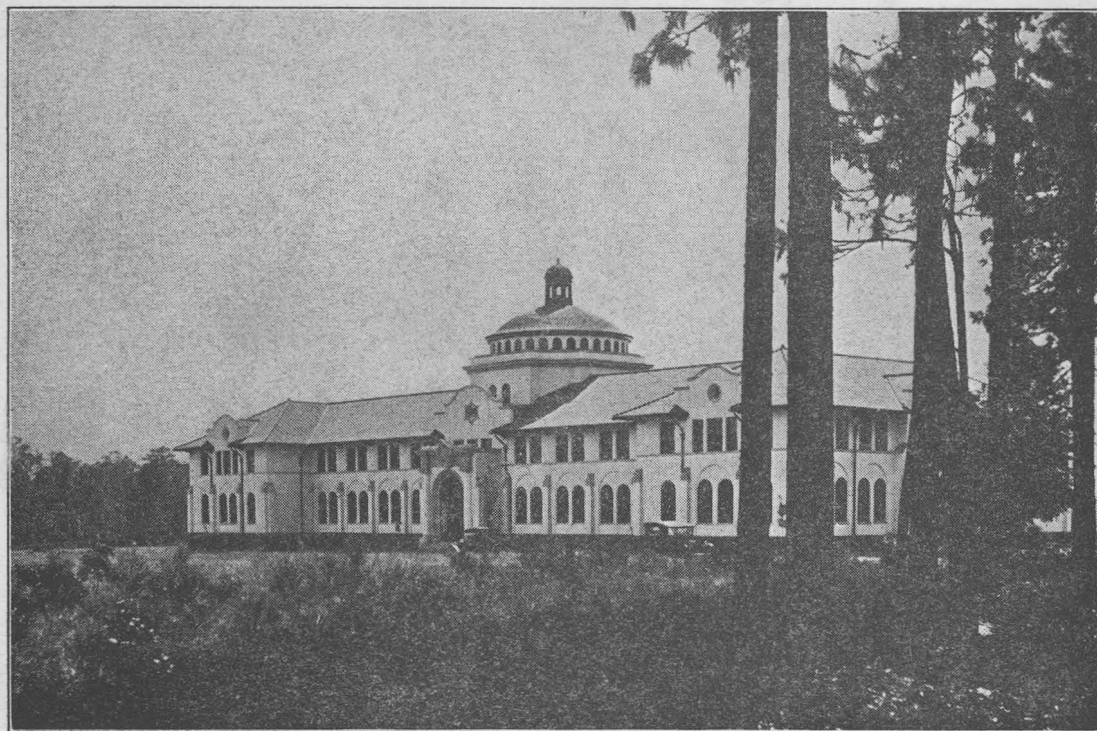


Vol. 1

No. 1

The
PINE BRANCH

14 # 13
DECEMBER, 1917



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING



PUBLISHED BY
The Writer's Club, South Georgia State Normal College
Valdosta, Georgia

Application for entry as second-class matter at the postoffice at Valdosta pending

THE PINE BRANCH

A STUDENT PUBLICATION

Issued monthly by the Writer's Club of the South Georgia State Normal College
at Valdosta, Georgia

Editorial Staff

Terah Cowart - - - Editor in Chief
Inez Hodges, Jewel Woodard, Hazel Fillin-
game, Alma Scott, Cora Anderson,
Associate Editors.

Management

Pearl Bulloch - - - Business Manager
Ida Groover - - - Assistant Manager

Terms

Subscription — At College, 75 cents the year
By Mail, 50 cents the year
In Clubs of 10 or more, 25 cents the year

4/18/30
14
HERE WE BEGIN



Everything that has life has some means of expression, and the State's youngest institution — the baby of the system, as it has been affectionately called — is now old enough to talk.

Besides, we want to talk. We want to have our say along with the rest ; so, like young Orlando, "We come but in as others do to try with them the strength of our youth."

This alone is reason enough for us; but we feel justified in asking the public to read our magazine because our school is the property of the State, and her people have a right to know all about us.

We desire, also, some means by which our alumnae may be kept in touch with the life of our school.

So we begin our college magazine, **The Pine Branch**. If any one should wonder at this title, let him but come and see where we live. To us the name seems quite unavoidable for the pines are all about us. This tree with its strength and

straightness, its beauty and its upward-striving habit, its service and its nativeness to our good South Georgia clime, came early to be recognized as the symbol of our school.

It was the inspiration of our first college song, the girls singing by common impulse, "May the pine branch ever wave o'er Georgia's college fair." Our magazine has befitly inherited this title.

In these columns, it is our purpose to give voice to characteristic phases of our student life and to store up the incidents of our college days in such a form as to create a wider interest and lead those within our immediate bounds, as well as our alumnae, to cherish our magazines for their beauty as well as for the memories they recall. If our first issue proves, as we feel it may, somewhat too much about ourselves, we hope it may be pardoned, as this is an introduction.

And so we make our bow.

