

THE PINE BRANCH



NOVEMBER
1918

VOLUME 2

NUMBER 1



Shoes for College Girls *And Their Families*



We have made special efforts to meet the demands and requirements of the South Georgia State Normal College girls in footwear. Our line of black military heel walking Boots embrace all the new ideas in style and are built for service.

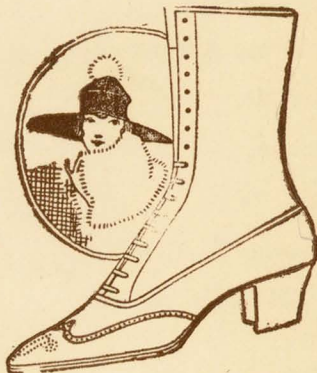
“A Perfect Fit is the Thing”

It is just as important that you have the proper fit in your shoes as it is that you have the proper books. One can't do their best with mis-fitted shoes, that are uncomfortable. Let us fit your foot properly, with a shoe made especially for your foot. Priced reasonably. You are always welcome at our store whether you buy or not; make it your headquarters.



Turner Jones
Shoe Company

THE STORE OF SERVICE



THE PINE BRANCH

LUCILE

A merry - hearted, happy girl
She lived among us here;
The sunshine of her friendly smile
Filled all our hearts with cheer.
Her tasks were wrought with care and skill,
Naught marred her happiness.
The mem'ry of her life while here,
Will bring us blessedness.

Her star shall guide and lead us on
Along the path of life;
The mem'ry of her pure, glad soul
Will help us in the strife.
A soul so clean, so true, so sweet,
It mirrored God's great love,
And gave to us who knew her best
A glimpse of Heav'n above.

Our songs are hushed since she is gone
Our hearts are filled with pain,
Help us, dear God, to live such lives
That we may meet again.
Oh, let her walk beside us here!
And he whose word brings peace,
Bends low, and gently says to us,
"Her love will never cease."

Lucile, the fragrance of your life
Will linger with us long,
Will gently urge us to our best
And help to make us strong.
We'll overcome the baser self,
We'll seek the pure and good;
And with God's help, and yours, dear girl,
We'll build our womanhood.

A THANKSGIVING IN FRANCE

THE fire, burning and crackling in the big, old-fashioned fire-place, cast a cheery glow over the room. Seated in a low rocker, reading her Bible was a little white-haired old lady. The mellow light of the lamp enveloped her figure, and softened the lines in her sad but gentle face. She was dressed in a loose dark wrapper and white apron, while around her slightly drooped shoulders was draped a big gray shawl. Her kindly blue eyes, now and then, wandered from the page to rest on the little baby boy on the floor, near the hearth, playing with some blocks. On the other side in a big arm-chair lounged an old gentleman. He was gazing into the fire with a dreamy look, and often forgot to puff the big clouds of smoke from his pipe that the baby was so interested in. The room was large, with a low ceiling. It was simply furnished and evidently served as both bed-room and living-room. Two beds with snowy white covering stood on either side. From the next room came a cheery voice singing, "Allons enfants de la patrie," while the owner was preparing the evening meal.

With a flurry of snow and a little bluster of wind, the door in the back opened, and a man came hurrying into the room. "Hurrah," he shouted, "war is over!" The baby started at the sound and toddled toward him lisping, "Daddy." He grabbed him and threw him high into the air again and again. The old lady pushed back her glasses and threw up her hands. The old man's pipe fell to the floor with a crash and starting, he came out of his reverie and was on his feet.

It was an excited group that finally seated themselves around the table. Supper was almost forgotten as Guntra told of how the Germans had surrendered to the Allies' treaty on almost any terms they had suggested. The old lady's eyes filled with tears as she murmured, "Had this only happened several months ago and saved my Auguste." Her husband spoke encouragingly of going back home and how grand it would be. They were soon both very much enthused at the thought and began plans for a departure.

THE PINE BRANCH

That night meant little sleep for the old couple for they were feverish over the excitement of "going home."

