

THE PINE BRANCH



FEBRUARY
1919

VOLUME 2 : NUMBER 4



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Volume II.

FEBRUARY, 1919

Number 4.



WHITE IS FOR PURITY
BLACK IS FOR GRACE
GOLD IS FOR LOVELINESS
FOUND IN YOUR FACE
BLIND IN THE EYES OF
ASK FOR A SIGN
TELL HIM THAT YOU WILL
BE
MEVALENTINE

Out of a Clear Sky

“**M**ANDY, when’s youse gwine git dem close back to Mis’ White?”

“I dun ’no ’zackly, but if it don’t bese raining, I’se gwine take ’em back ’fo’ Sadday.”

Mandy and Hannah were very prominent figures in Statenville, a little village buried deep in the woods of South Georgia. They did most of the washing for the best families in this place.

“Lawd, Hannah, has youse been hearin’ ’bout dem Jumans lately? My boy Jake says — whut left two months ergo — he wrote me a letter and Mis’ Jones read it fur me. He says dem Jumans is acting just like reg’lar devils — dats just whut Mis’ Jones read he writ. He says deys de wussest in dem yairplanes. Why, says he, dey jist gits in dem yairplanes and flies ’round lack er bird and draps great big things on houses dat busts and blows ’em up, killing jist piles o’ folks. Jake says he wouldn’t bese ’sprised if dey don’t bese comin’ over hyah any time if dey dont stop ’em. Fust thing youse know deys libal to come any time, eben in de night and drop one o’ dem things on my house er yourn and blow us to flinders. I tells you Hannah, I’se skeered.”

“De Lawdy! Mandy, whar dat cyah comin’ frum? It sounds lack it mought be a half dozen. Bless de Lawd! Mandy, did youse eber see such a bird?”

“A bird? Gawd, Hannah, dats one o’ dem yairplanes! Oh Lawdy! Lawdy! Its de Jumans! Its de Jumans! Dey’s comin’ jist like I’se ’spectin’ since Jake writ. Oh Lawd, do stop dat Juman ’fore he draps one o’ dem things and it busses and kilts us bofe! Hannah, don’t stan’ dar lack dat, wallin’ dem eyes. Can’t yo’ pray? Can’t yo’ see as he’s comin’ right strait dis way?”

“Oh Lawd, make us thankful fur whut we’se ’bout to receive.”

“Wa’al uf all de sight! Niggers, whut yo’ all doin’ scramblin’ ’round dar in de dirt moanin’ lack dat fur?” said

OUT OF A CLEAR SKY

old Uncle George as he came up where Mandy and Hannah were on their knees trying to pray.

“De Jumans! Bro. Washington, de Jumans, don’t yo’ see and hyar ’em? Oh! we’s all gwine be kilt right hyah.”

“De Jumans? You fool niggers, don’t you know nothing? Dats Mis.’ Jones boy, Sam, whuts been gone fur er year to one o’ dem camps at Arcadia in Flurida an’s jist stoppin’ by to see his ma. See he’s stoppin’ at dat field whut dey fixed fur ’em to stop in? You fool niggers, go on ’bout dat washin’ and quit thinking ’bout dem Jumans. Yo’ all ’ll know soon ’nough if dey gits hyah. But dey aint gwine git hyah long as we’s got fine young mens lack Mister Sam to fight ’em back.”

“Bro. Washington ” moved on with a superior air and left the two women breathless with excitement — in spite of his injunction to “go on wid de washin’.” They sat down to rest a few minutes and then went hurriedly to look at the new monster that had landed in a field nearby.

— Fannie Biles, '21.



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Nan's Visit to the Country

IT WAS always a great day when Aunt Annie came. Aunt Annie lived in the country, and when she came to see mother she drove a little mule named Jude. And in the back of the buggy was perhaps a big bag of figs or grapes, according to the season, and nuts from the orchard, and the very choicest vegetables from the garden — big, laughing squashes; frilly, cool cabbages; and luscious tomatoes. And, always, on the seat by Aunt Annie, was a big jar of sweet milk, flanked by a smaller one of "clabber to make the biscuit good," and a saucer of rich, golden butter, all products of the old cow Buttercup whom the little girl always singled out for special notice, as she sat on the lot gate, swinging her bare feet, and watching Bob Lee drive the cows in of a late afternoon.

And today Aunt Annie had come! And it was almost time for her to go again, because she must get home in time to put all the baby chicks to bed, and after that, put Uncle John's supper on the table. It was nearly always "cold supper" at Aunt Annie's house, but — such a supper! She always opened a jar of blackberry jam, or a glass of deep purple grape jelly for the little girl, when she was there, and with Aunt Annie's biscuits, light as the thistle down, and a generous spread of creamy butter — my yum - yum! And the little girl wondered if Aunt Annie were going to ask her mother to let her go home with her tonight. Sometimes, she did, and — yes, listen!

"Willie, you're going to let Nan go home with me, aren't you? She can stay tonight and Saturday. Then, as you are coming to spend the day Sunday, you can bring her back then, or her Uncle John can bring her as he comes to town tomorrow afternoon."

The little girl held her breath. Would her mother say "yes"? Oh, she hoped so! — Mother was talking,

"Do you want to go, Nan?"

Did she "want to go"?

"Oh, mother! May I?"

NAN'S VISIT TO THE COUNTRY

"Yes, I suppose so. You're sure you won't cry to come home tonight?"

Cry! She?

"No, no, mother. An' mother can't I stay 'till Sunday? Please, mother!"

