

THE PINE BRANCH



FEBRUARY
1920

VOLUME 3

NUMBER 4



"The Store of Service"

SPRING

Even before nature dons her brightened raiment of the new season, evidences of spring are appearing here and there throughout every store.

All of us are glad to see them for they bespeak the passing of winter, the coming of the happiest time of all the year.

In our store, harbingers of the new season are much in evidence. We want you to feel as free to enjoy them as you would to wander through the awakening woodlands.

WE WELCOME YOU

Turner Jones Shoe Co.

116 North Patterson Street



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The Pine Branch

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Mother's Valentine

My pink and blue and pearly white,
My precious Valentine,
They rang no bell, they called no word,
—No customary sign.

'Twas brought this silver-misted morn,
A bloom from out the dark,
Its spirit signaled high to mine,
And struck an answering spark.

Its fragile beauty gave me joy,
Its rose hands cupped my heart,
And Cupid's self was born to me,
My babe, of me a part.

Helen Allen, '21



First Nights After Christmas

A Sequel to "First Nights" as Published in September Issue

After Christmas the "pilots" were again guiding their frail educational crafts. Now the currents were tried and the undertow was found not so strong after all. The waters were calm and smooth and the little crafts were being successfully piloted out on the big, broad Ocean of Life.

Two whole weeks of perfect bliss and now they were again receiving a cordial welcome from Alma Mater. Every where there were cheery greetings of, "Glad to see you back!" Of course, everyone was glad to be back. It was expressed in the very atmosphere. Even the lights seemed to wink with delight as the familiar faces appeared.

"Sue, do you remember the first night we spent within these walls?" Grace asked of her companion as they entered their room just after supper. "What an awful feeling to be a new girl! I'm glad its not to do over, aren't you Sue?"

"Yes, I am. But really, I didn't find being a new girl very hard," came the answer.

"No, of course you didn't, you quiet little body." She gave Sue an affectionate hug. "Thinking it over I don't think I found it very difficult to 'get in' either. Can't people change lots in just a short time?"

"Yes," agreed Sue, "but I think most of us have changed for the better. Come on, let's go down to Miriam's, Helen's and Kate's room and see if Kate is homesick to-night."

She laughed as she recalled her first vision of Kate—a sobbing figure crying to go home.

"All right! I'll bet Miriam had some wild adventures during holidays. Let's go down and hear about them."

"Hello!" Grace called as she espied a figure far down the hall. "Where you going, Kate? Wait a minute and you'll have company. We just started down to your room to see if you were wailing over having to come back."

"Not me!" Kate replied quickly. "I'm not a baby any more. What a sight I must have been! You girls surely taught me that lesson. I'm not a baby any more."

FIRST NIGHTS AFTER CHRISTMAS

"Well, here we are," she said, throwing open the door and finding Helen and Miriam eating candy.

Greetings were exchanged and everybody was talking at once.

"Say girls, let's calm down and talk so we can be understood;" this came from the practical Helen.

"Oh, Helen, we've just got to talk! I'm so full of excitement I just can't be calm. As for me, I'll never forget these last two weeks." Miriam sighed dramatically.

"Oh don't Miriam," Grace exclaimed, "it brings back too many memories. It gives me the heartache."

"Beg your pardon," Miriam replied with mock dignity. "Are you ready for work, Miss Grace?"

"Work! Gracious! I had forgotten all about that English, French, Geometry. How will I ever live thru it? But I'm going to put in some real, 'sho nuff' work this evening. I'll—"

"Pardon me, Grace, but what on earth is all that noise down the hall about?" interrupted Kate.

"Come on. We're going to dance—"

No one needed a second bidding and they went rushing down to the gym to dance for the remainder of the evening. Slow dreamy waltzes were played and the girls glided like fairy beings over the smooth floor. Then quick one steps and they were racing like so many mischief making elves. All too quickly the music stopped—it was time to go! The evening had flown like magic.

"Oh, wait just one minute. Please let's sing something before we go," exclaimed a girl who only a few months ago had been known as a new girl. "Come on Margaret and play!"

Margaret was soon seated at the piano. There was just one cord, the expression on everyone's face changed, and they immediately drew themselves up and sang—the college song.

Lois Byrd, '23



God's Valentine

It was Valentine's day. Steve had laughingly spoken of it that morning before he went to the saw mill. Then more seriously he had mentioned the fact that he could not get the usual gifts of the day, flowers and candy. It always worried him to think of my being so far away from my accustomed life and so much alone. Then laughing again he stooped and picking a little violet offered it as his token of love. Other flowers he has given me have long since been thrown away, but that violet I have kept.

As he rode away from the gate he called back the usual message.

Don't worry, I'll be back;" but he added more, "and nothing will happen."

Why did he say that? His voice seemed to belie his words.

I was over sensitive and I did begin to worry. There had recently been some trouble at the mill, I knew, and he was the only white man to manage all those negroes.

Anything might happen. I could not help him. The mill was four miles away and if anything did happen to him then the negroes would come directly to the house and—my child must not be hurt! Really in alarm, I clutched little Polly close in my arms and went back in the house to the routine work of cleaning and preparing for the lonely day.

Little Polly stayed so close to me as I went from place to place, when, as a rule, she played in the yard, that it seemed to presage evil. She was so loving and sweet in her little baby way that my heart ached at the mere thought of anything happening to her.