6891

EDITORIAL

RECENT BUILDING PROGRAMME OF THE COLLEGE

Those readers who have passed through the crowding and pushing of a railroad station in fair time or the crush at a Fourth of July fire works display will appreciate the glorious sense of relief that has been brought to the students of the South Georgia State Normal College by the new administration building opened this fall; and will pardon the enthusiasm breaking out into print.

When the school first opened its doors to the daughters of the state, it was necessary to make the one building then provided a combination dormitory and administration building. For two years we lived fairly comfortable in this house but the school grew so rapidly that for the next two years we existed in such a crowded condition that at every turn our elbows met the ribs of our fellow-students. We walked not only on our own feet but on each other's also.

Naturally our keenest desires took the form of a building that would relieve some of the pressure. One can imagine our delight when in the summer of 1916 the State Legislature made a liberal appropriation to meet our needs, and the joy with which we watched the structure grow during the spring of 1917.

We went home after commencement when the building was hardly more than taking form. All through the summer our anticipations were whetted with curiosity and desire, and when we returned in September the car could not bring us from the station fast enough. We expected much, but the architect had over-reached our brightest hopes. On gaining the first glimpse of the building we were overwhelmed with enthusiasm. There it stood, its stately dome towering above its exquisite facade and its broad and graceful wings stretching boldly to either side. The rich, red tile of the roof and dome, the deep shadows cast by the overhanging eaves against the broad white walls, the multitude of arched windows—all contributed to produce a most pleasing effect.

While we were charmed with the beauty of the exterior of the building not for one moment could we, who had been through the crowding of the last two years, forget the purpose the structure was to serve. So, anxiously we made our entrance. Immediately we realized that the interior, equally as beautiful as the outside, if possible reveals more of convenience and serviceableness than does the exterior reveal of strength and dignity.

It is hard to determine the strongest points of this splendid structure; but without doubt its beauty and serviceableness are among the foremost. It is not saying too much to speak of this noble building, which means so much to us students, as a real addition to the State's artistic and educational wealth.

The college, having at last secured a permanent administration building, the temporary arrangements for administrative purposes in the dormitory building was no longer necessary. So the whole house was converted into a dormitory during the summer. Permanent parlors and other features needed for proper social living were provided; and the students now (though still filling the enlarged dormitory to the limit) are exceedingly comfortable.

In addition to these changes, there has been added to our facilities a new and up-to-date heating plant, a very attractive car landing where we wait for the street car, and another building that for a time will serve as a gymnasium and later as a laundry.

One who knew the college even two years ago would hardly recognize it now, so great has been its last year's building programme in an attempt to meet the one thousand per cent. growth in attendance which the institution has enjoyed during the four and a half years of its life.

THE COLLEGE WOMAN AND THE WAR

No war has ever found the women of a nation laggards or "slackers." They have always been the greater sufferers in war; their suffering in defeat has been more terrible and in victory they have not had the glory that men have had to cheer them. To women war is a dead lift, devoid of the excitement of action at the front, heavier by suspense and the anguish of silence.

In the present war women are doing their bit as courageously as in other wars, but they have been more fortunate—except in conquered lands—in that they have had more opportunity for active service. Through the Red Cross and other helpful organizations they have literally come to the front in hundreds of ways. There is hardly any work of men that women are not doing, and doing effectively.

The call has come with unusual force to the college women and their response has been noble in the highest degree. All over the land and at the front in France college women are doing their part.

In an article elsewhere in this issue, Misses Patterson and Mathis, who have had active parts in the work, tell of what the South Georgia State Normal College is doing for the cause. The students of this institution are in a double sense daughters of the state; in it they have received their birth, of it they have received their education. They are resolved that their actions here will be such that the state may look upon them with approval.

A NEW GIRL'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF STUDENT SELF GOVERNMENT

Ruby Ezzell

I had heard of student self government before coming to college, but had thought of it as a more or less impractical ideal. I had heard that in some schools the self government had the "swing" and there was little government of any kind and that in other schools the government was really faculty dictation, and the self of the students was scarcely consulted. So when I was told that student self government obtained in the college to which I was going, I was impressed more with hope than with faith.

When I actually entered college I was on the alert for evidences of the working plan. Not being inclined to get into trouble, I suppose, I failed for several days to see any concrete evidence of its working. I wasn't ordered to do anything; I wasn't reprimanded for doing anything. I was early impressed, though, with the close comradeship that existed between teachers and students. It was a free companionship that could not exist where students stand in awe of the faculty and think of it as a group of persons endowed with the power to force them to do things. I noticed also a readiness, indeed, a gladness to consult teachers, to seek their counsel and carry out their directions.

I noticed that girls were very companionable among themselves, that the old girls were quick to get acquainted with the new girls and introduce them to each other. The old girls were hospitable and given to inviting new girls to do this or that to make a pleasant hour, and they were equally quick to accept and act on suggestions of the new girls, only, every now and then they would reply to some suggestions, that the girls didn't do that—that there was a regulation on that point—or something of that sort. There was a spirit of self respect and self reliance and of respect for others and their wishes that comes only from good will and the habit of self control. A spirit of law abiding prevailed; and it was evident that the spirit did not come from fear of punishment but from a simple inclination to do right.