"Oh, I don't know, dear. I suspect you'd best come home tomorrow with Uncle John. Aunt Annie will get tired of you if you stay too long, and then, who'll coax daddy up from his sleep Sunday morning to get an early start, if you aren't here? I suspect you'll be ready to come see mother tomorrow afternoon."

The idea of Aunt Annie getting tired of her! Truly, Aunt Annie'd be glad to have her live with her all the time, 'cause Aunt Annie only had one child and he was a great big boy! Aunt Annie'd said so lots o' times. But—well, she'd better consent to mother's wish or mother might change her mind, an' then she'd miss all that wonderful ride with Aunt Annie.

"Tell Lila to get your nightie, then, and run along."

"Yes, because it's getting late. Uncle John will be coming to hunt us."

Oh goody! And wasn't she glad she had on her new pink gingham, and her tatted set of underwear. And her dear little white dress with the berth and hemstitching, she was saving that to wear Sunday—mother had let her have one peep at it before she folded it away in the drawer. She always felt such a lady in that dress, and it stood out so lovely all 'round! Only if sister Lila wouldn't always try to smooth it down in the back!

At last they were off, and,—oh, she wouldn't own it for worlds, but she did feel sort o' choky-like when mother leaned over the wheel for a second good-bye kiss.

But she soon forgot that, as she was sympathizing with Aunt Annie 'cause she'd stayed so late she was afraid it would be almost dark when they got home. But, oh, didn't the fireflies look lonely, dotting the woods like gold! and, o-o-oh! one might imagine witches and dwarfs and goblins kept company in that thick growth of underbush by the road side. She snugged up closer to Aunt Annie.

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"Reckon there's fairies in the woods, Aunt Annie?"

"Why, to be sure," replied Aunt Annie, knowingly. "Look, Nan, there goes a rabbit across the road. I'm afraid we'll have bad luck."

"Oh, Aunt Annie!"

"That's all right. Turn your slipper over, dear, and it'll break the charm. I always make Uncle John turn his pocket wrong side out when he's along. I believe I see him now, coming yonder. See, he's getting nearer. No, I believe he's going the other way. Why, my dear, it's nothing but a big black stump, after all! There, I see the light from my window now. See through the trees, yonder?"

That light looked pretty good to Nan just then, for it was getting entirely too spooky to suit her, driving along there with no sound to break the silence except their own voices, and the creak of the buggy as Jude's feet sounded rhythmically on the road, or padded softly through a sand bed. Yes, there was Uncle John waiting at the gate, as they rolled over the little bridge that always told Nan they'd got there at last.

"Why, hello, little lady! I'd hoped Aunt Annie would have company when she came. Come, girlie, give Uncle John a kiss," lifting her down in his strong arms. "I'd almost decided you'd deserted us, Annie," turning to her. "Here Bob Lee, come take Jude 'round to the stable, won't you? How's all the folks, Annie?"

Bob Lee, a big boy in knee pants, came out and pulled her curls as he passed. She loved Bob Lee, of course, but she did wish he wouldn't always be trying to tease her.

They bustled into the house, and after supper (it was jam this time, a great big blue-black jar with little sparkle places inside) Uncle John caught her up and "bearded" her cheek. Why did Uncle John let his beard grow that ticklish length? So's he could tease her, she guessed. And at supper she'd said 'today' when Bob Lee thought she should have said 'tonight,' and only Aunt Annie's reproving Bob Lee quieted him and let her wink back the tears that were dangerously near spilling. He seemed to take a perfect delight in embarrassing her!

NAN'S VISIT TO THE COUNTRY

And then, Uncle John played the "laughing piece" on the graphonola, and she looked again for the mysterious man inside the horn. And weren't those beautiful roses on the horn, though?

Then, she wanted a drink of water. It was so deliciously, chattery, cold at Aunt Annie's! And Aunt Annie said she might go just outside on the porch and get her a drink at the shelf.

"Be careful not to slip out, though," she added.

After her drink she decided to wash her hands, and even if Aunt Annie had said she mustn't ever try to empty the big basin, why, she knew how just as well! She was going to tip it over just as Uncle John did, and hear that thrilling splash as the water hit the ground. But, oh, it didn't do right! She nearly dropped it, too, and as she snatched the bowl back to safety, her feet took a sudden disconcerting motion and out she went! — right into the mud-hole, too! And it was dark out there, an' oh,

"Aunt Annie!"

Aunt Annie quickly secured her, all dripping wet — (an' her tattening ones, too!) and with a,

"Why, child, didn't you remember I said not to empty the bowl?" led her into the house. An', no, Bob Lee didn't see her 'cause she went 'round by the hall to that dear little room that was always her's, with the big dresser and the pretty lady calendar on the wall. And the beaded pin cushion she an' Bob Lee picked beads off of to make sets for their sewing thread rings. An' she hadn't any more — so Aunt Annie got her an old pair Bob Lee had when he was little, an' she — what a shame — she had to borrow them! Wouldn't Bob Lee laugh if he ever found it out. There, she heard him laughing now. Could he be laughing at her? All right. If he dared to do that, he could just take back his little old doll knife and fork he'd swapped her for her darling Dan Patch book, he could. She hadn't wanted, much to swap any way, but he did so want the book, and the little blue handles really were cute. But he could just take 'em right back, if he was going to laugh at her! Oh, my, it was too mean to have to fall in that old, cold mud-hole. Next time she bet she'd mind Aunt Annie! And

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Aunt Annie had buttoned her nightie, and kissed her good-night, an' she must go to sleep and wake up early in the morning to help Aunt Annie cook hot batter-cakes for breakfast, and finish looking at Bob Lee's Mother Goose Book. He pretended he wazn't very "crazy" 'bout lookin' at Humpty-Dumpty, and the ol' Black Hen, but she knew! He jus' thought he was gettin' too big.