In the days before the war M. and Me. Lafitte had lived happily in a small village of northern France. M. Lafitte had been a prosperous doctor and made the family quite comfortable. They had a pretty cottage with several acres of land for flowers and gardens. They had only two children, Marie and Auguste. Marie, when just eighteen had married a hotel proprietor of a popular Switzerland resort, and gone there to live. Auguste, the older one, and the pride of his father and mother had attended a medical college, and was preparing to assist and later succeed M. Lafitte. Everything, then, was happy and serene.

When the great war started, of course Auguste went to defend "La Belle France," true to his life standards of real manhood. When Germany began her invasion of northern France, and news of the horrible atrocities that were committed reached them, M. and Me. Lafitte fled, at once, to Switzerland to escape harm. All went well for two years, and then came the tidings of Auguste's death—killed fighting for his country. At first grief overpowered the old father and mother and they were oblivious to every thing and person. With the realization of how noble their boy had been, came a certain pride with their sadness. They consoled themselves with Marie, Guntra, her kind, thoughtful husband, and baby boy.

Now they were to go home! Time passed swiftly by, so absorbed were they in dreaming and planning. The day of departure finally arrived and they bade their good-bye with light hearts and bright faces. Switzerland was soon left behind them and the through "express" was fast moving them to their journey's end.

It was late afternoon when they finally climbed off the car, tired but happy. The place looked unfamiliar, for only blackened ruins greeted them. Amazed, they wandered to the site of their old home, and here, too, was only charred timbers and scattered, broken brick. The old man tottered and fell in a crumpled heap. Me. Lafitte buried her face in her hands and began to cry softly.

After a few minutes, hearing a cheery voice calling

A THANKSGIVING IN FRANCE

them, they looked up. There stood a big "Y" man in the khaki uniform of the beloved Americans.

"Come, Mother and Father," he said, and tenderly lifted them up. Me. Lafitte, glancing down, saw something—a tiny baby shoe, under a sheltering brick and with a cry clasped it to her.

They followed the "Y" man a short distance out from the village, and came to a big hut, with "Welcome" written across the doorway. Inside, they forgot some of their troubles in seeing a few of their old friends. They talked, laughed, and cried hysterically.

During the excitement, they had not noticed the big table that had been placed across the whole length of the room. Now awed, they gazed wonderingly at the dishes piled high with good things, that were being brought in and arranged on it. A huge turkey graced the center and radiating from it were dishes of all kinds.

When everything was ready, at the "Y" man's invitation, they came slowly forward and took their places. The sight of such a variety and quantity of food seemed to stun them, for everyone looked wide-eyed as if they expected to see it vanish.

After everyone was seated, the "Y" man stood.

"My dear friends," he began, "this is truly a never-to-be-forgotten day. It is and ever will be a red-letter day in French history. In America, we celebrate the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving in commemoration of the day set aside by our Pilgrim forefathers. They first observed it with a feast in the fall of the year after harvest, and it was quite a day of prayer. They thanked God for their protection, health, abundant harvest, and all the other blessings that had come to them. France, too, will now have a Thanksgiving day but it will be of a different nature. It will be a Thanksgiving for peace, and freedom forever from the cruel Prussian militarism. The Americans are going to help build up your partly devastated country and make it the same "La Belle France," as of old. Your homes will be restored to you and until then the Y. M. C. A. has provided a place of shelter for all."

He sat down and every head was bowed reverently, as he returned thanks for the food.

THE PINE BRANCH

They had a pleasant evening. Some had sad experiences to tell, and others interesting ones. They laughed and cried, were glad and then sad, but altogether happy to be home once more.

That night after everything was quiet, M. and Me. Lafitte stole silently out of the hut and went to their old home-place. The moon shed a silvery radiance over the world and rested with a seeming benediction on the kneeling forms near the ruins. In unison came softly,

“Oh Father, we thank Thee for this great peace, for our new France to come, and most of all for our beloved Americans.”

Lucile Hays, '20.

Our dear schoolmate, Lucile Hays, of Hazlehurst Georgia, was suddenly taken from us on Sunday evening, November the twenty-fourth. She was a very active member of the Pine Branch staff and had just laid aside a story, upon which she was working, to go walking. The story has not been polished as Lucile would have finished it, but it is here just as she left it.