I was beginning to wonder where the government I had heard of was, when one day it occurred to me. Why, this is it—self government; each girl has appointed herself a committee of one to look after herself and by her influence to help others look after themselves. The whole thing—the cordial friendliness of students and faculty, the lack of fuss and friction all through the school—this is the very thing, and I'd almost missed seeing it!

"This is all right," I thought then, "for the

opening days. It is 'moral swasion' working, to be sure. I wonder how it will be when the new wears off."

And I found out promptly. The court day came. I had heard there was a student court, but I had seen little evidence of either it or its need. I went to court full of curiosity to see what it would do and how it would do it.

The court convened; the elected judges took their places; the audience came to order. There was no member of the faculty present, and yet order and respect were perfect. Two or three unimportant cases were disposed of with small but real penalties, which were accepted as final.

"I see," said I, as I walked out, "It is not all moral swasion, there is power here."

As we were going out I asked an old girl, "What, though, if these cases had been very serious—involving, say, expulsion—what then?"

"O," answered the old student, "That is provided for in the constitution. Those cases—when they occur—are referred by the court to the president of the college; but all others are tried by the court. If a student who has been tried thinks the court has made an error she may appeal to the president—but not many try that."

I was learning rapidly. Indeed, I was quite thoroughly converted to the belief that student self government is no impractical theory. It is a fact. And it works when there is government as well as self, and self as well as government.

From this time on I had no difficulty in understanding the unusual loyalty of the students to the school as a school. The girls have a peculiar college pride. And why should they not? It is they who in an essential sense have made the college—just as also they have been made by the college. The girls feel, as it were, a family kinness with Alma Mater. They love the faculty and president; and love them not less because they have been taught and allowed to place right and justice and self control above orders and rule of others.

So I passed from the stage of being a convert merely, to being an enthusiast. I see student self government here building up strong, helpful character and developing in students a guiding sense of right and wrong. I see it in actual practice transforming these high qualities into the habit of law abiding citizenship. I have come to think of these features as the most valuable thing this school has developed. I can not but believe that in time it will become not, as now, the exception in colleges and high schools, but the usual form of government in such institutions.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE LIFE

Cora Anderson

Sometimes I just get tired of seeing books and then I fancy I would enjoy seeing all the books piled together and sent out to meet a German submarine. But I get sorry for the poor books and decide that submarines are too cruel for them. I think all of us college girls get tired of gazing at the grinning countenances of Psychology, Geography and the rest occasionally.

There are at least three people I know of that feel this way. They are my two room-mates and I. The trying part of it is that we do not all get in the same mood at the same time. As surely as Myrtle decides that she is tired and suggests that we turn out the light and sleep, Martha will be clothed in a most studious mood. She will have twenty-five Algebra examples to hand in the next day, or a civics report she wants to make; a science lesson a half mile long and an exam in English.

A few nights ago, though, the Fates were with us. Just after the study bell had rung and everybody had gone to his — I mean her — room (grammars weren't written for girls' schools, anyhow) I was trying to write a masterpiece. Myrtle and Martha were boning Psychology and I was grinding away, when Martha pushed her chair back with a scrape and turned it over with a bang. Of course this knocked the concentration out of Myrtle and me so we focused our inquiring eyes on Martha. She had left the chair where it was and marched over to the window-seat, fished out from under it the dictionary, sat down on the bed and announced that she was going to find the meaning of her name.

"Here it is," she said presently, "Martha — truthful."

Myrtle looked up with a scornful little grin and observed, "Well, you got the wrong name, honey. You are positively 'not guilty.'"

"Here's your name too, Myrtle, dear. Revengeful — fits you like a hat."

Without a pause for reply she was up again. "You sit right here on this bed, Dictionary, until I bring that charming loaf of bread that I saw under the window-seat. I feel most appetizing and I know that little starved-looking Myrtle wants something to eat. She never refuses. I had forgotten that bread. When did I get it anyhow?"

"Let me see," I replied. "Monday before last, I think."

Martha placed the bread on the table. "Get the file, Myrtle, and let's serve the feast. Now I'll cut the bread while you look in the bottom of the dresser and get that jar of jelly."

Myrtle rummaged through the dresser drawer and found an empty jelly jar.

"There's not a smell of jelly—but here's some fig preserves."

"O - o - oh, they're better'n jelly! How mine mouth turneth to water and almost runneth down my throat at the thought of thee, oh, fig preserves, divine!" (Here a small jig by Martha—on tiptoe so as not to disturb the monitor or the matron.)

The bread was soon cut into ragged pones and Martha had placed three tempting figs on a piece of it.

"You make such dainty sandwiches, Martha. I like them better when I don't make them," coaxed Myrtle. "Let me eat this one."

"He that worketh not, eateth not," pronounced Martha with much gravity. "Hurrah for the guy that can make them the fastest!"

With that Martha walked back to the bed, crawled up, propped herself up with pillows and resumed her study of the dictionary while Myrtle prepared her share of the feast and I waited my turn.