It would be right nice if mother were here to kiss her good-night — she was going to race with the dog Cap in the morning an' daddy most always bought her some candy on this night when he came home from the post office — but, oh, she promised mother she wouldn't think of cryin'. No! Why, she was sleepin' right by herself, an' away from home! She was too grown-up to cry. Uncle John was telling Bob Lee, in the next room, that he must get up early in the morning and cut some stove wood. She guessed she'd sit atop the pile and talk to him while he worked. He really was sweet at times — Aunt Annie said hers would be dry by morning and he'd tell her about the things he did in Mcrawville, where he was going to school this year. An', oh, hum! She was sleepy. Maybe she had better go home with Uncle John tomorrow.

— Helen Allen, '21.



To My Valentine

'Tis the season when a lover,
Pours his soul in heedless joy,
On a cold unfeeling paper,
Purest love without alloy.

Substituting for his language,
Hieroglyphics of the pen.
Seeking by impassioned utterance,
Tale to tell that burns within.

Setting forth her wondrous beauty,
Praising gold that's in her hair,
How her eyes, twin-stars of beauty,
Have his heart caught in a snare.

But I can't speak of your beauty,
That would cheapen it to me.
You are just a witching mystery
Baffling, bending one to knee.

Ah! These stammering awkward phrases!
But my heart's in every line.
One thing, clear, rings out in chaos,
Won't you be my Valentine?

— Helen Allen, '21.



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A Belated Valentine

THE light from the huge fire did not reach into the shadowy corners of the large attic but it caused vague outlines of spinning wheels, quaint odds and ends of furniture, and foreign looking chests to loom up against the darkness. The steady pounding of the rain against the slate roof almost drowned the sound of the crackling flames. The musty odor habitual to attics, was accentuated by the dampness which crept in through broken window panes. A small, round-top trunk was drawn near the fire; the lid had been thrown back, and the contents strewn around it. In the midst of the letters, packages and papers two women were seated — one a woman of perhaps fifty, seemed to be sorting old letters; on one side a discarded pile lay helter-skelter, on the other several packages carefully tied with faded ribbon. The other, a girl whose cheeks were crimson in the firelight, was intent over the contents of an old album.

The busy hands of the elder woman swiftly and deftly fingered the old and yellowed envelopes. As she caught up one thin packet, the last of the pile before her, her eyes searched for the address. After reading it she slowly lowered it in her lap, and while her hands gently caressed the time worn letters her eyes gazed dreamily into the fire. With a visible effort she brought herself back to the task in hand, and tearing off the ribbon, she slowly read the letters. As she progressed in the reading, a look of regret and longing came into her face; sadness deepened the faint lines around her eyes and temples — a tear traced its way down the furrowed cheek.

With a loud crash the album was closed and flung aside, and Jean looked up.

“Why Auntie!” she exclaimed as she caught the look Aunt Sara tried in vain to conceal. “What is the matter!” And it was no wonder she was startled, for it was the first time she had ever seen her cheery little aunt with tears on her cheeks.

A BELATED VALENTINE

"Yes, my dear, you caught your old auntie crying over an old love. These letters made it seem so real — strange how handwriting can stir one." Aunt Sara replaced the ribbon around the little bundle of letters.

"Tell me about it, Auntie, you have never told me that story," said Jean. She edged closer to Aunt Sara and as she settled herself comfortably, she picked up a box and began to peruse its contents.

Aunt Sara's eyes wandered back to the fire. Her voice, when she at last broke the silence seemed strange and far away.

"You have heard me talk of the great world war, when at the call of France and England, our boys crossed the sea and helped to make the world free for Democracy — I have never told you of how one brave boy I knew gave his life in the cause of humanity. You are older now, and perhaps you can appreciate the story.

"Frank Hereford was a true patriot, and when war was declared he felt that he must do his share. His parents were dead, and the only tie that held him was his love for a certain dark-eyed lassie. This poor little girl was very young and quite spoiled by countless attentions from her many admirers. She loved Frank, but she did not want him to go to war and leave her to wait through the monotonous months until his return. You must not judge her harshly, Jean. Her consent was not forthcoming, and the subject was dropped. She decided he had given up his wishes for her own.

"One evening as she was sitting alone in the library, the door opened and Frank stood before her in the beautiful uniform of the American soldier. He was a splendid picture of manhood as he stood in the doorway and in his eyes glowed his great love for the tiny maid before him. Slowly the bright look faded, anguish and pleading came instead, and the proud head was bent. What had caused such a change, did you ask, Jean? That jealous little girl, suddenly finding that her will had not been the conquering one, was so filled with wrath that she trembled from head to foot, her breathing became quick and short, and scathing

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words poured from her lips. As she spoke there came into the boy's face the look of a man who conquers his impulse, and makes his stand for the right. His shoulders drew erect, his eyes narrowed and his lips were tight together.

"I hope you never regret this selfish decision you have made.' Jean I blush for shame as I think of the words of that child.

"You may rest assured that I never will regret my decision. When it is a question of humanity a man must put aside his own ambitions. I hope time will help you to see why I must answer the call to arms. So, good-bye, I leave in the morning.' As he bade her good-bye his eyes softened and he seemed to search for something which was not to be found in the dark eyes that met his. With a quick military salute he was gone. The girl was as quick to forgive as she was to anger; she had not realized that she was dealing with a strong-minded man. He did not come back as she had expected.