The morning's work was finished, and while dinner was cooking I had a chance to sit on the porch for a while. The warm morning sunshine was full upon us as Polly and I sat darning and playing by the steps; but it did not seem to drive away the chill about my heart. Looking out I could see no other human beings, only the great fields stretching away to the dark trees. Beautiful, tall, straight

GOD'S VALENTINE

pinetrees they were. I loved them and hated to have my husband stretching away to the dark trees. Beautiful, tall, straight today they did not stir me. A cloud passed over the sun and I shuddered as the shadow fell upon us. I tried to break the spell by telling baby Polly the merriest story I could remember, but still it remained.

It was with joyous relief that I hailed the postman as he stopped at the gate. I took the few letters and a paper he handed me, and tried vainly to talk brightly. I am sure I stuttered and stammered fearfully, for his kind old eyes smiled at me as if encouraging me to say it, but I could not. I was afraid he would laugh at me, so he rode on and the gloom settled thicker than ever.

I went absent minded about the final preparation of the dinner and as the hour for Steve's return drew nearer I became really hysterically nervous. I seemed to have communicated some of my fear to Polly, too, for she watched me constantly, her eyes open wide in wonder.

She stayed closer than ever. We watched the road constantly and he did not appear. The hour had long past and real fear had settled in my heart when at last I gave little Polly her dinner and half heartedly ate a bit.

Leaving the things on the table I took Polly's hand and went for a walk around the little place. I expected to get peace and reassurance but it was all deathly still. There was not even an animal astir on the whole place. In apprehensive haste we fled back to the house.

Soon it began to rain, a slow shower that promised to continue all the afternoon. The letters of the morning had, for the most part, been little Valentine greetings from various friends. They had delighted the baby, so now we sat on the floor of the living room and cut Valentines. Pretty ones, fancy ones, funny ones I cut. Frantically I worked with the little bits of paper. They made Polly happy and I might not be able to keep her happy for long.

There was a sudden burst of rain and high above it I heard—O, Father! It was the shriek of the wicked, rasping mill whistle, once twice, three times. Danger signal! I clutched wildly at Polly and covering my face with my arms, cried violently. Precious little Polly tried in her baby way to comfort me and when she did not succeed she

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pulled away and gathering her Valentines threw them in my lap, saying, "I give oo Valentines 'cause I love oo."

Then kissing me she slipped away. I was tortured with fear and I do not know how long I remained there on the floor with my face in my hands. I was too stricken to act.

Suddenly Polly's voice sounded from the door.

"Oh, look! look! Muvver come quick!"

I rushed to the door and grabbing Polly in my arms looked.

Oh, what a miracle! There spanning the sky was a brilliant, shimmering rainbow. Its soft colors seemed to envelope us. It was glorious.

Suddenly it came to me how foolish was my fear; how that I had worked myself up into a foolish nervous fright. Many things could have happened at the mill to cause the blowing of the whistle. Very likely the rain had done some mischief. Peace entered my heart for the first time that day and my fear left me. Standing there, with my face uplifted praising God for this wonderful sign, I heard my baby say:

"It's God's valentine, isn't it, muvver?"



Thirteen

"Becky, oh Becky! You look SO schoolteachery when you raise your eyebrows like that; an' one always slides higher than the other—a most becoming angle m' dear, but artistic taste says to wear your eyebrows to match your hats—an' they're wearin' hats straight this season. Give your forehead a party an' ask your eyebrows to come down. Becky love. That old dead spider didn't hurt the back of Lady's neck, if she did raise such a roughhouse; tho' I'm glad I didn't put him on her face 'cause he mighta scratched her complexion. Ain't you glad you ain't goin' to a bathin' party, Lady?—Ouch! Now that's not fair, cause the only pillow left for me to throw is Aunt Minna's pet velvet 'gather-the-roses-while-you-may' one, an' you know it!.....Looky, Lady! Don't Becky make funny lookin' letters when I knock her arm? 'Why don't I say somethin' that's not blind and halt with age?' Well, Becky, dear, I'm 'fraid the shock would be too great for you, when you ain't used to it, an' if my wit has already been digested in broken doses, so much the easier for you, Angelpie-face. But don't look at me like that! I'm sorry, Becky, truly I am. I didn't know it was so important; you're always scribbling something." And the rebellious little head with its mop of hair just at the growing out stage, was pressed close to the elder girl's, and the taunting young voice grew pleading. "Forgive Gevie, Becky?"

At the indulgent, amused smile which lit Becky's face, Genevie sparkled again. Her hot little hands cupped the smile from both sides, and she blurted out impulsively, "I love you, Becky-Ecksy; you fire up an' get mad as hops but you don't ever pout when I say I'm sorry."

A moment of seriousness was the limit of Genevie's power. Two handsprings took her to the piano, where she thumped C-scale with variations of poundings until Lady clutched desperate hands over her ears, and promised the little 'wild-fire' anything on earth—her last year's party

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dress and everyone of her old ribbons and paper dolls if she'd just do something, anything else.

So Genevie swept with dignity over to the window seat and was just giving a free demonstration of 'how Becky an' Jack was sittin' when I peeked'—when in walked the aforesaid young gentleman, with several others of the "crowd".

"Come on, let's go riding. The rest are outside—and you ought to see the stars!"