A light tap was heard. Myrtle and Martha scrambled to hide what they were eating, but the door opened without an invitation and a girl poked her head in.

"Oh, Georgia! you gave me such a fright. I fear that I wont grow a bit more this year." With a sigh of relief, Martha settled herself among the pillows.

"Have something to eat," urged Myrtle.

"This is irresistible. I'll just take a pair of figs, thank you."

"Oh, have something else! Sample the salad and do taste the strawberry short-cake and —"

"No, thank you," giggled Georgia. "I came to borrow your clock. You can use mine. Mine wont alarm and I want to get up early in the morning."

"All right, it's on the table."

Georgia got the clock and started out. "Good night," she whispered back.

"Good night."

Myrtle seated herself and began practicing her sight-singing lesson.

"Do, te, la, te, do," in muffled high soprano.

A knock.

"Come in."

Just as the door opened to admit Pearl, a mouse, no doubt attracted by the bread in the window-seat, scampered along the wall and almost ran over her foot. Shrill screams from Pearl. Martha bounced from her comfortable lounge among the pillows and began a series of jumps straight up and down in the middle of the bed, each jump being accompanied by a squeal.

Luckily the matron just then had gone across the street to call on a neighbor.

"Where's the broom?"

"I'll get one."

Shortly Pearl returned with two brooms. I calmly removed myself to my bed which I sat in the middle of during the ensuing scene.

Scene displayed — a battle field — violent action. The enemy flees to a fort (the waste box). Girls pursue with artillery. A canonade — of nut shells — follows. The enemy shows no inclination to evacuate. A bomb (the broom) is placed under the fort causing its fall. The enemy flees with all speed, but not without a severe blow and loss of force. His course is along the southern border where Captain Myrtle is stationed. In passing the enemy attacks the lower flank of Captain Myrtle, causing a continued uprising of same. Captain Pearl pursues, hems in the enemy and destroys him. At last peace is restored.

After this exciting battle Pearl remained to talk it over.

Harken! Footsteps were heard in the hall. All was quiet and tense for a few seconds. The steps were growing nearer. Something had to be done to keep Pearl from being discovered in our room, if the steps belonged to a monitor or the matron.

"Get behind the screen quick," whispered Myrtle.

She pushed Pearl behind the screen, and folded it so that Pearl was closeted in.

At this injunction there was a faint knock and Mrs. Wells, the matron, entered. Martha was still standing by the screen. Myrtle was sitting by the table with her head bobbing over her sight-singing book. And I was busily writing.

"Come in, Mrs. Wells, and have a chair," invited Martha.

"Where was that noise, Martha?"

Martha looked at Myrtle in a puzzled, helpless way. Silence reigned for a few breaths. Then Myrtle looked innocently from her book at Mrs. Wells.

"Why good evening, Mrs. Wells! Sit here," She sprang up and placed a chair. "You came in so quietly! Why don't you make some noise so we'll know we have company? Oh, yes, you'll eat some figs, wont you? I remember hearing you say that you were very fond of them." She offered a fig on the end of a hat pin.

"No, thank you."

"Take just one. Do—for me."

"Thank you, Myrtle"—and Mrs. Wells took it.

Martha sighed deeply and sat down very decorously.

"I came—I want to measure—your washstand. The president has just called up and asked me to give him the measurements."

The washstand was behind the screen and I just knew Pearl was caught.

"Well, I'll move the screen so you can get to it better," said Myrtle, going to the screen.

"No, that's all right, Myrtle. Don't bother."

"I don't mind a tall. Martha, show Mrs. Wells your new tatting center-piece. It's there on the table."

While Mrs. Wells looked at Martha's beautiful tatting, Myrtle carefully slid the screen up to the wall so that that the open side was against the wall.

Myrtle helped measure the washstand and Mrs. Wells departed.

"Goodness," whispered Martha when the door was closed, "I was scared to a peanut." She went to the dresser and looked at herself. "I was afraid my hair would be gray."

Pearl observed as she meekly emerged from her prison, "I think I am the one that was scared." They embraced and danced about the room—on tip toe.

"Well," sighed Myrtle, when Pearl had slipped back to her room, "If we haven't had a time tonight I wonder who has."

"Gee! But didn't we pull that over on Mrs. Wells—But I declare it was a mean trick. If it wouldn't look goody-goody, I'd go right now and confess."

"Confess? Why?"

"It's a shame to fool folks when they really trust you."

"You're right," agreed Martha, as she rescued the last remnants of her figs and bread, "but let's don't disturb anybody else tonight—even to confess. Let's sleep over it tonight and render the verdict tomorrow."

This conclusion seemed good and soon the light was out and three girls were asleep.

"THE RED AND BLACK"

S. G. S. N. C. College Song

O, may the pine branch ever wave
O'er Georgia's College fair,
And may we of S. G. S. N. C.
With glad song fill the air.

Chorus

Our hearts are with the red and black,
And may we never sever
The ties that bind our hearts to thee,
S. G. S. N. C. forever.