"The next day he reported for duty. In the long wait that followed, these letters came from the bloody battlefields in France, bringing happiness to the heart of the girl. Then one day came a cablegram announcing the death of Frank Hereford, who had died gloriously on the field of battle. Later a box of his personal things were sent, which the girl felt a hesitancy in opening, so she carefully put them away."

As Aunt Sara had been talking, Jean had been examining the contents of her box. Around her lay an officer's cap and an old uniform, several silver bars, a name tag, and a cross of honor. In her hand was a quaint old Valentine.

"Why, what have you found, Jean?" The fire had died down so that she had to bend low over the box to view the contents.

"Auntie, here is the quaintest, prettiest Valentine, the dearest I have ever seen! It is from France and on the back it has the name 'Frank.' Why do you suppose — why Auntie — were you the girl?"

Aunt Sara did not hear her questions; with hands that trembled she held the love token near the fire to read its

A BELATED VALENTINE

message. As she looked up from the little bit of folded paper her eyes had the old happy look in them; she seemed almost young again.

"It is from Frank, Jean girl, a belated Valentine. He did love me then, even to the very end," she mused softly.

The darkness in the room crept up to the two forms seated near the hearth; the fire was only a bed of glowing coals. The rain had ceased and only the soft dripping from the eaves could be heard. Jean suddenly jumped up.

"Aunt Sara, I have to be ready for the Valentine party at seven-thirty. Perhaps I will get a Valentine, too."

"I hope yours will make you as happy as this one has made me, Jean." Aunt Sara rose and placed her arms caressingly around her niece and together they descended the dark attic stairs.

— Lois May, '19.



A Faithful Friend

“OH, I say, Cap’n, what’s the matter with that dog up there on the forward deck?”

“Who, what, that dog up there? Why sure, that’s Judge. Queer looking, ain’t he?”

“Yes. He seems to be looking for something, what’s wrong?”

Mr. Cushenberry’s look and tone of great curiosity and interest gave the talkative old captain a good chance to satisfy his tongue.

“Wal, yes I guess there’s pretty much wrong with old Judge. He’s getting old, to be sho’, and he ain’t found him yet. He’s been at hit fer a long time, too.”

“At what? Found who? What’s the story?”

Mr. Cushenberry asked with a touch of impatience. The old captain was in the habit of getting the curiosity of his audience up to the highest point and then taking his time about finishing the tale. Now he settled himself comfortably, bit off a big chew of tobacco, and began,

“Wal, now, that’s a long and interesting story, how that dog has stuck to his master. He belonged to Ben Hodges, one of the best salts I ever seed, with one exception. He would get just soaking drunk every time the boat tied up for a few hours. When he got drunk he didn’t know nothing fer days, and that dog, Judge, there, being right at his heels all the time. When he was in one o’ them spells he guarded him day and night. One night when he was just drunk enough to not know what he wuz doing he went inter a big sto’ up town there and raised a racket. He wuz a great big, red-headed Irish bonehead an’ when he wuz drunk he wuz awful. Wal, he come wabbling into the sto’ and begun ordering folks around like he owned the whole thing and hit might nigh scared them po’ ladies ter death. They screamed and hollowed fer help and ’en just as de sheriff came ’round de corner, Judge pulled him out a side door and into an alley where he was not found. Once in a while he would come back to the dock and try to run off

A FAITHFUL FRIEND

wid some po' feller's little boat, but Judge he would bite him and make him so mad he'd fergit to do what he started to do. Once or twice Ben came down and tried to get on the boat when de wuzzent none, but Judge helt him back. An' Ben wuzzent none too good ter him, neither, specially when he wuz drunk. He would kick and knock him around dreadfully but Judge wuz always doing something fer him. He uster make him money, too. Judge was a good fighter, too, he wuz. Wuddent you, old mon?"

The captain reached down to stroke the old dog as he came snuffing around their feet.

"Yes, he wuz a good fighter, best 'bout 'round here, and Ben made a nice little sum ofen it, too. I know one night Judge mopped up with everything on the wharf an' Ben tuck in about \$40.00 or more for the new men, for the men hed just got paid off and the bets wuz running big. Well, the men got Ben good and drunk and tried to steal the money back as he wuz going home but they hadn't counted on Judge evidently, cause he just tore 'em up and they didn't get a cent. 'Course that made some of the men mighty sore, but as a general thing Judge wuz pretty well liked and wuz a pet with the men. He got old Ben outen many a scrape, but he wuddent there to help him the last time. Why, during one of them drunks Ben slipped away from Judge in some way. He came just as straight for this wharf as he could and walked off inter the river at the place where the old boat last stood. Now, that's been 'leven years and Judge's been walking 'round this old wharf and looking fer him ever since. He boards every ship little 'en big that comes and searches all around for Ben. See that's whut he's doing now. He'll swim ashore when we're under way."

They turned to look at the big brown-grey dog. He had once been fine looking, but many years of ill use had made its mark upon him. Part of one ear was gone.

"That," the captain said, "Wuz done the night the men tried to steal the money."

His coat was rough and coarse and his whole attitude was one of dejected waiting and searching. As every man

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came he walked along side and sniffed him, taking each leg in turn. Each new person he examined seemed to bring disappointment to him.

"The sailor's have taught him several tricks but he will not do many now; he is too old. Let's try him."

"Here, Judge! Come here, old sport! How you feeling, old man? Gonna show this man what you can do?"

He reached out as the dog came slowly forward and they solemnly shook hands. Mr. Cushenberry held out his hand also, and he gave him the same greeting.

"Good for you, Judge. Anything else you can do?"

"Sure, he can, sir. To the wheel, mate!" he called.