"Listen, Jack Harcourt," Genevie had edged up and was beginning in her 'spill-the-beans' manner, as Lady described it, "Becky" (Jack's attention became riveted suddenly) "wrote a poem today and it was to——"

Becky came out of her crimson daze long enough to fire one of her 'spikey' glances — another of Lady's phrases—at the obliging young newspaper. "Genevie do you remember that box of candy somebody gave——"

Genevie turned sullen.

But all in a breath-taking instant a daring young laugh rang out, and, to her thirteen-year-old horror, she found herself lifted high in the air so quickly that her frilly short skirt ballooned, while—

"Hello, young lady! Do you realize where you're standing? Look up!" And as Genevie's desperate vengeful eyes took in the sprig of withered mistletoe over the door—a remnant of Christmas decorations,—Jack kissed her full on the furious young lips.

"You shall have another box of candy for that," he whispered, as he set her down.

Genevie's baby-doll pumps struck the floor stamping. "You—you!" she stammered, taut with rage. "Do you think you can kiss the whole family just because you're in love with Becky? Humph! Now I'll have to scrub my mouth a solid hour—oh, you!" She beat a hasty retreat,

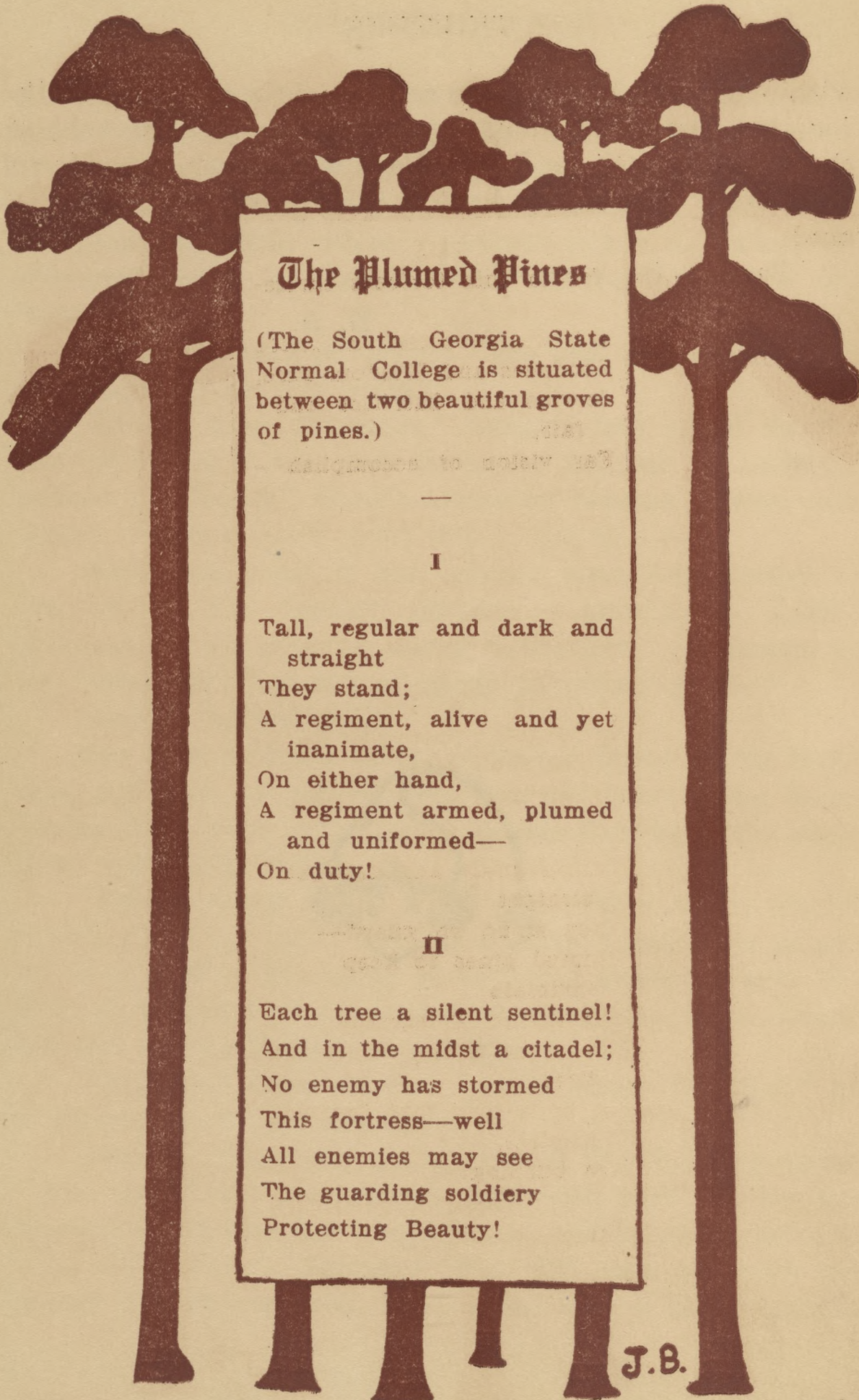
THIRTEEN

wishing she might never see another sprig of horrid mistle-toe—but hoping it would be something besides babyish chocolate caramels, and thinking it was rather w-wonderful and sort o' thrilling to have a real, grown-up man k-kiss one!

Such is the logic of thirteen.

