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PINE BRANCH

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THE PINE BRANCH

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EDITORIAL

NEED FOR VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE AND EDUCATION

Ida Groover

In the world of educational activity today, one phase that is occupying a most important place is that of vocational guidance and education. Every person who thinks at all seriously about educational problems is concerned with this particular one. Living as we do in a century where democratic principles and democratic ideals are always before us every individual should become concerned in this as a means of nearly realizing these ideals. Vocational guidance and education will do much towards bringing about that far-reaching ideal of individual welfare and social progress.

The eighteenth century saw some marked changes in society. Up until that time the guild system dominated the industrial world. Under this system the youth of the country could see whole trades in process, could decide which of the different ones he liked best and could enter this trade as an apprentice. After entering this particular trade he was under the special care of the master workman and was guided by him until he himself could become a master. Today in place of the guild system we have a marveously worked out factory system. Here we find the division of labor to be so minute, the specialization so sharply defined that the workman in a hat factory, for example, may put on hat bands his whole life and know nothing whatever about the work on the hat before it comes to him or after it leaves. Instead of the intimate and concerned relationship between employer and employed, the employer in a large factory holds the pocketbook and says to the employee, "You work and I pay you for it," so it ends.

In addition to this change in working conditions outside the home, the home itself is different. Since the factories have been established and everything necessary for the home can be bought for the home readymade, the home is no longer a workshop. The day is past when we can see the cotton go from the field into cloth without leaving the home. As a result of this the father does not train, advise and guide the children of his household as he once did. The industrial ties that were formerly so strong have been broken.

In this complex, unsettled, chaotic state of affairs the youth of our nation is entering. No matter into what circumstances he is born or lives each individual has within him a native ability, a peculiar endowment, peculiar in the sense that no other person is given one exactly like it. Will this individual having been given this peculiar endowment, upon entering a life career make use of what he possesses; will he realize his powers and make the best of them? This question, as a rule, may be answered negatively.

Because of this individual's native capacity, and other reasons also, he has certain likes and dislikes. He is led by these to become interested in a certain vocation with only a very superficial investigation. The chances are that, owing to poor circumstances, unsanitary conditions, etc., he is in very poor health. Despite this fact, however, he goes to work without considering for a moment that the vocation he has entered requires a strong, healthy body and will prove fatal to one in poor health.

Not only is the individual especially equipped for some vocations and shows decided interest in them, but the environment comes in for its share of influence. Imitation is a very strong instinct among children and even before they are large

enough to be doing real work we see them doing what they see others doing. This has its good and its bad effects. If the father of the child is engaged in a desirable occupation it may be well that his son imitates him not only in childhood but in manhood. But in the crowded districts in the large cities where the masses eke out an existence is where the evil effects might come. Here, day after day, the children see the hack driver and the street cleaner, grinding away with no promise of better days, and so they come eventually to follow in their footsteps.

Vocational guidance steps in to take the individual by the hand at the crucial moment and lead him safely into a life work. The person who takes up the task of a vocational guide or counselor has indeed assumed an enormous and sacred responsibility. It is the duty of this person to inform and advise parents concerning the vocations their children are likely to enter, their advantages and disadvantages, and also what training is necessary to enter them. The child also should know these things and every precaution should be taken to guard against any child's entering what is commonly known as a "blind-alley" occupation.

In order that this counselor may be prepared to give adequate and valuable suggestions and advice to a parent and child he must know the particular child. This makes necessary a careful study of the child, his capacity, his 'bent,' his training and everything that should enter into his choice of a vocation. In addition to this a counselor must know vocations. If he is to guide wisely and well he must know into what he is guiding, what the social and physical conditions, what wages are paid and many other vital questions. Then too, the demands of the community in which the child lives should be taken into account and if possible help the child to meet the demands of his own community.

Another task for the counselor and one that is so often overlooked is advice to employers. Most employers fail to see that if their employees are better fitted and trained for their work their efficiency will be increased and hence it is nothing but right that they should demand more pay. Since they do fail to see this the vocational counselor must make them aware of it.

The vocational counselor is not all that is necessary, however. Even though this person may fulfill his duty in the minutest detail, unless the person whom he is guiding is to a certain degree ready for the work the counselor's advice will not amount to much. A person with no educational advantages has a very narrow outlook on life. He is in ignorance of all the world about him except just his immediate vicinity. As a result he will enter some of those few vocations that he knows about and will only by chance hit upon the one that he is fitted to enter.