Judge seemed to revive and take notice; he bounded as quickly as it was possible for such old legs to do, to the wheel and placing his paws on it went through the motion of steering. The captain took a piece of rope and, letting him smell it, tossed it overboard. Judge ran to the railing, looked eagerly after it but turned mournfully back.

"What's matter? Too old? Wal, wal, first time I ever saw him refuse; but here's your biscuit anyhow."

Finally as the yacht swung out into the middle of the river he dove overboard and started for the shore. To the men watching, his strokes did not seem so strong as usual, and as he neared shore they became weaker and weaker. Surely, they thought, he would make it; he had always made it with such great ease. In a few minutes, however, his end was obvious. He seemed to be standing still. His legs moved but he made no progress. The captain shouted a command and a little rowboat shot out in his direction. Several ropes were thrown from the dock and boats near around, but none reached him. Just as several boats came almost into reaching distance the water, which had been fast rising above him, covered his head as he made a last effort to go forward. He went down just where the old ship had stood.

— Mary Breedlove, Sub A.

Mandy

Ah loved 'er mo'n life itse'f,
'N' ah miss 'er mo' each day,
Case life aint lak it uster be,
Sence Mandy went away.

She made dis earth seem, oh, so bright,
'N' ah jes caint hardly stay,
Without 'er, life aint what it wuz,
'Fo Mandy went away.

Fer fifty years ah lived with 'er,
In de shack dat fronts de bay.
Dat shack seems awfully lonely now,
Case Mandy's gone away.

Ah miss 'er thoo de whole night long
'N' sometimes 'fo break o' day
Ah feels 'er lay 'er hand in mine,
An' hears ma Mandy say,

"I'se waitin' fer you darlin', an'
O, I'se lonesome night an' day,
Jewel angels ope de gates ob gol',
'N' you comes in ter stay."

'N' den, ah goes about ma work,
'N' ah's dreamin', so dey say,
But no, ah hears 'er callin' me.
Ah thinks ah hear 'er pray,

"O bring ma husban' up to me."
An' I'se waitin' fer dat day,
Fer life aint nothin' ter me now,
Case Mandy's gone away.

Dorothy Race, '21.

All Because of a Mischievous Kitten

ROSE looked up from the Valentines in her lap just in time to see Bobs, her pet kitten, leap from the fence into the neighboring yard. Bobs saw a puffy little canary basking in the warm February sunshine, and he was headed straight for the cage. Gathering up the Valentines, Rose stuffed them hastily into her sweater pocket and went flying after the kitten.

"Bobs! Here kitty, kitty!" But all in vain. Bobs was fast approaching the gilded cage — she tried the gate, but it was fastened. "Miss Louise," she called as she frantically pulled at the latch.

A sweet faced, middle-aged woman came out and after rescuing the bird from the mischievous kitten, she unlocked the gate for Rose.

"Why, good morning, my dear, we almost had a tragedy, didn't we? Bobs, you naughty kitten, would you catch Fluff, the only companion I have?" she added laughing softly at the antics of Bobs. "Come in and talk with me a while, Rose. What have you been doing this morning?"

"I am making Valentines, Miss Louise. You know the fourteenth comes next week. Don't you just love Valentine's Day, though?"

A sad little smile played around her mouth as she answered, "I used to love it, dear, but — well, I had almost forgotten there was such a day."

"Let me show you the ones I am making," and Rose pulled out those that had been spread in her lap, a gay assortment of red hearts with paper lace, flowers and gilt. Miss Louise admired each one.

"When you were a girl were Valentines just like we have now?"

"Yes, we had them much the same. I remember some of mine, and they were very elaborate affairs with silk ribbon and fringe."

"Oh, I never got one like that. Mine are just paper. Well, Miss Louise, why have you forgotten about Valen-

ALL BECAUSE OF A MISCHIEVOUS KITTEN

times?" How anyone could forget such an important day was more than the youthful mind could comprehend.

Miss Louise smiled at the puzzled girl, and drawing her down to the arm of her chair she said, "Would you like to hear a story in which a Valentine plays an important part?"

"Oh yes. Is it a true story?" As assent was given she added. "'Cause I like true ones best." Rose took a more comfortable position on the footstool, and placing her arms over the knees of Miss Louise, she settled down to listen.

"You have read stories of how Valentines got mixed up, haven't you? My story is on that order," began Miss Louise softly. "A good many years ago there was a young girl living here, whom everyone spoke of as the most beautiful girl in the country around." A faint blush stole over the cheeks of the speaker. "In fact she was called the belle of the town, and she was a very popular girl. Her father, being wealthy, could give her beautiful clothes, and all of the lovely trinkets a girl wants. Of the admirers who came to woo her was one, a handsome youth who met with most approval. He was a boy of promise, straightforward, and great-hearted. The girl loved him, but this love she kept hidden in a sweet corner of her heart. Valentine's Day drew near, the time when lovers send tender messages to their fair ladies. This lover decided to reveal his affection in his Valentine, so he selected a very beautiful one and wrote his message upon it. But the Valentine never reached its destination, for another boy thinking to play a good joke on the two, took out the carefully selected love token, and replaced it with one of an entirely different nature." A look of pain crossed the face of Miss Louise as she went on. "This led to a quarrel between our hero and heroine, which ended with the hero going away and leaving a broken hearted girl behind. He has never returned." Her soft voice ceased and Rose, looking up, saw a tender, far away look on her face.

"And you," Rose continued the story, "Were the beautiful girl, but who was the handsome lover? Have you loved him all this time?"

"Yes, dearie, one can only love once as I loved then. As to his name it would not interest you."