PEACE

We know not all the how, nor all the where;
The message came that set the world on fire;
And caused united thanks through nations wide.
But, born out of the night, it echoed clear,
While breeze on breeze caught the glad refrain.
And "Peace on earth, good will to all of men,"
Again for us Christ's angels tidings sang.
"Forever," and the cry of a great joy,
With trumpet blowings ran on all the way,
From city in among the country fields,
To furtherest boundr'es, everywhere the folk
Met for a day of glory, thanks to God.
And mother's faces mirrored happy hearts,
Or, mayhap, 'twas a bride's whose face revealed
Deep, deep, a myriad wistful memories,
A brimming, half-raised joy cup dashed away,
And now about to be restored once more.
And shoulders squared, and every man was kin.
And new-created speakers laurels won,
Their gladness spilling crystal gems of truth.
E'en little children clapt their hands and laughed,
Not understanding all, but spirit caught.
Of gay and overpowering joy.
To know the world is all at peace again,
And music sounded o'er the entire land,
While marching flags a panorama spread,
And shouts, and thunderings of cannon filled
The crisp morning air; but some there were
Whose countenances sad, made one to know
They thought on one whose life had been laid down
Upon the smoky altar of the war.
For this cause that all the world might be
A godly, peaceful place, and safe for all.
That maidens fair might grow to womanhood,
Without a tarnish on the spotless white
Of their young souls; and little children be
Protected, loved, not butchered on the street,
And marriage — mating of the soul of man,
Be held in a sacred trust, inviolable;
And freedom be from sea to sea, and land
To land. But they, too, smile, and know their man
Did that blest thing — laid down his life for friend.
And all the world is set free — responds
To one grand chord — an everlasting peace!

Helen Allen, '21

THE PINE BRANCH

THE THREE ARROWMAKERS

Note — After hearing Annie Fellows Johnson's story, "The Three Weavers," the Junior composition class was asked to take her plot and build a story upon it. The following is one of the stories.

MANY years ago in the time when the great spirit was near to his people, when each trade had its guardian, when the Indians lived in great happiness and in a fair degree of peace, there lived three arrowmakers. These three arrowmakers were members of the same tribe; they lived in tepees just alike, and near to each other in a large clearing. Through this clearing ran a tiny stream which formed a mirror-like pool just in front of each tepee. Around the pool were towering shade trees, and cool, mossy banks. Now these arrowmakers were just alike, moreover, what happened to one happened to all. The same people came to trade with them. The same fortune came to all. Only in their work did they differ. Mishlah made his arrows the way that pleased him most at the time of making, regardless of the need for which the arrow was being made. Consequently, some of his arrows were perfect, some imperfect; some were true, but more often were disappointing to the bowman. It was not so with Waucomah, he made his arrows all alike, all of the same material and of the same size. No matter for what use the arrowhead was intended, he followed one pattern for all. Now Tokomah had a measure, and by this he made his arrows. He selected his material with regard to the use of the arrow, and he measured it accordingly.

Now, on a certain day a daughter was born to each of the three arrowmakers. At sunset, the fathers were seated at the door of their tepees, smoking and discussing the events of the day. Old Mishlah spoke up,

"Well, my brothers, today Newanee, the good spirit of arrowmakers, left by the linden cradle of my little Multnomah an arrowhead of diamond, so small that it was almost lost in my hand. She said that it was written in the

THE THREE ARROWMAKERS

stars that my little one should become the wife of a great chieftain. First, however, she must make an arrow from the mystic diamond that would help him to win his supreme fight. If it did not measure up to the measure of a chieftain, was not as true and swift as the north wind, did not fit his body as the feathers of the eagle fit its body, was not as pliant as the willow, or as strong as the oak, he would leave her and search elsewhere. She would then wither and die as the flowers in autumn."

When Mishlah had finished he was surprised to hear no grunts of jealousy from the listeners. Newanee had visited each babe, and left the same gift.

"Yes," said Waucomah, "and if our daughters are to be the wives of chieftains they must have skill and wisdom as becomes a chieftain's wife. They must not be as other maidens."

"They must learn the art of kindness, patience and forbearance," said Tokomah. "Also let them learn to keep the fire bright, and to heal the sick. An idle maiden is as worthless as a broken bow."