Vocational guidance, to be effective, must have a foundation on which to rest; education is this foundation. Guidance deals with something that

is already moving, with a person that is already tending to do something. So vocational guidance and vocational education work along together. Vocational education takes the youth and acquaints him with work of various kinds and shows him the possibilities and advantages of work. Vocational guidance guides, not directs, him into a suitable vocation and then education trains him for the greatest efficiency in this vocation. Nor does the education stop as soon as one enters a vocation. 'Day continuation' or night schools are provided which offer to the workers an opportunity of more advanced study and give them a chance to rise in their particular occupation.

Too, then, when vocational education is being tried, the mistake is made in beginning the real vocational training too early. In the first few years of the child's school life it is enough to provide for the participation in and a knowledge of a great many occupations. Not until the child is more mature and has shown a decided interest in and a tendency towards a certain vocation should specialization take place. If specialization begins too early there is danger of forcing a life work on the child before he has been given a chance to choose for himself.

Since vocational guidance is so dependent on vocational education and since from them both so many advantages accrue, it behooves us to know just what kind of vocational education must be provided. First of all, it must be broad in scope. It must recognize the fact that individuals differ and it must take into account these aptitudes and tendencies of various individuals and provide for them in the curriculum. Then, too, the social and economic demands must be realized. Just because a person is to work and earn a livelihood is no sign that he is not to have any social life. The liberal education has its place and is not to be discouraged. The day laborer has his place in society to fill and must know how to do it. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that the inefficient and unemployed are an economic drain on a nation. Hence every individual in the nation must be led to see the dignity of work and realize the utter shame of being a loafer.

Not only is there necessity for a vocational education that is broad in scope but it must be suited to the interests and needs of the community in which it is incorporated. For instance, in agricultural regions special emphasis should be placed on the teaching of agriculture, mechanics and domestic arts, as a knowledge of these things is necessary for the management of an up-to-date farm and country home. Manufacturing regions call for training along their particular line of manufacturing and could this call be answered, many and more efficient workers could be secured for the industry.

In this present world crisis, we, as a nation, must not come up lacking in anything. If our democratic principles are to triumph, the school must be one of the chief means of expression. Vocational guidance and education must be given a place.

MEMORIAL DAY---ITS TRUE HISTORY

Stella Mathis

To the State of Georgia belongs the credit of having inaugurated what has since become the universal custom of decorating annually the graves of the heroic dead. The initial ceremonies which ushered Memorial Day into life were held in Linnwood Cemetery, at Columbus, on April 26, 1866; and the patriotic Southern woman in whose loyal heart the idea first took definite form was Miss Lizzie Rutherford, afterward Mrs. Roswell Ellis, the wife of a gallant ex-Confederate officer. The date in question was selected for two reasons — it marked the anniversary of Gen. Johnston's surrender, an event which terminated the Civil War; and it registered the maturity of the verdant season, when flowers in this latitude are most abundant. Col. James N. Ramsey was the first Memorial Day orator. The exercises began with an impressive program in St. Luke Methodist Church, following which the multitude repaired to Linnwood Cemetery, where the graves of the silent heroes were lovingly decorated with flowers.

During the last days of the Civil War there existed at Columbus, in common with many other cities throughout the South, an Aid Society, the purpose of which was to serve the Confederacy by such means as lay within the power of the gentler sex. Garments were made and sent to the boys at the front. The wounded in the hospitals were nursed and the dead were given the rites of Christian burial. When the War closed, the work of the Aid Society seemed to be at an end. Beyond the simple task of caring for the graves in the various cemeteries there was little left for the women of the South to do — no other way apparently in which they could still serve a Lost Cause; but the idea of setting apart some particular day of the year, to be formally observed as Memorial Day, still lay hidden in the realm of beautiful things.

Briefly stated, the circumstances leading to the origin of Memorial Day are these: some time during the month of January, 1866, Mrs. Jane Martin was visiting in Columbus. One afternoon, Miss Lizzie Rutherford, making her a visit, asked Mrs. Martin to accompany her to the cemetery, there to join some other ladies in looking after the graves of the soldiers who had died in Columbus hospitals. On returning home, the two ladies discussed the work in which they had been engaged. Miss Rutherford remarked that she had been reading a story in which the writer had told of a very beautiful custom in the Orient of decorating the graves of the dead on a special day of the year. She thought that it

would be a very good idea for the ladies of the Aid Society to organize and continue as a society for the purpose of adopting a custom of this kind and to set apart some particular day for caring for and decorating the graves of the soldiers. Out of this grew the establishment of Memorial Day for the South.

