are now in full working order. On Saturday evening the first program meetings were held.

The program of the Sororian Society was as follows:

- Talk by President ----- Estelle Barker
- Piano solo ----- Ruth Strickland
- Vocal solo ----- Waver Hodges
- Reading ----- Annie Mae Powell
- Piano solo ----- Birdie Van Brackle

The program of the other society, which as yet has not selected its name:

- Inaugural Speech by the President ----- Evelyn Powell
- Short Story ----- Lois Byrd
- Piano Solo ----- Evelyn Powell
- Reading ----- Helen Allen

The first program gave us a vision of what we may accomplish, and each member became so enthusiastic that it seemed as if the command Forward! March! had been given. We are amateurs now. Just watch us!

Band Concert.

A surprise! What? When? Where?

On Wednesday evening, October 13th, the Valdosta band came out and gave a concert right on our very own terrace. It was an unexpected treat for which we wish to thank the members of the band. We hope they will come again.

Thanks to You Freshmen for a Holiday!

Although we Sophs were hoping very much that the hat should not be found, we congratulate you freshmen upon your unity, determination and fine spirit that were displayed in connection with the hat hunt. We enjoyed the holiday as much as anyone and sincerely hope that we may entertain you as delightfully as we were entertained by the Sophs last year.

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Y. W. C. A. Reception.

On Saturday evening, October 9th, the Y. W. C. A. was hostess at a reception given in honor of the new members of the association. "Would you like to go to Blue Ridge and why?" was the main topic of conversation, especially during the proms.

Another feature of the evening was Miss Mendelson's solo. It was announced that Miss Mendelson possesses a voice of rare quality. When the first notes were struck instead of the lovely soprano tone—what? A deep bass from—where? After several minutes of suspense it was decided that the soprano singer was only pretending and that the singer whose deep bass tones filled the room was none other than Mr. Martin.

"Hallowe'en again," shouted one of the girls, "and we're really going to have a sure enough party at Miss Sallie Pearl's tonight." Every member of the Philharmonic Club was highly enthusiastic over going to a real party where you could play games, bob for apples and be a child again. Without one complaint each girl dressed in her nicest white uniform and at seven o'clock prompt was ready to start on the road to the house of spooks and mystery.

Arriving at Miss Smith's, to be sure no girl had been secretly and silently spirited away by some ghost or witch lurking by the wayside, the roll was called and each girl answered to her name with some musical term—either a composer or singer. Among the most renowned were the names of Al Jolson and Harry Lauder.

Among the many games played and enjoyed by all was the game "I Punch You and You Don't Even Laugh." The first girl touched upon her rosy cheek could not see the funny side that every one else seemed to find only too easily, and to her chagrin found that she herself was the sole object of laughter by the attractive and neatly placed beauty mark of smut on her smiling countenance.

Around the room of awe and unveiling of life mysteries

LOCALS

there hung a crowd, each eager for her turn, that she might have her palm read and be allowed to gaze with hungry eyes into her future, especially eager for any romance that might be revealed to her. Many a little girl emerged with a beaming smile, few with a frown of perplexity stamped upon her forehead, her brow puckered in thought.

With a prize in view the girls worked like fury to get the most correct answers to the contest. Many were the new terms introduced as musical in answer to the puzzling questions of the contest.

"Oh, I got my face all wet trying to get that old apple," was the mournful cry of one girl, as they crowded around the basin of water upon whose surface the rosy apples floated and bobbed. "But I didn't want one, any way, I never was very crazy about apples," and with this the disappointed girl consoled herself.

Ten o'clock. We must hurry home or the hob-goblins will get us. A better time a crowd of girls never had than did those of the Philharmonic Club at the party given October twenty-ninth. We owe so much of the pleasures of the evening to Miss Smith and Miss Bond.

Striking of America's Hour.

On October 7th the Y. W. C. A. presented a pageant entitled "The Striking of America's Hour." The chapel was appropriately decorated with flags of different nationalities and with a cross fitted with tiny electric lights.

The pageant was given to stimulate interest in the Y. W. C. A. and thus aid in getting new members and to show America's responsibility toward her own and the peoples of foreign countries. The nations of Babylonia, Egypt, Greece and Rome appeared before the characters of Brotherhood, Justice and Liberty. They were tried, weighed in the balance and found wanting because they failed to set their people free and did not send out the "true light" to all the world.

America being summoned last was told that unless she

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profited by the mistakes of the other world powers she, too, would fall. America listened to the pleadings of Japan, Korea, China, the Negroes, Child Labor and other great forces. All these appealed to America for Freedom, Justice and for the True Light of the world. Truly America's hour is striking and on her answer depends the life and strength of her people.