Thus the old men spoke of their daughters. The babes grew in strength and size; the fathers dreamed of the future in store for their children. Now Multnomah was a care-free child, her childish will was never checked or guided. Her father was too busy with his trade to bother with the training of his daughter. He thought that he would let her enjoy her youth, there would be time enough to follow Newanee's instructions. It was not so with Wallulah. Her father ruled with a rod of iron, so that she dared not act openly, or dream the dreams of girlhood. She was taught the gentler arts by a stern father who explained nothing, and demanded all. He gave little love to his daughter, he was looking always to the future. For this reason Wallulah was secretive; she became rebellious and sullen. Now, Tohomah lived in love, obedience and understanding with her father. Day by day he helped her build her life to fit the measure of a chieftain's wife.

The maidens grew tall and graceful as the sapling, and as lovely as the lily that floated on the surface of the water.

THE PINE BRANCH

They worked and played together. Often they would take their work and sit for hours near the stream, for in the dear depths of the water was reflected all the wonders of the great world. They saw the bold warriors and mighty chieftains in this mystic mirror. Now, as they grew older, Multnomah would slip away and leave Wallulah and Tohomah to dream alone. This grieved the two who were not told of the secret mission. At last, Multnomah took them with her to a far bank of the stream, where she spent hours at a time dreaming and working. Then she showed them the diamond arrowhead, once so small but now grown larger, just as she had grown.

"See," she said, "this is my arrowhead that Newanee gave me when I was a tiny babe. It was so small then, but as I have grown so it has increased in size. It will still become larger, for I am not yet a full-grown woman. This you see is the shaft which Newanee said must be moulded of my character, and tipped with my dreams and visions. I like the wings best, they are much easier to make."

There, in truth, lay the unfinished arrow in her hand. Just in the making was the short shaft of her character. The wings, too large for its size, were of her rosy day dreams. Quite curious were the other maidens, as well they might be, for she told them of the chieftain who would come when the arrow was finished. She looked for him day by day in the pool beside her. Many brave warriors crossed its quiet waters.

"How strange," quoth the maidens, "that we are so much alike, and yet you alone have this gift."

"Why no," Multnomah exclaimed, "have not your fathers told you? Newanee left for each of us an arrowhead, and for each is the message of the stars. Why don't you ask your fathers for the gifts? They are yours, Newanee gave them to you."

Quite thoughtful were the maidens as they went home that day. Wallulah questioned her father as to the gift.

"Father, what is this Multnomah tells of Newanee's gift and prophecy?"

THE THREE ARROWMAKERS

"Go child," he answered sternly, "when it is time for you to know about this thing, I will tell you, and I will help you make your arrow. Until you are grown, be content to do as I say."

"It's yours," said Multnomah when Wallulah made known her father's answer, "why don't you hunt it, and work anyway?"

Willulah, angered and disappointed, set out to find the diamond head. Her search proved fruitful, and she set about her work in secret. Each day she slipped away to work in sorrow and bitterness. She soon lost herself in her dreams and she spent many pleasant hours watching the figures in the pool, fashioning her arrow for the image she liked best. Among those who passed she saw a warrior, a great boaster with all his stolen finery and wampum. For him she made her arrow.

Often Tohomah had seen the little diamond arrow among her father's arrowheads, and now she remembered how carefully he guarded it. She went straightway to her father.

"Father," she said, "today Multnomah told us of Ne-wanee's gift, and I wish to be at work on my arrow. I am strong now, and you yourself have said that my wisdom is greater than that of other maidens."

"Long, my daughter, have I waited for this time," spoke old Tokomah. "You are fast becoming a woman, and it is time you should begin your work. I will help you and guide you so that your arrow will be worthy of your chieftain."

He gave her the arrowhead, and along with it a measure, made from a thong of deer's hide.

"Take this," he said, "and keep it as a standard. No arrow that does not measure up to this is worthy of a chieftain. Make the shaft of the best that is in you. Do not hurry, for it will be long before the qualities it requires are fully developed in you. Wing the arrow with your most beautiful dreams. Let them always be pure and golden, suffer no sorrow or sordidness to come in. Be patient for your reward will be great."

So with old Tokomah's guidance Tohomah set to work,

THE PINE BRANCH

keeping ever the image of a noble chief before her. It was hard to wait and work for one never seen. Each day she saw comely youths and warriors pass, and each one seemed finer than the last. There came one day a warrior with much paint and wampum, tall in stature, broad and powerful. Surely, she thought, that is my chieftain. Alas her father warned her, saying,

"That is only a medicine man, he is no chieftain. You must work longer. He will come at last."