H. A.





The Plumed Pines

(The South Georgia State Normal College is situated between two beautiful groves of pines.)

I

Tall, regular and dark and
straight
They stand;
A regiment, alive and yet
inanimate,
On either hand,
A regiment armed, plumed
and uniformed—
On duty!

II

Each tree a silent sentinel!
And in the midst a citadel;
No enemy has stormed
This fortress—well
All enemies may see
The guarding soldiery
Protecting Beauty!

J.B.

The background of the page features a series of stylized, dark brown trees. They have thick, vertical trunks and rounded, cloud-like canopies. The trees are arranged in a row, with some appearing slightly behind others, creating a sense of depth. The entire illustration is rendered in a single dark brown color against the light cream background of the page.

III

Nor in this fortress thrice-
secure
Is Beauty unattended: There
Goodness and Wisdom sure,
Service and Sacrifice and
fair,
Far vision of accomplish-
ment
Are sheltered, that to Beauty
may be lent
And added and enduring
loveliness,
A loveliness of life when its
intent
Is living
In larger circles—life that
e'er shall bless
By giving!

IV

Tall, regular and dark and
straight
They stand on guard—
Plumed pines to keep
involute
The shrine of learning,
Above the altars, where the
fires
Lit by a love that Sacrifice
inspires,
Are burning!

—D. G. BICKERS
Savannah, Ga.

Intrigue

Silver dust from the sky,
And the spangles of dreams,
And the soft, tender radiance of love.
So the fate web is spun,
Since the world was begun,
And Eden let down from above.

So a man woos a maid,
And he knows not the why,
Blinded, both, by the springtime a-croon.
And a twinkle of glee,
Lights the stars as they see,
Cupid's fortress behind the moon.
Helen Allen, '21.



Twigs

Did It Happen to You Last Christmas?

Friends, the family and everybody had told her. Yes, she was to get a watch bracelet. HE would give it to her. Now, Christmas eve had come—and the hour for the date.

A five pound box of candy and, "Let's go to the movies." She went upstairs to put on her hat, slowly and in thought. Had they been that mean? Just teased her? Made her expect something, knowing how much she wanted it and knowing how disappointed she would be? Had they? Tears came into her eyes.

"Let me see it."

"Is it a Gruen?"

"What kind?"

All these questions from father, mother, sister and brother. And then she had just that measly little box of candy. They gathered around her, all anxious to see the present and she had nothing. She burst into tears, but she must go downstairs. He was waiting.

——Home again and on her arm was a Gruen watch.
M. B.

It Often Happens.

She had always been Jane—just plain Jane; but once He raised his eyes and met hers. She was no longer just plain Jane. She was a beautiful dream, a vision of loveliness. Her sandy hair was soft and golden as sunshine; her very stub nose was just a little tip-tilted and adorably saucy; the very ugly freckles on the bridge of her nose now became little individual "love spots;" her once sickeningly sweet voice now became "as the silver music from angels' harps." She was "just a little bit of heaven sent to earth for him alone."

Once He WAS Adolphus, the sissy, but now—Oh, now!

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He was the Prince in shining mail. The huge tortoise shell glasses that covered half his anemic sallow face and shielded his poor, weak, near sighted eyes, instead of being ridiculous, just added one more touch of distinction to his intellectual, sympathetic romantic countenance. Indeed he was NOT thin, narrow-chested, nor a "sissy." He was the wonderful, slender young knight, too chivalrous to impose on the ladies and too "ethereal" to run with such "earthly boys."

So it was made by Cupid's dart.

School Epidemic.

Someone has asked what is meant by the term school epidemic. After having made a careful study of the subject and of its general application, I wish to submit the following observations.

A school epidemic is an intangible something that most schools and school girls (especially school girls) are subject to. Neither the form nor the source of the disease can be determined in advance. It is usually heralded by a state of restlessness and wide spread discontent. There is no known remedy for it. If it cannot be nipped in the bud it must be allowed to die a natural death. There are one or two queer facts known about the disease. The first of these is that the disease may take any one of several different forms. In some cases it has happened that "bangs" or "ear bobs" were the forms developed. It might become evident as "bobbed hair" "horn rimmed spectacles," "feasts"—indeed, there was once a time when an entire group of girls were overwhelmed by a wave of "crushes". "And the worst of these is crushes". The second fact in the case is that even though all evidence of a former attack may be obliterated the disease will break out in a new form and from a different source. Indeed, these attacks occur at regular intervals during every year and they are usually followed by a short period of enthusiastic study, altho during the siege the patients show a sad lack of interest in all things pertaining to books.

N. B. One or even two attacks do not insure immunity against the disease.

R. R. B.

TWIGS

Bear Old Golden-Rule Days.

Every old jay in the grove had preened his plumage and, with a joyful scream proclaimed himself young again, showing the young birds how to live and how to love.

Spring had come with cool, green leaves a-flutter; blackened old stumps afire with jasmine and the pink of the honeysuckle catching the sunlight, and spraying every mellow breeze with fragrance; with the old spring gurgling out of the rocky bank where the great-grandmothers and grandfathers of the present generation had borrowed of its crystal refreshment; budding maples and coyly hidden violets in the mossy places, startlingly blue bits of the fallen sky. And over all and under all, running like the gleam of a silver thread, the pulsing quiver of awakening things; the thrill of life in the making. Yes, verily spring had come.