ATHLETIC NOTES

The Athletic Association elected officers for the year 1920-'21. They are as follows:

President	-----	Julia Daniels
Vice President	-----	Lovie Mae Gaskins
Secretary and Treasurer	-----	Sallie Kate Wolfe

A hike was given September the twenty-third under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. This was enjoyed very much by the new girls as well as the old girls.

Many interesting events have been planned for the coming year, such as: Basket ball, volley ball, hikes, weiner roasts, baseball, swimming parties and other delightful things.





Problematic.

Mr. Wood: "For illustration, do you halter a mule's head or his mind?"

E. Powell: "Why—his mind."

Mr. Wood: "Oh! Well please explain how you make that halter fit, Miss Powell."

Results of the Strain of Practice-Teaching.

Martha, after eyeing Lina with amazement, as the latter calmly placed her shoes in the middle of the bed one night: "Why in the world are you putting your shoes there, Lina?"

Lina, absent-mindedly: "Why, so I won't forget to put them on in the morning!"

Definitions de Luxe.

Miss Craig: "What is vapor?"

Bright Student: "Hot water gone crazy with the heat."

Music's Charms (?)

Rosa, frantically slamming book to floor: "Well, Bebe, can you study with all that fuss going on down there?"

Bebe: "Now, Rosa, some folks sho' ain't very considerate!"

Rosa: "I do wish Nannie and Susan would leave those tin horns down town."

Editor's Note.—After the fashion of those who study violin, Miss Evelyn Powell was merely practicing nearby.

THE PINE BRANCH

If Time Flies, What Does Money Do?

Mr. Wood, intending to illustrate a point in philosophy, began with a crescendo of confidence that fast became diminuendo: "I have—I have—I have—I think I have—fifty cents—if I haven't spent it."

New Uses of Curiosity.

Miss Craig, after asking a question and finding no answer forthcoming: "I thought that I tried to develop some curiosity last year!"

Ruby Meeks, seeking to answer the question: "It kills germs."

Some one in class: "What? Does curiosity kill germs?"

Force of Habit.

Eloise Coleman: "Pass the bread, please."

Estelle Janes, picking up bread plate, having only one piece on it: "May I have a piece, please?"

Senior Knowledge.

(Reading "The Princess")—Mr. Martin: "Tress—what is a tress, Miss Flynt?"

Miss Flynt (coming down to earth): "Oh—ah—why, er—a train!"

Wanted—New Marks for Deserved Merit.

Julia Myrick: "Mr. Martin, I don't think I deserve zero on this paper."

Mr. Martin: "I'm sorry, Miss Myrick, but zero is the lowest mark I can give."

Perfectly Obvious.

Miss Craig, admonishing the class: "Now keep your eyes open tomorrow, girls!"

Student: "Why, Miss Craig?"

Miss Craig: "Because people might think you were foolish if you went around with your eyes closed."

JOKES

Politics.

Mr. Shanks: "Are you an American citizen, Miss Price?"

Miss Price: "Certainly."

Miss Powell, excitedly: "She is not! She can't vote!"

Maybe Its a Myth.

The chemistry class was discussing a corporation being formed in Valdosta to own and operate an oil well in the west.

Ruby Meeks, who hadn't heard all of the conversation: "But where is any oil well? I haven't seen it."

Skirts.

Mr. Martin, reading: "And far beyond, Imagined more than seen, the skirts of France.' What does that mean, Miss Liggett?"

Miss Liggett: "'Skirts of France'—oh—ah, I s'pose it means something about the women."



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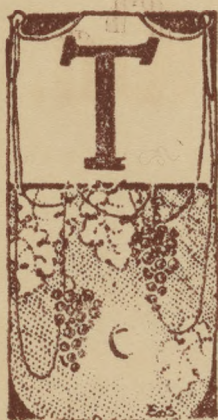
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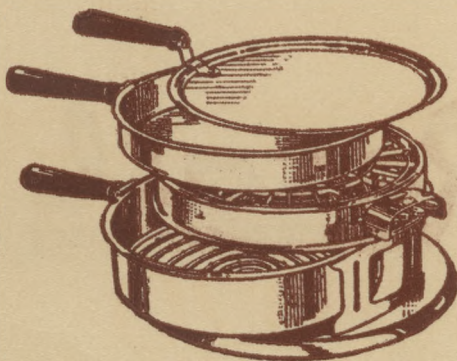
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