O, may our classes raise a song
To Alma Mater dear,
And may she win new laurels true,
Fresh honors year by year.

Our hearts are with the red and black,
And may we never sever
The ties that bind our hearts to thee,
S. G. S. N. C. forever.

THE COLLEGE AT WAR

Edith Patterson and Stella Mathis

Last year on the very day that a state of war was declared to exist, a mass meeting of students and faculty was called to consider what we might do to help win the war. Every one was ready and eager for service, but no one could tell what service we could render. So it was decided to write to the Secretary of War, offering ourselves and asking him what to do. He suggested and emphasized the conservation of food and the Red Cross work. We were encouraged by the fact that we were the first college in the state to fall in line.

Plans were made at once for starting gardens at home. Practically every girl volunteered to write home asking for a plot of ground and for cooperation of brothers or father in getting the garden planted for her. Our faculty gave us lectures as to how these crops should be grown, and these directions for planting and growing were sent to our cooperators at home. Never were there such flourishing plants as greeted us in June. They were watched with eager eyes and cultivated with careful hands. As the fruit began to appear and to ripen, busy hands still found work to do, and the canning outfit was brought out.

Before we left college in June a series of lectures on canning was given. As glass jars were so expensive a course in the drying and preserving of fruit and vegetables was offered. During the summer months great effort was used to conserve every conceivable eatable thing. Not only did we want to fill our pantries but we wanted a surplus of canned vegetables in order to help "Our Boys." Our vacation was short but we worked and saved and canned. As school opened later than usual this fall on account the construction of West Hall, the new administration building, the girls had the opportunity of helping their homefolks plant their fall gardens. So, the conservation of food is still a problem of interest to us.

There was a tendency to be over anxious or too eager to participate in the Red Cross work. However, an opportunity for becoming a Red Cross member was soon given. We joined the Valdosta Chapter and were given a series of lectures by Miss Lewis and Dr. Sargent and we were soon at work. The making of bandages, the making and filling of comfort bags, the knitting of sweaters and mufflers are examples of home work being done by students.

The Young Women's Christian Association is now taking an active part in the War Relief Fund. The student associations have been called on to raise one million dollars for War Relief. There are several movements before the students and faculty, but the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. mostly concern us. In preparation for our campaign Miss Tait, the state executive for the South-eastern Department and Captain Nath Thompson, of the Camp Gordon Cantonment, presented us

the work that the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. are rendering in this war time.

Our college is almost to a student sharing in this War Relief Fund by sacrificing pleasures and luxuries. This takes out Christmas presents, new dresses during Christmas holidays, Thanksgiving boxes, class pins, picture shows, ice cream parlor parties. The equivalent of these is to be given in money for the Student Friendship War Fund.

So our student body—worthy daughters, we hope of our noble state—are in the War. We went in with the first call and we shall stay there to the end. Georgia women of the past have taught us our attitude. Georgia mothers shall not have been more faithful in their day, is our determination, than we their daughters in our own day.

LOCALS

Faculty Changes, 1917

All the old girls were glad to welcome home Miss Craig, who has been away on leave of absence. Her skill in the art of guiding girls into the habit of concentrated study seems to be one of the essentials of our college life.

Miss Hollis, our beloved teacher of English, who is away for a year at Columbia on leave of absence, is sadly missed. But Mr. Moss, the new teacher of English, has proved to be such an athlete and such a master of language that he has already come to be one of the important parts of the college.

Miss Ousley is also away on leave of absence. She is greatly missed but her place is well filled by Miss Milligan.

Cupid is never idle around a girl's school. The peculiar thing here, though, is that he usually hits faculty members and graduates. Bear witness, Miss Jones and Miss Jarrell, who departed from this life between the going and the coming of the school, to become respectively Mrs. Wisenbaker and Mrs. Stump. (A certain young bachelor of the city says that our president is the boss teacher-picker. He bids fair to become the adopted father-in-law of the town.) The vacant places have been filled by Miss Duggan who was previously the head of the Sub-Freshman department and Miss Feltham who at one time was a student here. Mr. Moss has assumed the duties that Miss Duggan dropped.

Miss Smith, who assisted in the Sub-Freshman department, resigned her position and has gone to Peabody. Miss Johnson is now assistant in that department.

LOCALS

The clubs which were organized to fill the places of the disbanded literary societies are well organized now and have been doing effective work for sometime.

It is needless to say that the Glee Club is devoting itself to the study of good vocal music to the improvement of musical talent, and to preparation for their most interesting recital, which we always look forward to with great pleasure.

The Science Club is at present absorbed in the study of submarines. They say that if they don't strike a depth bomb, they will have some valuable suggestions to make to the government by and by.

The Basketry Club is making beautiful baskets and studying the lives of basket makers. This work stimulates love for the beautiful; it develops the finer muscles, and establishes coordination of those muscles with the brain; and supplies an excellent medium of expression.

The purpose of the Athletic Association is to stimulate an interest in athletics and to develop physical strength and perfection. To this end, there have been hikes, tennis tournaments, races and basket ball games. The 'hikers' have been many and there has been a marked degree of interest in basket ball.