It is not strange that the observance of Memorial Day should have originated in this section. The South is proverbially the land of the flowers. During the late Civil War, it was also the area of invasion. The burning plowshares of the battle prepared the soil for an imperial harvest of legends. Perhaps another reason for the Southern origin of the Memorial Day is to be found in the fact that the heroism of the Southern soldier was inspired not alone by his resolute fidelity to principle, but by his paramount allegiance to the gentler sex. He was instructively a cavalier. It was the work of some fair woman to buckle on his belt; and whether she printed upon his brow a mother's or a sweetheart's kiss, he jauntily sallied forth to the wars like an armoured knight. He went to the front bearing her colors with his trusty sword or his brave musket. If heroism alone could have prevailed, he would not have lost an unequal fight; and would have told in another key the story of Appomattox. But an all-wise God held the scales of battle in His omnipotent hand; and while the North was elated with her laurels, the South was left to her memories. It was in the sorrowful extremity that the Daughter of Dixie began to think of the humble graves on the hill-side. She could rear no costly monument over her champoin, but she could make the earth above him fragrant with her unbought forget-me-nots. "On the first gray mists of the early morning, these gentle Marys' of our Southland — shedding tears and bearing incense — sought the sepulchres in which lay buried the Templar Knights of the Southern Cross. It was loves sweet "In Memoriam" — an elogy of the most exquisite perfume written in the unlettered language of flowers.

The gallant soldiers of the Civil War fought for their country. Whether their country had or had not the right to demand the sacrifice is no longer a question of discussion. We leave that for nations to decide in the future. That it was demanded, that they fought nobly, and fell body sacrifices upon the country's altar, and are entitled to their country's gratitude, none will deny. All did their duty and to all we owe our gratitude.

Out of an expression of love and grief by bereaved women of the South — the strewing of wild flowers on the graves of their soldiers dead on a certain day each year has become a nationwide and beautiful custom. Since 1899 the celebration of the day has been extended to include the honored dead of the Spanish-American War.

Memorial Day is now a day of dignified addresses, exercises, parades, military salutes, as well as strewing of flowers and planting of shrubs. After this war in which we are now en-

gaged, people of America, and especially the women, will observe this with a sad but pleasant duty of caring for the graves of the patriotic dead. Although the graves of their loved ones may be across the waters and somewhere on French soil, we will still observe this sacred custom in our true America and trust that the noble women of France will strew flowers upon the graves of those who have recently fallen beneath the Stars and Stripes and the Tri Colors, for which they are now fighting.



“SATURDAY NIGHT SKETCHES”

Helen Mizell

Sometimes when we have read about the old Greek gods, the Scottish heroes and the kings of England, have read about them until we are tired, we long for a little story of our own country-side, and we are glad that some people have been content to write about the simple, every-day life of a simple people, giving us their joys, their sorrows, their work, their play, their defeats and their victories, and although they may not be so great and thrilling as those of the nation's heroes, they are just as sincere, and consequently worthy of a place in the people's literature.

Mr. Herring, in his “Saturday Night Sketches,” has given us a keener and fuller appreciation of the pioneers of South Georgia than, perhaps, we could ever have had, had he not published this little book which pictures their life. His characters and the activities represented are so typical of this sturdy, whole-souled, simple-hearted people, and the realistic touches are so marvelously vivid that we cannot read it without a strong love and admiration for the people of the last generation in the foot-hills and plains of Georgia; and a feeling of sadness that they are fast passing from us invariably comes to us.

The civic clubs seem to consider community spirit in our towns a comparatively new thing that is very difficult to arouse, yet I doubt if there was ever more of the so-called community spirit, or spirit of mutual help, than was shown in the days when the farmers all came together and gathered the crops of each as they were ready for the harvest. We have such a delightful picture of the neighbors gathering “Jim's corn” in one of the sketches called, “Fodder-Pulling Time. In “Helping Jim Grind Cane,” we catch a glimpse of their amusements, and we wonder if ever boys and girls have as much fun as did those at “Jim's,” the boys making tiny paddles, dipping the foam from the boiling syrup, and feeding it to the girls.

These sturdy people, with whom life was too often a long, hard struggle, possessed a keen sense of humor, or else one of them could have never written the funny, yet half-pathetic little story, “Corn Liquor and Tutt's Pills.” In it we

are told of Rich Hayes, a hand on one of the farms. He had gone to town for some Tutt's Pills for his spring fever and had also bought some corn whiskey; the great difficulty he had in giving what to him seemed justice to both the pills and the liquor is most ridiculous. His wagon is found late in the night containing a quart bottle and a pill box — both empty, and Rich cannot be found. When he comes in next morning for work, looking a little pale, but free of his fever, and tells us that “Tutt's Pills and corn whiskey may be all right by themselves, but the wont mix,” we sympathize with the poor fellow, but cannot resist smiling.