Then again came a warrior, still more powerful, with more paint and wampum.

"No," her father warned again, "that is only a boaster, only stature and no man. That is by no means a chieftain."

So she worked on, fashioning with care each inch of the shaft with the best that was in her, winging it with pure dreams. Unconsciously, she moulded her life by the standard set for the arrow.

Multnomah worked on in childish helplessness. Like a child she worked in haste, and in haste she finished her arrow, which filled the measure of a youth, a child-man, and an idler. This she gave to the youth; then, using substitutes of her diamond, she fashioned arrows for others of her fancy. At last, all she had left were her shattered visions and her substitute heads.

Wallulah had to work in loneliness and without love. She was blind to all but the boaster, and for him she made her arrow. Each day she watched for him to pass, and as the arrow neared completion his image was frequently in the dark pool. When Wallulah had finished, he came for the arrow.

Then came the news of a great war between the young chief, Snoquelmie, and an evil spirit, the hoar frost. The messenger told of how the warrior was searching for an arrow with which to conquer his enemy, of how all the arrows that he had found were imperfect, of how Snoquelmie was now on his way to the little village in search of a suitable arrow. Who would have the perfect arrow? The question was whispered through the village. In haste Multnomah worked, trying to make again an arrow with a dia-

THE THREE ARROWMAKERS

mond head, and the qualities of a chieftain's arrow, but her fears were not so great. She thought this warrior would take her arrow just as the others had done. Neither was Wallulah fearful, surely there were more chieftains than one. Her boaster was a chief also. Now Tohomah's arrow neared completion, and her joy at the thought of seeing a great chief spurred her on to more perfect work.

At last Snoquelmie reached the village. Taller and more powerful was he than any warrior ever seen there. Wonderful he was to look at. First he visited the wigwam of old Mishlah, to see Multnomah's arrow. Proudly Mishlah lead him to Multnomah, he was confident that the chief would take her arrow. Had she not worked long at it? When the maiden brought forth her arrow it was so poor to look at and so frail that Mishlah started in anger and surprise.

"How maiden! Where is the diamond head? Why this head is of clay, and the shaft is brittle. The arrow is faulty, just as your soul."

"Father," cried the maiden, "it is your fault. You have only laughed at and mocked me; you have never advised me. I have given away my arrows, and this is all I have left."

Sorrowfully the chieftain shook his head and turned away. Multnomah wept, and gradually she withered and died as the flower withers and dies in autumn; just as was prophesied in the stars.

Waucomah took Wallulah by the hand and said,

"Come, my daughter, and I will show you how to make an arrow to fit the chief."

He could not find the arrowhead, so he knew that she had used it. He became wrathful and upbraided her.

"Did I not tell you to wait until I gave you the arrowhead, and the instructions of Newanee?"

"It is your own fault, father, you would not tell me concerning Newanee's gift, so I worked in secret. In my bitterness and sorrow I made the arrow. I gave it to the boaster, thinking he was the chief."

There beside the chief stood the boaster, shorn of all his boasting, and measuring far beneath the measure of

THE PINE BRANCH

the chieftain. Then Wallulah saw what she had lost by her secret labor, and she cried out in anguish. The chieftain looked sorrowfully into her eyes, and turned sadly away. She, too, mourned until she withered and faded.

Tohomah added the last bit to the tip of the wonderful dream she was fashioning, and just as she finished Sno-quelmie entered. Proud and loving was Tokomah as he presented the arrow and his daughter. The chieftain's eyes lighted as he beheld her. He took the arrow gently from her, and tested it. Strong it was as faith and love could make it, pliant as the willow, winged with dreams so pure and holy that not a thread of sadness could be found within it.

"True and swift," he murmured, "as the north wind, fits my bow as the feathers of its body fits the eagle, is as pliant as the willow, is as strong as is the oak tree. This arrow will bring me honor, I am sure. I will take you, my Tohomah, to be my wife and guardian mother of my tribe."

Filled with joy, the old Tokomah watched his gentle, loving daughter as she departed with her chieftain, bearing with her a father's blessing.