The Home Nursing Club is interested in the home care of the sick. The work of this club is peculiarly important since the war is taking so many physicians and nurses from our midst. Diseases, their symptoms, treatment and, most important of all, their prevention are being carefully studied.

At present, the Needlecraft Club has come to the assistance of the Red Cross. It is knitting and sewing for the soldiers. At first, this club devoted itself to knitting, tatting, crocheting and other kinds of handwork, but, due to the pressing needs of the soldiers, these lines were postponed indefinitely.

The Writers' Club! If you would see its monument, look about you! The Pine Branch takes its energy.

The Red Cross, of which we are a thriving auxiliary, is devoting its time almost exclusively to the making of surgical dressings.

Miss Vandevrede, who is head of the Southern department of the Red Cross Organization, visited us recently and gave two very interesting talks. The theme of the first was, why we need a large Red Cross membership and the duties the Red Cross must perform. The theme of the second was, the opportunities that war offers to the college women of today.

The influence of the Y. W. C. A. World Fellowship Work on the student body has been felt by all. Those who were already interested and active members felt a great need for cooperation with the World's Y. W. C. A.; those who had not yet felt sufficient interest to become active members have come to realize the great good that the Y. W. C. A. does, as well as the Y. W. C. A.'s need of them.

The services throughout the week pointed to the duty of the women of the United States in this great crisis when the world is at war. The last talk during the week was made by Mr. Wood, whose subject was, "Why we are at war with Germany and, since we are at war with Germany, what we must do." In answer to the first, he emphasized the defense of our rights and the rights of humanity; in answer to the second, he emphasized real sacrifice by all who live in the United States.

The S. G. S. N. C. could hardly exist without Valdosta, whose courtesy and friendliness are as unceasing as the waves of the sea; so it is a great pleasure to the college to be given a chance from time to time to bear its part in putting through a city project. This chance we had given us in a marked degree on the evening of December the nineteenth when the college chorus joined in the program at Valdosta's Community Christmas Tree. The management of the celebration placed the date so far before Christmas for the express purpose of having the college girls join in the festivities. Miss Young, of the music department of the college, conducted the chorus, which was composed of something over a thousand voices, about two hundred and fifty of which were representative of the college, the rest being from the city schools. The program was a decided success. The numbers in which the college chorus took part were America, The First Noel, Silent Night and God Rest You Merry Gentlemen. The Adeste Fideles was sung by the college chorus alone.

"IT IS TO LAUGH"

A Stiff Diet

Aileen: "Terah, what's the matter with this meal?"

Terah: "Oh, Aileen, they've given us so much carbohydrate that we'll all be stiff as starch."

According to Custom

Mr. Bradley, one of the college professors, was filling the Baptist pulpit. He preached quite a lengthy sermon. Finally, Mattie Lee turned to a fellow student and whispered, "He is waiting for the bell to ring."

Even So

Frances Kaylor: "Miss Gallaher, I'm so worried. I've got the indigestion or something; every bit of the food I eat goes right straight to my stomach."

Acrobatic Illness

Inez: "Oh, Ferol's sick with rosiola."

Alma: "What! So sick, she's rollin' over?"

As Others Hear Us

A student was taking a voice lesson upstairs and could be distinctly heard in the office below.

Miss Majette: "I want to take voice."

Mr. Yarbrough: "I wish you'd take that one."

Black Irish

Miss Merritt: (to maid): "Carry this tray to Virgie Merritt."

Maid (in bewilderment): "Miss Merritt, did you say take this to de Virgin Mary?"



STUDEN
Field





AT PLAY
Sports



ADVERTISEMENTS

✻ This magazine is, to a large extent, made possible by those who advertise in it; students of the College are asked to remember this fact in making their purchases.

THE EDITORS.

W. M. OLIVER & CO.

SPECIAL SALE of Coat Suits, Coats, Dresses Ladies and Childrens Shoes.

It will pay every lady who reads this advertisement to take advantage of our Big Reduction Sale, now going on in our Ready-to-wear Millinery, and Shoe Departments.

W. M. OLIVER & CO.

Mrs. Bryans, who was assistant head of the home, and Miss Horne, who was head of the department of Home Economics, have resigned also. Their places have been filled by Misses Merritt and Robertson.

The large addition of students made it impossible for Miss Gallaher to meet the many demands upon her time and care for the sick girls too. Hence the college has a new addition in the form of a trained nurse, Miss Vogle.

A new and valuable feature of the daily program of the college girls is the "setting up" drill at six o'clock each morning. While some of the girls feel sleepy when the gong rings — why do gongs find such unearthly hours to ring anyhow? — all get into place on the athletic field promptly and soon are so vigorously at work with the morning exercises that they forget that it is early or anything else but — fine.)

The 'possum-hunt of Thanksgiving Eve was one of the most exciting events of the year. Strange to say, three 'possums were kindly persuaded by dogs to climb to the tops of trees and await the coming of the crowd. After the hunt, supper was served to the girls in the pine grove on the campus.