THE PINE BRANCH

"I wish he would come back, for I know you are just as pretty now as you were then," Rose said impulsively.

Miss Louise blushed, and patted the dark curls, "Would you like to see his picture?" she asked.

"Oh, please do show it to me! I feel as if I almost know him." And she sat up to allow room for Miss Louise to rise and go in search of the desired photograph. Unlocking a drawer in her mahogany desk she drew out an envelope, and came back to where Rose was standing.

"Here it is."

Rose gazed at it eagerly. "Oh!" she exclaimed, then closed her lips firmly.

"What is it, Rose?"

"I was just thinking how good-looking he is." But this wasn't so, for Rose recognized that picture as one of her own Uncle Fred who lived out West. Miss Louise did not know that she often pulled out the old family pictures, and that she was familiar with them all. Her curiosity aroused, she wanted to know more of the story. "Did he ever know that his Valentine had been replaced by another?" she questioned.

"No, he never knew, for when I discovered the mistake, I was too proud to tell it. Then, anyway, he had gone away, no one knew where," Miss Louise spoke wistfully.

"I understand now why you do not care for Valentines. But you had better watch out," she added laughingly, "Dan Cupid does queer things on Valentine's Day. Come here, Bobs," and catching up her kitten, she nodded a cheery good-bye, and ran down the walk.

When she reached the corner of her yard she dropped the beloved "Bobs" over the fence, then turning she ran towards town. What plans she had in her head, and what she did could not be discovered, but when she returned home her face wore a happy satisfied expression.

A few days later Rose heard Miss Louise calling, "Rose, you had better come and get Bobs."

"What! Was that kitten after Fluff again! She surely would punish him good!" But when she reached the steps Bobs was not to be seen.

ALL BECAUSE OF A MISCHIEVOUS KITTEN

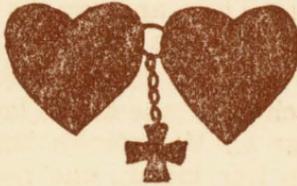
"Come in, dear," Miss Louise sounded very happy this morning. Do you suppose a Valentine — ? There, right in front of her sat her Uncle Fred, just as handsome as ever! Right beside him was Miss Louise.

"So this is Dan Cupid! Well, Rose, you are about the finest niece a man ever had. I have been waiting almost thirty years for that message."

Rose flushed with pleasure as she realized how well her plan had worked. "I am so glad I saw the picture. And Miss Louise, you wont ever forget Valentine's Day now, will you?" she asked anxiously.

"Why, Rose, I believe Valentine's Day is the happiest day of the whole year. I really never had forgotten it."

— Lois Byrd, Sub A.



Sugar-Boiling Time in South Georgia

IT WAS a typical scene, familiar to any South Georgian, that greeted my eyes as I turned in from the lane. There were the mounds of useless cane stalks from which the juice had been ground, huge pots containing the boiling liquid, and the crowd of darkies without which a cane grinding would have seemed incomplete. I watched with eager interest and amusement the approach of old Mandy, the worst gossip in the neighborhood. Having some free time I decided to watch the process of syrup making, and also enjoy the conversation of Mandy and her friends.

"Mawnin', Miss Mandy, how's yo' a gittin' on dese days?" This from Ida, one of the negroes hanging around the syrup vats.

"Pull up dat box an' set down. Well, ah see yo' done come on de same erran' as ah is. Dat am ter see how dis sugar bilin's gwine on. Marse Tom tole me last night when us finished haulin' in dat cane fer us ter come on ober here an' help usself. So, 'lowin' as how ah had ter bring Sam his corn pone ah thought ah might as well stay a while."

Mandy, the fattest old negro on the place, was so famed for gossiping that when any of the other darkies saw her coming, they always laid down their work and prepared to listen.

"Well, Ida, 'pon my word, ah'd just about thunk ah want goner ter git here tall, but ah hurried fru wid dem close an' had 'em all strung out on de line. Atter dat, fo' yo' cud a shuck a foot, ah was on my way, and here ah is."

She picked up a stalk of cane and began peeling it with her teeth, making quite a comical picture as she sat there on a small box, bent down with her weight. Her red calico dress was covered with a greatly matched apron, and the remains of what had once been shoes, were tied on with bits of twine.

Ida, a tall, thin, nervous woman was seated on a pile of cane pulp, plaiting her short kinky hair. She punctuated each of Mandy's sentences with a shrill, hysterical giggle.

"Say, Ida," continued Mandy, "Yo' herd about what er time old Ander had er movin'?"

SUGAR-BOILING TIME IN SOUTH GEORGIA

"He, hee! Fo de Lawd's sake, Miss Mandy, naw. Ah aint herd hit." She picked up a stalk of cane and began whacking at it with an old broken pocket knife.

"Well, dat sho' am a good joke on old Ander. Yo' know dey wuz a gwine ter meet at his new house and hab one ob dese here new house wahmin's. A whole crowd of folks wuz gathered and waitin'. 'Pears like Ander had sent Wash on ahead wid de furniture an' eats. Now Mose tole me dat Wash tuck de wrong road, but ah bet he was off t' see Lureta Scott. Yo' know dem boys aint nebber done nothin' yet what dey is sot out ter do. Dat sure sho' how folks raise up chillen. Why Ander's sons aint got no 'ligion, dey eben steals my only chickens. Yes sir, dey sho' did steal em. But de whole bottom ob de bisness is dat dey done lef dat hoss shoe still hangin' on de gate — of cose, its caused de bad luck."

About this time Mandy was interrupted by a laugh from Ida.