Elizabeth Chichester, '20.



Editorials

OUR NEW THANKSGIVING

Of all the Thanksgivings, this should be the fullest of thanks! How many believed that at this season we would have such a glorious thing to be thankful for—peace? In the last four years, we have passed through seasons of Thanksgiving that somehow filled our hearts with sadness; the cloud of war had almost hidden the bright things that were still ours. Although our barns ran over with the luxuriant harvest, our festive board creaked under the holiday dainties and the very air was filled with the holiday spirit, there was something lacking. The spirit did not ring true and genuine. Ah! how could it when the distant roar of cannon, the cloud that marked the raging battle, crept closer and closer to our hearthstones? At last it reached them, and having snatched from our homes the peace and quiet we love so dearly, the lads we love most dearly of all, how could our spirits soar? At the time when we had the laden feast table it seemed a mockery. There was an empty place and a vision of its owner in the trench, mud-covered, weary and sore. A lump arose in our throats and we almost cried out, "What have we to be thankful for—war?"

Now, that peace has really come, is the time for us to grasp the true Puritan spirit of Thanksgiving. It is such a simple thing that we, with our prosperity and plenty, can scarcely appreciate its genuine meaning. In spite of this let us try to make this season's thanks an expression of a broader conception and a truer appreciation of Thanksgiving in our hearts.

This will not be like the first Thanksgiving, for we have so many more things to be thankful for than our Puritan forefathers had. We have life, liberty in its biggest sense; we have prosperity and plenty.

Above all we have peace. This is enough to almost burst our hearts with joy. Our boys have not come back to us

THE PINE BRANCH

and there will be a vacant chair at many a fireside; but in its place will be a vision to be thankful for, a vision of the happy home-coming. There will be other visions too — visions of the lads fallen on the field who will never rise to fight again. We are thankful that they could give their all for the freedom they loved. It will be a long time before the new regime is smoothly established but we can be thankful for the new regime unestablished. Although in content our Thanksgiving will be different, in spirit it will be the same as the first Thanksgiving. There will be the simple quiet joy that will make us look with reverence to the greatest Giver of gifts. There will be an element that was not in the first Thanksgiving — service. We are practically the only nation not broken and bowed-down by war. Like the good Samaritan, then, we will extend a hand of service to the nations in distress, friends and enemies alike. We are able to render service and for this we can be thankful. When have we ever had so much to be thankful for? Let us make this season the fullest of thanks!

GOSSIP

Gossip has more than a surface meaning and being at a stage of our career where gossip seems to be a vital part of us, I shall express something I believe every college girl feels. We hear of "innocent gossip," "spiteful gossip," and several other kinds. Usually we think of it as an exchange of opinions; we do not think of it as a character builder.

I have wondered why gossiping is such an irresistible temptation to the average school girl. Is it because of the expansive appeal to the emotions through a change from a quiet home environment to a hustling cosmopolitan one? We feel sometimes that if we do not tell some one we will "explode." Just the telling is well and good if that were all, but true to human nature, we put the stamp of our own personality upon the story. The story starts and is repeated; with each repetition there is some slight difference of choice or emphasis of words. When it is finished we

EDITORIALS

have a composite story of dozens of stories. Then it is every one's and yet no one's story. It is easy to see how an insignificant truth can be woven by many tongues into an absolute falsehood; and yet we call this "innocent gossip," merely exchange of opinions. There is the trouble — we do not realize what is taking place. Girls! stop and think! Do not encourage "innocent gossip" by doing it yourself or by listening to others; do not tolerate gossip, based on untruth, encouraged by jealousy and sometimes resulting in the wrecking of lives. Any one who will stoop to revenge through any means, and above all through gossip, is not the kind of person we want with us in our school life.

It is here we are forming life habits. It is here we are molding our characters, and it is the little things like gossiping that count. Gossiping may end with wounded feelings easily healed. It may end with a bad habit less easily corrected. It may mean more than that. A small bad habit if not corrected at once may lead on and on to a larger and more meaningful one. The habit of gossip is an excellent one to warp a disposition and to disfigure a good wholesome imagination. The person gossiped about may develop a distrust of real as well as apparent friends. They may harbor wounded pride and ambition that means so much in attaining to success. They may get a distorted view of human nature and life in general and their life will end in miserable failure. The habit that is the starting point of all this wreck and ruin is formed when we are gossiping school girls. It is now, that we are building character. What kind of structure is yours going to be?