Thanksgiving Day was a day of 'do as you please.' Many of the girls attended the union service at the Tabernacle Baptist Church in the morning, and either a football game or the 'movies' during the afternoon.

A special service was conducted by the Y. W. C. A. at 7:00 o'clock Thursday evening in the college chapel. There was appropriate music by Misses Young and Milligan, and Mrs. Bitzer gave a short, but timely, talk.

The literary societies, which, during previous years of the college, have been dear to the heart of every college girl, have been disbanded. It was a regret to all,— to the old students because of their memories of the past, and to the new students because they had heard so many interesting things concerning the literary societies. However, all agreed that it was the wisest plan because it is the policy of the college to give every girl an equal opportunity for doing things; and, due to the fact that the student body has grown so rapidly, this was becoming impossible in the societies.

In the places of these literary societies, clubs have been organized as follows: the Glee Club, the Writer's Club, the Dramatic Club, the Home Nursing Club, the Science Club, the Needlecraft Club, the Basketry Club, and the Athletic Association. These clubs are intended to give opportunity for every kind of budding genius to — bud.

An Evening Thought

The sun has set behind a bank of crimson cloud,
Which fades, and night descends in sullen gray,
But somewhere out beyond the dark, with loud acclaim
Burst the glory of a rising day.

"IF AS TO LAUGH"

Freshman: (Upon returning from Christmas holidays) "Are there any other Alma's in school here besides Alma Scott and Alma Smith?"

Senior: "No. Why?"

Freshman: "Well, you know Christmas I received a card from a girl here by the name of Alma Mater, and I don't know who on earth she is."

Grace: "Oh, Margaret, you know I borrowed your pencil and lost it. 'Scuse me dear,?"

Margaret: "Well, but 'scusin' don't buy me no pencil."

Miss Hollis: "Miss Anderson, you may read your theme on 'The Fool.'"

Miss Anderson: "I couldn't write mine, Miss Hollis, for I lost my 'Fool' notes."

Thelma: (Rushing into her room) "Oh, I'm so tired. I've been at cooking all afternoon."

Maude: "You have? What did you cook?"

Thelma: "Oh, we served a meal, and made several social errors."

Maude: "Were they good?"

Mr. Wood: "Miss Alexander, what is a dynamo?"

Miss Alexander: "Something to blow up stuff with."

President Powell: (On hike with girls) "How do you suppose I found this hole in which to build a camp fire?"

Debora: "You stepped in it."

Mr. Wood: (Teacher of Principles of Education) "Miss Proctor, why do you go to school?"

Miss Proctor: "To train our faculties."

Mary Ethel: "What is your name?"

Ruth: "Ruth Brown."

Mary Ethel: "Are you related to the Brown's at Waldo?"

Ruth: "No, I have no Brown relatives in Georgia."

Mary Ethel: "Where are you from?"

Ruth: "I'm a cosmopolitan."

Mary Ethel: "Oh, is that in North Georgia?"

'Possum up de 'simmon tree,

School girls on de groun'.

School girls clam de 'simmon tree

An' shuck de 'possum down.



STU
Scene





PLAY
"Night"



W. M. OLIVER & CO.

Does the largest exclusive ladies business done between Macon and Jacksonville.

We appreciate the patronage and gladly extend every courtesy to the faculty and scholars of the South Georgia State Normal College.

W. M. OLIVER & CO.

'BRIGGS HARDWARE'

HARDWARE OF QUALITY

American Wire Fencing

Syracuse Plows

Clipper Plows

John Deere Implements

"Huttig" White Pine sash & Doors

Yale & Towne Builders' Hardware

Devoe's Pure Lead and Zinc Paints

Pratt & Lambert's Varnishes

Wire Nails in Carloads

Saw Mill and Turpentine Supplies

Jobbers of Plumbing Material

W. H. BRIGGS HARDWARE CO.

Established 1856

VALDOSTA, GA.

Telephones 97 and 893

VALDOSTA GROCERY CO.

Wholesale Groceries, Cigars, Cigarettes
and Tobacco

OUR LEADING CIGARS:

Above the Average
C. H. S.

Americus

Tampa Straights
Tampa Maids

VELVET, THE WORLDS BEST FLOUR

Berlin Jones

Finest Stationery.

Melba Toilet Articles.

Highest Class

Perfumes and Toilet Articles.

Garden and Field Seeds.

"Johnstons"

Appreciated Chocolates.

Park & Tilfords Candies.

The Best Drinks

and most Courteous

Treatment.

PHYSICIANS DIRECTIONS FOLLOWED
EXPLICITLY.

TRUST US WITH YOUR WANTS.
WE DELIVER PROMPTLY.

**SMITH DRUG & SEED
COMPANY**

Phone 1-2-3 Cor. Hill Ave & Ashley St.