In “When We Put Jim Away,” there is a strong pull at our heart strings as we witness the making of a plain, hard coffin by the loving hands of the neighbors, and the simple, deep, almost unbearable grief of the loved ones, as this coffin was lowered into the waiting vault.

Mr. Tom J. Nichols has charmingly illustrated the sketches with pictures, which while Mr. Herring scenes so vivid as to make illustrations unnecessary, do greatly add to the work. “Town Ball,” “Fishing for ‘Cat.’” “The Fiddlers,” and “The Baptism,” are true pictures of the activities which meant much to our grandfathers and grandmothers.

While Mr. Herring has chosen his material so splendidly and his realistic touches might have been added by a master; yet he has failed to give his work finish, that quality so necessary to a work of art. We know that the writer must have an eye true in observation, yet lacks much in style and artistic temperament.

The chief charm of the work lies in the pleasing reality and simple coloring of the incidents which comprised the life of this pioneer people. Having read it, we know that the author was one of them, appreciating their nobleness, their honesty, and their integrity, as only one can who has enjoyed their pleasures, done their work, thought their thoughts, and lived their lives, and in putting these in a form so that others may also appreciate them, has done a great and lasting service.

THE ACE HEARTS

Bess Cobb

She was of that fascinating type of girls who could always keep you busy guessing what she would do next. She was clever and had no trouble in evading any question that she wished to. It troubled her but little that Jimmie was in love with her. She knew it and it pleased her, not because she cared especially for him, but like many other girls, she had the instinctive desire of being loved.

This was such a wonderful June night, with the soft summer's breezes, which bore on their wings the sweet odors of the June roses. "Surely she will answer me tonight," thought Jimmie as he looked at the brilliant moon which seemed to smile down on him with the kindly approval of the heavens.

A few moments later Jimmie and Betty were comfortably seated in a big porch swing and only the low hum of their voices broke the soft summer stillness.

Jimmie, knowing that Betty would avoid any direct answer to the all-important question, had worked up a unique little scheme to surprise her into saying 'yes.' He was in a fever to try out his scheme but he realized that he must be very careful and diplomatic, and so he talked for a good while before he asked, "You like to play set-back, don't you, Betty?"

"Oh yes, I'm crazy about set-back. Did I ever tell you about that time while I was at school, when the matron walked in and caught us playing set-back?" And without giving him a chance to answer, Betty launched off into a detailed account of that terrifying experience which didn't in the least interest Jimmie.

As soon as she paused for breath, Jimmie said, "Oh Betty, suppose we were playing set-back now, and —"

"Why?" asked Betty quickly.

"Just because," answered Jimmie. "— and suppose that Hearts were trumps."

"Yes," said Betty, a little doubtfully, for she wasn't quite certain what he meant.

"Suppose that it was my lead, Hearts were trumps, and you had only one —"

"Yes, I do only have one," laughed Betty.

"And it was my lead, so I played the Ace of Hearts," said Jimmie as he took out a card and laid it on her knee. By the light of the moon Betty saw that it was the Ace of Hearts.

"If I played the Ace of Hearts, I'd have yours then, wouldn't I, Betty?" asked Jimmie in a very pleading tone of voice.

"Betty, Oh Betty, it's eleven o'clock," came in commanding tones from the head of the house, who had little patience with "these young 'whippersnappers' who came 'round breakin' into decent folks rest."

At this, Betty, never before so obedient, jumped up and smiled at Jimmie. "Its time for me to go now. Good-night, Jimmie." And at last she was gone into the depths of the dark, gloomy hall.

As Jimmie went slowly down the steps and out the gate he looked up at the moon which now seemed to laugh wickedly at him.

"Will she ever say 'yes'?" he asked despairingly, but the moon smiled cynically at him, as if to say, "Will you ever grow old enough to know that you can't depend upon a woman?"

ANNUAL GLEE CLUB REPORT

In September of 1917 the Glee Club began work with a membership of twenty-four, including the following officers: President, Miss Alma Scott; Vice President, Miss Sadie Culbreth; Secretary, Miss Lena May; Treasurer, Miss Sara Dunaway. During the year, for various reasons, eight of these members withdrew their membership, leaving a faithful sixteen to do the work.

Regular rehearsals were called for on Saturday and Wednesday of each week. Promptness and serious study were the dominant features of each meeting throughout the year.

The Glee Club made its first appearance at Christmas on the program of the annual old English Dinner. The following songs were rendered: "Deo Gratias," "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," and "He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

The first public appearance was made at the Valway Theater on the evening of February the twenty-sixth. As a result of this concert, the Club received an invitation from the Council of National Defense Committee of the County to give a series of patriotic programs. The following places were visited: Adel, Milltown, Hahira, Naylor, Lake Park, Clyattville, Barretts and Redland.