THE PINE BRANCH

Alumnæ

WHAT THE COLLEGE AMONG THE PINES MEANS TO A DAUGHTER OF THE PINES

“Here’s the fragrant breath of the Long Leaf Pine!
Where soil and man and climate combine
To give health and wealth in this land of ours,
This beautiful land of sunshine and flowers.”

Nature is kind to us in many ways. Like a fairy god-mother she always endows us with some special gift which is predominantly or characteristically our own—something which is better for our purposes than anything else would have been and because we learn to appreciate and understand our particular gift or gifts, they become dear to us. Such a gift is the “long leaf pine.” We South Georgians love the pines — because they are beautiful and useful and because they are ours. Then is it strange that the “pine branch” should have been chosen as the emblem of our institution of learning established here in South Georgia under the shadow of the pines? There are numerous reasons why we prize this emblem, but perhaps the greatest is its peculiar fitness to its purpose. The pine stands strong and tall and evergreen among the other trees — even towering upward. So stands our College in the State, striving to grow strong, to be useful and to keep its influence and good work evergreen as are the branches of the pine. How beautiful is the picture — somehow there seems to be a peculiar adaptation, a peculiar sense of harmony between our institution, as it stands out strong and beautiful on the campus and the much loved pines which cast their shadows around about.

Locals

Senior Meeting

The Seniors had an important business meeting on November 23rd. Every Senior was present. Miss Bessie Proctor, as president, presided. She made a brave but futile attempt to enforce parliamentary laws. There was a heated discussion over our play and class-day exercises. We were nominating and electing in a very presentable manner when someone exclaimed excitedly, "John!" This was a special friend of one of our Seniors and due at the college at three o'clock. Everybody rushed to the windows, including the president. After everybody had discussed "the fascinating cut of his overcoat," and "the alluring tilt of his hat," we got a good glimpse of his face. It was our bookkeeper, Mr. Yarbrough.

* * *

The girls were surprised to find our little blushing, affectionate president of the Freshman Class was not satisfied with her course at S. G. S. N. C., nor her name as Lois Jones. During the "flu" vacation she took a journey on the sea of matrimony, changing her name to Mrs. Mort Portin.

* * *

We promised to be one man among ten to give five hundred dollars to the United War Work Fund, and later we decided to make it one thousand dollars. As a matter of fact, we went over the top with the total amount of fifteen hundred dollars.

* * *

Dr. Noble, of the War Work Community Service, was with us a week, and gave us a series of very helpful lectures. The quiet, thoughtful atmosphere that followed the girls from each lecture was evidence of the deep and serious appreciation.

Humorous

Conservation.

Anges: "Dorothy, what are you working so fast for?"

Dorothy: "Trying to lose some of my superfluous avoirdupois."

Agnes: "Carolyn, what are you working so fast for?"

Carolyn: "To catch what Dorothy loses."

Mr. Wood: "Miss Chastain, where was Plato's new theory of education tried out?"

Katherine: "Utopia."

Miss Robinson: "I have a friend who says a certain tribe in Africa has three sets of teeth."

Miss Chastain: "Where do they wear the third set?"

Stella: "Robert loves me a hundred miles. He comes to see me every week and it is fifty miles over there."

Ruth: "Huh! lucky he doesn't live a thousand miles away."

Business Manager of the Pine Branch (to new clerk): "Who has charge of the ads., here? We want to get one for our paper."

Clerk (after looking around for some minutes): "I'm sorry, lady, but we are out of those today. Anything else?"

The midnight feasters were getting home again.

"Mary, stop walking so heavy back there," in a whisper.

The steps fell as heavily as before.

"Maybe this pillow will help you to hear what I said." (It reached Mary with increasing velocity).

Upon a slight exclamation from the victim came —

"Oh, is that you Miss Gallaher? I thought you were in bed long ago."

New Effect of "Flu."

The Freshman Class failed to come up with English lesson. Miss Wilson was scolding and the girls were giving excuses. Elizabeth Bridges said, "Well, Miss Wilson, you know I had the 'flu' and that affects your memory."