Down at the old haunt today young laughter tinkled, fresh as the musical water.

"I wonder who'll be the one to get it," ran the excited murmur.

The boys had gone to get the magnolia blooming at the top of Old Gray Man, the tree with the Indian grave beneath.

Maidenly eyes sought the 'inseparable three'—inseparable except when the blaze of school girl arguments rifted them apart—Una, Eleanor and Eve. Yes, it would be one of them. They were usually rivals, though chums. Una's buxom, friendly, if somewhat freckled, comradeship; Eleanor's tall, slender aristocracy, and Eve's red lips and dark eyes, that could alternately snap and grow deeply luminous with tenderness, were pitted one against the other. Watching, one could detect a hint of nervousness, caught in Eleanor's shifty eyes, Eve's quick laughter and Una's rapid-fire conversation.

"Look! they're coming."

Again excitement tensed the group.

"And there's the new boy, Jack. Hasn't he the wonderful eyes? And oh-h what a beauty—the very biggest one in the grove, I betcha!"

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"Jack climbed old Gray Man," came a chorus from the younger boys. "He ain't no fraid cat if he is new, are you Jack? But hully gee! There's that bell an' it ain't been ten full minutes since dismissal, I know. Let's beat it!"

But during the rush Jack walked straight up to—Eve. He, the 'new' boy, the much wondered about, the victim of many beguiling smiles, stopped, and with an expressive look in those same 'wonderful' eyes, and a school boy bow (worthy of Sir Walter Raleigh himself, thought Eve) presented her with the pure white magnolia bloom, the first of the season, and the reward of a dare-devil climb toward the sky.

Arm linked in arm, Una and Eleanor walked quickly up the hill, noses atilt to the sun, in superb disregard of tanning, while Eve and the new boy, now an avowed suitor, followed, almost silently, but thinking thoughts and dreaming dreams that were somehow all mixed up with the fragrance of the magnolia in her hand.

Helen Allen, '21



The Des Moines Convention

To be one of a group of eight thousand, keen, alert and forceful college girls and boys and to convene with that group for seven and one-half hours for a period of five days discussing the significant question of the "evangelization of the world in this generation," is a privilege one might well covet. It was a great experience and those of us who had it feel deeply grateful for it, and only wish that we could bring back to the people at large as well as the student body more of the force and power of that great convention. All that I can attempt to do here is to tell briefly of the main purpose and work of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Mission.

The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions had its rise at Mount Hermow, Massachusetts, in the summer of 1886, and has rounded out in the year just closed, the first full generation of its life. During this time it has accomplished many wonderful things for the glory of God and good of mankind, and has been moving irresistably forward step by step.

Because the Student Volunteer Movement is a movement for foreign missions, the principal test of its efficiency is found in the going forth of its members to the foreign mission fields. Since the movement was organized the records show that 8,140 of the students whom it has enrolled as volunteers have gone.

The volunteer movement has for some time furnished approximately seventy-five per cent of the men missionaries of North America and seventy per cent of the unmarried women missionaries.

It is not too much to say that the splendid missionary leadership now being given the churches of North America is traceable chiefly to the thirty years of unrelenting missionary appeals pressed by the volunteer movement; and the movement itself at the end of these thirty years is stronger and more vital than ever before.

This was clearly demonstrated at the Des Moines con-

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vention just closed, to which I had the pleasure of going as the representative of the South Georgia State Normal College. The total number of students attending this convention amounted, as has been said, to a little more than 8,000; whereas the best attendance at any previous convention was 5,031. These eight thousand students were representatives of schools from all corners of the United States, Canada and thirty-seven foreign countries, which had students in our colleges.

The meetings, which were held three times a day, were wonderful. Although there was little time between meetings for recreation and sight seeing, everybody seemed to be back fresh as ever, at least one-half hour before the next meeting. College songs and yells before each meeting displayed great school spirit; but these ceased as the meetings grew more in earnest, and the time was spent getting ready and praying for the great Spirit. The morning sessions were held at the coliseum—and imagine all sitting under one roof with five hundred missionaries on the rostrum, and a huge map of the world before you! Well, one felt smaller than ever one had felt. I know I did! The afternoon meetings were held simultaneously at many of the up-town churches, and lasted from two until five o'clock. These meetings took up the different phases and fields of missionary work. One church would have speakers on Africa, another on China, still another on India, etc. Here is where the personal touch came. More details of conditions in the homeland as well as foreign lands were given by men and women who had been there and knew. The next day one of these churches would have speakers on medical missions. In this way every phase of mission work was touched upon. The evening sessions were held in the coliseum and lasted from eight until ten o'clock. On the average, twelve different speakers were presented daily, some of whom had come from the remotest parts of the earth to make the appeal to students for "Service."