"Now, dat reminds me," Mandy went on, "Miss Ida, yo' sho' better look out fer you'll be cotchin' dat influence fust thing you know."

"Ah, lawdy, lawdy, Miss Mandy, don't tell me ahs takin' dat influence," burst out Ida, the whites of her eyes showing large and clear.

"But long as yo' keep yo' hoss shoe and dat con brandy I guess you is safe from harm."

"Wait a minute, Miss Mandy, ah better get up an tend ter dis hare syrup, its bilin' on pretty well now. Dip one o' dem peelin' in here and taste it," said Ida as she proceeded to skim the boiling, amber colored syrup. She threw a fresh log on the fire and returned to her seat.

"Yes, Miss Ida, hit's jes' lak I'se been sayin' all my life, jist trus in de Lawd and keep dat hoss shoe on de gate; an' yo'll get out all right." Mandy rocked to and fro on the box, chewing cane.

"Wall, Wall, Miss Mandy, ahm sure dat de Lawd sho'—"

Just then I slipped away to other duties and left Mandy to continue her gossiping.

— Mattie Campbell, '20.

Editorials

Our Counsel—Have You Followed It?

As the sands of the hour glass trickle on, the month of memorable dates draws near. Among them is one that all true Americans hold dear as the birthday of the father of our country. When we think of this great statesman, we remember the worthy things of his life — the honest, earnest childhood and youth, the kind, gentle young manhood, the period of service in middle age, and last, the treasure he left with us as he retired from the life of active service as the chosen head of his people.

His Farewell Address has passed down to us, a classic in American literature. Well it should, for its content is the counsel of one who shared our battles, helped establish our freedom and then led our nation, in its infancy, through a peaceful and progressive period. As he retired from the life of leader he felt it his pleasure and duty to leave with us some timely advice out of the abundance of his wisdom and foresight.

He foresaw the development of the North into a manufacturing center, the South into an agricultural center, and pointed out that the harmony and unity of the two there should be free intercourse and constant exchange. We have followed him there — we scarcely think of our nation as two distinct sections geographically and commercially. He even foresaw the war between these sections, which came, inevitable it seemed, but served only to unite the two into a stronger whole. The very nature of our government has prevented the actual possession or even the necessity of the over grown military establishment which he warned us against as a menace and not a protection. We, of today, understand why militarism is a menace. He warned us against jealous, powerful political parties, which advice we have heeded. We have parties? Yes, but not parties in the rankness of jealousy, revenge and personal aggrandise-

EDITORIALS

ment at the expense of the public liberty, of which he spoke. Our institutions of learning have made a marvelous advance and the percentage of ignorance and illiteracy is comparatively small, though there is still room for improvement. Our national debt is perhaps the smallest of any nation of our size and importance in the world. We were advised to cultivate peace and harmony with all nations — to avoid inveterate antipathies against one and passionate attachments for others. This, too, we have heeded. Up to the present we have taken the position of neutrality in matters of dispute. There is something our counsellor did not foresee, — the rude insults we have been dared to resent. When we did resent them we found the need to guard against the insidious wiles of foreign influence which he warned us might creep in. Many have been the changes since the renowned time but through them all we have followed this counsellor and been blessed with peace, prosperity and liberty. Within the last two years has come the greatest of all changes — a change that he failed to foresee — and at the end of it has come, or most probably will come, an alliance of our political interests and the political interests of other nations. Whether this will or not, time and experience only can tell.



Alumnae

In Memoriam

A year of disasters and plagues has included among its victims, our loyal friend and school mate, Lottie Alexander. On October 15, she passed away after a brief illness with pneumonia.

Lottie's life was so eloquent as a revelation of character that her friends need only point to her daily acts as high witnesses of the spiritual worth of her womanhood. Thoroughness was the keynote of her conduct and devotion to duty characterized all her activities. No task was too small to claim her careful attention if it lay in the direction of duty; none was too great to challenge all her courage in the face of difficulty. It is given to few to live so completely and consistently in the few brief years that were allowed to Lottie.

If Lottie's passing were indeed the end, we might well grieve at an irreparable loss. But the tie that binds Lottie to her schoolmates and friends is one that death cannot break, the beauty of her life is imperishable and the memory of it will live on in the hearts of all who knew her.

Locals



Bird Supper.

On Friday evening, January 10th, the college girls were guests at a bird supper given by Judge W. E. Thomas and Dr. H. C. Giddens. The birds were gotten by friends of the college and it was all very much a surprise to us. There were about sixty other guests, members of the board and friends of the school. After supper, Judge Thomas and Dr. Giddens told us some of their experiences in planning for the supper. President Powell was with us, too, the guest of honor.

* * *

Junior - Freshman Party.

One of the most enjoyable events of the fall term was the party given for the Freshmen by the Juniors. On Friday night before the party each Freshman received a novel invitation and Saturday night found every happy Freshman present and ready for the fun. It was a very informal affair and our pleasure was complete when Miss Gallaher gave us special permission to wear the white middy suits. Music was provided by the victrola, and one of our dignified Juniors

THE PINE BRANCH

did a fancy dance, besides there were several talks by the Freshmen. Miss Sara Frances Segars spoke on the "common" subject, "Epictetus." A delicious ice course was served which carried out the Freshman color scheme — purple and gold. After this Myrtle Patterson played the "Birth of a Nation," and as it was growing late we took a reluctant departure, but not until we had been presented with lovely little green and gold caps. This occasion will be long remembered by the Freshman class of 1918.