The most sensational achievement of the year was "Princess Chrysanthemum," a Japanese Operetta, given at the Valway Theater on May the third by the regular Club and an augmented chorus of fifty voices. This was the first operetta given in the school and it afforded the Glee Club a vehicle for their histrionic, as well as their

vocal talent. The proceeds from this amounted to \$339.80, \$238.73 going to the Red Cross. Between acts, Liberty Bonds were sold, amounting to \$60,000. We take the honor of having afforded the inspiration.

The rehearsals for May were largely devoted to commencement music, the Club making but one appearance. "Ave Maria," by Abt, a three part chorus with Soprano Obligato, by Lawson Jones, boy Soprano, was sung at the graduating exercises.

The Treasurer's report records the following: Club Dues, \$24.00; Proceeds from concert, \$37.25; Operetta, \$339.80, Expenses \$101.07, Gift to Red Cross \$238.73, Purchase of Victrola \$75.00.

The regular election of officers for 1918-1919 was held on the third Wednesday in May, the following officers being elected: President, Miss Lena May; Vice President, Miss Bessie Proctor; Secretary, Miss Sara Dunaway; Treasurer, Miss Margaret McCranie; Librarian, Miss Mattie Campbell.

Altogether the Glee Club has done very successful work this year, and let it be said that the greater part of this may be attributed to our director, Miss Mary Lavinia Young, who has untiringly devoted so much of her time to this work. Under the directorship of Miss Young, for the past two years, we feel that we have accomplished much and next year we are expecting to accomplish even more.

Respectfully submitted,

LENA MAY, Sec.

"IT IS TO LAUGH"

Marion : "There goes Mr. William Penn."

Jewell : "Is he still shooting apples?"

Lillian (Conclusion in Physics experiment):
"Thus we see that sound is visible."

Miss Johnson : "Why don't they make linen
in the New England States, Miss Cobb?"

Bess : "Because there are not any sheep
raised there."

Betty : "Say, Lavinia, why don't you Hoover-
ize and patch this hole in your waist?"

Lavinia : "I am Hooverizing. I'm saving the
patch."

After the Southern Bank & Trust Co. had
failed, Mr. Yarbrough was lamenting greatly the
loss of all his money. A few days later he was
notified by the bank that his account was over-
drawn.

Mr. Moss : "What is the opposite of opti-
mist?"

Ermine : "Why, anti-optimist, of course."

Mr. Yarbrough : "Is Mari'a Parker still in
school?"

Marion : "Why, Ma'ria Parker is."

Mr. Yarbrough : "Ma'ria, who's wanting to
marry'er?"

Ina : "Do you reckon the Valway will hold
the people at the Senior play?"

Euretha : "I think so, for a heap of them car-
sit in the attic."

THE SENIOR DIVISION

On Field Day in 1913 a few 'Subs' took their
stand

Though few, opponents strong, they swept them
off the land;

Now they're here as Seniors, the best that can
be found

They're four and twenty waiting to wear a cap
and gown;

They all are Seniors, yes they are Seniors,
When Senior girls begin to fight, they fight with
all their might

Chorus.

Wait till the Seniors get out upon the field
They'll show them who they are
For the past four years they've won
And when this fight's begun
They'll show you they have the spirit still.
There're the little classes, Freshmen and Juniors
Standing, staring wondering what they can say,
They'll soon be leaving with heads hung low
And they wont come back
For the Seniors are going to win the day.

LOCALS

As usual, the annual Field Day occasioned a
great deal of excitement and rivalry. For the
past four years the class of '18 has won the Field
Day Banner. This year all were striving onward
and anxiously endeavoring to make the best
record possible. However, the Seniors, who al-
ways like to do the 'nice and courteous thing,'
stepped aside, just a little, in favor of the Sub-
Freshmen. In fact, since they won it when they
were 'Subs' and kept it safely ever since, they
thought that it would be well to yield to the
'Subs' and begin training them to follow in their
footsteps. But, withal, the 'Subs' are to be con-
gratulated on their splendid work. The spirit
shown by all was fine.

The program was as follows :

Patriotic Songs — The Star Spangled Banner
and Dixie.

Class Songs.

The Balance Beam.

Basket Ball Throwing.

Medicine Ball Relay.

100 Yard Dash.

50 Yard Relay.

Quoit Relay.

Costume Relay.

Tug of War.

Wrestling Match (High School Boys).

Original Class Stunts.

The training class for Eight Weeks Clubs has
been organized and training begun. There seems
to be a great deal of interest in this work among
the students this year.

So far, the following officers have been elected
for the year 1918-'19.:

Miss Sadie Culbreth, President of the Student
Body.