Found in a Freshman theme: "The old darky took out his bandana, and wiped the perspiration from his brow, which was streaming down both sides of his face." What won't freshmen say?

MATHIS & YOUMANS

PIANOS. VICTOR RECORDS, VICTROLAS

VALDOSTA. GA.

Staten-Converse Co.

WOMEN'S & CHILDREN'S

WEARING APPAREL

"OF THE BETTER KIND"

DRY GOODS ————— SHOES

MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED

STATEN-CONVERSE COMPANY

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

DIAMONDS

Phone 109

WATCHES

J. E. SPRINGER & CO.

JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS

Agents

SONORA PHONOGRAPHS

JEWELRY

Valdosta, Ga.

REPAIRING

LOIS WEBER'S Big Dramatic Treat for the Whole Family

" FOR HUSBANDS ONLY "

Featuring MILDRED HARRIS

Bring your wife to the most wonderful, delectable photo-dramatic feast she ever thrilled through in her life—new plot, new ideas, new settings, subtle with humor, full of sensational twists, daringly French, at

REX THEATRE

DECEMBER 30th.

Particular Women Choose the Face Powder Most Suitable to Their Skin

There is one shade, one weight, and one texture of face powder which suits your complexion better than any other.

We have the exact powder you want—flesh, white, Brunette, light, medium or heavy.

We will be glad to demonstrate and explain any of these powders.

Bergstrom & Newberry

The Rexall Store

C. R. ASHLEY
BUGGIES AND WAGONS

115 SOUTH ASHLEY ST.

VALDOSTA, GA.

FOR SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT CALL

JONES' MARKET

FISH DEPARTMENT 104

Fresh Meats of all kinds, Pone 566
I carry full lot Chickens and Eggs

W. L. JONES, - PROPRIETOR

Trade

Where service and quality count.

We solicit and appreciate your patronage

A complete and varied assortment Stationery, Candies, Toilet Articles, etc.

Our Fountain is sanitary and our Drinks, Creams, etc., the best

Trust us with your wants

SMITH DRUG & SEED CO.
"THE BEST OF EVERYTHING"

Phone 1-2-3

W. A. WILLIAMS

Fancy Dry Goods, Ladies' Ready-to-Wear

MILLINERY AND SHOES

VALDOSTA, GA.

CONVERSE BROS.

CLOTHIERS

DON'T FORGET

J. W. Pinkston

When in need of anything
in his line

TAKE HARVEY'S LIVER PILLS

FOR 20 YEARS
A SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT FOR
LIVER TROUBLES

VALDOSTA DRUG COMPANY
VALDOSTA, GA.

GROCERIES

The two Best Grocery Stores in Valdosta. Everything Strictly
Sanitary. We invite your Inspection

WE SELL EVERYTHING GOOD TO EAT

The Girls of this College all trade with us. Ask Them.

CAMPBELL-HUDSON COMPANY

WE CAN SUPPLY
ANY
BOOK PUBLISHED

SOCIETY STATIONERY
ENGRAVED CARDS
CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS



Southern Stationery & Printing Co.

209 N. ASHLEY STREET

EVERY DRUG STORE DOES ONE THING BEST

Prescriptions Our Specialty

VINSON DRUG STORE

Phones 246, 245

Gifts for Everybody at Mackey's

Remember a cordial welcome awaits every one of you — we are never happier than when we have the college colors in our store.

Just tell us what you want — we will do our best to exceed your expectations.

MACKEY JEWELRY CO.

*Do your Xmas shopping
at our Store*

*Thousands of useful articles
for Xmas Gifts*

W. M. Oliver & Company

**ARE YOU GOING TO
COLLEGE NEXT YEAR?**

MUCH DEPENDS ON THE SCHOOL YOU
SELECT — CHOOSE WISELY

**The South Georgia State
Normal College**

IS A BRANCH OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA
FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

AS SUBSTANTIAL AS THE STATE
AS STRONG AS ITS MEN
AS REFINED AS ITS WOMEN
AS TRUE AS THE SPIRIT OF ITS PEOPLE.

THE STATE PAYS THE BILL
STUDENTS PAY ONLY PERSONAL EXPENSES.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

R. H. POWELL, President
Valdosta, Georgia