Some of these speakers were:

John R. Mott, L. L. D., Dr. Robert E. Speer, George Sherwood Eddy, Dr. S. Earl Taylor, Dr Samuel Zwemer, Bishop W. C. Brown. Bishop McDowell, Dean Brown, of

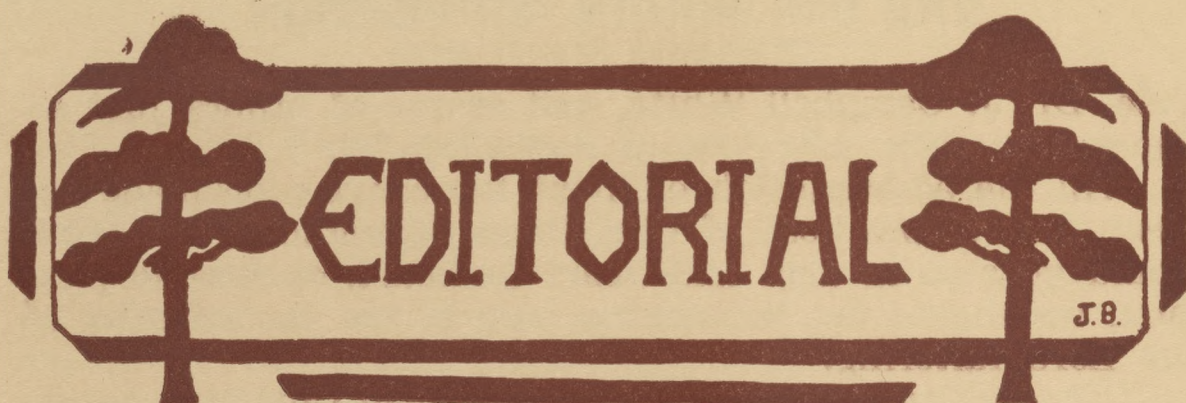
THE DES MOINES CONVENTION

Yale, Dr. J. Campbell White, and scores of others just as impressive with calls just as appealing.

All the addresses throughout the convention made evident that if the host of Christians throughout the world would go arm in arm and heart in heart, as a solid phalanx, we should not be waiting long to see the enemies of the Lord faltering.

The call to American youth to spread Christian teachings at home and in foreign lands was another key-note struck by all. Many speakers emphasized the fact that upon the students and young followers of the Christian faith rests the saving of the world to Christianity.

M. Campbell, '20



Spring Fever

We yawn lazily, stretch out comfortably and go to sleep, simply letting our great pile of work slip untouched to the floor. We are cross; we fret. We knock. We get into trouble, get called down by the faculty, go to court. We are restless, dissatisfied and inclined to do nothing but plan unstable castles of linen, voil, organdie and georgette. Really we seem not to know the meaning of study nor the laws of exercise. We are too sleepy at night to prepare our minds and too tired in the day to care for our bodies. All the glorious sunshine cannot wake us up to duty. What is the matter? Spring fever! Did it ever occur to you what a freak of nature that disease is? During these glorious spring months all nature is taking on new life. The trees are working away industriously upon their new dresses; myriads of flowers fairly race upward and dance all day in the sunlight just for the joy of growing and living; the birds begin to build their nests; the newly planted corn springs up overnight, and the grains hasten their growth. All nature is growing, throbbing, vitally alive.

Is it time for us to sleep? Shall we slacken in our pace now that nature sets us such an inspiring example? No! Let us take a new lease on life, grasp our work with a firm and determined grip. Do not let us sleep and so be unprepared. Let us be up and working, run neck and neck with nature in this race of growth—of life.

EDITORIAL

Beautiful Things Around Us

Is it possible that one of your new year resolutions could have been to notice the beautiful things around you? No? Well, its a good one to make. We have heard much about noticing the "little things," and how much they mean to us; but think a minute. Aren't they worth watching for?

Take the gifts of nature. Have you noticed how beautiful is that group of pines out across the fields in front of the campus? Watch the full moon, any moon for that matter, come up behind them some evening. As it hangs big and golden between the fantastic branches you get a perfectly charming picture. If you once see it you will watch for it constantly and always remember it. And if we dared risk giving you too much we could point out various trees on the campus well worth any painter's best efforts. Very soon the north woods will be carpeted with wild violets, white and blue. We will ALL delight in them; We can't fail to. Then, really it is such a common habit of us all that we are almost ashamed to mention it; but we do get untold delight from the castles the clouds build for us, don't we? And Jupiter! My, but he is glorious these nights. Of course you see him. We would never think of attempting such a pointer as this without putting above all else our magnificent sunsets, with their delicate pastel colors; lavender, pink, gold, green, set off and characterized by striking strata clouds of dark blue. Can they be equaled anywhere? Then, of course, sometimes Mr. Sun goes down in a sea of orange and red with each wave capped by the same dark blue. Where else will you find just that? And it's all about you girls. You see it every day.



ALUMNAE

J.B.

Miss Alma Smith, of Valdosta, who was a member of the class of '17 and Mr. Otis C. Wilkes, of Adel, were married December the thirty-first. They are making their home in Adel.

We were all glad to have Miss Alice Feltham, of Boston, pay us a visit just after the holidays. Miss Feltham was a member of the class of '17. She is now teaching Domestic Science in Hartsville, Tenn.

Miss Marion Groover, our Preisident ,has at last decided that there is no work quite so noble as that of "teaching the young idea to shoot." Consequently, she has entered the ranks.

Miss Arlie Gaskins, who is teaching in Douglas, Georgia, was a visitor at the college for a short while Saturday, February the eighth.

Miss Ferol Mathis, of the class of '19, who is teaching in Nashville, visited the college February the ninth.

Athletic Notes

"Forward—March!" "To the rear—Halt!" How familiar are these commands. Yes, and so are many others more difficult to perform especially as Field Day draws near.