Miss Catherine Chastain, President of the Y.
W. C. A.

Miss Elizabeth Chichester, Vice-President of
the Y. W. C. A.

Miss Mamie Carter, Secretary of the Y. W. C. A.

Miss Hattie McMillan, Treasurer of the Y. W.
C. A.

SOPHOMORE FIELD DAY SONG

Tune, "Over There."

Here we come, here we come.

Make it heard, send the word

To them all.

That the Sophs are coming,

The Sophs are winning,

They're winning, surely,

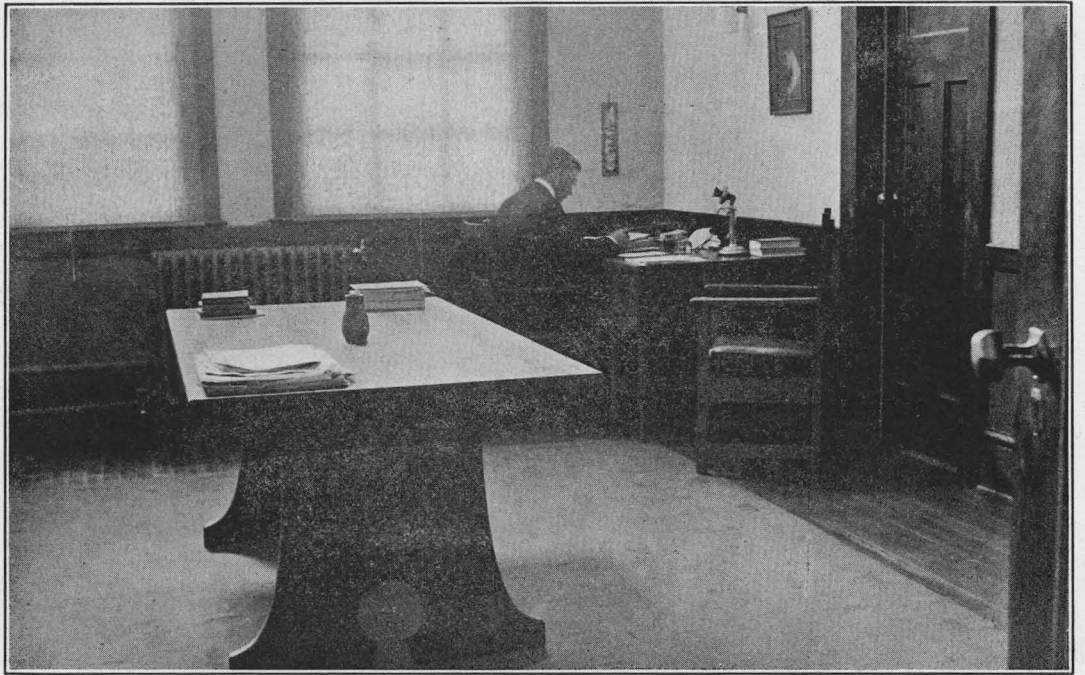
Hear their call.

So prepare, say your prayer.