CAMPBELL'S GROCERY

DEALERS IN
FANCY AND FAMILY
GROCERIES

Fruits and Vegetables

"The Richelieu Store"

118 N. PATTERSON ST.
TELEPHONE NO. 66
VALDOSTA, GA.

Mother Knows GOOD FLOUR



and she heartily endorses PRIDE OF THE WIREGRASS self rising flour as the best she ever used. The more experienced the housewife, the surer she is to be a steady user of PRIDE OF THE WIREGRASS flour. She probably has tried many flours but always and finally returns to PRIDE OF THE WIREGRASS. Learn a lesson from her experience. Don't waste time and money in experimenting. Get the best at once by ordering a sack.

We not only handle the best flour, but the best of everything.

“STANDARDS OF THE SOUTH”

HUDNUTS GRITS
JULIETTE MEAL
SNOWDRIFT SHORTENING

WESSON COOKING OIL
WALTER BAKER'S
COCOA AND CHOCOLATE

THE A. S. PENELETON CO.

When you want a doctor, or good Drug service, rendered by pleasant and reliable clerks, call in or phone

“VINSONS”

“The Drug Store where Quality and Pure Drugs are always found.”



Agents
SAN-TOX
Remedies

Phones
245-246

Agents
PENSLAR
Remedies

TRY US FOR

Paints, Varnishes, Brushes, Lamps,
Lanterns, Crockery, Corbins Builders' Hardware.

Hoes, Rakes, Shovels, Poultry Netting,
Wire Fence, Stoves and Ranges
Mechanics' Tools

Our endeavor is to please our customers

PAINÉ HARDWARE CO.

Wants your Trade

135 N. Ashley St.

Telephone 800

J. E. & W. P. ROBERTS

HARDWARE COMPANY

HARDWARE AND WIRE FENCING

Crockery, Glass and Tin
Ware, Enamelware, Lamp
Goods, Shelf and Builders'
Hardware, Refrigerators
Water Coolers, Ice Cream
Freezers.



Cutlery, Guns, Sporting
Goods, Agricultural Imple-
ments, Farm Tools, Sash,
Doors and Blinds.

VALDOSTA, GA.

Phone 47

'Serros'

Ice Cream and Candy Parlor

122 N. Patterson St. Phone No. 32

VALDOSTA'S HEADQUARTERS FOR

Ice Cream, Sherbets, Sundaes
Magazines and Candy

AGENTS FOR

Whitmans and Norris Famous Candies

MAKE OUR ICE CREAM PARLOR
YOUR MEETING PLACE

SERROS BROTHERS'

VALDOSTA, GA.

First National Bank

Valdosta, Ga.

RESOURCES, \$1,650,000.00

We are always glad to accomodate
"THE COLLEGE GIRL."

THE ANCIENT PHYSICIAN

Honor a physician with the honor due unto him for the uses which ye may have of him; for the Lord hath created him.

For from the Most High cometh healing, and he shall receive honor of the king.

The skill of the physician shall lift up his head; and in the sight of great men he shall be in admiration.

The Lord hath created medicines out of the earth; and he that is wise will not abhor them.

Was not the water made sweet with wood, that the virtue thereof might be known?

And he hath given men skill, that he might be honored in his marvelous works.

With such doth he heal and taketh away their pains.

Of such doth the apothecary make a confection; and of his works there is no end; and from his is peace over all the earth.

My son, in thy sickness be not negligent; but pray unto the Lord, and He will make thee whole.

Leave off from sin, and order thy hands aright, and cleanse thy heart from all wickedness.

Give a sweet savor, and a memorial of fine flour; and make a fat offering.

Then give place to the physician, for the Lord hath created him; let him not go from thee, for thou hast need of him.

There is a time when in our hands there is good success.

For they shall also pray unto the Lord, that He would prosper that which they give for ease and remedy to prolong life.

He that sinneth before his Master, let him fall into the hand of the physician.

—The Book of Ecclesiasticus.

Long Live "The Pine Branch"

BERGSTROM & NEWBERRY

THE REXALL STORE

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

Books Of All Publishers

Stationery Of All Kinds

Office Supplies

Lithographing

Engraving

Printing

Loose Leaf Supplies

Filing Systems

Globe Wernicke Book Cases



*Southern Stationery
& Printing Co.*

*209 N. ASHLEY STREET
VALDOSTA, GA.*

South Georgia State Normal College

A BRANCH OF
The University of Georgia
FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

A COLLEGE WHERE GEORGIA'S DAUGHTERS ARE
EDUCATED IN THE BEST IDEALS OF GEORGIA'S
MOTHERS.

THE BUILDINGS ARE ALL NEW, SANITARY, COM-
FORTABLE AND CONVENIENT ; THE COURSES
OF STUDY ARE THOROUGHLY MODERN ; THE
FACULTY IS HIGHLY TRAINED ; THE LIBRARY
AND LABORATORIES ARE WELL EQUIPPED.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES ARE OFFERED IN DOMES-
TIC SCIENCE, DOMESTIC ART, MUSIC, ART AND
OTHER BRANCHES OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO
YOUNG WOMEN AND GIRLS.

THE RIGHT KIND OF COLLEGE

for

THE RIGHT KIND OF GIRL

Write for catalogue.

Address

R. H. POWELL,

President.