Do you want your class to come out best Field Day? Then come out every Thursday afternoon and take part in the meets, held on the athletic court. The points your class makes then, count on the final test. Go to it, girls! Isn't it your duty to hold up your class standards? Get busy!

Stop! Look! Listen! We have an athletic bulletin board! Watch it for announcements of meets, hikes and other important athletic notices. Rules of games, badge tests, and draces are posted there also. Keep your eyes open! "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Don't you just love to get out into the open, walk into the country and give yourself up to the enjoyment of nature? Then, come with us on our hikes. Watch the bulletin board for an announcement, sign, then get on your "gyms" and hike!

Make yourself one hundred per cent fit! You ask how you can do it? Why, get out and do track work every morning. Surely fifteen minutes a day is not too much to give up for the benefit of your own health and your class.

Badge tests are being held in every class and we certainly are proud to know so many of our girls have passed them successfully. So far these girls have passed the first badge test:

Seniors: Stella Floyd, Ethel Ingram, Hattie McMillen, Julia Bryan, Helen Rizer.

THE PINE BRANCH

Juniors: Johnnie Drake, Lina Flint, Hallie Jordan, Evelyn Powell.

Sophomores: Virginia Brown, Eva Huckabee, Jewel Carmack, Maggie Lou Cook, Mary Crum, Mae Crum, Katherine Futrile, Rosa Lucas, Henry Lou Ivey.

Freshmen: Thelma O'Quinn, Sarah Mandeville, Mary Young, Mary Lou Thrash, Dollie Belle Jones, Ruth Stockton, Allie Nichols, Ema Spier.





The South Georgia State Normal College
announces the marriage of her daughter
RUBY LEE ROBERTS

to

T. E. HASKINS

the wedding taking place during the Christmas holidays of
Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen

Dan Cupid is certainly "onto his job" this year.

Y. W. Valentine Party

Little girls, big little girls and middle-size little girls, with good little boys and bad little boys were all at the Valentine party, February the fourteenth. Needless to say, Cupid worked many wonders on that night, and so did the Y. W. C. A. Therefore the party was a "grand success." College girls and faculty members got young again, played, laughed, sang, danced and exchanged hearts; ate and played some more, until there was love and joy enough to please even the god of love, himself.

We were glad to learn that our former English teacher, Miss Gertrude G. Hollis, who has been ill, is improving rapidly and hopes to resume her studies at Columbia soon.

We have with us a new faculty member, Miss Wilkins, who is taking Miss Hollis' place in the English Department. We extend to her a cordial welcome.

Miss Carpenter, who was called away a few weeks

LOCALS

ago on account of her mother's illness, has returned. We are very glad to have her with us again.

Mrs. Browne, our nurse, has left us to go back to private nursing. We will miss her greatly for she not only doled out oil and salts but was a cheerful companion to the girls.

Our French teacher, Mrs. Harris, has resigned on account of her health. We were exceedingly sorry to have Mrs. Harris go and we hope she will soon be restored to normal health.

We will never forget Dr. Noble because of her forceful personality and impressive lectures which she delivered here during the first week of school. Her lectures, which dealt with vital social and moral problems were intensely interesting and instructive. We enjoyed having Dr. Noble with us and we hope she will be able to come again next year.

Who is going to Macon next year? The D. A. R. have offered a prize to the girl who writes the best essay on "The Civilization of the Old South." The winner gets a trip to Macon, where the essay will be read, and a five dollar gold piece. A five dollar gold piece is also offered to the best paper from the college. So girls, get busy and show your literary power.

Elections next month! Get your thinking caps on.

Approved, the plans for the new building. Its going to be big, white, and beautiful with a Spanish arch and a pergola. There'll be a dining room in which five hundred girls can dine on ice cream and cake; for the new kitchen will be furnished with an electric freezer and a cream whipper. We're going to have a big parlor and social rooms with fire places and a balcony and a rotunda, heaps of offices and shower baths and a Pine Branch Office. Hurrah for the new dormitory!

THE PINE BRANCH

Book Party

The first and most enjoyable occasion of the spring term was the book party given Saturday night, January thirtieth. The guests came impersonating books of all types and kinds. It was very amusing and laughable to try to guess "who's what" in the contest that was played as soon as all arrived. Attractive characteristic booklets were used for this; and to the girl with the greatest number of names in her booklet was given a big, striped walking stick as a prize. Following this an impromptu program presenting popular advertisements was given. Then delicious punch and dainty cakes were served and in due time the Books returned to their shelves.

Cooking Classes Entertained

Miss Robertson, head of the Domestic Science department, entertained for her students at a delightful reception at her home on Monday, February the sixteenth.

Voice Students Entertained

Miss Wagoner, head of the Voice Department, entertained for her students at an informal but very enjoyable party in the dormitory parlors, on Monday, February the ninth.

Spring is coming! Hurrah!



No Need of More Science

Miss Craig—"Why is a healthy dog's nose cold?"

Helen R.—"Well-er-cause it ain't hot."

The Romantic Senior

Mamie Patrick (in Senior class meeting)—"Oh do let's give 'The Romancers.' I always did like that word, Romance."

New Hot Water Arrangement

Katheryne W.—"I do wish I could get some warm water."

Willameta P.—"Can't you get some out of the radiator?"

Opticians—N. B.