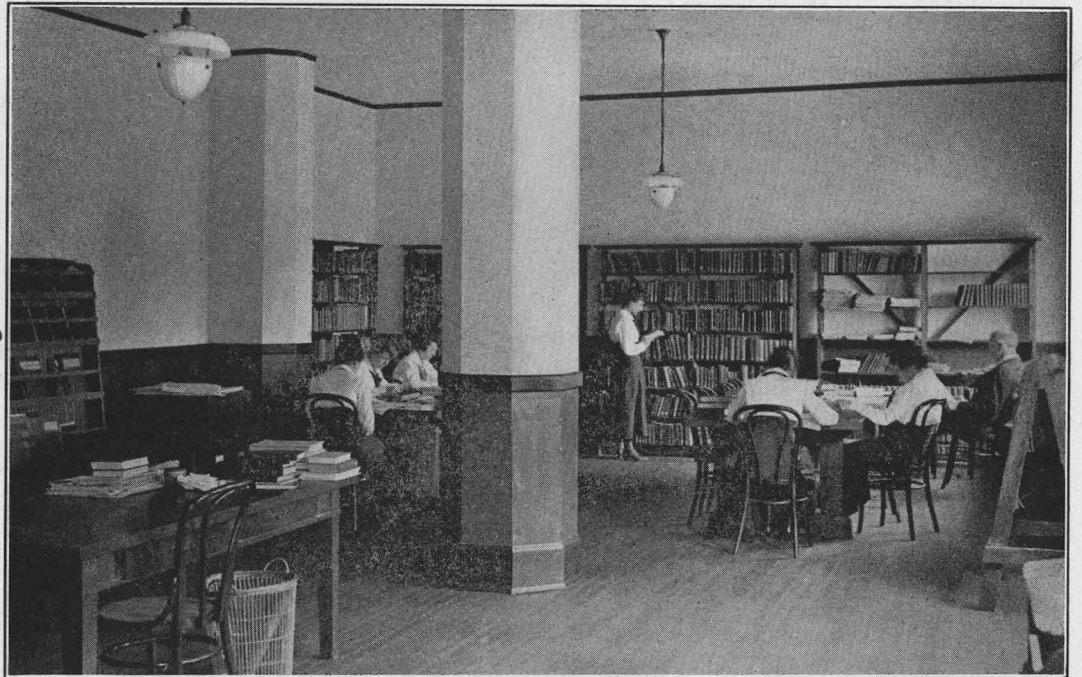
Juniors, Freshmen, you'd better beware,

We will beat you, watch us defeat you,

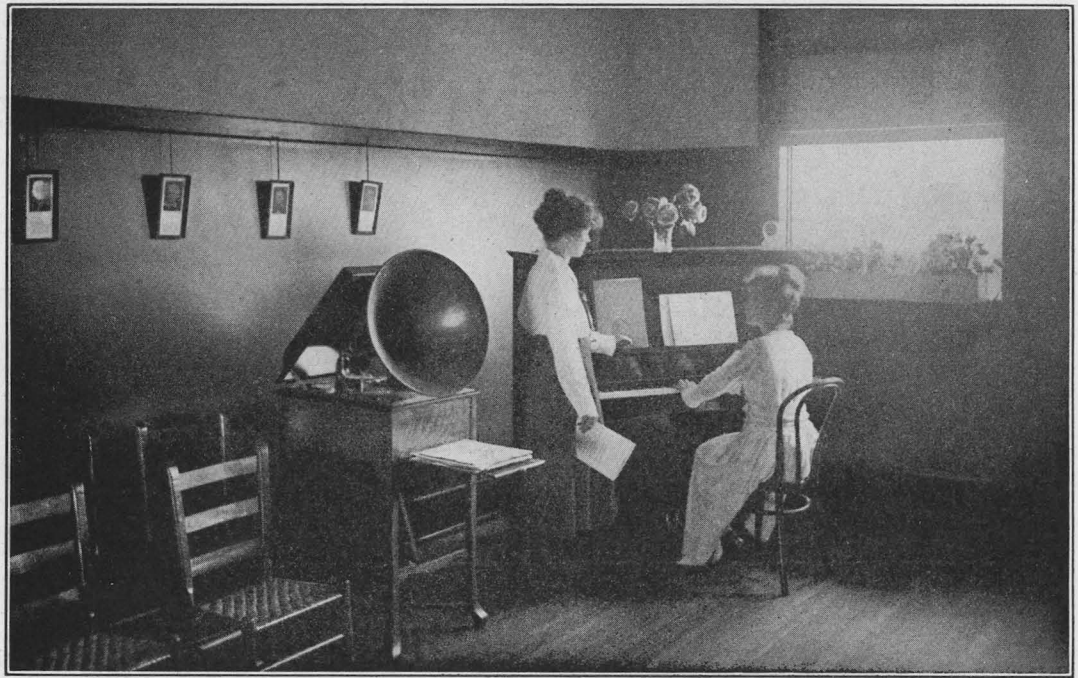
For the Sophs always put it over when we come.



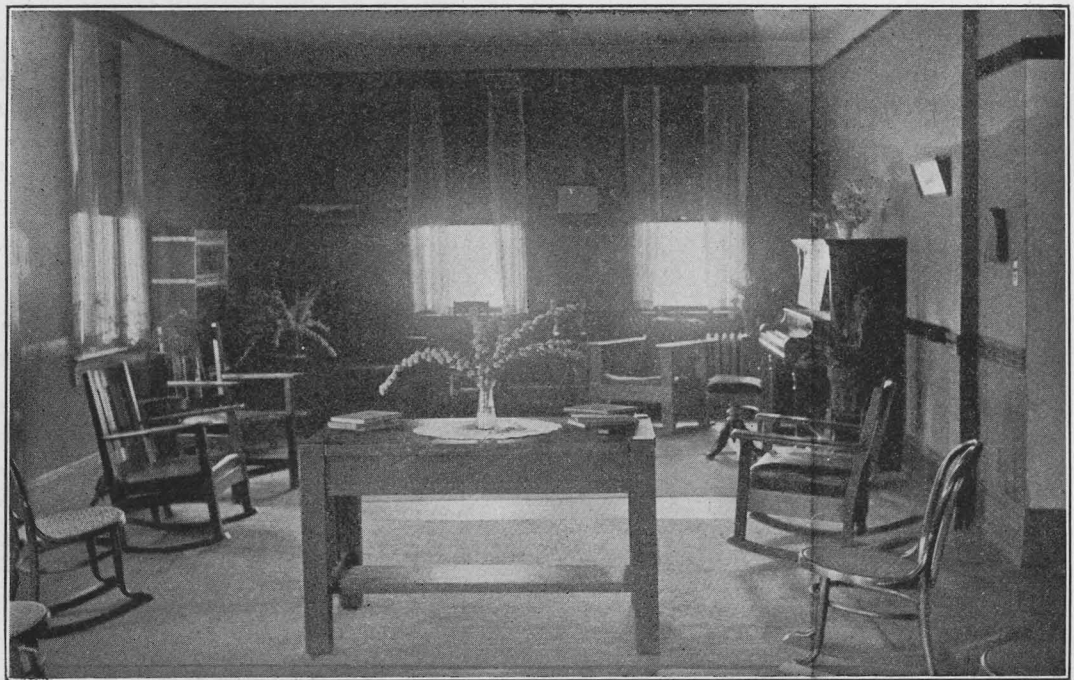
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COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