Eppie's Complaint

There's a splendid class in college,
By the name of Sub Fresh. A,
To tell of all its interesting points
It would take both night and day.
But just a line to show you
Why we have all the others,
We think, surpassed by far.
Now, we don't mean in knowledge,
Cause they all could beat us flat,
But knowledge isn't everything,
Now, wont you agree to that?
Of course 'tis true that we're Subs,
And I suppose we shouldn't care,
But think how we're looked down upon,
It is awfully hard to bear.
We hear the other classes praised
Forever, it seems to me.
Now they don't love their teacher,
Not a bit more than do we.
Now don't you all really think
It's a terrible disgrace
That not a teacher loves us,
That we know of on the place?
This is all hard to think of
We before had to admit
But that does not interfere
With our world-wide fame a bit.
And there's one consolation
We can always keep in mind,
And that is, after this year
We won't be "Subs" another time!!!!

Cupid's Trick

She was tall and she was scrawny, and her years were growing late,
But her heart bloomed Maytime posies, laughing at a Vengeful Fate.
She was sad, pale and anemic. Like a bean-pole towered she,
And a cat and polly-parrot kept her company at tea.

In her face was writ a story of a past, and mystery lent
To her eyes, that caught one's interest, so that one forgot the squint.
She existed in the village, and her name, Mehitty Ann,
Coupled with her dosing, nursing, never coupled her with man!

And this winter to the village, there had come a winsome maid —
Young school teacher—such a charmer! Made the ladies all afraid.
Best of food she made for envy, as Mehitty saw them caught,
Half the men of all the village, in her toils, as school she taught.

Marjorie, all undesigning, teaching, innocent of wiles,
Wondered why the stern Mehitty gave her frowns for all her smiles.
Valentine, the day of giving frilly nothings to one's love,
Came, and Joe, the young mechanic, chose for Her, that little dove,

Of a Quaker-maid, the teacher, just a box of Norris' Best,
Camouflaged with hearts and cupids, hope a-pounding 'neath his vest.
Ah, the slyness of a bach'lor! Joseph Green, the timid swain,
Thought "I'll summon all my courage, and in this way answer gain."

So, proceeded to the counter, bought the gayest of the gay,
Valentine, with "Oh my sweetie! Won't you just be mine today?"
Signed his name, a shaky, "Your Joe." Said, "Go slip it 'neath her
door."

As he gave it to an urchin who had errand done before.

When, next morning, Joe 'phoned Margie, he received, distinct, a
shock,

For, she slammed up the receiver in a second, by the clock!
And the dear Ann-Mehitty, bloomed her cheeks like any rose,
As she clasped the precious candy, "Joe! Can he at last propose?"

Why continue with the story? You have guessed the rest ere now.
But with mind made up at one time, Joseph Green ne'er broke a vow.
When the tangle all was straightened, and one wedding, long post-
poned,

Rang twin-bells that made a double, Cupid knew his arrows named.

— Helen Allen, '21.

Humorous

Applied Math.

Mr. Wood: "Miss White, can you give a practical example of where factoring is used?"

Kathryn: "Don't know, 'less its in Arithmetic and Algebra."

Well Known Among Many.

Miss Johnson: "Who's tablet is this? It has 'Betty, Betty, Betty, Robert, Robert, Robert, Joe, Joe, Joe,' written all over it."

Junior Class: "It's Stella Floyd's."

Simple Arithmetic.

Mr. Wood: "Miss Mills, can you prove your example."

Eloise: "No, I think you just have to accept it like you do sometimes in Physics."

She Hath Wit.

Marion (at Senior Play): "Hazle, run up the curtain."

Hazle: "I'm a comedian; not a squirrel."

Sisterly Advice.

Helen: "Which of these shoes would you advise me to buy?"

Lena: "I would get the pair if I were you."

Scientific Temperment.

Hattie (to Augusta, who was trying an experiment): "Augusta, please use some common sense."

Augusta: "Don't need any. This is Physics."

Riding at S. G. S. N. C.

Freshie (entering the room on Sunday morning in great excitement): "Oh girls, did you know we were going riding?"

Girls: "No! Tell us about it! Who with?"

Freshie: "Just anybody we want, I suppose."

Girls: "How did you find it out?"

Freshie: "Why, it's on the bulletin board: 'Walking party, 10:15. Riding party, 10:30.'"

THE PINE BRANCH

An Accomodating Freshman.

Sadie: "I should like to get a copy of the court record for a week back."

Mary Ethel (a new member of the court): "Oh! yes I know. Mother has it. You can get them at Smith's Drug Store."

Pauline's Dream—"Poor Pauline"

Romans, countrymen, and lovers; lend me your ears.

I believe in nature study as an essential part of a good education, because:

First, there's a skin within and a skin without, what stuff 'tis made of whereof it is born; I am to learn.

Second, not that I loved Caesar less; but because I loved Rome more. So may the outward shows be least themselves.

Third, it is twice blest, but the skin within is the skin without, doubled inward and carried completely throughout.

Fourth, it is enthroned in the hearts of kings; making them lightest that wear most of it.

Fifth, his sculptor shows the force of temporal power, when along the bridge Lord Marmion rode, and he was a good friend, faithful and just to me and no word in that vocation can be spelled without it. Yet Brutus says he was ambitious and surely Brutus is an honorable man.

Sixth, the beautiful scarf veiling and Indian feature upon supposed fairness — as proudly his red roan charger rode — wearing yet upon their chins the beards of Hercules and frowning Mars.

Seventh, in sooth, I know not why I am so sad. But being seasoned with a gracious voice obscures the show of evil. Bear with me — my heart is in the coffin with Caesar and I must pause until it comes back to me.

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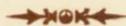
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