Ruth Harrell—"My pupil is dilated. I can't see."

Julia Daniels—"Well, when that one dies, will a new one come in its place?"

Then Pity the Census Man

Small Child (after a very mixed geography lesson)—"You know, I'm very densely populated!"

Teacher—"What do you mean?"

Child—"Oh, I've lived around so many places."

Blissful Ignorance

Sub—"Are these Thesis things the Seniors 've been talking about so much lately, some kinder new germs?"

Painless Cure

Freshman—"Can anybody tell me what's good for a headache?"

Sub B. (triumphantly)—"Stick your head out the window and the pane's gone."

Hot Air! What?

Miss Craig—"Why does pop-corn pop?"

K. W. (amazed)—"I don't know."

Miss Craig—"Well, why don't biscuits pop when you put them in the oven?"

K. W. (indignantly)—"Why, because its not pop-corn."

It's In the Air

If there is anything more catching these days than taking the flu, it must be falling in love.

Presto Change!

Exam Question—"What is an atom? What an ion?"

Answer—"An atom is the smallest part of anything and an ion is an electrocuted atom."

Topsey-turvey

Marie—"Why, Bernice, I have turned this house upside down looking for you."

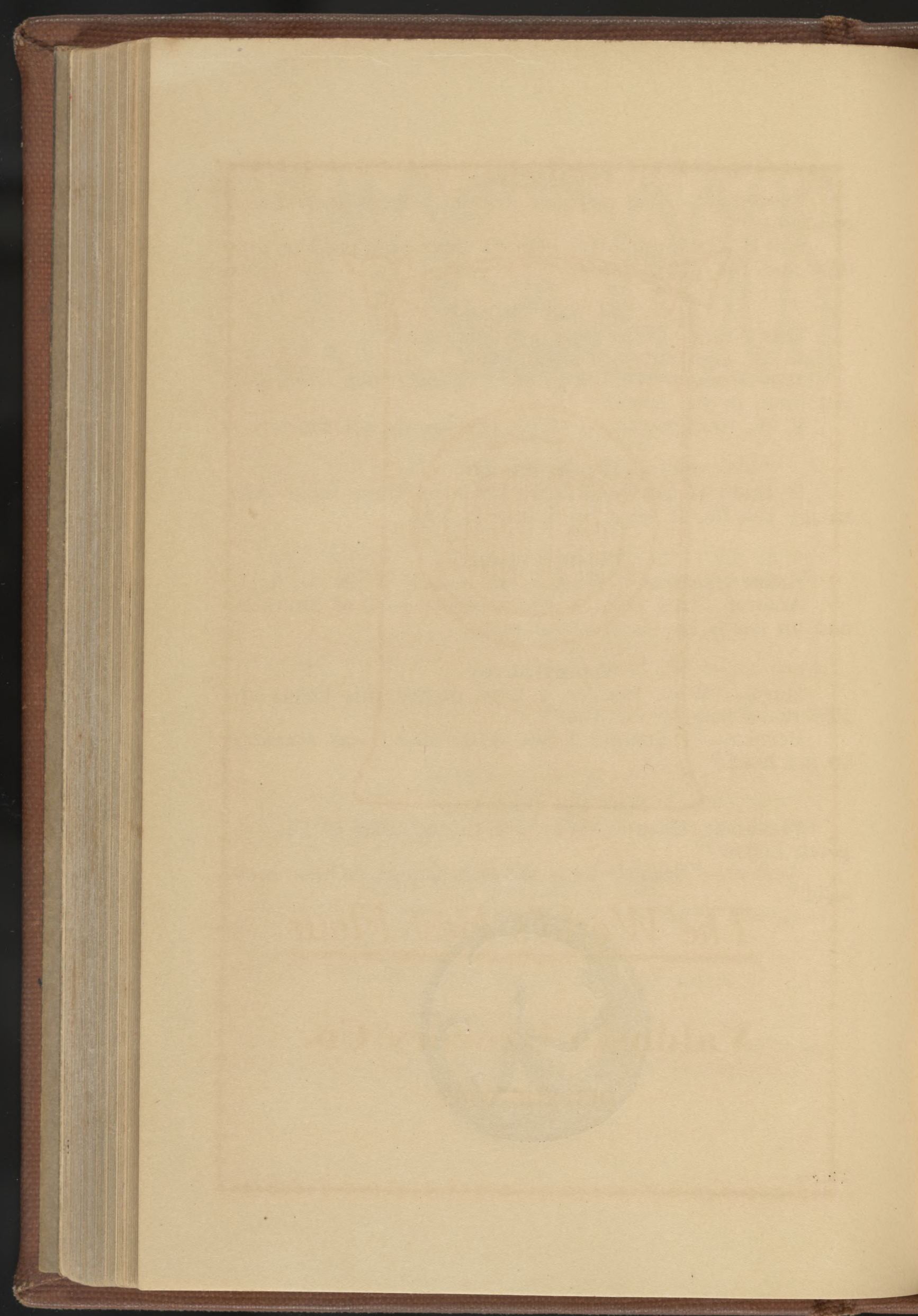
Bernice—"I thought I felt sorter like I was standing on my head."

Poor Old Rich Man!

Freshman Exam—"Why are the columns of Dr. —'s porch hollow?"

Answer—"Because he is not rich enough to have them solid."







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