South Georgia State Normal College, May 26-29.

Sunday, May 26, 8:00 P. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon. Rev. Alex W Bealer, at Lee Street Baptist Church.

Monday, May 27, 8:30 P. M.—Senior Class Play. "A Winter's Tale," at the Valway Theater.

Tuesday, May 28, 10:00 A. M.—Meeting of Board of Trustees. West Hall.

10:00 A. M.—Business Meeting of Alumnae, West Hall.

1:00 P. M.—Alumnae Dinner, Dining Room.

2:30 P. M.—Exhibit of College Work, West Hall.

3:30 P. M.—Patriotic Exercises, West Hall.

8:30 P. M.—Alumnae Reception. Dormitory Terrace.

Wednesday, May 29, 10:30 A. M.—Graduating Exercises. Valway Theater. Hon. John N. Holder, Commencement orator.

The South Georgia State Normal College has just celebrated its fifth anniversary and it has sent its fifth class of graduates into this wide, wide world. The Commencement exercises, from May 26 to May 29, were unusually good. The baccalaureate sermon was preached by Rev. Alex W. Bealer at Lee Street Baptist Church Sunday evening, May 26, special music being furnished by the college Glee Club and the college chorus. The Senior Class Play, "The Winter's Tale," by Wm. Shakespeare, was presented at the Valway Theater Monday evening. Those taking the leading roles were: Leontes, King of Sicily—Miss Terah Cowart; Hermione, his queen—Miss Alma Scott; Polixines, King of Bohemia—Miss Clarice Askew; Paulina—Miss Marion Groover. These leading ladies interpreted and rendered their parts exceedingly well. Tuesday the events were: the usual meeting of the Board of Trustees and an

alumnae meeting, which were followed by a very delightful luncheon, the exhibit of the work of the college for the year, patriotic exercises, and an alumnae reception. The alumnae reception is one which the Seniors, especially, anticipate with great pleasure. It is a special Senior privilege to wear evening dresses instead of the college uniform on this occasion, but the class of '18 denied themselves this pleasure so that they might increase their contributions to the war relief work. Wednesday morning the graduation exercises took place in the Valway Theater due to the fact that the rapid growth of the student body and the slow increase of college buildings rendered the college auditorium inadequate for seating both the students and the many friends of the Senior class. The orator of the occasion was Hon. John N. Holder. It is a time-honored custom that one young lady is selected from the graduating class to read her thesis on this occasion. Miss Terah Cowart was the honored one from the class of '18, her subject being, "The Development of Americanism." The graduates were twenty-four in number. They were Misses Cora Anderson, Clarice and Ina Askew, Ruby Bamberg, Pearl Bulloch, Hazel Bourguine, Ruth Chapman, Terah Cowart, Jean Dickenson, Hazel Fillingame, Marion and Ida Groover, Inez Hodges, Frances Kaylor, Stella Mathis, Euretha Milton, Aileen Parker, Edith Patterson, Edith Smith, Alma Scott, Musette and Winnie Williams, Jewel Woodard and Blanche Thompson.

On Friday afternoon of the previous week, the Seniors had their Class Day exercises. The Class History was read by Miss Stella Mathis, who has been a student here for five years, having entered the Sub-Freshman class. The Class Will was read by Miss Aileen Parker, the Giftorial by Miss Pearl Bulloch, and the Class Prophecy by Miss Marion Groover. After these, the class planted Cherokee Roses with appropriate ceremony.

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